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OUT-OF-THE-WAYS IN HIGH SAVOY.

"*Mais vous êtes drôle!*" The wife of the keeper of the dirty little inn at Bioge was a stalwart specimen of the Savoyard peasant woman, quite overtopping our young professor, who was essaying to know in advance what we should have to pay for a lunch for four of us. The professor is a member of the Alpine Club, and the Alpine Club men have learned by experience the propriety of knowing beforehand the charges of an innkeeper. We had walked from Thonon on Lake Geneva since eleven o'clock,—it was now two,—and the journey between the picturesque cliffs, where breezes do not blow, had made us hungry, else we should never have invaded the uninviting tavern at Bioge with a request for dinner.

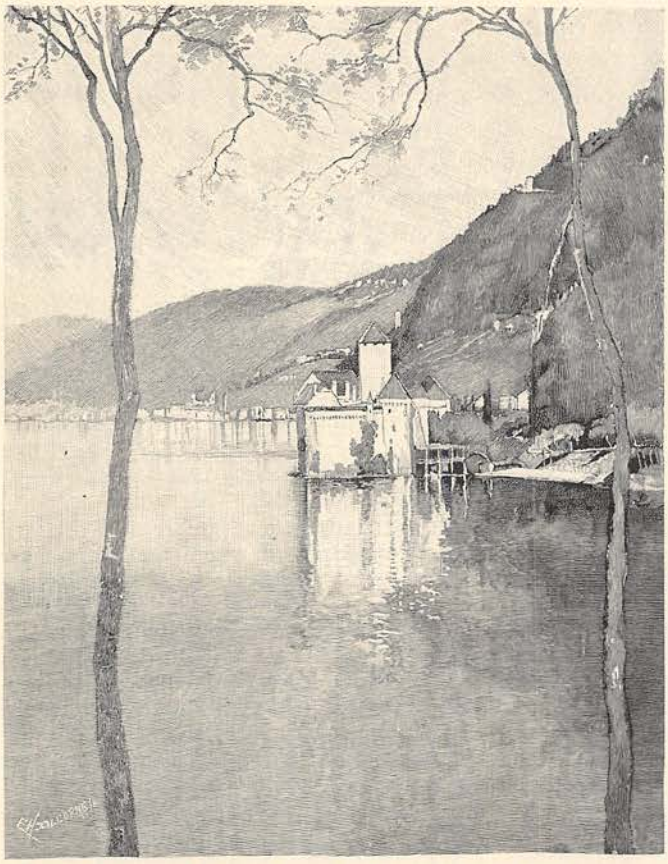
"What will you charge for a lunch for these two young ladies, this gentleman, and myself—four of us?" said the professor, walking boldly into the sanctum of pots and kettles, where stood the rugged woman with a copper ladle held like a club ready for use.

"But you are a queer one!" she cried derisively. "How can I tell how much you will eat?"

For a moment I feared that my companion would receive from the ladle a blow on the side of his head. He stood his ground manfully for a while against the giantess, but we were obliged at length to take our bread and eggs and goat's milk without knowing beforehand what they would cost. The milk was foaming fresh from the goat and innocent of all pharisaical straining, which in that place was better. When we had exhausted our pitcher of it I asked the solemn landlord, whom the young folks had dubbed "The Sexton," if there was yet another goat; whereupon he smiled reluctantly and went for a second pitcherful fresh from its source. We ate and drank merrily, paid our three francs, wished the surly landlady a good morning, and started on up the eastern branch of the Dranse, through cliffs that were wild indeed and where there were no roads as yet for wheels. We were now off the lines of travel and fairly away from guidebooks.

We passed engineers and workmen building a road, and if the tourists do not learn to drive up this valley after the road is completed it will be only another illustration of the dullness of the traveling public. This first dash into the out-of-the-way mountains produced a great exhilaration; we strolled on through glens and gorges, stopping now and then to roll rocks into the stream, or resting by some brook that tumbled down towards us in pretty cascades, and we were inclined to call this Valley of Abondance the finest walk known. But the following days quite effaced this impression by giving us even nobler glens.

A heavy rain drove us into a sort of chalet, the human quarter of which was but one small room; the rest belonged to the "gentlemen that paid the rent," as we discovered by the sounds that reached us. A woman and a strange-looking little girl were eating bread in goat's milk upon our arrival, and space was made for us on two stools and a bench. The Savoyard is hospitable, will share his bench or his loaf with you, but he wastes no force in efforts at suavity. His speech is rude and brusk, he uses the French with some reluctance, and likes better to talk to one of his own kind in



CHILLON FROM THE BALCONY WHERE THE AUTHOR WROTE THE ARTICLE.

