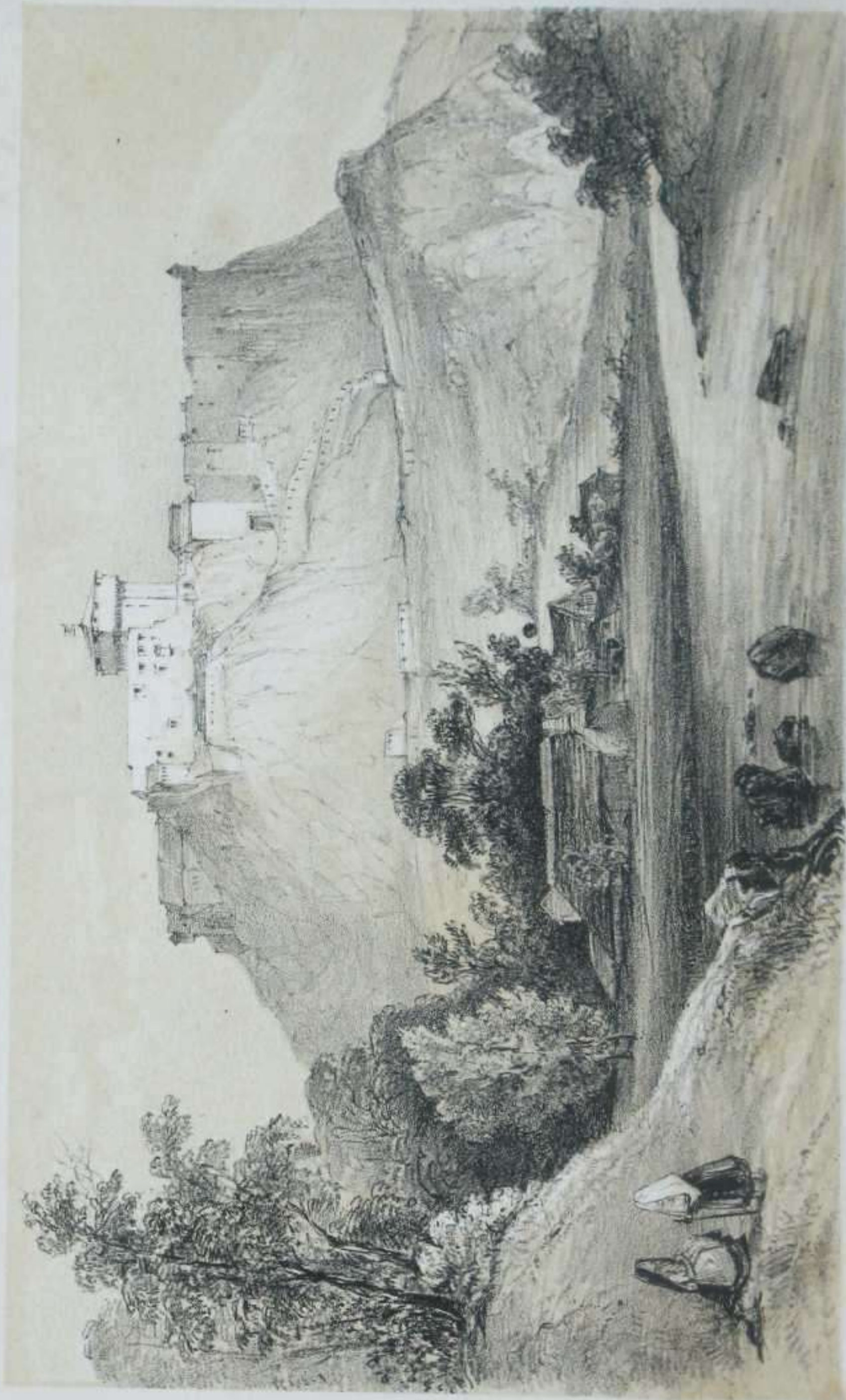




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J. & T. Fisher, Lith.

FORT OF LOURDE.

London Richard Bentley 1846.

Drawn by Throckmoldie Sc.

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DIARY OF TRAVELS

IN

FRANCE AND SPAIN,

CHIEFLY IN THE YEAR 1844.

BY

THE REV. FRANCIS TRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1845.

LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

TO HER,

WHOSE SPIRIT, ENERGY AND ATTENTION TO EACH WORTHY

OBJECT ADDED FRESH AND UNFAILING INTEREST

TO EACH DAY'S JOURNEY,

THESE PAGES

ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY THE

AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE extended journey, of which the following pages contain a Diary, was originally undertaken merely with the view of sojourning for a few months in the South of France for reasons connected with health. However, circumstances subsequently occurred which caused its extension to a more lengthened period. From its commencement I was desirous that the absence from home should not be without those accompanying objects and aims in accordance with the character of a clergyman of the Church of England; and when the journey was prolonged, I became still more anxious on the subject. I will not hesitate to notice what these objects and aims were, under the sense of the responsibility for time, attention, and interest, attached to one occupying the position of a Minister.

I was desirous to make myself acquainted, by personal investigation, with the state of religion in France, and chiefly on two points, viz., on the hold which the Romish Faith and ceremonies have on the population of the country at large, and on the degree in which the doctrines of the Protestant Church prevail at present in the land.

I was also desirous of seeking out my own countrymen in every locality where they reside, and of affording them those temporary ministrations which are so much valued in a foreign clime, and on which, limited as they must of necessity be, it often pleases God to bestow an abundant blessing.

I have here only mentioned my own personal aims and objects. The subsequent pages must speak for themselves as to the degree in which others may be influenced by the notices connected with them, which will be found therein. At the same time, these volumes lay no claim whatsoever to any peculiar or distinguishing character beyond that professed in their title.

The journey was performed in such a manner, it led through scenes so little known, many of them quite unknown, and really offered such

unceasing variety of general information, that if I have failed to render it interesting, I cannot plead want of materials, and have no resource except that of admitting the fault of the writer. Nevertheless, I may state at once that if I had had no aim—no *τελος*—the Diary would in all likelihood never have been written, and certainly would never have appeared in print.

FREEHILLS,

FEBRUARY, 1845.

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A

DIARY OF TRAVELS

IN

FRANCE AND SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

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Sept. 27, 1843.—After many successive weeks of fine weather, the clouds were gathering, the barometer was rapidly falling, and the commencement of the equinoctial gales daily, if not hourly, expected. We were, therefore, glad to arrive safely at Dieppe by half past eleven at night, after a smooth and favourable passage.

Dieppe, Sept. 28.—This place is not without features of interest to the stranger. White and

precipitous cliffs at each horn of the bay; an old castle on a sea-beat height over-hanging the town; many good residences, variously coloured, and ornamented with moulded iron balconies; a broad space of turf between the town and the sea; a pretty bathing establishment on the shore, and a firm, gravelly beach, on which the waves are to-day beating and foaming under a fresh northern gale—all combine together in giving us a pleasing impression of our first scene on continental ground.

We drove in the afternoon, under arching trees, to see the grand ruins of the Castle of Arques, about four miles from Dieppe. The place is renowned in French history from the battle in which Henry IV, with a far inferior number of Protestants, defeated a larger army of the League. While I was making a circuit of the vast and commanding edifice, a boy came up to me, and pointed out a stout red tower, which he called "Henry's bed-room."

The shops at Dieppe are full of the most delicate and finished carvings in ivory executed at the place, and forming not only the more usual articles to which the material is applied, but also whole figures and groups full of expression; and varying from the most sublime to the most comic subjects.

Sept. 29.—We had to-day clear and pleasant weather for proceeding to Rouen, a distance of thirty-five miles, the road being macadamized and very good, except in the immediate neighbourhood of towns and villages, where the old pavement still remains. Many country houses were in sight, with the usual French approach of long straight avenues. On drawing near to Rouen we descended by a long, circuitous hill into the valley of the Cailly—steep hanging woods fronting us on our way. This view was beautiful. We then passed through Cambres and Melaunay, where there are numerous manufacturing establishments, and handsome residences of the proprietors. From hence to Rouen the road was crowded with vehicles of every description, and it might almost be called a continued suburb of that town, till we arrived at its entrance, by a fine avenue of trees which leads straight down to the broad and fair quay along the banks of the Seine, and in front of that renowned city.

To-day was our first, but quite successful experiment of a mode of travelling which we had adopted, notwithstanding many doubts and forebodings on the part of some of our friends—I mean with ponies of our own, and a small open carriage. Thus far, all went on

prosperously, and we had a most agreeable drive.

Rouen, Sept. 30.—This town is so well known to our countrymen, from being of such easy access, and so thoroughly described by travellers that, according to my design throughout these pages in regard to such localities, I shall not think of describing it in detail, and only observe that the same vivid impressions which it made upon me, in a former visit many years since, were again most strongly renewed. Again I admired the Church of St. Ouen, as presenting in its interior the purest and noblest specimen of Gothic architecture, free from all the decorations of false taste or modern upholstery; again I heard the service in the Cathedral, most exciting to the outward senses, however inappropriate, in my mind, as Christian worship addressed to Almighty God: I mean the deep chaunt of numerous priests followed by an instrumental band, answered in its turn by the loud organ pealing in mighty music from the end of the vast edifice; again I traversed the old overhanging streets, with all their quaint and varied architecture; again I looked on the lofty head-dress and rich costume of the female peasantry, far more peculiar than any thing met with on farther advance, in this direction, into France;

again I was forcibly reminded of history, and not unconnected, but exactly the reverse, with the history of our own land at its most remarkable epoch; again I was delighted with observing the character of this city, as old and new in one; as ancient and modern; as full of recollections bringing to mind its past dignity, and full of sights denoting its present prosperity. How well is one time represented by its antiquated streets, another by its stirring quay! And as you pass at once from one scene to the other, you can scarcely fail to realize the interest with which it is spoken of by travellers, without, so far as I know, one single exception.

Oct. 1, Sunday.—I met to-day, in the hotel where we were staying, a gentleman engaged as a Catechist or teacher among the many English workmen now employed in the formation of the railroad in this immediate neighbourhood. He gave me various information on his proceedings, mentioning that he was acting under the sanction of Bishop Luscombe; that the labourers attended his services extremely well; that he had on the Sunday three congregations at stations considerably distant from each other, besides several meetings in the week; and that he had experienced much encouragement and

liberal assistance from Mr. Brassy, the chief contractor for the works. He also told me that there was no ordained clergyman of our Church* in the neighbourhood; that many of his people were desirous of having their children baptized, and that, if I could wait till the ensuing evening, he would take advantage of my visit for the administration of that ordinance. I had intended to leave Rouen the next morning, but readily consented to remain for this purpose. He also proposed that I should preach that evening to the workmen at Melauny; but I unfortunately lost this privilege by an unavoidable mistake as to the means of conveyance.

* These circumstances are now (1844) altered, the Lord Bishop of London having licensed the Rev. George Stokes as chaplain to the British residents in Rouen. He now officiates there, and I understand that there are hopes of purchasing one of the old churches in the town as a place of worship for the English. I copy a portion of an advertisement of December, 1843, connected with the subject, and showing the claims of the place on the establishment of such a ministry. "Independent of numerous travellers, the immense influx of artisans, labourers, and others from this country, in connexion with railways, cotton factories, gas works, foundries, commerce, &c. has rendered the establishment of a regular ministry absolutely necessary. 'Lloyd's List' states that within the first six months of the present year seven hundred and sixty British vessels have entered the port of Rouen; and, computing each crew at ten men, we have of sailors alone not less than three hundred wandering about the streets of this populous city, and on the Sabbath-day, without a church in which to worship, or a clergyman to counsel or console them."

Oct. 2.—The weather, which had been very rainy for the last few days, cleared up a little this afternoon, and gave us an opportunity of driving a few miles in the direction of Caudebec to see a magnificent view of the Seine and of the City of Rouen from the grounds of the Château de Canteleu. After ascending a very long and steep hill, we reached the large iron gates opening to the country-house of that name. All looked grand and solitary, and we hesitated to enter till encouraged by a man at work in a neighbouring field. From different circumstances, we were under the impression that the owner was absent, and accordingly left our pony carriage at the back of the mansion without driving up to the door, and proceeded to the point of view at the other side of the house. While we were employed in admiring it, as it so well deserved, a gentleman approached us who proved to be the owner, and we of course made every apology in our power for having thus invaded his pleasure-grounds without asking permission at the house, as undoubtedly we ought to have done. However, by his kindness he at once put us entirely at ease, and accompanied us to all the best points of view with the utmost attention and courtesy. Below the grand terrace or platform where we

stood were woods, chalk cliffs, and shrubberies. These were bounded at the distance of a few hundred yards by the broad and winding river Seine, which, flowing from our right, passed us in a straight line, curved then rapidly to Rouen, which it bordered, and then continued its graceful sweep in the distance till lost behind intervening hills. The whole space within this circling curve was occupied by meadow-land of the most verdant green. Altogether the scene was magnificent.

After we had passed some time in enjoying the view, Monsieur L—— proposed a visit to his house, where we saw some rooms beautifully decorated in arabesque, and a little museum containing a collection of stuffed birds, chiefly of the small varieties, in the freshest and brightest state of preservation. Several rooms were hung with valuable prints, many among them being English. When we came to the well-known engraving of the present Duchess of Sutherland and her infant daughter from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture, he pointed with a smile to the child, and said, "I believe that young lady is just married." Our kind host then took us into his own study, which was arranged with much comfort and taste, and with a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth. We had then some conver-

sation on literary and classical subjects, in which he appeared to me a man of varied information and much devoted to study and the arts. As he handed Mrs. T—— into our pony-carriage, he was kind enough to express himself much pleased with our communications, and I did my best to express my sense of the very obliging manner in which we, though perfect strangers, had been received by him. I know few things of their kind more gratifying than receptions of such a character as we wander, unknown strangers, in a foreign land. It is, of course, not fair to expect them; but when the kindness and personal attention of the owner thus accompanies the free admission to his home, the act is one of no slight courtesy, and ought to be felt and acknowledged.

A congregation of between forty and fifty persons, all connected with the works on the railroad in this neighbourhood assembled this evening in a room of our hotel. No less than seven children were brought to be baptized; and as I entered the room, I observed with no little interest, that the first circle round the table, on which the Bible and Prayer-book were placed, was composed of mothers, each with a baby in her arms. The appearance of the men, partly from that handsome style of holiday dress which

so many of them wear on Sundays and special occasions, partly from the size and development of their limbs, and partly from their independent look and bearing, would have told me at once the nature of their vocation. I had known too many of them at Reading to forget these marked characteristics. After the prayers, an address, and a psalm, I baptized the children who were present. All was done "in decency and order" as to the sponsors connected with the ordinance; and the names of the children were inscribed on a list to be forwarded to Bishop Luscombe at Paris. I was much pleased with the earnest attention exhibited by all present. Several French servants and other inmates of the house were gathered about the door during our service, and looked on with much curiosity and interest at our simple and spiritual devotions. At the conclusion, I received many thanks and cordial shakes of the hand. One man came up and told me that he had heard me preach before, both at Reading and Southampton. I trust that many opportunities of exercising my ministry will be granted to me during my journey. The minister of Jesus Christ, when in adequate health, should ever remember and realize his Lord and Master's command: "As ye go, preach."

Oct. 3.—We proceeded this afternoon to Lou-

viers, "the clear sun shining after rain." Our little equipage, when brought to the door in the morning, caused the greatest curiosity and admiration from being of a kind quite unknown in France. It was merely a light, low, cane-bodied little phaeton, with a seat behind. Thirty or forty spectators formed a circle round it to-day, when brought to the door of the hotel. The ponies, also, from their small size and breed received their full share of attention. Various were the favourable and endearing epithets bestowed upon them, and many were the discussions between their respective admirers as to the comparative merits of "la petite grise," and "la petite rouge," one being grey, and the other bay.

Oct. 4.—The day was again delightful. Rich cultivation, a varied surface of ground, noble and most extensive views, obtained as we surmounted successive hills, and specially a sight of the tall cliffs and banks overhanging the Seine, in view during the greatest part of this day's journey, made it altogether a most gratifying course. At Vernon, where we stopped to feed the ponies, we crossed the bridge and examined a very large and handsome specimen of those towers which in ancient days were erected to command the passages of rivers.

We here exercised the independence, as to line of progress, which our mode of travelling admits by crossing the Seine, and turning back on the opposite side of the river to visit Château Gaillard, and the two small adjacent towns, both bearing the name of Andelys. Having passed through a forest of considerable extent we came all at once in sight of the Château,* boldly and prominently standing out from the lofty hill on our right, and brilliantly coloured by the rays of the setting sun. We were in time to ascend and visit it before the scene around had lost the beauty of the light—half golden, half purple—in which it was steeped and bathed. The ruins, those of a fortress, are still in good preservation *as ruins*, an expression which travellers will easily understand, and through the old windows and loop-holes a beautiful scene was spread out before us. Immediately below the Castle lies the small town of Andelys, occupying a bend of the river's bank. The river, accommodating itself to the steep cliffs, which here make a very abrupt

* The history of the Castle cannot be given in better words than those of Murray's Hand-book for France. "It was begun and finished in one year by King Richard, Cœur de Lion, in defiance of his rival Philip Augustus, and in the face of the treaty of Louviers, by which he had bound himself not to fortify Andelys, the little town on the strand at the river side. He thus broke it in substance, while he kept it to the letter."

angle, departs at almost a right angle from its previous course. A light and graceful suspension bridge adds to the variety of the scene, and a vast expanse of meadow, bounded by distant hill, gives repose and richness around.

In order to find adequate accommodation for the night, we were obliged to leave the banks of the river, and to penetrate the country for about a mile to the town called Grand Andelys, where there is no beauty of scenery, no castle, no river, nor anything to afford interest. Although the other Andelys is neither on the railroad, nor on the direct highway from Rouen to Paris, yet I should suppose, that if a small inn of some attraction, such as those of which there are so many in Switzerland and on the Rhine, were built here, it would be frequented by many summer travellers coming to visit the Castle, and enjoy the beauty of the neighbourhood.

Oct. 5.—To-day we again passed through Vernon, and then went to Mantes,* skirting

* It was in this city that William the Conqueror met his death from a fall of his horse while galloping among the burning ruins of the town, which by his orders had been set on fire. His previous illness—the fury in which he arose from his bed in consequence of a joke uttered by Philip, King of France—the accident which proved fatal to him, his death, and the confusion and strange circumstances which attended his burial, are all described in the most graphic manner by Thierry, in his *History of the Norman Conquest*, Book VII.

the park and red Château of Rosny, where Sully was born and dwelt. The next day we reached Paris, entering the city by that truly magnificent approach along the avenue of Neuilly, by the triumphal arch, the Champs Elysées and Place de la Concorde. Our moment of arrival was most favourable, just at the *Hyde Park hour* of Paris. There was a lively display of carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians ; and, as we approached the grand gilded fountains on the Place de la Concorde, the waters were flashing in the sun, and we were altogether welcomed by a most cheering scene on this our entrance to the fair capital of France.

We only remained at Paris ten days. Our view of its *mirabilia* was, of course, very cursory ; and had it been much longer, I should not have thought it in character with these pages to dwell upon them at length. I know few things more crude and unsatisfactory than the statements of a mere passing traveller in regard to great capitals. If he aims at details, they are in general much better given in the usual guide-books. If he attempts to generalize, he will most likely fall into error from the want of information adequately copious for his purpose.

Versailles, Oct. 14.—In regard to this town, it seems to me unique in its form and arrangement. Grand, open, and extensive, it is all built subsidiary to, and symmetrically with, the Palace. As on the one side of that vast central edifice there are terraces, avenues, and vistas of trees, forming the garden, so on the other there are terraces, avenues, and vistas of houses, forming the town. Carlsruhe, in Baden, has some similarity in its distribution, being all in view of, and in harmony with, the Palace of the Margrave.

In the Square of Versailles is a statue of General Hoche, who, like Napoleon himself, and many other celebrated French Generals of his day earned his renown while still a very young man. The Irish and English reader will, doubtless, remember his character and baffled expedition towards the coast of Ireland, as described in the Memoirs of Theobald Wolf Tone. The inscription commemorates Hoche as “Le Pacificateur de la Vendée,” a title, which to one who, like myself, has visited that district, still so desolate, and still mourning the calamities of civil war, very forcibly recalls the old satire on conquerors: “Solitudinem faciunt: pacem appellant.”

Oct. 15, Sunday.—We attended the English

service which is regularly held here by a clergyman of our Church. I heard also during the day the first sermon in the Romish Church, at which I had been present during this visit to the continent. The text was taken from the XIVth. chapter of St. Luke, 16th to 24th verse, being the parable of the Marriage Supper. After the preacher had been employed on his text for about a quarter of the time which he occupied, he broke off suddenly from his subject, and took up vehemently the question of the *Church*,* dealt out woe after woe, (“malheur à vous,” &c.) on all who were not of the Romish Communion, or spoke a word against its authority; and finished his address by personifying the Church as a mother, by describing the action of a matricide in all its horrible details, and representing in fierce terms the conduct of *all* Protestants as precisely parallel to that of such a murderer in all and every respect!

Oct. 16.—It is impossible to do otherwise than admire the size, grandeur, and magnificence of the Palace of Versailles. Like so many other edifices in France, it has experienced a complete process of restoration from the munificent

* This was, after his doctrine, the Romish Church, and not, as he should have said, the whole multitude of true believers in Christ, “of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues.”—Rev. VII. 9.

expenditure and taste of his present Majesty. Nothing, in their way, can be more splendid than the galleries and long lines of apartments, containing on their painted walls the records of French history from early days down to the present time. Without, there are terraces, water-works, orangeries and avenues, I believe, of unrivalled splendour. All is kept up in the best manner, and the access of all visitors is on the easiest terms. You pay nothing on entrance, neither are guides forced upon your company, nor is there the least impediment to your free course throughout the whole edifice. The traveller, at all events, should render his thanks to the French for their liberal spirit and open system, of which he so constantly reaps the benefit in their country, as he visits the curious objects and traverses the noble institutions which are scattered over their land.

I walked to the Grand and Petit Trianon—two royal lodges in the park—the former a real palace, though on a small scale, the latter a very diminutive residence. At the Grand Trianon the guide, on entering one of the rooms, announced the “*Cabinet de travail du Roi*,” in which the chief object was a large, long, business-like table. The “*Cabinet de travail*” is no imaginary title of the apart-

ment as used by the present able and industrious Sovereign of France. Louis XIV, too, brought to mind in every direction at Versailles, was also a man of industry and hard work. From the time at which he abruptly and energetically took his affairs into his own hands, he is said to have employed himself in business for eight hours a day ; and he lived to do this for nearly half a century.

I heard that the Petit Trianon was a favourite abode of the late young and lamented Duke of Orleans. It was affecting to see the simple and domestic home, which he, his wife and children had so lately occupied in their *derniers jours de bonheur*.* The place had, at all events, one attraction which Englishmen can value—a real, not a mis-named, Jardin Anglais, of which there are many parodies now complete in France. I never looked on such a scene as these pretty grounds afford by their graceful and natural combinations of form and colour with more pleasure and relief to the eye than here. Here I escaped for a few minutes from other scenes of a very different character, where all was stiff and formal—the work of the line and the shears.

Oct. 18.—Instead of returning to Paris, we

* The title of a print representing the Duke and his family, and seen throughout France.

took a short cut across the country through Orsy and other localities of much beauty and variety, till we entered the high road from Orleans to Paris, between Lonjumeau and Arpagon. From thence the whole way to Orleans is bleak and quite devoid of interest. Arthur Young most accurately describes it as "one universal flat, unenclosed, uninteresting, and even tedious, though small towns and villages are every where in sight : the features that might compound a landscape are not brought together." I can add that the characteristics of the country remain precisely the same after an interval of fifty-five years.

We slept for the night at a comfortable inn, the Grand Courier, in the long, dull town of Etampes ; and being at a posting station of old time, now brought to comparative oblivion by a neighbouring railroad, we heard the same *railing* against the *rail* as might have been heard at Hounslow, Barnet, or any other locality similarly circumstanced.

We reached Orleans the next day, proceeding the last stage by the train, and leaving the ponies to follow the next morning.

CHAPTER II.

Orleans—Jeanne d'Arc—Her Statue and abode—The late Princess Marie—Siege of Orleans—Château de la Source—Steam-boats on the Loire—Protestant Pastor—Orphan Asylum—Les Adieux à Rome—Blois—Church of St. Nicholas—Curious Dépôt—Murray's Hand-book—Duke de Guise—Chambord—Duke de Bordeaux—"Cinq Mars"—The late Duke of Orleans—Castle of Amboise—Royal Abodes.

Orleans, Oct. 19.—I now visit for the first time the place of my own birth, and of my parents' sojourn when detained by the unwarranted mandate of Napoleon. It surprises the people here when I tell them that I am an *Orleannois*; but the explanation quite satisfies them of my claim, and they seem much pleased when I add the observation which I have often heard from my father, that, except as to the fact of his detention, for which one man alone was responsible, he had nothing whatever to complain of; but, on the contrary, met with invariable kindness and courtesy from the French people during his compulsory sojourn among them.*

* I happened to be staying for a few weeks in Switzerland in that part of the year 1841, when war between England and France

Orleans is a fine town. A large and straight street cuts it in two portions, and extends from the Paris gate to the bridge, intersecting the Place du Martroy, the chief scene of life and stir in the city. Here the traveller from England first sees the broad and beautiful Loire. Orleans has a fine Cathedral, and some curious old churches. One of the handsomest in the outskirts of the town is like so many other ecclesiastical edifices in France, dismantled and desecrated.* A semicircle of pleasant *boulevards*

appeared almost inevitable. I was living at the time chiefly in the society of French travellers. While I may truly say, that the social pleasure of our intercourse was by no means marred by the peculiar circumstances of the period, I may add, that we all talked freely on national subjects. On my mentioning that I hoped to return by Paris, one of them said: "Are not you afraid of being *detenu*?" "No," said I, "though perhaps I might have an instinctive dread of such a circumstance. I was born a *detenu*." They were much amused with my elucidation of the term, as applied in my own case.

* I mean by this, employed for the purposes of ordinary business, irrespective altogether of religious worship. Thus some of the churches are now occupied for hay-stores, as the vast pile once belonging to a monastery at Toulouse; some as magazines for fire-wood, as St. Martin's at Angers; some as saw-mills, as one at Dieppe; as coach-houses and stabling,—*e. g.* St. Julien's at Tours; as corn-markets, &c. &c. These edifices are in many cases private property, having been sold at the Revolution. The same happened with a very general sweep to monasteries and convents. At Tours there is a large building thus circumstanced. It was once a monastery, but is now let out to the English and others in large and handsome apartments.

meets the river at each end of the town. The old streets are curious, but not equal in antique architecture to those of Rouen and many other old French cities.

Few will visit the place without many thoughts on the heroine, by whose name it has been ennobled. A poor and worthless statue to her honour stands in the Place du Martroy; it is quite modern, the shameless and heartless revolutionists having destroyed the ancient statue erected on the bridge shortly after her death.

In that curious building, the old Hôtel de Ville, is a bronze cast of the noble statue of the Maid, which was sculptured by the late Princess Marie, Louis Philippe's highly gifted daughter. It is finely conceived, and finely executed, well expressing the calmness, the devotion, the simplicity and zeal of that renowned woman. Her eyes are bent on the ground, but the sword in her hand is firmly grasped for the combat. Her dress is modest and feminine; but still it is the garb of one prepared for the thickest fray.

Passing up the antiquated Rue du Tabourg, we came to a house called La Maison de Jeanne d'Arc. By ringing the street bell we gained admittance into a small court, forming by its shrubs, trelliced vines, and sunny cheerfulness,

a complete contrast to the narrow, dark, gloomy street, from which we had just emerged. The premises belong to a lady, who kindly allows strangers to pass through her house into two small arched rooms, traditionally held to be those occupied by Jeanne after her entrance into Orleans. From their retired position, and from their only access being through a private residence, they present a very appropriate lodging for one, who, by her own choice, and in the remembrance that she had to maintain the good fame of a woman as well as that of a heroine, placed herself at the hour of her triumph under the care of a matron, high in rank and high in character, who dwelt in this abode.

The old bridge, over which the Maid of Orleans led her troops when she raised the siege of Orleans, exists no longer. Like so many other bridges on the Loire, it was in two parts and connected by an island in the middle of the stream. The chief peculiarity of the combat was this: the English held a tower on the island, and another on the bank close to the walls of the town, so that, while endeavouring to relieve the besieged city, Jeanne and her followers had to make an assault of a most perilous nature on the two fortified holds. Her valour and success are too well known to need description here.

I am not aware of any other memorials to be found in the town of Orleans regarding her who has rendered its name familiar and renowned throughout the civilized world.

Oct. 20. — Desiring to see an object, which is never devoid of interest and sometimes full of beauty—I mean the head or well-spring of a river—we went to-day to the “Château de la Source,”* crossing the Loire, and pursuing the high road for about two miles, then turning to the left and passing through vineyards for a somewhat shorter distance.

The Château is a plain country-house of considerable size. The source of the river is in the pleasure-grounds, where it springs up clearly and copiously in the middle of a large circular basin of water, giving a constant motion to its whole surface. A river-head of this kind is a truly beautiful object, whether, as here, springing up among meadows and groves, or whether found at the summit of a rocky and romantic defile, as the source of the sparkling Sourgues at Vacluse. Both these basins or well-heads of fresh and “living water” exactly illustrate the words of our Saviour, saying : “ Whosoever

* Those who have read “Tremaine” may remember that the able and accomplished author of that work places here the scene of its happy termination.

drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst ; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.”—John iv. 14.

I saw at Orleans, for the first time, the singularly narrow and shallow steam-boats which navigate the Loire. They are called “*Inexplosibles*,” freely translated, *warranted not to blow up*. It is curious to read Arthur Young’s account of the passage down the river fifty years ago, and to contrast it with the rapid and easy communications of the present day. He says that “a boat goes from Orleans to Nantes, when demanded by six passengers, each paying a Louis d’or : they lie on shore every night, and reach Nantes in four days and a half.”

Oct. 22, Sunday.—There are a considerable number of Protestants at Orleans, at least sufficient to form a good congregation, under the affectionate and zealous care of Monsieur Rosselotty, their Pastor. We attended the service this morning, and as we entered heard a hymn addressed to our Saviour, and sung by all present with that full voice and holy melody so often heard abroad, and so rarely in our own land.

The preacher first read from the pulpit a considerable portion of the first chapter of Isaiah,

and then preached with earnestness and eloquence exactly such a sermon, doctrinally speaking, as I should have wished to hear from my own pulpit. He first dwelt on sin and its consequences—on the ruin and death which it brings upon mankind. He then set forth Christ “tout seul” as Redeemer; the Holy Spirit “tout seul” as Sanctifier; and the Bible “toute seule” as the Rule of Faith. He truly spoke as one who knew experimentally the glorious truths of divine grace; and I could not help thinking how valuable such a sermon might be if heard by many led away by recent error and false doctrine even in our own land.

As we were preparing to depart after the service, Monsieur Rosselotty came up to us and welcomed us to his Church. Having ascertained that I was a clergyman, he invited us into his house, where we had half an hour’s interesting conversation with him and his wife. We heard that their Church was prospering; that many Roman Catholics had joined the Protestant Communion; that they had Colporteurs for the distribution of the Scriptures and religious tracts, and that no persecution of any moment was at present exercised against them in the place.

While we were thus engaged in conversa-

tion, a distribution of religious books was going on in an adjoining room ; and in the apartment where we were sitting, a lady was teaching psalmody to those who desired improvement in Church music. Among her scholars was a stout labouring man in a smock-frock. It was pleasant to see these various measures going on in connexion with the Church ; and we were reminded of the manifold endeavours in behalf of their respective flocks among some of our dear brethren at home.

Mr. R— then invited us to visit his Orphan Asylum. It is held in a good house, near his own, and we were much gratified at finding it a most complete establishment. Everything in it was orderly, fresh, and clean. We visited the kitchen, dining-room, dormitory, school-room, &c. We then proceeded to the courtyard, where the children were playing. They had a neat, healthy, and happy appearance. Three were English, children of an English workman, who had lately died in France. They seemed much pleased by a conversation in their own tongue.

The objects of the Institution are destitute female orphans, who are here brought up in the “nurture and admonition of the Lord,” and

instructed either for service or other industrious exertion.

The Report of last year, which I have now before me, is a most interesting document, and strongly exhibits the value of such an establishment, not only on the ordinary grounds of affording support where it is so much needed, but also as illustrating the fact, that, except when received into such an Institution as this, the orphan children of Protestants are, in some way or other, almost sure to be brought up as members of the Church of Rome.

It gave me much pleasure to see the large number of donations and subscriptions from England; and I can bear the testimony of an eye-witness, that they are most judiciously and most effectually employed.

We heard that the preacher of the morning was M. Bruit, who had lately been a Romish priest, but has now quitted that Church, and published his reasons for so doing in a tract entitled "Mes adieux à Rome." The sermon which we had heard was his third as a Protestant. We met him in the evening, Mr. R— having kindly invited us to his house. Salvation by grace, and Christ's finished work, seemed the very joy of his heart. I met and heard M. Bruit

afterwards at Tours. At a later period, I met at Toulouse M. Maurette, also a Romish priest once, but now a Protestant pastor. He too has published a tract, now interdicted, styled: "Encore des adieux à Rome."

We took leave of our new but most kind and cordial friends after an evening of much cheerful conversation and Christian communion, ended by a feeling and affectionate prayer from Mr. R—. Oh! that such men were spread throughout the country! Life and heart are in his piety. Well did Madame A—, of Tours, say to me concerning him, with emphasis on her well-chosen epithet: "Il est un vrai pasteur."

Banks of the Loire, Oct. 23.—We quitted Orleans to-day and arrived at Blois. The country which we traversed was rather flat and uninteresting. The vines had just lost all their verdure, though the brown leaves still hung to the stems. The road was generally near the Loire, but not in sight of it. However, we were able to mark out its course by the succession of tall, square sails, stemming the current, and ascending the stream under a fresh and favourable breeze. The entrance into Blois as the traveller descends the hill, approaches the river and then follows its course, must be at all times beautiful, and was especially beautiful this evening;

all on the one side of the river lying in deep shadow, while all on the other side was lit up by the bright gleam of sunset, shining with a tinge of golden red on bridge, water, houses, trees and passing sails.

Oct. 24.—In towns, situated on the banks of rivers, and where there are distinguishing features of locality, as cliffs, hanging slopes, and hills in the background, or possessed of fine architectural features, as Cathedrals, Churches, Castles or other striking edifices, the traveller will do well to cross the bridge, usually found opposite to the centre of the town, and thus obtain a general and uninterrupted view of the whole before visiting the place in detail. I need only name Rouen, Orleans, and Blois, where we now are, as claiming such a survey. Blois is not extensive, but at each end of it there are very commanding edifices ; the well-known ancient castle or palace of the French Kings, and the Church of St. Nicholas at one end and the Cathedral at the other. Midway on the hill extend rows of fine trees, which have a fine effect among the houses of the town, hanging before you on the steep ascent.

The Church of St. Nicholas is an ancient, massive, and very curious pile of building. When seen from a distance, it corresponds

in its appearance with the dark and gloomy pile of the Castle immediately above it. I cannot tell why, as there is no similarity of architectural detail ; but such is the fact. In a court before the chief entrance, we observed a little wooden door in the wall of a large building. Over it was inscribed : “ Dépôt des enfants trouvés.” I had never happened to see anything similar to this except at Paris. On turning a little bolt I opened this door. Within was a small basket holding a cushion, just large enough for an infant. On ringing the bell to make some inquiries, as travellers, we were told that there was no regular hospital for these children here, but that they were thus received, and put out to nurse in the country. To my great surprise, on asking the attendant how many infants on the average were here *deposited*, she told me that “ perhaps there was one every five or six days ; sometimes twelve or fifteen in a month, sometimes more, sometimes less.”

We then walked up to the Castle. Here, as usual, I shall omit any of the details on matters which I find described in Mr. Murray's Hand-book. I should consider them useless, as every English traveller carries with him a publication, which so judiciously selects and in a very short space effectually

points out the objects of interest, historical and local, in each place of which it treats. Speaking, however, as to our own personal visit, I need only mention that we were most accurately conducted over the whole edifice by the animated and communicative old Waterloo soldier who acts as the stranger's guide. He was somewhat *lengthy*, though at the same time very graphic in his descriptions; and if we showed any hurry in our progress, he laid hold of my arm and good-humouredly compelled us to *hear him out* in all his details as to the room, closet, chapel, hall, staircase, &c., renowned for the dark scene of murder and atrocity which was here perpetrated. I allude of course to the assassination of the Duke de Guise, planned by Catherine de Medicis, headed by the sovereign, Henry III, executed by forty-five conspirators, and prayed for by attendant priests!

The rooms, thus exhibited, are now quite empty; but a very large part of the Castle is used as a barrack. During our visit, the horror which was inseparably attached to the place by its historical remembrances was now and then relieved by visits to the soldiers in their kitchen, in their play-room, where all sorts of sports and gymnastics were going on, and else-

where. They exhibited, in conversation with us, the usual French vivacity and cheerful courtesy of demeanour, directing our attention to their bowls and messes, and to us, as Englishmen, especially commending their *beef*. In the magnificent hall where their recreations were going on, they were showing great agility at a kind of leap-frog over a large wooden-horse.

Oct. 25.—We were now very anxious to reach Tours without delay in order to obtain medical advice and care for our servant, who, although he had left England perfectly well a few weeks before, was now threatened with a serious attack from some cause or other which we were at a loss to discover. We therefore omitted a very interesting day's excursion to the Château de Chambord—an old palace of enormous extent built by Francis I. and now the property of the Duke de Bordeaux, for whom it was purchased by a public subscription. I saw views of the building, and it is without doubt a vast and magnificent edifice, though without attraction of position as being situated on a perfect flat. It is from this Château that the title is derived under which the young Duke is now travelling in England.

The readers of the Comte de Vigny's historical

tale of "Cinq Mars" will probably remember the remarkable scene between Louis XIII. and Cinq Mars in the cabinet at the top of the curious double stair-case* belonging to this palace.

We proceeded to-day by the northern bank of the Loire along that great work, the "levée" or artificial dyke, by which this, at times, most turbulent river is restrained from overflow, and an excellent dry flat road provided for the distance of an hundred miles. This dyke is of great antiquity. It was commenced in 819, under Louis-le-Debonnaire, extended in 1160 by Henry II, King of England, Count of Anjou and Touraine, and brought to its present state in the reign of Louis XIV.

The day, which had been in the earlier part warm and sunny, suddenly changed in its temperature, the wind becoming extremely cold, and blowing directly in our face, so that we should naturally have preferred any other sort of road to the top of an elevated, unprotected, unsheltered dyke. The river was without any striking features until we came in sight of the small old town of Amboise, which lies under the Castle of the same name, built on the top of the perpendicular cliff.

* There is a similar construction of much ingenuity and beauty at the Castle of Blois.

After crossing the river by a bridge, joining to each bank an island with several houses upon it, we went up to the Castle. It belongs to Louis Philippe, and is habitably furnished although seldom occupied. The guide pointed to one of the beds and said: "The Duke of Orleans slept there not long ago. We think much of him here. He was much beloved everywhere." He alluded to a visit of a few days made to the place by the young Duke and Duchess shortly before the melancholy termination of his life. This was only one among the universal testimonies to his popularity which I heard in France. A French gentleman, who knew him well, though by no means a zealous friend to the present dynasty, told me that he combined, in a very remarkable degree, the dignity appropriate to the heir apparent of the throne with familiar and attractive manners towards all who approached him. I heard also that the surviving sons of the King, though respectively possessing one or other of these characteristics, are not his equals in all.

The Castle of Amboise has a most commanding position and view; an exquisitely finished little Gothic Chapel built on the wall, and entered from the garden; and a very large round

tower in the position which, under ordinary circumstances, would be occupied by a gatehouse. It is a real curiosity, as though quite perpendicular, like other towers, it contains within it a kind of circular road up and down which a carriage can be driven with perfect safety and ease. I asked leave of the guardian to make the experiment with my pony-carriage, but he told me that it could not be done without an order from Paris. So anxious was one of my countrymen to accomplish the feat, that not long ago he took the trouble of obtaining this permission, and indulged his fancy by driving up and down with a carriage and four horses. I do not remember any similar construction. St. Peter's, at Rome, has the widest internal ascent which occurs to my mind; but the Amboise plan for ascending and descending a perpendicular cliff in a carriage is, so far as I know, unparalleled. I observed that the tower must have been in old times constantly used for the purpose as the walls are much marked by knocks from wheels or axle trees—marks, I suppose, of unskilful coachmanship, as there is ample room for all necessary purposes.

