



DIARY OF TRAVELS
IN
FRANCE AND SPAIN.
—
VOL. II.



View from Thruadnoelle St.

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DIARY OF TRAVELS

IN

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CHIEFLY IN THE YEAR 1844.

BY

THE REV. FRANCIS TRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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June 4.—The country which we traversed on nearing the confines was thinly peopled, solitary, and covered with heath; but the views in the distance were grand and varied; mountains on our left—the ocean and its cliffs on our right.

A custom-house on the near side, and soldiers in Spanish uniform at the further side of a wooden-bridge announced the boundary of the

two distinctive territories. I stopped at the French custom-house and asked whether I should be allowed to bring back my ponies and carriage free of charge. "Yes, certainly," was the answer. "It will not give us much trouble to recognise it again." Showing our passport at both sides of the bridge, and taking up a messenger on the Spanish frontier to watch against the deposition of contraband goods during the intervening portion of the way, we went on about a mile to the first Spanish town, Irun, conspicuously placed on the side of a hill in front of our course. Here was the regular Spanish custom-house. Our few packages were slightly and very civilly examined,* and we were detained but a short time, although having a carriage and ponies to introduce I had some special business on this account. The duty on their introduction would have been so heavy, that for my short excursion I would not have incurred it; but by means of a letter written for me by the obliging host of the Hôtel St. Etienne, at Bayonne, to the equally obliging host of the hotel at Irun, M. Ramon: this was soon

* We only brought with us three Spanish Testaments and a small number of tracts in the same language, in consequence of our inability to ascertain the law on the subject of their introduction, and from fear of losing all if we took more.

settled, as he became responsible in my behalf for the return of my equipage in the course of fifteen days—a period sufficient for our trip in Spain.

We had the pleasure of meeting at Irun with two ladies, the Misses Y——, who were to be our companions in our Spanish expedition. We had in every respect much reason to be gratified in having been able to induce our friends to be of our party.

We soon arranged our first excursion, viz., to St. Sebastian. Having heard that the high road by Ernani was twice as long and less interesting than the other through Errenteria—partly along a bridle-path and partly by water—our two friends were provided with a horse of the country, which they rode “en cacolet” according to the fashion of the neighbourhood: that is, with two chairs, or frames, balanced across the back of the animal. I had hired at Pau two saddles for mountain excursions in the Pyrenees, and Mrs. T—— was soon mounted on her little white pony. The remainder of the party consisted of the guide, with another horse carrying luggage, my bay pony carrying our bags, &c., myself and servant on foot.

We went for some miles along the high, or royal road leading to Madrid, through fine

verdant vallies with varied heights and mountains on each side. We then turned off by a rough bridle-path and passed through Errenteria, a most characteristic specimen of an old Spanish town. We entered and quitted it under low, broken, fortified arches. Large iron balconies were conspicuous, and the eaves of the opposite houses projected so far as almost to touch one another, and thus completely to shade the street below. This was paved all across with large flags, handsome once, but now much broken and dilapidated. A fine arm of the sea soon appeared before us, narrow and enclosed by mountainous land on every side, except where the sea enters at the narrow straight at Passage. The scene reminded me a little of some narrow Swiss lake; but far more of the wondrously grand bays and inlets of the sea in Connemara, especially in the neighbourhood of the Killeries. Here we got into a boat, the hired horses returning, and my pony taking a circuit to meet us again. I heard afterwards that their road was scarcely passable, even as a horse-path—more like the top of a wall. Perhaps the wild-looking guide wanted to earn his “pesata” more speedily than usual, and took them where he should not have gone. Our boat

was rowed by women,* an old custom here. I offered to help, but in vain. Neither would resign the oar.

I heard to-day, for the first time, that most extraordinary discord so well known to travellers in Spain; I mean the creaking of a Spanish cart. As we were proceeding along the high road we heard all at once a distant sound, perfectly new to our ears. My first impression was that it proceeded from a saw-mill, or other similar machinery, among the trees of the neighbouring valley. One of the ladies had, however, heard it before, and said that it was only a cart! The noise approached nearer and nearer — izz, izz, izz, then a deep groan, then a loud, hollow rumble, then the shrillest of all shrill screams prolonged to an indescribable length, then—but it is

* The hardy, and talkative old lady who rowed our boat with the help of a pretty young girl, seemed a very queen of the waters. As we embarked and disembarked, a crowd of lads and women seemed to obey her. She spoke of a young man as under her, assuring us in a confidential tone that we might quite rely on him. When we landed she arranged at once with a large party of females to carry our goods to St. Sebastian, receiving payment for all on arrival. Like the Italian couriers, so many of whom maintain that, in some way or other, they have served Lord Byron, so she claimed a former service to the Duke of Wellington. She said: "I and two other women of Errenteria rowed him from Passage to the Castle, and he gave me two 'duros.'"

really quite in vain to represent the other accompaniments, and I give up the endeavour. "Rough music," indeed! All the marrow-bones, cat-calls, and cleavers of a town—all the noises used at a "skimiting" or "charivari" for bad husbands in a Hampshire village, would prove almost harmonious when brought into comparison with the tones of a Spanish cart. By and bye the vehicle appeared winding down towards us along a hollow lane. The ponies passed it with a look of wonder and surprise; and if any noise would have frightened them, I am sure it would have been this. We afterwards met many other similar vehicles tuned exactly to a similar key. But I have said nothing regarding the form of the machine. A pole for attaching the oxen joins at right angles an horizontal frame of wood the foundation of the body of the cart. On this there are sometimes erected four upright stakes, sustaining a few loose boards in a square shape, and about as large as a full-sized English wheel-barrow. Sometimes a kind of hamper is the only body. The wheels have no spokes, but are merely round circles of wood little more than a yard in diameter. Into this an axletree, square at the ends, is inserted, and axletree and wheels all go round

together. Hence, and from the lack of any oil, the strange sounds, I suppose, originate.

Nothing can be grander than the mountain rock, close under which lies the small town of St. Sebastian, new and regular in its form, the old town having been burnt and destroyed at the fearful storming of that place, so creditable to the valour of our countrymen, and so disgraceful, as to their conduct on success. I will not dwell on its harrowing recollections, leaving as they do, a dark spot upon a bright career. The position of the celebrated breach is marked out by a small semi-circle of inner or second wall. Opposite to it are the sand-hills from whence our guns were fired, passing only a few feet over the heads of our storming-party waiting to mount the breach.

We were lodged at an excellent inn at St. Sebastian, with bright boarded floors, good apartments, cleanliness throughout, and much attention. Its name is the "Isabella Segunda." I found also a good stable; but on passing the confines and entering Spain, horses must change their diet. No oats—no hay. Barley and chopped straw is the "regime." The ponies are becoming "citizens of the world," and readily partook of the fare of the country. Hap-

pily for us our friends speak Spanish, and we soon felt quite at home in this land—to us, compared with France, a strange and unknown locality.

June 5.—Early this morning I ascended and walked round the height on which stands the citadel of St. Sebastian ; and a glorious walk it is ! Turning to the left near the Church, and going on under trees and paths along turf, I soon saw spread beneath the whole local features of the place. A singularly narrow neck of land joins the town and mountain-rock (I know not what else to call it) to the main-land. On each side of this height the ocean flows in, making two bays, which, except at the root of the hill, and at this little isthmus, encircles the whole town. Mountains of varied outline fill up the view on the land side. The boundless ocean, forming here the Bay of Biscay, expands itself on the other. The weather was perfect, and the freshness of the sea-breeze, the grandeur of the foreground, and the varying panorama presenting itself at each step of the circuit by which I returned towards the right to the same point of entrance—rendered the walk beautiful beyond description. I have only attempted a few touches as to its character.

On the back of the height towards the sea, a

few tomb-stones are scattered about among the rocks and foliage. English inscriptions soon caught my eye, and I found that they were chiefly of the years 1837-8-9, and raised in memory of the officers connected with the British Legion.

To-day is the anniversary of a great religious festival in Roman Catholic countries, that is the “ Fête Dieu.”* From early dawn the inhabitants were making preparation for the “ fonçion,” a name applied in Spain to almost every show or public ceremony. On going out at ten o’clock, I found that the four principal streets of the town, forming a square, were hung from top to bottom with curtains, tapestry, quilts, and all sorts of gay-coloured drapery. Rushes were plentifully scattered along the same line. A large number of soldiers were drawn up at the door of the principal Church, where we found a service going on, in which there was a great deal of music. Some portions were chanted by a single voice—a fine Italian tenor—accompanied by the organ. When this was concluded, a large body of soldiers quickly lined the four streets,

* I believe it is in special honour of the false doctrine of Transubstantiation ; *i. e.* the making of Christ in all the fulness of his divinity and humanity by the hands of the priest!

and a promenade began in which we had a most favourable opportunity of seeing Spanish costume. The ladies were all in full dress with black "mantillas" covering their heads and hanging down low on each side. These were made either of rich lace, or silk, or merino, trimmed with velvet. Some wore a scarlet or crimson shawl (China crape I was told), over which the "mantilla" hung. There was something very peculiar, but at the same time very handsome in this combination of black and red. It was quite characteristic of the country in old times—gloom and magnificence combined. I did not see a single bonnet. The promenade was soon over, and all the windows were quickly occupied by spectators awaiting the grand religious procession. Our hostess obtained good places for us to see the spectacle; and as there was a little delay, I went to call upon a fellow-countryman whom I had met the day before. Inquiring for his house, I was brought by a lad up to a very pleasant apartment, where, as I was vainly endeavouring to explain the object of my visit to a maid of the country, a Spanish gentleman came out, and told me that Mr. — was at present out, but that he would soon return; and at the same time he invited me to see the pro-

cession from his window. It was just coming down the street, and I readily accepted his offer.

First came long lines of school-children. A military band then advanced, preceding a splendid canopy carried by priests. Underneath this the consecrated wafer was carried in state, and held up in that conspicuous manner adopted by the priests. As it passed, the soldiers knelt on one knee, and at one time the regimental colours were lowered and placed flat on the ground across the street. I asked why this was done, and I was told that it was a homage to the host. The "Alguazils" were pointed out to me, also the "Alcalde" and two companions in old Spanish costume—dark and grave, but very handsome. During the course of the procession it passed two altars erected in the streets, and decorated with flowers and candles. Religious ceremonies took place at each of these stations.

As I was observing the scene, an Irish gentleman came in whom I had never seen before. I found, on explanation, that my guide had brought me to the wrong house. However, we were soon talking of Ireland, and I had the advantage of receiving from him an explanation of the proceedings, so that the error was much to my benefit. He was a Roman Catholic, and knelt

as the host passed. Others at the windows around did the same, and the street was so narrow, and the balconies so close, that I observed some—from the motions of the lips—engaged in prayer at the time. I took my leave, having partaken of cake and Malaga wine which were courteously offered to me.

I think that St. Sebastian well deserves a visit from any one travelling in the south of France, even should he not proceed farther into Spain. If hurried, a couple of days will enable him to reach it from Bayonne, see it well, and return; while a good inn—sea-breezes, beautiful walks, two or three countrymen resident—in the summer the daily arrival of travellers—the opportunity of hearing the Spanish language, and making at least some observation on Spanish character—might render it an acceptable sojourn for a few weeks to those who were not disposed, from health or other causes, to undertake a more extended journey into Spain, involving, as it confessedly does, a certain degree of hardship and fatigue, not to mention liability to adventure.

I saw in one of the Churches at St. Sebastian a large piece of carved work representing the Trinity above, the Virgin Mary in the centre, and a crowd of human beings beneath in flames,

painted a deep red, whom she is raising and delivering from their torments. Two awfully false doctrines are here embodied, viz: Purgatory and the power of the Virgin Mary. The former questions—or rather denies—the complete efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse from *all* sin. The latter dishonours God as to His divine and exclusive attribute of power to deliver and save.

We met here an English artist, Mr. C——, now engaged in preparing a set of lithographic sketches taken at St. Sebastian, in the vicinity, and from the province of Guipascoa in general. He has fine subjects, indeed, hitherto quite neglected, and there is reason to expect a very interesting publication from his hands. He told me that he travelled and sketched every where with perfect security from danger or interruption.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we left St. Sebastian for Tolosa—seventeen miles. The way was very hilly to Ernani where we entered the great Madrid road. From thence to Tolosa we followed the course of a bright sparkling river along a valley, verdant and cultivated below—above, bounded by grand and mountainous heights.

The drive was enlivened by numerous groups

of the inhabitants in their picturesque and varied holiday attire ; while in every village rustic games and dances were going on, generally held in a smooth oblong space near the Church, evidently formed and kept in order for the purpose. Many were playing at a game which reminded me of tennis, and is very popular in Spain. Two spaces at each end of an oblong court are guarded by two sets of players, whose aim is to prevent a large ball from falling on their side. Instead of a racket a large stiff leather glove is used. The line across the middle, and the evident endeavour to "cut" in a certain manner, so as to make the ball fall sharp, low, and "dead" on the adversary's side, exactly corresponded to the schemes of the Tennis Court.

Two diligences passed us drawn by ten mules. The driver sits low, and sometimes has reins and whip only for two of his team. A postilion guides the two foremost, very shewily dressed in purple and in red, with tassels and embroidery. The other six animals act according to their own good will and discretion. Sometimes they are brought out to the coach in single file—all ready for being attached to the carriage by two hooks for each separate line. Horses and mules are harnessed indiscriminately together. To-day a small chariot passed us at a

rapid rate, drawn by a horse and mule, both fine, tall, and fast-trotting animals.

Turnpikes in Spain remind us of similar claims on travellers at home. In France they enjoy the very liberal provision of splendid roads, without any charge to them whatsoever from one end of the kingdom to the other. Instead of a gate, the custom in Spain is to have a chain lying across the road, which appears to be seldom raised up. Hence the turnpike is called the "cadena."