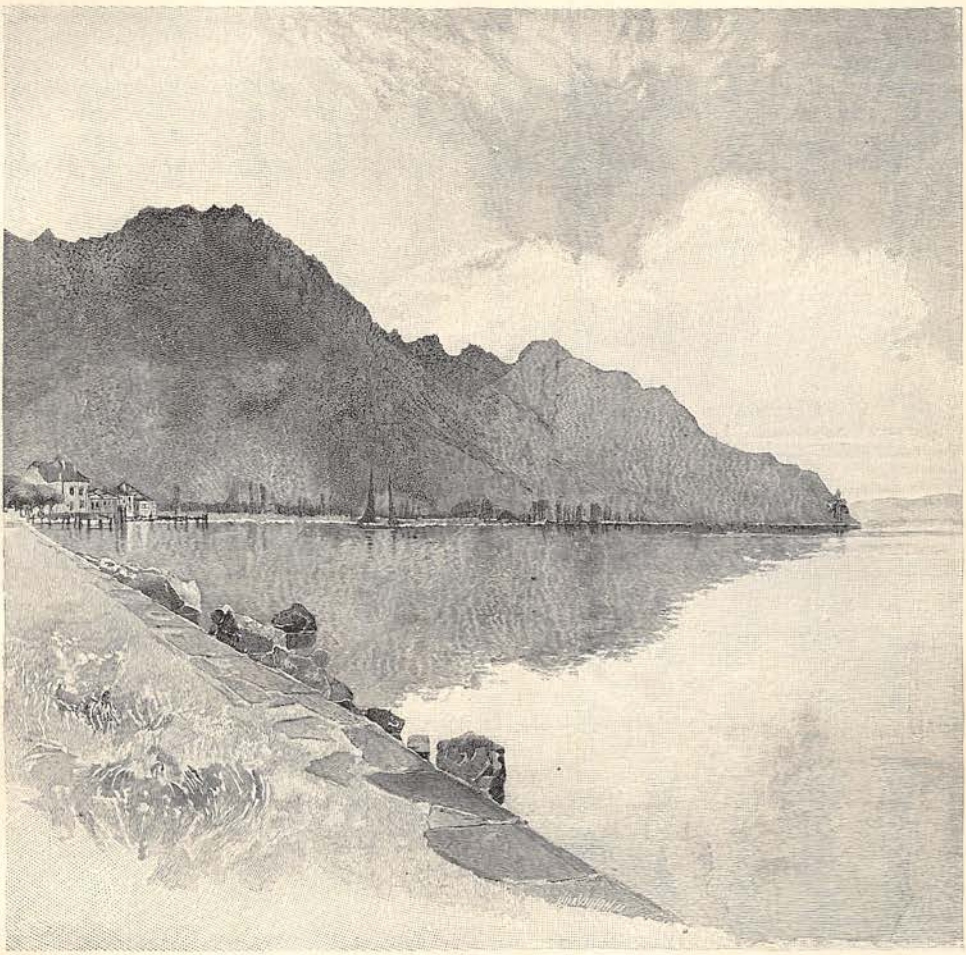
the familiar patois of his mountains. The woman preferred to stand up that the strangers might sit, but she answered our questions with reserve. The child had the appearance of being not more than three or four years of age, but she was eleven — a stunted creature who was not able to talk until she was nine, and who was now learning her alphabet. When one reflects on the cretinism of the higher valleys, and sees the hard-toiling peasants whose minds are stunted domiciled under the same roof with their cattle, one cannot but think that there is a level above which man does not flourish. This child was exceptional, but such exceptions are often seen when one gets above the true man-level.

Contrasting strangely with the extreme bareness of everything else in the chalet was the high old clock in the corner — evidently no ordinary timepiece, for it had a dial in the pendulum for telling the day of the month, and was generally a most aristocratic and learned piece of furniture. Poor old clock, with its air of having graced some venerable mansion, by what rude fate did it get into a chalet, doomed forever to look down upon this pine table and dirty bed; this yellow dog and scurvy cat; this square-built and ill-mannered woman; and this dull-eyed, brute-faced child? — doomed to hear a hard patois and the lowing of cattle, when it was meant for the library of a scholar, or the quiet, rug-covered chamber of some valetudinarian old lady? We could not find out its history, for the Savoyard is as secretive as he is brusk. But the professor whisked out his memorandum book and lead pencil, and A—— took her seat in an unsavory corner of the chalet and put us all in a picture — travelers, peasants, dog, cat, and clock.

When at last the rain was over we trudged on wearily through the mud to the village of Chevenox. The "Hôtel aux Moutons" had a little sign with a sheep on it swinging in front. We had been warned against this place, but so we had also against all the inns between this and Abondance, and it was now eight o'clock in the evening with Abondance a good nine miles away. There was nothing for it but to stop at the Sheep Hotel.

As the cows had by this time been sent up the mountains it was impossible to get any butter except *beurre fondu* — butter which has been melted to keep it for cooking, and which is quite unpalatable. At the Sheep Hotel one cow remained; and though we had no butter we had cow's milk at night, and by the help of a good appetite we ate our supper. As for sleeping, it was quite out of the question. There is in the mountains a tree-level and, as I have said, a man-level, but I have never yet discovered any limit of altitude for the flea. This cheerful insect is ever with the mountaineer; in the valleys in winter and in the high chalets of the summer he fulfils the end of his creation in laboring to overcome the sluggishness of the peasant. The young girls of the party sat up with their heads on a table, the professor slept the sleep of the Alpine Club, but I meditated all the long night on that hardshell preacher who found edification in reading from his Bible, "The wicked flea whom no man pursueth."

Just at daybreak, when the sleep of exhaus-



THE MOUNTAINS FROM VILLENEUVE.