Amboise is one of those royal residences in Touraine, each of which seems to have met with

peculiar favour from different Kings of France ; for it must be remembered that the banks of the Loire were formerly the scenes of royal habitation. Blois is thus connected with the name of Henry III ; Chambord with that of Louis XIII ; Tours with that of Louis XI ; and Chinon with that of Charles VII. So Amboise was the favourite abode of Charles VIII. Here he established himself after those remarkable Italian wars, in which he had such success and showed a short-lived energy. At Amboise he surrounded himself with Italian painters and artists of all kinds, who formed, under his directions, grand designs for the embellishment of the town. Here, however, while still a young man, and engaged in the exact pursuits described by a King,* as the pleasure of a King, he suddenly met his death. It followed in a few hours, a severe blow on the head which he met with from the stone-work of a low archway through which he was passing to be present at a game of tennis.

The visitor to Amboise who descends the river, and in this way enters Touraine for the first time, will be much interested by a walk to the back of the town, where he will find a long

* Eccles. ch. II, v. 4 and 5.

succession of houses scooped out of the rock in the most picturesque manner. From the numerous habitations of the same character seen in the neighbourhood of Tours and Saumur, they will be no curiosity to one coming from the opposite direction.

CHAPTER III.

Detention at Tours—Tours—Dismantled Churches—Quentin Durward—Plessis—Sir Walter Scott—Agricultural Colony—Object of the Colony—Report of the Colony—Locality of the Colony—Dress of the Colonist—English Church at Tours—Excursion to Loches—Service at Loches—Appeal to Clergymen abroad—Awful Dungeons—Character of the Town—White Building Stone—A Forest—Chinon—Priest catechizing—Beautiful walk—Family scene—Joan of Arc—Lovely river view—Saumur.

Tours, Oct. 26.—My first occupation here was to find an English doctor for my servant, and to put him under his care. He pronounced his illness* to be a pleurisy, and at once adopted the most decisive remedies.

In the evening we walked out to visit the town and its immediate neighbourhood. A place so much chosen as a residence by the English, of

* In consequence of this attack an intended sojourn of three days at Tours was changed into one of three months. True is the saying, "Man proposes, but God disposes." Through the goodness of God, and the means diligently used in his behalf, R—recovered, after a long and dangerous illness, in which he was for a long time in imminent danger, and at one time given over.

whom I hear that seventy or eighty families are now resident, may well claim from us a few notes on its locality and character.

Tours itself is situated on the south side of the Loire in a widely extended flat, composed of a black, unctuous, and most fertile soil, to which Tasso* refers in a very curious stanza, connected with the disposition and temperament of its cultivators. United to the town by a long and magnificent bridge lies the beautiful suburb or quarter called St. Symphorien, on a sloping declivity entirely sheltered from the north wind, looking down on the broad waters of the Loire, and adorned by country-houses scattered among vines, terraces, and gardens. These are choice spots, and very delightful for residence.

But a few more words on the town itself. A long, straight, handsome street, at right angles to the river, forms the chief promenade, as well

* Treating of the forces gathered for the war, he says :—

“ Ma cinquemila Stefano d’Ambuosa
E di Blesse e di Turs in guerra adduce ;
 Non e gente robusta o faticosa ;
 Sebben tutta di ferro ella riluce.
 La terra molle, e lieta, e diletta
 Simile a se gli abitator produce.
 Impeto fan nelle battaglie prime :
 Ma di leggier poi langue si reprime.”

JER. LIB. ch. 1, st. 62.

as the centre of business, hotels, and shops. It bisects the town, and the view at each end is well terminated by bold rising ground at no great distance. The other streets are in many instances very ancient; but have no other recommendation. A boulevard and a broad terrace on the low adjoining rampart extends along the southern side of the town, and here are very agreeable walks in which you can choose shade or sun according to your inclination.

The Cathedral is very fine. The external part is under reparation, the workmen being protected from the weather by little wooden glazed houses on the scaffolding, within which they are engaged on the stone carving. The painted glass is superior to any which we have seen since leaving Rouen. In some of the windows blue and red (those very harmonizing colours as may be seen in all paintings of distinguished artists) are almost exclusively employed.

In walking through the town for the first time, we saw no less than three out of many other Churches here abandoned as sacred edifices, dismantled and desecrated. One of these Churches is in the chief street, of which I have above spoken. It is a noble Gothic edifice. Over the grand arch, facing the street, the notice is affixed, "Hotel Julien, Messageries,

&c.” It is in fact, occupied as a large coach and van office.* I saw myself the strange sight of an enormous diligence driven from the dark portal.

In another of these dismantled Churches a corn-market is held, and I saw the building crammed with buyers and sellers, sacks and

* When the fact is known that St. Julien was venerated as the special patron of travellers, it seems that it has pleased God to suffer a very appropriate scorn to be thus thrown on the character ascribed to him. To prove that this is the fact, I shall only quote one passage from Quentin Durward. Louis XI. is there represented as saying to his favourite, Oliver Dain, “Thou knowest my devotion for the blessed St. Julien. I have been saying my orisons to that Saint in the night before last, wherein, (as he is known to be the guardian of travellers), I made it my humble petition, &c.” In reading on the spot this passage, so illustrative of that degraded and unhallowed superstition, which put men, called “saints,” and puts them still in the place of God—thus making “gods many and lords many,” and in noticing, as I daily passed it, the use to which the Church of St. Julien is now given over, I could not help thinking of some of the passages in Scripture, where the idols of man’s imagination are treated with holy irony and scorn. His superstitious fellow-sinners once virtually made St. Julien the travellers’ God. His infidel fellow-sinners desecrated and dismantled the temple raised in his honour. And now this vast and fair edifice, with all its sculpture and its beauty makes a strange stable and coach-house, where at this very time coaches come forth at every hour of the day, and horses are stalled in the recesses of each chapel; and all this is done, not in a shapeless ruin, of which the character is partially lost, but in an edifice, both within and without, as perfect in its form as on the day of its completion.

grain. All this has been the result of the Revolution—a period which has left its mark on things great and small throughout France. I have just mentioned its effects on ecclesiastical edifices as an instance of the former character. Take now one of the latter! In the public library here we were looking at a celebrated manuscript of the Gospels bound in velvet. The clasps were torn off, “They were of silver,” said the librarian, “but were torn off at the Revolution though the book was preserved.”

Castle of Plessis.—During my stay at Tours I visited, as does every Englishman, the little suburb of Plessis about a mile from the town. Those who are acquainted with French history in general, and the far larger number, acquainted with Walter Scott’s novels, will scarcely see or hear without surprize that the Castle of Plessis so prominently described in *Quentin Durward*, where Louis XI. lived as in a fortification or guard-house, is now so entirely deprived of all its characteristic features, that were it not for a small tower, chiefly of modern construction which might perhaps lead you to ask as you passed, what it could be built for, the edifice at present looks like a common

farm-house,* or country residence of the most ordinary description. It has not the slightest advantage of position, either as to strength or beauty—a circumstance always connected in imagination, and usually in reality with a royal and fortified hold.

It appeared to me when I first saw it to be situated on a perfect flat, but I may say, in illustration of Sir Walter's extreme local accuracy, that he describes it as slightly raised above the adjoining land. I read his description shortly after my first visit to the place, but doubted the statement as being under the impression that no eminence existed, and that all the land in the immediate neighbourhood was of one and the same level. However, on a subsequent visit to the place, I determined to verify the fact, and walking all around the enclosure, found that Sir Walter was right.

* The author of the *Histoire de Touraine*, speaking of this Castle, even in the days of the royal habitation, says: "Ce palais n'avait rien de remarquable ni dans ses distributions, ni dans son architecture, et n'eut quelque célébrité, qu'à raison seulement du Prince qui l'habitait, dont au reste il retraçait assez bien, par sa structure, les goûts simples et le caractère ombrageux." Vol. II. p. 253. For a very interesting sketch of Louis XI's character—of the aggrandizement of the royal power—and of the extension and consolidation of the French monarchy under his reign, see Robertson's *View of the State of Europe*, sect. 2.

The ground slopes slightly down on all sides from the spot which the Castle occupied.

All around are gardens, and the tillage of the peasantry, which from the absence of hedge-rows, the variety of crops in small patches, and the small divisions of soil attached to each crop, cause the appearance of a vast allotment field. *Maison à vendre* is at this moment affixed to the walls of the house which is at present only occupied by a labourer's family. The historical *souvenirs* of the place, though strange and exciting, are by no means agreeable, and the situation having no single charm, I cannot recommend the purchase to a countryman, although it might speedily, and with little expense be made a plain and habitable residence. A snug study might certainly be formed in the little ugly turret at one end of the house.

Agricultural Colony.—About four miles from Tours is the Agricultural Colony of Mettray—an institution which appears to meet with very general approbation in France. Its two chief founders and zealous directors, Monsieur Demetz and Le Vicomte Brétignères de Courteilles are praised on every side. Mr. Murray's Hand-book says that the establishment "will be visited by all who take an interest in the improvement of their fellow-creatures." It is

only about four years old, and the objects of its care are youths, who have subjected themselves to legal punishment; though not as hardened offenders, and in whose case there have been such extenuating circumstances,* (to use a favourite word of French law,) as gross ignorance, evident dulness of conscience, abandonment on the part of their parents, notoriously bad education, &c. The aim of the system is that of enlightening their minds, improving their disposition and habits, and of so training them up that they may be brought to prefer a life of active industry to one of idleness and crime. The means used, according to an extract from the first article of the statutes are these:— a moral† and religious education,

* Sometimes, too, I think most strangely misapplied. To the best of my remembrance, Madame L— had a verdict with this addition. Now, if she was guilty of poisoning her husband, it must be evident that there could be no extenuating circumstances. If not guilty, she should have been so declared. I am well aware of the excuse for such a verdict given to the stranger in France— that it is but a means of avoiding capital punishment. Still the expression is a most unwarrantable one, and of a sure tendency to pervert the notions of moral right and wrong.

† I place the words in the order which they occupy in that document from which I translate the passage. And I think it my duty to add one remark, as one fully convinced that the highest motives—namely, those of the Gospel—should ever occupy the highest place in all education. The remark which I am desirous to make is this—that so far as I could discern the motives and

general elementary instruction, the acquisition of a trade or other calling, application to agricultural labour, and their subsequent establishment in the country with artizans or farmers.

I have before me the Report of 1843, containing an account of the proceedings at the general meeting of the founders, or, as we should call them, subscribers, held in Paris, on the 12th of March last. It consists of a short introductory discourse of the President, the well-known and esteemed Count de Gasparin ; of the Annual Report of the two directors, giving a detail of the state of the Colony as well as of the subsequent conduct of the youths who had quitted the institution, which is rightly considered as the really conclusive test of the value of the institution ; of a financial statement by Monsieur Gouin, the banker of Tours ; and of a list of the subscribers. I mention the last point, as from this list may be learned the general estimation attached throughout France to the design, and to shew that it is not one of mere local celebrity. Among these subscribers are the King and other members of the royal principles brought to bear on the hearts and minds of the young colonists, they were too much drawn, as their primary source, from the sentiment of honour and the *esprit de corps*. I particularly observed this in a brief and clever manual for the personal use of the young men, and entitled, *Le bon colon*.

family; a vast number of distinguished public bodies, such as Cours Royales, Conseils Généraux des Départements, Tribunaux Civils, &c., and many philanthropic societies. I see also that more than two thousand five hundred names are inscribed on the register, as having visited the Colony.

The various buildings connected with the establishment are erected in a pleasant situation among copses and varied scenery, close to the country residence of the Viscount Brétignères de Courteilles. This very proximity and local intimacy which he has effected in behalf of his philanthropic design proves how much his heart is in the cause thus ever placed contiguous to him, and permanently adopted as a portion of his family concerns. Among the edifices are a Church,* an admir-

* The Church was consecrated this year on the 17th of November; the Archbishop of Tours preached the sermon on the occasion, from Ex. XII. 14. A large congregation was present, but the sermon was directed to the young colonists. I copy the concluding sentence, word for word, deeply regretting indeed, that either young or old should ever hear such doctrine, or such addresses made to any other being than the "One mediator between God and man." "O Marie! pourrai-je oublier que ce temple auguste est dédié sous votre invocation! Vierge fidèle, consolatrice des affligés, refuge des pécheurs, secours des chrétiens, par vous nous offrons à votre Divin Fils l'hommage de nos adorations profondes, nos actions de grâces, nos supplications et nos vœux; soyez notre force dans les tribulations, notre ressource dans tous les besoins,

ably furnished school-room, workshops, and dwelling-houses for the young men. The neatness of their dormitories, and the order in which every article of dress and furniture appeared were perfect.

After visiting these buildings, we went to the depository where various articles made by the colonists were on sale, also sundry publications and documents relative to the Institution. Adjoining was a garden in which two or three of the young men were at work. The great body of them were engaged in the cultivation of the land in various parts of the farm.

Their dress is very peculiar ; I believe intentionally so, that the conduct of the colonists, whether good or bad, may be always open to the public eye. It consists of a broad hat,

notre étoile dans les dangers : que par vous nous arrivions heureusement au port du salut éternel." I showed this passage to more than one professor of the Romish religion. I asked a priest, who in argument with me had been absolutely denying that the Romish Church held any such doctrine as that so plainly evidenced here, whether his Archbishop preached sound doctrine. "Certainly," said he. I then took out of my pocket the Tours paper, containing the report of the above-mentioned sermon, and begged him to read the passage. I was not a little surprised at the mode in which he escaped from his dilemma. "Oh!" said he, "that is figurative language." The Archbishop would have scarcely approved such a solution as this by one of his clergy,

short, striped cloak of peculiar form and material, with light trowsers and gaiters. When first I saw one of them in the streets of Tours, I asked who he could possibly be.

No one, I think, can visit the Colony of Mettray, read the statements (most fairly and accurately drawn up) on the present state and future prospects of the Colony, or hear the general opinion on the subject expressed in the neighbourhood, without being convinced that much effectual benefit has been already conferred on the inmates of the institution, and on those who have already gone forth from its fostering care. And the country is much indebted to the zealous and persevering founders who still, with unwearied attention, cherish the work which they so ably commenced.

As may be supposed, there is a large English congregation at Tours; and, I am happy to add, that it is under the care of a zealous and diligent clergyman of our Church, the Rev. E. Biley. I have seldom seen a brother minister who equalled him in his watchfulness and affection towards his flock. He also finds leisure to partake largely in efforts towards the promulgation of the Gospel and Scriptural instruction in France, a work for which he is much qualified by his intimate knowledge of the country,

and acquaintance with many pastors and distinguished laymen interested in the cause. I have also personally to thank him for his uninterrupted kindness to myself during my whole stay at Tours, a time attended with circumstances which caused me no slight anxiety.

There is also at Tours a French Protestant pastor and flock. The increase of numbers possessing the Reformed Faith has been very rapid; and it could not be otherwise than gratifying for an Englishman to hear, as I heard from more than one French Protestant, that the establishment of Protestant Worship in the place was due to a countryman, the late lamented and beloved Mr. Hartley.

Much beneficial influence towards the promotion of the same cause is exercised at Tours by Monsieur and Madame André. Their Christian zeal and love is widely known both in France and England, and yet the remembrance of the cordiality and cheerful welcome which we ever received at their hands, as well as of the interesting meetings for Christian communion and charitable works so well ordered and maintained at their home, will not let me pass them by without this testimony to their influence, character, and Gaius-like hospitality.

Nov. 9.—After many rainy days we chose

one of better promise for an excursion to Loches. A bright sun made the journey pleasant; but the country which we traversed was bleak and devoid of interest until we arrived within a few miles of that town, when the scene was diversified by hill and dale, and the river Indré appeared on our left hand. It was now much swollen, and had spread itself over a large part of the valley, which under other circumstances presents a considerable extent of verdant meadow-land.

As we approached the town, a tall solitary belfry stood conspicuously before us. It is the only remnant of a Church once existing in the same place but destroyed at the Revolution. Behind this belfry another Church, the old palace, and the gloomy prison of Loches rose boldly and abruptly in the air on a dark and precipitous rock. The view is very grand and each approach to the town presents it to the traveller's eye in an equally imposing character.

Not arriving before four o'clock on a winter's day we had only time to make a hasty visit to that part of the castle or palace which was formerly occupied as a temporary residence by the French kings. The view from the top is very varied and peculiar. In a small chapel is a monument in memory of Agnes Sorel, who

must have been exquisitely beautiful in feature and expression if the sculptor carved according to truth.

Loches, Nov. 10.—Through the introduction of Mr. Biley to Dr. M—, at present residing here with his family, I called early this morning at his house. There are very few English families in the place, and no public worship on Sunday. Visits of clergymen are rare; and, therefore, it was arranged that I should have service during the morning, and administer the Sacrament of the Lord's supper in the apartment of an old lady, the mother of Dr. M—, who is confined to her room. Attending at the appointed time I found my little congregation ready, and read our prayer-book service, ever so welcome in a foreign land, not only in itself but also bringing thoughts of home Sabbaths and home Ordinances to our mind. A hymn was then well sung by the ladies present, and I afterwards addressed the assembled company from the eighth and ninth verses of the first chapter of the First Epistle of St. John. I then administered the Sacrament to nine communicants, and bade farewell to my fellow-countrymen and fellow Christians, not without that mutual sympathy which I have constantly experienced as drawn forth under such circumstances by the communication and recep-

tion of the Gospel.* As we felt, we mutually expressed ourselves; and I trust that we all found it good thus to have met together.

* I hope that it will not appear presumptuous in me, having now (1844) had a year's experience on the subject abroad, to suggest to any brother clergyman, when travelling, a scene of constant usefulness and ministerial interest: and although I am well aware that some have already entered upon it, still there are many others to whom a few hints as to the facilities and opportunities for so doing may not be without benefit. I would recommend an inquiry in each town which the clergyman visits as to whether there are any of his countrymen in the place without the advantage of a permanent English Minister. If so, let him a little submit his own personal arrangements to their good by remaining a few hours, or a day, beyond the period of his own intended transit or sojourn. Let him, without scruple or national backwardness, call upon one of his fellow-countrymen, offer himself for a service even on a week day, and request that his offer may be made known to the residents in the place. The offer I venture to say will seldom be in vain. The good which he may thus be instrumental in conferring, must not, of course, be calculated by the number of souls present, (although that will often quite surprise the traveller), but by their state of spiritual destitution, isolation, and need. And often will the servant and Evangelist of Christ be welcomed by a circle of his countrymen, if not with the very and exact words addressed to Peter by Cornelius, yet exactly in the same spirit, "Thou hast well done that thou art come. Now, therefore, are we all here present before God to hear all things that 'are commanded thee of God.'"—Acts. x. 33.

What I have now said applies, of course, still more forcibly to the Lord's day, when a message to the hotels in the town will probably bring in one or two English families. I would also add that, in localities remote from the usual line of our countrymen, there is frequently an English teacher at the college, and perhaps two or three English governesses in wealthy French families. Where

During the day we visited the Castle, part of the ancient royal palace of Loches and formerly used as a state prison. There are a few prisoners in it at the present time who are put here as in a temporary jail. Our guide, a very intelligent young man, led us up and down long, dark flights of steps to dungeons within dungeons of every shape and form, some of which would cause one to shudder when thought of as our abode for one single day. They were all approached in such a manner as to appear deeply buried in the earth, though, in fact, they were formed in the centre of the massive masonry of a huge and tall tower. Many of these cells were small, dark, and horrible in every way ; but two of the number were rather handsome in their shape and size, one of which was circular, the other high and with a vaulted roof. When, however, as endeavouring to obtain some momentary relief from the thought that human beings ever were confined in such receptacles as those which chiefly met our eye, I said

there are iron-works or gas-works, English superintendants and workmen will often be found. The extreme gratitude with which such invitations and services are sometimes received is quite affecting, and is in itself no slight return for the effort made. To say that sometimes there must be an effort so as to overcome indolence, reserve, and selfish ease, is only to utter a truism which all who know themselves will instantly admit and expect.

to the guide, that the former was of rather a superior character, as a dungeon, he observed, "The prisoners here were confined *in cages*."* And when I made a similar remark on the latter, he said, "Ludovico Sforza was confined here many years—*till his death*." Louis XI. was the head jailor of these iniquitous dungeons; and among the many prisons which I have visited none ever struck me as so gloomy and so horrible as those which this tower contained. It was literally one of "the dark places of the earth full of the habitations of cruelty."

Loches is altogether a place of the most imposing character, and I would recommend all travellers to visit it from Tours. Although it was on a winter's day, I had an interesting walk in the neighbourhood of the town, leaving the Castle on the left hand, ascending a sloping hill amidst vineyards on each side, and following a path on its brow with the valley and stream of the Indré in sight on the one hand, and a fine range of vine-clad hills on the

* These were the notorious iron cages invented by Cardinal Balue, in which the prisoner could neither stand upright, nor lie down at length. In one of them he suffered a long captivity himself at the will of Louis XI, the cruel master for whom he, no less cruel, had invented them. The Chinese have a similar device; and an Englishman, confined in one of them two or three years ago, described the position as one of acute and constant pain.

other. I pursued my way until I arrived at a little village inhabited by masons and quarrymen, whose abodes were in many instances scooped out of the white hill ridge on which they worked. Narrow tunnels penetrated this ridge from one side to the other, of sufficient size to admit the passage of carts. The stone, which has been for ages supplied hence, is of first-rate quality for building and very much resembles Bath-stone, except its being of a purer and clearer white. Tours, Saumur, Chinon, and numerous other towns for a large extent of country in the proximity of the Loire are built of a similar material. So favourable is the climate, that its whiteness and purity is scarcely sullied by time, and every building which you pass is in itself a fair and cheerful object. I have understood that geologists consider it be to a formation of petrified sand, an opinion much confirmed by the general supposition that all the country in which it prevails was once sub-marine. We returned to Tours the ensuing day.

Nov. 18.—We left Tours this morning for a short expedition in the vicinity, intending to include Chinon and Saumur in our circuit. Our first stage was to Azay-le-rideau through a rich and pleasing country for the first few miles, and then across a monotonous plain recorded in

history as having been the plain of meeting between Henry II. of England, and Philip, King of France, just before the decease of the former monarch at Chinon.*

At Azay, amidst thickly set trees and copious waters of the Cher dashing around its walls, is a handsome old French country-house much visited by strangers, chiefly on account of its ancient furniture, carvings, and internal decoration. It is all very well kept up. The proprietor, Monsieur Biancourt, was at home to-day, and we were refused admission at the porter's lodge—a rare occurrence in France.

Between Azay and Chinon the high road passes through a forest of immense extent in a perfectly straight line. We ascended steep hills and descended into corresponding dales; but, nevertheless, straight onward went the road in despite of all such obstacles. For many miles—I should think at least seven or eight—the forest was a thick and uninterrupted mass of trees; a forest in every sense of the word, without a single house visible in any direction, without a single cultivated field, meadow land, or enclosure of any kind whatsoever. I have very seldom seen

* For a full account of this remarkable interview, and of the circumstances in connexion with it, see Thierry's *History of the Norman Conquest*, English edition, 1841, p. 219.

any similar tract, and it at once impressed me with the idea that it might hold stags, wolves, wild boars, &c., without disturbance of their haunt or any approach of man, except for the purpose of the chase. We heard that it did contain all these animals, and many others of a character equally wild. The road is excellent—broad for carriages, and with grass at the side for horsemen, being altogether a most royal work and bringing to mind the days when Touraine was the favourite abode of the French Kings, most of them keen followers of the chase. It was strange enough to observe the various names given to the interminable green rides cut through the forest. One was called “Route d’Agnes Sorel,” the very designation on the sign-post.

The Cantonniers, or road-makers, were the only workmen visible in the drive. These, as usual, were diligently pursuing their vocation; and no houses being within reach, in case of violent weather, small retreats were here and there cut for them in the earth and covered with turf. These must be much needed, as the forest is as broad and even broader than it is long.

The afternoon was fine and rendered the drive pleasant. I can, however, imagine few

stages more gloomy at night or in wild weather.

As we approached Chinon, a wide and varied expanse of country opened itself out before us, and soon we descended into the town by the old hollow road winding round the north side of the Castle, and then bordering the river Vienne on whose banks this picturesque little town is built. We drove along the neat and recently formed little quay, apparently designed more as a promenade than for traffic, of which there was little visible on the river, and then turning round to the left reached our hotel in the market-place.

Nov. 19, Sunday.—I could not hear of a single Englishman as resident in the town or neighbourhood, nor of a single traveller stopping at the place, though a countryman had lately left it who had employed himself in sketching for some weeks. We have seldom, as yet, been thus circumstanced on the Sunday, seldom without some additions to our own small number.

Looking into one of the Churches during the day, we saw one of the priests catechising the children. The boys were arranged in one row before him—the girls in another. He was

speaking in a manner well calculated to gain and keep up their attention ; and, while we listened to his instructions, he was occupied on the subject of our Lord's death and resurrection.

Nov. 20.—Chinon seems to have met with very little attention from English travellers. Nevertheless it is beautifully situated on the river Vienne ; has a noble old castle, and lies in the midst of a very lovely country. I have seldom enjoyed a more delightful walk than one, in so far as I could judge of the locality, about two miles eastward. I ascended one of the streets at right angles to the town, and then pursued a track-way just under the brow of the hill, not broad enough for carts, but abundantly frequented by loaded donkeys and mules. On the left are long lines of houses scooped out of the white rock ; and in general with the appendage of stables and large caves for wine cellars. On the right and rapidly descending beneath my path, hung sloping vineyards and gardens, beyond which were meadows and scattered trees, leading the eye across the bright waters of the Vienne until finally rested on the distant brow of the hills dotted with villages, country-houses, and farms. The pathway went abruptly up and down, like a track-way on a cliff by the sea shore, and soon led

me away from human habitations into varied scenes of natural beauty among vineyards and copses, and paths, overhung or rather lined by dwarf, but very picturesque oaks. I went on about two miles, and should have continued my ramble had time allowed. The walk was delightful, even at this season of the year. Fair and luxuriant in loveliness must it indeed be in the season of its full beauty! I asked an old woman, just before quitting the suburb, what was the name of the place. With a joyous and hearty tone as if proud of her vicinity, she said: "We call it *Belair*, Sir, and it is *bel air* too."

The French, in all classes, seem to have the greatest delight in dressing up their children to the highest possible degree. Some of those belonging to the wealthier classes are clad most expensively; and the fit of the little frock coats, in which boys of six or seven years are seen parading about, is sometimes perfect. We saw here the same fancy exemplified in a humbler station. As Mrs. T. and I were walking along the street we could not help stopping to observe a little fellow of about four or five years old, who was pacing up and down by himself in the middle of the highway. Everything he had upon him was new, from his broad-brimmed

glossy white hat to his jet-black wooden shoes which he was displaying well forward at each step with manifest self-approbation. Presently we heard a loud laugh of complacency, and turning round saw the mamma standing on some stone steps nigh at hand. Half addressing the little fellow, and half addressing us as his admirers, she exclaimed: "C'est le premier jour de ses culottes, le petit! Il marche comme un roi, le petit bonhomme." We were much amused by the little domestic scene.

The ancient Castle of Chinon, which abruptly and precipitously crowns the town, is almost a ruin, but forms a large and conspicuous object. One large square tower remains and is inhabited. There are also large portions of round towers with other buildings. Gardens are interspersed among these crumbling walls, and cover an extensive portion of ground. However, that which renders the place really interesting is the remembrance that in this very building the noble Joan of Arc, after her journey of three hundred miles from her native village of Domremy, was first officially recognized by the Sovereign of her country, then in imminent peril of his crown, and, excepting in her, without prospect of deliverance from his triumphant enemy. Here she

was fully authorized to undertake the vocation to which she laid claim.

Joan of Arc is perhaps as remarkable a character as French history, or indeed any other history can produce; and, accordingly, we are much interested in having already visited and traced out the various scenes most distinguished by their connexion with her extraordinary career. I allude to Chinon where it commenced; to Orleans where she first appeared victorious in battle; and to Rouen where she ended her life. Alas! so much to the joint shame and reprobation of England and of France acting "hand in hand" against this noble woman! Well deserves she this epithet! Great as was her valour, her self-devotion, and her patriotism, these were only *a part* of the excellencies of her character. Her humility, her simplicity, her faith in God, her compassion for the vanquished, her purity of life—let these not be forgotten; the graces and virtues of the woman, and not of the heroine alone!

In the afternoon we drove to Saumur through a scene of rich cultivation, and still luxuriant with foliage of every description. Circumstances, over which we had no control, had changed what we intended to be an autumnal expedition into one almost of winter, but still

the oaks and many other trees around us retained their varied tints. The acacia, forming many of the hedges, stretched about its long and graceful branches still full of leaf. Steep slopes were on our left with quaint old French country-houses scattered here and there. An admirable road, not straight, like the French roads in general, but winding hither and thither, like those of our own land brought us ere long to the margin of the river Vienne bounded and fringed on the opposite side by tall rushes and willows, giving it a character peculiarly wild in comparison with the other scenery of this neighbourhood. Soon there appeared before us the wide expanse of water caused by the junction of this river with the Loire at this spot, where, without struggle or commotion, the Vienne calmly yields up its own name and existence to the mightier neighbour stream. The picture was delightful, as one of complete stillness ; but very appropriate was the addition of one moving object as from under the bank at our left a loaded ferry-boat slowly came forth. In it were standing peasants with broad-brimmed hats and dresses, such as painters love to represent ; while a large pile of straw especially caught the rays of the setting sun, and reflected them deeply in the clear and calm stream. In fact,

during the whole way to Saumur there was one unbroken succession of attractive objects. There were abrupt and broken cliffs, edged by a line of curiously formed windmills, vine-covered slopes, antique houses, a broad river lying in the soft light of sun-set, two or three ancient churches, villages either with narrow and picturesque streets, or else crowded and pressed to the very margin of the waters; and, as we approached Saumur, the view was closed on the right by lines of building hanging on the steep above the town; a wide bridge appeared crossing the Loire directly in front of us, and on an island in the middle of the stream was a group of houses with a very varied outline, gracefully and picturesquely reflected in the waters. We reached Saumur exactly at the most favourable moment for the effect of sunlight, and proceeded to an excellent hotel, both for comfort and position, at the Belvidere, on the quay.

CHAPTER IV.

Cavalry Riding School—Stud—Curious Church—Protestant Worship—Saumur in Olden Times—Country Visit—Druidical Temples—Return to Tours—Evening Visit—Discussion with a Priest—Romish Errors—Departure from Tours—Scenes on the Loire—Antiquarian Collection—Boats on the Loire—The Levée—Approach to Angers—Feudal Castle—Arrangements for Services.

Nov. 21.—Our windows opened this morning on the broad and well-built quay which forms here such an useful and ornamental border to the river Loire. The washerwomen, as usual, were in full activity in true French style kneading and hammering the clothes on blocks of wood and stone. Here, too, the market was held, and vegetables were in such abundance, so fresh, so clean, and so neatly arranged on their trays, that had we possessed the smallest pretence for a household purchase, we should certainly have had some dealings with the old ladies who presided over them. They really seemed to have shown the cus-

tomary French taste in a skilful arrangement of each root, stalk, and leaf, so as to produce the very best effect of each colour and form.

The first object to which strangers, especially if Englishmen, are directed at Saumur is the celebrated School of Cavalry, maintained here with much care and at a large expenditure.

On visiting the riding-house we were shown up into one of the two very comfortable galleries for spectators opposite to one another at each side of the building, and apparently open to all comers at all times of the lessons and exercise. We found the building occupied from one end to the other by horses ready saddled and accoutred, each with a groom at the head, and occupying sufficient space to allow the intended lesson and manœuvres with each. Several young officers, in undress riding uniform, entered the school together, touching their hats to the "*Maréchal*" or riding-master, as they passed him. Each took his horse; and in one or two cases when there appeared some doubt as to the horse appointed, the *Maréchal's* quiet word of authority settled all—" *Voilà votre cheval, Monsieur.*" The lesson of this morning was confined to one point, not much understood by me, but one which doubtless will be recognised at once by any one acquainted with cavalry

exercise. It consisted in turning a horse's head completely round to the flank without the motion of the body or legs of the animal. One after another the young officers went through this manœuvre, the *Maréchal* practising it himself before them, and correcting the slightest inaccuracy in its execution. It was interesting to see the manner in which these military and equestrian matters were conducted; and much skill and efficiency must be expected, if at all commensurate to the diligence and pains employed on the subject. I admired much the firmness, politeness, and watchfulness of the instructor.

We afterwards walked from one end to the other of a long wide stable, containing horses at each side, of which many were of high value and merit. They seemed to have been collected from all parts of the world, having their names and race inscribed above their heads. Some were Arabians, and some Spanish. The provinces of Normandy and Limousin, the best breeding countries in France, supplied a large number. Neither were there wanting representations from England and Ireland, as the names of King George, Comfortable, Manchester, and O'Connell, very plainly signified. I admired

above all a strong, small, milk-white Arabian which stood ready saddled for some favoured horseman, and could not help longing for a ride.

The buildings of chief interest at Saumur are the Maison de Ville, or Town-hall on the quay, a handsome fortified edifice in which there is a collection of various Roman antiquities found in the immediate neighbourhood of Saumur, and reminding the traveller of those found at Pompeii—a Castle somewhat of the same character, and standing in the boldest relief on the cliff above the town—and a very ancient and curious Church called Notre Dame de Nantilly,* in a distant and obscure part of the suburbs. The architecture of this little edifice is of a character which must at once arrest the atten-

* Monsieur Mérimée, the official Inspector of Public Monuments in France, speaks as follows of some of the interior decorations of this Church:—"Les murailles de l'église sont en partie couvertes de grandes tapisseries, très-curieuses, qui m'ont paru du seizième siècle pour la plupart, quelques-unes du quinzième. L'un des dernières, qui représente l'histoire de la Vierge, pourrait fournir des renseignements précieux sur les costumes et l'architecture du temps. Une autre dont le sujet est la prise de Jérusalem par Titus, présente une grande variété d'armures et d'accouplements. On sait que les artistes du moyen âge ne se piquaient pas d'observer *la couleur locale*. Aussi il ne faut pas s'étonner de voir sur le premier plan un soldat romain portant une arme à feu."

tion ; and within it there is the largest and finest collection of old tapestry which I have ever seen collected in one place.

Re-establishment of Protestant Worship in the Town.—I must now proceed to mention an edifice which, small as it is, and only just completed gave us more gratification and interest than all the antiquities together, pleased as we are with observing the relics of ancient days ; and I make this remark without any depreciation of their claims on our attention, but only to denote the feelings which ought to be those of every Christian traveller when a building is before him, now in active use for the glory of God and the good of eternal souls. We have especially to feel for, and serve that generation in which God has appointed our lot ; and antiquarian research, even though employed in Churches, is indeed a small matter when compared with exertion and sympathy towards building up the “living stones” of God’s true temple on earth—His Church of believing souls !

With these thoughts in our minds we directed our steps to the new “Temple Protestant,”* just erected for Reformed Worship, and only opened this year.

Saumur was once celebrated for the number

* The universal name for places of Protestant worship in France.

of its Protestant inhabitants, especially in the time of Henry IV. and his distinguished friend and counsellor, Duplessis-Mornay, who was during a period of thirty-two years Governor of the town, from 1589 to 1621. But alas! Romish persecution had so completely done its work in the place as altogether to have put to silence the voice of Reformed Worship for the last one hundred and fifty eight years; and until the erection of this edifice for the joint use of French Protestants and the few English residing in or visiting the place, there was no point of Christian union, no flock, and no Pastor. A change has, however, now taken place, and the pure and undefiled Religion of the Gospel is now revived once more. The Church is built in the exact locality of that very edifice which was constantly attended by Henry IV., and where two of the neighbouring streets bear still the corresponding names of "Rue du Temple" and "Rue du Prêche."

I had a note of introduction for the Pastor, Monsieur Duvivier, who received us in a very friendly and obliging manner. His ministerial post is evidently one at present of considerable difficulty and anxiety as are all the newly established Churches of Reformed Worship in France; and much zeal and perseverance is

requisite in order to form and preserve a congregation amidst the many obstacles which rise up, and the general *depression* of Protestants in the land. Let us, however, hope that the light of Divine truth, once more kindled in the town, will so shine in the surrounding darkness, that the present little flock will year by year become more numerous. May it please God so to prosper the undertaking as to bring former days to mind, when multitudes flocked to Saumur to hear the blessed Gospel, and worship Almighty God according to the pure and Scriptural* simplicity of His most holy word!

By the wish of the Pastor I had a service in this interesting edifice for the few English who

* One of the Churches in this very city forcibly illustrates the need of a purification such as this. In the edifice to which I allude, I saw a large figure of the Virgin Mary dressed in real clothes and occupying the middle niche over one of the altars. I am thoroughly convinced that had a heathen entered the place, he would at once have concluded that she was the divinity of the Christians. In another Church at Saumur the pulpit has inscribed on it these words alone—JESUS MARIA—thus combining and equalizing the two names with most unholy disparagement to the dignity of God. At the door of this Church old women were sitting with heaps of long, showy wax tapers before them; they asked me to buy them, and to light them in the Church to the honour of the Virgin. I observed that just except at the thin and tapering top, they were hollow like the system in support of which they are employed.

are at present residing in the town and neighbourhood.

Country visit.—I was invited to dine this evening at the house of Count V. F— who resides at about three miles distant from Saumur. He was so obliging as to send his gig for me. Half of the road to his residence was along the highway and excellent; the remainder was across the fields by a track full of holes and large prominent stones. Nothing could surpass the steadiness and judgment with which a fine old French horse managed the difficulties of the way in the dark; and intensely dark it was. Just before we arrived at the Count's house we descended by a very steep ditch between high walls into the village. I confess that the proceeding required the exercise of considerable faith in driver, horse, and harness, as the angle of descent made by the shaft of the gig did not appear to me of a very safe character. However, on turning a corner at the bottom, I soon arrived among the lights and servants of my friendly host, received a hearty welcome, and passed a very agreeable evening with the Count and the ladies of his family. I returned to Saumur the same night, being unable to make a longer visit, notwithstand-

ing the most kind and pressing invitation so to do.

From Saumur we visited one of the ancient Druidical temples of which there are so many specimens in France, especially on the wild heaths of Brittany, also in Anjou and other adjacent localities. They are called *Dolmen*, and are constructed of vast blocks of stone rudely arranged in an oblong shape, the sides, ends, and roofs, being all of that same material. The best of the two specimens near Saumur is about a mile from the town in the corner of a vineyard. According to my measurement, when walking on the top to which I ascended by a ladder, its length was about sixty feet, and the whole structure was composed of no more than seventeen stones. I should not suppose that it has undergone the smallest change since the day of its erection. The people of the neighbourhood call these monuments, "*Les pierres couchées.*" Monsieur Mérimée, the Inspector of Public Monuments in France, gives a very detailed account of this singular building, and speaks of it as larger and more regular than any he had seen in Brittany.

Nov. 23.—We were in readiness to set off this morning for Angers where we had hoped to pass a Sunday, and to collect the few English

residents for service. But a letter from Doctor G— at Tours, who had engaged to give me faithful accounts of R—'s health, arrived this morning, and containing an account of a very dangerous crisis to which he had been subject, caused me to turn my ponies' heads in the opposite direction, and to return to Tours without finishing the circuit which we had planned. The day was mild, sunny, and showery; and though so advanced in the year very much resembled one of our own days in April. It was perfectly dark during our last stage from Langeais to Tours, but we lighted our lamps; and, such is the security of travellers in France, proceeded on our way without the smallest apprehension. The Loire was close below us at our right, but guarded by a bank of sufficient height; while on the left, for mile after mile, there was one continued illumination proceeding from the lights in the numerous dwellings scooped on high out of the face of the rock.

Our journey to-day was long; and being protracted to so late an hour, we welcomed with much pleasure the brilliant row of lights which appeared shining across the broad Loire as we approached Tours. We soon crossed the lofty bridge on which they stood; and as the ponies trotted freshly up the gay street to the door of

our previous hotel, they seemed greatly to enjoy their arrival at a known abode in this strange land.

A circumstance occurred, shortly after my return to Tours, which leads me to mention that at the hotel where we stayed some weeks, I constantly met a Professor of the College of considerable attainments and erudition, and very zealous in behalf of his own, the Romish Church. We had many religious conversations together, conducted sometimes with a little warmth on both sides, but always with friendliness; and I had to thank him for his care and attention on a visit to the College in his company, by which we were enabled to see it and make our observations to the very best advantage. He took an opportunity of proposing that I should pass some evening quietly with him in order to talk over our usual subject at leisure. This I gladly consented to; and a day or two afterwards rose from the *table d'hôte* at the same time as he did with the intention of accompanying him to his lodging. I soon perceived that we were going in a contrary direction; but he persuaded me to continue our walk until we were near the suburbs of the town, when I made a decided inquiry as to the place of our destination. "Oh! to see a friend of mine, a very good and a very

clever man, who has a school and a very fine house a little farther on, and will be much pleased to see you."

