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by a Swiss streamlet; whose nature is at her freshest and liveliest as young ~~and~~ as in the ^{sunlight} ~~sunlight~~ ^{aspect} ~~aspect~~ morning of the first day.

On the whole, it is a ~~Scottish~~ Scottish landscape, ~~but~~ ~~far~~ ~~not~~ ~~so~~ ~~striking~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ ~~quarters~~ ~~of~~ ~~Scotland~~ quite as cold and not so striking; and by an odd coincidence, the population is, in its own way, as Scottish as the country. They have almost, un-
 worth, Fife-shire manners, and accost you as if you were trespassing with an "bre
 'at que vous allez?" which is only translatable into the lowland "Whair's ye gaun?"
 They keep the Scotch Sabbath. There is no labour done on that day, but to ~~call~~ ~~drive~~ ~~out~~
 and in the various fairs, and sheep, and cattle, that make such a pleasant tinkling
 on the meadows; the lace makers are all gone from the street; not to attend mass
 would be to derogate socially; and you may see people reading Sunday ^{books} literature,
 and in particular a sort of Catholic Monthly Visitor on the exploits of Notre Dame
de Lourdes. And I remember one day Sunday, when I was walking in the country,
 that I fell over a hamlet, and found all the inhabitants from the parsonage to the baby
 gathered under the shadow of a gable at prayer. One strapping lass stood with her back
 to the wall and did the solo part, the rest chiming in very devoutly as in a litany, not
 very far off, a lad lay flat on his face asleep among some straw, to represent
 the worldly element in the place. Again, they are eager to proselytise, and the
 postmaster's daughter used to reason with me by the half-hour upon my heresy,
 until she grew quite flushed. I have heard the same process going on between a
 Scotchman and a French girl; and the arguments were identical. Each apostle
 based her claim upon the superiority of her clergy over that of the other, and clinched the
 business with a threat of future punishment. Here, as in Scotland, many peasant
 families boast of a son in holy orders. And here also, those ~~are~~ the young men who
 have a tendency to emigrate. It is not certain poverty that drives them to the great
 cities on a cross the seas; for almost any family has 40,000 francs, and from 90,000
 to 120,000, is no uncommon fortune. The lads go forth fired by the spirit of
 adventure and the desire to rise in life, and leave their homes for elders
 quibbling and wondering over ~~the~~ the Pleurose event. Once, at ~~an~~ ~~awful~~
 I met an old peasant who, hearing that I was a foreigner, volunteered the story of
 his ~~own~~ son, who ~~was~~ ~~now~~ an apothecary somewhere in Brazil. He ran away
~~was~~ to Bordeaux and reached America, bone-headed and bare foot and with a

single

single halfpenny of capital. What he went away for, the old boy could not fancy unless it was to "amuse" him. "I have always bread for him," he said. But at heart he was swelling with pride over his travelled offspring; and he produced a letter out of his pocket where, as he said, it was nothing, a mere lump of paper scraps, and waved it gloriously in the air. "This comes from America," said he, "from six thousand leagues away." And the wine-shop audience looked on with a certain thrill.

I had many acquaintances among the townsfolk, and grew to be well known for miles in the country. "On'at que vous allez?" was changed for me into "Quin, vous rentrez au Monastere ce soir?" I had a special company of lace-makers, who brought out a chair for me whenever I went by and detained me for many weeks to gossip for a while. A great deal of fun we used to have, and one old lady was exchanged much information. "Do they speak Fraters in England," they once asked; and when I told them not, 'Ah! then French," said they; and I found it impossible to make matters clear, I left them in their error. They would have me draw all their portraits, and were never weary of studying the Queen's head on English postage stamps or seeking for French words in English journals. And when I brought them some of our English fraters, they nearly died laughing and pronounced it the worst fraters in the world. "You will also find a very hard one where you are going," showed a travelled lace-maker; "but perhaps you will understand that better." I gathered from this that she expected me to find some affinity between the fraters of the Southern Cevennes and that of England. They were pleasant, quiet women, one and all, and get, with all their religion, ^{in spite of} this is scarce as they could swear like the beasts of the field. Indeed I never in any life have heard such streams of foul and blasphemous language. I remember one morning ~~one day~~ ^{one day} ~~most entertaining~~ in Grudet, a pleasant village on the Loire, which is there but an inconsiderable Highland river, that I heard an old woman swear for an hour or end. It is true she had a right to be indignant; for there was her son, a hulking lad, visibly affected with liquor ^{the drink was well begun} before mine of the morning. But it was something strangely to hear her unceasing flow of oaths and obscenities, endless like a river, and now and then rising to a passionate shrillness, in the clear and silent air of the morning. In city slums, the thing might pass unnoticed; but in a green country valley, and from a plain, old, honest countryman, this heartiness of speech offended the ear like an insult.

24.C.
47047.

Grudet