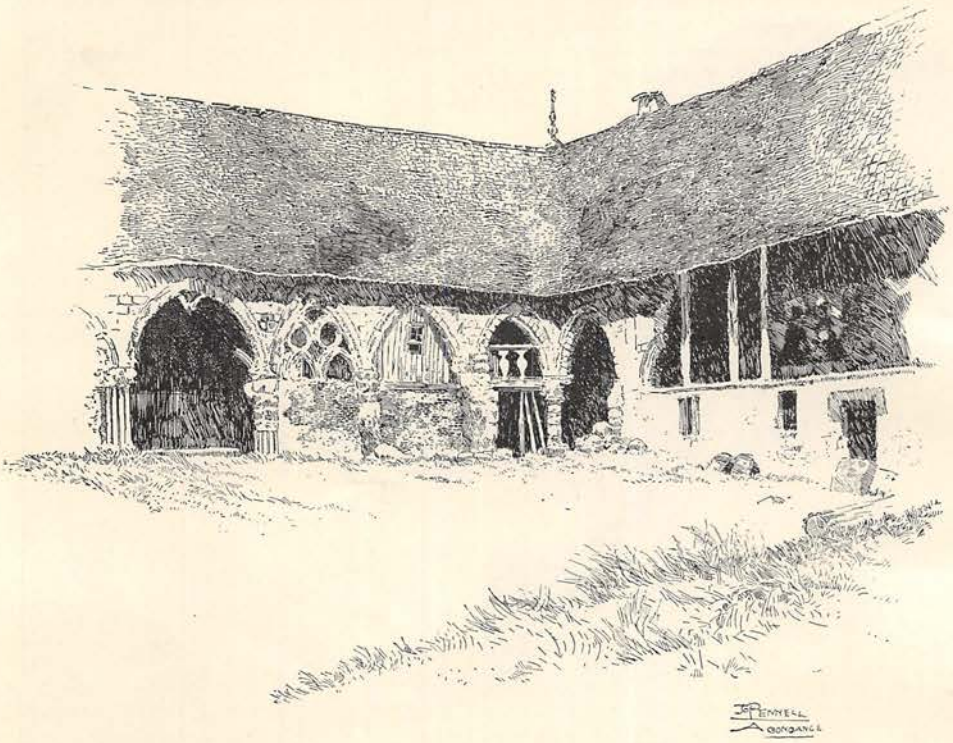
tion began to come over us, two children, come down from the mountain perhaps, began to call outside the house: "Louison! Louison! O Louison!" For more than an hour this call for "Louison" was kept up. They even got a pole and knocked on the windows of the room occupied by the young ladies and the insects, calling always, "Louison! O Louison!" The landlady woke up and scolded them, whereupon they lowered their voices to an insistent stage whisper and cried still for Louison. Who Louison may be I know not, nor why she was wanted at that unearthly hour, but I know that they did not find her. She has no doubt gone with Poe's loved and lost Lenore, for after their long calling the children shuffled away again into the unknown regions whence they had emerged.

The next forenoon brought us a walk through a lovely open valley, showing great green slopes of pasturage dotted with chalets far up the majestic mountain sides. As the season advances the peasants drive their herds farther and farther up, until in midsummer the highest pasturage is reached. The peasant himself migrates to the high chalets with his horses and cows, and then later in the season, as the uppermost grass is exhausted, he retreats terrace by terrace until he reaches his sheltered home in the deep valley, where the avalanche shall not find him, and where the grass has been made into hay and stored in the loft of his habitation by being carried in on the backs of women in huge *hottes*, or baskets worn like knapsacks. Family and herd live under the same roof—it is house and cheese-factory, stable and barn. The peasant is essentially a nomad; living with and moving with his herds, he sells his cheese and his cattle to buy bread. There is nothing very poetic about his life: his chalets are only stationary tents, and he is but another sort of Arab, fencing against frost and mountain snows, while the Bedouin fights against heat and sandy plains. I have heard that the cattle

like their high pasturage well, and it is quite difficult to persuade them to descend until the grass is exhausted by much grazing and summer drought. Then, as though frightened by a famine specter, they go down with irresistible eagerness.

Our road led us through Vacheresse ("Cow-town") and on along the loveliest of mountain sides. We were now on the main road again, and we found these green mountain-flanks well peopled, though most of the peasants had gone far up with the cattle. We asked our way now of a polite country priest, now of modest little girls, and again of women suffering the awful scourge of goiter; we paused to look at the votive wreaths and knickknacks deposited before the ghastly images of Mary holding a baby Christ, or of a dead Christ, in the little shrines by the road-side; we read without devotion the lavish promises of indulgence which Monseigneur the Bishop of Annecy had made, by means of little tin signs, to all such as should say a given number of paternosters and Ave Marias before the ugly road-side crosses. To live with the beasts of the field and to go on all fours before a despotic but easily cajoled Deity is the hard lot of the Savoyard. A Protestant polemic might maintain that when St. Francis de Sales arrested the progress of the Reformation in these mountains he put the human spirit into a jug like the giant in the Arabian story, and sealed the vessel with a veritable Solomon's seal, which no man has since known how to break. But the stupor of the mountains is not confined to Catholic regions.

We reached Abondance a little after midday and staid until the next morning. After our experience with "Louison" we were only too happy to find good eating and good sleeping. The professor and the young ladies went fishing and did about as well as the enthusiastic native fishermen in the Alps do; that is to say, they caught nothing at all. You see many fishermen in these mountains, but you are happy if you see one fish to a hundred fishing-rods. Yet we did eat trout at Abondance. There came up a shower and the fishing party fled into a chalet, where A—— got a sketch of the picturesque interior, and where the peasant confided to the professor his purpose to emigrate to America, about which he held very confused notions, as that the language spoken there was Italian. But he was not much more ignorant of America than many of the English and Scotch tourists that one meets.



COURT OF THE MONASTERY AT ABONDANCE.