I could not now in courtesy decline the proposal, although I had left the hotel with a very different intention; and presently we crossed a broad road outside the town, knocked at the portal, and were admitted into an extensive garden in which stood a large house. My companion then asked whether Mr. V— was at home; and being answered in the affirmative, we were conducted to a door opening into a school-room full of boys, who were just preparing to leave it for the night. A gentleman, in priest's canonicals, and of very prepossessing address came forward to receive us. I was introduced to him, my name and profession being mentioned. He requested us to occupy his study until he had dismissed his pupils; and we were shown up into a very pleasant room, such as the student of any country might enjoy as his own: and so here was I, without seeking it in any way whatever, brought into the domicile of a highly accomplished priest selected for the purpose of having a controversy with me, and awaiting his arrival to commence that one subject in which I saw at once that we should undoubtedly engage.

Neither was I mistaken. Mr. V— soon returned, and gave me a reception at once simple, cordial, and refined. Within a few minutes we were amicably but very earnestly engaged ; he, in endeavouring to show me that I was in grievous error as a Protestant ; I, endeavouring to show him that he was in grievous error as a Romanist. I will not fight the battle over again on paper, but only observe that after a continued discussion of more than two hours, though I returned home much pleased with the spirit, information, and abilities of my new acquaintance, it was with a still deeper feeling of the untenable claims of Popery, and with a still deeper conviction of the vast privileges which we as Protestants enjoy.

I will only add one of Mr. V—'s remarks. On my alluding to the doctrines of election and free grace, he turned round to his friend and said, "*Monsieur est Janseniste !*"

I had subsequently several discussions with Roman Catholics of which a few notices will probably appear in these pages. A warm appeal was frequently made to my feelings in behalf of harmony and union throughout the professing Church, and an earnest wish expressed that we should return to the Church of Rome and be as her children. My usual answer was

not satisfactory to her followers. "It may *perhaps* be entertained," said I, "as a possibility, if the Church of Rome will give up transubstantiation, the worship of the Virgin, purgatory, auricular confession, infallibility, &c." But I was seldom allowed to proceed far with the list.

Jan. 17.—Our long stay at Tours had been entirely caused by R—'s dangerous illness. He was now perfectly recovered, and we set off once more to visit other towns situated on the banks or in the neighbourhood of the Loire.

The weather had been very severe for some days; but a thaw had now commenced, and the whole river presented an appearance such as I had never seen on any other stream. In the latitude of Tours the frost had not been quite hard enough to form much ice upon the surface, but it had been otherwise on the northern course of the river, and large masses of ice were now floating down at the rate of four or five miles an hour. They varied from one to forty feet in diameter, and were mostly worn into circles by the action of the water, and of violent rubs against one another. These fragments were in general covered with snow which had lately fallen, and thus they formed a moving white surface on the face of the whole river. It was curious to trace the eddies and reflux

action of the current, comparatively imperceptible at other times, by the way in which those fragments were borne hither and thither, sometimes round and round, and often backwards for a considerable distance. Altogether it was a very curious sight, especially when viewed from the bridges of Tours or Saumur.

Having gone to Saumur previously by Chinon, on the southern bank of the Loire, we now chose the northern side. The day, for one in mid-winter, became rather favourable for our journey, and we had the advantage of shelter from the cliff at our right for many miles of the way. Our stopping place was Langeais where a large black castle is seen facing the traveller on his entrance into the town. By crossing the picturesque brow of the hill beyond it, I had a good view of the interior, which is now under repair and embellishment.

As we advanced, the Loire became much wider, and at the same time far more beautiful. The islands were more numerous and more marked in feature; here and there castles and churches rose from the topmost edge of the cliff; and all along its side houses, cellars, caves, and all kinds of hollow receptacles were scooped out of the rock, while terraces, walls for vines, and

various other buildings were hung and thrown about in the most varied profusion. The evening had just closed in when we reached Saumur; and as we crossed the long double bridge* just opposite the town, the lamps along the quay shone brightly before us reflected in the water, and trembling and quivering on the surface of the rapid stream. We returned to our pleasant hotel, the Belvidere, where we had passed two or three days some weeks before.

Jan. 18.—We called this morning on Monsieur Lange, a goldsmith and jeweller of the town, well known for his antiquarian attainments and especially for his knowledge of coins. He kindly showed us his cabinet of curiosities, well arranged in a small but very appropriate apartment to which we ascended by a tall, winding, ancient stair-case outside the house. He showed us, among other things, a large collection of massive and highly ornamented locks†

* This bridge and its immediate neighbourhood was the scene of one of the most heroic exploits of Henri Larochejaquelin and the Vendéans. It is described in the eighth chapter of Madame Larochejaquelin's Memoirs. Saumur is the first place where this remarkable contest is locally brought to the mind of the traveller going in our direction. The subject will constantly recur.

† These are articles on which far more time, decoration, and expense, was formerly employed than is the case at present. I

and keys of very ancient date—several watches, among which was one with cat-gut used in the works, and with a sun-dial folding down underneath its case; also many coins, among which were some of the time of Augustus, gold, and very valuable. They were found with many other antiquities in the immediate neighbourhood of Saumur.

I saw to-day the strange sight of a horse, which actually carries a roof for himself on his back. The occupation of the animal, thus distinguished, is that of raising water for the baths; and, not being under a shed, it carries round and round a covering of copper or tin raised about two feet above its back, and amply sheltering it from rain and sun. The horse performs his task unattended, but the voluntary pace is most ingeniously slow.

Jan. 19.—The first fifteen miles of this day's journey, and the last five of yesterday struck me as the finest part of the Loire which I had hitherto seen. Saumur, I think, would be desirable head-quarters for artists engaged on subjects of river scenery.

Stopping to rest in the middle of the day at saw a magnificent specimen of a lock in the museum at Angers very highly moulded, and bearing the artist's name in front.

St. Maturin, we walked over a new wire-bridge spanning the river close to that town. The wind was high and blew directly up the current. A vessel, or rather four vessels* in a line, and all attached to one another—the largest first and the others gradually decreasing in size—approached the bridge in full sail. Indeed they came on so rapidly that it seemed to me almost impossible for them to be stopped with sufficient speed to prevent their entanglement in the structure. However, the large oblong sail of the leading boat was lowered in an instant, the others dropped also, and the water being very shallow, a short stout pole, about a foot in diameter, pointed with iron and fastened by a short rope to the head of the foremost boat was let down so as to press with its head against the projecting lap of the strong boat planks. The

* I heard in the neighbourhood a local proverb, evidently taken from local circumstances: "*Il arrive en quatre bateaux*"—he comes with his equipage, his train, or, as we should say, "in full force." The river Loire is so shallow that the boats which navigate it must be very flat, and there are so many ridges of sand and gravel in its bed, that they must also be very narrow. Accordingly, what is of necessity wanting in width and depth must be made up in length; and hence the succession of boats. The steam-boats, especially the *Iexplosibles*, are singularly long and narrow, and I have been told that not long ago there was a steam-boat on the river which had an iron bottom, and only drew ten inches.

spike fixed itself into the firm gravelly soil of the river's bed, and thus the same effect was produced as that by the spike used to relieve horses going up hill. Notwithstanding the rapidity of the current the whole line of boats was kept by these means in the very spot which they had just gained. A small boat was then put off which went under the bridge, and carried an anchor to be let down at some distance in order to allow sufficient space from the bridge for getting under weigh. The vessels were then warped up to this anchor, the masts were raised, the sails were set, and all was in rapid motion once more up the broad waters. The system of towing boats by horses, from time immemorial adopted on the Seine, appears unknown on the Loire.

The *Levée*, or raised dyke, on which we had been travelling for nearly one hundred miles gradually ceased to-day. It had afforded us throughout an excellent road without a single hill or even rising ground. When we quitted it, the way became at once more heavy for draught, not so much from any defect in the surface, as from the inferiority of its general structure and foundation.

We passed during the day several immense,

white, staring churches, recently built, or now in progress of erection. They were in the worst style of the mis-named Grecian architecture, and only too forcibly reminded me of various similar structures in our own land—especially in the neighbourhood of London. Nothing could be more unsuited to the character of the country than these edifices were, or more unworthy of the many noble and aged ecclesiastical buildings still remaining in the district around. As to *one* of these new structures, I mistook it for a public hall, prefecture, or market-place, and could not believe it a church until within its walls.

On approaching Angers we quitted the banks of the Loire, that town standing on the Maine shortly above its confluence with the Loire. We quite missed the companionship of the noble river whose banks we had so long followed; and although Angers appeared in the distance with its two lofty and distinctive features—I mean the tower of St. Aubyn and the tapering spires of its Cathedral—still the foreground caused a momentary dissatisfaction to the eye, as the pure white building-stone, to which it had been so long accustomed, was here all at once changed for dark and dingy slate as the material of every construction.

On arriving at Angers we entered the beautiful Boulevard recently formed around that town, and so deservedly admired. Taken with the river, it forms a square including a large part of the city. The direct line across the town is so exceedingly steep, that a circuit is usually made with a carriage; and in pursuing this line we were brought all at once in front of the Castle of Angers. Mr. Murray, in his Hand-book, styles it the finest feudal castle in France; and I can well suppose that he is right. Its grandeur and effect called from us absolute exclamations of surprise. The colour is black, but the walls are ribbed with layers of white stone which make a very singular appearance. The construction is so massive, that it really looks as if it could never be overthrown. The size is gigantic, seventeen large round towers connecting its walls. The situation is superb as it stands on a height, hanging precipitously over the river, and with a command of the whole neighbouring town. Such are the characteristics of this mighty castle, and I do not say too much when I call it really sublime.

Jan. 20.—Our first object to-day was to find out our fellow-countrymen, and to give them notice of my holding service on the morrow.

I had previously obtained from Monsieur D—, of Saumur, a list of some English residents in the place ; but on asking my landlord for some additional information on the subject, he at once referred me to Madame P—, the wife of a confectioner carrying on an extensive business in the town. I found her a most pleasing and amiable person, and being herself a country-woman and a Protestant, she was well qualified and disposed to facilitate my object. She gladly entered into the design, and after speaking in the highest commendation of the place as healthy and prosperous, she said, “The only want we have is that of a Protestant clergyman.” I wrote out cards at her shop with my name upon them, and the hours of intended morning and evening service at my hotel the next day. She undertook to send them round. Before my arrival at Angers I had been told that there were only two or three English families there, but I found a much larger number, and have no doubt, from all which I subsequently heard and observed, that if there was Protestant service regularly held here, the number would speedily increase. Travellers at present all stop at Tours ; but Saumur and Angers are both noble towns, beautifully situated, and of late much improved as

places of residence. There is steam-navigation regularly to both : and I hope it will not long be said, "The only want we have here is a Protestant clergyman." It gave me much pleasure to supply this want even for a short season. I was told that public worship had not been held by an English clergyman within the memory of any of the residents ; and one of my informants was able to answer for a period of twelve years.

CHAPTER V.

Sunday services—Horticulture—Sudden Death—A warning to all—A Funeral—Reflections—French lodging—French markets—A Baptism—Larochejacquelin—Pont de Cé—Fat oxen—Visit to the Hospital—Infant School—Religious Discussion—Public Library—Large Convent—Bishop of Nantes—Ethiopian girls—The Nunnery.

Angers, Jan. 21, Sunday.—We rose early this morning to clear and prepare our apartment for a temporary Church: got in about thirty chairs, and arranged all things needful for our pure and simple form of worship. Thirty-five came. Three or four of the number were French; but, being Protestants, they were desirous of this Christian union with us and were able to understand and follow a considerable portion of our services.

About the same number came in the afternoon, and among them was Colonel P—, who, on that occasion, joined for the last time an assembly of worshippers on earth. He was an officer in our army rather advanced in years, and of

very calm and mild bearing. He sat next to me, and I exchanged with him a few words, little thinking that out of our small company he was so soon to be summoned away.

Not being pressed for time, and seeing how much the services of our Church were needed, and, I will add, valued by my countrymen here, I engaged to remain at Angers at all events for another Sunday, gave notice that I should administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and arranged for the baptism of a child during the ensuing week.

Jan. 22. — I never saw more magnificent evergreens than in the courts and gardens of the houses here, and among them the choicest shrub is the evergreen magnolia of very graceful form and immense size. Angers is celebrated for the establishments of its gardeners and seedsmen. "Fleuristes" and "Pépinieristes" are announced on all sides. As with us in England, so here the camelia is a very favourite flower. It grows in much splendour, variety, and beauty, and is cultivated both under glass and in the open air. We saw a specimen to-day at least twelve feet high standing in the open air, and covered with flowers many of them in full bloom. Attached to the garden, where we saw it, is a green-house one hundred and twenty feet

long, and exclusively filled with camelias from one end to the other so as to make a complete bank of shining leaves and fair flowers. In three or four weeks their appearance will be still more splendid. I never saw a more attractive floral scene than that, which they even now offer. A small, well-tasted apple of remarkably fine colour, red and yellow blended together, called *pomme d'Api*, is much prized here. I have seen it at a French dinner-table in a very ornamental form, built up in a kind of pyramid with moss to fill up the interstices.

Angers is full of curious old houses,* some

* It struck me that in no town, excepting Rouen, had I seen so many. I quote the highest authority on the subject. "Je n'ai vu dans aucune ville autant de maisons du moyen âge qu'à Angers. Plusieurs se distinguent par leurs façades sculptées, où l'on pourrait trouver une foule de renseignements précieux sur les costumes et les usages des quinzième et seizième siècles."—*Mérimée, Notes d'un voyage dans l'ouest de la France*. M. Mérimée holds the office entitled, "Inspecteur-général des monuments historiques de la France," and, in fulfilment of his duties, he has travelled over a considerable part of France, and addressed to the Minister of the Interior a general report on all the buildings and relics connected with the history of past times. This has appeared in three successive volumes, called "Notes d'un voyage en Auvergne et dans le Limousin. Dans l'ouest de la France et dans le midi de la France." One part of his office is to suggest to the Minister the restoration, repair, and maintenance of different fabrics which require it. He does this in many instances. Every traveller in France must see how much attention and expenditure is devoted to this interesting object.

very good and substantial, others more remarkable for the fantastic devices with which they are decorated. Among the residences of the former kind, some have almost the appearance of fortifications from the number of small towers at their corners, the windows high up from the ground and defended by strong bars, and the general appearance of having been arranged for defence against attack. Several of the Churches are most interesting from their antiquity and architecture. Many of the streets are exceedingly steep, others very narrow. The Cathedral is well placed, at all events for the exhibition of the higher parts of the building, which are the most remarkable. The tower and its two pinnacles form a grand and conspicuous termination to many of the streets, as you walk about the town.

Jan. 23.—An English gentleman, who had kindly promised to take me this morning to see the celebrated hospital of this city, came at the appointed time ; but, I regret to say, for another purpose. It was to tell me of a fearfully sudden death which had taken place within the last hour, and called him to the house of mourning. Colonel P—, of whom I have already spoken, had been struck with apoplexy while passing from one of his rooms to another, and had died in an instant. There was nothing in his appearance, nor, as I

understood, in his constitution indicative of such a termination of his life. He had always enjoyed good health, was of temperate habits, and calm disposition. I mention these circumstances as calculated to enforce watchfulness in us all. But the mention of the fact, or its recollection, ought to be a sermon in itself. The news thus conveyed to me turned my thoughts partly to the uncertainty of human life, and partly to the need and blessedness of making a diligent use of such means of grace as those which had been shared by the deceased and myself at our only meeting. How frail is man as born of flesh! "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." How strong and imperishable "as being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever. For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

Jan. 25.—It was my melancholy duty to read the burial service this morning over the remains of my departed countryman. Had I not been here, it would have been very difficult to procure the aid of a Protestant clergyman, as the French law enforces very speedy burial after death. I have heard that it must take place,

under ordinary circumstances, within twenty-four hours, though in this instance as being a case of sudden death, the period of sepulture was a little prolonged. Almost all the English, at present in Angers, attended the obsequies. There were also some French gentlemen who had become acquainted with the deceased. I went in a carriage in which were Monsieur P—, the President of the Civil Tribunal at Angers, and Monsieur M—, the physician. The body was laid in the cemetery among the firs, the cypresses, and other funereal trees, which form the solemn decoration of the place. Many spectators were present, although few of them understood our language. Their conduct was, without exception, feeling and respectful. All, I am glad to say, was done “decently and in order;” and when the words “ashes to ashes, earth to earth, dust to dust,” were repeated, a few sprinklings of earth were thrown in upon the coffin-lid by the hand of Captain H—, a fellow-countryman, fellow-soldier, and friend. Returning home, I thought of the Sabbath-service—of the death—of the burial—all within five short days.

One of the company present, while speaking of the widow so suddenly bereaved, observed that he had been much struck with the circumstance of my having counselled, in my sermon

of the previous Sunday, even those who at that very time might be enjoying peace and prosperity, to ascertain for themselves the source and nature of true comfort, that they too might be ready, and furnished with resources for their turn and hour of trial. I spoke of trial as a thing which if they lived on must surely come either sooner or later. The case of one, then peacefully and happily sitting at the side of a beloved husband was present to his mind. My text was taken from the forty-second psalm, eleventh verse.*

We had now, from various causes, determined to remain at Angers for a few weeks; and accordingly we established ourselves in a very good lodging, which I found without much difficulty upon the quay—a cheerful open scene with an excellent view across the river of the old town opposite, still called the English town from its history in past times.†

* I have published this sermon in a volume, entitled: “Sermons preached at Reading.” J. W. Parker, Strand.

† Angevine history is closely connected with our own. Henry I. of England had a daughter named Matilda, after her mother, Matilda, the name which was given her by the Normans instead of the Saxon name Edith. In 1110, when she was five years old, she was married to Henry V, Emperor of Germany. In 1126, Matilda became a widow, and returned to her father’s Court. He had lost all his other children, and she was now the heiress of his crown. During the same year, Foulques, Count of Aujou, went as a soldier

Our landlord and landlady were most intelligent, friendly, and pleasant people. We found them in character and in all their dealings with of the Cross to Jerusalem, leaving his country and government to his son Geoffrey, surnamed Plante-Geneste, from his custom of placing a branch of this flowering shrub, the yellow broom, in his cap or helm by way of plume. King Henry and he soon became intimate, and in 1127 he married the young empress-widow, now twenty-two years of age. To Geoffrey and Matilda a son was born in 1133. Henry died soon after, having caused his Barons to swear allegiance to his daughter, and to his grandson. A new character now appears on the stage, Stephen of Blois, nephew of the late King, and son of his sister Adela, daughter of William the Conqueror; only a collateral and contingent heir, not the legitimate successor to the crown of England. He seized the throne, and at first was very popular. However, this popularity declined, and in 1139, the Empress and her friends arrived in England from Anjou. In 1141, her partizans took Stephen prisoner; but next year, in consequence of Matilda's reverses and civil war, he was released. Normandy, during this time, was under the virtual power of Matilda and her husband Geoffrey, the reigning and legitimate sovereign of Anjou. They ceded the government of it to their son Henry when he was of sufficient age. In 1153 Henry made a descent upon England in the endeavour to obtain that crown to which he had the right. Stephen had just lost his only son, and proposed to his rival to terminate their dispute by mutual compact. This was agreed upon; and it was settled that Stephen should reign undisturbed, and that Henry should succeed him. Thus Henry of Anjou, at Stephen's death, was possessed of the following magnificent sway. Normandy, Anjou, and Touraine, (which he unjustly withheld from his brother Geoffrey) all Poitou and Aquitaine—that is the whole of the western part of France from the Loire to the Pyrenees obtained by his marriage with Eleanor, heiress of the same, the divorced wife of Louis VII, King of France, and finally, Great Britain.

us quite to correspond with the account given of them to us by a fellow-townsmen, who told me that they were "*braves gens*," a very favourable and comprehensive appellation in this country. Our *apartment*, as it is called in France, consisted of a floor, including a kitchen, servant's room, and small entrance hall, together with our own bed-room and sitting room. I would strongly recommend the same domicile to any English visitor at the place. The address is Monsieur Pineau, Quai Royal. We hired a maid as cook, and found ourselves at once pleasantly settled. The good weekly markets held in French towns, generally in some open and commodious locality, afford great assistance towards such temporary housekeeping. Our maid used to take a basket on her arm, sallied out, and in about an hour returned with various provisions for the week. The price of articles along the banks of the Loire is very moderate; meat about *5d.* a pound, a larger weight than our own; bread *2d.* a pound; butter of the best quality *8d.* to *10d.*; eggs *5d.* a dozen; fowls from *1s.* to *1s. 6d.*; partridges *1s.* each; turkeys *2s. 6d.* to *3s.*; hare *2s. 6d.*; duck *1s.*; all kinds of the finest vegetables very cheap, also wine, fruit, and provender for horses. In towns near rivers there is a very abundant fish

market on Friday, as a fast day, and various sorts of pond-fish abound. All travellers, whether farther concerned in the *supplies* or not, will find the market in a newly visited foreign city a very amusing place; and those of an inquiring turn will do well to resort to it for information on the state and produce of the neighbouring country.

Jan. 27.—This morning I baptized the infant child of Captain R——, who had been resident partly at Angers, and partly at a pleasant country-house near, during a period of some years on account of the health of his children. The climate had proved of the utmost service to them. Several English and some French were present at the administration of the ordinance. During the day I heard from a French gentleman who was one of the company and a resident at Angers, that in the town and immediate neighbourhood there was no less than nine thousand poor, who received charitable aid during the winter out of a population somewhat under forty thousand. This surprised me much as spoken of a locality with a very productive soil, mines, manufactories, and navigation on two busy rivers adjacent.

During this week I read over once more the *Memoirs of Madame Larochejaquelin*, and felt

in their perusal that vividly increased interest with which a work of the kind must always be invested, when read in the proximity to those scenes of which the book treats. The whole range of memoir and history can scarcely present any more exciting and affecting record than these well-known pages. Whether indeed as a memoir of herself and her husband, or as a history recording one of the most singular struggles which ever yet took place in the whole annals of war the book stands unrivalled, and secures for itself a permanent place in our memory and feelings. The full and yet most intelligent simplicity with which, in the commencement, she lays open her own character and that of her first husband, M. Lescure; the graphic description of the habits and locality of La Vendée; the separate sketch of each Vendean leader; the commencement of hostilities; such are the first features in this drama of real life. Then succeeds the account of battles carried on with various success, and perhaps more interesting than modern battles in general from their being fought with less of drill and discipline, and more *evident* display of personal prowess and individual bravery. This may be as the second act. And, lastly, we have the successive deaths of heroic leaders; passions let loose

and cruelly exercised on both sides, but chiefly and most barbarously on the part of the republicans; the flight of the Vendean army, old men, women, and children, all striving to escape from certain massacre and death; the fearfully distressing passage across the Loire at St. Florent; her husband's long continued agony after he was shot in the head, and her own miseries; when following him, herself pregnant at the time of his death; her separation from her children, and her final loss of them all; the calamities experienced by the whole population of a district flying hither and thither in one mass from destruction; and the final and total overthrow of that whole party to which she was so fervently attached—thus ends the history, and that a recent history still.

Madame Larochejaquelin still survives, and resides on the banks of the Loire. She was born 1772, married M. de Lescure, lost him, as above mentioned, and all her children by him; married secondly M. Louis de la Larochejaquelin in 1802, and lost him June 1815, a few days before the battle of Waterloo, at the head of a new Vendean army raised to oppose Buonaparte. By him she had several children, and I believe that it is one of them who has taken a prominent part this year in the French cham-

bers on the question of the visit paid by the party called "légitimiste" to the Duke de Bordeaux in England. His speech and letter* of resignation partake of the hereditary spirit and feelings of his family. Henri Larochejaquelin, who may be called the hero of the Memoir, was killed in the campaign at the age of twenty-one.

Jan. 29. — I went this morning to Pont de Cé, a bridge and town of the same name on the Loire about three miles from Angers. Outside the town I mounted one of the small one-horse vehicles which ply in the neighbourhood of French towns. It was amusing to an Englishman, accustomed to a more hardy system, to see how the driver was wrapped up and protected from the weather, though it was by no means severe. A head like that of our cabriolet hung far over his driving seat. A curtain hung from it to protect him above, and a wooden apron covered him below, and besides he was completely muffled up to the ears in a thick shaggy fur coat.

On our way home we passed immense droves of fat oxen on their journey from La Vendée

* Monsieur le Président,

Je donne ma démission.

J'ai l'honneur, &c.

to Paris. I was told that twice a-week a similar supply went up, the journey occupying eight days. My informant dwelt with much admiration on the richness of the soil in La Vendée.

An arrangement had been kindly made for us to visit the ancient and flourishing hospital of the town in company with the Curé* of the parish in which the edifice stands. On calling at his house, we were received by him in his library with much cordiality. We observed a good collection of books, among which some valuable English sermons which had been presented to him by one of our countrymen. There were also, as he good-humouredly and playfully pointed out to our notice, "a great many very large volumes against Protestantism." Under his guidance we saw the hospital, called Hospice St. Jean to very great advantage. It is no less renowned for its antiquity, having been founded by our own King Henry II, than it is for the grand scale on which it is conducted. The

* In France the minister, denominated *Curé*, occupies the chief place in the parish, and is not the subordinate minister as the curate with us. The latter is called the "*Vicaire*," so that, in fact, the ranks are inverted as compared with those of our own clergy. Monsieur M——, the Curé, of whom I speak above, has no less than four vicaires, who all live in his house and at his table.

chapel is well warmed, very lofty, and in every respect suited for the inmates of such an establishment. We made a circuit of the vast and magnificent Gothic hall in which the beds are arranged in long lines. The apartment is of such size, as, although divided by a partition in the middle for the separation of the men and women, still to admit two rows of beds on each side of this division with a wide space for passing between each. Facing the entrance to this hall is hung one single picture, a portrait of the founder, Henry.

After seeing the sick we crossed an inner court to look at the linen presses and the laundry, both quite curiosities in their way.

The linen, which was of immense quantity, is beautifully arranged on shelves resembling book-cases, very old and richly carved. Such was the ingenuity of the "*sœurs*" who superintend this and every other department of the establishment, that with that commonest of all common articles, the linen in use at an hospital, they had absolutely formed many very pretty devices, figures and letters. In the laundry were four enormous cauldrons, full of the linen at wash, under the process adopted in this country, but so unlike our own. The linen is first put into these boilers. Then a layer of

wood ashes is placed over it, but separated by a strong cloth. Hot water is then poured in from above which filters through the linen, and passes out through holes in the bottom. The water is then repeatedly pumped up again, heated, and passed through as before. The linen is then taken to the river side, which is here close at hand, and washed very slightly with soap and cold water. I was told by a lady of our party that the general mode of washing in the country was very similar, and that the idea of making linen white by soap and water only is reckoned quite chimerical. However, an Englishwoman is rather in alarm for her wardrobe when she sees the washers at the river side battering the clothes with small instruments like wooden spades, perhaps one on each side, repeating blow after blow with immense noise and rapidity.

We also saw an Infant School in one of the buildings attached to the hospital arranged with a gallery for the children, and other furniture, cards, pictures, &c., very much resembling those adopted in our own country. This was only one out of four infant schools which the present Curé has established in his parish. He supports them with much zeal, and gave me a copy of a sermon which he had preached in behalf of

these institutions. The age of admission is from two to six.

Monsieur M— told me that the hospital had a very large revenue, between £20,000 and £30,000 a-year, chiefly derived from property in land.

Our kind guide speaks English very well. He has visited our country, speaks highly of it, and shows himself most friendly to its inhabitants when visitors or residents at Angers. We had during the afternoon, as may not be supposed unlikely, several passing controversies on matters connected with religion. I had a long argument with his brother, a physician, two or three days before. Alluding to them both, and indeed alluding to all the educated men of the Romish Church with whom I have hitherto spoken at length on such subjects in France, not excepting one, I may confidently say that the real and virtual point at which ere long we arrived was this—whether *the Bible alone*, or *the Bible and the Tradition of the Church*, ought to be the Rule of Faith. And in every conversation in which I have contended against the Sacrifice of the Mass, the Worship of the Virgin, Purgatory, &c., my opponent has finally appealed to Tradition as his warrant. Most fully do I believe that what our Saviour said to the Jews is still doctrinally applicable

on this matter: "Ye do make the word of God of none effect by your traditions." And may we, as Protestants, be warned now and continue to be warned by this and every other warning afforded by the Church of Rome! May we resist with zeal and determination every effort made to raise Tradition out of its due place! Many such efforts are now made, and in proportion as they succeed true doctrine must fall, and false doctrine must rise.

During this week we passed two or three hours at the public library of the town. Like all other institutions of the kind in France it is open to all readers without need of recommendation, order from authorities, or any other similar step. A very obliging librarian,* of advanced years and most courteous address, gave Mrs. T— and myself the books which we asked for and paid us every attention. There was also an under librarian in the room engaged in behalf of the readers. The apartment was warmed by a good fire, and very comfortable. It is highly creditable to the French nation, and very instrumental to the development of talent

* Monsieur Blordier-Langlois, the author of some valuable works on Angevine History. He spoke to me with much interest on the state of poetry in England at the present time, and asked me for a list of the most distinguished authors. It was not very easily made up, though by no means long.

and intellectual power throughout the country to have such institutions as these in the chief town of every department in France. I have always found the most ready assistance towards investigation of any particular subject given to me by the librarian in these institutions. This is one of the matters in which we might do well to follow the example of our neighbours.

As a circulating library, I can strongly recommend that of M. Labussière in the Place du Ralliement. His catalogue was very different from that usually offered with its endless string of French novels. M. Labussière's collection contains much French history, works on religion, philosophy and the sciences, travels and general literature. It has also a list specially intended for the young—a classification which I do not recollect to have met with elsewhere, but which might be worthy of general adoption.

Feb. 5.—I was much pleased by receiving a visit to-day from M. D——, the Protestant pastor of Saumur. He spent a portion of the two following days with us; and we had much conversation with him relative to the establishment of Protestant Worship in this town. Orleans, Tours, Saumur and Nantes have each their respective minister. Why should not

Angers with its large population have one also, and that speedily? More on this subject will appear in the following pages.

Feb. 8.—We heard this afternoon a sermon by the Bishop of Nantes, preached at the chapel attached to the well-known convent "*Au bon pasteur.*" The chapel occupied only a part of the edifice, which was open to the public, and in it the Bishop preached. There was a close iron railing extending from the floor to the roof of the Church, and behind this partition were curtains drawn open and admitting a view of a compartment which seemed the great receptacle for the cloistered nuns. To one sitting in the chapel they appeared as a large indistinct body of white drapery. In the two divisions at the side were collected the other inmates of the establishment, including, as I was told, about one hundred females not nuns, but reclaimed from a profligate life and sheltered here, also a large body of orphans. The chaunts were very sweet as sung by the cloistered nuns; less so, but still affecting, as proceeding from the other females who also took their part, though at another period of the service. The high altar in the middle, although not large, was very brilliant with scarlet and gold,

numerous candles lighted at noonday, and other gaudy ornaments.

After the service, the Curate of Trinity Church who had taken us last week through the hospital, came up to our small party of three ladies and myself, and conducted us to the apartment of the Bishop which is attached to but outside the convent, and always occupied by him when he visits the place. The other ladies were acquainted with him before. Mrs. T—— and I were presented to him. Nothing could be more cordial, sociable, and pleasant than the manner in which he received us. He was still dressed in his purple robe and lace; and though, as I was told, sixty-seven appeared much less, and to be in the enjoyment of good health and full activity both of body and mind.

He put an end at once to all ceremony, asked us about our movements, talked of England as a place where he had received great kindness, and which he liked and admired much; and answered all our questions about the convent, &c. in the most open and detailed manner. He said he had lived at Bath for some time, and thought it a beautiful town, as indeed it is. He told us that he had been engaged the day before in examining and instructing six young Ethiopian

girls who had just arrived at the convent. Their history was most interesting. They had actually been exposed for sale at the slave-market in Alexandria, and the price demanded for them had been paid through compassion for their miserable state by a priest of Malta. About £100 each had been given for two of them, about £20 each for the rest. Their maintenance and education had become the point of difficulty. An offer to receive them in this convent had been made; this was accepted. They were just arrived and of course excited great interest. Indeed how could it be otherwise? The Bishop told me that he had spoken to them of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, but at present they knew little of these subjects. They are to be instructed here and by and by baptized.

The Bishop is acquainted in some degree with their language, and is such a complete master of the chief European tongues, that he can preach in French, English, German, and Italian. These acquisitions render his visits to be so much desired at the convent as there are in it nuns from almost every country. It is not in his own diocese, but in that of the Bishop of Angers. The number of cloistered nuns is two hundred, who live in the most complete seclusion from the world. The establishment is only

fourteen years old, but considered to be very flourishing. I lamented to hear that there were in it no less than forty girls from Great Britain.

The history of the Bishop's life is very remarkable. For a long period he was an emigrant in England. On his return he became a Colonel in the army, Mayor of Laval, and a Deputy, being in all these characters and offices much respected and beloved. He was married, and has grandchildren. On becoming a widower he took orders, is now Bishop of Nantes, and being in high favour with his present Majesty, will, it is said, most probably be appointed to the vacant Archbishopric of Rouen.* He told us in the simplest manner that this translation was not improbable, but that he did not wish to quit Nantes. On hearing that we were about to visit that town, he invited Mrs. T—— and myself to visit him on our arrival.

During the interview it seemed his desire to make us lay aside all formality and ceremony with him, but at the same time he did not himself omit a single point of attention or courtesy, and was not satisfied without accompanying the ladies to the street door.

* This was otherwise arranged.

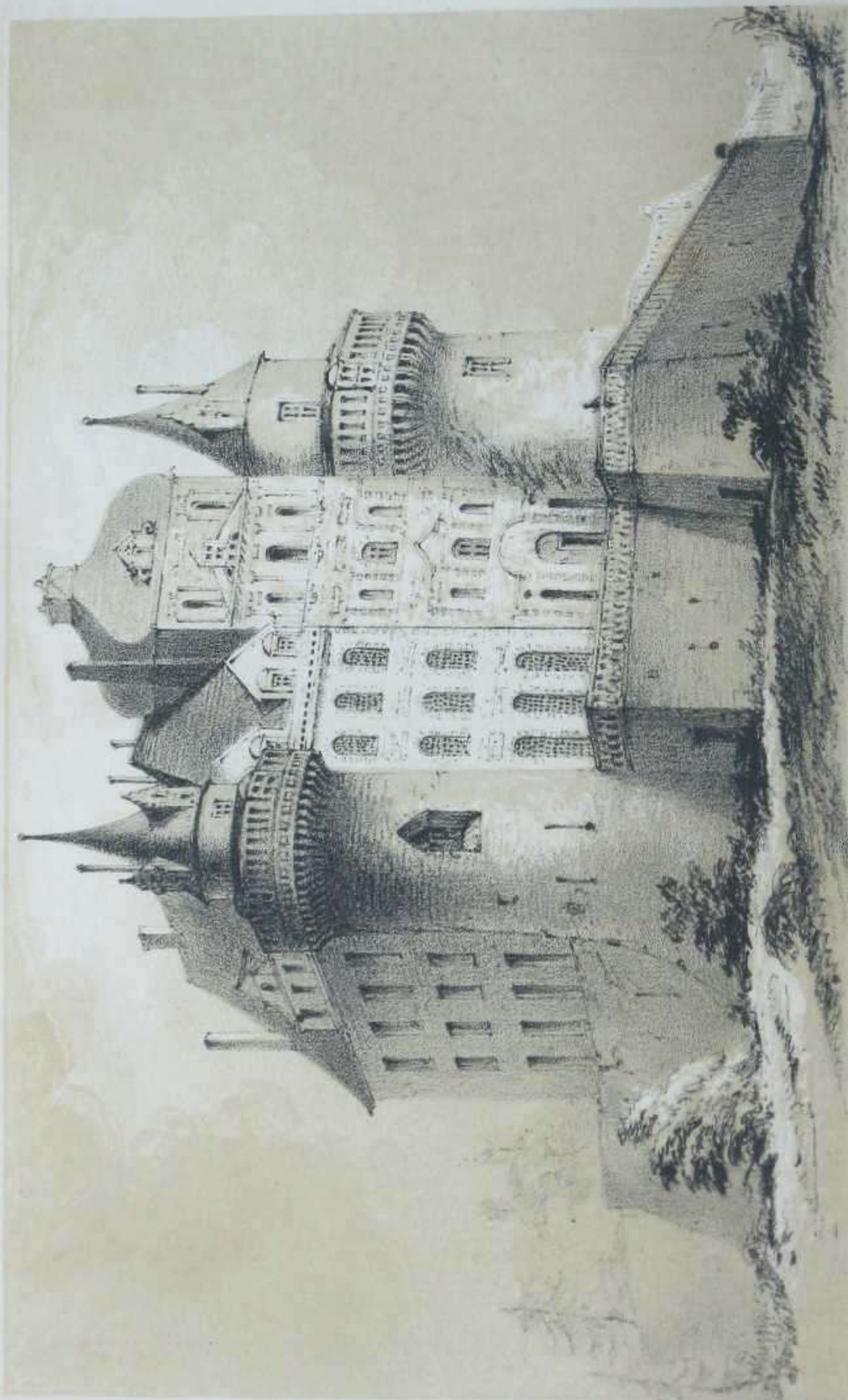
I had not previously met a continental Bishop, and till I found myself in conversation with him forgot that I was in perfect ignorance of the usual title due to such an office in France. I cut the knot by asking him what it should be. He was much amused at this straightforward way of escaping from the dilemma, and said, "O never mind my title;" but a young Irish lady with the usual tact and quickness of my countrywomen gave me a hint across the room; "Call him the same as your own Bishop, my Lord, 'Monseigneur.'"

On a subsequent day, Mrs. T—— accompanied a lady, who was acquainted with two or three of the nuns, to the convent to pay them a visit. They conversed from behind a grating. At no period of their visit did one appear alone to communicate with visitors.

CHAPTER VI.

Château de Brissac—Interior of the Château—Churches of St. Martin and Toussaints—Le Champ des Martyrs—Slate Quarries—Workmen at the Quarries—Uses of the Slate—Fair at Angers—The Bishop and Monsieur M.—Country Drive—Cross-roads—Last Service at Angers—Prospect of Reformed Worship—Courteous Guide—Mardi Gras—The Legitimists—Departure from Angers—Ministerial Feelings—La Baumette.

Feb. 9.—We drove to-day to the Castle of Brissac belonging to the Duke of that name, and about ten miles from Angers; and on our way passed over the very curious succession of bridges, islands, and streets called "*Pont de Cé*" which connects the two opposite banks of the Loire, lying at a distance from one another of at least two miles. The road is cut through the steep height which bounds the water on the south side of the river, and winds under a very bold and picturesque mass of rock, crowned, as is the case with almost every other eminence in this neighbourhood, by small windmills. We



Engraved by Thomas Sturt

J. & J. White Lith.

CASTLE OF BRISAC, NEAR ANGERS.

London. Richard Bentley, 1845.

then traversed a country rich in vines and tillage, and of pleasing undulation till we reached the small town of Brissac, at the further end of which the Castle is seen standing by itself in great extent and magnificence. Red is the prominent colour of the building; and though it is of mixed architecture, partly Italian, and partly of the French castellated style, still the general effect is very grand. The Chateau was sacked, and all the furniture piled up and burned in one of the apartments at the time of the Revolution.

Since that period it has not been inhabited, but reparations are now commenced. A few articles of handsome antique furniture have been collected, and the old servant who acted as guide told us that it was the general impression, that before long it would soon be occupied again. There is a handsome gallery, and several old ceilings well painted and carved. With these exceptions there is nothing remarkable inside. The scene around is beautiful: formed of wood, water, verdant slopes, vineyards, and a few picturesque houses of a small old town hanging on a brow adjacent.

The middle and lower classes of this neighbourhood have an expression, expletive, or rather an oath, rightly to call it which is

continually heard in their conversation—that is, “*Dame.*” It is used on the most trivial occasions—for instance, in directing you on your way, in speaking of the goods in their shops, &c. I do not believe that it is used—at all events to anything like the same extent—in other parts of France. It originates from the practice of calling on the Virgin Mary as a witness to what is said, “*notre dame,*” shortened into “*dame.*” It is painful to hear this word of attestation as it is to hear any similar expression in any land, in any form, or from any lips.