On entering Tolosa and close to the bridge, we found a very large hotel, and my pony-carriage afforded a fund of interest to a crowd of muleteers, ostlers, and spectators of every description. No less than six large diligences were drawn up in the street, it being the custom in Spain to stop for the night on the road.* The rooms of the three floors in our inn were well separated from the stair-case, and over the door

* Except by diligences there is comparatively little travelling in Spain. This, I believe, is partly for safety, and partly in consequence of the irregular manner in which posting is conducted. Individuals of the highest rank adopt the public conveyance. One evening, when I was at Tolosa, the whole family of one of the highest grandees in Spain arrived in this manner, and at Bayonne I saw the carriage of an heir-apparent to a throne, who had gone to Madrid by the diligence, leaving his own vehicle in France till his return.

of entrance to each floor was respectively inscribed "prima, segunda," and "tercera habitacion." The house was full of travellers; and indeed on the second evening of our stay, no less than fifty slept there. We however had an excellent apartment, very clean, and well-furnished. To a bad sleeper, the great objection would have been the extreme noise, bustle, and excitement during the whole night. The coaches were to set off at varying hours, beginning at three; and the supper hour being late in Spain, it may be supposed that there was little internal quiet. But this was nothing in comparison to the noise and excitement preparatory to and at the departure of each diligence. Mules fought, horses neighed, harness bells tingled, men shouted as they brought each diligence to the door, and attached their team. This was the *preparation* for each start; but when the moment of departure arrived the tumult was indescribable. The great object seemed to be that of beginning at a gallop, and for this end whips were cracked, ostlers screamed, volunteers ran along the first few yards clapping the horses with the palms of their hands, hoofs rattled on the stones, and finally the great long diligence with eighteen passengers inside, and apparently wood and iron work enough about it for eighty,

went off grinding and rolling along. The night was very fine, and all this very much amused me as I stood watching it from the balcony.

June 7.—I ascended this morning a little way up one of the neighbouring mountains to obtain a good view of the town of Tolosa. It is a very compact little place, beautifully encircled with hills, and skirted by a fresh and sparkling river. There is a large paper mill near the town; and on a sample of the manufacture I am now writing my journal. I am indebted to Miss Y— for the sketch of Tolosa taken from the point to which I allude above.

The ladies rode and I walked to-day to Azpatia to see a celebrated convent, and an establishment of mineral baths in that neighbourhood. The distance was about sixteen miles. Our way was through a long mountain pass, which we ascended four or five miles consecutively. We then traversed a small well-cultivated plain, such as is frequently met with in similar localities. Then we descended for a distance corresponding to the ascent. The weather was delightful, and our course was chiefly through wild woods of chestnut trees. We also traversed a considerable portion of pleasant turf and down, on which long woolled sheep were feeding, with heads of a very light and delicate

form. On our way we discerned, on the abrupt side of a grey mountain, an extremely steep zig-zag path, for which we could not account (as it ended abruptly and did not cross the mountain) until we heard that it led to the former abode of a hermit, now forsaken and untenanted.

The night was just closing in as we reached Azpatia, a neat and compact little town, watered by a rapid stream, and most picturesquely situated. Here we found adequate accommodation for travellers; and having arranged our plans for the following day, were glad to retire to rest.

June 8.—The objects of interest near Azpatia are situated in opposite directions, one at about three miles, the other at about one mile distant. Having partaken of the early refreshment common in Spain—bread, and a small cup of chocolate, with cold water in which a large piece of frosted sugar is melted, we set out for the baths. Our track, for it cannot be called anything more, followed the course of a beautiful mountain stream along a deep winding valley. Shortly before we reached the baths we passed the house of the Marquis — on whose estate they are situated, and by whom they have been established.

The building is erected at a spot which seems the head or termination of the valley, but this only results from its sudden bend—an appearance so familiar to all who are acquainted with the passes of a mountainous country. It consists of a kind of lodge and “façade” in front. Behind this is a long parallelogram, formed of a flagged and covered walk on a wide gravel terrace in the middle, and a low wall, just above the river, on the left. In continuance with these lines, and preserving the same form, is the building for the reception of visitors to the baths. It has three floors, each composed of a wide gallery extending the whole length (except at one place, where a portion is cut off for a saloon) and on each side of these galleries are either bed-rooms—small, but neat and clean—or the sitting and eating rooms of the guests and servants.

The baths are in the same building formed of stone basins sunk in small round alcoves. Water was flowing into them as we passed, of the temperature at which it rises from a mineral spring close behind the house. This temperature is a little under that usually employed for a warm bath.

There are now only three guests in the house ; but the season has not begun. It commences at

the end of this month, and the annual visitors, chiefly Spanish with a few French, have hitherto been very numerous. There are accommodations for one hundred and forty.

The chief want is that of a tolerable mode of access. The place is quite inaccessible for a carriage, and though on a flat throughout, so rough and stony, as to be difficult even for a horse.

We left three Spanish tracts here, which were willingly received by the attendant. We requested her to lend them to the visitors of the house. As we were going away, we saw three men working in a carpenter's shop, and asked them whether they would also like to have some. On this, they came forward gladly, and inquired what was to be paid. When told that they were a little gift, they seemed extremely obliged. The same thing has happened to us once before this week on the part of a labouring man; and considering the small number of tracts which we have given away, that this should have twice occurred, shows how acceptable they are, and the probability that a bearer of such publications might have many opportunities, either of selling them, like the Colporteurs in France, or of placing them with those in whom there is at least such a wish to read similar works, as to

render them willing to make some payment in return. Now is the time for exertion on the matter. The priesthood, at the present moment, is by no means dominant—at least, for such a country as Spain; and though at this time it is not the policy of the government to exercise very strong measures of any description, especially against principles and treatises in accordance with constitutional liberty, yet still it is sufficiently strong to repress in a certain degree, that lawlessness and disorder which in Spain are always accompanied with insecurity to travellers. There is notwithstanding an absolute impossibility to foresee what a “day may bring forth,” and therefore the louder the call for immediate endeavours to circulate the word of God and edifying tracts, wherever the blessed work can be carried on in this land.

We then returned to Azpatia, and after resting for half an hour, set out for the celebrated monastery, built and established in honour of Ignatius Loyola, only too well known as the founder of the Jesuits, and personally, a man beyond all doubt, of the most remarkable character. As to the observations I am about to make on the history and circumstances of the place, I have had no other means of information than that of questions on the spot. I

endeavoured to secure accurate answers and to understand them accurately ; but no one is more aware than myself of the liability to error, always involved in such conversations.

On the space which the monastery occupies—at least on a small portion of it—there was once a country residence belonging to the family of Ignatius Loyola ; and here he passed a considerable period of his life. His family was one of distinction, and the house, though not castellated, nor by any means remarkable for size or architecture, appears to have had some means of defence against the attack of enemies.

After the death of Loyola, a Spanish nobleman determined on establishing a monastery on the very spot where he resided, to be connected with his very dwelling in that most curious manner which I have now to describe.

The original house was left standing but surrounded and encased by a vast and magnificent building, consisting of a mansion for the residence of the monks, and an immense mosque-like church attached to it.* The idea of the founder was followed out on the most magnificent scale. Externally or to one viewing the exterior of the

* I do not at present remember to have seen any other building thus arranged, except the "Santa Casa" at Loretto, a small plain cottage room standing in the midst of a splendid Church.

edifice the old house does not appear at all, and an inward examination of the place is necessary to ascertain the arrangements.

We approached the convent, and admired much its situation at the foot of lofty mountains without any other buildings near, and with a small fertile plain in front. The edifice is now quite untenanted, though in complete order and preservation, and the solitude of the place was only broken by the appearance of two figures, clad in black, standing on the steps of the portico to receive us. One was the only remaining ecclesiastic attached to the place—the officiating minister of the chapel.* The other was the porter or attendant, who carried the keys of the different apartments.

We were first conducted into a fine arched entrance hall, with a complete square of corridors, above and below, between two and three hundred feet long. Ascending the stair-case we were shown into a large low room (I could touch the ceiling) most gorgeously fitted up as a chapel, divided in the middle by a grill of iron bars. The

* In addressing me, he styled himself the “Capellanus,” speaking in Latin, as he and I, from want of other means of communication, were obliged to express ourselves to one another in that language. Whenever either of us failed in carrying the intended meaning, our friend, Miss Y—kindly came forward to assist us by interpreting my English into Spanish, or vice versa.

form at once struck me as very singular, but this was readily explained when our guide told us that this was the apartment once inhabited by Ignatius Loyola himself, though now so transformed in every respect except as to shape. The whole was richly and profusely decorated with illustrations of Loyola's life in very bold relief, not only carved, but painted in brilliant colours, and much gilded. Here my conversation with the Chaplain began by his asking me the following question, "Profiteris, Domine, religionem Christianam?" "Immo, Domine." "Catholicam?" "Immo." "Romanam?" "Minimè. Catholicam, et Apostolicam, sed non Romanam."* "Agnoscisne potestatem Papæ, successoris Petri Apostoli?" "Minime. Credimus usurpationem esse ecclesiasticæ potestatis?"

We then went into a fine large Sacristy (the vestry, or rather in Spain a kind of treasure-room attached to the Church) where there were some splendid inlaid marble tables, ancient gilded and painted chests, resembling shrines, and cabinets richly carved in wood. A picture of Ignatius had the following inscription: "Ignatio Loyolæ fun-

* The full title of the Romish religion, as designated by its learned followers, is usually this—"Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman."

tori societatis Jesu magno, ecclesiæ bono nato, parenti optimo atque dulcissimo.”

We then had an explanation on the spot of the plan by which the old house had been preserved including stair-case, walls, stable, &c. As I noticed before, there was nothing peculiar in their character; but their simple form was curiously contrasted to the size, grandeur, and magnificence of all visible around.

The chaplain, interspersing his addresses to me with all due attention to the ladies, now commenced another theological discussion by asking me whether we believed in the “real presence” at the Sacrament as held by the Roman Church. I answered him, “Certainly not,” and endeavoured to set before him the true Scriptural doctrine—that of the Reformation—that held by our Church on the subject. Among other questions which he put to me were some on the dress of our clergy and on the marriage of the priests. Of the latter he seemed strongly to disapprove. “Non mi placet iste mos,” said he, and dwelt on the exclusive devotion to the interest of the Church as more likely to be felt by unmarried men. I naturally reminded him of St. Peter having been a married man—spoke of the evils resulting from enforced celibacy, and showed how useful the wives of clergymen might

be—and are—in their husband's parishes as teachers of the young, visitors of the sick, and general friends and benefactresses. He then said inquiringly, "There is no confession to the priests appointed in your Church?" "No," said I, "nor in the Scriptures." "Yes, in the text,—'Confess your sins one to another.'" "That does not order confession to the priests, but to one another." Dropping now the serious tone of conversation, he asked me in a gay manner, almost in a kind of triumphant humour, as if the very name must silence me, the whole English Church, and the voice of Protestantism in general, "*Quid facit hodiè O'Connell?*" "*Agitationem continuam.*" "*Et quid Wellington? Valet? Multos annos habet. Vigetne adhuc mente et facultatibus?*" "*Immo, maximè. Tantum nunc prodest patriæ in re politicâ, quantum olim in re militari.*" Our conversation drew to a close with a few remarks of mine in answer to his inquiries on the dress of our clergy, and a little discussion as to the authority due to that body. I asked him also whether he read the Bible or Testament in Spanish. "No," said he, "but in Latin." By some other observations he evidently showed me that, so far as the clergy could exercise authority, the people, or laity, were not permitted to read the Bible

for themselves. A short phrase of his embodied the principle of the Romish Church on the subject. "Minister legit. Populo explicatur."

On our departure he accepted from us a copy of the New Testament in Spanish. My parting word to him was: "Vale; vivasque in æternum per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum." His to me was: "Vale; et quod vis, jube me."* I forgot to mention that we observed with much admiration the immense dome which forms the Church, and is incorporated with the building. It is profusely decorated with costly marbles, and around the altars whole pictures are formed of this material inlaid in different colours.

The late political and social changes have

* I must confess that on the chief subjects of our religious conversation, I seem to have reported my own as the last word, for which, bearing in some degree the appearance of self-sufficiency, I must make the best apology—that of truth. My new acquaintance had a calm, cheerful, easy address; and was quite free from all appearance of bigotry, and from all denunciation of the reformed tenets. I respected and liked him for his introduction and active continuance of religious conversation, for his earnestness as to the principles which he held himself, and desire to set them before me. He seemed to be thoughtful on what he heard; and beginning each subject himself, he calmly allowed me the last word of conversation on each topic, and reassumed his kindly office as our guide.

transferred the convent and estates once attached to it into the hands of the Province, whose property it now is.

At two o'clock we set out, as we came, on our return to Tolosa and arrived there at about seven, having had a most interesting excursion in every respect.

CHAPTER II.

Spanish amusements—Beautiful scenery—Feeble measures against Banditti—Spanish fare—Open country—Pampeluna—Gitanos—Mode of clipping horses—Evening amusements—Public Promenade—"Plaza de los Toros"—Convicts—Spanish houses and shops—Bishop of Pampeluna—His Palace.

At Tolosa we saw, for the first time, the Spanish dances in the open air. We were walking along the promenade, shaded by trees, where the valley turns in a south easterly direction at the end of the town, and observed several young women and children dressed in the gayest colours lying on the grass or occupying the various seats, and chatting or playing together. Presently two musicians came into the walk, and struck up a tune, which seems here a universal favourite, but to our ears sounded very creaking and monotonous. Little parties of dancers—women and children (for not one man joined them the whole evening) formed themselves together in the middle of the walks or under the trees in the most easy manner, just as if it was

quite their instinct, and continued, I believe, for several hours, the same movements, only varied in slowness or rapidity of time. These movements chiefly consisted in bending the body from side to side, and in steps of a certain simplicity and gracefulness. The place was much crowded by the population of the town, who came thither for the evening walk; and there were several young men, including soldiers in the number; but they only looked on and did not join in the dance. I saw the same scene in another Spanish town, only with this difference, that although the young women began their own dance before the men arrived, yet afterwards they were joined by them as partners, and subsequently the dance went on as usual in other countries.