Abondance was once the seat of a Dominican abbey; the town was a mere dependence of the abbey, indeed. The monks were driven out in 1793, but the building still stands

and is in use for communal purposes. The curé's residence and the *mairie* are in parts of it. But its beauty has been sadly spoiled. The lovely marble pillars and the exquisite arches of the cloisters have been broken and carried off one by one to prop a stable or to finish a wall. This destruction was arrested when the building was devoted to public uses, and enough remains to show how excellent the whole must have been. They were rich, these monks, and had more than one monastery in these fertile valleys; and if they lived well and had great cellars full of wine, they served a purpose in keeping alive a love of the arts and letters in a besotted age. France gained much by sending them off in 1793; but something was lost, too, as must always be the case in a revolution. It is a hard necessity that obliges us to tear down the old because the foundations are rotten. No better work has been done in America than the abolition of slavery; and yet when I remember the exceeding grace of the old Virginia country gentleman's life, as I saw it a generation ago, I cannot but feel the hardness of the necessity that obliges a revolution to go to the root and to overthrow all the grace and dignity that has grown upon a false or antiquated foundation, leaving nothing but a rubbish-heap for a new beginning. The new structure will have its beauty, more excellent than that of the old, no doubt, but never just the same. Nothing is more admirable than a brave and necessary iconoclasm, clearing the field for human progress, but nothing is more saddening.

With the early morning knapsacks, alpenstocks, hobnailed shoes, and all the other appurtenances of an alpine party are mustered, and we are off for the Col d'Ecuelle. Mont la (or le) Grange lifts its great barn-like ridge to the sky; the rising mists unveil many fine peaks, among others the Cornettes de Bise, or Horns of the North Wind, in plain sight as we take our march up the sides of the valley leading towards the *col.* A little girl leaves her goats in the valley to show us the path up the mountain.

Two hours of hot climbing bring us to a high chalet in the upper pasture grounds. When we four have drunk two quarts of cream and offer to pay, the woman will not name a price. For an experiment, to see how little she will take, I offer her a fifty centimes piece, equal to our dime, but she protests that it is too much, and is with difficulty persuaded to accept it. These are the yet unspoiled peasants, who have never seen a tourist and to whom a franc is a fortune.

We observe that our little goatherd climbs even on moderate and grassy slopes in zig-zaging; it is the art of the mountaineer, and it is thus that the paths are made. This little girl seems to be uneasy about her goats; she wishes to return. We take directions as to our way, and I find on examination that all the small change in my pocket is equal to about nine cents of our money. Considering that she has climbed two thousand feet with us, this seems little enough. I pour the coppers into her hand, but she makes great eyes and protests that I must not pay her, at least not so much. Once assured that it is all right she hies swiftly and without zig-zags down the mountain, eager, perhaps, to tell of her good fortune.

We journey on up the mountain side, hearkening to the yodling of women who lead their flocks on the grassy steeps over opposite to us.

AN INTERIOR AT BIOGE.

The goats first and then the cows hasten to follow when these young women call them with this inarticulate song. Oh, it is not love of music, nor sentimental attachment to the shepherdesses, that sets every little goat-bell a-tinkling and every sweet-toned cow-bell a-ringing when the yodle is heard. The prudent herdswoman appeals to mercenary, and as one may say culinary, motives. When once the herd is close about her she takes some lumps of rock salt from her pocket and gives the cows and goats a little treat from her hand, knowing that this

will make the yodle sweet to their ears the next time. Some of the cows wear bells of elegant workmanship, the poor peasants spending often as much as sixteen francs for a fine-toned bell wrought with *fleur-de-lis* or other emblems. The very cows grow proud of their bells, and I have heard that when the bell is taken off the cow will sometimes refuse to walk at all.

We are too hungry to stay long in the ruins; at the tavern in the pretty village beyond we get a substantial dinner, and have yet some hours of daylight. When I have written a letter I stroll down to the abbey in the evening light. I find one of my daughters perched high on a broken wall, making a sketch, while the other rests in the grass, watched curiously by

A HIGH VILLAGE.

It was just at noon-time that we reached the very summit of the *col*. The red sashes which relieved the dark-blue flannel of the feminine walking costumes had been removed and the broad red flannel collars turned under, lest some monarch of the herd should take umbrage at the bright colors. But we had no trouble: the friendly women whose cattle grazed on the summit gave us milk, the one holding the cow by the horns while the other milked it; and the cows troubled us only by overfriendliness, snuffing our clothes and smelling of the little portable pot in which the professor was boiling some chocolate. There is no better place for lunch than the summit of a col, or pass, where the cool breeze blows between the peaks, and where familiar valleys and mountains lie behind, ready to disappear at your next advance, while a new system as yet unexplored is in front.

Lunch ended we descended the steep lateral valley, over rubble-stones and morasses, until we debouched at last, tired but cheerful, into the central valley of the Dranse just where it forms a pretty amphitheater, and where stand the picturesque ruins of the once rich Abbey of St. Jean d'Aulph.

the peasant children. The never weary professor has gone on a full run many miles down the central Dranse to explore its rocky gorges. Certainly the side and end walls of the abbey which remain are worth a day's walk to see: the gothic window is always best when one sees it in a ruined building, framing a bit of mountain or sky, and especially when one sees it in approaching twilight. This abbey has been quarried away to furnish materials for the village church, and for other buildings. The devastation is now arrested, and the walls that remain will not be disturbed. There are enormous wine vaults below, and you may easily trace the limits of the garden in which the monks walked and ruminated after dinner.

Our next forenoon brought us to one of our objective points, the little Lake of Montriond, which lies in a lateral valley at the base of cliffs fully two thousand feet high. Here we eat our eggs and drink from a bottle of cold coffee, while we watch the brooks on the other side tumbling headlong down these great cliffs. Some go down diagonally, falling now hundreds of feet and then making shorter leaps, thus forming many cascades between the summit and the bottom. There is one that breaks

into spray in its great fall and is quite blown away by the wind. The lake is low and nowhere presents so striking an appearance as Lake Taney, which we reached on another expedition a week later after a good climb from Vouvry. We went directly over a high ridge so as to see Lake Taney first a thousand feet below us, almost entirely shut in by high peaks and walls of rock. But Lake Montriond, though it has cliffs on but one side, is quite worth a visit, and it may be easily reached in a day and by carriage, following the valley of the central Dranse all the way from Thonon.