Feb. 10, Saturday.—The Churches of St. Martin and Toussaints are both in ruins, and yet each of them is sufficiently preserved to display the whole character and style of their very interesting architecture. The former is used as a store for wood, and the chancel was to-day so completely blocked up by piles of the winter supply that I could see but little of its beauties. The Eglise des Toussaints is a roofless and open ruin, exceedingly graceful, and reminding the English spectator of some old abbey ruins in his own land.

I heard to-day some very curious details relating to the bloodshed and horrors which took place in Angers at the time of the Revolution. A large number of its victims, including those

of the highest worth and character, were led out of the town in a long line accompanied by bands of music to be shot at the place now called "*Le Champ des Martyrs.*" Many of the old people now living well remember that dreadful day. Among the number is a fine old lady, aged seventy-eight, residing in the house where I now write and the mother of my landlord. Another aged inhabitant of the town told a lady of my acquaintance that the only time he ever received a blow, as a child, was when in his childish ignorance and simplicity he began dancing to the tune of the murderous and revolutionary music as it passed the window of his home. His mother gave him a slap in the moment of excitement and provocation.

The "*Champ des Martyrs*" is about two miles from Angers. To reach it I went through a part of an extensive wood, or rather cop-pice in the midst of which it stands. A large cross is erected in the middle, and a wall is built round the scene of bloodshed. The bodies lie in heaps below the soil, and the priests often resort to the precinct in order to pray for the departed—according to their system.

The slate-quarries in the neighbourhood of Angers, though they have been worked for ages, are still most productive and valuable. In addition to

the interest which, economically speaking they claim, a visit from the stranger is due to them as vast, stupendous and even most picturesque excavations. I took advantage of a clear and sunny afternoon to make the excursion, and walked about four miles out of Angers to examine two of the most celebrated quarries situated a little to the left of the Saumur road. One of them is an exact square, cut deeply down into the earth on two sides as straight as a wall from the very top of the pit's mouth to the bottom. Over each of these perpendicular sides, light, but strong wood-work is suspended with simple, if not more properly called, rude machinery worked by horses for drawing up the slate from the deep abyss. This is cut by men engaged below in sight of the spectator above. Of the other two sides, one is employed for the descent of the workmen, being cut down in a succession of five or six enormous steps, against each of which is laid a long ladder. The fourth side of the pit is rough, loose and crumbling.

By crossing the high road nearly opposite to this quarry, and continuing on for about one hundred yards, you arrive at another which is the most celebrated of the neighbourhood. It is still deeper than the other, and more varied in its form. The labourers, however, are not

visible as the slate here is worked underground, and the little dark entrance to the galleries is the only mark of the direction in which the present excavations are made.

All around the mouths of these pits, small huts and straw screens are erected, under which men are sheltered while engaged in splitting the slate. It was interesting to think of the wonderful variety of provision made by God for the wants of men, as I saw that which was apparently a lump or block of dark stone about an inch in diameter split into eight thin, hard, and durable leaves or flakes by as many strokes of the hand. The workmen wore thick coatings of cloth about their legs, held the lumps of slate between their knees, and split it with a light blow of a hammer on a chisel. The pieces were then squared with a few knocks and laid ready for sale. I asked one of the workmen the price of a large heap lying at the mouth of the *Grand Carreau*. He told me that the slates were twenty francs a thousand. They were somewhat more than ten inches in length, and somewhat more than seven in breadth, and about the eighth of an inch in thickness.

I returned home by another way over a complete field, or rather a raised ridge of slate, pushing its dark, slanting scales in every di-

rection. The whole scene was very curious, and not unpleasing, as the large heaps of refuse slate thrown up perhaps centuries ago form hills of considerable elevation, which are now covered with coppice and brushwood while from their eminence good views are afforded of a rich and varied country, together with Angers and its neighbouring waters.

The slate is used for innumerable purposes in this locality. Houses, walls, stairs, window-sills, reservoirs, cisterns, drains, divisions of fields, &c., are all formed of this most useful article. The Castle of Angers stands on a rocky bed of slate; and slate is the chief material of that vast and extraordinary edifice.

Feb. 13.—Mrs. T—— and I accompanied by our landlord and his daughter walked to-day through the different scenes of the fair held at Angers. We had observed from our windows an unceasing line of oxen, carts, and pedestrians, defiling across the bridge from an early hour of the morning. A very large, clean, and convenient space is open for the sale of horses, horned cattle, sheep and pigs. I am no skilful judge of such matters, and therefore my opinion is not of much weight either *pro* or *con*; but I cannot say that I thought highly of the live stock exhibited. I did not

see one valuable horse. The oxen were so lean, that it would have seemed almost ridiculous to think of such animals in connexion with a “prize” or even “commendation.” The sheep told a tale of similar diet, and as to the pigs, though without doubt the pork of this country is excellent, yet they were such coarse, lanky animals, that I could not help imagining the look of a Berks, Hants, or Sussex farmer, should such an importation be proposed for his yard.

Feb. 14.—Having received an invitation from Monsieur M—, the Curé of Trinity Church, whom I have before mentioned to dine with him to-day, and to meet the Bishop of Nantes, I arrived punctually to the appointed hour, twelve o’clock. Besides the Bishop there were present two French gentlemen, three Englishmen, the brother of the Curé, a physician, and six priests, including our host. I arrived in company with a gallant soldier, Captain H—, who had fought in the Peninsular as well as at Waterloo, and I was much amused by the open way in which we were introduced to the company; my profession, as a Protestant clergyman, and his military honours being at once noticed. When we entered the dining-room

we found our respective names on slips of paper in our places, and we were arranged accordingly ; mine was next to the Bishop on his left, Captain H—— sat on his right. I will not say more of the repast than that, being on the French plan it was excellent ; and nothing could be more easy and sociable than the whole intercourse and conversation of the day. On taking my leave of his Lordship, he said that he intended to call upon me during the afternoon, which he did, dressed in his handsome purple robes and episcopal hat. He sat for some time with Mrs. T—— and myself.

During the afternoon I arranged with our host to drive him and his brother the next day to see a friend of theirs, who has a parish in the country about eight miles from Angers.

Feb. 15.—The Curé and his brother breakfasted with us this morning. We provided for them according to the French taste : a couple of dishes of meat, an omelette, light wine, and coffee at the end.

Immediately after breakfast we set out on our expedition. I drove. The priest was in his full canonicals including an immense three-cornered hat. The doctor, a man of refined manners and appearance, occupied the seat

behind. We had scarcely set off when some amusing observations passed between us as to the trio.

“What would all my Vicaires say if they met me now driving along with a Protestant clergyman?” “Mrs. T—— need not be frightened for you to-day, for if any thing happens you have a doctor with you to take care of your body, and a priest to give you absolution.” I of course told him that I could dispense with the latter species of aid. During the day much of our conversation was of a close, and serious species of character, at the same time perfectly free and friendly, on the grand questions of pre-eminent interest to every human being; how the soul is to be saved—how God is to be rightly served.

After we had proceeded for a few miles on the wide and smooth highway to Nantes, my companions all at once pointed to a byway which branched off through the woods on the left hand. “That is our way,” said they. “Is it indeed?” said I, rather alarmed at the deep slough to be crossed at the very entrance, and doubting whether my little pony-carriage with its low wheels would even go through that with safety. Nevertheless, on being told by a countryman who passed that there was nothing so

bad afterwards, I made the attempt and thus far succeeded. Fresh difficulties soon commenced. After about one hundred yards' progress, deep ruts and pools gave me warning to turn back, which with some difficulty I effected, and was soon in the Nantes road again. We then held a little consultation on farther proceedings, and arranged to go on to the village of St. George, and thence on foot to the place of our destination. Having put up the ponies, we set out upon our walk ; but after a long march found ourselves quite out of our intended line, and on coming in sight of a Church, my companions said with surprise, " Here we are at Poissonnière," our aim having been Savenières. I was obliged to return, my time being limited. The day was lovely, and we had much interesting conversation ; but the expedition was a complete failure as to our intended plan.

I had previously stated the impossibility of traversing a bad road with my carriage, and I would strongly advise all travellers to be very diffident indeed of information as to the goodness of French roads across country in this part of France. Elsewhere, not far from Saumur, a peasant told me that I should find a " route superbe," where it turned out altogether and decidedly impassable.

I observed to-day that most of the field-gates had a very thick, heavy end of the top-rail projecting far over the gate-post on which the gate swings. In some instances it was shaped like the stock of a gun, the remainder of the rail answering to the barrel. In others it was weighted with large stones. I imagine that this is done to effect a kind of a balance, and so to prevent the gate post from being inclined towards that side on which the gate acts as a lever.

Feb. 18, Sunday.—As this was to be the last Sunday of my clerical ministry at Angers, we had the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the morning service; and of thirty, who attended worship, not one departed without participating in the ordinance. What a contrast, what a painful contrast is the usual scene of separation witnessed at home! If it were not so common, it would excite absolute amazement to see so many depart and so few remain. At present it only excites grief in the heart of every faithful minister and of every faithful communicant. When will the two brief, clear and authoritative texts be duly received and honoured, "This do in remembrance of Me." "As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew forth the Lord's death till he come."

At the conclusion of the afternoon service I made a short statement to the congregation present, relative to the want of Protestant Worship and of a Protestant minister in the town, and recommended immediate and decided exertions in the cause. The call was heartily responded to by all present, and an evident determination to act on the subject was shewn. From the character, intelligence and piety of some present, who would naturally have to take the lead on the subject, I have little doubt that, under God's blessing, the means* of grace will soon

* I add the following note at a subsequent period, to mention that these hopes and expectations have been fully and speedily realized, and mention a few particulars on the subject to encourage similar attempts elsewhere. On leaving Angers I wrote fully to my friend, the Rev. E. Biley, on the subject. He communicated with the Société Evangélique, and prepared the way by visiting Angers himself two or three times, by preaching there, and co-operating with the English residents of whom I have above spoken as evincing a practical interest in the matter. Provisionary measures for advancing the knowledge of Scriptural truth were at once adopted. A dépôt of bibles was established, and a Colporteur appointed for their circulation. Subsequently Monsieur Sohier, a gentleman who speaks English, and is married to an English lady, came as Protestant pastor to the place, and now officiates both for the English and French Protestants. There is every reason to expect that in a town containing nearly 40,000 inhabitants, many will be led to become his hearers, who are now totally regardless of religion, "feeding on the ashes" of a false and superstitious creed. Protestant worship cannot be authorized in France where there are less than forty per-

be supplied to Angers, as they have been to Orleans, Blois, Tours, Saumur and Nantes. There will of course be opposition on the part of the Romanists, but that must be expected; “tentanda via est.”

Feb. 19.—In order to obtain admission to the beautiful ruins of the Church of Les Toussaints, it is necessary to obtain permission from Monsieur Godard-Hatville, the guardian of the Museum, well known as an historian and archæologist, and the able author of the work called “*Anjou et ses Monuments.*” Mrs. T—— and I called on him for this purpose to-day; and, although we were entirely strangers, he kindly accompanied us thither and pointed out to our attention the chief subjects of interest connected with the ruins. How truly do they exemplify one of his expressions in his own work above-mentioned, when, speaking of the French revolution, he says that it “*ébranle tout le monde, et accumule plus de ruines à lui seul, que dix siècles ensemble!*”

sons (French) professing that faith; and when I was first interested on the subject, the constant observation to me on the part of those opposed to the measure was, that the number in the town was not adequate; but by a little investigation I was soon able to draw out a list of more than sufficient length for making a commencement. The discovery of nine young Protestants in the *Ecole des Arts et Métiers* came in very favourably.

After visiting the Church, Monsieur G— H— took us to the Museum, which we saw to great advantage under the direction of our courteous and learned guide. A large porphyry vase, brought from Jerusalem by King René of Anjou, a carved ivory trumpet, and a very highly sculptured wooden chest are among the curiosities. On the latter is an allegorical scene, which partly reminded me of the scenes in Holbein's "Dance of Death," and partly of Shakspeare's "Seven Ages." Death is represented as occupying the middle and prominent place in the scene, while two long rows of figures of different ages and ranks are represented as trying in vain to ward off his attacks. Cross-bows are conspicuous among their arms.*

Feb. 20.—This is the day of the festival, called in this country, Mardi Gras, *i. e.* the last day of the feasting or carnival period. Tomorrow the Fast commences, chiefly distinguished by the substitution of fish for flesh. Yesterday, as I was told, the Mayor of the town gave a splendid masked ball to the inhabitants, at which the costumes and display of

* Old carved furniture is met with in abundance in the provincial Museums of France. Very little is to be found for sale in the shops, and that little is very dear, being almost as much valued in France as it is in England. The late young Duke of Orleans had a rich collection, and was a great connoisseur on the subject.

every kind were most brilliant. To-day a procession on horseback and in carriages formed of a certain number of the guests of the preceding evening and in the same costume as that which they then wore, made a circuit of the town accompanied by music. Rich and poor, young and old, town people and country people were assembled in a vast throng, and certainly the most perfect propriety and even politeness of conduct was universally maintained among them, although many of the lower classes were in masks and otherwise disguised. I was told during the day that *party runs so high* (to use an ordinary phrase) in the place, that not one of those who looked upon themselves as belonging to the old noblesse was present at the ball; and my informant who was well acquainted with the inhabitants of Angers said that he did not observe even one of them as mingling with the scene. Angers is said to have a larger number of that body resident than any other town in France, that is, during the winter, for in summer they are all at their country seats. They live domestic, quiet, retired and exclusive lives; and many of their mansions in the town seem exactly to correspond with their character and present position in France. They are ancient, enduring structures,

hidden, as to their entrances, in narrow streets and out-of-the-way corners, hiding also their inmates by lofty walls, massive gates, and all the ancient means of seclusion, and if need be of defence.

During the afternoon Mrs. T— paid a visit to Madame de R— a lady belonging to one of the many families of Angers whose history at the period of the Revolution was marked by woe and death. Her mother bore a striking resemblance in her countenance to Marie Antoinette, and was once literally arrested in mistake for her. Subsequently she was thrown into prison and guillotined. Mrs. T. saw two pictures of Marie Antoinette in the house, one representing her in the hour of her prosperity, the other taken in the midst of her sorrows. The contrast was very affecting; for, although few years had intervened between the two periods, they had done the work of many.

Feb. 23.—This was our last day at Angers ending a sojourn of five weeks. It had been to us an interesting and pleasant time. I admired the town extremely, and found in every direction varied walks and drives. The neighbouring waters, although merely the winter overflow of rivers, yet widening at each end of the town, and forming a beautiful lake-like expanse, gave

light and relief to the buildings of "black Angers" as they rose among them. The air of the locality was almost always fresh and invigorating; and the character of the country around no way flat and marshy, but sloping and undulating, tending to produce a dry and clear atmosphere even during the winter. We were agreeably lodged in the house of a family who treated us uprightly and kindly during our whole stay. We enjoyed the benefit of a circulating library full of valuable works, and a good public library, freely and pleasantly open to all comers. The inhabitants of the town, so far as opportunity allowed, showed us much good-will. And the very circumstance that we were in a town as yet so little known and frequented by our countrymen, caused us a freshness of interest in it as found out for ourselves, and not merely sought out on the commendation of others. But above all—and a Christian minister would be unworthy of the name if he did not so feel—we were glad of our sojourn here on account of those Protestant countrymen—few in number certainly, but still urgently needing those ministrations of the Gospel which for a few weeks I was enabled to supply. I could hardly have conceived the fact, that no

English clergyman* among those who each summer visit the banks of the Loire should ever have gathered them together for a single Sabbath. But such was the actual case. Yet when the call to my countrymen was made, more than thirty appeared and thankfully assembled together on each Lord's day. And never did I witness more attention, or more value for the means of grace. Never did I, as a clergyman, experience more affection and gratitude than that which I met with among my little temporary flock at Angers. We soon knew them all personally, though at our first coming we were strangers to all; and I may say, without hesitation, that hearty was our desire and not unfrequent our prayer, that Almighty God would speedily send to them and fix among them, as well as among the French Protestant brethren, a minister "after his own heart," to gather them together and watch over them as a Church—small doubtless at first, but which, in

* No sooner was my friend, the Rev. E. Biley of Tours, made acquainted with the case of the English here, than he, notwithstanding his engagements in his own special sphere of duty made arrangements for coming and preaching among them. Two or three times he repeated his visits, and most thankfully were they received.

this populous and noble city, might grow and flourish, and be multiplied more and more.

The afternoon was lovely. The waters of the Maine had in some degree abated, and I walked along their edge to a curious old building called La Baumette. It is said to have been built by King René, though indeed the old guardian who showed me through its precincts, traced its origin far higher. He attributed it to the hands of Julius Cæsar himself! Before the Revolution it was a monastery, but now is untenanted and desolate. A great part of the chapel, cloister, and courts is excavated in the black rock. The situation, on a jutting little promontory at a bend of the river, is most picturesque. The structure is altogether very peculiar, and the view of Angers on my way home was splendid, seen as I saw it in the clearest atmosphere, and gilded with the setting rays.

CHAPTER VII.

Country Visit—Sunday Service—Gift from the Congregation—French Country-house—Ancient Church—Bonchamps—Grace aux Prisonniers—Nantes—Duchesse de Berri—Inundation of the Loire—State of the Town—Protestant Service—The Cemetery—A mourner at the Grave—Politics—Strange mistakes—Lent Preacher—Mob discrimination—Benevolent Institution—Kindness to the Poor.

Feb. 24.—Having received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. R— to pay them a visit at a country house which they occupied on the banks of the Loire, at La Poissonnière, we intended to go down by the steam-boat which reaches that place in about an hour. However, a night of furious storm was succeeded by a morning of the same character—gloomy, black, wild, and rainy. Although there is not the slightest danger or difficulty to the steam-boat in such weather, yet the excursion promised to be so cheerless and comfortless that we preferred to proceed by land, and as it was a cross road,

quite impassable for our own little carriage, we hired a vehicle and after being well shaken reached our destination. Our friend's house is situated in a vineyard which reaches almost down to the Loire, now a vast and broad stream of waters. A fringe of green meadow joins the vineyard to their edge. On the opposite side of the river two small towns and immense ivied ruins of an old castle form attractive features on the bold sloping hills in view. We walked out in the afternoon through some vineyards, where the craggy, rugged old vine stocks produce excellent wine. Rocky eminences rose here and there among the fields to a considerable height.

Feb. 25, Sunday.— Mr. R—had kindly invited his countrymen, who had formed our congregation, to attend service at his house to-day ; and at nine o'clock about twenty arrived by the steam-boat from Angers. I accompanied Mr. R—to the river side to receive them, and we made a good English party as we all went through the French village and received the courteous salutes of the peasantry. After breakfast we assembled in a large and pleasant drawing-room to the number of thirty, including the inmates of the house, and the ladies of a French Protestant family in the neighbourhood. After service was concluded, I

was surprized at seeing two children, as the youngest in the room, bringing in a parcel wrapped up in paper which they laid down on the table before me. They then opened it, and I saw displayed a large volume bound in blue morocco. The young bearers of the book then made their simple address, and said that they requested my acceptance of the gift in the name of my little congregation at Angers. I can truly say that this was the first moment when I had the smallest notion or guess that my ministerial intercourse with these valued friends on a foreign shore would meet with such a termination. I felt truly grateful for this testimony of their Christian love; and, as to the present itself, none could have been better chosen, or more suited to remind me of Angers and of my countrymen there. The volume was entitled, "*L'Anjou et ses monuments, par Monsieur Godard Faultrier,*" illustrated with designs by Mr. Hawke, an English artist. The steam-boat returned in the afternoon; and though rain and gloom had succeeded to a fine morning none complained, or showed any other feeling than a lively interest in the proceedings of the day. I again accompanied my friends to the water-side, and there bade them farewell.

Feb. 26.—Our kind host and hostess accom-

panied us to-day on a very pleasant walk, which gave us an opportunity of visiting two French country-houses of considerable size as well as the Church of Savenières, the most ancient in Anjou, through a district remarkable for its antiquities, and specially rich in old churches. The shrubberies, gardens, and walks at the first *château* which we visited were very pleasing, and partook in some parts of the natural wildness in favour among ourselves, and partly of the more formal character adopted in French gardening. In the grounds were some ruins and a small modern chapel. The family was absent; and although it was a nobleman's residence, the interior was furnished in the plainest manner; at least so it appeared to an English eye. The extreme luxury with which English country-houses are so often fitted up made the contrast more observable to us. The proprietor's son had lately been married, and the fête on the occasion was like one of olden times. All the inhabitants of the village, without excepting one, went to receive the newly married couple at the river-side, and attended them in procession to their residence.

We then continued our walk to the village of Savenières and visited a Church, humble in its appearance, but a choice relic for the antiqua-

rian. I select one description from among the many to which its age and peculiarities have given rise.

“ L’église du bourg de Savenières, sur la rive droite de la Loire, à trois lieues à l’ouest d’Angers, comprend plusieurs époques bien distinctes. Le chœur et la tour ne peuvent être reportés au-delà du 12^e siècle, le bas-côté ajouté du côté gauche est du 15^e; mais la façade de l’ouest et une partie du mur latéral de la nef, côté droit, remontent probablement au 6^e ou au 7^e siècle. Le pavement des murs de cette façade est en pierres carrées, noires ou grises, de marbre et de silex, d’un volume uniforme, comme dans les constructions romaines en petit appareil.*

After examining this curious Church we proceeded a little further, and arrived at the *château* of Monsieur de R—, a French Protestant gentleman. The house is a complete specimen of the old French style, presenting a quantity of walls straggling about, but still of imposing appearance. There were the usual steep slate roofs and small turrets. The situation is good, and commands a fine view of the Loire now in all the breadth and abundance of its wintry expanse. We found the family at home; and

* Caumont, Histoire de l’Architecture religieuse au moyen âge, p. 77.

after a little conversation walked through the grounds which are extensive and picturesque. The copses, alleys, and arcades, must be very delightful in hot summer weather. Among other features of the places was a walk between two rows of box-trees by far the loftiest which I had ever seen.

Feb. 27.—We left our friend's hospitable roof this day by one of the steam-boats called *Inexplosibles*, an encouraging name at all events, but sounding I think a little presumptuous. In this vessel we shot down the Loire on our way to Nantes at the rate of thirteen or fourteen miles an hour, and reached Ancenis where we disembarked and met our pony-carriage. The transit down a river of the kind is so rapid as to give very little time for observation; and therefore I can say no more of the voyage than that we passed several spots of beautiful scenery, and some handsome towns. The waters were very high; and their ample breadth, the submerged trees and hedges together with many houses standing out of the water made up a scene altogether new, though more curious than attractive.

There was, however, one place which I cannot pass by without notice, St. Florent; a locality attended by recollections of a most arresting

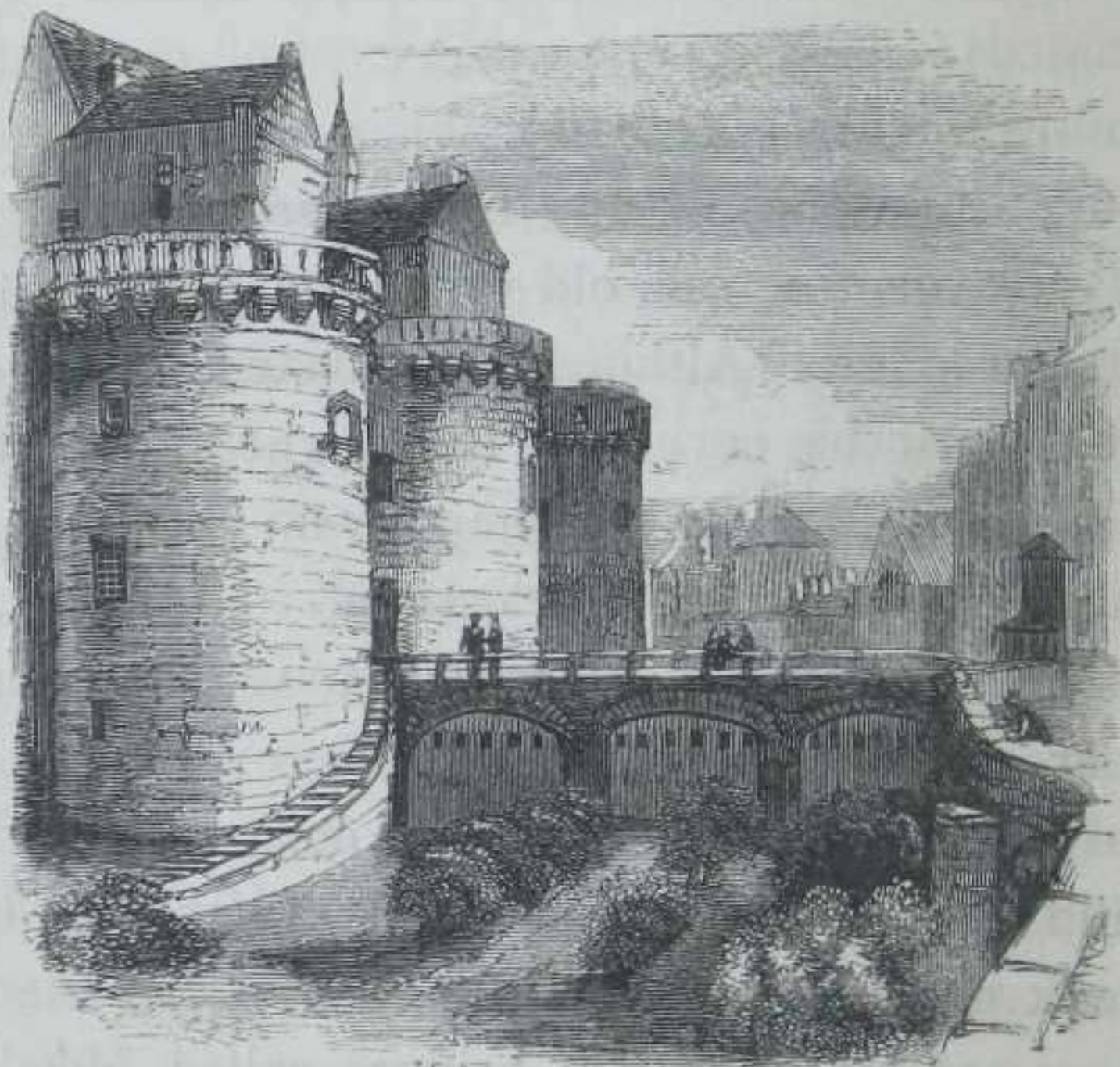
character. The pages of Madame Laroche-jacquelin have made it known to most European readers. “*Non caret vate.*” Here the army of the Vendéans—now become a vast host of flying families, a “mixed multitude” of one hundred thousand souls—crossed the Loire in the utmost confusion and dismay. Here Monsieur de Lescure, at the time a suffering and dying man, was ferried over under the care of his agonized wife; and here in the Church standing on the noble height just above the waters is the monument of another Vendean leader, Bonchamps. He it was, who, at the moment when four thousand prisoners of the Republican army taken and shut up in the Church were just about to be shot, rose up from his couch where he was dying from his wounds, and cried out in all the energy and spirit of humanity: “*Grace aux prisonniers!*” These words of the chieftain saved four thousand lives! The noble monument erected to his honour represents him in the attitude and act above described. I was told that the sculptor was one strongly opposed in political sentiment to his hero-subject; but what place, indeed for party spirit in honouring such a character and representing such a deed?

At Ancenis we found our pony-carriage wait-

ing for us on the quay ; and after a drive through some fine hilly country, occasionally presenting fine views of the Loire (at present a far-spreading mass of waters) we arrived safely at Nantes. We admired the town very much, and drove through a succession of fine squares, busy streets, and rows of dwellings in a handsome style of civic architecture, until we arrived at the Hôtel de France situated in one of the large open "*places*," which contribute so much to the appearance of this city.

Feb. 28.—The Hôtel de France, though well situated and in other respects a well-conducted establishment, is objectionable as a family hotel from the absence of any female servants whatsoever excepting one old woman who sits in the porter's lodge. Although this system of "*garçons*" must be borne in Italy where it is the general rule, yet, as it is happily an exception in France, no lady can be expected to tolerate it, and accordingly we determined to seek out some other domicile. It was not, however, easy to find one. All the hotels were occupied ; and I could see no suitable apartment to let. At last I took notice of an hotel on one of the islands connected by the line of bridges called *Hôtel de la fleur* ; and on making inquiries as to an apartment there, I saw one of a very pleasant and cheerful aspect looking up the stream. I en-

gaged it ; and we remained here for above a fortnight, comfortably lodged. A fish-market below our windows was the only objection ; and had the weather been hot or close, it might have been a very serious one. We were told that we had located ourselves in the Billingsgate of Nantes, and the assertion was quite true. However, as I said before, we liked the hotel on various grounds ; and day after day a bright sun shone cheerfully into our room, while night after night a brilliant moon lit up the waters in our



The Castle of Nantes.

view. The old Castle was in sight, where Henry IV. signed the Edict of Nantes. Close

to this Castle is a house in which the singular concealment and capture of the Duchesse de Berri took place. It is No. 3, Rue Haute-du-Château. She was betrayed to the authorities of the town by one of her agents in whom she had reposed implicit confidence. On the information being given, the house in which she was concealed was surrounded and invested by soldiers. She was at the time just sitting down to dinner, but was hastily hid in a secret receptacle made at the back of a grate in a part of the house where it was most unlikely that a fire should be lit. However, there were two soldiers stationed in this very room, as well as in others, to watch during the night. They felt cold; and after much opposition on the part of the inmates succeeded in obtaining a fire. The heat soon became so intense that the Duchess and her companions could no longer bear it, and were compelled to discover themselves. On this, as on every other occasion of her most adventurous life, she showed the utmost spirit, power of endurance, and energy.

Very heavy, though not long-continued rain, has caused the Loire to rise very rapidly. The local papers are full of the subject; and the mercantile gazette of Nantes called after one of the same character in England, the "*Lloyd Nan-*

tais,” states that in twenty-four hours it has swollen a full “metre,” or more than a yard—an immense accumulation for such a wide expanse of water as that which passes the town. The grand quay, on which I walked the first morning of my arrival, and where a large number of merchants were pacing up and down, and transacting their business, is now completely under water. Here and in many other parts of the town the shops are shut, and all communication is carried on by boats or temporary bridges of planks, some raised at the expense of the town, others by workmen, who receive a trifle from the passers by. Stables, workshops, and cellars are full of water, and I have heard that some thousands of those connected with navigation are at once thrown out of employment. The voyages of the steam-boats are altogether stopped, as it is impossible for them to pass under the bridges—as may well be supposed, for at many of the arches which I see in and near the town, the river reaches the top of the arch. The inundation or “*crue*,” as it is called, forms the chief subject of conversation at the *table d’hôte*. On the very road which we passed at the beginning of the week without wetting the ponies’ feet, the diligence travellers had five or six inches *in the carriage* about theirs; and

some of them who dined with us recounted the perils of the way with much animation. Some had taken to a boat; but those who had remained in the diligence claimed and earned the meed of valour. After all, though the Loire has been styled "*un torrent révolutionnaire*," it is not mischievous or destructive in this immediate neighbourhood. I almost wondered how such a vast body of water here at this moment, either on a level with or above the banks which ordinarily confine its channel, can pass by so harmlessly running as it does through narrow passages cut for it among houses on the islands, and even through the lower parts of the houses themselves. However, there are other localities where it shows its power in a very different manner. I received a letter to-day from Mr. R—, at whose house I passed last Sunday, in which he says: "The upper part of the wall at the bottom of our garden is now only just visible above the surface of the wide waste of waters which is quite a torrent, and roars like the sea. All the working men of the village were summoned to Savenières* by beat of drum

* I naturally felt interested in this place, having seen it in its usual security a few days before. Of L—, another very pretty village to which I also walked when on my country visit, Mr. R— writes thus on the 2nd of this month: "We are just re-

this morning to assist in fortifying the *levée*, at a part where it gave way last winter, and where it seems again threatened with a breach. It would be a serious calamity, and I trust it may be averted."

We attended this morning the French Protestant service held in a large and convenient edifice, which was once the chapel of a Carmelite Monastery. There was a good congregation present, many of whom as I was informed were English. The prayer was in a written form—the sermon extempore—both ex-

turned from a walk to L— to take perhaps a last look at the *levée* which is in imminent danger. Every soul here and in the neighbouring villages has been at work since midnight endeavouring to fortify; but the water still rises hourly. One house has been washed away, and a poor girl nearly drowned but providentially saved." All the endeavours to preserve the dyke at Savenières proved unavailing. The following is an extract from the Angers paper of the 3rd of March:—"Hier soir est arrivé à Angers la nouvelle déplorable de la rupture des digues de Savenières. Elles ont cédé en trois endroits. Une lettre d'Ingrandes nous apporte les détails de ce douloureux événement. La Vallée est tout entière envahie; les désastres de l'année dernière sont renouvelés. Les hommes et les animaux se sont réfugiés sur les points de la levée qui, jusqu'à présent, ont pu résister; ils bivouaquent au risque d'être entraînés à leur tour ou chassés par de nouvelles ruptures. Les maisons sont presque recouvertes par l'eau. Plusieurs d'entre elles courent danger d'être emportées; le bruit a couru ce matin que quelques-unes l'ont été. Les récoltes seront encore perdues; c'est une ruine pour les fermiers et pour les propriétaires."

cellent. Here, as usually abroad, it appears to be the custom to sit while singing. The text was from Revelation, ch. III, v. 15, 16. The subject was, *luke-warmness in religion*. There is no English* clergyman officiating here. M. Rosselet, the French pastor, gave notice in his Church that I should have a service for the English on the next Sunday afternoon.

During the course of the day we walked to the Cemetery of the town situated in a quiet suburb. We saw the usual monuments, crosses, funereal trees, flowers, and garlands. Such a scene must always be solemn and affecting; but in this instance neither in the monuments nor in the inscriptions is there anything worthy of peculiar notice, except that two leading thoughts almost invariably expressed were either a call on the passers by to pray for the dead, or a call on the dead to pray for surviving relatives. I did not see even once the name of Christ, or any mention of His work as the Saviour of the

* It appears to me that the establishment of an English clergyman at Nantes would be a very desirable measure. There are many of our countrymen resident in the place engaged in mercantile pursuits. Many travellers visit it, and a constant succession of English vessels arrive in the river. There is an English Consul in the place, and I believe that the English Government would accordingly defray a portion of the requisite salary.

soul. The departed children were generally termed "angels."

While we were in the Cemetery a female mourner passed us, and knelt at the foot of a grave. She seemed under deep affliction. Before we left the place, Mrs. T— gave her a small French Testament, and pointed to the fourteenth of St. John—a true portion of consolation for the mourner. How does it commence? "Let not your heart be troubled." How does it conclude? "Be of good cheer. I have overcome the world." By whom was it uttered? By Him who was "acquainted with grief," and who is able and willing to succour the distressed. Of whom does it speak? Even of the Comforter Himself, God the Holy Spirit.

Feb. 29.—In remembrance of the invitation which we received at Angers we called to-day on the Bishop of Nantes, and much enjoyed our visit as we found his conversation very varied and full of animation while his demeanour towards us was most kind and courteous. Much to my surprise I found that half a dozen of Galignani's papers, for which I had inquired in vain at the Post Office, had been sent to his Lordship on the probability of his knowing an Englishman. This at all events speaks well for

the intercourse which he is accustomed to carry on with them ; and when I assured him that it was not through my direction that his Episcopal Palace had been made a Post Office for me, he seemed to think it all right and natural that his residence should be thus employed.

We went afterwards into the Cathedral to see the magnificent monument erected by Anne of Brittany to the memory of her father, Francis II, and his wife, Marguerite de Foix. This sculpture at once vast and of most delicate workmanship escaped injury at the Revolution, though the remains of the dead whom it commemorates shared the same treatment as that of the kindred dust belonging to their lineage at St. Denis.

The French gazettes are filled with most violent attacks on the policy of Louis Philippe and his cabinet, in consequence of their refusal to sanction the occupation of Tahiti by Admiral Dupetit Thouars. Nothing has caused such excitement since the question which arose a few years ago relative to the Pacha of Egypt. *La guerre—la guerre* is now once more echoed through the country. I trust, however, that the cry will be in vain. During the last few days English parliamentary debates have been largely introduced into the columns of the

French journals ; and, in some instances, the original expressions of our language have been given. This occasionally leads to strange mistakes in orthography. For instance, a naval member of the house in a dashing professional speech, said, that under certain circumstances, the "English would beat the French out and out." Thus far well ; but the same honourable member used some other expressions in which the French printer has not been so successful. One is written exactly thus : "*the ne feloros.*" What the gallant Captain *really* said I cannot pretend to decide ; but he *may* have said "those fellows." However, this is only a guess of my own.

The public library here contains an excellent collection of books, and is specially rich on all subjects connected with the history of Bretagne. The chief treasure of the institution is a manuscript translation from Augustin—the Cité de Dieu of the fourteenth century. A rich border and a laboured painting is found in almost every page of this large folio. The binding is of velvet ornamented with gilt scollop shells. It is only a second volume. Mrs. T. and I had the volume quietly to ourselves for some time in a little cabinet attached to the library. There is something very generous and unsuspecting in

the way in which strangers are treated in the French public institutions. We have often been allowed to roam through fine galleries of pictures and cabinets of curiosities at museums without any one present to watch or attend us. A guide or superintendant may be occasionally desirable in order to answer questions and to give explanations ; but far more frequently there is a real privilege in being suffered to proceed alone.

The waters are now beginning to subside ; but even to-day in a walk along the quay I had to make use of planks, a boat, and the top of a wall, in order to accomplish it. The diminution of the flood is a great relief to the inhabitants. A subscription, headed by the Mayor, has been made for the relief of those thrown out of employment by the inundation.

The Bishop called upon us to-day dressed, as usual, in his handsome purple canonicals. Part of our conversation with him was on the subject of the Lent preacher at the Cathedral whom I heard on Tuesday with much admiration for his oratorical powers, and also with much gratification at the way in which he set forth much Scriptural truth in the course of his sermon. The Bishop gave me full information regarding him, and also told me that this season he himself attends to hear these sermons four times a

week. I could not wonder at his finding these sermons of an hour and a half each, "rather long," as he expressed it with a look of quiet and good-humoured resignation.

I received also this afternoon a visit from Mr. N—, the English Consul. He has been here many years, and knows the people and the country well. Many circumstances, including those connected with the slave trade in which many vessels from Nantes are engaged, render his post one of considerable importance and responsibility. I was amused by the account which he gave me of a visit which he had received during one of the temporary excitements and ebullitions against England. A party of twelve hundred men came to his house one night and sung the Marseillais hymn under his windows. He is personally popular in the town and they accordingly made a very accurate distinction between the official station of the individual and the individual himself, crying out, "*A bas le Consul Anglais,*" and in the next breath, "*Vive Monsieur N—.*" By way of giving more solemnity to their chaunt, they had gone down on their knees at some other station where they had sung their song; they were going to do the same at the English Consulate, and were just in the attitude of dropping down

when some one exclaimed, "What, go on your knees to the English Consul!" At the thought thus suggested they all sprang up *en masse*. Mr. N—'s account of the whole scene was very entertaining.

Monsieur Rosselet, the French Protestant pastor, spent the evening with us, and we had much enjoyment in the society of a brother minister so distinguished as he is for ability, and at the same time so simple in his faith and character. At the time of our family worship I gave him the Bible and asked him to read a portion, and make a few observations. He selected that grand and animating chapter, the 1st of St. Peter's 1st epistle. During our stay at Nantes we heard from him two excellent sermons, one of which I have already mentioned. The other was on the character of Mary, the sister of Lazarus, in which he beautifully set forth and commended the loving and contemplative character in contra-distinction to that of more outward exhibition and activity.

March 1.—We visited to-day a charitable institution for the relief of the poor and afflicted called the Hospice St. Jacques, which struck me as meriting no slight admiration. It is partly for the deranged, but a large portion of

the building and expenditure is devoted to that class of the aged poor, who with us would be inmates of a workhouse or union. But what a contrast to the principles and practice now in vogue in England was here presented to our eyes! Age and poverty were here treated as requiring to be cherished, cheered, and consoled. The edifice resembled a handsome country-house, not a bare and stern-looking prison. There were long and handsome colonnades facing the sun under which the old people were leisurely walking and conversing with one another. There were grass plots to refresh their feeble eyes, and flowers all around to gratify the taste generally formed in childhood, and lasting to the latest hour of our life. The dormitories were as comfortable as any person of any class could desire, and all which we saw was clean, fresh, and embellished. The institution is only of recent origin, but already affords very extensive relief. The situation of the building and its gardens is beautiful, on a slope of ground gently descending to the banks of the Loire.