A considerable number of soldiers appeared to be quartered in this town.

June 10.—To Pampeluna, forty-two miles. Our drive to-day was beautiful—for above twenty miles through a mountain defile, along which the road continually and abruptly curved, disclosing every minute woods, water, rocks, mountain heights, and gushing streams. These rivers seem exactly adapted for trout, and I believe that fish abounds in them; but the Spaniards do not seem to adopt apt means for their capture. The only person whom I ever saw fishing in them with artificial flies had well

filled his basket. One of their strange modes was that of a man standing in the middle of a shallow stream, with a net narrowing into a purse between his legs, of which the mouth was widened out in each direction by his two hands. Two coadjutors stood a little higher up the stream, and when they saw a fish descending, closed in, beating the waters with sticks, and driving it towards the net. As may be expected they had only caught some small fry—very young, I should suppose, thus to be ensnared.

As we were entering the first part of the defile above-mentioned, a man in a kind of uniform ran out of his house with a long gun as our escort or guard, touched his hat, and kept up with the carriage for a few hundred yards; but as the road was smooth and level, and I drove rather fast without giving him any encouragement to attend us, he soon fell back, and bid us “a dios.” By and bye, a few miles farther on, another gunner appeared, far less respectably dressed. The road here was slightly on the ascent, and in some places overlaid with those enormous stones laid on in thick masses, which form the early stage of Spanish macadamization. Here our warlike friend had an advantage over us; and, as the courtesy of the country would not admit of stronger measures to relieve ourselves of his attendance than that of

manifest indifference to his company, he ran by the side of us for several miles. When he stopped at the end of a defile, which I suppose he regarded as his beat, he made his bow, and I gave him a small coin, for which he seemed much obliged. We had the company of another "guardiano," during the day. On a road such as this, of much traffic throughout, such attendance, at all events in the day time, must be perfectly useless; and after all what could one man do for his charge, whether by day or night, in case of meeting such a troop of bandits, as generally appears whenever a robbery takes place in Spain? Robbery by bandits is a topic of common conversation; but nothing varies so rapidly* as the comparative security or inse-

* I remember, that when I made the delightful circuit of Sicily, it was considered that there was no more probability of meeting highway robbers than in the very streets of a town. The fact was, that they had been so numerous and daring a short time before that the proprietors had combined together for putting an end to their avocation; and the system had been destroyed for a time by executions, imprisonments, and fear. However, ten or twelve years after the period of my visit, the roads were again infested with robbers; and when my brother was on the coast of that island, no stranger could traverse it with any prospect of security. The safety of communication is one of the first and simplest tests of adequate power in the government of a country. The Scripture applies this test in the celebrated song of Deborah and Barak, where, by a few details on the perils of travellers, the confusion so lately prevalent in Israel, is forcibly illustrated. "In the days of Shamgar the son of Anath, in the days of Jael, the highways were

curity of a country where such a lawless system prevails. My impression is, from all I can hear, that the present time is one of considerable safety, especially in this part of Spain; but even at present I hear that a numerous guard of soldiers attends the diligences in the neighbourhood of Madrid. A Spanish lawyer of that town spoke to me of Valentia as the locality where travellers were most liable to the attacks of banditti. Others have spoken in the same terms of the road between Madrid and Cadiz; but really the accounts are so contradictory, and vary so much every few months that no very decisive statement can be made on the subject, except from very recent personal experience, and just for the time being. The refugees from Spain, who left their country in consequence of the late troubles, were in some cases subject to two or three highway robberies before they reached the confines.

We stopped for some hours in the middle of the day at Lecumberri, where, on our arrival at the inn, I presented in due form a note of introduction which I had received from my host at

unoccupied, and the travellers walked through by-ways." "They that are delivered from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord."—Judges v. 7, 11.

Tolosa. It was addressed to Don Sebastian —, a hearty and good-humoured old man, who was soon busying himself to make us and our ponies as comfortable as he could in his rude but large “posada.” The ground-floor was nothing less than a stable* filled with mules. Through half of this stable the traveller passes, turns to the right, ascends the stair-case, finds himself in a broad passage, one hundred and twenty feet long, on each side of which are large white-washed rooms, ascends again, and finds the same plan repeated. Into one of these rooms we entered, and were soon served with a most copious, if not most refined dinner. The usual dishes which we have met with at the few inns we have visited, are soup, often of a bright yellow, from saffron—a large plate of boiled eggs — chopped cabbage and bacon — large beans—an “olla” or assemblage of stewed beef, bacon, sausage, veal, &c.—fish of all sorts—fowls, pigeons, roast veal, salad, cheese and cakes. The wine is very good—a little stronger than that of France; and after dinner Malaga and small glasses are put upon the table. The

* In many of the Spanish stables one sees a small but effective machine by which the straw is chopped, which is used universally as a substitute for hay. It is made of iron, and affixed to the wall.

bread of the country is very peculiar—the crust of a beautiful buff or cream colour, and crumb as white as possible, very close and tenacious in consistency, and somewhat like a soft kind of biscuit in appearance and taste. Butter seems unknown.

Pursuing our journey in the afternoon we traversed some beautiful wilderness-like ground, then went through another pass, and emerged from the mountains by the celebrated natural gate, formed in the ridge of heights between the two lofty and peaked rocks, called very poetically from the way in which they stand on each side of the gap, and from a certain similarity of form, “*Las dos hermanas*,” or the Two Sisters. As we passed between them, eagles were wheeling and soaring around their craggy and inaccessible summits.

When we had emerged from this most singular gap, we saw a plain before us, and found that the character of the country was at once completely changed, though still on all sides there were mountains in the distance. Indeed, for the last six or seven miles before reaching Pampe-luna the country became bare, treeless, and arid, and like many parts of Spain, an awful country to traverse on some burning day of mid Spanish summer. Hitherto I must say, that since our

entrance into the country we had not traversed one mile which had not been verdant and varied, rich in its foregrounds, and grand in its distances. Now, however, we had not only a bare country around us; but all at once the road, throughout the day rather rough and rugged, became at once indescribably bad—worse than I had ever met with in the highways of any country whatsoever. For several miles it was absolutely impossible to go at any other pace than a walk, in consequence of deep holes and great stones, prominent in lumps at every step. We all got out, and I and Robert took turns in twisting the ponies through and round the various opposing obstacles. Happily Pampeluna was in view, making its appearance from a considerable distance, and encouraging us onwards by its noble and peculiar aspect. Its bold position, as it rises from a treeless plain—the long lines and extent of its walls, in view, completely without decoration—its unvaried colour of a dark brown, resembling the hue of burnt clay, the minarets of its churches, and one or two lofty thin towers, rising above the town; these and other peculiarities, which I cannot more fully describe, strongly reminded me of Eastern cities, so far as I know them by views, and gave to Pampeluna a grand and poetical character,

which I shall not easily forget. We arrived in front of the town, just at a sun-set in accordance with the grave and solemn appearance of the place. The evening was perfectly calm and clear, while the colours of the sky were harmonized into a pale yellow, forming around exactly the light and atmosphere in best accordance with the scene.

On entering the town we went through two gates guarded by sentinels. As I passed, I was amused by the soldier on the out-post asking me (*à propos* of nothing) to give him a cigar. Skirting some walks, avenues of fine trees and a public garden most pleasingly laid out with shrubs and flowers, we arrived at our inn; and here again I duly presented my note of introduction provided by my host at Tolosa, to Don Alego —, the youthful, easy-going, cigarillo-smoking landlord of the chief hotel at Pampeluna. There were such a quantity of mules, present and expected, at his stables, that large as they were, I found great difficulty in obtaining any safe place for my ponies. When this matter was settled, I was at leisure to begin my observations of a large Spanish town, containing a population of fifteen thousand souls. However, before leaving the yard, I was reminded of the Gitanos, and Mr. Borrow's vivid descriptions of their various pro-

ceedings by seeing a poor horse in one corner subjected at the time to their chief profession, that of clipping horses and mules*, as an ensign of which they wear in their girdle a large pair of shears. All the horses' legs were tied together with strong cords, and besides this, four men were holding him, one pushing at one side, a second at the other, a third twitching his ear, and a fourth pulling at his tail. Four or five others, sometimes mounting on chairs, were clinging about him like bees, and clipping away with the greatest celerity and most alarming noise. I never saw a poor animal, and a very quiet one too, more cruelly treated and apparently on system. No less than three times he threw himself down on the stones during the few minutes that my curiosity induced me to look on. When he did this, all the operators formed a circle, looked on the struggling creature till, tired with exertion, he got up again; and the moment he was up, they closed in again with their shears, and proceeded as fast and as noisily as before, till the horse again struggled and fell, when exactly the same scene was repeated. One very handsome and gaily-dressed youth, a

* The universal custom is to clip the animal extremely close all above a line drawn horizontally along the middle of the body. The effect is very ugly till the eye becomes accustomed to it.

thorough gipsy in every respect, was as active as he was inhuman in his proceedings. When any very cruel measure was to be adopted, he immediately put it into execution; *e. g.* in order to get the head down for clipping about the ears, he jumped up, seized one ear, and hung from it with his whole weight, till the poor horse yielded from pain, dropped his head down, when a rope immediately fastened it to the fore-legs. What cruelty to accomplish a work done in our country without alarm or pain by one man alone, with a small comb and scissors!

Walking into the town I saw a vast number of soldiers, and military bands were playing—sometimes executing extremely well, very difficult pieces—until late at night. Curtains were suspended from the top of the houses outside the windows, and hung over the balconies. One street was full of shops, not only containing leathern skins for wine, but also leathern bottles of every size and shape, illustrating the well-known comparison of our Lord. Many of the men were smoking small paper cigars; and a still larger number apparently well satisfied with a state of complete idleness. Occasionally a grave priest walked by, with the strange hat worn by ecclesiastics in Spain, two feet and a half long, and rolled up over the ears exactly in the shape

of the cake commonly called a wafer. The article is enormous, unsightly, and inconvenient.

A considerable number of the houses have large stone arms and heraldic devices over their doors—a custom which prevails not only in towns, but also in the smallest villages. Several groups, chiefly composed of females, and sometimes of very young children, were occupied with gambling; and I never saw dirtier or more worn cards made available for their pernicious purposes. Looking into the churches, I found them evidently of a studied gloom; and the dress of the females at prayers, almost universally with their black head-covering, increased the solemn and peculiar effect consequent on such an arrangement. Between seven and eight o'clock in the evening the public promenade commenced, which is universal on summer evenings in Spain. The place chosen for the purpose was a short but broad gravelled space in the middle of the public garden. The ladies were in evening dress. They certainly possessed the large, dark, and brilliant eyes so justly attributed to the Spaniards.

The evening was hot, and the fan was in constant use, opened and shut instantaneously with the slightest motion of the hand. A carriage road was close at hand, but not a single carriage was visible, nor did I see one in use during the

three days which we passed at Pampeluna. Not till late did the crowd of walkers retire; and many lingered about long after night-fall, enjoying the extreme loveliness of their clime, and every window and door was thrown open, and the song and the guitar sounded on the air. I had expected to find that Spain had scenes peculiarly its own. Nor have I been disappointed.

June 11. — Continuing my walk early this morning in different parts of the town, I went first to see the new and large amphitheatre, or as it is called here, the “ plaza de los toros,” which is now just finished, and will be opened on some grand festival* this month. The building is plain, but large and conveniently arranged for bull fights, that bloody diversion known and practised only in Spain and in the Spanish colonies. The pit is about seventy yards in diameter.

* These cruel scenes of the Spanish bull-ring are strangely connected with religion. I have absolutely before me at this present moment a large advertisement which was stuck up at Tolosa headed with the word “Toros,” and a picture of a bull which, having overthrown a horse and his rider, is diverted from his attack on them by the combatant on foot. A list of intended diversions is then given, among which the bull-fight occupies the chief place, and the whole is said to be done “ para celebrar la festividad de su patrono San Juan Battista.”

Around it are twelve rows of seats rising one above another exactly like those of an ancient amphitheatre. Then there is a circular walk of about three hundred yards round, separated from the rows of seats by an iron railing, and above this another of the same dimensions. I heard that the cost of the undertaking had been from thirty to forty thousand dollars—a vast sum for a country so impoverished. I saw two young women enter the building with marks of keen interest; and, as they emerged from the small stair-case opening to the amphitheatre, they looked around as if for the first time, and a flash of joyous excitement played on their countenances as they made some remark on the progress of the work. This would have passed unnoticed, had I not been previously aware of the universal passion for such exhibitions prevalent in this country. I once asked a Spanish priest of most amiable and gentle character, whether he did not think that there was something very objectionable in the amusement; but he seemed quite unable to comprehend the remark, and seemed only occupied with the national and ancient character of the spectacle.

I saw this morning some convicts chained in

pairs, working on the ramparts, if their occupation might be called work. It was merely that of walking along followed by soldiers, with whom they were holding familiar conversation, and occasionally shovelling over the wall a brick-bat, stone, or piece of dirt. One of these convicts had the finest figure which I ever remember to have seen. It was a perfect combination of strength, size, proportion and activity. Neither could anything be more picturesque than his dress, not a prison attire, but the costume of the Basques, including the broad, red sash. I could not help desiring to know his history and his crime.