It was not in our plan, however, to adhere to carriage roads. We had heard that there was a pass at the head of this valley by which one might reach the Val d'Illiez; and assured that it was not much traveled, we felt all the more eager to cross it. But we could find no one who had crossed to Champery by this route, and this fact, after many inquiries, became ominous. We did not want to go away around by Morzin, and over the well-worn col, so we pushed on rather blindly up the precipitous valley of Montriond.

However charming cascades may be to the traveler who cools his heated face in their spray and rejoices his eyes with the rainbows at their feet, they are tiresome to the reader, who neither feels the spray, nor sees the rainbow, nor hears the sound. We paused long to enjoy some of them, though, tramp-like, we did not know where we could find a place to rest at night. We passed a village of twenty-five chalets quite deserted; the houses with home-made wooden locks. In another village there was an old woman with a distressful neck left as guardian of houses and cabbage-patches. Now and then we met a boy carrying something in a *hotte* on his back. He had come down from the village above to sell some butter perhaps, or maybe to bring some smuggled

ABBEY OF ST. JEAN D'AULPH.

tobacco, for there are the roads of the smugglers. In response to all our inquiries we received for answer but one reply — we must rest in the chalets of Lynderet; the col was very high and could not be passed that evening. So, beating steadily up the mule-path, we yielded to the conviction that we must camp in the chalets, to the great delight of the novelty-loving young folks, to the great disgust of an old stager such as I have come to be. Have I not slept in the straw for a week in the Green Mountains, in the spruce boughs many a night in the north woods, on hard floors

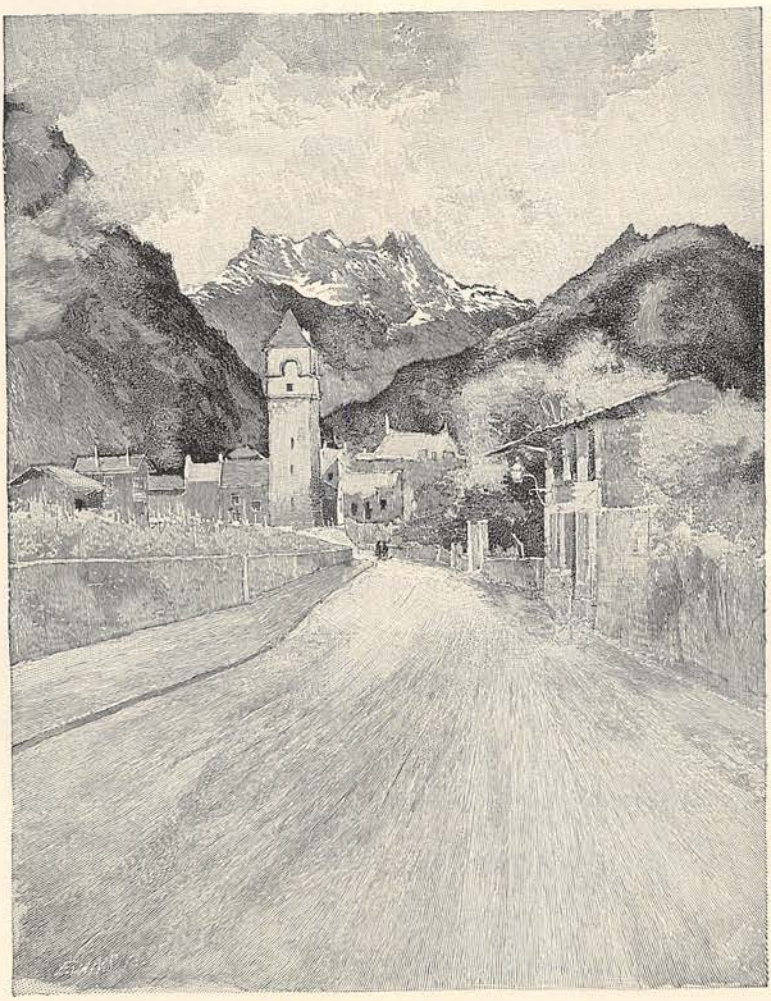
TOWN OF ABONDANCE.

on the frontier, under the "blue lift" on the top of Ascutney and elsewhere, and on a buffalo robe on the Red River of the North? And did I not pass one awful night in the hotel in Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, when I was a lyceum lecturer? But there comes a time in a man's life when the fun has gone out of discomfort, and when a man prefers a clean bed to one of the other sort.

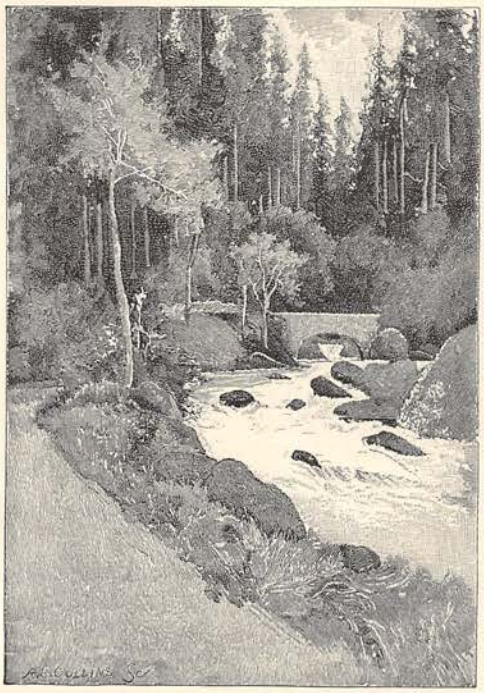
We passed yet one other hamlet where there was no living thing. All the people and cattle had moved a week before to the high village of Lynderet, the low-browed chalets of which we could now see far above and ahead of us. When at last we entered the lofty village, in the late afternoon, we paused, as we had been directed, at the first chalet, where some little necessary things were kept for sale, and where half a dozen of the village gossips sat sewing on stools and logs in front of the door. They scanned very curiously our walking costumes, especially the knickerbockers and long hose of the professor, and the blue flannel "sailor suits," trimmed with red, of the young girls. They did not try to restrain their laughter as we explained that we wished to sleep in some hay-loft; they offered to find beds for us that were *très propre* (very clean), but beds we did not dare accept. Finding the women very frank in speech, I bluntly told them that we were afraid of fleas and would like to find a place free from them.