The whole work is most creditable to the town of Nantes, and shews that principles of charity are at work among the municipal authorities here very different from those pre-

vailing in our own land as to the receptacles of poverty-stricken age. May the time speedily arrive when the lessons and doctrines learnt in a school of sterner economists may yield to a more gentle and more affectionate system concerning the poor of our land!

CHAPTER VIII.

River Erdre—Steam-boat excursion—French sailor—Religious conversation—The sailor's present—Abbé Combalot—Clisson—Revolutionary horrors—Beautiful pleasure grounds—Italian villa—Le Bocage—State of La Vendée—Bourbon-Vendée—General Travot—Abbey of Fontanelle—Protestant worship—Sables d'Olonne—Magnificent Bay—Arrival of Fishing-boats—Strange costume—Castle of Talmont—Luçon.

March 5.—A steam-boat ascends the Erdre to Nort every morning at seven, and returns at three. We made this excursion to-day, and although the weather was rather wild and boisterous we nevertheless enjoyed the scene extremely. The river Erdre, from the first minute of our course on its waters, curved and turned in every direction, and presented a succession of expanding lakes. However, except in one part of its course near Nort, the banks on both sides are quite near enough to enable one to notice all their details of scenery; and these are very pleasing, though without grandeur.

They form a very picturesque combination of woods, copses, vine-covered slopes, and rocky borders all on a miniature scale ; there are also many fair villas on the borders of the river, and well-trimmed gardens reaching to the very edge. Among them was one which we viewed with no slight interest as having been a place of retirement to a small body of Protestants, who for a time maintained their worship and communion here after the revolution of the Edict of Nantes. The steam-boat was one of those curious, taper and canoe-like vessels in use on the Loire and other rivers of this neighbourhood, very long, and only twelve feet wide at the broadest part of the deck, apparently very light and frail ; but most comfortably fitted up below. We reached Nort at about half-past nine, and while I can safely recommend the little expedition for the sake of the river scenery, I would also recommend the traveller to take with him books, pencils, or other means of occupation as the place itself contains no single object of interest. There is no diligence or boat for Nantes until the return of that which arrives in the morning. The visitor is therefore '*fixed*,' to use an Americanism ; the little inn is comfortable. On our return, while descending the stream at a very rapid rate, the vessel was

near being spiked on the head of a pollard willow in consequence of a barge getting in our way.

During the voyage I had a long conversation with a French sea-faring man, the second mate of a merchant vessel which traded to the East and West Indies. He had left his ship at Bordeaux, and was journeying with all speed to his home at St. Malo where he had but a fortnight to spend with his wife and family before setting out again on a voyage of two years' duration, first to Domingo and then to Calcutta. His manner reminded me much of an Englishman ; and indeed on commencing conversation, I asked him whether he was a countryman. After chatting with him for some time about his crew of twenty sailors, *mes braves*, as he called them, and various lands which he had visited, always an interesting subject as Shakspeare well knew when he described the courtship of Othello, I expressed the desire that God would prosper and preserve him during the long voyage in which he was so soon to embark. On this he said quickly, although in a calm and quiet tone : "*Il ne se mêle pas de nos affaires comme cela.*" I endeavoured to shew him the falsity and dreadful character of such a notion, appealing to all that God has done

for us, and is doing now as Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer. He then said : “ I believe a little, but people add so much in Religion.”*

I said that unhappily what he stated was true ; and then proceeded to declare as briefly and plainly as I could the simple and sublime doctrines of the Gospel. He listened earnestly, but said, “ I think the best religion is to do good, and be kind to every body.” I agreed that this was a part of our religion ; and then tried to shew him what we owed to God as well as man—he, like so many, being disposed to leave out altogether the first great commandment. I will not hesitate to say that he seemed

* Here at once appears an instance of the vast mischief done by the Popish doctrine of *tradition*. It has added transubstantiation, the worship of the Virgin Mary and the Saints, purgatory, prayers for the dead, Romish supremacy, the Confessional, &c. &c. How many souls in lands where Popery prevails have sufficient understanding to shun these things, yet not sufficient to separate error from truth in the national creed ; and therefore as may be expected from corrupt human nature, they shun all religion ! I am firmly convinced that in every part of France there are multitudes of characters thus circumstanced to whom the simple and clear truth of Scripture not *corrupted*, (2 Cor. : 2, 17,) but preached by a Minister of the Gospel appealing to the Scripture alone would prove the means of light and of salvation. This is one of the reasons why, however small the number of Protestants may be, I rejoice at the establishment of a Protestant Minister in any French locality. Many may be there professing nothing, perhaps as yet, believing and embracing no divine truths, but waiting and ready for all.

much impressed by the conversation. He received with much gratitude and kind feeling my little gift of a new Testament, adding, "Pray write in it your name and the name of your wife that I may shew it to mine at home." He said he had many friends at Dinan and St. Malo, and seemed quite desirous for us to come on there, offering to receive us and to help us in every way, and adding with a smile, "I am here in my sailor's trim, but at home I look quite different." I laughed, and casting an eye at my own rough coat, said, "Yes, like me. I am also in my traveller's dress." Just as we were leaving the boat, he touched me on the arm, saying, "I have thought of something to give to Madame." Then, hurrying to his packages, he got out a small bag of highly odoriferous leaves from Pondicherry, evidently brought home among his intended presents, and gave a portion of it to Mrs. T—, saying, "that is the best possible thing to keep away moths from clothes. Pray accept it." Some one on the deck said at the moment, "It is very dear here"—an observation which seemed quite to displease the sailor, whose delicacy suggested that it might cause a refusal of his offer. Accordingly he turned round to the gentleman who made the remark, and said firmly: "Oui, Monsieur, c'est cher ici,

mais ce n'est pas cher là," that is where he procured it. We then took leave of each other with hearty and mutual good-will, such as the traveller if disposed to seek it will often meet with on his way. In travelling, the field of such intercourse is open and large, and they reap most from it who lay aside all thought of artificial demarcations, and find in all ranks, professions, and employments, and in every clime the living objects of sympathy as men, and of Christian communion and love as everlasting souls.

A warm contest is at present carried on between the university on the one hand, and the ecclesiastical body on the other, on the grand subject of education. I see, from the space taken up on the question in the newspapers, that it occupies a large share of public attention. I read in one of them the following passage extracted from a recent publication by Monsieur L'Abbé Combalot. Addressing the Bishops, he exclaims, "Pontifes du Dieu vivant, le sanglier universitaire ravage le champ, que le Divin Fils de Marie arrosa de son sang." A journal, taking an opposite view of the matter, says that an attempt is now made by the clergy to "capuciner notre belle France." These two

expressions may denote the violence, with which war is raged on each side.

We drove to-day to Clisson, a small town of much beauty, about eighteen miles from Nantes. The high road was in parts so bad, that it will be no libel to call it a succession of prominent and jagged lumps of stone. We had met with nothing of the kind before during our whole journey. Clisson is most picturesquely situated at the confluence of two rivers flowing in two deep ravines beneath the walls of the town. It is celebrated in French history as the abode of the powerful family bearing the same name, and specially of Oliver Clisson, Constable of France—the vassal of the Duke of Brittany, and successively his rival, his prisoner, his enemy, and his friend. Nay, he was even posthumously connected with the Duke as appointed by him the guardian of his children notwithstanding their previous feuds.

A fearful history was attached to the annals of Clisson at the time of the Revolution and Vendean war. It was then burned, destroyed, and depopulated by the republican army; in a great measure I believe, by that portion of it which was called *les Mayençais*, the chief destroyers of the unhappy La Vendée. In the

midst of the ruins of the Castle there is a space where the turf is now green, and a single cypress tree grows gloomily over the mouth of a large and deep well. Here no less than three or four hundred persons—old men, women, children, and other inhabitants of the place were thrown down alive. When the army approached the town they thought that they might hide themselves in the many dark chambers and subterraneous cavities belonging to the ruins of the Castle ; but from there they were dragged forth and thus horribly murdered. Had not these things actually been done who would have believed they ever could have taken place ? But I leave these hideous remembrances.

We stopped at a cheerful holiday inn, admirably situated with a little terrace in front offering a pleasant stroll for surveying the Castle, town, and surrounding scenery.* All these features harmonize admirably together. We first visited the Castle, of great extent, and as a ruin, very perfect. The views were magnificent as seen out of the deep windows in the

* The borders of La Vendée were in view from this terrace—that is, of La Vendée strictly speaking, or “*départementale*.” “*La Vendée politique*” is a vague term, given by Soral to a portion of Brittany, and other districts viewed as peculiarly favourable to the ancient dynasty. I heard this curious distinction made by a Frenchman.

upper apartments. The walls are in some places five yards thick. The style of the building is not Gothic, but was copied from the fortified abodes of Syria, by its original builder, a Crusader—as were so many of the castles built at the same period. Indeed, those who have been in the East, or know the character of eastern buildings of the kind from pictures, will at once mark the resemblance. From that age too is traced the shape of the window-frame, still almost universal in France, forming a cross, and giving the name “*croisée*” to window-frames generally. The symbol of the Christian has thus marked the architecture which was derived from the Infidel.

We afterwards walked through some large and delightful pleasure-grounds forming, with the country-house attached though as yet unfinished, the demesne called *la Garonne*. It is quite the pride of the country, and a favourite resort of the citizens of Nantes. We first traversed some woods, and then, on arriving at a temple of modern erection in the style of that at Tivoli, descended by some bold and tumbled masses of rock to the border of a river very much resembling the Wye in some of its more tranquil reaches. The sun was just setting, and if I may use the expression *looking* through the

line of our path from one end to the other as we pursued our course under the overhanging trees, and again came in sight of the castle, town, and heights. Our guide was an old campaigner of the Vendean war who had lost an eye, and received a severe wound in the arm during the course of that terrible strife.

We had still another *show place* to visit, but reserved it till next morning, when we kindly received permission to view the beautiful grounds belonging to the Villa Valentin, a residence built and decorated in the Italian style even to its stables and brick arcades for supporting the vines. Indeed, all the architecture seen at Clisson, whether in the large or small houses, has a very Italian mien, a circumstance with which I was struck the moment that I saw the place. I was not acquainted with the reason until a few minutes before I was leaving the town, when I saw it noticed in a publication, treating of the neighbourhood. The fact is, that the whole town was utterly burned, sacked, and destroyed in the revolution through the fury of the republican army. The place remained quite desolate until two brothers, named Ca-cault, citizens of Nantes, who had resided for a long time in Italy, settled themselves here, expended large sums in the neighbourhood, and

by various means promoted an architectural taste in accordance with their own as derived from the southern clime in which they had passed a large portion of their lives. Their memory is much cherished in these parts, as that of distinguished citizens and patriots.

March 15.—Our stay at Nantes ended to-day ; and leaving the banks of the Loire with their many noble and populous towns, we entered the confines of La Vendée and found ourselves in very different scenes from those among which we had hitherto travelled at any period of our journey. Wildness, scantiness of population, and solitude—these were the characteristics of our new course. But at the same time there was little variety or beauty of landscape. This country is called *Le Bocage*, and is made up of small fields, mostly in pasturage, and invariably surrounded on all sides by trees and very thick lofty hedges. The trees are generally pollards placed as close as possible to one another, and thus there is a lofty and massive wall of foliage all round every enclosure. I did not see a single well-grown tree. Those who are acquainted with the history of the Vendean campaigns will remember how much the circumstances of that warfare were influenced by these local peculiarities.

Our first sleeping place was Montaigu, a small town utterly destroyed and ravaged in the strife which I have just mentioned. It has not yet revived as its more favoured neighbour, Clisson. We had an interesting walk round its *fossé* and walls which were once very complete, and in our circuit we passed under the remains of its vast feudal castle along the banks of a deep peaceful river. I scarcely remember any place which sets before the mind a more impressive lesson than that exhibited by Montaigu, once so strong, and still of name so noble, yet so poor, so fallen, and so desolate.

March 16.—To Bourbon-Vendée through a country like that traversed yesterday. The most remarkable feature to a traveller, and especially to one coming from the banks of the Loire was the total absence of any building marked by the least antiquity. Very few country-houses were visible, two or three perhaps in a space of fifteen or sixteen miles, and these quite new. All this results from the vengeance inflicted on the Vendéans. The cultivation seemed very much neglected, and a great portion of the soil was occupied by furze, gorse and broom. I saw one man ploughing with four oxen, and only occasionally *touching* the handle of the plough!

At Belleville, a little hamlet in the way, part

of the old Church remains, and I thought on entering it, that at least one ancient edifice had been spared. However, on looking towards the roof I saw that it was all comparatively new, that the columns and arches had been broken off above, and that large breaches in the old masonry had been filled up recently. The history, told so often in the records of La Vendée, is here repeated once more. The Church had been unroofed, burnt, and battered in the war.

We arrived early at Bourbon-Vendée, a very modern town, looking like the skeleton of a great city waiting to be filled up. The square in the centre, the official buildings of the town, the barracks, the church, and indeed all the public edifices, are on an immense scale, and quite disproportionate to the population of the place. The town was laid out by Napoleon with all the regularity of a camp, and reminded me a little of some small German towns of modern date. In the very centre of the large square, and conspicuous from four straight roads approaching it on each side stands a handsome statue of General Travot, to whom the same extraordinary title is given here as is given to General Hoche on his monument at Versailles, "*Pacificateur de la Vendée.*" Having just traversed the scene of this *pacification*, I

could not help feeling very strongly the unseemliness of the phrase.

I had just sufficient time to walk in the course of the afternoon to the ruins of the Abbey of Fontanelle, four miles from Bourbon-Vendée. The chapel alone remains in being; but that is in a very good state of preservation as to its walls, roof, windows, and tracery. Indeed, all the essential parts of the edifice are there. The old furniture and decorations of the place are still lying about in broken and half-rotten fragments. Had the carved wood been in the Gothic style instead of that called Louis XIV's, I should have much valued it; but, as it was, to me it was quite worthless. The old candlesticks once used at the altar, and various other articles were lying promiscuously about, some of them almost reduced to touch-wood though still retaining portions of the old gilding.

For half the way leading to the Abbey from the town, you pursue the high-road. The remainder is impassable for a carriage, and indeed at this season of the year it is so bad for the pedestrian as to be evidently shunned in favour of a path along the hedge above it.

March 17, Sunday.—I could only hear of one English resident in the town, a young lady

living as governess in the family of the Prefect. She attended our evening service accompanied by her sister, who also lives with a French family at Poitiers, but is now on a visit here. Protestant service is held in the town once in three Sundays, and it happened that this was the day for public worship. Accordingly, at twelve o'clock, we went to the *Mairie*, or Town-Hall, where a comfortable, simple apartment is assigned for this purpose. We found a congregation composed of about thirty persons. There are in fact only three or four French Protestant families in the place, and it speaks well for their conduct and zeal in behalf of their religion, that where there are so few they have obtained and maintain a service. Those who are aware of the many impediments and discouragements practically met with by small and weak bodies of Protestants, desiring the acquisition of public worship in France, will readily admit that the case here mentioned should be an example to many others in the land. Nothing but perseverance, judgment, and determination on the part of Protestants, can overcome the impediments thrown in their way by local authorities, and sacerdotal intrigue, whenever the desire of establishing the Reformed Worship of God in any new place takes any definite shape.

March 19.—To Sables, or Sables d'Olonne, a sea-port town about twenty miles south of Bourbon-Vendée. The day was very soft and refreshing, but the scenery which we traversed was quite uninteresting. It is pleasant to have May weather (speaking anglicé) in March; and indeed our weather during the whole month has been delightful. Winter seems entirely gone.

Of Sables, till we saw it, we knew absolutely nothing; and indeed it is quite a "*terra incognita*" to English travellers in general. I imagined that it might be only a small fishing village; and, accordingly, after a long and monotonous drive, only relieved during the last few miles by the view of long and lofty ridges of sand-banks forming quite a range of hills on the border of the ocean, I was much gratified to see before me a large semi-circular town with conspicuous buildings forming a very picturesque outline lying along a high ridge or peninsula of sand-hills, and facing the land, or rather a large inland basin of sea-water. Having established ourselves in an old but comfortable hotel, I walked out to make observations on the locality; and on going about a hundred yards across the ridge I was delighted with a sudden and glorious view of the Atlantic sweeping into

a wide and semi-circular bay, very much resembling that of Aberysthwyth, larger in size, but somewhat inferior in the outline of rock at each bending horn. The sand was perfectly smooth and of great breadth, offering a charming walk for some miles southward. In the other direction there is a light-house at the extremity of a pier jutting far out into the sea; and this pier, with another running parallel to it for a considerable distance, forms a magnificent sea-road or channel for vessels entering the port. It happened that, just as I was admiring the grandeur of the scene around me, the time of return for the numerous fleet of fishing boats belonging to the place had arrived. They are at least one hundred in number; and, if weather admits, they go out daily in order to supply the vast quantity of fish provided from hence to Nantes, and many other parts of France including even Paris.

I returned for Mrs. T——, and we walked to the pier in order to view advantageously the successive arrivals from the ocean. The wind was fresh, indeed almost a gale, but steady. Sixty or seventy large fishing boats were visible out at sea, tacking about in order to make their point. At the interval of every two or three minutes one of them entered the road, bounding

in with all the life and animation of vessels under close hauled sails and a stiff breeze, and hasting homeward under a long line of cliff and rock rising boldly on the opposite side above the pier. We spent some time on our side of the roadstead, while vessel after vessel passed within a few yards of our position. We remained until nearly all of them had entered the harbour. I have occasionally seen one, or perhaps two or three boats enter thus a narrow haven (such as that at Calais or Dieppe) and always admired the sight; but I had never before seen any spectacle of the kind at all approaching that of to-day. The number of the vessels, the rapidity of their course, the peculiarity of the local features, all combined to render it as novel as it was exhilarating. It also suggested many thoughts, for instance, on the fisherman's exposure and dangers, on his happy welcome at his home; some too of a spiritual kind—on the One only Refuge for men—on the narrow but safe way to our eternal home, on the haven of eternal rest after the toils, the perils, and the storms of life.

There are two portions of female costume in this place of a most singular character, indeed I believe unexampled elsewhere. One is a kind of small and very graceful lace cap, ending in a

point above, and widening downward, in the form of a small cone. The other article of dress was really quite extraordinary, nothing less than an enormous cape of coarse worsted fringe, at least a foot thick, and so worn on the shoulder that the head appeared emerging from a great blue bee-hive. Two or three old women were sitting in the Church thus



Fish-women.

apparelled, and presenting of course a strange spectacle to a traveller. I believe that this enormous hood was first used by the fish-women who were much exposed to cold and wet.

The Church is grand, capacious, and kept

with the utmost care, but has nothing curious in its architecture.

March 20.—To Luçon, where we slept. The only interesting object on the way is the Castle of Talmont, a tall, extensive, and finely coloured ruin. The walls have exactly the colour of cork, and might well be represented by that best of all materials for giving the appearance of old ruined walls. This was the former feudal abode of the distinguished French family La Tremouille. Luçon is a small town, though a Bishopric. Its trade is in corn of the rich neighbourhood around.

CHAPTER IX.

Excursion—Dreary walk—La Tranche—La Rochelle—History of La Rochelle—Guiton—The Siege—King Charles, Duke of Buckingham, and Richelieu—Protestant Pastor—Rochefort—Table-d'Hôte—Improved scenery—Saintes—Roman antiquities—Cognac—Jarnac—Prince de Condé—Angoulême—Grand prospect—French recruits—La Garde—Montlieu—Wild country.

March 21.—I rose early this morning to make an expedition to the village of La Tranche. It lies in a spot very inaccessible to the traveller, on the very farthest point of a long line of sand hills or ridges, having the sea on one side, and a vast extent of perfectly flat uninhabited marsh land on the other. The two ways of approaching it are by the coast from Sables or Talmont, which is very easy, or across the “marais” (as it is called) from the direction of Luçon, which is very much the reverse. I drove fifteen miles to a small town, which a good cross road reached, but no more. Through the town the way was so uneven and so full of immense pools, that I was afraid to bring my pony-carriage farther;

and accordingly received permission from the occupant of the first house in the place to put it in his yard, while the ponies were led down to the inn of the village. I then asked my way to the place of my destination. "There it is," said my informant, pointing across the dead solitary green flat, "where you see the windmill on the sables." These "sables" were an elevated ridge of sand forming the boundary of the expanse. "How far is it?" said I. "Two *mortal* good leagues," said my informant with a slow emphatic tone, "and the road as bad as bad can be. You can't go there with your carriage at all, and hardly with a horse." "I intend to walk," said I, and set off at once with an umbrella against the rain which began to fall in showers, and a thick stick against casual dogs which are very numerous and fierce in these quarters.

The walk was certainly a gloomy one; six miles in a straight line on the top of a black dyke, somewhat resembling those which I have traversed as a pedestrian in the north of Holland, but not like them with a good road on the top. Here there was nothing but black mud. It led across wet grass land, more extensive, uninhabited, and featureless than any scene of the kind which I had ever beheld in any country

whatsoever. There were only three dwellings on the way, rude homesteads for the cattle of the pasture ; and, with the exception of a family in one of them, there were not three persons in sight throughout. Indeed at one time I looked out for some horse, cow, sheep, or other animal, feeding, as a mark of life, but almost without success. However, before two hours were ended, I found myself on the "sables," and in the middle of La Tranche,* occupying the ridges at the end of a long curving spit of sand-hill, and formed of a considerable number of houses, mostly of a humble character, and not built in streets, or on any plan, but dropped irregularly on the sand which makes the only soil. These dwellings are chiefly occupied by fishermen. The Church is built in rather an elevated spot of the ridge, a low, plain building, and framed as if intended for special resistance of the wind. I could not find any monuments or inscriptions, either within or without the building ; but immediately adjoining the Church, and between it and the sea, I traversed a very rough, wild, and broken piece of ground, the church-yard of the place, and now much neglected, but much larger, and more occupied by the dead than would seem in accord-

* I see the place mentioned in books treating of the history of La Rochelle and its neighbourhood two hundred years ago.

ance with the present size and consequence of the place. Altogether, though presenting no appearance of antiquity, and no present marks of prosperity, La Tranche is a very curious scene to the stranger, with its ocean of blue waters on one side, and ocean of green flat pasture on the other. Seldom, however, is a traveller seen there. The people of the neighbourhood all expressed the greatest curiosity as to my object in the expedition; and perhaps it was well for me that no exciseman, or other obnoxious individual was expected at the time. France is happily a very safe country for the wanderer. I know of none where he can roam with less fear of unpleasant interruption on his way. I was told that the wet grass-land which I had traversed was very fertile and valuable. On its edge I saw a small and strongly fortified square castle, like those still remaining in Ireland, and quite perfect. I heard that though taken in the war of La Vendée, it made a very determined resistance, and only yielded to the battering of cannon.

March 22.—The country, which through La Vendée has been poor, desolate, and apparently neglected, here greatly improves. On approaching La Rochelle signs of wealth, care, prosperity, and population, rapidly and manifestly increase. La Rochelle is on a flat, though the name would

lead one to expect otherwise. Its towers and spires make a fair shew from a distance, scarcely maintained on nearer access to the town.

March 23.—La Rochelle is comparatively of modern construction, regularly built, completely fortified, thinly peopled, clean, quiet, with a dock in the middle of the town, protected at the entrance by two handsome, though irregularly shaped towers, and surrounded by a wide quay. By going out of the town at the north-west gate, you may reach a beautiful turf walk close to the shore, with trees on each side, and by passing a handsome bathing establishment, you may see the remains of the dyke built across the harbour at the siege of La Rochelle by Cardinal Richelieu, who conducted the work in presence of Louis XIII, and by this measure stopped all supplies to the inhabitants as well as all hope of relief from the English fleet. This was the main cause of the final surrender of the town; and with its surrender the cause of Protestantism in France received a blow from which it has never recovered.

The second siege of La Rochelle is the grand arresting point in the history of the place. The earlier records of the town chiefly refer to its varying connexions with the crowns of England and France. Then follow the vicissitudes of

feudal and civic influence, during which the Rochelais, as they are styled by French writers, showed much spirit, energy, and love of freedom. At times also its commerce was very flourishing. Intercourse was thus carried on with Flanders; and merchants returning from thence brought home the principles of the Reformed religion which had been previously introduced into that country. As elsewhere, persecution was at first tried against the citizens of La Rochelle, who adopted these tenets; but, as elsewhere, in vain. "On établit donc un langage mystérieux pour se reconnaître, s'entendre sur les places, dans les marchés, sur le port, et dans les rues. Les riches bâtirent des chapelles dans les lieux les plus cachés de leurs maisons, et comme s'ils eussent dû y ensevelir longtemps le secret de leur foi, ils y admirent les ornements et le luxe de l'architecture. Telle est l'origine des colonnes sculptées et des petits temples que l'on trouve encore dans les caves de plusieurs maisons de la Rochelle."* Soon, however, the Protestants at La Rochelle took a bold and high position, from which they never descended until compelled by dire and strong necessity. In the latter end of the 16th cen-

* Histoire de La Rochelle, par M. Dupont, p. 103.

tury, and at the beginning of the 17th, La Rochelle was the strong-hold of the Reformation in France. It endured two sieges in the cause: the first in 1573, the second in 1627. The latter was so long and severe, that perhaps in the whole history of sieges, none could be mentioned where more determination was exhibited, and more misery endured. At the head of the besieged was the civic hero, Guiton,* Mayor of La Rochelle. At the head of the besiegers was the able and acute Richelieu. Three fourths of the large population within the walls died of exhaustion and starvation before the town yielded. The imbecility of Charles and Buck-

* In the Hotel de Ville I saw the marble table at which Guiton was sitting when he undertook the Mayoralty of the town, under the condition that any one, including himself, proposing a surrender should be stabbed to the heart with the dagger which he then held in his hand, and which was to be always placed on the Council-board during their meetings. There are two rather deep dents in the marble, which the guide shews as the marks of Guiton's dagger, struck impetuously on the table when he made the declaration. If this part of the story is not apocryphal, he must have had a strong arm and well-tempered steel. I scarcely think that the hard polished marble could have been so fractured. French histories unite in the curious statement, that celebrated as Guiton was, no particulars are known regarding his later days, that is, after the siege. Researches have been made in all quarters, but without success. There is also an affecting picture at the Hotel de Ville of the starving citizens imploring Guiton to yield up the town. The union of woe and determination is finely expressed in his features and bearing.

ingham did the Rochelais much mischief. Expectation of relief from sea caused them to hold out beyond the period when resistance would have been, under other circumstances, justifiable. This relief never came, and finally was rendered impossible by the dyke built across the harbour under the orders of Richelieu. The surrender followed. Then was the downfall of Protestantism as politically powerful in France; and La Rochelle is now a thinly peopled, silent city: symmetrical, and well-kept; but devoid of interest except from the past. Neither did I find that Protestants were so numerous here as I had expected. I was told by one who had the best means of acquaintance with the subject, that they did not amount to more than seven or eight hundred persons; chiefly the higher class. They have only one Church where two pastors officiate. It was pleasant to see these words inscribed over its portal: "Temple du culte réformé." Popery is so dominant in the land that any open declaration of this kind is as rare as it is cheering to a Protestant.

March 24.—This morning we attended public worship in the Protestant Church. On our entrance, though the service had already commenced, the large edifice seemed nearly empty,

and the irreverent* lateness with which the congregation came in even surpassed anything of the kind which I had ever witnessed in England. Mr. D——, one of the pastors, preached an excellent sermon on the real nature of sin, enforcing its definition as given in the word of God, namely, “the transgression of the law.”

I sent out my invitations for evening service in my room to all the English residents in the town of whom I could hear. About twenty attended.

March 25.—We breakfasted this morning with Mr. D——, of whom I have spoken above. His reception of us was most cordial, and we not only derived much pleasure but also much use-

* In justice, however, to Protestants generally, I must say that as to punctuality of arrival at public worship, and quiet continuance in the house of God until its regular conclusion, even where the subject is least properly observed in Protestant congregations, it is far more attended to than in any congregation which I have ever seen professing the Romish faith. I think it desirable to bring this forward, as strange and most untenable statements are often heard in the present day, charging the members of our Church with irreverence because as worshipping God “in spirit and in truth,” we show that we consider such worship the main thing, and duly subordinate to it all questions of ceremony, posture, and form. Such at least is the spirit of the Reformation.

ful information from our short intercourse with a minister of much ability and truly enlightened piety.

Leaving La Rochelle we drove to Rochefort, twenty miles. Except as relieved by some good views of the sea and neighbouring islands—those of de Ré and d'Oleron—the drive was dreary and monotonous, being entirely through flat marshy land. Rochefort is a neat town of about the same population as La Rochelle, but more compact in size, and far more lively. Here, as almost everywhere else, we found an excellent dinner ready for us at the table d'hôte, neither did we ever fail to receive attention and politeness from the company present. At these tables the most perfect freedom prevails in choice of silence or of conversation; but attention to the mutual wants of the guests seems never omitted. Many sit without speaking a word,* in a manner quite unlike the habits attributed to the French; and indeed in our country it would be considered almost awkward or rude to carry the *silent system* so far as it is sometimes carried here. But it does not seem to be noticed at all at the French table-d'hôte.

* Arthur Young, speaking of the French sixty years ago, complains much of the silence of their table-d'hôtes.

People also sit down and rise up exactly as it suits their taste. In fact, socially speaking, individual liberty prevails to the utmost point consistent with general convenience. We have not met any instance in which the latter rule has been intentionally infringed.

There is, however, one detestable habit, that of spitting on the ground which sometimes must be endured ; and when there are such spit- ters the sooner you quit the table the better for your comfort. I have heard a landlord stop the exercise of their coarse proceedings by saying there were English in the room, and begging them on that account to desist.

March 26.—To Cognac, thirty-six miles. The latter part of the drive very hilly, though the road excellent throughout. Shortly after leaving Rochefort we crossed the Charente by a superb suspension bridge opened about two years ago. I may recall to the memory of travellers the bridges at the Menai Straits, and at Freyburg in Switzerland, as being of a similar character. Ships were passing under the bridge in full sail as we approached and crossed it. The structure has not the advantage of uniformity, as it takes off (if I may use the expression,) from a high hill on one side, and descends

first by very lofty, and then by progressively lowering arches into the plain itself.

On quitting the coast and turning towards the interior of France, the face of the country becomes more interesting to the traveller. There is something very attractive in the entrance to Saintes as you descend to the banks of the Charente under an arched avenue of trees. It is a very ancient town called by the Romans 'Mediolanum Santonum'; it seems prosperous, and many new houses are in progress, built of the same exquisitely white stone which forms many fair and cheerful structures on the banks of the Loire. There are also some remarkable antiquities at Saintes. Among them is a Roman amphitheatre of which the whole circuit may be traced presenting a very picturesque ruin, but without the stone seats which so vividly bring the former use of such buildings to the mind at Nismes, and Arles, and elsewhere. We also visited a very perfect, massive, well-preserved subterranean church, under a church of the usual form. The steeple was struck with lightning about six weeks ago, and suffered a rent in the very summit rendering the structure so dangerous that a board has been affixed by the police at every approach warning all passers to move on quickly, and not

to stop under the tower. The stones at the top of the steeple, for about twenty feet deep, and about a third of the circumference were rent out, and fell into the road at about nine in the morning. A dark hollow gap is thus formed at the topmost point, and more damage must I think soon ensue.

The celebrated Roman arch, until of late standing on the bridge, is now lying in fragments on the river side. However, the stones are numbered for re-erection with that care for public objects of interest which reflects so much credit on the French nation, and of which so many instances every where meet the traveller.

In the afternoon we proceeded to Cognac, through a fine fertile hilly country abounding with streams, meadows, copses, woods and vineyards. Crossing the Charente, the fair and serviceable river of this neighbourhood, we penetrated the town of Cognac by one of the worst and narrowest entrances which I ever met with on any high road. The French guide-book says, that Cognac is "*fort mal percée*," and the indictment is perfectly true. As in many other places, the inn looked very poor without, but within was quite comfortable. Indeed our room was handsomely furnished;

mirrors, carved mahogany furniture, with marble slabs, clock, ornamented lamps, &c. Every thing also clean and good—not mere show.

March 27.—While at Cognac we of course heard some particulars regarding the celebrated productions of the place, viz. brandy of the finest quality. There are several wealthy merchants established here entirely engaged in this trade. One of their villas, which we saw, was truly magnificent. When the peasants bring in the brandy it is perfectly white. I saw some in this state, but except when coloured it is not saleable; and for the English market the process is carried on farther than for any other.

To Angoulême, twenty-five miles through the same fine country* as that which we traversed yesterday afternoon. We passed through Jarnac, where the Prince de Condé, although beaten by a vastly superior force, fought most

* Occasionally we passed large tracts presenting the richest and most cultivated appearance. They were not enclosed, but occupied by all kinds of crops dispersed in small parallelograms. Every inch of soil was tilled. The lines between each division were as straight and fine as possible. Not a weed was to be seen. The stones were all carefully picked out and laid in regular heaps. At one part the land sloped towards us from a considerable distance, and I could not help thinking of it, as like one vast and flourishing "allotment" garden. Those who take an interest in the agricultural labourers of our own country will at once recognize the term and comparison.

valiantly at the head of his Protestant army. When about two miles from Angoulême on reaching the top of a lofty hill, we saw before us this ancient and stately city as it towered superbly from the midst of a rich basin of verdant and highly-cultivated land watered by rivers and streams, and adorned with scattered villages built of white and shining stone. But the chief beauty and peculiarity of the scene arose from the circle of hills by which this basin is surrounded. They are regular in shape, but not the least formal, removed on all sides, at about the same distance from the town, and while not too far for the eye to reach and survey in detail, not too near to interfere with the dignified grandeur of the one single height on which the town is built. I have never seen any other city precisely thus situated ; and certainly none which so well enables the mind to realize the local features of Jerusalem as they appear described in Scripture. We hear of "Mount Zion which cannot be removed ;" and in the next verse we hear that "the mountains are round about Jerusalem" (Psalms cxxv, 1, 2). The ancient Samaria too is called by the prophet "the glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley" (Isaiah xxviii, 4.) from being beautifully situated on the top of a round hill, and sur-

rounded immediately with a rich valley, and then by a circle of other hills, thus suggesting the idea of a chaplet or crown.

Descending from the height whence we had surveyed the scene, we traversed the plain beneath, crossed the Charente once more, and ascended into the town by a winding zig-zag road like those of Alpine passes. So steep and lofty is the site of Angoulême.

March 28.—We made to-day the circuit of the hill on which Angoulême is built, following the high terrace-walk which extends round the greater portion of the town. A glorious prospect was spread out beneath and around, rich as a natural scene, and rich as marked by the industry of man. The river approaches the walls, winds, curves, and lingers near it, and then stretching away disappears in a far distant valley.

At the table-d'hôte a gentleman was present who told us some fearful particulars of the well-known railroad accident near Paris where so many were burnt to death. He himself was on the top of one of the carriages which was overturned, and was thrown over the barrier without serious injury. The person sitting next to him had his leg broke. Those beneath him were all burnt alive. Some one remarked that

they were all destroyed in ten minutes. "Yes," said he, "in five!"

There was also a young French gentleman of mild and pleasing address in the hotel with whom I had half an hour's conversation. He was the first person whom I had met evidently and openly desirous of a war* with England. I had read enough and more than enough expressive of this desire in the public journals; but had not hitherto heard any one openly professing the same feelings.

March 29.—Leaving Angoulême we reached

* When he was speaking rather grandly of the warlike taste prevalent among the French as being deficient in England, and therefore giving to his country the highest probability of success, I could not help asking him how it happened that while we could recruit without compulsion, they could not; and I alluded to some of the scenes of distress which occur at their *tirage*, *i. e.* the annual drawing by lot for recruits out of the whole male population, reaching in that year the age of twenty-one—also to the companies of assurances placarded everywhere to provide against the chances of being drawn. His answer was: "Oh! if a man is drawn, he can easily procure a substitute." "How much," said I, "does a substitute cost?" "Twelve hundred francs." "That will not do for a poor man," said I; "and is no slight premium. If a poor man is drawn, he of course must go." No farther remark ensued. An intelligent old servant-maid who attended us at Tours, described in most affecting terms her own and her son's distress when he was drawn, and when, through his inability to obtain a *vendu* (or substitute,) as the common term is, he was obliged to give up his calling, and become a soldier entirely and most decidedly against his inclination and interest.

at sun-set a small inn at a place called La Garde Montlieu, thirty eight miles. We passed through varied scenes, but not striking in any way. There was much common, and scattered bunches of firs. The country all tossed about in hill and dale. More than fifty years ago Arthur Young remarked that the quantity of waste land in this neighbourhood was surprizing, considering that it was situated in one of the best parts of France for markets and water-carriage. At that time, a large portion of it belonged to the Prince de Soubise, alluding to whom and to the Duke de Bouillon, he says : "Go to their residence, wherever it may be, and you will find them in the midst of a forest very well peopled with deer, wild boars, and wolves."

CHAPTER X.

Bordeaux—Mildness of the weather—Village Priest—Suspension bridge—View of Bordeaux—English service—Worship of the Virgin—Strange spectacle—The Black Prince—New Prison—Passion Week—"Les Derniers jours d'un Condamné."—Capital punishment—Easter Sunday—English chapel—Country-house—The Acacia—The Landes—La Teste—Votive offerings—Pines and resin—Curious equipage.

March 30.—To Bordeaux, thirty-two miles. We were to-day no less gratified than surprized on observing the advanced foliage of spring as we came southward. Hitherto we had seen an occasional willow in leaf, and a slight tinge of green in the hedges. But after we had crossed the grand suspension-bridge of Cubzac, we traversed a rich plain in which there was already much young verdure, while scattered fruit-trees attracted the eye by their white and pink-bloom. At the inn, where we stopped in the middle of the day, Mrs. T. was presented with a beautiful bunch of flowers grown in the open air, including anemones, jonquils, and hyacinths.

The temperature both yesterday and to-day was delightful, like that of bright dry May weather at home.

I interchanged a little conversation with the priest of a village in the way. Two dogs which accompanied him seemed to be objects of his great interest; and he gave me information that they were from a celebrated breed belonging to the Duke of Wellington. Whether there is or ever was such, I could not say. We were giving away some tracts on our departure, and as the priest was looking on I requested his acceptance of a French translation of Legh Richmond's *Young Cottager*, which he readily received. Can he or any one else fail to be interested with that delightful memoir?

At Cubzac we crossed the Dordogne by the second suspension-bridge which we had passed in a short period of travel. It is a magnificent and most serviceable structure. Its situation is most favourable for beauty, being at the entrance of a vast and fertile plain, encircled by hills, and studded by habitations. The wind was rather high for about an hour to-day, and it happened this was the exact time during which we crossed in mid-air over the light and wavering fabric. When I say wavering, I mean longitudinally, because, although one might expect it otherwise,

the motion of a chain-pier or bridge, when agitated by the wind, is rather on this than on a lateral direction. I happened to be standing on the cliff at Brighton when the chain-pier was rent in two during the tremendous storm which occurred there a few years ago. The pier, on that occasion, waved from end to end before it finally gave way, with a kind of longitudinal action which I could never have imagined had I not witnessed the scene. At Cubzac the four middle supports of the bridge are not stone piers, but lofty, thin, iron pillars. They appear to be strengthened by a kind of circular iron cover or brace, which rises around them and encloses them above, acting, I should suppose, with the power and advantage of the arch. Altogether, this part of the mechanism is very peculiar. The curving line of arches supporting the road at each end, extends in opposite directions and gives the whole line of the structure somewhat the form of the letter S.

In this country the vine stocks seemed very old ; and being allowed to grow much larger and taller than any I had seen hitherto, looked like great uncouth figures throwing about their arms and claws in every direction. In the northern and midland parts of France the vine is generally kept in the strictest order by the pruner's

knife, and so closely trimmed as to have little enjoyment of anything like natural growth and liberty. I had formed, both from the descriptions of the French and those of my own countrymen, the highest expectations as to the beauty and magnificence of Bordeaux, and they were amply fulfilled. The town is first seen on this side as you descend the curve of a picturesque hill, and opens gradually to the eye like an unfolding picture. Then, the long avenue leading to the stone bridge—the bridge itself—the substantial yet highly-ornamented architecture of the town ; the extremely broad quay—the vessels, though numerous, not crowded, but scattered over the river—the expanded form and extreme cleanliness of all around : these are the characteristics of Bordeaux ; and though I first saw it at a season of the year when the sunlight of a summer evening could hardly have been expected, yet the weather was bright and warm as that of our own June ; and every one knows well how much fair weather enhances a fair scene ; yes, even one so beautiful as Bordeaux must at any time present.

