

AN INLAND VOYAGE
TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY
THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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EDITOR'S NOTES

AN INLAND VOYAGE

THE adventures that make up this small travel-book belong to the year 1876, when Stevenson set out on the canoeing voyage it describes with Sir Walter Simpson. They had previously voyaged in a yacht together. Two years later he was writing *An Inland Voyage*, or rather rewriting it, at the Hôtel des Étrangers, Dieppe, and elsewhere in France. The first draft was written at Edinburgh in 1877. He spoke then of his keen wish, for reasons of pence and author's pride in a first book, to see it published. "I should not feel such a muff," he said, "if I only saw it in boards with a ticket on its back."

In the *Life* of Stevenson Sir Graham Balfour tells us that the idea of the *Voyage* came from a book, *Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers*, by J. L. Molloy, describing adventures on the Seine and Loire in an outrigger. The *Rob Roy* canoe of MacGregor was, no doubt, the original pilot of these river vagaries. In one letter written from Compiègne *en route*, Stevenson mentions the deplorable weather they had met that September. He admits, too, some sympathy with the French folk who held up their hands in wonder at "our pleasure voyage."

He meant to make it, he added, at least "a curious one." In May 1878 the little book appeared, and the critics were kind to it—so kind that he was surprised. But the world had not yet discovered its future hero. Years afterwards in Samoa, Stevenson, weighing up his early travel-books, said of them, that though they contained nothing but fresh air and a certain style, they had a simplicity which he thought was beyond him in his later work.¹ It is interesting to note, as a sign of the detachment of Stevenson from any history but that of his own actual experiences, that at Noyon Calvin was born, and as a small boy had a benefice in the cathedral. For while he gives a prose canto to the cathedral, in which

¹ *Life*, by Sir Graham Balfour.

he arrives at the characteristic saying that of great churches he never tires—"it is my favourite kind of mountain scenery"—he never mentions Calvin, John Knox's fellow-worker. However, he does by a magic touch bring Château Coucy into the picture as seen "far across the plain, in a bit of gleaming sky between two clouds."

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY

It was in 1875 that Stevenson passed his examination for the Bar at Edinburgh, and became a Scottish Advocate; and that year, to recuperate after his law studies, he took his holiday in France, tramping in the country round Fontainebleau. It pleased him so much that, after sundry other vagabond journeys and literary interludes in 1878, he wrote to his mother of having planned the route and bought a donkey for this itinerary. He was then at Monastier, and letters written to W. E. Henley and Charles Baxter from there speak of a colossal breakfast at Puys which, he thought, had "done for me for ever," and of the purchase of the diminutive donkey.

She was attractive at the outset: "Modestine is my *ânesse*; a darling, mouse-colour, about the size of a Newfoundland dog (bigger, between you and me)." The reference, we see, corresponds closely with the text, and proves that Stevenson did not overpaint his figures, human and creatural, when making up his canvases for exhibition.

Travellers who have been to the Cévennes, and know them well, point out that a donkey is an impossible steed for such roads and no-roads. The wildest, most mountainous part lies between Cairon and Larzac; but Stevenson was not out for mountains, but for the open road, and that a donkey-road. As he wrote of another scene, in some doggerel verses:

There are, as I will not deny,
Innumerable inns; a road . . .

When the book came out, the author said it had "good passages"; and he picked out the chapters on "The Monks," "A Camp in the Dark" and "A Night among the Pines" as having some stuff in them "in the way of writing." The effect of the book on the public was very much the same as that of

An Inland Voyage; but at the end of 1884, when the copyright of both books was bought up by Stevenson's father, the *Donkey* was in a third edition, and the *Inland Voyage* only in a second. This surprised him, as he thought the latter was on the whole the better of the two.

The most convincing tribute to *Travels with a Donkey* came from an Irish critic in New York. On his way to California Stevenson spent a night at a shilling Irish boarding-house in that city; and he described a little Irish girl as reading it aloud to her sister: "They chuckle, and I feel flattered. P.S.—Now they yawn, and I am indifferent: such a wisely-conceived thing is vanity."