"Oh, we have only been here eight days," answered the mischievous spokeswoman of the party, "and the fleas have not yet had time to come to life. But if they trouble you the only way is to feed them!"

Some of the women looked dull and overworked, but the one who did the talking was bright in looks and speech; and there was one



ON THE WAY HOME, VILLENEUVE.



VALLEY OF THE DRANSE.

other, with a round, sensuous, Italian face and very curly hair, who seemed of a race different from the rest. There was a coquettish toss to her head; she was pretty and had been prettier, and she kept looking out of the corners of her eyes to see whether she attracted the attention of the strangers.

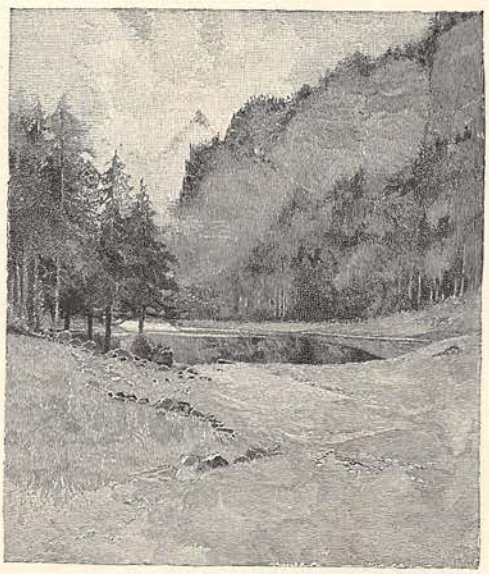
When we objected to the first chalet shown to us the spokeswoman chaffed us with being hard to suit, and reminded us that we were in the mountains. It is the universal apology for all filth and discomfort. I do not remember ever to have entered a chalet, black, dirty, and smoky as all of them are, without hearing the apologetic remark, "*Voilà les montagnes*," or something equivalent to it. But we found a hay-loft at last that seemed passably clean.

The professor treated the master of the first chalet to cigars and his children to bits of chocolate. We sat down in the floorless room and ate a supper of black bread, very black and heavy, with coffee and a sort of omelette. We had large soup plates of earthenware for our coffee. We were obliged to finish this in order to make room on the same plate for our greasy omelette.

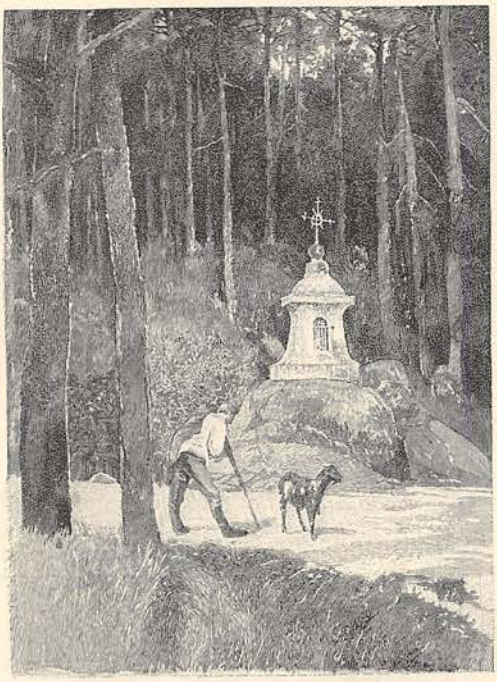
From this room opened a door into the stable where the cow-bells were tinkling; in one corner of the room the fire burned on the ground floor. There was no hearth or fireplace; the smoke ascended lazily to the ceiling, through which it passed into a chimney. A large wooden crane served to swing the great black kettle used in making cheese. This kettle was stirred from time to time by man or wife, and the short wooden ladle floated around on the milk when not in use. A second room in that part of the chalet which stood on posts or legs above the ravine, as many of these houses do,— a survival perhaps from the old lake dwellings,— was floored and contained two beds, besides a trundle-bed, one of them covered with a bit of rag carpet. We soon found that the fleas were not quiescent, and so betook ourselves to our hay-loft in another chalet.

We slept but little. We were in a high, lonesome village; no friend of ours knew where we were, and from the sinister hints of a young man who taught the little public school in the place it was evident that we were in a village given to smuggling. The high col which we were seeking was the frontier between France and Switzerland, and particularly favorable to this unlawful trade. Just as we were making nests in the hay to keep warm, a stone was thrown against the chalet, which had no other occupants than ourselves. The darkness, the prevailing rain-storm, the mischievous stone-throwing, were not reassuring. Then, too, we had been warned not to descend from the loft during the night for fear of a dangerous stallion in the lower part of the house. When a father has daughters in charge he has at least a sense of responsibility. But a philosophical spirit is always good. There were for armament four stout, sharp-pointed alpenstocks, and as we were in for it, there was nothing but to risk robbers and fight fleas as cheerfully as possible.