The churches of the town are old and curious; but I am quite unable to describe the character of their architecture; irregular without, and loaded within by all sorts of rich but heavy ornament. I shall speak of the Cathedral presently. The public edifice, called the "Casa del Ayuntamiento," is a very gay and pretty little building. Many of the houses in the town are old, some very large and handsome. The entrance from the street is usually under an arch or large square door-way. This leads into a kind of flagged court, (under the house and just where the parlours of our town houses would be,) occupied as a stable, where horses are

kept, and at the further end of this court is the stair-case leading to the inhabited apartments of the house. Spanish shops are peculiar in their form and arrangement. The purchaser stands entirely separated from the shop and dealer in a kind of passage. An oblong, open space formed of two long boards, one raised up and the other let down, is the only means of communication between the seller and the purchaser. The lower board thus forms a counter for the display of goods, and by closing them both, the shop may be shut in a few seconds. As a purchaser accustomed to the freedom of access to the articles of sale allowed in the shops of other countries, I could not help feeling on first entering them almost like a suspicious person, so effectually did the means taken seem adapted to guard against the spoliation or abstraction of the goods.

We had a note of introduction to the Chaplain of the Bishop of Pampeluna; and calling on him at the Bishop's Palace, where he resides, we were introduced to a most amiable and pleasing young man,* who reminded me much of a high-bred and accomplished colle-

* In conversation he told me that his native town was Lesso, near St. Sebastian; and that he hopes by and bye to undertake the charge of a parish in that neighbourhood.

gian of our own land. He showed us the apartments of the Palace—a large structure on the ramparts with a very commanding view of the neighbouring plain and distant hills. The Bishop has not lived here for some time, having with so many other ecclesiastics been obliged to quit the country in consequence of the late civil wars. The clergy were in general adherents of Don Carlos, and this party has proved the unsuccessful one. However, now that the opposite party is somewhat established, and Don Carlos held in safe custody in France, the refugees are receiving permission to return to their homes and offices. Accordingly, the Bishop of Pampe-luna, who has been for a considerable time a resident at Pau, is now at Madrid, and is expected soon to resume the functions of his diocese. The Bishop of another northern town in Spain, Barbastro, is also well known to the visitors at Pau for his ecclesiastical costume of purple and green as well as for his most venerable appearance. The apartments of the Palace at Pampeluna were very barely furnished, and nothing could be more simple than the study and bed-room of the Bishop. In the coach-house were two substantial carriages—rare articles here. An elderly gentleman of erect and

military bearing, speaking his language in the most measured and sonorous tone, and in all his attitudes and conversation exhibiting the ancient gravity and courtesy of his nation, accompanied us through the house. He is an old friend of the Bishop, and resides habitually in the Palace.

CHAPTER III.

Cathedral of Pampeluna—Singular Altar—Scriptural Illustration—Amusing Scene—Sketching in Spain—Representative system of Spain and France—Foundling Hospital—Fortress of Pampeluna—The Lily of Scripture—Battle of Vittoria—Rapid movements of the Duke of Wellington—Success of the Tracts—Overturn of the Diligence—Industrious Frenchmen—The Bible thankfully received.

UNDER the obliging guidance of the Chaplain we subsequently visited the Cathedral. The front and most conspicuous part is recently built, and unhappily for the good taste of its builders is of heavy Greek architecture, while the remainder of the edifice remains of its ancient character, rich and elaborate Gothic. We found the Sacristy a magnificent apartment built in the form of a cross, highly painted and with arched ceiling. The dresses of the priests always exhibited to strangers were as superb as they were uninteresting objects. There were a few pretty little paintings, one of rather a singular but pleasing subject. It represented our Lord, child-like and meek in appearance, appa-

rently about twelve years of age, standing before his mother, who was sitting with the Scriptures on her knees. Jesus is pointing with one hand to the sacred volume, and with the other up to Heaven. Joseph is leaning over the shoulder of Mary, and shows by his expression, feelings of the utmost wonder, and at the same time of deep and solemn attention. It almost seems that Jesus was illustrating his own youthful inquiry: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

The cloister is by far the most interesting thing connected with the Cathedral. It is one of the richest style and finest preservation which I have ever seen. Besides this, it contains one of the rarest curiosities in the world—perhaps an object unique in its kind. This is nothing less than a lofty square enclosure formed of upright iron bars at about a yard distance from each other, and with the intervening spaces richly and delicately, but still strongly, worked, so as to make a complete defence against any who would wish to penetrate into the forbidden precinct around which it is erected. Within this space there is now a small altar; but formerly this very iron-work formed part of the palisade erected around the battle tent of a great Moorish leader, and was taken from him in 1212,

after a battle which was very instrumental in overthrowing the Moorish power in this part of Spain. The curious palisade shown to us this day was one of the spoils of victory won by the Spanish King Sancho of renowned memory. Sancho broke up into portions and bestowed the curious iron-work as a gift to different churches; but I was informed that here alone the allotted portion has been thus preserved, and is to the best of my remembrance about ten feet high and twelve feet square. On it are inscribed the following verses :

*Cingere quæ cernis crucifixum ferrea vincla
Barbaricæ gentis funere rapta manent.
Sanctius exuvias discerptas vindice ferro
Huc illuc sparsit stemmata frusta pius.**

We also visited a handsome and lofty subterranean apartment which is used as a sepulchre for the Canons of the Church. Two sides of the wall were lined with coffins, and exactly illustrated the Scriptural account of a royal cemetery in the East. "Asshur is there and all his company : his graves are about him ; all of them slain, fallen by the sword : whose graves are set in the sides of the pit." Ezek. xxxii, 22, 23. See also Isaiah, xiv, 15. "Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, (the grave) to the sides of the pit."

* The first couplet is as simple as the second is obscure.

After we had quitted the Cathedral, and were walking along one of the main streets* of the town, we were amused at being addressed by a gentleman, who, speaking in the English language, asked one of the ladies of the party whether she would come and take the likeness of his wife. We asked him whether there was no portrait-painter in the town, and told him the fact, that the lady, though fond of drawing, was not acquainted with that branch of the art. Still, however, he pressed his proposition, and said, that he would like to make some arrangement, if not too dear. Having persuaded him of the truth of what we had before said, we left him apparently much disappointed. The origin of his request was that he had seen the ladies on the evening before sketching near the town, and a very amusing scene took place on that occasion. In my walks about the city I had been much struck with the picturesque effect of a particular spot, which included the view of a tall and taper old tower or *campanile*—a church,

* Our kind guide pointed out to us, as we went along, several houses of Moorish structure. Some of them were quite fortifications. Of one house he told us that the ancestor of its owner was once attacked by pirates on his way from South America, and having exhausted all his other ammunition, finally beat them off by loading the guns with a portion of the coin on board.

an arcade of deep shadowed arches and some old houses of varied and peculiar form. On my



Pampeluna.

pointing out the scene our two friends immediately resolved to draw it ; and in the cool of the evening took their position under some trees near the public walk, and began, without the least notion of the stir, curiosity, and excitement which was soon to follow their proceedings. Having obtained for them chairs out of a neighbouring house, and seen their few first strokes, I strolled down the garden, and was away perhaps for half an hour before I again came in sight of

them. To my great surprise I saw a large crowd gathered around them, and hastened on in apprehension that something unpleasant might have happened. However, as I drew near, I saw that the by-standers were all quiet, and was quite gratified by the cool and undisturbed ease with which my country-women went on with their engagement, looking up to their subject and down to their paper with as much equanimity as if they had been in the most complete retirement. The fact was, that sketches being unknown here, not only had a few children gathered around them—common in such circumstances everywhere—but grown-up men, half of them soldiers, and women had assembled in such numbers, that at one time there were not less than eighty or ninety in the circle; all behaving with perfect civility and quiet, and with no other annoyance except that of their extreme curiosity to see what was going on. During the scene the Baron —, who is mayor of the town, either passed by accidentally or was told of the circumstance. However, he came forward, and evidently anxious that the ladies should not be annoyed, begged the people to disperse. A great many acted according to his direction; but their places were soon filled up again; and on this, the mayor seeing that it was impossible to do

more, absolutely sent two policemen, who walked about and kept the people in such a semi-circle as not to interfere with the view in front, the mayor himself walking about within reach to see that his orders were executed, and the convenience of the ladies, so far as was in his power, secured. The crowd remained and the police also until they had finished their intended sketch. Two or three Spanish gentlemen, whom we met before leaving Pampeluna, seemed quite anxious to express their regret that the people of the town had been thus intrusive. However, they were assured that it did not materially interfere with the progress of the drawing; and that no little compensation was made by the amusement resulting from the scene. One would scarcely have expected such extreme curiosity regarding the common art and practice of sketching* in any European land;

* Mr. Paris, that most intrepid and adventurous pedestrian, whose spirited little volume, narrating his excursions in the wildest parts of the Pyrenees, I recommend to all who value freshness and originality in such narrations, was subjected to much more serious consequences, merely from exercising his pencil in the mountains (*Letters from the Pyrenees*, p. 194.) I see by his book that Mr. P. is an Harrovian. Perhaps his enthusiastic love of heights and hills may not have been unconnected with his youthful residence on one of the fairest in our land. I mean Harrow Hill,

and I have not in the slightest degree embellished or exaggerated the affair. My pony-carriage also made, if not an equal, at all events a most unexpected sensation. It was visited by several parties, including ladies and gentlemen, who heard of its being in the inn-yard; and I had four or five special requests addressed to me that I would drive it out in the town and let the inhabitants see it. Accordingly, one evening I gratified their desire; and as it passed, people called one another out of their houses and hurried to the side of the public walks, forming successive lines to see my unpretending little equipage. Here, as in many other places, I have had some interesting conversation, which commenced by remarks or inquiries relative to the carriage or ponies. In the *salon* at the hotel, a party of four gentlemen referred to me a little discussion, which they had had as to the price of such a vehicle. I told them that I had given fifty pounds* for it, which they seemed to think, crowned by its church-yard—a grove of verdant beauty—in which so many, including myself, have passed so many very happy hours.

* It was built for me by Mr. Cole of Fareham, Hants; and I consider that his work has done him much credit, after having been put at times to most severe and continued trial. I may say that it has never failed me; and though so slight in appearance,

as many others—for the inquiry was a very common one—a very moderate price. The conversation then took another line, and—the party including one of the Deputies to the Cortes from Navarre—turned on the representative system of Spain and France comparatively. Among other remarks made was this, that in Spain the local functionaries are, as to their appointment, far more popular and municipal than in France, and are not nominated, as there, by the King, but by the people of the district. In answer to my inquiries as to elections here, I heard that each fifty thousand inhabitants send a member to the Cortes. Accordingly, Navarre having two hundred thousand inhabitants, sends four. Like so many of the Spaniards of all ranks the Deputy, with whom I conversed, deplored the unhappy state of his country, and not only its social divisions, but also the want of industry and mercantile enterprise among the people. “We have,” said he, “a glorious sun above us and a rich soil beneath. Voilà tout. We are certainly improving; but alas! we want much!” Many others with whom I conversed seemed to feel deeply that their country wanted a head—

has showed itself proof against the pavé of France, the stony knobs and holes of Spain, and every species of road which I have hitherto traversed.

that different localities wanted heads. One of these was a shop-keeper at Tolosa—another, a fine intelligent young man, who accompanied us as a guide in one of our expeditions. The former, on my alluding to some of our wants in England, said with energy: “Ah! but you have good heads there. That compensates for all—more than compensates.” There seemed generally among the Spaniards, whom I met, a high estimation of the English character.

During our sojourn at Pampeluna we visited the house of reception for foundlings,* or exposed children as they are called here. The number received this year has been larger than usual. One hundred and nine have been taken in during the last six months. The average of the last few years has been about one hundred.

The hospital here is on a large scale, and much work is done in the house by the inmates. Both these institutions appeared to me conducted on the same plan as in France, but in a manner very inferior to that evidenced in the noble institutions of a similar kind maintained in that country.

We also obtained permission to visit the celebrated fortress of Pampeluna, which is of sufficient size to contain several thousand men, and

* Los Espositos.

apparently of great strength as a fortified post. Mrs. T— rode in on her white pony,* passing draw-bridges and sentinels without interruption. The officers were most obliging in showing us all that was worth attention. A very large stand of arms was arranged in the same manner as that in the Tower of London. About half of them are, I believe, of English manufacture. The walls of the fortress seemed in good repair, but there was a want of that order and finish throughout so requisite to the satisfaction of an English eye. Some of the officers' wives, who reside in the fortress, were most kind and cordial in their reception of the ladies, offering them chocolate and lemonade, and bringing them into a little garden to rest and gather roses.

On one of the days during our stay in this town, the heat was excessive. Hitherto I had not been at all incommoded by it, even on exposure in the middle of the day, and indeed the weather had been delightful; but on the morning in question I rose, and set off on horseback at six to visit the remains of an aqueduct at about three miles' distance. Even at this early hour I found the rays of the sun so excessively

* I heard one soldier say in a whisper to his companion, "Nueva cavalleria," which much amused us.

hot, that two or three times I was nearly compelled to give up this short excursion and to return home; but nevertheless I persevered till I had obtained my object. The aqueduct, which once supplied water to the city, is on an arid plain, and proved not worth a visit, having neither the picturesque and ruined beauty of the similar remains on the Campagna di Roma, and elsewhere, nor the symmetrical grandeur and beauty of various modern aqueducts or viaducts in our own country. To liken it at all to the noble Pont de Garde near Nismes would be perfectly unmeaning. The most pleasing incident of my ride was that of passing over a wide plain of grass covered with the large purple iris—I believe that lily of Scripture marked for its beauty even by the notice and comparison of its Maker when on earth: “I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”—Mat. XII, 27.