SILVERADO SQUATTERS

IN July 1879 Stevenson had determined to go out to California,—soon after publishing his *Travels with a Donkey*,—and left the Clyde that August in the ss. *Devonia* for New York. She was an emigrant steamer, and as he wished to write on board, he took a second-cabin passage. His experiences, and the sufferings he and his fellow-travellers endured, may be learnt from *The Amateur Emigrant*. The long journey in an emigrant train across America that followed—it lasted twelve days—left him a wreck. The drastic cure of camping out by himself, beyond Monterey, all but proved his death.

However, the wonderful climate pulled him round, and in the small Mexican town of Monterey he spent some months before going on to a lonely and melancholy Christmas at San Francisco. His pen was tirelessly busy all the while; for he had new responsibilities before him. In the following May he was married at San Francisco, and after that event went fifty miles north to live with his wife and her son, Lloyd Osbourne, in mountain solitude among the scenes painted in *The Silverado Squatters*.

It was after the return home to the old country that the book was actually begun. His ill-health drove him to winter abroad; his lungs gave him ceaseless trouble, and he and his two companions took refuge at Davos, accompanied by a Skye terrier—Woggie, Wogg or Bogie. There they lived in the Châlet am Stein, near to the house of John Addington Symonds.

In the following April (1882) he mentioned having finished *Treasure Island* and a small book about the size of the *Inland Voyage*. This was *The Silverado Squatters*.

Some months later, Richard Watson Gilder, the poet, and the editor of the *Century Magazine*, having asked for a story, Stevenson packed off to him as a possible contribution *The Silverado Squatters*. It was duly accepted; and in that monthly it appeared in two instalments (November and December 1883). The book quickly followed, and it was published in London before the end of the year. With the *Century Magazine's* recognition, his American fame may be said to have begun. Stevenson's contributions were frequent afterwards to the New York monthlies, and the first serious critical estimate of his work was contributed by H. C. Bunner to the *Century* (October 1883). "It pleased me the more," he wrote, "as coming from the States," where he had not met with much acceptance, "save from the buccaneers, and above all from pirates who misspell my name." The last was a thrust at one who stole his book and called him "R. L. Stephenson."

The following is a list of Stevenson's works:—

The Pentland Rising, a Page of History 1666, 1866; The Charity Bazaar: an Allegorical Dialogue, 1868; An Appeal to the Church of Scotland, 1875; An Inland Voyage, 1878; Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh, 1879; Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes, 1879; Deacon Brodie, or The Double Life (Drama, in collaboration with W. E. Henley), 1880; Not I, and other Poems, 1881; "Virginibus Puerisque," 1881; Familiar Studies of Men and Books, 1882; Moral Emblems, 1882; New Arabian Nights, 1882; *Treasure Island*, 1883; *The Silverado Squatters*, 1883; *Admiral Guinea*, and *Beau Austin* (Dramas, in collaboration with W. E. Henley), 1884; *Prince Otto*, 1885; *The Child's Garden of Verse*, 1885; *More New Arabian Nights: The Dynamiter*, 1885; *Macaire* (Melodramatic Farce, in collaboration with W. E. Henley), 1885; *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, 1886; *Kidnapped*, 1886; *Some College Memories*, 1886; *The Merry Men*, and other Tales and Fables, 1887; *Underwoods*, 1887; *Thomas Stevenson, Civil Engineer*, 1887; *Memories and Portraits*, 1887; *Ticonderoga: a Poem*, 1887; *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin* (Introduction to Papers of Fleeming Jenkin), 1887; *The Black Arrow: a Tale of the Two Roses*, 1888; *Misadventures of John Nicholson*, 1888 (from *Yule Tide*); *The Master of Ballantrae*, 1888; *The Wrong Box* (in collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne), 1889; *Ballads*, 1890; *The South Seas*, 1890 (privately printed); 1896 (thirty-five letters); *Father Damien*, 1890; *The Wrecker* (in collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne), 1892; *Across the Plains*, with other Memories and Essays, 1892; *A Footnote to History*, 1892; *Three Plays* (Deacon Brodie, Beau Austin, and Admiral Guinea), 1892; *Island Nights' Entertainments*, 1893; *War in Samoa*, 1893; *Catriona* (sequel to *Kidnapped*), 1893; *The Ebb-Tide* (in collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne), 1894.