March 31.—I have seen no town in France where it appeared to me that the Sabbath was nearly so well kept, regarding cessation from work, as it is at Bordeaux. A large proportion

of the shops were closed, and comparatively little business seemed going on in the streets. However, when the evening came we had from our windows the painful sight of crowds pressing into the magnificent theatre. We attended English service in a new and handsome chapel, and were glad to hear of full services for the week. It is a pleasure and a privilege to us as travellers that we have the opportunity of quietly spending Passion Week with a regular congregation of our countrymen. The crowd which assembled this evening on the broad and favourite walk of Bordeaux formed quite an extraordinary sight. I certainly never saw such a multitude moving in a similar space. The scene is so curious, that one of the prints offered in Bordeaux is a mere picture of the throng. Long after we had retired to rest, the multitude was crowding our street which was close to the promenade. Some parties went by singing most vigorously, some with fine voices. The main cause of all this is the weather; actually that of our summer, mellow, warm, dry, and perfect for enjoyment. The warmth suddenly commenced this last day of March. It had been fine and bright for the season, though varied during the whole month. Only one day of cold east wind.

April 2.—On the door of the Cathedral I saw a notice affixed that on Easter Sunday the Bishop of Bordeaux would give to the people the “*Bénédiction papale.*” At one of the chapels in another Church, that of St. Michael, are the following words in large and conspicuous characters, so placed as to meet the attention of all who pass by: “*Allez à Jesus par Marie,*” an exact parody of the words and testimony of Scripture regarding our Saviour’s office as the *one* mediator between God and man—an office so valued, so sacred, and so unapproachable in the estimation of every enlightened believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. Surely a heathen noticing the crowns in almost every church on the head of the Virgin Mary, the numberless titles given to her as a queen, the many pictures of deliverance in which she alone appears, the decorations of the altar raised to her honour, and the number of her special devotees, choosing this special altar for their prayers, surely a heathen for the first time witnessing such sights, would think that the Saviour of men must be a Goddess, not the great Jehovah, the Lord God Almighty.

In the vaults of the belfry of St. Michael’s Church is a circular apartment strangely occu-

pied, viz. by a row of dead bodies, which merely through some property of the earth in the neighbouring cemetery have been long preserved in a most curious state of perfection. I have in general an extreme dislike to such scenes, and avoid them; but in this case, as I was looking up at the belfry, the guardian came up suddenly with his keys, and supposed me desirous of seeing the dead bodies. I consented to follow him, and at all events the sight was very curious; far less offensive too than I should have expected. The corpses were so dry and tanned that they gave me very much the idea of a mummy. Here were bodies some of which had been interred five hundred years ago, and some not one hundred years ago. The history of some was well known from the inscriptions which had been over the tombs from which they had been removed. There was one body of a giant from Limoges; four of a family poisoned together; one of an officer who was killed in a duel with the wound visible in his breast; and one, very horrible from its contortions, supposed by medical and scientific men to be in such an attitude that it must have belonged to some one buried alive. One can only *hope* that those who have formed this con-

clusion may have been deceived in their fearful supposition. These bodies were disinterred at the time of the Revolution.

April 3.—During a walk round the town to-day, and while passing along a narrow back street, called “*la Rue des Bahutiers*,” (or press-maker’s,) I saw a piece of stone sculpture on the front of a small old house. It represented, or sought to represent the Trinity and other sacred mysteries. There was a singular notice inscribed across it in large capitals, “*antiquité à vendre.*” In fact the whole of the sculptured front was for sale.

Speaking to-day with a gentleman long resident at Bordeaux regarding the trade and prosperity of the place, he seemed to consider it rather declining than advancing. Much of the American trade has of late gone to Havre ; and Marseilles has had a new and general activity given to its port by the colony of Algeria. Bordeaux, he said, required some impulse of the kind to keep up its relative position with these two great ports of France.

April 4.—I was rather amused to-day by noticing the appellation given to the Black Prince in a well-known and favourite French guide-book. It contains a list of many illustrious characters of whom Bordeaux was the

birth-place. One of them is thus styled, "*Le général Anglais, connu sous le nom du Prince Noir.*" I can imagine no other reason for this singular periphrasis, except an unwillingness to bring to mind the dominion of English Kings at the place, and the consequent birth of an English Prince at Bordeaux. I must, however, observe that such a feeling does not seem general, as we have been constantly reminded of the former English rule in this part of their country by Frenchmen themselves during our travels in the west of France.

This day being Thursday in Passion Week is specially kept as a religious festival, and all the inhabitants are walking, about the town under a blue sky and brilliant sun. The chief occupations seem to be that of proceeding from Church to Church to see the altars, highly decorated with flowers and illuminated with candles, and also with transparencies, representing the scenes of our Lord's Passion. The new prison, built for containing prisoners in separate cells, is also open to the public for this day only. An immense crowd of all ranks and ages was collected there at the time of our visit. At each end of the two main halls, into which the cells open, altars were raised on light open platforms, so that all the prisoners may, in a cer-

tain manner, be present to witness the ceremony of the mass. The edifice is well warmed, well lighted, and by no means gloomy for a structure of the kind.

I read to-day that short but celebrated production, "les Derniers jours d'un Condamné." It is indeed a singular composition. It first appeared without the author's name, or any other preface than a few lines stating that the following thoughts had been found on some fragments of paper, and that the reader might form his own opinion whether they contained the real experience of a prisoner condemned to death, or whether they were the production of some philosophic and observant mind, which merely described the possible and probable experience of one placed in such a situation. The short treatise made a great sensation in France; and I should suppose in some measure was effectual in raising or maintaining the opposition to capital punishment. The author then came forward, said that the aim of the book was accomplished, and gave his name. To the later editions he has added a long preface in which he strenuously denounces capital punishment.

The book itself is merely the expression of such feelings as the author supposes to have passed through the mind of a criminal condemn-

ed to death. We are not precisely told who he is, nor what he was condemned for, nor is any other circumstance related in a narrative form, though certain vague notices incidentally appear. The condemned man writes down his own experience, briefly, simply, touchingly, fearfully. The history of the condemned cell, and the appalling circumstances preparatory to execution are laid bare in all their stern and terrible reality. The author takes the subject of his imaginary Memoir as a single isolated being, keenly alive to all human feelings, and concentrates all your interest on him alone. The miseries inflicted by lawless crime, the claims of protection on the part of society at large, the justice of the sentence, the enormity of the culprit's guilt, these and all such questions are passed over in silence. Hence the strength and effect of the work, hence it carries the reader away as by a torrent. But though the effect is and must be great, it is morally and socially unfair, and hence the book (to use a German epithet) is quite *one-sided*.

April 7, Easter Sunday.—We attended this morning at the English Chapel with that deep and lively appreciation of the services of our Church, which perhaps is no where so strongly felt as in a foreign land, and after a temporary

deprivation of them. And though I have attended many services, as held by other branches of the true Protestant Church, yet I can say without hesitation, that in my opinion, and as to my own feeling none approach our own. We attended public worship in the afternoon at the "Temple," joined in the devotions of our French brethren, and heard a sermon on the parable of the vineyard in the first chapter of Isaiah. In the evening we were present at a small religious meeting (called here a *réunion*) held by Mr. L—— in the house of his father.

April 8.—Mr. L. senior, who has long resided in this town, was so kind as to take me this morning to visit his "campagne" (or country-house) which, although quite close to Bordeaux, unites garden, vineyard, orchards, coppices, wood and meadow. To me, as a stranger, and one who always prefers rural to civic life, the walk was most agreeable, and every information was given in answer to many questions on rural affairs in France. The house, with offices, including one filled with barrels of wine, stood in the middle of avenues and tall clipped walks which approach it on every side. Immediately in front of the house stood a thick grove of overshadowing trees. Passing under them, we entered a

plot of ground occupied by well-chosen shrubs, among which were several specimens of the evergreen magnolia challenging our admiration by its broad and brilliant leaf. In the middle of this shrubbery were a few of the more delicate vegetables, including peas and asparagus, and many flowers were scattered about. Beyond this division were fruit trees, including figs and mulberries. Vines occupied the extremity of the enclosure. Returning to the rear of the house we passed some verdant meadow-land on which sheep, were grazing ; and to my surprize, as I had never seen any thing of the kind before, entered a coppice of acacias. I said, "What can these be for?" "Oh!" said my friend, "they are more profitable to me than the vines." I was quite unable to conceive how these long thin sticks, varying from twelve to twenty feet in height could be of such value, until I was told that the growth of the tree was of such extraordinary rapidity, and the wood so strong, straight, and hard, that these poles were cut every three years to make supports for the vines. Around me were shoots of only one year's growth : yet full twelve feet in height. A little farther on were others of two years, much thicker, and though of course not double in height, still much taller ; and a little farther on were the old roots from which the poles of

three years' growth had lately been cut down. It struck me that the tree might prove very valuable for the hops in our own country. The chestnut-tree poles are much used in France for purpose of supporting the vines; but they take twice as long in growth as the acacia, and only bring about one sixth additional price. The acacia is here propagated by seed. I saw one very curious tree of this genus with pliant hanging boughs—a kind of weeping acacia. It had most enormous thorns and prickles.

On this side of the house were also vines, green avenues, a pretty little labyrinth, and a flower garden.

Altogether, though perfectly flat, the demesne was so laid out as to unite many charms of pleasure grounds with a profitable return.

In summer the house is occupied by the owner and his family, who reside in town during the winter: a custom very general among French proprietors.

April 9.—The railroad which has been lately formed from Bordeaux to La Teste on the “bassin d’Arcachon,” affords to the traveller an easy method of seeing a part of the great and singular district called the “Landes,” lying on the sea-coast from Bordeaux to Bayonne, and extending inward over a large tract of country.

I left Bordeaux by the train at nine o'clock this morning. During the first twenty minutes we passed by several pretty villas with gardens and vineyards. However, we soon entered pine-woods, alternating with wild tracts, now yellow with the flowering gorse. Then we traversed an extensive plain of the poorest sandy soil, just browned by a short matting of heath. The horizon here began to flatten in the manner so peculiar to these localities. The cause is the entire absence of any prominent ground or other feature rising up and marking the distance.

After passing a number of small railroad stations, but no village until near the end of our journey, we arrived at La Teste near which the ground was under cultivation. To the right appeared the "bassin d'Arcachon," a vast well-closed harbour of eighteen leagues, as I heard, in circumference. A few fishing vessels were the only visible craft.

La Teste itself is a village quite devoid of interest. The attractions to the visitor lie in the curious locality around, and especially at a point, something less than two miles farther on, where there is an establishment for sea-bathing, and a good hotel, or rather two, counting the former establishment as one. I found that the means of reaching this point were these :—by boat, by

wading through a wet, sandy salt-marsh, by following the bend of the shore on a raised narrow dyke, and then crossing the woods and the sand-hills. I chose the latter. During the season, carriages also convey the visitors, but the drive is very rough.

The sun was very hot, and the sand very heavy to walk through, but by following an old woman mounted on a donkey I was not long in reaching Mr. Legallais' large and comfortable hotel, situated on a shore of smooth sand with an ample view of the whole bay in front. At about thirty yards from the back of the houses commences the picturesque woody district of the neighbourhood. Those who voluntarily come hither are of course in most cases fond of such scenes, and they will be delighted with the sea thus immediately before them, and the forest immediately behind.

After a little rest, refreshment, and chat with the friendly host I set out, under the guidance of a little boy, to see a chapel built in the depth of the forest, and much frequented by the sailors of the neighbourhood. I reached it by the shore, and returned through the wood. It stands about two hundred yards inland, surrounded by small open glades, reminding me of those which often

appear in the neighbourhood of some cottage or lodge in the heart of the New Forest. The name is *La Chapelle d'Arcachon*. I hear that it is supported by mariners and visitors to the baths, and that in the summer season service is regularly performed.

The chapel is rather showily decorated and very well kept. A few pictures of deliverances from danger, chiefly from perils by sea, were hung on the walls as votive offerings, and three or four models of ships were suspended from the ceiling. But there was one of these offerings so extremely interesting from the attached history, that I must describe it a little in detail. It consisted of a small barrel or keg, eighteen inches in length, and a foot in diameter, painted pink, with a picture on it of a man supporting himself by a similar barrel in the water. The inscription explains the whole matter; it is as follows on one side, and at the two ends of the barrel :

ce baril
lui a servi
de sauvelage.

Vœu d'Osmin Laborde
en mémoire du péril auquel
il a échappé le 2 février, 1842,
dans le golfe de Mexique.

il a
resté 6 heures
dans l'eau.

There is something very pleasing in the simple character of this memorial; and happily there is not expressed here any of that *culte de Marie* which almost universally appears in these votive

offerings,* and gives such pain to all enlightened Christians. A MS. inscription posted over the alms-box and addressed “*aux visiteurs de la chapelle,*” clouded at once that pleasure which the tranquil and devotional character of the place was calculated to inspire.

Vous qui, dans ce lieu solitaire,
Venez offrir votre prière
A la mère du Roi des cieux,
Protectrice des malheureux, &c. &c.

I returned to the inn after viewing from a distance the lofty light-house of Arcachon. This time we went straight through the woods under a bright and glowing sun. The ground was thrown about in long and lofty ridges, but entirely covered with brushwood and foliage, among which the arbutus was very abundant. Above our heads, and far as the eye could reach, were pines,† not growing up bare and straight, but wide and free so as to form

* At St. Seurin in Bordeaux, there are votive pictures of sick and dying persons attended by their relatives pointing with one hand to the sufferer, and with the other appealing to the Virgin Mary, who appears in the clouds as if “mighty to save.”

† Arthur Young, speaking of the Landes of Bordeaux, calls them “sandy tracts covered with pine trees, cut regularly for resin,” and continues: “Historians report that when the Moors were expelled from Spain, they applied to the Court of France for leave to settle on and cultivate these *Landes*, and that the Court was much condemned for refusing them.”

with the copse below a variety of picturesque foregrounds. One side of these trees was generally laid bare by the axe for about twelve feet from the ground, and out of this bare white gash the resin was plentifully exuding, and dropping down into an oblong cavity cut in the bottom of the tree. When the trees bent much, boards were added in the proper direction to catch the fluid. This resin is collected every week. Each proprietor has his *resinnier*, as this functionary is called. A first-rate tree will produce fifteen pounds weight per year, worth three or four francs. The price varies from sixty to eighty pounds the *barrique*. It is sent to all parts of the country, some of it to England. The value of the land here has increased enormously during the last twenty-five years, from increased means of communication with markets for the special produce of the district.

Such was the information which I received on the spot. I visited a poor man's cottage in the woods ; it was a wretched wooden abode with the sky appearing through the crannies. The family bore all the signs of extreme poverty.

The landlord's son was going to Bordeaux by the train in the evening, and I accompanied him to the station. Our equipage was a farm-

cart, guided tandem-wise by a driver sitting on the shafts. Two strong horses had hard work to pull us through the heavy sand. The leader, though it was his first essay, took us along safely among trees and hillocks, acting for himself like other French horses. The young landlord chose, as his position, the hinder end of the cart with his legs hanging down, perhaps for a speedy exit as occasion might require. Liberty being the order of the day, I sat on an old jacket with my back propped firm against one side of the cart, and feet pressed hard against the other, trying the effect of sitting close as we rose at the stumps and hillocks. However, I soon found a loose seat much more desirable; and accordingly at the proper moment, I relaxed feet and back, and tried the effect of balance. The exercise was rather severe, but did not signify for a short distance. I should put it in the ratio of about three to one in favour of a pair of human legs against the cart and pair of steeds.

CHAPTER XI.

Enfants Trouvés—Service for Sailors—English Captain—English Sailors at Bordeaux—Their state considered—Departure from Bordeaux—St. Emilion—The Dordogne—Beautiful Church—Antique houses—Picturesque walk—M. Guadet—Reign of Terror—Madame Bouquey—Victims of the Revolution—The late Duke of Orleans—Departure for St. Emilion.

April 10.—We visited to-day two magnificent hospitals, one of the ordinary character for the sick, the other for the *Enfants Trouvés*—that is, for children whose parents from various reasons abandon them, or at least make them dependant on the public. The hospital for the sick is a vast and cheerful building furnished with extensive arcades and pleasant flower-gardens, and offering in every department evidences of the utmost care, attention, and liberality.

The establishment for the *Enfants Trouvés* is equally grand and complete. We were shown

over it by one of those *sœurs* who appear throughout France to have the superintendance of charitable institutions. Our guide told us that not a day passed without the reception of infants. Sometimes a bell was rung, and they were deposited in the box which turns in the wall of the building without the bearer being either seen or spoken to ; at other times the children were openly brought in to the institution. The propriety and desirableness of having such institutions at all is a very difficult question, into which I shall not enter, but it was at all events a very interesting and affecting sight to see such a multitude of young creatures under such circumstances : first the babies of a few days old—then children, such as we should see gathered in an infant school—then the girls employed at their needle, and the boys in various handicrafts. I was informed that this public or charitable institution provided for the young, extends its care for them to their twenty-first year.

April 11.—During my attendance at the English Church in this place, I had observed that very few sea-faring men were present in proportion to the large number of English vessels in the river. This latter point of course varies ; but at present, as I heard from very

good authority, there were at least thirty. This would afford a complement of nearly three hundred sailors; but, although I was at church two Sundays, including Easter day, I certainly did not see six men present on any occasion, whom I should have supposed belonging to that class.

These circumstances made me desirous of employing a Sunday for their benefit, especially as I found on making inquiries that this absenteeism from Church was not caused by their attendance on any other means of grace, either ashore or afloat. Indeed the only place where I could discover that they assembled at all for such objects was on board a vessel belonging to Scarborough. I went on board this vessel, and was received by the captain in the most friendly manner. We spoke together for some time on the religious condition of sailors. In this port, he said, their attendance at any public worship was most scanty. He had himself been at church here, and lamented that so few were present. They went nowhere else, except the few, perhaps twelve or fifteen, who met on Sunday in his cabin, but without any ministerial aid. He heartily welcomed my proposal of officiating on board his vessel the next Sunday, and said that he would make it known that a clergyman would

be there. I was much pleased with the zeal, simplicity, and faith in God, as well as with the Scriptural knowledge and experience shewn by my new acquaintance in our short interview. On all the various subjects which we spoke, including many entirely of doctrinal character, we were altogether one. God be praised for that unity, with which he endows the members of His Church. They may differ in every other circumstance of natural character and life, but in spirit they must be one, for Christ has prayed that so it should be; and him "the Father heareth always." That prayer of Jesus must be fulfilled. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe in me through their word; that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they may be made perfect in one." John xvii, 20, 21.

April 14, Sunday.—According to my engagement I officiated twice to-day in behalf of the sailors. The ship-cabin was small, and about twenty of that class who attended, together with two or three captains completely filled it. Earnest attention was displayed by all present; and I trust that we did not separate without experiencing the power and goodness of God. Some of the congregation were bound for long voyages, others were returning homewards, and I was to

set off on a long land journey the next morning, into scenes altogether new and strange to me. As we wished one another God's speed on descending from the vessel, and crossing the water on a most lovely night, I know that brotherly and Christian love was among us ; I know that peace and joy had been in our assembly, such as no worldly meeting can either give or leave. And need one hesitate in giving expression to the hope that some vigorous and speedy measures may be undertaken to induce the English sailors to attend Church at Bordeaux more than is the case at present. It cannot be denied that plenty of room is offered them in the large English Church, and that they would be most welcome ; but sailors especially need to be sought out, and thus "compelled to come in." What clergyman, accustomed to fulfil the pastoral ministry, has not found the benefit of making some special class of his parishioners the special objects of his care and attention, when he has found, by sad experience, that this peculiar class were living in habitual neglect of public worship ? Many have been thus induced to attend ; and sometimes very unexpected success has been the result of efforts thus directed. Sailors, too, from being always among companions, are very social beings, very gre-

garious, much given to follow one another. If they go to a church and see few or none of their own class, they will not go again. But let them be visited—on board their vessels if needful—and addressed in kind, plain, earnest language, they will receive a clergyman as well as any people in the whole world; they will listen to his persuasions. Some will attend his ministry at once. Many others will follow. May God revive His work for the benefit of our sailors who visit Bordeaux! I think that a “token for good” was granted to me within twenty-four hours of my evening congregation, for on visiting an English gentleman next morning, whose well-deserved influence is not surpassed by that of any resident in the town, our conversation was directed to the subject of which I write, and he said that he would that very day bring the religious condition of the sailors under consideration in those quarters, where extensive and legitimate exertions might be made with most effect and with most expectation of success.

April 15.—We left Bordeaux this morning after a very pleasant sojourn in that beautiful and grand city. We boarded in a private house in the Cours du Jardin Public for the chief

part of our stay, and had much reason to feel indebted to the family* in which we were received and remained above a fortnight. The friendly kindness and refined attention which we experienced very much contributed to our pleasing recollections of the visit to Bordeaux. The weather had been warm, bright, and cheering during our whole stay, and thus early in spring we had enjoyed the temperature of our own June. During seven or eight days all the inhabitants of Bordeaux seemed to have been living in the open air till ten or eleven at night.

Our first object on quitting Bordeaux was that of visiting the curious town and antiquities of St. Emilion, at about twenty miles' distance. We were not sure whether we should find any accommodation there for the night ; but, at all events, made up our minds to be satisfied with any which the place might afford. The weather is really so brilliant and settled, both by night and by day, that one is comparatively independent of lodging. After proceeding through a varied and rich country we passed the Dordogne at Libourne, and skirting this town, pur-

* I need not hesitate to mention the name of Mr. Crowe, in the Cours du Jardin Public.

sued the highway till we reached a lane, which twines into a hollow gorge flanked by sloping vineyards. We soon saw St. Emilion hanging most picturesquely on the slopes before us, not exactly in a semicircular form, but rather in that of a horse-shoe, which, in scenery, has a still finer effect, from the closer approximation of the terminating horns. I have seldom seen a locality of which it is more difficult to give any adequate representation, and yet seldom one which more deserves the attempt. But in order to understand and appreciate the local features of the place, a little of its history must be known.

The name of this town is derived from Emilion, a Breton of the eighth century, distinguished for his ascetic devotion. He fixed on this place as his residence, and took up his abode in a grotto cut out in the rock. Other men of the same habits and character joined him; and ere long a vast Church was excavated in the rock, and an ecclesiastical establishment founded in the place. This was ravaged by the Normans in the tenth century, but afterwards revived; and, down to the time of the French Revolution, St. Emilion was distinguished for the number of its churches, ecclesiastical wealth,

and general prosperity as a "*commune*."* When the Church property was seized, the town at once sank into poverty and destitution, having no peculiar trade, nor that access by water enjoyed so abundantly by most of the neighbouring localities. It had chiefly depended on the ecclesiastical expenditure: this was at once dried up. The natural consequences followed.

The above sketch, which I have abridged from a very interesting volume written by M. Guadet, concerning his native town, accounts for the many evidences of its former wealth amidst its present poverty.

I shall now describe the features of St. Emilion as presented to the observation of a passing traveller.

We entered the town by a very narrow street, and inquiring for the inn were told there was one on the "*place*." Ascending to this "*place*" which was not more than thirty or forty yards across, we saw an inn of a very humble character, but clean; and here we remained for the night. Immediately in front of this inn rose a

* I heard that its population had amounted to twelve thousand. M. Guadet's book mentions, that the town suffered peculiarly from the loss of its communal privileges, as well as from the loss of ecclesiastical wealth.

most curious assemblage of picturesque objects, all thrown and massed together. To begin at the left: first, there was the round end of a chapel having the appearance of a delicate little temple—rather Grecian in character, and of beautiful effect, if not quite pure as to order and style. Then succeeded a richly carved old arched door-way forming once the grand entrance into a subterranean Church.* Next to this was a row of Gothic windows cut in the rock to light the subterraneous Church, and presenting, when viewed from without, dark and defined black cavities which admirably set forth their outline. Above these were other excavations of an arched form, but plain. The large and picturesque rock, on which all this was executed, gave nourishment to numerous plants, including an abundance of wall-flowers, which added in no slight degree to the beauty of the scene. And from the rock just over the subterranean Church rose a tall and commanding old spire.

Such was the extraordinary mass of architectural and natural objects which attracted our eyes just opposite to the inn, and well deserved the admiration which it drew from us both by

* This celebrated monolithic church is very lofty; one hundred and twenty feet in length, and sixty in breadth.

day and by night. It was as beautiful by one light as the other; and I must not forget to mention that all the surrounding objects were just in character. No new smart buildings, nothing in a straight and formal line, but small hanging terraces with straying vines, and quaintly shaped houses of great antiquity, massed and thrown together on the side of the neighbouring hill.

We made a complete circuit of the walls and then crossed the town. On every side there were ruins of churches, monasteries and public buildings; many of them very graceful and curiously mingled with the streets and houses. I can only account for this peculiarity by their having been so numerous, relatively to the size of the place. As usual, on inquiry, we found that this destruction took place at the Revolution.

The walk round the walls was one succession of pictures. We had nothing to do but to compass with the eye a small space of the old crumbled walls before us at every few steps, and a fine foreground picture was in view. The colour of these walls was a rich, but light yellow. They were every where broken and impaired, yet no where completely overthrown. Every kind of mural plant, and foliage rose,

hung, or projected sideways from its crevices. Among these were numerous wall-flowers, now flowering luxuriantly; and here and there a dark mass of ivy creeping up to the top, mingled with the roots of some fruit-bearing tree, now covered with its white and snowy bloom, and crowning the top of the wall. Here and there too were dark, black cavities, forming the entrances to vast subterranean excavations, from which all the building-stone employed in the place has been hewn. In many openings appeared terraces with small fanciful gardens. At others we looked in among the remains of fair buildings, only fragments, yet most graceful in decay. Here and there were houses on the wall, like those mentioned in Scripture,* from which a person let down by a cord would at once be out of the city. Such was our circuit. We went out under one arch, and returned under another: the celebrated vines of St. Emilion having been at one side of us during our whole course, and all being seen under a deep blue sky, and in the light of a brilliant sun, which gave strength and depth to every shadow,

* Rahab let down the spies "by a cord through the window, for her house was on the town-wall, and she dwelt upon the wall," Josh. ch. ii, v. 15. The disciples took Paul "by night and let down by the wall in a basket." Acts, ch. ix, v. 25.

and shed on every fair object that increased beauty which nothing but sun-light can bestow.

At the end of M. Guadet's work on St. Emilion, which I have already mentioned, is a most affecting history connected with this locality at the period of the Revolution. Among its victims were many of his own relatives. His uncle, one of the most distinguished inhabitants of the place, was of the party of the Girondins who were at first so powerful, but afterwards utterly proscribed and destroyed. During the Reign of Terror, Guadet and several others among his political associates, sought to escape the search of their enemies in St. Emilion and its neighbourhood. At one time they hid themselves in the vast quarries* which lie underneath the town ; at another in a deep cellar ; at another in the house of a faithful shop-keeper of the place ; at another in the house of a lady, Madame Bouquey, who acted in the most heroic and devoted manner for their preservation. Such was the "terror" of the times, that in both the latter places of refuge, the increased provisions absolutely needful to support life for the increased number of inmates could only be

* These quarries were at one time searched with dogs, all places of exit being closed and watched.

procured by the utmost exertion and most ingenious devices. All, however, was in vain. Guadet, at last, unable to conceal himself elsewhere was shut up in a place of concealment formed in his father's house; but the practised eye of his pursuers observed that a room below was shorter than a corresponding one above. He was discovered, and executed at Bordeaux. His brother, a noble-minded youth of sixteen years, shared his fate; and to use the words of his kinsman, "Only one member of the family of Guadet survived, who being a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army was absent in St. Domingo at the time!" Encouraged by our landlord, we visited a lady residing in the town who was nearly related to these victims of the Revolution, and sister of the gentleman who wrote the work from which I have abridged this history, in order to see some prints of the town which we heard were in her possession. She received us most obligingly and showed us the designs; but they did little justice to their subjects.

In 1839 the Duke of Orleans visited the town, and a tent was erected for his reception on the rock above the subterranean Church. Part of the refreshment offered was of St. Emilion's choice productions: wine and "macarons," or almond-cakes, exported far and wide. Here,

as any where else, the young Prince left impressions of the most favourable kind.

Our inn was held and served by an old couple who between them accomplished all the work of the household. They did all in their power to make us comfortable, and we took leave of them and St. Emilion the next morning much pleased by our visit to the place, and able to recommend the excursion to all who visit Bordeaux, or approach this neighbourhood.

I see by my French Guide-book that a work is published called "Ermitage antique de St. Emilion," with twelve engravings, a Memoir of the Antiquarian Society of France.

CHAPTER XII.

Bergerac—Castillon—Earl of Shrewsbury—The Dordogne—Protestant Temple—Colporteur—Sale of Bibles and Testaments—St. Mames—M. Franconi and his stud—Périgueux—Fine piece of oak carving—Palais de Justice—Examination of a Prisoner—Ruins—Brives—Duke de Liancourt—Poverty of the Inhabitants—Patois—Cahors—General Brune—M. Majour—"Petit Seminaire"—Silvio Pellico—Brives la Gaillarde.

April 16.—To Bergerac, twenty-four miles. Along the valley of the Dordogne, a perfect flat; but enclosed the whole way by two ridges of hills at a few miles distance from each other. Thick crops of wheat, rye, clover, vetches, &c., the whole way. Few vines in the valley; but the hills covered with them. As we approached Bergerac, the whole country was spotted with separate small dwellings. I do not remember to have seen, in any country whatsoever, a population so numerous as scattered agriculturists; nor do I except Ireland.

During the day we passed Castillon, where the important battle was fought in 1453

between the English, under the Earl of Shrewsbury, and a far superior force of the French. "The result of Talbot's defeat and death was the capture of Bordeaux from the English, and their final expulsion from Guienne."*

Bergerac is agreeably situated on a hill rising above the Dordogne. Our time there was very short; but on the evening of our arrival I had a walk under a brilliant sunset through a succession of gardens adjoining the town, which were perfect specimens of market-gardens under the highest cultivation. They were open as a promenade to strangers and the inhabitants of the town. It was a very gratifying sight to see the numbers who availed themselves of this permission, and walked up and down quietly and harmlessly between the rich and well-watered beds. I also visited Mr. Buisson's nursery garden which contains a valuable collection of plants.

There is a Protestant Temple† at Bergerac,

* Murray's Hand-book, p. 25.

† When I passed through this part of the country, I was not aware of the large number of Protestants, as well as of Ministers and congregations in the neighbourhood. However, at a subsequent period, I received some valuable information on the subject from M. Duploux, a Colporteur of St. Foy, whom I had the pleasure of seeing at Luz. I am glad to be able to introduce

and a great proportion of the population are Protestants. At St. Foy, near Bergerac, is a large Protestant school.

April 17.—To Périgueux, thirty miles. The weather was now so hot that when we had a full day's journey to accomplish, we made our arrangement for a morning and evening drive. The country which we traversed to-day was a complete contrast to that of yesterday. The road, instead of being straight, wound in every direction, and after the first few miles entered a country of steep hills covered with copse and

it in these pages, as it refers to a part of the country almost unknown to English travellers. He told me that there were twenty-five Protestant "Temples" in St. Foy and the neighbourhood, and that in the flourishing school for Protestants in that town, there were one hundred and thirty pupils. I also heard from the same authority, that in the department of the "Charente Inférieure," there were eighteen thousand Protestants, and at least fifty "Temples." I also received from Mr. D— some interesting accounts concerning the sale of bibles and testaments by means of Colporteurs. He told me that at Périgueux, a Colporteur had sold in one year seventeen hundred bibles and testaments, and at another period thirteen hundred in eight months. My informant and his young colleague, whom I also saw at Luz, had sold at Barèges, Luz, and in the neighbouring mountains, in the three weeks previous to my seeing them, one hundred and seventy-seven testaments and four bibles. They select a certain district, and offer the Scriptures for sale almost from house to house. The usual price is ten-pence for the testaments, and from two shillings and a penny, to two shillings and sixpence for bibles.

wood, but dwarf and scanty in growth as if from poverty of soil. The features of the scenery were grand, but rather monotonous; and in consequence of the woods and copses being here almost exclusively of oak, all was brown as winter; while among meadows, hedge-rows, and foliage, composed of other trees, the rich unsullied verdure of early spring is now putting forth its beauty.

We stopped for several hours at St. Mames. Before the door a van and a long train of carriages was drawn up. A great bustle was evident at the inn. The fact was, that M. Franconi of Paris, with his cavalcade of forty-five horses, and all his *suite* (for such it may well be called) were resting here for a few hours on their way to Nantes. His company was just sitting down to their *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and gave no little occupation to the household. We were some time before we could get a share of our host's attention, which happened to be particularly requisite this morning as we had had a long drive, and really needed breakfast without delay. However, under the circumstances, we could not expect the usual immediate notice; and we did not I hope appear, as the accusation was against some of our countrymen, to suppose that hotels were kept up for us alone all over the world.

Two stables were filled with long lines of handsome horses belonging to Mr. Franconi. There were also some little ponies—two from Scotland. A young Englishman in his party told us about their proceedings. They travelled at a foot's pace during the whole journeys, often extended to forty miles in the day; and by this plan the horses did not get out of condition, as, he said, would certainly be the case on any other. I had also some conversation with M. Franconi, an elderly man of intelligent and quiet bearing. Also with a lady of his party. It was truly a patriarchal assemblage, including women and children. They travelled in very comfortable carriages, and set off about two hours before us. I said to Mrs. T— that we should in all probability be mistaken for some of his troop; and this soon happened to us. We stopped at a small inn to give hay and water to my horses. The hostess asked me how long our "company" was going to remain in the neighbourhood; but finding out her mistake from some answer of mine, she said, "Pardon, Monsieur, je croyais que vous étiez le directeur de la compagnie." And I had not been half an hour at Périgueux, which we reached soon after the arrival of M. Franconi, before I had another proof of my being taken for the same celebrated personage. On my going to

a chemist's shop, a very similar question was put to me there, and being much amused at the mistake, I said in answer, "I guess whom you mistake me for." "Vous êtes Franconi n'est-ce pas?" "No," said I. "Oh!" said the chemist, "I saw you coming up the street just now, and every body said you were Franconi. You came up with two little ponies." "I did," said I, "but I cannot claim the honour of being that well known individual."

Périgueux, from that road by which we approached it, is not seen until you are close to its walls; but I ascertained its situation long before from the thin blue, hazy smoke hanging amidst the hills, and denoting a town below. The approach is fine through a narrow gorge of rapid descent, and the entrance cheerful over a river, and up an arcade of trees. If you wish to retain a good opinion of the place walk round it, and all will please. Enter it, and nothing will please. Périgueux contains several streets, narrower than any which I have seen elsewhere. One with good sized houses of three stories high is not above nine feet broad for a considerable distance of its length. There is a fine quadruple avenue of trees bordering one side of the town; and pleasant walks have lately been planted elsewhere, which, together with the sight of fine bold

hills rising around on every side make an attractive scene. In the Cathedral I saw the finest piece of oak carving which I have hitherto met with. It represents the Virgin Mary ascending into Heaven from the midst of the twelve Apostles. Christ appears above, looking down and holding in his hand a crown. The piece is about thirty feet high, and besides two twisted columns of most finished execution has numerous rich compartments and exquisite medallions of carved work. The whole is in perfect freshness and preservation. In the immediate neighbourhood of the town a large building is in progress as a Seminary for priests. It is a noble Grecian edifice of white stone and vast size. The *Palais de Justice* is also a large Grecian building, admirably well arranged inside. The assizes were going on during our stay. The doors of the court stood wide open, two soldiers keeping order within. In the most conspicuous place was a crucifix. Below in large letters was the just and excellent inscription, "Tous les Français sont égaux devant la loi." The President, in scarlet robes, sat with two or three other judges in black. When I visited the court, so far as I could ascertain, a man was under a charge either of fraudulent bankruptcy, or of removing goods for his own benefit which ought to have belonged to his

creditors. He sat in the middle of four *gens-d'armes*. Shortly after I entered, the President beckoned the prisoner to approach. He obeyed, and had to mount a little wooden platform raised about two steps from the ground immediately in front of the judge. Then began that scene so strange to our notions of criminal jurisprudence, so natural to those of the French. I mean the examination and cross-examination of the prisoner himself. The President asked him several questions, sometimes taking him up and saying, "You stated just now," &c. Some of the jury then questioned him; then one of the judges, then the President again, and to my great surprise, none of these personages waited till another was done, but spoke out abruptly, and even eagerly, before the unhappy prisoner was out of the hands of his previous examiner. None of those officiating seemed surprised at this part of the proceeding, though I must say it seemed to me not only most unfair to the prisoner, even in the principles of the system, but also most irreconcilable with the order and dignity of a Court of Justice. I could not help pitying the prisoner thus cross-examined,*

* I seldom can read any French criminal trial of importance without a feeling of abhorrence, in regard to some of the questions put to the unhappy prisoner by the President of the Court. A trial

watched and harassed on all sides. He seemed like one attacked and fired at from every quarter. Once his advocate interrupted the questions, and spoke out in his client's defence. The case did not appear to excite much general interest.

Périgueux is a very old city. It was called originally Vesuna. In Cæsar's time this name was changed for Petrocorii. A part called La Cité, almost separated from the rest of the town, is the oldest. It contains some ruins, which we

is now (July 1844) going on at Auch, in which a Madame Lacoste is charged with poisoning her husband. Among the earliest questions addressed her, are the following: I copied them from the newspaper this day.

M. le Président demande, "A quelle époque fut-il pour la première fois question de votre mariage?"

R. En 1839.

D. Ce projet, conçu par vos parens, ne contraria-t-il pas d'autres vœux que vous aviez formés?

R. L'accusée garde silence.

D. L'accusation prétend qu'avant votre mariage vous aviez aimé quelqu'un. Est-ce vrai?

R. Non, Monsieur, &c.

Could there be anything more indelicate, more confusing, more odious than such questions addressed in public to a young woman under a terrific charge?

Another question put to a witness during the same trial was as follows:

"What were the *current rumours* in Tarbes regarding the mode in which Mr. L— met his death?"

There were at least fifty others during the same trial no less strange, no less vague in themselves, and necessitating vague answers, quite unworthy of the name of evidence.

visited ; a round Roman tower, a feudal castle, and an amphitheatre. A garden in the neighbourhood is absolutely full of columns, capitals, and architectural decorations. The late professor, who is buried in this garden, seems to have had much taste in their arrangement. He raised a complete mound, built of curious sculptured fragments, but now all overgrown with grass. A little temple formed of delicate columns crowns this eminence. The place would supply a complete feast for an antiquary.

On inquiring from one thoroughly acquainted with Périgueux, what number of Protestants it contained, he said, " Only from twenty to thirty."

April 20.—To Brives, forty miles along a beautiful road carried on a perfect level through delightful scenery. A quick succession of small villages and country-houses gave constant interest to the view. Near Azerac we saw a handsome country-house of Grecian architecture, built about thirty years ago, and belonging to the Duke de Liancourt. The house and grounds seem well-arranged for good rooms and comfort. No needless show, no immense ranges of wall and offices, flanking narrow and altogether disproportionate apartments for the habitation of the family, the usual style of French country-

houses. I heard that the family was absent, and was so much pleased with the outside that we drove up to the door in the hope of admission to view the inside. However, we failed in our object, as the only person who had the key of the house was absent. Good taste seems hereditary in the family, as half a century ago Arthur Young mentions at some length a visit to the Duke of the same name at another of his estates, and describes the country life at his château as full of useful, intelligent, and agreeable pursuits. He also commends many benevolent plans of his host.

