

VILLAGE LIFE ON LAKE LEMAN.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.*

THE Swiss railroad was always an object of amusement. We could not get used to having the trains started by a small Christmas-horn. We had not en-

tirely respected the English engine, with the shrill falsetto of its whistle, after the burly roar of our locomotives. But this Christmas-horn was too droll. That a grown man, much more imposingly uniformed than a general officer should blow it to start a real train of cars was the source of patriotic sarcasm whenever its plaintive, reedy note was heard. Nobody wanted to examine our baggage, and at Berne, though I laboured hard in several dialects with all the railway officials, I could not get them to open



OUT-DOOR

LUNCH.

one of our ten trunks or five valises. I was so resolute in the matter that I had some difficulty to keep from opening them myself and levying duty upon their contents.

Near Villeneuve is the Castle of Chillon; and one of the first Sundays after our arrival we went to the old prison fortress, where, in the ancient chapel of the Dukes of Savoy, we heard an excellent sermon from the *pasteur* of our parish. The castle was perhaps a bow-shot from our pension: I did not test the distance, having left my trusty cross-bow and cloth-yard shafts in Boston; but that is my confirmed guess.

The fine Gothic chapel where we heard our *pasteur* preach was whitewashed out of all memory of any mural decoration that its earlier religion may have given it; but the gloss of the white-

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