POSTHUMOUS PUBLICATIONS.—*Vailima Letters*, 1895; *Four Plays* (in collaboration with W. E. Henley), 1895; *Fables* (with new Edition of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde), 1896; *Weir of Hermiston*, 1896; *Songs of Travel*,

1896; *Familiar Epistles in Prose and Verse* (for private distribution), 1896; *St. Ives* (last chapters by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch), 1898 (from *Pall Mall Magazine*).

EDITIONS OF WORKS.—Edinburgh Edition, edited by Sidney Colvin (includes contributions to periodicals, and many uncollected writings), 28 vols., 1894-98; Pentland Edition, with Bibliographical Notes by Edmund Gosse, 1906, etc.

Songs of Travel, and other Verse, edited by S. Colvin, 1896; *Letters to his Family and Friends*, edited by S. Colvin, 1899; *Some Stevenson Letters*, with Introduction by H. Townsend, 1902; *Essays*, edited by W. L. Phelps, 1906.

LIFE.—By Prof. W. Raleigh, 1895; Graham Balfour, 2 vols., 1901; H. B. Baildon, 1901; G. K. Chesterton (*Bookman* "Booklets"), 1902; Earl of Rosebery, Wallace, Burns, Stevenson: *Appreciations*, 1903; Sir Leslie Stephen, an *Essay*, 1903; A. H. Japp, *Robert Louis Stevenson: a Record, an Estimate, and a Memorial* (with some unpublished letters), 1905; also in *Famous Scots Series* (M. M. Black), and *Modern English Writers* (L. C. Cornford).

AN INLAND VOYAGE

TO
SIR WALTER GRINDLAY SIMPSON, BART.

MY DEAR "CIGARETTE,"

It was enough that you should have shared so liberally in the rains and portages of our voyage; that you should have had so hard a paddle to recover the derelict *Areihusa* on the flooded Oise; and that you should thenceforth have piloted a mere wreck of mankind to Origny Sainte-Benoite and a supper so eagerly desired. It was perhaps more than enough, as you once somewhat piteously complained, that I should have set down all the strong language to you, and kept the appropriate reflections for myself. I could not in decency expose you to share the disgrace of another and more public shipwreck. But now that this voyage of ours is going into a cheap edition, that peril, we shall hope, is at an end, and I may put your name on the burgee.

But I cannot pause till I have lamented the fate of our two ships. That, sir, was not a fortunate day when we projected the possession of a canal barge; it was not a fortunate day when we shared our day-dream with the most hopeful of day-dreamers. For a while, indeed, the world looked smilingly. The barge was procured and christened, and, as the *Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne*, lay for some months, the admired of all admirers, in a pleasant river and under the walls of an ancient town. M. Mattras, the accomplished carpenter of Moret, had made her a centre of emulous labour; and you will not have forgotten the amount of sweet champagne consumed in the inn at the bridge end, to give zeal to the workmen and speed to the work. On the financial aspect I would not willingly dwell. The *Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne* rotted in the stream where she was beautified. She felt not the impulse of the breeze; she was never harnessed to the patient track-horse. And when at length she was sold, by the indignant carpenter of Moret, there were sold along with her the *Areihusa* and the *Cigarette*, she of cedar, she, as we knew so keenly on a portage, of solid-hearted English oak. Now these historic vessels fly the tricolour and are known by new and alien names.

R. L. S.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

To equip so small a book with a preface is, I am half afraid, to sin against proportion. But a preface is more than an author can resist, for it is the reward of his labours. When the foundation-stone is laid, the architect appears with his plans, and struts for an hour before the public eye. So with the writer in his preface: he may have never a word to say, but he must show himself for a moment in the portico, hat in hand, and with an urbane demeanour.

It is best, in such circumstances, to represent a delicate shade of manner between humility and superiority: as if the book had been written by some one else, and you had merely run over it and inserted what was good. But for my part I have not yet learned the trick to that perfection; I am not yet able to dissemble the warmth of my sentiments towards a reader; and if I meet him on the threshold, it is to invite him in with country cordiality.

To say truth, I had no sooner finished reading this little book in proof, than I was seized upon by a distressing apprehension. It occurred to me that I might not only be the first to read these pages, but the last as well; that I might have pioneered this very smiling tract of country all in vain, and find not a soul to follow in my steps. The more I thought, the more I disliked the notion; until the distaste grew into a sort of panic terror, and I rushed into this Preface, which is no more than an advertisement for readers.