The neighbourhood of Pampeluna and the town itself will revive some interesting reminiscences of the Peninsular campaign. On the night of the celebrated battle of Vittoria, Clausel, the French General, arrived at the gates of the town of the same name just after it had fallen into the hands of the English, and having heard

the news, retired with all speed towards Saragossa. The Duke of Wellington followed him with the utmost attainable speed, and having a strong force, nearly surrounded him at Logrono. However, the French General had just time to escape by Tudela, Saragossa, Jaca, and the pass of the Pyrenees into France.

This brought the Duke of Wellington into the neighbourhood of Pampeluna. The garrison of six thousand men, which at the same time was thrown into this town, consisted of a portion of the main body of the defeated French army, which being pursued by General Hill retired by Pampeluna and up the valley of Bastan into France. Pampeluna was immediately blockaded by the English. It was from his headquarters near Pampeluna that the Duke of Wellington set out for St. Sebastian on hearing of the first unsuccessful assault.

Napoleon, on becoming acquainted with the result of the battle of Vittoria, immediately appointed Marshal Soult to the command of the whole French forces collected near Bayonne, amounting to one hundred and fourteen thousand men. When this illustrious General had, with his usual skill and energy, sufficiently organized his forces, he determined on an immediate irruption into Spain, hoping to collect troops on the

Duke of Wellington's right more rapidly than the Duke could gather forces to oppose him; also to relieve Pampeluna from the existing blockade, and to descend on the British forces at St. Sebastian. This grand scheme, if it had been successful, would in all probability have been of the most serious detriment to our cause. Soult received the first materiel check at Sauroren, four miles from Pampeluna, after he and d'Erlon had respectively crossed the passes of Roncesvalles and the Puerta de Maya, winning the crest of the mountain from the inferior forces of the allied army. They being obliged to retreat, took up their position at Sauroren. The Duke of Wellington hastened thither with the utmost speed from St. Sebastian; and at the village of Sauroren is the well-known bridge where, in consequence of his observation on the progress of the French troops, he dismounted from his horse and wrote some lines in pencil, which he sent off by Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the only one of his staff who had kept up with the Duke's extraordinary speed on this most important occasion.* The Duke then rode up the

* In Captain Sibourne's remarkable account of the battle of Waterloo lately published, a graphic account is given of the Duke riding in front of the line towards the conclusion of the strife with one only of his staff in attendance, and he too a Sardinian

height alone and joined his troops with Cole and Picton at their head. After two days of fierce combat, the 27th and 28th of July, 1813, the allied army was victorious, and Soult was not only arrested in his hitherto prosperous career, but compelled to retreat with much loss and disaster up the vallies of the Lanz and Guy. From this time victory attended the allied army. The French were finally driven from Spain, and the seat of war was transferred to their own territory.

With these few historical observations, I shall close my notice of our visit to Pampeluna. It had been our object to spend a few days in some large Spanish town, and our sojourn in this place afforded us much pleasure and means of information on the habits of the country.

June 14.—This morning we set out to retrace our course to Bayonne. Had we not been obliged to return by the same way as that by which we entered Spain, and had we been able

officer, unable to speak one single word of English. All the rest had either been killed or wounded, or despatched with messages to various parts of the field. (Vol 2, p. 222.) I was speaking to Colonel Hunter Blair, there mentioned, on the singular scene of the Duke's approach to his army at Pampeluna, when he communicated to me this parallel anecdote. The staff of the Duke was one indeed for use not show; and use, not show, has been, and still is one of the great principles of his distinguished life.

to take our carriage into France by the pass of Roncesvalles, we should have preferred that line, not only as the most direct for our subsequent journey, but also as new and in itself very interesting. However, under our circumstances this was impossible, and we found much to gratify us, even on the same route which we had traversed before.

We set out very early to avoid travelling in mid-day heat, and, as before, remained for some hours at Lecumberri. A fine intelligent young man, who spoke French as well as Spanish, here asked me if I had not given away some tracts at Tolosa. He had heard of it at that place, where he had been since I was last here. I said that I had, and that I would give him some if he wished it. He expressed himself extremely obliged for my offer, and I gave him a few copies in French and one in Spanish. I heard from my servant afterwards that this young man had not only sat down immediately to read them himself, but had absolutely spent a considerable part of the afternoon in reading the Spanish tract aloud, and translating and explaining those in French to a little knot of listeners at the inn. How encouraging such circumstances are! Books are so rare here, there is so much leisure and talk always going on in these

southern countries, the habits of the people are so very social, that if a book is given away here, its contents are far more likely to be widely made known than in our land, where books are so plentiful—where the great bulk of the people has so very little time which can possibly be spared from labour, and where the character is comparatively silent and reserved. I mention the fact above as strongly confirmative of this observation. At this place I also left a Spanish Testament for the proprietor of the inn.

By about seven o'clock we arrived at Tolosa, and we fully expected that our friends who were to come from Pampeluna by the diligence would arrive about the same time. However eight, nine, and ten o'clock came, but no diligence appeared. I saw evidently that the people at the coach-office were surprised and anxious on the matter. Overturns and banditti of course came into my mind, and it was not till midnight that I retired to bed, in considerable suspense for the ladies' safety and welfare. I rose at five the next morning, and was extremely gratified to hear that they had arrived safe about an hour before. They had been overturned in the diligence, but most mercifully preserved from harm, though their danger had been imminent. We

had gone the same road as theirs, and had observed many dangerous places from the steepness of the hills, and in general their want of all protection at the sides. In Spanish diligences the guard, or as he is called here, the "mayoral," acts as an assistant driver, and both he and his companion seem to have shown the utmost carelessness and want of skill, driving their ten mules down the hills with the most dangerous rapidity. At one place, on a steep descent, they were unable to make the requisite turn, and the coach was dashed against a low wall, which was just sufficient to prevent it from descending a bank of twenty feet in depth. Still it hung almost horizontally on the wall, so much so as to cause apprehensions even after the first shock was over, that it would be overbalanced and roll down. The three outside passengers were hurled down the steep, but falling among long grass received no more harm than that one had a wrist put out. An old man inside was much cut, and several others were severely bruised and shaken; but no more serious injury ensued. It was found a very difficult matter to get the coach off the wall, and this business, together with the repairs needful to be done on the spot, retarded its arrival for seven or eight hours. It was a great

subject of thankfulness to us all that our little party met again unharmed. The spot where the accident happened was wild and remote, and a most unfavourable locality had there been any need of detention or medical aid. It was nearly twenty miles from Tolosa—somewhat more than twenty from Pampeluna. No town nearer. The ladies bore the accident admirably well, and were so little discomposed by it, that, after a few hours' sleep, they set off on horseback for new scenes.

June 15.—To Irun, twenty-seven miles, along a sparkling river, under lofty hills and through deep vallies—a beautiful country. At Ernani, the chief street affords many good specimens of Spanish town-houses with their far-projecting heavy carved roofs, massive balconies, and heraldic arms in conspicuous stone-work. At the small inn where we stopped two Frenchmen were busily engaged in pottery. They seemed full of energy and intelligence, and told me that they had come to Spain in hopes of finding means of exercising their trade advantageously. When they entered the country they had formed no decision as to the place where they should establish themselves; but in this second or third town from the frontier they had found everything they desired; good materials for their

work, and plenty of custom. They had evidently a very low opinion of Spanish art and enterprise, and seemed to be in high spirits as to their own proceedings and prospects. We gave them some French tracts; and an old man who was sitting by immediately began to read one of them aloud while they continued their work.

Here we also gave away our last Testament to a young woman of good education and refined manners. She was a dress-maker of ———, now on a visit to her friends here. It was impossible to see more pleasure and thankfulness for a gift of the kind than that with which she received it. “You could not have given me anything,” she said, “which I shall value more.” Let it again and again be remembered that in this country no Bible or Testament can be bought except a large and ponderous edition with notes; a work from its size and expense quite unattainable by the middle and lower classes of society, to say nothing here of the doctrines inculcated in the notes. This is virtually a complete denial of the Scriptures to the great body of the people. Imagine England—imagine one single town in such a state! And let the thought rouse to exertion and prayer for the spread of the Bible in Spain! If we wait till there are no impediments to spreading the

knowledge of Divine truth, we must wait for ever. What would have become of our own land, now so highly favoured, if the first preachers of Christianity had acted on such a tardy principle? The Word of Truth should be sounded forth from shore to shore, carried with determination where it is most needed, bounteously diffused exactly in those places where the "famine of the bread of life" is most urgent, and has been of longest date.

On this road two or three guards successively accompanied us, although we showed no desire for their attendance. On my observing that there were at present no robbers in the north of Spain, one of them rather shrewdly remarked: "There would soon be some if it was not for us." One could not gainsay this argument, and perhaps it somewhat justified his claim on the passing traveller for a trifling acknowledgment of his services.

CHAPTER IV.

An obliging host—Fuenterebia—Spanish dress—Rigorous laws concerning importation of books—Prohibition of Protestant religious tracts—Sketch of Spanish History—Roncesvalles—Embarrassing dilemma—Description of a journey to Roncesvalles—Monastery at Roncesvalles—Visit to the Citadel—Description of beautiful scenery—Religious conversation with a child—Monstrous flies—“Val d’Aspe”—Curious scene.

June 16—WE passed yesterday (Sunday) at Irun, in the comfortable inn of Senor Ramon, a most friendly and obliging host. He appears to be in constant communication with the custom-house, is superintendent of the diligence-office, and speaks French as well as Spanish, so that he can effectually aid the perplexed traveller on his first entrance into Spain. Being in such circumstances myself, I found that his willingness was not inferior to his ability. I asked him all kinds of questions, and employed him in various ways. Though he seemed to have abundance of business on his own hands, he good-humouredly and satisfactorily found time for all mine also, and

our bill was quite reasonable when we all returned and passed a couple of days at his house.

June 17.—This morning we set off at six o'clock to visit the picturesque town of Fuenterebia, in sight from Irun, and hanging over the sea-shore at about two miles distance. The town is small and dilapidated; but, as usual in most of the small Spanish towns which we have seen, is worth a visit merely for the vista of its quaint and architectural street, here the only one of any consequence in the place. There were three or four houses of such large dimensions that in Florence or Rome they would have been called palaces; but though their shell was complete, yet inside they were quite a ruin, and in one of them the very boards and floors were gone.

The place was once a strong fortification; but the walls were so much undermined and blown up by the French engineers, that without complete reparation it would not now be tenable for an hour. Some portions of the towers which were blown up on that occasion are now lying, as they fell in rock-like masses of stone.

I have nowhere in Spain seen the dress of the men in more perfection than here. It was so complete, that I must give it in detail; not having

selected one or two peculiar figures, but sketching from the crowd at large.

Head. Blue, brown, or scarlet "beret," which is in fact, as to form, a Scotch bonnet, generally with a long black tassel.

Body. Open shirt with very wide hanging sleeves; waistcoat of some rich fancy pattern, sometimes with copious braiding and hanging buttons, worked or gilt; jacket universal, but in warm weather slung over one shoulder, and kept there by knack and its own weight, the material of the jacket is cloth or velveteen, and the colour blue, chocolate, or dark green; a sash of bright red, and nearly a foot wide, is tied round the waist.

Legs. Large and loose trowsers, blue, green, or chocolate, frequently of velveteen.

Feet. Shoes, or still oftener straw-coloured sandals, tied across the feet with blue or black straps; in one or two instances they were red, a favourite colour here.

The female dress was equally bright and gay, but not so peculiar.

I was very anxious, before leaving Spain, to ascertain the exact circumstances of the law as to the admission of the Scriptures and religious books in the Spanish language, and determined if possible to go to the fountain-head for exact

information. Accordingly I obtained here, for an examination of about ten minutes, a view of the folio containing the Spanish *tarife*, or “Ley de Aduanas, 1841, with the duties and prohibitions. Turning at once to the article “*libros*,” I saw that books *in general* were admitted on payment of a fixed duty on weight. So far so good. Those desirous of spreading the Gospel would most willingly defray such a charge. But unfortunately I found the case not so favourable to the cause as I was at the first moment led from this statement to conceive. For turning on to articles altogether prohibited, I found among the number “books in the Spanish language printed in England or France.”* I fear that this at present precludes the grand object for which my inquiry was made; but should be most happy to find the case more favourable than I now suppose. I also made inquiries from the Superintendent of the Custom-house. He confirmed my apprehensions, saying that such books were quite prohibited beyond one copy for personal use.

Accordingly my present impression is, that if

* To the best of my remembrance, on writing the ensuing day, only these two countries were mentioned. I should like, however, to be assured on this point, as it might prove of considerable importance whether such books from elsewhere might enter or not.

a traveller was found bringing in a package of Spanish bibles, they would be seized. The next thing to be known on the matter, concerns the facility of printing the Sacred Scriptures in the Spanish language in Spain itself.

Such was the result of my personal investigation. Two of my leading objects in visiting Spain were closely connected. One was that of ascertaining by my own experience the facility now existing of *dispersing* the Word of God, together with useful tracts, in the country, and the willingness of the people to receive and read them : the other, concerned the facility of *introducing* such books. On the former subject, I can give the most encouraging and satisfactory statement. On the latter it was otherwise : but, nevertheless, it is equally desirable to know the exact state of the case, that if one door is closed, other means of entrance may be sought.

I use in the above passage the expression, *now existing*, in consequence of the shifting and varying circumstances in which Spain is at present placed, socially and politically. Information drawn from a year or two back may be perfectly unavailing now, while that of the present year, or even month, may prove of the same character a very short time hence. On the subject in question, the chief objects for notice are

first, the comparative power of the priesthood and their party ; secondly, the disposition of the Government to promote or oppose measures denominated *liberal*. I do not, of course, refer *merely* to custom-house regulations ; for as to books printed abroad in the Spanish language, this would be to throw stones from a glass-house, but to the admission of general means to promote the principles of the Reformation in the land.