As we approached Brives, the soil all around was a deep red, somewhat resembling that of Devonshire. Lofty hills and rich vallies formed a noble prospect on every side. We heard to-day the first nightingales of the year. The population in this neighbourhood, and, indeed, shortly since we came inland from Bordeaux has seemed to our eyes much inferior in every respect to that of any other part of France which we have hitherto traversed. I allude to such circumstances as their dress, cleanliness, and neatness of habitation, expression of countenance, &c. We see many with bare feet, and very slovenly and dirty in their general appearance. I hear that in this neighbourhood they

are very poor, and all depending on their vineyards,* of which there are many, being small proprietors are in great misery this year on account of the complete failure of the late vintage. At the same time we heard that the poor people were very frugal; and one, who knew both England and France well, used to me the expression, that, in this district a whole family would sometimes live on what it would cost to keep a single individual in England. There were many beggars in this and the neighbouring towns. The poor live much on chestnuts in this neighbourhood. Spring frosts did much mischief to the vines last year. The danger is not yet over; but there has not been the slightest touch of spring frost hitherto, so that I trust they will fare better this season. We passed to-day multitudes at work among their vines—men, women, and children. We have heard a

* The maid servants, a class sometimes so neat in France were in this country just the opposite in their appearance. One, who was very dirty and untidy, said to me as I entered the room where Mrs. T— was sitting, I was staying “pour faire la compagnie à Madame.” I could not help thinking of an old proverb. However, a notion that to be *alone* is a misfortune seems very prevalent in all classes. I heard a French Baron speak of the charms of a well-known watering-place for his wife: “Elle n’est jamais seule ici;” and a tradeswoman, on hearing that we had taken a lodging in the country, near Pau, said to me; “Madame ne s’ennuie pas là?” in a note of enquiring pity.

wretched *patois* for the last two or three days. It sounds more like Italian than French ; but without any of the merits of that sweet language. Unless my ear deceived me, I heard the words, *roba, fenetra* ; and a beggar-woman at the inn, at Brives, absolutely asked me for *carità*, the sound so well remembered by all travellers in Italy. Near Cahors I asked the distance to that town : *una hora* was the answer I received. We have seen nothing handsome or peculiar in costume for some time. In Normandy, Brittany, and La Vendée, the provincial or local dress was sometimes very remarkable.

Brives, April 21.—We passed the Sunday at an inn on the outskirts of the town with a pleasant garden before our window. Inquiring for any English residents, we heard that there was only one in the town, married to a professor of music. We called upon her to invite her to our service, and were received in the most friendly manner. She proposed to bring with her Monsieur S—, an elderly gentleman, who, though not English, had lived a long time in England, and had two daughters married to English clergymen. We were most happy to receive him, and after our service was concluded we learned from conversation with him that he was the teacher of English and Italian in the “*petit*

seminaire," an ecclesiastical school of the town. Many English who know Lévizac's admirable grammar are acquainted with his name as the editor of the later edition of that work.

April 22.—The custom of erecting statues in the town to the memory of distinguished natives of the place is very general in France. Two thus honoured here are General Brune, and a physician named Majour. I am sorry to say that there is a print hanging up in the hotel where I now write, which, speaking of the former, says that he was as much distinguished by his brilliant actions, as by his *haine nationale* for the English!* What ignoble and mischievous praise! Both the individuals above-mentioned left large sums of money to the town of Brives. M. Majour was a physician, but the inscription under his statue does not speak of any professional distinction. It is simply this: "J'institue Brives, ma ville natale, ma légataire universelle. Majour." The testimony has certainly not much sentiment in it. He is represented standing—his will in his hand. I observed a portion of the same words on the roll.

This morning, Mr. S— kindly took us to see

* General Brune met a most melancholy end, having been torn out of his hotel, and killed by a mob at Avignon in 1815, as a partizan of Buonaparte.

the curious old house in which the “*petit seminaire*” is held, as well as the institution itself. A lady accompanied us whose son was there at school. The establishment is under the ecclesiastical authorities of the town. There are a hundred and twenty scholars, all boarding there. The sum which they pay is fourteen pounds a-year including every charge. *Seminaire* is the distinguishing name for schools under ecclesiastical authority in France; *collège*, for those under that of the State. The distinction at the present moment is very important, in consequence of the active collision going on between the two parties.

Mr. S — has been much engaged in literary undertakings, chiefly translations. He was the first who translated Silvio Pellico into French. His pen is still constantly at work.

The epithet *la gaillarde*, the gay, is an old appendage to the name of Brives; in fact, “*Brives la gaillarde*” is the name still found on maps. I saw that the residents evidently considered the appellation as akin to “*lucus a non lucendo*” at present, whatever the town may have been in former days.

CHAPTER XIII.

First view of the Auvergnat mountains—Tulle—Mr. C—, Inspector of the Hospitals—Country-house—The ponies—Uzerche—M. and Madame Lafarge—Agricultural implements—Arthur Young's description of the country—Condition of the people—Château de Noailles—Souillac—Peyrac—Gourdon—Cheap provisions—Cahors—Henry IV.—Capital of the Cadurci—Temple of Diana—Mosaic pavement—Duke of Wellington.

April 23.—To Tulle, fifteen miles. After ascending a hill three miles long which offered beautiful prospects, we arrived at some brown, barren heights, from whence we had our first view of the Auvergnat mountains. As they rise in a lofty and extensive ridge—present sharp peaks, and are at this season white with snow—they look very Alpine. I hope to be among them before I quit France. A long and romantic descent by a road carried with admirable management along very deep gorges and precipitous banks brought us down into Tulle. The town is singularly placed in the fork of a very

deep, narrow valley. A fresh, bubbling river runs along the middle of the town, and the houses stretch along on each side of the stream for a considerable distance. It was curious to hear the nightingales answering one another from the thickets in the heights on each side of the main street. This actually occurred to me while walking along it, the only night of my stay in the place. They were singing with rich melody, unscared by the immediate neighbourhood of eight thousand people—for such is the population, small as Tulle appears amidst the vast features of nature, hemming it in on every side.

I was favoured by Mr. S— at Brives with a letter of introduction to Mr. C—, at Tulle. Mr. C— is Inspector of the hospitals and institutions of charity for the town and neighbourhood, and I was much gratified by having the opportunity of making his acquaintance. On presenting the note, he at once offered to pass the morning with me in visiting the chief objects of interest. His guidance was very acceptable, and still more the opportunity of conversation on the subjects of his peculiar avocations with such an amiable, intelligent and conscientious man, occupying the position which he holds. One feature of his personal history must awaken

the sympathy of all who can feel for bereavement. Although still in the prime of life, he has lost his wife and five—that is, *all* his children.

We visited together a villa and garden above the town, in a magnificent situation, and becoming in itself a very attractive scene under the care of the priests belonging to the *Seminaire*. It is their country-house and place of retirement or recreation. Several were in the garden to-day reading, conversing, playing at bowls, or engaged in decorating the place. There were some remarkably thick yew seats, formed into a kind of covered arm-chair, and facing different points of the compass. I never saw more agreeable garden seats for hot weather, of which I understand there is no lack in this part of France.

The whole town was to-day in active excitement in consequence of the arrival of cavalry moving quarters. The horses of another regiment had filled every available stable at the inns on the night before; and I was glad to secure a lodging for my ponies in a large old barn, which I thought much preferable to a crowded stable. A stall is an equine luxury, almost unknown at French inns. At least I have not yet seen one. This renders great

care, under any circumstances, needful for those who take their own horses about the country. Still more did my little ponies require protection against the monstrous animals often met with at the inn stables, from whom one kick would have been utter destruction. In vain did landlords, landladies, ostlers, and lookers on innumerable, say to me, "Soyez tranquille, Monsieur," or "pas de danger, Monsieur," when I thought a position in any way precarious; and I must say that almost invariably efforts were good-humouredly made to meet my wishes, and remove all apprehensions. In saying this, I do not speak of this watchfulness, as involving any trouble which proved disagreeable to me. On the contrary, I often found that my visits to the stable brought me into amusing and instructive communication with travellers or natives of each separate locality; and besides this, as I have said before, few Englishmen will look upon their horse, especially on a long journey, otherwise than as a friend. I must say also that the ostlers were very gentle towards the ponies, and indeed they were so small and harmless, notwithstanding their unwearied spirit and endurance, that they were quite treated as pets by all who came near them. Not only did gen-

tlemen pay them visits, but mammas came and put their children on their backs ; one lady who was an invalid had the little grey absolutely led into her room, and another handsome and sprightly young landlady, was so charmed with them on our arrival at her door, that she called out, patting them and summoning the household to see them, “ Les amours !—Les amours ! ”

In the afternoon we went to Uzerche, seventeen miles, visiting on the way a very large and rich piece of oak carving at a small country Church, and passing near Glandier, a place only too notorious from its unhappy reputation as the property of M. Lafarge. His wife was tried and sentenced both at Tulle and Brives : at the one place for the murder of her husband, and at the other for the robbery of her friend's jewels. She is now undergoing her sentence at Montpellier.

Agricultural implements are of the very rudest character in the neighbourhood. The plough has one handle, and is generally worked by two oxen. I have seen these animals literally stopping and setting out again at every step. Two donkeys sometimes supply their place. The usual cart is a small narrow vehicle with the sides formed of a row of upright sticks, round which others are interlaced.

On arriving at Uzerche* we immediately walked through the town to view its singular position. Arthur Young, in narrating his own journey, mentions it thus: "Some views of singular beauty rivetted us to the spots; *that of the town of Uzerche*, covering a conical hill, rising in the hollow of an amphitheatre of wood, and surrounded at its feet by a noble river is unique. Derry in Ireland has something of its form, but wants some of its richest features. The water scenes from the town itself, and immediately after passing it are delicious." Nothing is so difficult as to give a real idea of a place by description. I must confess that, ably as the author just quoted writes, the above account would give me none whatsoever. After saying this, I may well decline the attempt, and only add that the river surrounds it even more than if it was of the horse-shoe shape, like the Wye at Ross. Uzerche is surrounded by a loop of water formed of the bending stream.

The Lot at Cahors pursues a very similar course around that ancient town. Notwithstanding the wretched accommodation which

* Several houses at Uzerche, even very small habitations and in the middle of the town, resemble little fortifications. We made a sketch of one among many of this character. Hence the pleasantry of a local proverb: *Qui a maison à Uzerche a château en Limousin.*

the place affords, and the extreme dirt, dilapidation and discomfort of the town internally, with streets so steep as to be fit for no quadruped but a cat to ascend, we were so charmed with the situation of the town, that although we had taken some pains to bring it into the line of our circuit, we considered them amply repaid.

April 24. — From Uzerche we returned to Brives, twenty-seven miles, having made a triangle to visit Tulle and Uzerche. I shall not give any notice from my own pen relative to that lovely country which we traversed this day, because it has been already described in one of the most exquisite pieces of composition to be found in the whole range of local delineation. Even if read, as a mere fancy-piece, it is beautiful. How much more interesting must it be when known as the composition of a practical, hard-headed, truth-speaking man, inspired not by fancy, but by the reality of his subject. “The beauty of the country, through the thirty-four* miles from St. George to Brive, is so various and in every respect so striking and interesting, that I shall attempt no particular description, but only observe in general that I am much in doubt whether there be any thing

* This includes the twenty-seven miles of our progress to-day.

comparable to it, either in England or Ireland. It is not that a fine view breaks now and then upon the eye to compensate the traveller for the dulness of a much longer district ; but a quick succession of landscapes, many of which would be rendered famous in England by the resort of travellers to view them. The country is all hill and valley ; the hills are very high, and would be called by us mountains if waste and covered with heath ; but being cultivated to the very tops, their magnitude is lessened to the eye. Their forms are various ; they swell in beautiful semi-globes ; they project in abrupt masses which enclose deep glens ; they expand into amphitheatres of cultivation that rise in gradation to the eye, in some places tossed into a thousand inequalities of surface ; in others the eye reposes on scenes of the softest verdure. Add to this the rich robe with which nature's bounteous hand has dressed the slopes—with hanging woods of chestnut. And whether the vales open their verdant bosoms, and admit the sun to illumine the rivers in their comparative repose ; or, whether they be closed in deep glens that afford a passage with difficulty to the water rolling over their rocky beds, and dazzling the eye with the lustre of cascades ; in every case

the features are interesting and characteristic of the scenery.”*

Stopping for a quarter of an hour to-day at a small way-side inn, an intelligent and obliging hostess gave me freely such communication as I sought regarding the condition of the people in the neighbourhood. She said that when labourers were hired, it was always the custom to feed them, and that in addition, from twelve to fifteen sous were given. She sometimes employed them herself, when they had for breakfast bread or chestnuts; for dinner soup and such things as omelette, meat, rye-cakes; † for supper the same as at dinner. Generally also wine, but this year it is so extremely dear that she said this was out of the question. Lowering her voice, she made an admission, such as that which the tee-totallers often enforce, that when wine was given, the appetite was not so strong; and in a shrewd confidential manner, she explained that on this principle it was quite as well for her to give some wine.

April 25.—Leaving Brives this morning we reached Gourdon for the night, forty-two miles.

* Arthur Young, vol. 1, p. 34.

† I could not get any clearer account than this, as may well be supposed by those who know the fragmentary nature of French food. Of course the statement, thus vague, is worth little as indicating the nourishing qualities of the labourer's diet.

On setting out, our road was for some miles along a most romantic and varied defile, rendered attractive not only by its meadows, slopes, foliage and cliffs, (in some places hanging far over the road with "the shadow of a great rock" in a kind of table form), but also by the peculiar industry which was showed in the cultivation of every ridge and spot where cultivation could be carried on. Neither was this as regards the vine-culture, (which is frequently seen), but in barley and similar crops. There were long ridges of earth thus occupied, not more than a foot or eighteen inches wide.

At the head of this valley stands the small Château de Noailles, the old one, destroyed at the Revolution, presenting only crumbling walls a little further on. The family is one of high and ancient distinction, and is now represented by a young man of twenty. We left our carriage under the shade of a tree in the road, and going to the door were received by an obliging servant who has everything in the nicest order for the owner's immediate habitation, though none of the family have resided here for seven or eight years. Every thing is on a small and simple scale ; but considering the beautiful position of the house, the antique, yet bright and clear look of the carved furniture, the old por-

traits, decorations, and other memorials of the family, hung about in the most tasteful manner, the cheerful tapestried hall, the drawing-room with its ornamental books ready on the table, the library with writing materials all arranged, the little decorated chapel, and the pleasant "châtelain" ready to receive his master, I could hardly conceive a more attractive country residence. An Englishman cannot look upon such dwellings without feeling a desire that they might be valued and frequented in the spirit of his own countrymen towards an ancestral home.

According to the general history of illustrious French families, that of Noailles has been deeply involved in the consequences of the late Revolution. The late Duke died at the age of eighty-four; he was aide-de-camp to Charles X. and resided much in England. He had to re-buy property lost at the Revolution, and the pictures which I saw were saved by the kindness of personal friends and adherents at the time of the destruction of the ancient château.

After passing the Château de Noailles and quitting a most attractive and fertile valley, we entered a succession of dreary, barren hills, or rather a "plateau" of high ground extending for many miles. We met with no pleasing object whatever until we arrived

at the fertile valley in which Souillac lies. Here was a good inn ; but to stop for the night would have been a bad division of our journey. Accordingly, though all accounts were strongly against the accommodation at Peyrac, we decided on going on another stage. On our way thither, while ascending one of the three mile hills so common in this part of France, I entered into conversation with a very social old gentleman, who was driving his cabriolet and keeping company with us. He added his testimony against our prospect for the night, and proposed to us that we should pass by Peyrac, turn off from the high road, and accompany him to Gourdon where he was going, and where we should be far more comfortably lodged. One look at the inn at Peyrac, together with the extreme beauty of the evening, for it was now quite late, induced us to follow this recommendation. From a height in the neighbourhood we had a fine view of the Auvergne mountains, lifting up their snowy peaks in the clear sunset. Arthur Young mentions that he saw the Pyrenees for the first time from this place. We did not—nor till long afterwards. It must have been a grand sight to turn first westward and then southward, and thus to behold from one spot these two glorious ranges of the “everlasting hills.” Long as our

journey this day was, the conclusion was very pleasant. The air was invigorating and the ponies quite fresh. We left the high road at a short distance beyond Peyrac, and proceeded five or six miles farther with our social and encouraging guide, at one time through a very dark, narrow, rude, and rough village-street, and at length safely reached Gourdon at nine o'clock.

April 26.—Gourdon is a curious town, built on a regular and uninterrupted cone of circular shape. The natives call it (from its shape) “a pain-de-sucre.”* About half way up, a broad walk partly planted with fine over-arching trees, encircles the whole town. The highest point is crowned by a church with two turrets looking very like a castle; near it are some round headed rocks, a few ruins and a tuft of trees. From this point a whole circle of the country lies before the eye, and a charming view it is; rich in cultivation, and enlivened by many cheerful villas, and little neat lodges in the vineyards, the prospect on every side being bounded by lofty hills of most varied outline. Our companion of yesterday was so kind as to pay us a visit, and offered to be our guide for the day. However, our intended movements did

* So the Sugar-loaf mountain in Ireland.

not allow us more than a short walk under his obliging care. He mentioned that the place was of difficult access and communication, as indeed was quite evident; and he attributed a remarkable cheapness of provisions to this cause, saying that it gave a great advantage to the local consumers of local productions. He had known a *barrique* of wine, two hundred and twenty bottles, sold for sixteen francs, and fowls for one franc a couple. Our bill at the place certainly partook of this cheapness—about a third of a similar English memorandum for the night.

We followed this day a cross road by Catus to Cahors partly through delightful valleys, and partly by some very steep ascents. At Catus we met a most eloquent and persuasive specimen of the “*commis voyageur*,” Anglicè bagman. He had really a large share of humour in his composition which he diligently employed in recommending the goods which he had with him. Having made two or three little purchases, I told him that he would make a most valuable deputy if he pleaded the interests of his constituents as well as he did those of his employers, and thanked him for his very amusing conversation. The little *détour* which I have described as made by us during the last two days brought us

into some scenes quite unknown to English travellers. I could not hear of one as remembered at the inns.

April 27.—Cahors, where we are to remain to-day and to-morrow, is an interesting town for a short sojourn. It is very ancient, has remains of Roman date, and is situated within a belt formed by a broad river, and a very lofty range of heights hanging abruptly over the town. The old bridge, with three turreted arches, under all which the road passes, adds a rare and curious feature to the neighbouring scene. I have seldom enjoyed a walk more than that which we took to-day, leaving the town by this bridge, then bending to the left under the cliff, passing a mill turned by a most copious and clear fountain, springing up abundantly under the shadow of a great rock immediately behind it, then pursuing a path, at one place so narrow as to be cut after the Alpine fashion out of the rock, and returning to the town by the handsome new bridge on the road to Montauban.

The old town wall remains, built in a straight line across the isthmus on which Cahors is situated. The circling river which meets the wall at both ends was considered an adequate defence for the remainder of the city. During

the afternoon I had the advantage of being accompanied in a walk through the town by Mr. S——, a gentleman formerly in the army, to whom I brought a note of introduction from Tulle. Among other objects of local interest, he showed me the very spot where Henry IV. is said to have stood and fought for a considerable time hand to hand with his opponents before he could enter the town any farther. It is really just the position where it seems very probable that such an encounter might have taken place. Henry entered Cahors by surprise across one of the bridges, where he blew up the gate. He then advanced a short distance up a bending street to a point, at which the troops who garrisoned the town came pouring in large numbers down a small "place" or square, sloping in a declivity to one corner. At the latter point the gallant Henry, in some degree protected by the corner-house, encountered and repulsed his adversaries. When advised to retreat his well-known answer was, "Ma retraite hors de cette ville sera celle de mon âme hors de mon corps."

Cahors was the ancient capital of the Cadurci. The remains of a Roman arch, once part of a temple of Diana, in a field near the town form an interesting and picturesque object. A large quantity of mosaic pavement is still lying under

the earth in this field, and very near the surface. I saw a small piece exposed in very good condition, and understood from the son of the proprietor that any person wishing to have portions dug up might make arrangements for that purpose, paying for the labour and according to the quantity removed. He told me that a very large and splendid pavement had gone to Paris, for which, he said, that three thousand francs had been paid. The owner's rank is that of a "paysan," or working proprietor. When we visited the walled enclosure, in which we saw these remains, we found the mother of the family and two or three helpers kneeling down and busily engaged on the soil. I immediately surmised that they were treasure-hunting, but soon found that they were not searching for *old* coin, but employed in the culture of that celebrated plant so easily turned into new coin in this land of smokers. They were transplanting little tobacco plants. The elder girl walked with us round the garden, and was full of conversation. As news for us English, she told us that the ruins had been lately visited by an English lady. "*On dit,*" she continued with much emphasis, "*qu'elle est très riche, qu'elle est une grande Princesse de Londres !*" I rather imagine that the girl alluded to Lady M——, a lady of much information, energy

and research, who about this time was travelling in the neighbourhood.

A French lady, whom I met to-day, inquired much about the Duke of Wellington. She said that she had seen him in the town, I suppose on his way from Toulouse to Paris. I was glad to tell her that one whom England so much honours, is still so strong both in body and mind.

Long may he live, the "præsidium et decus" of his country, whether in war or peace!

CHAPTER XIV.

Montauban — Theological Institutions — M. Monod — Protestant Service — Battle of Toulouse — Noble Inscription — Worthy motto—Fête du Roi—"Place du Capitol"—Flower fair of Toulouse—Church of St. Sernin—Fête des Reliques—Church of the Cordeliers—Museum—Jean Calas—Recitation of Floral Poems—Clemence Isaure—"The Address"—Report of the Academy on the Poems — Distribution of the Prizes — Messrs. Courtois.

Montauban, April 29.—To Montauban, thirty-nine miles. During our progress this day we left the hilly, or rather mountainous country in which we had travelled for so many days, and suddenly entered on the vast plain of Languedoc which continues to the very foot of the Pyrenees.

To one who prizes the Reformation, and takes an interest in the maintenance and advance of Protestantism, Montauban must be a place of deep and lively interest, although to travellers devoid of such feelings it presents almost a blank as to objects of celebrity and curiosity. When it is known that this town contains one of the two Theological

Institutions* for preparing young men for the Ministry of the Gospel in France, Montauban can scarcely be visited—especially in these days—by any friend of Divine truth without fervent wishes of prosperity to those young servants of Christ, who are hence annually sent forth to fight the battles of the Lord; and that, not with the many advantages possessed by us at home, as members of the Church established in our realm, but in much worldly weakness and isolation, and against a host of political and priestly adversaries. And I am sure that none of our countrymen to whom the glory of God and the welfare of souls is dear, should visit or hear of the place without the utterance of earnest prayer, that teachers and pupils, and the whole Institution may receive a constant and plenteous blessing from the hands of Almighty God.

Shortly after reaching the town I called on M. Adolphe Monod, so well-known throughout Europe as an author and preacher. He is professor in the Theological College of which I have above spoken. My friend, the Rev. E. B—of Tours, had given me a note of introduction to him, and I was much gratified by my inter-

* The other is at Strasburg.

view with this able and excellent man. His character appeared to me one, in which gentleness, firmness, simplicity and intelligence were most happily combined; and I heard his praises from high and low—from his countrymen and my own. As I entered his house I heard the sound of hymns; and understanding that the voices were those of some who had come early to a meeting for prayer and praise which was shortly to commence, I returned for Mrs. T—, and we had thus the privilege of an unexpected service on our way. We found a very full room, and many of the young students were present. Scripture was read. Two or three hymns were sung. M. Monod prayed, and two others called upon by him thus to share in the service.*

We were kindly invited to remain and pass the evening with Mr. M— and his family. He is married to an English lady, and appears well acquainted with the state of the Church in our

* We met here a French gentleman who resides at Ban de la Roche, the memorable parish of Oberlin. He informed us that he was going to Toulouse the next day, and intended to be present at another meeting there in the evening. We arranged to attend also, and he subsequently had the kindness to invite Mrs. T— and myself to pass a few days at his house. I fear that we shall not be able to bring that part of the country into the limits of our excursion, although it would be a most interesting visit.

country. He fully answered my inquiries on one or two points of that doubtful, intricate, and perplexing subject—the real and applicable state of the law at present as to the establishment of public worship by the Protestant Church in this country. Among other subjects he spoke of the recent decision in the French Chamber on the subject of the necessary steps preliminary to the formation of a Protestant Church as favourable to the cause.

April 30.—To Toulouse, thirty-three miles through a flat country entirely devoid of interest, except that which must be felt by an Englishman on passing a locality rendered memorable by the energy and valour of his countrymen, while pressing onwards after the French in the campaign which terminated at the celebrated battle of Toulouse. Marshal Soult had thrown himself into the town, had raised strong outworks which included the Faubourg of St. Cyprien at the southern side of the city, and had fortified to the utmost the bridge of the same name which forms the grand communication across the Garonne. The Duke of Wellington in consequence of the difficulty, if not impossibility of crossing the bridge, led his army along the back of the river, and effected a passage by means of pontoons at Grenade, which

we skirted on our journey to-day. Between the town and the course of the Lers stand the heights of Calvinet and Sypierre—considerably elevated for this flat country. On this strong position Marshal Soult and his army most favourably encamped, under the protection of two strong redoubts. The British troops charged up this ascent, carried the redoubt at Sypierre, and thus virtually gained the day. The battle was fatally distinguished by loss of life on both sides, especially among the Spaniards, who were repulsed with much slaughter from the height, subsequently carried by our troops. Another feature, even still more peculiar and distressing, was that the battle took place *after* peace was concluded at Paris, though unknown at Toulouse. I traced the whole course of these military operations from the height of Calvinet, where a pillar is erected to the memory of the French who fell in the engagement. The inscription is of noble simplicity: “Aux braves morts pour la patrie, Toulouse reconnaissante.” I did not leave the spot without a few petitions to Almighty God, that He would restrain the wrath of man, and grant that the day may be far distant ere two such mighty and distinguished nations as England and France may again be engaged in similar bloodshed and

strife. Surely that is a worthy motto, whatsoever scorn it may meet; and much it meets in this land, "*La paix à tout prix.*"

I conversed with several Frenchmen on the subject of the battle. One was an old soldier who had been engaged in the thickest fight. He described it as a very dreadful combat. Others with whom I spoke had seen it, as spectators. One man's national enthusiasm carried him away so far as to say that the allied forces were in the ratio of twenty-five to one against the French!

May 1.—To-day was the Fête du Roi—a holiday answering to that of our Queen's birthday. There were military displays in abundance, and martial music was sounding in the streets from morning to night. In a handsome square called the "Place du Capitol" various amusements were provided for the public entertainment—for instance, climbing a soaped pole, rope-dancing, &c. Competitors were not wanting for the tempting prizes suspended on high. It was a long time before any of the aspirants for the honours of the pole could reach the summit of their ambition, though I could not help thinking that any English sailor boy would soon have accomplished the feat. At last an active lad succeeded, by dint of dust, powder, or some

similar article, which he carried in his pockets and applied copiously as he went up. In the evening, the public buildings were illuminated, and there was a fine exhibition of fire-works. The Capitol*—a splendid modern building, lit up and adorned with large tri-coloured flags from one end to the other, looked very beautiful. The initials of the Sovereign's name, L. P. were adorned with brilliant gas-light, so piercing in its brightness, and so peculiar in its effect, that I approached close to see how it was produced. Iron tubes were arranged in the desired form, and out of small orifices in these tubes the light sprung forth. Nothing of the kind could be more defined and delicate in its outline, and at the same time more brilliant in the splendour of its light. The head of Napoleon, in a fine medallion, still occupies the place of honour in the middle of the edifice. I had observed it in the morning, but to-night it was invisible. What a comment on the passing character of human grandeur! And since his departure, another dynasty has passed away. As for a *fleur-de-lys* (which I myself remember, when travelling as a boy in France, to have seen as the national ensign on all sides) no such thing is to be seen. I cannot recall one in my present stay and

* The name given to the Hôtel de Ville at Toulouse.

journey of several months in the country. Certainly, though in all lands lessons may be read on the "glory of man as being the flower of grass"—1 (Pet. 1, 24.) this country surpasses all in the number, prominence, variety, and force, of those which it presents. Neither are they here matters of long past history, but recent, and evident on all sides in very social relationship—in all matters, small and great—not "*demissa per aures*" but "*oculis subjecta fidelibus.*" Let an autocrat travel here, even for a few weeks, and he must return home—if he can be taught at all—an humbled and instructed man!

May 2.—The annual flower fair of Toulouse began to-day. A whole street in the middle of the town was thronged by the sellers, purchasers, and spectators. We were much pleased with our walk between green alleys of verdure, and flowers of every description—including an abundance of choice green-house plants. Some of the gardeners had large and extensive collections exhibited—the back ground gracefully formed of oranges and lemons. Certainly I never saw such a vast quantity of horticultural productions gathered together in one place. The distribution of poetical prizes at the anniversary of the Floral games takes place to-morrow. These

prizes are gold and silver flowers, and perhaps the flower fair is as ancient as the Floral Games.

Passing down the street where the flower fair is held, we entered the court which surrounds the Church of St. Sernin. To-day was the "*Fête des reliques*," in which this Church is considered extremely rich. A considerable crowd was hurrying about, partly from curiosity and partly from devotion. The chief object of interest seemed to be the crypt, in which we saw four coffins, on which were inscribed "*Ossa S. Philippi*" and so on with three more, said to hold the bones of three other Apostles. We saw a vast number of gilded shrines, and various professed relics of saints, among which was one entitled, "*Le corps de Ste. Susanne de Babyloné!*" Suspended from the roof of the Church is a model of the Church itself—especially curious, as showing it originally encircled by a fortification, and defended by a tower. Such was its former state, though nothing of this wall or defence remains at the present time. The model is in perfect preservation, and of adequate size to give you a complete representation of the original. It had the following inscription: "*Vœu de la ville, fait pour la peste, l'an 1528. Et restauré en 1751.*" St. Sernin

is grand and imposing, but the material of which the structure is built is unfavourable to its appearance. Like the other Churches of Toulouse, and indeed like almost all the buildings of Languedoc, it is built of brick; and in a country like France, where the eye is accustomed to such abundance of the finest stone, applied to all public structures, this is a great disadvantage. Mr. Murray's Hand-book, as usual, admirably strikes off the leading features, and characteristics of the edifice, *e. g.* "It is conspicuous for its lofty octagonal tower, formed by five tiers of arches, each story less in size than that below it; the lower tier surrounded by circular arches, the two upper by angular ones." I visited to-day another ancient Church—that of the Cordeliers—now a store for hay. The size and height of the building are quite extraordinary, and I saw in it a pile of hay, under which a church of average size might have been quite covered and hidden from view.

To-day we also visited the Museum. The collection of antiquities in sculpture is most interesting, containing as it does, not only rich specimens of the works of the middle ages, but a regular series of the busts of the Roman Emperors dug up in the neighbourhood of Toulouse.

The arrangement is worthy of the collection, chiefly on account of the scientific and orderly manner in which it has been made; and subordinately from its position in a fine cloister, once belonging to the order of the Augustins.

We also visited to-day the house of Jean Calas, who was tortured and broken on the wheel in 1762, according to one of the most horribly unjust sentences ever obtained from any tribunal. It was entirely the work of Popish fanaticism.

May 3.—This was the day for the recitation of the poems, which had gained the annual prizes given by the Académie des Jeux Floraux. Strangers come long distances to be present on these occasions, and much interest prevails on the subject, not only at Toulouse but throughout France. We were much gratified at happening to be on the spot and at witnessing the anniversary of a literary society, said to be the most ancient in Europe as founded by the Troubadours of Provence, and carried on without interruption to the present day.

The public "séance" or meeting of the Academy is held in the magnificent apartment of the Capitol, called the "Salle des illustres," which is specially dedicated to the memory of those distinguished Toulousains, whose busts

occupy gilt niches in the wall of the room. Tickets were requisite for admission, and I received mine on application at the apartment of the Secretary to the Society. One o'clock was the time stated, but we were advised to go half an hour earlier in order to obtain a good place.

On entering, we found a military band in the room, and observed soldiers with fixed bayonets arranging the company. This was, I believe, a guard of honour for the occasion ; but to English eyes such masters of the ceremonies seemed rather novel. I was interested in observing the company present, which seemed of a superior order, and included many military men. The ladies were handsome, and their dress of that pleasing character so general in France, which shows taste and refinement, while it admits nothing showy, nothing extravagant, nothing which challenges and dazzles the eye. A semi-circle of seats was arranged on a raised platform at the end of the room ; and at the appointed time these were occupied by several gentlemen of intelligent bearing, who were either connected with the Academy, or had to take part in the proceedings of the day. These proceedings now commenced by the President calling on Mr. F—J— (entitled according to the old appellation, “Maitre ès Jeux Floraux”) to pronounce the

annual "éloge" or panegyric oration in honour of Clemence Isaure.

This lady holds such a distinguished place on the occasion, that I must here shortly notice her history. She was the daughter of Louis Isaure, one of an illustrious family connected with Toulouse. She was possessed of a large fortune; and remaining unmarried expended it in the encouragement of literature, and in works of munificence, among which was the erection of markets for corn, fish, wine, and vegetables, which she bequeathed on certain conditions, to the city of Toulouse. One of these was that "Jeux Floraux" (Floral games) should be annually celebrated at the Town Hall built at her expense. The date of her will was 1502. The fame of Clemence Isaure is much cherished at Toulouse; and to her influence on its inhabitants the distinction of the city in its best time, especially for art and literature, is earnestly, and so far as I could discern, very sincerely attributed by its citizens.

Ever since the year 1528 an annual panegyric has been publicly delivered at Toulouse in praise of Clemence Isaure. The appointed speaker of to-day well might ask, as he did, in allusion to the three hundred orators, who in turn have pronounced her eulogy: "Après cette longue

suite de panégyristes, que pourrais-je dire encore? Est-il possible de glaner quelques épis dans un champ qu'ont parcouru tant de moissonneurs?" Nevertheless, he did deliver a most animating address, which was evidently heard with much interest and general acceptation. He introduced much history; and a tone of courtesy* pervaded the whole oration which well represented the spirit becoming a literary festival of Provence.

After this address was concluded, the band struck up, and a deputation of the Academy quitted the Hall and proceeded to the Church of La Daurade for the prizes—gold and silver flowers of considerable value. The Secretary then rose, and delivered the Report for the present year. It was a very curious production, and impressed me with a higher estimation of the Institution, as one of real literary value, than anything else which I heard or witnessed during the whole day. Before I speak of it farther, I must mention that the prizes are offered for compositions in verse and prose. And not only

* I never was present at any assembly, which, in so many points realized the descriptions of Madame de Staël, in the descriptions of Corinne's public career. I say this, though I have heard an Improvisatrice in Italy. At her recitation, there was no combination of circumstances reminding one of public literary triumph such as were met with here.

those which gain the prize are printed, but also those which are thought to deserve commendation. This year three poems received prizes. Twenty-four pieces were printed in the Annual Report. The Academy exercises the right of free comment and public criticism on all the compositions sent in; and in the exercise of this right, the literary judges present their able, searching and instructive Report. The esteem with which the Academy is viewed in France generally, the widely-extended competition for its honours, and above all, the local favour, not to say enthusiasm, felt towards it at Toulouse, enables the critical body to speak out with a plainness and authority which, I confess, quite surprized me; but from which I have no doubt that much literary benefit results, and much valuable aid accrues towards the formation of good style and good taste, especially amongst the young aspirants towards poetical fame.

None of the odes sent in were considered to deserve the prize for that species of composition. Five were, however, printed. Of the first, on St. Peter's at Rome, there was considerable praise, but it was described as too much drawn out, and the strophe was mentioned at which it ought to be concluded. Of the second, the Mis-

sionary, some parts were declared excellent ; but a rather severe judgment was also passed upon it. “ Il y avait dans un pareil sujet des trésors de poésie ; mais pour les découvrir il fallait que le poète creusât bien profondément dans son propre cœur. C’est ce qu’il n’a pas fait, du moins suffisamment.”

Twenty-five Poems* were sent in. One of these gained a prize, *La Fête de Molière*—styled, “ un beau travail,” and “ remarquable sous le double rapport de la composition et de l’exécution.”

Thirty-seven Epistles were sent in. On one of these praise and blame were certainly allotted with very impartial hand. After some praises, the following sentence appears : “ Ici, malheureusement doivent s’arrêter nos éloges. La partie la plus essentielle de l’ouvrage, le dénouement, est manqué.”

A vast quantity of Elegies came before the judges of which three were printed. Considerable amusement seemed to pervade the assembly when the Secretary came to that part of the Report which, speaking of the Elegy, said that it was “ toujours en grande faveur auprès de MM. les aspirants aux couronnes d’Isaure ; c’est leur

* This word is used in a specific, not generic sense by the French. I believe it means heroic verses.

travail de prédilection.” Ninety-eight Elegies were sent in!!!

I need not carry on further the analysis of the Report, and only add that the present anniversary was not considered as distinguished by the merit of the compositions. The Report, at its conclusion, plainly states that the various candidates had not fully satisfied the wishes of the Academy.

While the Report mentioned above was being read, martial music was heard in the court below. This was the band which attended the deputation, sent for the purpose of bringing the prize-flowers from the Church, La Daurade. The music accompanied them into the room where we were all sitting, and a file of soldiers, as a guard of honour, following the deputation marched up the middle of the room. The flowers, thus carried in state, were large gold and silver ornaments of considerable value.

The sensation caused by this arrival being over, the Report was finished. Then the three successful poems were read with much spirit and taste; not by their authors, but by persons deputed to act for them. Neither were the prizes given to the three successful candidates personally, though they were called on to receive them, if present. No answer being given

to this summons, it was publicly asked whether any individuals present were appointed to appear for them. In each case a young boy came forward with much grace in their behalf. One was the son of the successful competitor, and of course was cordially welcomed. Music concluded the proceedings of the day.

I have thus endeavoured to give an accurate account of a scene which falling on one day of the year only, can be witnessed by comparatively few travellers.* I have never met with a description of this anniversary of the *Jeux Floraux* from the pen of an eye-witness, though few who speak of Toulouse omit to mention this celebrated institution. We had not arranged our visit to the place with the view of attending them; but, nevertheless, were very much pleased that they happened during our stay; and I can bear my testimony to the very interesting manner, and very becoming spirit in which they are carried on. On the one hand there was no unmeaning bombast, no

* Inglis, that first-rate writer of travels, says: "Every one has heard of the Floral games of Toulouse, the earliest institution in the history of modern Europe, for the promotion of any department of letters. By the registers of its history, it is known to have existed long before the year 1323, and was therefore in its vigour at that period which is usually denominated the dark ages, a term that ought to be better defined."

forced enthusiasm, as if it were an effort to support an institution only held memorable for its antiquity, and unsuitable to the present day. On the contrary, an earnest and sincere feeling in behalf of the objects for which they were assembled seemed to actuate all present—those who took an active part as readers, or reciters, and those who were only listeners and spectators. I was much gratified by all which I saw and heard, and most favourably impressed, not only as to the character of the literary festival, for such it is considered, but also as to the good taste, intelligence, and sincere interest shewn by the company present during the proceedings of the day.

Honour to those who established, and to those who have thus far maintained this remarkable institution !* Next to a meeting held for some purpose of religion or humanity, what can hold a higher place than one held for the encouragement of literature ?

The house of Jean Calas, who was so iniquitously tortured and murdered by the Parlia-

* “Mainteneurs” was the ancient troubadour title of the members of the Academy. It is still kept up. Several distinguished men are among the list which now lies before me. The King is Protector.

ment of Toulouse, acting under the fanatical and persecuting spirit of Popery, is of course an interesting object in the town. The structure in itself has no peculiarity. The execution of Calas took place in 1762. I was told several interesting particulars of the case by a gentleman of Toulouse, whose mother's family was well acquainted with the upright and innocent victim.

The Conseil Royal at Paris, after his death, reversed the sentence, and proclaimed him an innocent man. One of the Toulousan judges, when reproached before this assembly, treated the matter with much levity; and admitting the unjust proceeding of which he and his fellows had been guilty, said, "A good horse will sometimes stumble by accident!" "Yes," was the answer, "but a whole stable will not stumble by accident at once."

On the very first evening of our arrival at Toulouse we became acquainted with three distinguished brothers of whom it was said to me, when I had expressed some doubt of visiting Toulouse, "It is worth while going there, if it was only to see the young Courtois'." They are bankers, in the prime of life, of much ability, wealth, and influence—all three diligently em-

ployed for the glory of God and the good of souls. I heard at Montauban on Monday that the next day Mr. Gurney was to hold a meeting in the chapel which they have built. I refer now to that evening. When we entered, we saw Mr. G—— on the platform with his wife on one side and a friend on the other, while complete silence, such as that held in a friend's meeting-house, pervaded the whole assembly. This was ended by Mr. G——'s rising and delivering a sermon in a very plain and clear manner on the Brazen Serpent, and on its application to himself by our Lord Jesus Christ. The preacher spoke in French, and slowly, but without hesitation or embarrassment; and strong as was his English accent, it only interested me the more as reminding me in every sentence of the worthy and Christian effort made by an enlightened fellow-countryman in behalf of the glorious Gospel and the promulgation of God's word. Another silence ensued. Prayer and hymns followed. On another evening of the week Mr. Gurney held a meeting in order to plead the Anti-slavery cause. It was very well attended; and among the company were several French gentlemen in high official situations. I presented my note of introduction to one of the

Messrs. C—, and we were immediately received with the most friendly welcome, and invited to pass the evening at their house. Their chapel is open three times a week, and numerous congregations attend. The three brothers are remarkably united in one spirit, one aim, and one course. They are all married, live in one house, and make it their great object to labour for the promulgation of Divine truth in every possible way. Such is the universal testimony regarding them ; and I, for one, must say that I have seldom seen a more gratifying sight, and one in which the grace of God was more strikingly displayed than when I saw these three brothers zealously, ably, and persuasively making known the truths of the Gospel in the small private chapel attached to their house. One great field of their labours used to be at the military hospital at Toulouse. From this they are now excluded, through the opposition of the priesthood and their supporters. The publication of edifying works in the cause of vital religion is now carried on by them to an immense scale. Many of them are translations from English works. During the last year they have printed 118,000 volumes !