What am I to say for my book? *Caleb* and *Joshua* brought back from *Palestine* a formidable bunch of grapes; alas! my book produces naught so nourishing; and for the matter of that, we live in an age when people prefer a definition to any quantity of fruit.

I wonder, would a negative be found enticing? for, from the negative point of view, I flatter myself this volume has a certain stamp. Although it runs to considerably upwards of two hundred pages, it contains not a single reference to the imbecility of *God's* universe, nor so much as a single hint that I could have

made a better one myself.—I really do not know where my head can have been. I seem to have forgotten all that makes it glorious to be man.—'Tis an omission that renders the book philosophically unimportant; but I am in hopes the eccentricity may please in frivolous circles.

To the friend who accompanied me I owe many thanks already, indeed I wish I owed him nothing else; but at this moment I feel towards him an almost exaggerated tenderness. He, at least, will become my reader:—if it were only to follow his own travels alongside of mine.

R. L. S.

AN INLAND VOYAGE

ANTWERP TO BOOM

WE made a great stir in *Antwerp Docks*. A stevedore and a lot of dock porters took up the two canoes, and ran with them for the slip. A crowd of children followed cheering. The *Cigarette* went off in a splash and a bubble of small breaking water. Next moment the *Arethusa* was after her. A steamer was coming down, men on the paddle-box shouted hoarse warnings, the stevedore and his porters were bawling from the quay. But in a stroke or two the canoes were away out in the middle of the *Scheldt*, and all steamers, and stevedores, and other 'long-shore vanities were left behind.

The sun shone brightly; the tide was making—four jolly miles an hour; the wind blew steadily, with occasional squalls. For my part, I had never been in a canoe under sail in my life; and my first experiment out in the middle of this big river was not made without some trepidation. What would happen when the wind first caught my little canvas? I suppose it was almost as trying a venture into the regions of the unknown as to publish a first book, or to marry. But my doubts were not of long duration; and in five minutes you will not be surprised to learn that I had tied my sheet.

I own I was a little struck by this circumstance myself; of course, in company with the rest of my fellow-men, I had always tied the sheet in a sailing-boat; but in so little and crank a concern as a canoe, and with these charging squalls, I was not prepared to find myself follow the same principle; and it inspired me with some contemptuous views of our regard for life. It is certainly easier to smoke with the sheet fastened; but I had never before weighed a comfortable pipe of tobacco against an obvious risk, and gravely elected for the comfortable pipe. It is a commonplace, that we cannot answer for ourselves before we have been tried. But it is not so common a reflection, and surely more consoling, that we usually find ourselves a great deal braver and better than we thought. I believe this is every one's experience: but an apprehension that they may belie themselves in the future prevents mankind from trumpeting

this cheerful sentiment abroad. I wish sincerely, for it would have saved me much trouble, there had been some one to put me in a good heart about life when I was younger; to tell me how dangers are most portentous on a distant sight; and how the good in a man's spirit will not suffer itself to be overlaid, and rarely or never deserts him in the hour of need. But we are all for tootling on the sentimental flute in literature; and not a man among us will go to the head of the march to sound the heady drums.

It was agreeable upon the river. A barge or two went past laden with hay. Reeds and willows bordered on the stream; and cattle and grey venerable horses came and hung their mild heads over the embankment. Here and there was a pleasant village among trees, with a noisy shipping yard; here and there a villa in a lawn. The wind served us well up the *Scheldt* and thereafter up the *Rupel*; and we were running pretty free when we began to sight the brickyards of *Boom*, lying for a long way on the right bank of the river. The left bank was still green and pastoral, with alleys of trees along the embankment, and here and there a flight of steps to serve a ferry, where perhaps there sat a woman with her elbows on her knees, or an old gentleman with a staff and silver spectacles. But *Boom* and its brickyards grew smokier and shabbier with every minute; until a great church with a clock, and a wooden bridge over the river, indicated the central quarters of the town.