It may be appropriate to introduce here a short sketch of recent Spanish history. I copy it from a valuable preface to a French guide-book for Spain, (which has recently been published,) as I found it myself a very useful summary. Who can read it without seeing in it lamentable sources of those political and social troubles ever attending a disputed succession ? What Englishman can read it without a joyful comparison as to Victoria's unapproached, unrivalled throne ?

“ Depuis plusieurs siècles la monarchie espagnole était absolue, excepté dans les trois provinces de la Biscaye qui ont de tout temps joui de grands privilèges ; les plus importants sont, que les habitants nomment des députés, lesquels forment des assemblées provinciales. Là on discute les intérêts du pays, on fixe les sommes qu'on doit payer pour les frais

de l'administration, et on décrète le paiement de celles que les provinces doivent accorder au roi, à titre de don gratuit. Lors de l'invasion du territoire espagnol par les armées françaises, les anciennes Cortès ou assemblées nationales, abolies depuis long-temps par les Princes de la maison d'Autriche et de Bourbon, se réunirent en Septembre, 1810, dans l'île de Léon et publièrent en 1812 la constitution dite des Cortès, imitation de la constitution française de 1791. L'assemblée unique, instituée par cet acte constitutif, se compose de députés aux Cortès, élus par des juntas de paroisses, de districts, et de provinces. Suivant cette constitution, le gouvernement de la nation espagnole est une monarchie limitée héréditaire. La souveraineté réside essentiellement dans la nation qui seule a le droit d'établir ses lois fondamentales. Le roi partage avec les Cortès le pouvoir législatif, mais n'a qu'un veto suspensif. Il a seul le pouvoir exécutif ; sa personne est sacrée et inviolable, ses ministres seuls sont responsables : cette constitution qui avait été reconnue par les puissances alors coalisées contre la France, fut abolie ainsi que les Cortès par le roi Ferdinand VII, lorsqu'en 1814 il remonta sur le trône, et l'Espagne rentra sous le régime absolu ; mais en 1820 une insurrection militaire éclata dans l'île de Léon au nom de

la constitution de 1812 ; le roi fut contraint d'adhérer à l'acte des Cortès qui furent convoquées de nouveau, jusqu'en 1823, époque où le Duc d'Angoulême vint à la tête d'une armée française renverser le nouveau régime politique, et rétablir l'ancien Ferdinand, n'ayant pour héritière qu'une fille en bas âge, abolit en 1832 la loi salique, importée en Espagne par la branche des Bourbons. Son frère, l'infant Don Carlos, protesta publiquement contre cette violation des droits de succession au trône, établis en Espagne. Le roi étant mort l'année suivante, la Reine Christine qu'il avait associée au gouvernement et nommée régente, prit les rênes de l'Etat au nom de sa fille mineure, l'infante Marie Isabelle Louise, qui monta sur le trône en Octobre, 1833, sous le nom d'Isabelle II. Elle fut reconnue par toutes les provinces du centre et du midi ; mais les provinces de la Biscaye et de Navarre proclamèrent Don Carlos, dans le but de défendre leurs anciens privilèges qu'elles avaient menacés. Don Carlos depuis ce temps soutient, les armes à la main, ses prétentions au trône, et une malheureuse guerre civile continue de désoler toutes les parties de l'Espagne jusqu'en 1839, époque où Don Carlos, abandonné par Maroto et ses troupes, fut contraint de chercher un refuge en France.

“ En 1834, la reine régente donna aux Espagnols une nouvelle constitution promulguée sous le nom de statut royal (estatuto real) et les Cortès reparurent sous une nouvelle forme. Elles furent divisées en deux chambres (estamentos) ; la première dite des proceres (pairs) composée de prélats et de grands d'Espagne jouissant du privilège de l'hérédité, et de citoyens nommés à vie par la couronne ; la seconde dite procuradores (députés) composée de citoyens nommés pour trois ans par des juntes de provinces, dont les membres étaient élus par des juntes d'arrondissement, formées du corps municipal (ayuntamiento). La seconde chambre avait seule le droit de voter l'impôt ; mais les deux chambres ne pouvaient délibérer que sur les objets qui leur étaient déférés par décret royal. Les Cortès convoquées en 1836 ayant été dissoutes par décret du 23 Mai, le 13 Août suivant une insurrection militaire éclata à Ste. Ildefonse, où se trouvait alors la cour, et força la Reine régente à accepter la constitution de 1812. Les Cortès réunies en ce moment ont été élues suivant les dispositions de cette constitution, qu'elles s'occupent de modifier de manière à la mettre en harmonie avec celles des autres gouvernements constitutionnels de l'Europe. En Août, 1840, la reine ayant, par un décret royal, porté atteinte

aux municipalités, plusieurs provinces se sont mises en mesure de protester d'une manière énergique contre une telle violation de leurs droits, et par suite de cet acte d'autorité cette princesse a été obligée d'abdiquer le pouvoir, et une régence a été nommée pour gouverner au nom de la jeune reine jusqu'à sa majorité."

In the afternoon of to-day we quitted Spain and returned to Bayonne, twenty-two miles. Our short excursion had been one of the most lively and continued interest to all of our little party; and our conversation to-day evidently proved that none of us were leaving this territory without forming some vague plans, at least hopes, of once more entering its confines whether here or at some other portal; whether this year, or at some indefinite time. The interest of the country towns, and people had far surpassed all my anticipations. Nevertheless, we had only seen a mere corner of this vast kingdom.

June 18.—To St. Jean Pied de Port; a very hilly day's work of thirty-eight miles in the most rainy and disagreeable weather which we had hitherto experienced in our travels. Part of the country extremely bare and wild; but as we advanced, it assumed the character usually found in the Pyrenees on approaching the great

chain of the mountains—full of brooks, sloping steeps, good cultivation, and the utmost verdure. We passed no town of any consequence on the road.

June 19.—The weather was again bright, fresh, and delightful, just befitting a mountain excursion. We had all been doubtful as to traversing the pass of Roncesvalles,* and the weather of yesterday had decided us in the evening on giving it up altogether, but the brightness and attractions of the day encouraged the ladies to make the attempt; and accordingly I went out after breakfast to see what means of conveyance could be obtained. A carriage road continues for five miles to the foot of the pass, but stops altogether at the small frontier stream and village which separates France from Spain. I first

* Few passes are more illustrious in history than that of Roncesvalles. Here the army of Charlemagne suffered serious loss from the Moors in 778. The Black Prince and his army crossed over it in the year 1368 on his expedition to Spain. His army was divided into three bodies, which, in consequence of the narrowness of the defile, passed over on three successive days of the month of February. His army amounted to thirty thousand. Froissart gives a detailed account of the forces and progress, and mentions, with his usual particularity, that on the Tuesday, when the Black Prince himself crossed, the day was bitter cold with a sharp wind and snow, so that their "march was very painful." He reached Pampeluna the same night.—Chronicles, Book 1, ch. 237.

inquired for a carriage to convey us thus far, but could find nothing in the town, except a small covered tax-cart which would only hold two. The search for saddle-horses was still more unpropitious. Two only were available, and as the "cacolet" system could not be adopted, no ingenuity could enable these resources to provide for the wants of three ladies for a journey of eighteen miles over a laborious pass. Notwithstanding therefore the energy and resolution to accommodate themselves to any means of progress, which they all had so frequently showed in any little expedition, they were obliged to relinquish the ascent. I however set off on foot, by no means sure of accomplishing my object, as it was rather late in the day for crossing the pass without the assistance of a mule or horse. However, I commenced the journey, trusting I should meet some assistance, though of what description I did not at the moment form any very accurate idea; and to-day I was not less favoured and successful than on many previous occasions of the same kind.

A walk of five miles by the high road along a verdant cultivated valley, closing in by degrees as I neared the great mountain wall, brought me to the frontier village. At the bridge which crosses the stream stood a French sentinel, and a small custom-house was close at hand. Here I

inquired what the distance was to Roncesvalles—the little knot of dwellings on the Spanish side of the mountain, including a handsome monastery, now untenanted, which has for ages given its name to this renowned pass. I was answered “five hours,” *i. e.* fifteen miles—the hour in so many countries being considered the fair time for a three miles’ walk. “Do you want a mule and a guide?” “Yes!” said I. “There is one ready,” said one of a party sitting outside the last house. He pointed to a man with a letter-bag just leading a beautiful mule, with unspotted knees, out of a stable opposite. This was in fact the postman who daily I believe crosses the mountain. I soon found, however, that he and I had very slight means of communication, as he understood but few words of French, and the little knot of bystanders seemed much amused and heartily to enter into the sentiment, when I said, that I should prefer a guide with whom I could talk a little. A by-stander, however, acted as interpreter to make our agreement, and this was done most conveniently for me. It was not only for Roncesvalles, but also for returning early the next morning. To the postman it seemed a matter of perfect indifference at what hour he was to come back. “Three, four, five, at what hour the gentleman likes.” It was sin

gular enough that a man at the same place offered me, gratis, an excellent horse if I wished to go as far as Pampeluna. Indeed, in rather an amusing manner he pressed me to visit that town. I suppose he had found some difficulties about his steed at the French custom-house. How many travellers would have rejoiced in such an offer towards crossing a country most unpropitious for conveyance!

My companion and I were soon on our way, he pressing me to ride the whole distance; but of this I had no thought whatever, and only intended to employ his mule as a means of change and rest. An old Spanish functionary just spoke to me a few words as I passed him, I suppose on the subject of contraband goods, but literally I had nothing whatever with me, except the clothes which I wore, and a few francs for the day's expenses. I was therefore an unpromising subject for examination; and he soon bid me "adios." Our course was directed high up along the side of a very steep and abrupt valley, covered with fragments of rock, scattered among the rich foliage of chestnut woods. At one place my guide pointed out a defile, where a large body of Carlists had been overcome and slain. The track was adequately good for any horse or mule accustomed to such

paths, though occasionally there were small portions where the extreme declivity or rise, with only the side of a slippery rock for a footing, made it evidently prudent for any rider to dismount. "Here," said the postman, pointing to a very smooth and awkward descent scraped by a hoof for two or three yards—"here the horse of — fell." He mentioned the name of some neighbouring resident. After we had gone about half-way, we came to a spot where the track forked off in two directions; and here I must say that if I had been going alone as at one time I intended, I should very likely have had to stop indefinitely before I could have guessed which to take. The solitude was complete, and the passers by averaged perhaps about one an hour. Here the postman struck off for the least frequented path as I heard afterwards, and we descended into a most wild assemblage of rock, stream, and thicket.

Shortly after, we began to mount into a forest, the road became quite easy of ascent, though of materials which I thought were disliked by the mule more than any over which I had rode him, viz.: round, rough, knotted pine trees, laid transversely, very loose, and dilapidated. I do not know whether the mule was afraid of their rolling round, or of his foot sticking between

them, but if he could get a few inches on any other soil or stone at the side, he eagerly selected it, however near the brink of the descent. My saddle was peculiar—at least for the use of an Englishman, viz. an immense wooden frame, very high in itself, and rendered additionally so by heaps of sackcloth, which together made my seat about two feet above the natural back of the animal. No stirrups, and for a bridle, a single cord attached to a species of iron bit, or check fixed on the animal's nose. The summit of the pass had none of that remarkable character which gives to so many of these avenues from Spain into France, the appropriate name of "gates," and we soon began to descend over sloping grass land till we came in sight of the monastery and small village of Roncesvalles.

Marshal Soult accomplished this pass on his memorable descent into Spain in 1813. It must have been a most arduous undertaking to bring artillery and cavalry through it. Among the precipitous and rugged tracks by which the defile is traversed, I thought that I could occasionally mark the work of engineers to make it just practicable. For instance, when the rocks were very jagged, a certain breadth, not absolutely necessary for a mule track, seems to have been cut out. In other parts, where the ground

was very soft, I went along the disordered remains of a road, formed of young trees, laid cross wise, but scarcely smoothed or plained at all. I heard that Soult employed three hundred oxen in assisting to drag his guns across the pass. Their extraordinary steadiness in awkward and difficult places is well known to all travellers.

At Ronscesvalles the high-road passes under an archway forming part of the monastery, and about one hundred yards further is the inn, affording poor accommodation, but quite good enough for the horseman or pedestrian. I say this, because I am sure that all who have ever travelled in these ways will bear testimony to the comparative indifference as to luxuries, partly produced by these inspiring modes of progress, and partly by the keen appreciation of plain food and rest, which is seldom so much felt, and experienced by those who have not to labour for their bread, as it is under such circumstances. I agreed with the postman to call for me at four the next morning; and while my supper was in preparation, I walked about a mile in the Spanish direction along park-like ground, between trees, and on a very good carriage road. Here were evidently the marks of former care and attention employed on the approach to the monastery. It was a mixture

of avenue, glade, lawn and plantation, just the sort of scene which an English country gentleman would like as an approach to his house. On my return, I found an excellent supply of soup, fish, cutlets, chicken, and fruit, for which, with coffee, a cup of chocolate in the morning, and bed, the charge was three "pesetas," about two and ninepence! The inquisitive stare which I received on my first entrance into the kitchen of the inn, from two or three wild-looking Spaniards, who are rather prone in these parts to investigate those who arrive in the same garb as myself—lest they should be "douaniers" or any of that race in disguise—was quite compensated by the singularly small sum for which I was comfortably fed and lodged.