To touch on their private life would only be to dwell on its corresponding graces. On

them I will not enter, and only add, that such was my reception, intercourse, and conversation with them at their house—such my observation of the good works which they so laboriously, faithfully, and munificently carry on, and such my opinion of the benefit which their stirring example affords, that before quitting Toulouse I fully sympathized with the observations made to me, that it was worthy visiting the place if only to become acquainted with the family of the Courtois.

CHAPTER XV.

M. Maurette—His Pamphlet—Le Pape et l'Évangile; ou, Encore des Adieux à Rome—"Assurance contre la Grêle"—Church at Egmont—Cathedral at Auch—"Mois de Marie"—Romish Sermon—Count d'Armagnac—Count de Foix and the Black Prince—Tarbes—Curious dress—Henry IV—Pau—Castle of Pau—Pleasant excursions—Church of Lescar—Froissart's Chronicles—Chevalier Espaing de Lyon—Pau—Excursion to Bayonne—Battle of Orthez—Château de Moncada—Protestants of Puyoo—The Landes—Bieritz—The mouth of the Bidassoa—Jewish Synagogue—St. Jean de Luz—Spanish Frontier.

May 5, Sunday.—I held our English service at the Messrs. C—'s chapel this morning, having endeavoured to give notice to all the English in the town the previous day. They are, at present, few in number; but about twenty-five attended.

During my stay at Toulouse I met, and had some conversation with M. Maurette, lately a Romish priest and curate of Serres in the Ariège.* He is now a Protestant, having sent in his resignation to his diocesan, the Bishop

* I have just heard that Mr. M— has been tried, sentenced to a fine, and a year's imprisonment; a most unexpected and harsh sentence. August, 1844.

of Pamiers, in 1841. A pamphlet, stating his reasons for so doing, and connected with other matters regarding his office, and Popish doctrines in general, has made a considerable sensation in this part of the country. It is entitled "Le Pape et l'Evangile, ou Encore des Adieux à Rome," the second name alluding to the publication of a somewhat similar character by M. Bruit, called "Mes adieux à Rome." For issuing this pamphlet, M. Maurette is to be tried at the ensuing assizes of Foix, it being held that his language on the neighbouring priests will bring him under the arm of the law.

His pamphlet which was given to me, being now prohibited for sale, begins by a declaration of principles, in which he introduces passages from the Scriptures, as well as from the Fathers, with his own experimental convictions against the usurpations of the Romish Church.

The next article is a letter to his parishioners, in which he brings some very severe charges against the priesthood in their locality, and appeals to his flock as to his own personal conduct among them.

Then follows an account of his education and introduction to the ministry; of his astonishment at finding among the priesthood with

whom he associated, so much levity, worldly-mindedness, and unbelief, and of several circumstances, including a visit from a Protestant minister, and a prayer-meeting in his parish, which led to a summons for him to appear before his Diocesan. This summons is given word for word.

He then introduces a copy of his letter to the Bishop, in which he gave in his resignation, the answer, and a second letter to the Bishop.

The remainder of the publication is occupied by testimonies and protestations against the false doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome.

I should scarcely suppose that the language of the pamphlet will subject him to the penalties of the law ; though it is certainly somewhat unsparing and severe. An excellent and able man expressed his opinion to me, that a little more gentleness would have been desirable ; but used to me this kind observation in behalf of the writer : “ He is a faithful and sincere man, and we must not mind a little roughness from a Mountaineer.” The country whence M. Maurette comes explains the allusion.

May 6.—We quitted Toulouse to-day, and reached Auch in the evening, forty-two miles. The country was rich, the road was pleasing and

varied throughout, but not of features sufficiently bold or peculiar to require notice. We approached and left each town, however small, by long and handsome avenues. The dress and appearance of the people was very much superior to that of the district which we had lately traversed ; and it was a relief to see few or no females employed in the laborious and sometimes disgusting labours in which we had seen too many occupied of late ; *e. g.* carting dung with baskets on their heads, as at Cahors, and unloading barges of sand, with naked legs and short petticoats, as at Montauban. A great improvement was also visible at the inns. The traveller will find a very fair one at Jourdain, the Hôtel de France.

Seeing the whole country in this neighbourhood placarded with large advertisements headed " Assurance contre la grêle," I entered into conversation with the landlord, himself a proprietor of land, on the subject. He told me that an utter destruction of the crops was a thing which sometimes happened, and last year this calamity had been experienced from an hail-storm* at the end of May. To use

* Hearing the bells ringing one day at Pau, I found on inquiry that it was a call for prayers, in consequence of the sky threatening a furious hail-storm. We were all in expectation of it ; but

his own expressive language, "in less than an hour a field of corn, previously rich and promising, was so completely destroyed that it would not have fed a chicken." Those proprietors who had been injured received the full and real value of their crops, though only about seventy per cent on their nominal insurance. I could not quite make out why the whole claim was not paid; but here, as very often happens to the traveller, I may be under some mistake as to the details of the statement.

In the Church at Gimont, among the boxes, fixed here and there for religious and charitable offerings, I saw one inscribed, "Tronc pour les âmes du purgatoire."

Auch, May 7.—We passed this day here, and certainly the Cathedral alone well deserves some hours' attention. We had been told that it would merit a much longer period for due examination; and though almost unable to appreciate the remark at the time, yet, on subsequent experience I found it very reason-

the country was spared the visitation, and the black clouds passed harmlessly over our heads. Arthur Young, in speaking of the French climate, notices hail as quite a destructive scourge in some districts. The passage from the pages of such a distinguished agriculturist is well worthy of attention.

able. The fact is, that although neither the external nor internal architecture is pure as to order, or equal in grandeur to that of many other French Cathedrals, still there are two peculiar objects in the place which require, and amply repay, the most minute observation. One of these is the choir of carved wood. The other, the painted glass of the windows which surround the choir.

The choir of carved wood (*les Boiseries*) dates from the time of the Renaissance, and consists of two ranges of stalls, one above and one below; the upper containing sixty-six stalls, and the lower forty-seven. The work is chiefly a representation of the characters contained in the Old and New Testament, embellished with the utmost variety of medallions and arabesques. Thus, a succession of sculpture in durable and perfectly preserved oak is presented to the eye; and such is the accuracy and finish of detail, that the more the work is observed the more it must be admired. Among the subjects are Melchizedech blessing Abraham, the whole history connected with David and Uriah, and the baptism of John. My impression is that the figures are from three to four feet in height; but I add this from memory.

The painted glass (*les Vitraux*) forms the de-

coration of eleven chapels, and still continues brilliant in colour. Here, also, the subjects are from Scripture, with one curious exception ; that is, the introduction of a Sybil in several of the compartments. To describe one of these eleven windows. The highest point represents the Creator of the world amidst angelic songs and music. I add music, because musical instruments are introduced. Paradise is represented below, with Adam and Eve beneath the Tree of Knowledge, around which the Serpent is entwined, offering the fatal fruit in his hand. The base of the window contains three small paintings ; the expulsion from Eden, the condemnation to labour, and the murder of Abel.

In the next chapel one of the Sybils* appears side by side with three other figures ; viz., Noah, Jacob, and St. Peter. In the same manner are subsequently introduced the Sybils of Samos, Africa, Cumar, Tibur, and Delphi.

In a small compartment of the glass contained

* The Sybil holds in her hand a branch representing the genealogy of Christ, as the "seed of David." The Delphic Sybil holds in her hand the "crown of thorns." These figures are curious illustrations of the views held by many students of sacred and profane history, who have traced fragments or shadows of prophecy, in accordance with revealed truths, among profane authors and in heathen traditions. Gray's Connexion is a very interesting work relative to this subject.

in the last chapel are seen the following words, inserted at the time of the work; and to one considering the magnitude of the labour, the beauty of the composition, and the richness of the execution, they will scarcely fail to afford interest. They are in the language of Gascony:

LO XXV DE :: JHUN MIL V CENS XIII FON
ACABADES : LAS PRESENS BERINES EN ANNOVR
DE : DIEV : HE DE NOSTR. Arnaud de Molés.

Translation:—Le vingt cinq juin mil cinq cent treize furent achevées les présentes vitres en l'honneur de Dieu et de Notre Dame.

M. Lettu has published a beautiful work containing engravings of the painted glass, executed with the utmost accuracy and delicacy. It forms a handsome folio volume, and may be had at the spot or at Paris, at thirty-six francs.

The present month, in the Romish Church, is especially dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and is styled "Mois de Marie." This is a complete remnant of heathenism. On several Churches I see placards announcing small religious tracts thus styled. I have seldom met with a more painful scene than that which I witnessed in the Cathedral this morning connected with this subject.

Having risen early, I observed the porch of the Cathedral at about six o'clock strewed with

the baskets of the peasant-women ; and on entering, I saw about three hundred females and perhaps about twenty men listening to the preacher. Oh ! that they had been hearing truth ; but how far otherwise the fact ! In the middle of the Church, and close to the pulpit was what is called an “ autel monté,” or decorated altar. It resembled a small pyramid about fourteen feet high, formed of different steps or ledges, lit up with abundance of lights and adorned all around with vases of beautiful flowers, now in all their vernal luxuriance. At the top of this pyramid was a large figure of the Virgin Mary, highly dressed and crowned, with a very small baby in her arms. I listened to the preacher for the last quarter of an hour of his sermon, which was delivered in plain, impressive, and affectionate language ; but alas ! it was entirely and exclusively on the love, power, merits, and excellence of Mary, as able to mediate “ between God and man.” Everything which a faithful and enlightened minister of Christ would say of Christ alone as Mediator, was ascribed to her ; and no language could be stronger or more detailed than that which he employed, while exhorting his hearers to confide in her under all circumstances whatsoever—*e. g.* in danger, afflictions, temptations, and death. Having finished

his discourse, he said : " Let us now pray ;" and, with all the people present, he turned to the " image set up," and addressed towards it a long prayer or litany. On this exhibition I shall make no comment, except to say, that to members of a Church which admits and cherishes such things, the word must surely be : " Escape for thy life." " Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." Rev. xviii, 4.

May 8.—Auch to Tarbes—forty miles. At Mirande, on the way, there is an excellent hotel (Le Soleil) with baths and a most attractive garden. I saw here some horse-breakers endeavouring to make a fine and spirited horse draw ; but his resistance was most determined. He threw himself down on the hard road close to two deep ditches, and kicked and plunged furiously. Some one standing by told me that he was a first-rate horse for the chase or saddle ; but that he was sold for a mere trifle, because he would not bear a crupper ! He was " well up" before, and had very good action, so that the very idea of putting a crupper upon him would have seemed to us in England utterly preposterous. The purchaser was now trying to make him go in harness. Whether he succeeded better on the second trial, I know not ;

but the animal ran imminent risk of being rendered worth nothing before the first was concluded. The only point which I saw at all creditable to French skill in training was the application of the usual check on the wheel from behind, according to the struggles of the horse. A road of twelve miles, perfectly straight, leads from Rabastens to Tarbes. The weather, which had been brilliant for a whole month, now began to break and the evening was damp and cold. Though close to the Pyrenees, we could only just trace their outline.

I am sorry to say that I again saw women employed in most unsuitable work—ploughing and digging on a new road. Country around all most productive, exhibiting the “fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine,” to the letter of the scriptural description.

May 9.—Tarbes* did not seem a place of

* The Black Prince came from Bordeaux at the request of Count Jehan d'Armagnac to pay him a visit at Tarbes—“la bonne et belle cité de Tarbes,” as Froissart calls it. Invitations and society in old as well as in modern days were not free from those obnoxious accompaniments called schemes. The Count d'Armagnac was evidently a schemer, and the same author gives a very curious account illustrative of the times, as to one object with which he exercised this hospitality. He owed the Count de Foix a large sum for his ransom which he wished to avoid paying, and accordingly sought to use the mediation of the Black Prince for getting his whole debt, or at least a part of it, excused. He

sufficient interest to detain us for the day, and accordingly we proceeded this morning to Pau,

owed two hundred and fifty thousand francs. The Count de Foix was invited from Pau (where he was building a castle) to the party at Tarbes. He came with a great train:—sixty knights, a vast number of gentlemen and grooms, and five hundred horses. The Black Prince and his wife were very glad to see him, and a joyous festival was held. But when business was mentioned and the Count d'Armagnac asked the Black Prince to intercede for him as to his debt, he said, "No." I must use Froissart's own records of the Englishman's words—few, but to the point: "Comte d'Armagnac, vous fûtes pris par armes et par belle journée de bataille; et mit notre cousin le Comte de Foix son corps et ses gens en aventure contre vous; et si la fortune fut bon pour lui et contraire à vous, il n'en doit pas pis valoir." When the Count d'Armagnac heard this he was "tout ébahi." His scheme seemed a failure. His debt must be paid. Nevertheless he did not give up his object. He tried his persuasion with the wife of the Black Prince, and found her more amenable. She undertook his cause and began warily, by requesting the Count de Foix to make her a certain present. "Madam," said the Count, "I am un petit homme et un petit bachelier. I can make no grand presents; but if that which you desire does not exceed sixty thousand francs, it is yours." The Princess still adhered to her more vague request; but the Count, a shrewd and clear-sighted man, and already troubled with some doubts whether he should ever be paid the sum due by his host, remained deaf to all this female persuasion, and stood to his first offer. "Madam, considering that I am a poor knight, and that I am building towns and castles, the gift which I offer you is quite enough." The Princess could do no more, and seeing it, she said: "Count de Foix, I ask and request that you will remit the Count d'Armagnac's debt." "Madam," said the Count, "I am bound to obey your wishes. I have said already that I was willing to make you any gift, not surpassing sixty thousand francs. The Count

twenty-five miles. The houses at Tarbes and throughout this neighbourhood, as well as the garden walls and pavements* are all composed of rounded stones, which show the action of water. They are of every size, but all of the same marked description. It is curious to contrast the agency of water through the chain of the Pyrenees with that of fire through the chain of the Cantal in Auvergne.

This was market-day at Tarbes, and we had a favourable opportunity of seeing the costume of the peasantry as we passed them on the high road. The men almost invariably wore a picturesque brown circular cap which forms by its loose folds a protection from sun or wind, and by a shake of the head is adjusted, as required. Many had a red sash, and some a brown cloak. Brown is a favourite Spanish colour, and the same taste very evidently prevails on this side of the mountains also.

The female dress was very peculiar. Over the d'Armagnac owes me two hundred and fifty thousand francs. At your desire I give up sixty thousand of the sum." Thus stood the affair, and the Count d'Armagnac, at the entreaty of the Princess of Aquitaine, gained (to use Froissart's expression) sixty thousand francs. The next observation is: "Soon after this the Count de Foix returned home."

* The effect of walking over this species of pavement, both here and at Pau, reminds us of Peter Pindar's *un-boiled peas*.

head was suspended a hood called a "capulet," forming at once a bonnet and cape, and hanging down to the waist. This was invariably either of scarlet, or of white with black edging. Half of those, who passed us, carried it folded into a small square on the top of their heads. This is the mode of wearing it employed in fine weather, and so well delineated in the engravings of Pyrenean costume. A large number of the women were mounted, riding invariably like the men.* They usually wore a long petticoat, open at the middle both in front and behind. This was a very serviceable protection and cover for the legs.

At a short distance from Tarbes we came in front of a steep winding hill, now disused for carriages, but offering a short cut for horsemen and pedestrians. Some of the parties winding down composed very picturesque scenes. One, which we had followed with the eye from above, entered the high road just as we passed it. All were mounted, and all went in single file. First, an old man, capped and cloaked, bent and stooping amongst the trappings of his horse—the patriarch of the company. Next came a woman clad in bright blue. Then another

* Asking at Pau for a lady's saddle, I was answered: "Une selle anglaise, Monsieur?" by which was meant a side-saddle.

woman, in a white boddice and dark blue petticoat. Then another in scarlet boddice and grey petticoat. Fifth, a hale young man. The whole party was exactly such as one sees represented in old pictures.

For many miles before reaching Pau the road is flat and straight; but the variety of foliage in the hedges and gardens skirting it throughout, and not only the fertility, but also the care and finish visible around, render it, at this season especially, a very delightful drive. I never saw such an intermixture of different foliage—that too of the most choice description. Oak, sweet chestnut, walnut, fig, vine, acacia, and many other beautiful hedge or garden productions, followed each other in such quick succession, and were so blended together on each side of the road, that art and intention itself could scarcely have formed a more varied *arboretum* to please and interest the traveller.

On entering the town one of the first names which I observed was “*Bernadotte, Aubergiste.*” I subsequently saw the plain and humble house in which the late Sovereign of Sweden was born. A small marble tablet over the door mentions the circumstance.

Pau.—We found a very pleasant apartment, and every attention at the Hôtel de France,

where we remained about a week; but as the advice of all acquainted with the country was against our commencing any mountain excursion before the first of June, we made our arrangements for remaining at Pau during another fortnight; and we had an additional inducement in consequence of finding a very delightful lodging in the country, though within easy reach of the town. Let me describe it.

On leaving Pau by the valley which leads to Orthez and Bayonne, you pass for about half a mile between two slopes which nearly approach one another. That to the left is the well-known and much admired park—a lofty, narrow, and abrupt ridge or eminence, clothed with fine trees, and sloping abruptly towards the river, or Gave du Pau, on the one side—towards the road on the other. The slope to the right is covered with vines, and you pass one handsome country-house, approached between two walls of roses, which are blooming at this moment in profuse abundance. Just at the termination of the slope is a house, now under repair and enlargement, but with one wing tenantable, belonging to the owner of the English library and reading-room, Mr. M—. Here we established ourselves. Favourably for our view, the park ends abruptly

about a hundred yards before the termination of the ridge on which this residence stands. Thus we have spread uninterruptedly before us, and seen between the descending sides of a valley, the noble heights of the Pyrenees, including the Pic du Midi rising with its lofty and sharp crests far above them all. In front of us, at about a mile distance, extends a grand, well wooded and well cultivated line of hills, opening itself here and there into small deep valleys, and decorated with three or four handsome country-houses, at considerable distances from one another. The most attractive of them all, in a very commanding position, is occupied by our friends, Mr. and Lady F—C—. At the foot of this range of hills flows the Gave, streaking the valley with its line of bright waters. This valley extends to the high road immediately below our dwelling, whence our meadow and garden rise so abruptly, that the road, though not fifty yards off, is quite invisible from our windows. Roses, acacias, and many other shrubs and flowers bloom before us, and often call us from our sitting room, which opens into the garden. Hitherto I have spoken only of a southern view. Our room has a window due west, looking down the valley as far as the eye can

reach, and enabling us to catch every tint of the sun's declining rays. Behind the house is a narrow hollow lane, by crossing which at ten yards from our door, we enter a small grove of aged chestnut trees, very large in girth,* still verdant with foliage and of the most picturesque form. The carpet of this grove is of turf, fern, and short heath, while the ground slopes steeply towards the north. Adjoining our garden eastward is the house of the Curé of Bilhère, who kindly allows us a place for our ponies in his stable. He has two gardens filled with flowers, one attached to his house, and one to the church on the other side of the lane. Between the varied flowers and perfume of these two gardens and then by the little parish church we pass on and descend into the high road leading to the town. Such is a sketch of the domicile in which we passed a fortnight most agreeably,†

* One of them, which I measured, was eighteen feet round, at about four feet from the ground, and much larger both above and below that mark.

† One advantage enjoyed by us here—and that no inconsiderable one, after a journey in which we could very rarely meet an English book for perusal—was a free permission, kindly given us by Lord and Lady N—, to read any of the works contained in their excellent library.

The delicacy of his Lordship's health renders a constant residence at Pau needful for him. And having mentioned his name,

I trust also, thankfully to God. For who else is it that “determines the bounds of our habitation,” and provides us with a dwelling whether at home or abroad—whether amidst kindred, or at the inn of wayfarers—whether for years, or whether for a single day? I must not omit to mention that from one of our windows we have a view of the small house (it is more than a cottage) in which Henry IV. was nursed. It stands in the middle of a garden from whence we are supplied with Alpine strawberries. In the room occupied by the royal infant is still shown the ancient bed, and a spiked pole, once used by Henry in clambering the mountains around. He is the great object of hero-worship in this neighbourhood. The room at the Castle of Pau where he was born—the house where he was nursed—the mountain residence where he was educated in companionship with Bearnese boys; these and many other spots connected

I cannot help expressing that in which all who know him must share—a strong sense of sympathy for one so early disabled, through ill health, from exercising in his own country, and in public life, the distinguished attainments and ability with which Lord N— is gifted. I have seldom been more interested than in two or three conversations which I had with him, and perhaps felt more for his trial from his having been a contemporary of my own at Oxford.

with his history are pointed out with no little enthusiasm. The statue lately erected by his present Majesty occupies a notable position in the town ; and streets, as well as various establishments, such as cafés, baths, &c. are called after his name.

Pau and its environs have been so copiously and frequently described that perhaps few places on the continent are more accurately known to the readers of travels and local descriptions. I shall, therefore, according to my usual plan, only record a few scattered notices and impressions of the place, referring those who require more details to the pages of Mrs. Ellis, or Doctor Taylor, as perhaps the most accurate and systematic works on the town and neighbourhood of Pau, among a vast number, which more or less speak of the locality.

We did not long delay a visit to the interior of the Castle, which as well as the exterior, is under reparation and restoration through the liberal and tasteful care of the King. The chief rooms are hung with fine old tapestry, bright and fresh, and representing subjects connected with pastoral life. The costumes are extremely curious. We saw the celebrated tortoise-shell which was used as a cradle for Henry IV., and

only preserved at the Revolution by the substitution of another, which happened to be in a private collection of curiosities in the town. We also saw his statue, done in his life-time, and representing him thin and worn after a long campaign. There are also in the Castle some fine specimens of old carved oak furniture, *e. g.* two beds and a state chair—all very rich, and connected by their history with the place. The new chapel seems unworthy of the rest of the building: too white in colour, and devoid of all keeping with the rest of the Castle. We heard that the Duke de Montpensier, who has lately been here, observed the same thing the moment he saw it, and that in consequence of his representation to the King an improvement will take place in this part of the structure.

His Majesty takes a lively interest in the works going on at the Castle, and I believe, directs them all personally. Indeed I was told that he takes great interest in Pau, and that he often speaks to travellers about the place, or recommends them to visit it. I heard also that at the conclusion of an audience with his architect, who was just setting off for the place, he said, "I wish I could put myself into the Malle-Poste, and go with you." Under his auspices the

edifice will ere long again answer to its ancient title, “un moult bel chastel.”*



Castle of Pau.

I made two pleasant excursions to the old and picturesque town of Lescar,† about three miles from our abode. Nothing could be more

* Froissart.

† Anciently Benearnum—the capital of Bearn—destroyed by the Normans in 845. The sovereigns of the country then removed to Morlaas—whence, in the 13th century, they went to Orthez, and subsequently to Pau.

pleasant than the walk, not that along the high road, but by a succession of winding lanes to the right of it, and just under the steep vine-covered slopes. One passes a number of comfortable little residences on the way—surrounded with trelliced vines, and almost invariably having one or more fine fig-trees occupying pleasant corners, and sometimes stretching their dark and richly formed leaves far over the wall. There was something in these two choice trees, thus recurring in the garden of each small tenement, which exactly brought to my mind the proverbial language of the Scripture, representing independence, comfort, and prosperity. “And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, from Dan even to Beersheba, all the days of Solomon.” 1 Kings iv, 25. See also Zech. x, 10; and Isa. xxvi. 16.

A steep hill brings the visitor into the street and up to the church at Lescar. The first time I visited the place was on a fête day in company with Mrs. T—. The whole place was crowded with the country people in holiday costume, and appearing in the highest spirits. Close to the church a large quadrille, or French country-dance, was going on in an open “place;” not with the slow step of the drawing-room, but

with real vigour and animation. This dance was just drawing to a close as we approached, and on asking when another would commence, we were told not till after vespers. A long line of young damsels was notwithstanding drawn up, I suppose, patiently waiting for partners. On entering the church we found service going on. On one side was a large decorated canopy over a silver-enthroned figure of the Virgin Mary, temporarily introduced for the month of May.*

I visited Lescar a second time to observe at leisure the carved wood-work and mosaics, both in the choir. I commenced my examination of the carved wood (consisting of single figures of saints and characters in Scripture, very well executed) at the left side; and there was something impressive in finding the series terminated by a beautiful sculpture of our Saviour. Though some of the figures were those of apocryphal saints, yet by far the greatest number were genuine Scripture characters, including all the Apostles. The mosaic work lies under the boards of the choir, and represents, for the most part, figures of animals, a subject altogether unsuitable to its position. It is said to have been the work of

* See in the previous pages the notice of the scene which I witnessed at Auch Cathedral.

a Bishop of the Church ; but I almost wonder that the antiquaries have not formed some theory as to its having been the floor of an ancient temple in honour of Diana.

In a visit one afternoon to the public library of this town I looked over the curious narrative given by Froissart of his ten days' ride in this neighbourhood at the close of the fourteenth century. I was much interested with the account, as an illustration of the habits of that period. The third book of his Chronicles, a composition partly history, partly memoir, and partly diary, tells of his safe arrival in Bearn in November, 1388, with introductory "lettres de familiarité" from the Count of Blois to the Count of Foix whose court was held at Orthez. As usual, he had travelled "en quérant de tous côtés nouvelles," and ascribes his safe journey to "la grâce de Dieu." The apparent motive for his coming to these parts is thoroughly characteristic, viz., the absence of subjects for his active pen at the place of his previous abode ; and he says that there appeared no "espérance que aucuns faits d'armes se fissent ès parties de Picardie et de Flandre." The Count of Foix received him most courteously, and entertained him hospitably. He remained there a considerable time pursuing his old avocation of question-

ing, hearing recitals, and writing, and as the charm of his sojourn at Orthez, he says that he had "prêts à la main barons, chevaliers et écuyers qui m'en informaient, et le gentil Comte de Foix aussi."

During one of the journeys which "Messire Jean Froissart" undertook in the south of France he accidentally met in the hotel at Pamiers, the Chevalier Espaing de Lyon, who was going to Orthez. The Chevalier was a most courteous knight of about fifty years old, and they pursued their journey in company. Liv. 3. ch. 2.

Espaing de Lyon was exactly the companion to Froissart's taste. "En chevauchant,* le gentilhomme et beau cavalier, plus que il avait dit au matin ses oraisons, jangloit † le plus du jour à moi en demandant nouvelles, et aussi quand je lui en demandois, il m'en répondoit." Ch. 9. While Froissart heard all these adventures, the way (as he observes) seemed only too short. Ch. 10.

The detail of his style is accounted for by the daily and unfailing industry with which he exerted his pen. "As soon as we dismounted at our inn I wrote all down, whether it was late or

* As we rode.

† Conversed.

early, that posterity might have the advantage of it ; for there is nothing like writing for the preservation of events."—Ch 8.

At Tournay they lodged at the Star, where they found themselves very comfortable, and where they received a visit from the Chatelain of Mauvoisin, who supped with them, and brought them four bottles of excellent wine.—Ch. 9.

While on their journey they approached a cross erected at a spot where two knights had fought, and both died from the wounds received in the encounter. Espaing de Lyon having told him the circumstances : " A ces mots chéimes-nous droit sur la croix, et y dîmes-nous chacun pour les âmes des morts une patre nôtre, un ave-maria, un de profundis et fidelium." Ch. 9.

They passed a ferry over the Garonne at Casseros with difficulty and danger. Ch. 2.

As they approached Tarbes, Froissart, (by his own good-humoured admission, a most insatiable questioner), after hearing a long narrative from his companion, gave him rest for the day. " A ces mots, je laissai le chevalier en paix, et assez tôt après nous vinmes à Tharbe, où nous fûmes tout aise à l'hôtel à l'Etoile ; et y séjournâmes tout ce jour, car c'est une ville trop bien aisée

pour séjourner chevaux, de bons foins, de bonnes avoines et de belle rivière." Ch. 10.

From Tarbes they rode the next day to Morlens;* next day dined at Mont Gerbiel, passing by Pau without notice, and arrived at Orthez by sun-set. Froissart here lodged at the Moon. The journey from Pamiers occupied ten days.

On Whit-Monday a large fair was held in the town, the cattle being exhibited at the Haute Plante, where the large grassy field in front of the barracks, and the grove adjoining form one of the best possible localities for that purpose. The town was thickly crowded with the well-dressed peasantry of the neighbourhood—on the whole extremely clean and picturesque in their appearance. The gayest coloured handkerchiefs formed the universal head-dress of the females, except where some aged matron wore the well-

* This town, about four miles from Pau, and now a place of comparative insignificance, was for some centuries the Capital of Bearn. A curious piece of history is connected with the place. It has been a disputed point whether Bearn was ever absolutely independent of France, or held of that Crown as a fief. The fact of gold coins having been struck at Morlaas is considered as decisive of the question in favour of the former assertion, inasmuch as this privilege was never allowed to the vassals of the Kings of France.

known cowl or "capulet" peculiar to this country. This is usually white or scarlet, and in either case trimmed with an edging of black velvet. Business and pleasure, as in our own country, were going on hand in hand. Two large parties in the open air were dancing quadrilles—one near Henry IV's statue, the other near the cattle-fair.

A considerable number of horses were exposed for sale; and though none appeared to me of a valuable description, there were plenty of small active animals well suited for the saddle or the light carriages of the country. Any person wishing to establish a little equipage for a mountain tour, or to obtain a good riding horse might have succeeded without difficulty. The sight which pleased me most, in my visit to the scene, was that of five or six Spaniards, among whom were two noble and commanding figures with cap, jacket, waistcoat, breeches and gaiters, all of a deep brown—sash and handkerchief of scarlet tied round the head—and sandals bound by straps to the feet. They appeared to me gypsies. When I first saw them, they were all engaged in dealing for a horse, clustering around the animal, feeling him all over, and eagerly pulling about every limb and joint. They exactly reminded me of the gypsy-soldiers in the

stable, whose proceedings are so inimitably described by the graphic pen of Mr. Borrow.

It was painful to see the manner in which all the horses were rode, including the smallest and gentlest little creatures. Enormous saddles were on their backs, and they were rode about under the continual action of sharp bits and sharp spurs. I saw one hard-visaged old fellow, conspicuous for this treatment of a heavy fat cart-horse. Poor old Dobbin did his best to look gay, gallant, and saleable; but his master should have had better feeling than to force the gambols of a high-bred colt from the animal on which he sat.

While at Pau, I heard much about Spain from individuals who had lately visited that country. To judge at a distance one would imagine that the country was overrun with banditti; but on approaching it, one hears very different accounts. I met Lady J— and her daughter, who last week returned from an expedition to Madrid. Neither they, nor any others who have lately made the excursion, describe it as in any way perilous for the traveller.

May 30.—We left Pau this morning with the intention of making an excursion to Bayonne, and at all events of taking a peep into Spain as far as St. Sebastian, even should we not proceed farther into that country. The whole district

which we traversed to-day to our sleeping-place, Puyoo (thirty-four miles) offered, in unbroken succession, that attractive scene which good country-houses, neat cottages, cherished gardens, and highly cultivated fields must always compose. Such a scene is not merely gratifying to the outward eye, but may fairly be viewed as no slight evidence of moral and social happiness among the inhabitants. And when I mention that this day we were in a very Protestant country (for France), and that we naturally compared the appearance of this people and districts with many other departments, entirely Popish, which we had lately traversed, the observations almost universally formed by travellers as to the respective mien of different cantons in Switzerland, according to the prevalent religion, naturally recurred to my mind, and received here a testimony corroborative of their truth.

Orthez, where we rested for a few hours, is a clean and neat town, memorable as the scene of combat between the allied armies under the Duke of Wellington and the French under Marshal Soult. It has some very pleasant shady walks, one of which I followed and found myself all at once enjoying a side view of a most ancient bridge and of a rock-bound river. The picturesque

effect of the bridge was much increased instead of injured by a range of old dwellings built high



The Bridge of Orthez.

above it, and forming with their wooden balconies little terraced gardens, clambering vines, and projecting fig-trees, a very beautiful background. This was the very bridge which the French engineers in vain endeavoured to blow up, and this was the river where the army of the Duke of Wellington came up with that of Marshal Soult then falling back on Toulouse. It was soon crossed by the English, when the battle of Orthez ensued, and brought fresh renown to our

arms; while at the same time the French so fought as neither to lose credit for courage in the combat, or for discipline and skill in their retreat—but very much the contrary.

As I was standing on the bridge I fell into conversation with a good-humoured old French cuirassier, who in the most communicative manner entered upon the subject of the battle. He said, “I was in it myself, and I very often fought against your Duke,” as he expressed himself, mentioning the campaign in Spain, the battle of Waterloo, &c., as forming part of his military career. I also saw the hill marked by the few remaining ruins of an old Roman fort, whence the Duke of Wellington directed the proceedings of the day. The old cuirassier was a Protestant, and introduced, of his own accord, the subject of religion, pointing out to me his own residence and other neighbouring houses, and adding, “Around here we are all Protestants.”* I gave him a few tracts which he willingly accepted.

Orthez interested me much, and indeed, there must be to every Englishman, who feels that it was necessary for Napoleon to be overthrown, a

* Mrs. Ellis, in her work on the Pyrenees, states that the number of Protestants at Orthez is eighteen hundred—a very large proportion for a town of eight thousand inhabitants.

deep interest in all places memorable in the campaign waged against his ambition. I say this, although I cannot myself see how war and battles can be to the Christian otherwise than painful subjects. Mere honour and glory (as used in the language of the world) will not dazzle his eye. Some great necessity—some high object must appear—some true “*casus belli*.” Surely such was not wanting to us in our late arduous contest, not in principle, be it ever remembered, with France, but with its restless Chief.

Stopping for the night at a post-house in a small village, we found that our landlady was a Protestant. On that very morning a pastor had been there, and held a “*réunion*,” (prayer meeting) in the village. At the old town of Belloque, about a quarter of a mile distant, there is a “*Temple*” and public worship, but unfortunately for the inhabitants of this “*commune*,” a river intervenes; and though a suspension bridge has lately been built, our landlady said that many, who would wish to attend service, were there too poor to pay the half-penny each way. I understood that chiefly on this ground, the Protestants of Puyoo were going to have a small temple of their own erected, and were now only waiting the needful sanction of the authorities.

May 31.—To Bayonne, thirty-four miles. The

country resembled that which we passed through yesterday for about half of our journey to-day. It then suddenly changed, and though still very varied and pleasing, showed by its peculiar character that we were on the borders of the Landes, which stretch from Bordeaux to Bayonne. I had visited a portion of that district near the former place, and I was at once reminded of it here by the sandy soil, the narrow and abrupt ridges, the sudden ascents and descents, the pines, and the countless aromatic plants which marked the scene of our progress this afternoon. However there was much cultivation in irregular patches ; and many pleasant residences lined the road-side, sometimes bordered with little, trim, thin hedges of Chinese roses or acacias, both in full flower at present. Advanced as we are at home in ornamental gardens, perhaps we might advantageously introduce borders or divisions of the same shrubs in our own dressed grounds.

Shortly after our arrival at Bayonne I saw a thick, white, and far-spreading cloud, coming out in our direction from a black and lurid sky. Its course was most rapid, and it soon brought with it thunder,* lightning, and rain, which lasted for a considerable time, breaking violently

* Exactly opposite to our windows, about fifty yards off with nothing intervening, and guarded day and night by a sentinel on

over the town. We were thankful to be sheltered so opportunely, having enjoyed two delightful days for our journey. Our inn here tells of Spanish travellers, and its title is thoroughly adapted to suit the taste of that nation: "Fonda San Esteban" is inscribed on the outside as well as "Hotel St. Etienne." The shops too have Spanish announcements showing the numbers of that nation whose wants and tastes are here consulted, just as those of the English and Germans at the frontier towns most frequently visited and traversed by them. Opposite our windows is a hair-dresser's shop, over which in large letters are the words "Gabinete para cortar el pelo."

June 1.—We passed some hours to-day at Bieritz, a neat little watering-place about four miles from Bayonne. The noble view of the Bay of Biscay and of the mountainous coast of Spain—the rocks scooped out into deep hollows reverberating to the waves—the clean and smooth sand—the heath and grassy-covered ridges, on which the houses are scattered about,

the green line of fortification, is a plain building somewhat like a large National School in shape; but with the peculiarity of three iron rods rising very high, one at each end and one at the side of the building. I need not say that this is a powder-magazine, too near for complete satisfaction on such an evening as this, when the lightning is flashing about the atmosphere in every direction.

and the cleanly character of the whole place made it a spot of no slight attractions. Indeed the number of visitors there to-day, and the variety of carriages which passed us on the road showed how much it was frequented although the bathing season has not yet commenced. The great want is that of trees—a very serious one in this latitude.

The old mode of conveyance between Bayonne and Bieritz, so well described by Inglis, and called “en cacolet,” or two persons on one horse in paniers slung at each side, is now comparatively obsolete. At least, I saw only two or three specimens of this style of riding, once so general here.

A French gentleman pointed out to me, from the cliff, the mouth of the Bidassoa, which forms the boundary between France and Spain also the Spanish coast, boldly extending southward.

June 2, Sunday.—We had hoped to join in public worship this morning with a little company of our fellow-countrymen at Bieritz; but a furious storm, attended with profuse rain during the whole day and night, prevented our leaving Bayonne. Had not the Rev. Mr. C—been at Bieritz, a clergyman to officiate, I should not of course have allowed weather to prevent my attendance.

June 3.—Two very good judges, Inglis and

Arthur Young, have given the highest praise to the situation of Bayonne ; and certainly there is something very agreeable in the combination of water, avenues of trees and green hills, all intermingled with a large and populous city. The place is also celebrated for the beauty of the female inhabitants ; but while we were there, the weather was so adverse that we had scarcely one opportunity of seeing them out. We observed, however, a few with fine Grecian features and the most delicate complexions. Their head-dress, generally a green, yellow, or orange handkerchief, is arranged with peculiar care and taste.

During the day we went to see the Jewish Synagogue, partly in hopes of obtaining some information about the fifteen hundred Israelites, chiefly descendants of those expelled from Spain, who reside in this city. The Jewess, who showed it to us, gave no signs of a strong sense of her religion. I presented her with a little book, containing the chapters of St. Matthew, descriptive of our Lord's passion, in Spanish. She said it was her language, though she did not read well ; but expressed a hope that after reading it two or three times, she would understand its contents. As we were going away, I saw that she had made no delay in commencing the perusal. I trust that she may fulfill her expressed intention ; and

that even by this small portion of the "word of truth" the Holy Spirit may work effectually in her heart. I cannot help feeling an earnest desire that the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews was able to establish a Missionary at Bordeaux for its three thousand Jews, and at Bayonne for its fifteen hundred. I am not aware that this Society has a single representative in Western France.

Bayonne, as well as Toulouse, is memorable as a scene of bloodshed at the close of the last war after the whole cause of war was at an end. There is something very awful in such a special waste of human life and limb as took place on both sides here, in consequence of the sally from the citadel* made in the night by the French garrison.

A military man alone can fully appreciate the failure of the scheme, when one hears that the numbers killed on each side were about equal. The principle (if it may so be called) of a sally is, that it should be executed with slight loss to the attacking party. At least, this observation was made to me on the subject by a military friend when noticing the unfounded character of any claim to reputation on the part of the French in consequence of the attack.

* Vast additional slopes are now in progress of formation. There are eight hundred men employed on the glacis.

June 4.—We set out to-day for St. Sebastian, leaving Bayonne at half-past six. Our first stage was to St. Jean de Luz, where we arrived after a very pleasant drive; the sea being on the right of our road, and on the left those lofty heights which were the well-known scenes of contest and of success to our arms during the last war. I admired much the position of St. Jean de Luz. It has a delightful, smooth, sandy, circular bay, adorned with a fine castle at one horn, and with bold rocks at the other. The Church presents something of the Spanish character in the lofty gilded altar-piece filling the face of the choir, and rising up to the very roof of the Church. It has also three rows of galleries and a wooden floor, both peculiarities to me leaving France.

We were now on the point of entering Spain—I need scarcely say with feelings of intense interest. Who could approach such a country unmoved?

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

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