Boom is not a nice place, and is only remarkable for one thing: that the majority of the inhabitants have a private opinion that they can speak English, which is not justified by fact. This gave a kind of haziness to our intercourse. As for the *Hôtel de la Navigation*, I think it is the worst feature of the place. It boasts of a sanded parlour, with a bar at one end, looking on the street; and another sanded parlour, darker and colder, with an empty birdcage and a tricolour subscription box by way of sole adornment, where we made shift to dine in the company of three uncommunicative engineer apprentices and a silent bagman. The food, as usual in *Belgium*, was of a nondescript occasional character; indeed I have never been able to detect anything in the nature of a meal among this pleasing people; they seem to peck and trifle with viands all day long in an amateur spirit: tentatively French, truly German, and somehow falling between the two.

The empty birdcage, swept and garnished, and with no trace of the old piping favourite, save where two wires had been pushed

apart to hold its lump of sugar, carried with it a sort of graveyard cheer. The engineer apprentices would have nothing to say to us, nor indeed to the bagman; but talked low and sparingly to one another, or raked us in the gaslight with a gleam of spectacles. For though handsome lads, they were all (in the Scotch phrase) barnacled.

There was an English maid in the hotel, who had been long enough out of *England* to pick up all sorts of funny foreign idioms, and all sorts of curious foreign ways, which need not here be specified. She spoke to us very fluently in her jargon, asked us information as to the manners of the present day in *England*, and obligingly corrected us when we attempted to answer. But as we were dealing with a woman, perhaps our information was not so much thrown away as it appeared. The sex likes to pick up knowledge and yet preserve its superiority. It is good policy, and almost necessary in the circumstances. If a man finds a woman admire him, were it only for his acquaintance with geography, he will begin at once to build upon the admiration. It is only by unintermittent snubbing that the pretty ones can keep us in our place. Men, as Miss *Howe* or Miss *Harlowe* would have said, "are such *encroachers*." For my part, I am body and soul with the women; and after a well-married couple, there is nothing so beautiful in the world as the myth of the divine huntress. It is no use for a man to take to the woods; we know him; *Anthony* tried the same thing long ago, and had a pitiful time of it by all accounts. But there is this about some women, which overtops the best gymnosophist among men, that they suffice to themselves, and can walk in a high and cold zone without the countenance of any trousered being. I declare, although the reverse of a professed ascetic, I am more obliged to women for this ideal than I should be to the majority of them, or indeed to any but one, for a spontaneous kiss. There is nothing so encouraging as the spectacle of self-sufficiency. And when I think of the slim and lovely maidens, running the woods all night to the note of *Diana's* horn; moving among the old oaks, as fancy-free as they; things of the forest and the starlight, not touched by the commotion of man's hot and turbid life—although there are plenty other ideals that I should prefer—I find my heart beat at the thought of this one. 'Tis to fail in life, but to fail with what a grace! That is not lost which is not regretted. And where—here slips out the male—where would be much of the glory of inspiring love if there were no contempt to overcome?

ON THE WILLEBROEK CANAL

NEXT morning, when we set forth on the *Willebroek Canal*, the rain began heavy and chill. The water of the canal stood at about the drinking temperature of tea; and under this cold aspersion, the surface was covered with steam. The exhilaration of departure, and the easy motion of the boats under each stroke of the paddles, supported us through this misfortune while it lasted; and when the cloud passed and the sun came out again, our spirits went up above the range of stay-at-home humours. A good breeze rustled and shivered in the rows of trees that bordered the canal. The leaves flickered in and out of the light in tumultuous masses. It seemed sailing weather to eye and ear; but down between the banks, the wind reached us only in faint and desultory puffs. There was hardly enough to steer by. Progress was intermittent and unsatisfactory. A jocular person, of marine antecedents, hailed us from the tow-path with a "*C'est vite, mais c'est long.*"

The canal was busy enough. Every now and then we met or overtook a long string of boats, with great green tillers; high sterns with a window on either side of the rudder, and perhaps a jug or a flower-pot in one of the windows; a dinghy following behind; a woman busied about the day's dinner, and a handful of children. These barges were all tied one behind the other with tow-ropes, to the number of twenty-five or thirty; and the line was headed and kept in motion by a steamer of strange construction. It had neither paddle-wheel nor screw; but by some gear not rightly comprehensible to the unmechanical mind, it fetched up over its bow a small bright chain which lay along the bottom of the canal, and paying it out again over the stern, dragged itself forward, link by link, with its whole retinue of loaded scows. Until one had found out the key to the enigma, there was something solemn and uncomfortable in the progress of one of these trains, as it moved gently along the water with nothing to mark its advance but an eddy alongside dying away into the wake.