On waking between three and four o'clock, I rose and descended into the kitchen, where I found a large fire blazing in one corner of the room,* and my friend the postman enjoying its

* The kitchen fire in Spain is usually made in the following manner. A square portion of the floor is allotted as hearth. On this are laid logs of wood, six or seven feet in length, with their ends together like the sticks of a gipsy fire. As they are consumed, these logs are pushed forward, till burnt out. Above is the chimney, formed of boarding in the shape of an immense funnel, with the broad part downwards, and reaching within about seven feet of the fire. The funnel conducts to a narrower orifice above. Meat is roasted, and all the cookery is carried on by the mere use of the burning wood on this primitive hearth. The

warmth. The morning was beautiful, though a few cold and misty clouds drove by us, and enveloped us as we crossed the highest ridge of the mountain. Shortly after, the sun shone clearly. Bright blue was above us, verdure of every sort was hanging and springing around, and partly riding, partly walking, I again reached St. Jean Pied de Port between ten and eleven o'clock, after a short but most gratifying expedition.

The monastery at Roncesvalles is now completely untenanted. You may enter its doors, walk through its corridors, and dive into its apartments, without meeting a single occupant. I never entered a more strange and gloomy scene, visited as it was by me alone, and after nightfall. The little light which remained was only just sufficient to guide me through the place. I asked in the village for some one to show me through it. The answer was "The doors are open, and you may go where you like." I was told that this very ancient establishment was broken up about six years ago. There were then seventeen "chanoines." The Church is still in use

fire is usually of enormous size; and at the inn of Roncesvalles a bench occupied two sides, on which I was not sorry to take an half hour's seat after my supper, the elevation of the spot having made the air chilly.

for the benefit of the neighbouring inhabitants. It appears to me, that, if desired, a good carriage road might very easily be made across this pass. Even now there are not above eight or ten miles* impassable for a carriage, and I observed no real difficulties to engineers and road-makers, nor anything likely to necessitate a very large expenditure. At present there are only two carriage roads between France and Spain, one at each extremity of the chain of the Pyrenees.

I found that during my excursion to Roncesvalles, the ladies had visited the citadel of St. Jean Pied de Port, an imposing structure which commands the three gorges of the neighbourhood by which the communication with Spain is effected. They strolled within the gates without interruption ; but on being observed, were visited by a sentinel, and marched off to his superior for further orders. However they were most courteously treated. They afterwards walked for some time on the lofty and extensive platform, from whence they took some sketches of the noble scenery around. I doubt whether a gentleman would have been allowed the latter privilege. Indeed I often have observed that the presence of a lady in such scenes disarms

* All on the Spanish side.

suspicion, and procures for men a reception very different from that which they would otherwise obtain. And this is very reasonable, putting courtesy and gallantry aside. A spy, an individual with any sinister purposes, or even a travelling gentleman having any object in view which might bring him into difficulty, would not be thus accompanied.

June 20.—To Mauleón, twenty-six miles.—Our little party broke up to-day, much to Mrs. T.—'s and my own regret. Our two friends returned direct to Pau. We continued our course through the mountains towards the Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes.

Our course to-day was singularly varied and beautiful throughout. However, to describe it would only be to put together in every imaginable combination such objects as mountains, woods, snowy peaks, single trees of vast size, rivers, and streams, picturesque villages, corn, vines and the richest as well as the neatest cultivation. I shall make no graphic attempt, but cannot refrain from inserting a few lines on the scenery presented to our eyes on this and the following day in language far better than my own, and in which I have only the right from its having been composed at my request. “ At

one place the road is carried in a semi-circle round the side of a lofty conical mountain, from whose crest the boundless view on the left includes the whole country towards Bayonne and the sea, while on the right is a ridge of the loftiest heights with angular summits, and snow resting in their hollows. The weather was lovely, a sweet breeze, and such a sunshine as to bring out the deepest shadows, wherever a shadow could fall. The eye was continually resting on verdant banks. Beyond these rose hills, then hills higher still, and finally the top-most cliffs of the grand Pyrenean ridge. The mountain streams and the season of the year made the vallies surpassingly fresh. Some bits among them reminded me of our own English scenery, one especially of the valley of the Thames—in that charming locality lying along the river between Reading and Streatley. I could almost have expected to see the dear little Church and parsonage of B— start from its meads and foliage beneath the hill side. Much life and stir was around. The fields were full of hay-makers ; and the well known perfume arising from their labours, scented the whole air.”

Both at Mauleon and at Oleron, twenty-five miles further, and the end of our journey the ensuing day, June 21, we found good inns for

sleeping-places. At the Hotel Vefour,* Maudleau, we were attended at dinner by the daughter of the host and hostess, a very intelligent and pleasing girl of about twelve or thirteen years of age. Mrs. T— had some conversation with her on religion, and was quite surprised by the accurate knowledge and lively interest with which she spoke on the subject. She had been taught by the sister of a convent in the town, had evidently received a most careful education in the tenets of her faith, and evinced much curiosity regarding the differences between her own religion and that of the Reformed Churches. Among other questions, she asked about baptism, the Lord's Supper, Confession, the Worship of the Virgin, &c. Introducing the subject of the "hostie" herself, she asked whether *we had it*, and showed how completely she had imbibed the false doctrine of the Romish Church on the subject, adding, "C'est le bon Dieu."

We saw fully adequate reason, during the soft and at times sultry weather of the last two days,

* I mention the name of this Hotel, because there was none mentioned in Murray's Hand-book. As I consider it an axiom that every English traveller is provided with this Manual, it is needless to notice the subject of lodging when information is supplied in that work. I have followed this rule throughout my journal.

for the working oxen of this neighbourhood being all so carefully enveloped in thick sheets. The forest-flies, exactly like those of Hampshire, were very numerous ; but these were a mere trifling annoyance to our ponies in comparison with a far more distressing insect in the shape of a large long fly, sometimes with a brown-coloured head, and as large as the wild bee,* which flew out from the hedges in such quantities, both yesterday and to-day, that at first I thought we were pursued by some disturbed hive. However, we soon ascertained that the assault, if not so serious for the moment, was of a more permanent character. For several hours of the day they were sharply biting the ponies, and making them bleed in several places. Once or twice the poor little grey sprung on as if pricked by a spur ; and on getting out of the carriage at one of the hills, I saw her neck covered with blood for a space as large as a half-crown. We hung quantities of boughs about them, and R— and I were continually getting in and out of the carriage to kill the enemy. Though evidently much hurt, the

* I saw afterwards specimens of far larger size—fully an inch long—complete monsters. They were very numerous at Bagnères de Luchon, where they fixed themselves most tenaciously on the labouring oxen.

ponies were most patient. Many horses would have been furious ; and I would strongly recommend any persons bringing horses into this neighbourhood, to have them well covered with netting, not only to prevent suffering, but also for common safety. Virgil's celebrated passage in the Georgics, descriptive of the torment inflicted on cattle by some similar insect, must allude I should think to some near relations of those numerous and troublesome creatures which swarmed around us yesterday and to-day.

Mauleon and Oleron are both traversed by rushing mountain rivers, called in this country "gaves." Indeed at Oleron two of these beautiful rivers meet in the very middle of the town. They run at the bottom of perpendicular rocky banks covered with foliage, and add much to the beauty of the town. Oleron is curiously built, in single and far-stretching lines of houses, occupying the border of the "gaves ;" and not only from its size and position, but also from its antiquity, deserves more notice than it usually meets from the stranger. Few walks are more delightful than that by the river-side towards the "Val d'Aspe," and the height of the town, surrounded by its disused fortification, is well worth a visit. Oleron, too, is rich and commercial, and deals largely with Spain.

A curious scene took place opposite our window this evening. A small covered van had been standing in the road during the afternoon, but was not made use of till night-fall. A few candles were then lit up on a small stage at one end, and a well-dressed man began beating a drum to collect an audience. This was easily accomplished, and a large crowd soon assembled in front. A sharp and humourous youth then came forward, and a kind of scenic representation took place, which reminded me of Horace's account of the early waggon theatricals. The youth recited to the man of the drum a love adventure in Paris, he of the drum occasionally putting in his remarks. Songs were interspersed, and the people around seemed much amused with many parts of the narrative. This went on for nearly an hour, when all at once we discovered that all this was a dentist's advertisement. The drummer announced himself as a dentist, descanted on his own professional merits, and offered to operate at once and *in publico* on any one present who needed his art. Two lads immediately took advantage of the offer, and mounted on the stage. The mouth of the first was opened, and something done—what I cannot say: “Encore une autre opération,” said the performer, and the same was repeated

with the second youth. Then Eau de Cologne was announced for sale at six sous a bottle, for which there were thirty or forty candidates. I suppose that the results of the performance were satisfactory, for a "feu de joie" was then given in the shape of a handsome fire-work. The candles were then extinguished, and the crowd dispersed.

CHAPTER V.

Val D'Ossau—Picturesque Scenery—Eaux Bonnes—Sunday Services—Rustic Fête—Strange dancers—Pic de Gers—Road to Gabas—View of the Pic du Midi—Dangerous Bridge—Pic du Midi—Pyrenean dogs—Poverty of the Inhabitants—St. Bertrand de Comminges—Short History of St. Bertrand de Comminges—Interesting Church—False adulation—Supposed history of the Cagots.

June 22.—From Oleron to Eaux Bonnes, twenty-four miles. Had we penetrated the Val d'Aspe, the point of entrance would have been from Oleron ; and according to all accounts, the excursion to Accous, Bedous, &c., is very interesting. However, as the end of the week was now approaching, and we were aware that both at Pau and Eaux Bonnes there were respectively congregations of thirty or forty of our countrymen, at present without English service on the Lord's day, we thought that a clergyman, circumstanced as I was, should arrange for being in one of those places, and not in a mountain soli-

tude. We therefore most willingly surrendered our intention of visiting the Val d'Aspe, and proceeded on our way to Eaux Bonnes. Stopping to breakfast at Louvie, where the roads from Oleron and Pau unite at the entrance of the Val d'Ossau, we saw for the first time a considerable number of Pyrenean travellers. They were all French. Our landlord here was getting in his hay which was all carried on the head. I am sorry to say that the women were the chief performers of this severe and most unsuitable labour.

The Val d'Ossau which we now entered, and pursued straight onwards towards the grand mountain-ridge by an almost level line of road, is perhaps as much known to travellers as any in the Pyrenees, from affording access to the two very much frequented watering-places of Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes. And besides this, it well deserves the celebrity which it has obtained on account of its natural beauty, populous villages, and the primitive costume and manners of its inhabitants. A claim to be *primitive* is set up for many localities, but very often disappointment ensues, when the claim is tested by personal experience. Not so here. Take the most obvious features—that of the dress worn by its inhabitants. I believe that from time im-

memorial it has remained the same; and this remark holds good, not only as it is displayed on particular occasions, but habitually. The same may be said of their social habits, including their songs, dances, and festivities.

The scenery was now most captivating. The loftiest mountains, the most verdant slopes, and abundance of little villages perched on every side, rapidly drew our admiring eyes from one point of observation to another. We soon passed on the left hand two little cones or mounds with the grass just mowed, and copse-wood scattered about them exactly as some skilful landscape gardener would lay out a little tract, half plantation, half field, in sight of a drawing-room window. On the summit of these twin knolls stand respectively a little village church, and the ruins of a little castle (Castel Gelos) once the residence of the Viscounts of Ossau and the feudal key of the valley, when it formed a small independent sovereignty, and before its incorporation with the kingdom of Bearn.

Shortly after we reached the little town or village of Biel. A good Roman mosaic pavement, probably of a bath, has lately been discovered here; and travellers generally stop to see the Church in consequence of a current anecdote

that Henry IV., who in his youth often visited this valley, requested from the Bielois the gift of some marble columns, still inside the edifice, as an ornament for one of his palaces. He met with a refusal in terms no less pious and determined on the one hand, than courteous and loyal on the other. There is nothing remarkable in the columns themselves, but we thought the Church a good specimen of a handsome parochial sanctuary, at least for this country. Those who seek interesting churches will be much disappointed if they expect to find them among the Pyrenees.* And as to domestic architecture, the towns, villages, and scattered houses of these districts are formed of materials so cold in colour, and so monotonous in form, that they add little to the beauty of the views, except in one point—that the sight of human habitations, after passing scenes of such solitude, sublimity, and grandeur, as those met in the mountains, affords a species of relief to the eye and to the mind, which cannot be understood prior to experience of its effect. One of the charms of a mountain tour consists in its transitions; and many a Pyrenean village is welcomed and ad-

* The few exceptions which I have met with are at St. Bertrand near Luchon, and at Luz, where there is a Templar Church, fortified, and most curious in every respect.

mired, notwithstanding its white-wash, slate, and formality, which elsewhere would meet no notice whatsoever, even if not regarded in the mere painter's eye, as an absolute intrusion on the scene.

Having passed the village of Beost* high on the right, and some quarries which produce white statuary marble of very fine quality, and now employed for first-rate objects of art at Paris, we arrived direct in front of the mountain. Here two roads branch off, the one leading to Eaux Bonnes, and the other leading to Eaux Chaudes. The way to the former is one steep hill throughout; to the latter up one hill much steeper, and then along a flat. The distance is the same to each:—two miles and a half. Our course to-day was towards Eaux Bonnes. We soon arrived there, and entered the place not through an artificial gate, but through an open cut in the rock, admitting the traveller into one of the most curious locali-

* The public records of this village are still kept at Biel with many others of very ancient date regarding the history of the Val d'Ossau. A remarkable and so far as I know, unique custom prevailed among the inhabitants of the valley in time of war. It was, that a child of Beost should march at the head of the troops and be viewed as chief and leader of the army. The youthful signature was even attached to treaties of peace side by side with that of the Sovereigns of Bearn.

ties which I have ever seen as chosen for a range of large and handsome dwellings. These are chiefly hotels and lodging-houses erected on one side, and at the farther end of a deep oval hollow a few hundred yards in length, and I should think not more than one hundred in breadth, the precipitous mountains rise to an immense height, and close you in on every side. Even to get room for the houses without intruding on the street and space allotted for a public garden, part of the rock has been cut away behind the buildings, and from the back of your abode you may almost touch the rough, broken side of the hill.