Tavernier, our host at the chalet where we



LAKE MONTRIOND.



WAYSIDE SHRINE.

got our black bread and coffee, was a rather handsome, half Italian-looking fellow, with large, round, inexpressive eyes, that suggested either entire naïveté or a bandit-like secretiveness. From the droll allusions made by the schoolmaster in Tavernier's presence to the business of smuggling as carried on over these mountains, and especially from the latter's round-eyed, bovine expression of ignorant indifference, I became sure that he was the chief smuggler of the place. The next morning, satisfied perhaps that we were no spies of the Government, he became more communicative than he had been, though evidently a little at a loss in using French, which he jerked out in irregular spurts. The patois in these valleys is rather more like Italian, I believe, than it is like French; and even the French which the peasants learn is modified by the accent of the patois. For example, the French word *sentier* for path is always pronounced with an *sh* sound like the soft *c* in some Italian dialects. I asked Tavernier what that hole in the wall behind the flue was for.

"*Pour les chindres* [*cendres*]."

I cite his answer to illustrate his accent. Very likely the hole in the wall is a convenient place to throw the ashes which accumulate on the earth floor, but if I were a detective I should examine the contents of it.

The peasants in Lynderet, coming from the lower villages of this narrow valley, are all complexly related one to another. Shut in by high mountains on each side, they have naturally married in and in for generations. I have not heard that medical men have ever asked whether cretinism and goiter — which certainly do not come from the water, as once believed — may not spring from these marriages of consanguinity. The restraints of the Catholic Church work very beneficially in such communities, for the Church discourages marriages with first cousins, and our smuggler, who was a pious man, assured me that such marriages rarely took place. But as the relationships are intricate, a double second cousin, with several other strains of kinship, might aggregate more consanguinity than a first cousin.

The next morning, which was Sunday, was rainy in that saturating way which one finds only in places of great altitude. Lynderet was a village in the clouds this morning. It was quite out of the question for us to spend another night here; so we resolved, at all hazards of rain and slippery precipices, to cross the pass, which, if a fog should rise, would become dangerous. We had intended to take a lad for a guide, but found that there were few persons even in Lynderet who knew the way; one of these was our host. It dawned on us slowly that the pass was quite untraveled except by smugglers, and that of these the mild-eyed Tavernier must be chief. All the town was going to church at Montriond, in the valley of the Dranse, several thousand feet below, but Tavernier offered to put us in the path before he started. Innocent man! He knew as well as we did that such a pass as the Col du Cuboret could never be crossed by strangers without a guide on a bad morning, and he only waited the mention of pay to relinquish his pious intention of going to church.

After a very light breakfast of very black bread and coffee we set out and climbed steadily upward for two or three hours. One of the most perpendicular mountains in sight was covered with grass all the way up its steeps. It is in these places, where the grass grows horizontally out of the mountain side, and where neither cow, goat, nor man can find a foothold, that the chamois flourishes. On that very mountain side, at the north, the wily Tavernier had shot two chamois last year.

The immediate walls of the pass of Cuboret are high, perpendicular, rocky cliffs from which the peasants gather *jenipi*, some plant, I know not what, which the pharmacists buy for two francs an ounce. Tavernier, with characteristic love of daring and larger gains than the common, has gone over these cliffs at the end of a rope many times in search of jenipi. Only a year ago a poor fellow fell down the dizzy cliff at the left and lost his life in the search for the highly prized plant.

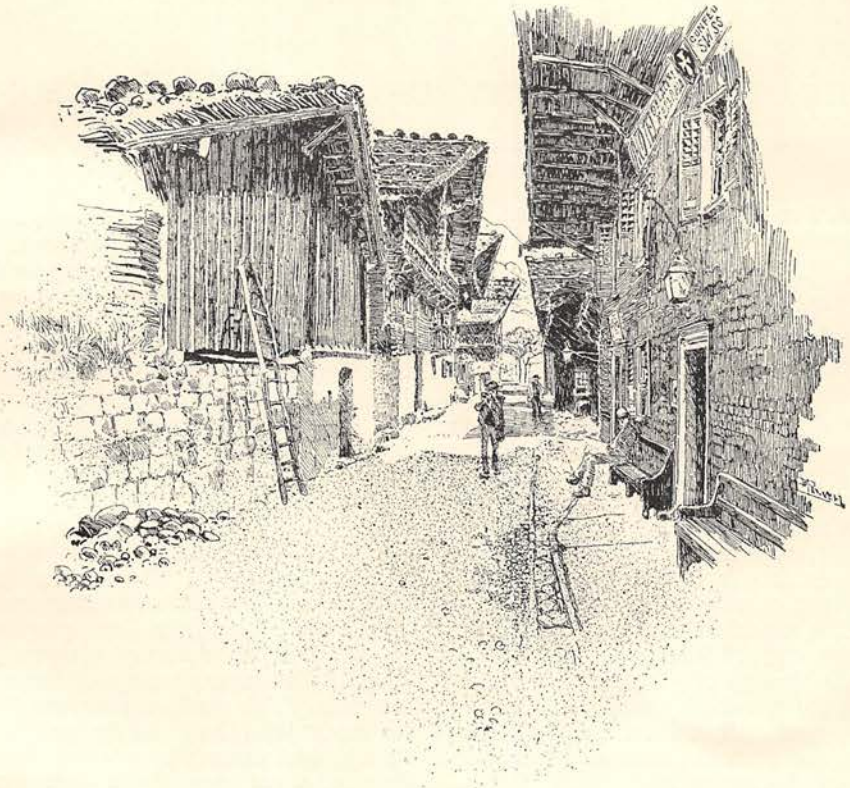
When in the chill airs of the higher ground we had drunk some cold coffee from the professor's bottle, and eaten some bread from the knapsacks, and had made the guide participate in the refreshments, Tavernier, walking by my side, let out the fact frankly that he had once climbed from the Swiss side of this pass laden with two bags of contraband tobacco.