Of all the creatures of commercial enterprise, a canal barge is by far the most delightful to consider. It may spread its sails,

and then you see it sailing high above the tree-tops and the windmill, sailing on the aqueduct, sailing through the green corn-lands: the most picturesque of things amphibious. Or the horse plods along at a foot-pace as if there were no such thing as business in the world; and the man dreaming at the tiller sees the same spire on the horizon all day long. It is a mystery how things ever get to their destination at this rate; and to see the barges waiting their turn at a lock affords a fine lesson of how easily the world may be taken. There should be many contented spirits on board, for such a life is both to travel and to stay at home.

The chimney smokes for dinner as you go along; the banks of the canal slowly unroll their scenery to contemplative eyes; the barge floats by great forests and through great cities with their public buildings and their lamps at night; and for the bargee, in his floating home, "travelling abed," it is merely as if he were listening to another man's story or turning the leaves of a picture-book in which he had no concern. He may take his afternoon walk in some foreign country on the banks of the canal, and then come home to dinner at his own fire-side.

There is not enough exercise in such a life for any high measure of health; but a high measure of health is only necessary for unhealthy people. The slug of a fellow, who is never ill nor well, has a quiet time of it in life, and dies all the easier.

I am sure I would rather be a bargee than occupy any position under Heaven that required attendance at an office. There are few callings, I should say, where a man gives up less of his liberty in return for regular meals. The bargee is on shipboard—he is master in his own ship—he can land whenever he will—he can never be kept beating off a lee-shore a whole frosty night when the sheets are as hard as iron; and so far as I can make out, time stands as nearly still with him as is compatible with the return of bed-time or the dinner-hour. It is not easy to see why a bargee should ever die.

Half-way between *Willebroek* and *Villevorde*, in a beautiful reach of canal like a squire's avenue, we went ashore to lunch. There were two eggs, a junk of bread, and a bottle of wine on board the *Arethusa*; and two eggs and an Etna cooking apparatus on board the *Cigarette*. The master of the latter boat smashed one of the eggs in the course of disembarkation; but observing pleasantly that it might still be cooked *à la papier*, he dropped it into the Etna, in its covering of Flemish newspaper. We landed in a blink of fine weather; but we had not been two

minutes ashore before the wind freshened into half a gale, and the rain began to patter on our shoulders. We sat as close about the Etna as we could. The spirits burned with great ostentation; the grass caught flame every minute or two, and had to be trodden out; and before long there were several burnt fingers of the party. But the solid quantity of cookery accomplished was out of proportion with so much display; and when we desisted, after two applications of the fire, the sound egg was little more than loo-warm; and as for *à la papier*, it was a cold and sordid *fricassée* of printer's ink and broken egg-shell. We made shift to roast the other two, by putting them close to the burning spirits; and that with better success. And then we uncorked the bottle of wine, and sat down in a ditch with our canoe aprons over our knees. It rained smartly. Discomfort, when it is honestly uncomfortable and makes no nauseous pretensions to the contrary, is a vastly humorous business; and people well steeped and stupefied in the open air are in a good vein for laughter. From this point of view, even egg *à la papier* offered by way of food may pass muster as a sort of accessory to the fun. But this manner of jest, although it may be taken in good part, does not invite repetition; and from that time forward, the Etna voyaged like a gentleman in the locker of the *Cigarette*.

It is almost unnecessary to mention that when lunch was over and we got aboard again and made sail, the wind promptly died away. The rest of the journey to *Villeverde* we still spread our canvas to the unfavouring air; and with now and then a puff, and now and then a spell of paddling, drifted along from lock to lock, between the orderly trees.

It was a fine, green, fat landscape; or rather a mere green water-lane, going on from village to village. Things had a settled look, as in places long lived in. Crop-headed children spat upon us from the bridges as we went below, with a true conservative feeling. But even more conservative were the fishermen, intent upon their floats, who let us go by without one glance. They perched upon starlings and buttresses and along the slope of the embankment gently occupied. They were indifferent like pieces of dead nature. They did not move any more than if they had been fishing in an old Dutch print. The leaves fluttered, the water lapped, but they continued in one stay like so many churches established by law. You might have trepanned every one of their innocent heads, and found no more than so much coiled fishing line below their skulls. I do not care for your