"Just here," he said, "my companion and myself met two *gens d'armes*. We ran, but the gens d'armes were light and we were burdened. I threw away one bag of tobacco and escaped across the frontier, and passing round the mountains came in by the frontier of Morzin. It was a great loss to me — thirty-five francs' worth of tobacco." And the poor fellow's voice fell into a plaintive key, but I could not detect the least sense of culpability. Smuggling is to him only a dangerous pursuit, like chamois shooting and the gathering of the jenipi harvest.

I do not know how high the Col du Cuboret is. If one may trust the marking of some maps it is 7550 feet, say 1300 feet higher than our Mount Washington. Certain it is that on the day of the summer solstice we found great beds of snow filling the depressions, and we many times sank to our knees in its surface, softened as it was by rain. The guide trod the soft snow down so that the girls might follow in his tracks without sinking. I plucked violets not far from the snow, and found the hardy little *Soldanella alpina*, which blooms only on the high mountains where the snow is melting. My specimen I plucked within two feet of the snow.

That which we feared came upon us. As we reached the summit the clouds creeping up from the Rhone Valley covered the pass. We were obliged to descend the dangerous steep in the fog. Hardly were we all on the grassy and slippery precipice, where the path is only a foothold in the herbage and where the mountain is virtually perpendicular for hundreds of feet, than each was seized with a fright about the others. I, clinging by hobnails and alpenstock to the dizzy side, was in terror lest the girls should fall; they were frightened lest a vertigo should seize me; and the professor was panic-stricken for us all. Such shouting to and fro, such cautions, directions, reproaches, and coaxings! Only the guide was impassive as ever. His round, bland face looked as calm as it will look on the scaffold if he ever should be guillotined for shooting one of the gens d'armes.

After a while our descent became less pre-



MAIN STREET OF CHAMPERY.

cipitous, and we presently emerged from the cloud at the Chalet de Pas, where we found many cows, and much cheese-making, and all the women wearing trousers. These were not compromises like the "bloomers" of our reformers of forty years ago, but the real Swiss peasant trousers bagging at the sides into pockets large enough to contain each a bottle of wine. It is the custom in some parts of the canton of Valais for the women to wear trousers, not from any reformatory sentiments, but simply because it is impossible to go about the morass of a barnyard in which their chalets are situated in any other clothes. These were more than usually intelligent, pleasant-faced peasant women, and they gave us white bread, which, after our morning walk, was gladly received. That afternoon we reached Champery wet, weary, muddy and hungry, and a beautiful walk down the Val d'Illiez the next forenoon brought us to the railway, and thus to the end of our delightful journey, namely, to this quaint old "*le clos*," near Villeneuve, on Lake Geneva where I write, looking out of a wide gallery at Castle Chillon, and round about me at a vineyard of white grapes planted centuries ago by the Knights Templars.

Edward Eggleston.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.[1]

FINAL INSTALMENT, INCLUDING THE AUTHOR'S LATEST REFLECTIONS ON THE ART OF ACTING.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.

MR. and Mrs. Barney Williams attracted much attention, shortly after their marriage, as American stars. The association of the Irish boy and the Yankee girl was a novelty, and as a dramatic feature strong in contrast.

Williams had been quite popular even before his marriage, and his union with Mrs. Charles Mestayer (also very popular), and their joint appearance in Irish drama and musical farce, was at once a success and placed them among the theatrical attractions of the day. The laugh of Mrs. Williams was infectious, and her droll singing of "Independence Day" made it the favorite local song of the time. Williams was an effective actor, and his graceful figure and attractive face made him always welcome to his audiences.

Barney and I were once walking together in a heavy shower of rain, and were near his own house, where dinner was awaiting us. As we reached the gate the Irish girl was discovered watering the flower-beds in the garden. She, like ourselves, was sheltered from the storm by an ample umbrella; but a high wind had turned it inside out. With the now useless shelter in one hand and the watering-pot in the other she was whirled about like a weather-cock in a stiff breeze, and in this helpless condition was pouring an auxiliary shower on the already drenched and dripping plants. Barney hailed her reprovingly and demanded to know why she was doing such a stupid thing. "Sure, sir, ye told me to be after watering the flowers every day." "Yes, but not on a rainy day," said the master. "Sure, sir," said Biddy, "I thought a rainy day was every day as well as any other day." "Why, you are drenched with the rain," said Barney; "go into the house." "I will, sir, indeed," said she; "for if the posies have had enough of it, I am sure I have."

JOHN DREW.

IT is said that John Brougham, who wrote the domestic drama of "The Irish Emigrant" and had acted the hero with some success, declared upon seeing John Drew play the part that he would never attempt it again. I have myself a vivid remembrance of Drew in this character. (This gentleman was the father of the present John Drew and the husband of the distinguished actress who now bears his name.) He acted a star engagement under my management in Richmond, Virginia, in 1856, appearing in a round of Irish characters with marked success. I saw him as *Handy Andy*, *O'Flanaghan*, and the *Emigrant*, and his entrance in the last-named character was one of those simple, bold, and unconventional effects that invariably command recognition from an audience, be they high or low, rich or poor, intelligent or ignorant. A simple figure passes an open window and pauses for an instant to look into the room; then a timid knock. "Come in!" The door slowly opens, and upon the threshold stands a half-starved man,