The full season had commenced at Eaux Bonnes when we arrived, and among a vast number of French, there were between thirty and forty of our countrymen at the place. I adopted my usual plan of giving notice this evening that I should officiate the next day ; but for the first time in my travels met with any objection to my receiving the little company at the hotel where we lodged—I mean in my own room. To this request I met with a civil but decided refusal from the mistress of the house, while at the same time the reason for this refusal was as decidedly withheld. I could not possibly account for this until the ensuing day,

when I happened to observe a priest leaving the private apartments of the house, and bidding farewell to the lady who had put a veto on my design. The mystery was now cleared up. On hearing of the difficulty which had arisen, Mr. V——, an English gentleman who had a large suite of rooms at another hotel, at once offered an apartment, and arranged everything for our service in the most obliging and efficient manner. Nearly thirty persons were present.

June 24.—This was the anniversary holiday, locally called the “Fête des Eaux Bonnes.” From morning till night the place was crowded with the neighbouring population in full dress, engaged in dancing, singing, and all sorts of rustic festivity. The men were apparelled in red or brown jackets, wide red sashes, brown waistcoats, knee breeches, and stockings ending like a short gaiter, and without feet, and fastened with garters ending in showy tassels.* The women wore the “capulet,” or hood—sometimes white and sometimes red—velvet boddice, black or coloured, richly striped handkerchief on the neck, dark petticoats, and stockings like those of the men. Sometimes the men danced by them-

* I saw two or three little boys of ten or twelve years old dressed exactly in the same style. To a stranger’s eye their costume, as may be supposed, was truly ludicrous, especially the knee-breeches.

selves, flinging themselves about, stamping, and uttering the shrill cry such as that used in the reel of the Highlanders. At other times the men and women danced together in lines, one man acting as leader. Other companies danced and sung Pyrenean airs at the same time. I did not see them in the evening; but heard that as the day advanced the dancers, instead of being fatigued, only showed additional energy and animation, becoming quicker in their steps, higher in their jumps, and louder in their cries. In addition to the usual musical instruments employed on such occasions we saw in use the "tamburin," described in the Hand-book as "a lyre or zithern of six strings, struck with a stick by one hand while the other holds the rustic mountain flageolet."

The locality of Eaux Bonnes was too confined and shut in to please me fully, though there are undoubtedly abundance of walks cut in the neighbouring heights, one a very fine one and maintaining a perfect level for a considerable distance. A mountain torrent, two beautiful cascades, a grotto, the view of the snow-clad and abrupt Pic de Gers, and abundance of the box-plant clothing and colouring the mountain sides with hues of green, brown, and red, beautifully mingled together, are among the natural objects

claiming the attention of every traveller who visits this curious place.

June 25.—To Gabas and Eaux Chaudes, seventeen miles. We encountered to-day by far the steepest hills which we had hitherto met with in the whole course of our travels. The first and most abrupt called the Hourat commences at the point where the two roads diverge, of which I have previously spoken.

The cause of this abruptness is peculiar, arising as it does from the impossibility of carrying the road along the border of the mountain torrent, or indeed near it. If this could be done, all or nearly all the steep pitch would be avoided ; but the deep hollowed rocky channel along which the pent-up stream forces its way, offers not an inch of ground for step of man or beast, much less for wheels ; and so steep is the precipice above on each side, that the road is of necessity carried high up to the mountain, and only a little facilitated by a deep cutting at the top of the ascent. However, neither this nor any of the subsequent steeps surmounted on our way to Gabas seemed at all to incommode or distress the ponies. After reaching the top of this ascent, a valley of entirely new character appeared before us, so narrow and precipitous that even the industry of the Pyreneans has scarcely been able to obtain in it any spots for

cultivation. It has however many charms for the eye of the traveller, being beautifully clothed with trees of every sort, while mountain plants of the rarest character are thronged together in a manner which must strike every eye, and afford to the botanist the richest materials of study. Intending to return and pass the night at Eaux Chaudes, we drove through this little place, wedged in at the bottom of the mountain fork, without stopping, and proceeded on to Gabas up a road little traversed by carriages and totally unfit for any heavy vehicle, or horses of whose steadiness and trustworthiness at sharp pulls the least doubt exists. The scene was one of surpassing beauty the whole way. We reached the small inn at Gabas where the carriage-road terminates, and on finding there was neither mule or horse to be hired, after feeding the ponies, Mrs. T—— mounted the little bay, and we went on about three miles further to obtain a celebrated view of the Pic du Midi. After proceeding about a mile along the edge of a torrent we came to a spot where at first sight I thought further progress impossible. To the left a noisy and at the present time very full cascade came tumbling down from above. It made two leaps divided by a few yards of less precipitous fall. A bridge of four or five pine trees, without the least protection on either side, was

carried across this flatter part of the water along the very edge of the precipice, down which the whole torrent dashed on an angle so acute that neither man nor beast could have kept an instant's footing upon it if once off the bridge. My first saying was : " We shall lose the pony, if we attempt to bring her farther ;" but after a few moments' consideration, R—— led her up to the end of the bridge just to try her by a look at the waterfall and other features of the place. She showed herself quite free from alarm, and walked over the wet planks amidst the roar, splashing, and spray of the water with complete self-possession.

We continued our way along the brink of the torrent till we arrived at a steep hill of earth and loose stone, poured down not long ago from the mountain, and so extremely steep that Mrs. T—— went the rest of the way on foot. After clambering up this hill we found ourselves at once in a hollow of the mountains, covered with green turf of the finest texture, dotted with sheep feeding, and presenting altogether a truly delightful scene. It was one of those highly-dressed solitudes, rich in gentler beauty, such as the mighty Creator of the mountains so frequently places and maintains amidst His sternest works. At the end of this natural lawn the ground rises in

the form of a ridge to the left, called the "Plateau des Bioux artiques ;" and from the top of this, but not before, we saw the Pic du Midi. Travellers vie with one another in describing the grandeur of this sudden apparition. I shall only say, that the sight not merely answered but surpassed my expectations, highly raised as they were. The acute and double peaks of the mountain stood before us amidst the light clouds which were flying along its summit, while the valley beneath our feet well showed off its root and foundation. Most varied was the shape of its rocks and its precipices. So also was their colour.* Snows still occupied their winter bed aloft, and wheresoever forests or scattered trees could add to the varied magnificence of hollow or of height, exactly there they seemed to spring forth, especially the oak, the chestnut, and the fir. Excepting Etna, no mountain which I have ever seen rises so free from interruption or rivalry from neighbouring competitors. Having enjoyed a long gaze at the spectacle before us, we retraced our steps along the mountain turf. Happening to pass through

* Subsequent to my visit I noticed a passage in the volume of Mr. Paris, admirably describing the colour of the Pic du Midi as viewed from hence. He says that it "appears of a rosy brown, and glistens in the sun with metallic lustre."

the flock of sheep which was there feeding, we aroused two large dogs which had not before made their appearance. They were of the celebrated Pyrenean breed, apparently between the mastiff and Newfoundland race, which are kept on the mountains to defend the flocks against bears and wolves, as well as against other intruders. Their tones were deep and loud as they followed us ; and their barking soon brought out a shepherd who appeared on the heights above wrapped in his hooded cloak. The dogs seemed satisfied when he was once in view. I have generally understood that these animals* are gentle and harmless to the passing traveller. So much the better for those who, like myself to-day, and with a lady under his care had not even a stick by way of defence. We passed the night at Eaux Chaudes.

June 26 to 29.—In the course of this period we reached Bagnères de Luchon, about one hundred miles. Our line of road was through Pau, Tarbes, and Monrejeau, part of which we had traversed before. The remainder of the journey was through a country most

* However, I was told by Dr. R— that in the neighbourhood of Bagnères de Bigorre, he was bit in the leg by one of them, to whom he had offered no provocation. So desirous was he to guard against hydrophobia, that he went at once to the nearest fire, which happened to be at an oven, and taking out a brand, resolutely burned out the whole of the wounded part.

carefully cultivated and very attractive in scenery, along roads excellently laid out and kept up. These circumstances and very delightful weather rendered our journey most agreeable ; but I am not aware that during its course anything particularly worthy of notice occurred to us, or that we made any local observations claiming insertion in the pages of a journal, until we arrived at Monrejeau, where we entered the vale of the Garonne, and obtained our first sight of St. Bertrand de Comminges.

It was painful to observe the poverty of the inhabitants as evinced by dress, houses and food, throughout a large portion of our journey during these few days ; and that notwithstanding their unceasing industry and skill in cultivation. I could not help making remarks to different individuals whom I met in the way relative to the extreme fertility of the soil, and the laborious character of the people. The answers were distressing, all alluding to the poverty of the people, and all ascribing it to one cause—the inadequate portion of the land which each possessed. “ How can the inhabitants be comfortable here, Sir ; don’t you see how the houses are crowded ? ” said one. Another remarked, in a tone of complaint : “ A man would soon die here if he didn’t work hard—so little land ! ”

There appears no gradations of rank, therefore no resources from hired labour; and therefore nothing but the land—an unhappy state of things, and unhappy just in proportion as the native village or parish is loved. Fewer will be willing to seek their livelihood elsewhere.

Small and insignificant as St. Bertrand is at



St. Bertrand de Comminges.

present, its renown in the days of the Romans and also in the middle ages, together with its truly grand position, seem to summon the tra-

veller not to pass it by as some common spot. Although it was at some distance off the high road, only to be reached by a very steep ascent, and not a point of our intended course, we could not resist the invitation offered from its aged walls as they fronted us on the way.

A few words on the ancient history of the place. After Pompey had subdued Spain, many of the fugitives from the legions of Sertorius had taken refuge among the Pyrenean mountains. In order to unite together a body of men who might otherwise have proved dangerous, Pompey founded this town, and gave it the name of Lugdunum Convenarum. It soon became large and prosperous, and so continued till the year A.D. 585, when it was besieged, pillaged, and made desolate from its having been the place of refuge to Gondeband, the natural son of Clotaire the First.

In ecclesiastical history I shall endeavour to be equally brief.

For five hundred years after the fatal day of its assault, the place remained in ruin and desolation. Bertrand, a pious man, of a noble family in the neighbourhood of Toulouse, was then appointed Bishop of this diocese. Under his auspices the town flourished again, and took his name as that of a second founder.

The town suffered much in the civil and reli-

gious wars of the 16th century; but its final blow was struck at the time of the Revolution, when being, like St. Emilion, peculiarly an ecclesiastical town, it lost all the sources of its wealth; and now to use the expression of one among its many local historians, "elle repose triste et solitaire au milieu de ses souvenirs."

As we approached the lofty conical hill on which St. Bertrand stands, we first went along a very narrow lane, then through a suburb of houses quite ruined and miserable in appearance, and then up a steep ascent to the gate of the town, still a fortified place. The street within this gate was so extremely narrow, rough as to pavement and inaccessible, that it was not desirable to bring the carriage into it, and we left it outside the wall, only bringing in the ponies. We were told by the landlord of the inn, that, notwithstanding all the little articles which were lying loose in our vehicle, we might leave it unwatched with perfect safety. We acted on his word, and on our general experience of French honesty in such matters.

The habitations within the walls are curious from their age, and one of the first which we passed had a richly carved entrance door, for which the owner told us that she had been offered a large sum. On reaching the Church,

which crowns the summit of the hill, we entered a Gothic building, reckoned the finest of the kind in the whole range of the Pyrenees. Close to the entrance stands the frame-work of a highly decorated organ ; but it is only a kind of wooden skeleton, having no pipes whatsoever. Marks, as usual, of the Revolution ! It is surprizing that a splendid monument in marble, and that too of a bishop on the right side of the Church, should have remained unharmed at that time. Such however is the case, and a rare one. The figure lies at full length, and all the usual decorations are beautifully sculptured. At the side is a funeral procession, representing many figures, also cut in marble. The middle of the Church is occupied by an enclosed choir of elaborately carved wood, well worthy of detailed observation. It must not however be compared with the celebrated "boiserie" in Auch Cathedral. Nothing which we saw in this choir interested us so much as a narrow line of carved, painted, and gilded piece of wood-work, representing in relief the chief events in our Saviour's life. The figures were not above eight or ten inches high, but were executed with peculiar taste and ability. The expression in some of the faces was quite extraordinary. I never saw any similar work of art, and had I

not witnessed an example here, could never have supposed that means, appearing when described, somewhat barbaric, could thus have produced such an excellent effect. It was like the painting of a rich missal coming out prominently from the illuminated page. Outside the choir was hung up a panegyric on St. Bertrand, not only ascribing to him all the virtues, found as well observed, in monumental epitaphs, *and nowhere else*, but also encouraging the readers to look to him for the exercise of those attributes belonging only to Almighty God. Four lines will be enough, if it is not too much. They are no less miserable in composition, than they are in doctrine.

Sanctus Bertrandus clemens, dulcisque, benignus,
 Prudens et justus, fortis, mitisque, benignus,
 Solvat vincla reis, et reddat lumina cæcis,
 Infirmos sanet, cunctisque petita ministret, &c., &c.

Leaving the Church we visited the picturesque old cloister, from which a view is obtained of the deep valley beneath and of mountains immediately beyond, which form together a fair girdle round a large portion of the town. Near this cloister and outside the Church is a "bénitier" for holy water, and also an arched door, which although now walled up, was once, according to the tradition of the place, the en-

trance for the proscribed and despised Cagots. I was curious to see the part of the Church into which this entrance led, and found that it was a kind of retiring room for the priests, originally open by an archway to the body of the Church. This archway is not walled up, and the only access into the apartment is through a small and ordinary door.

After enjoying for some time the various points of view which the heights of the town afford, we quitted this singular locality, not altogether unprepared for hearing, some time afterwards, that Lamartine the French poet said it appeared to him the most delightful scene which he had witnessed in the whole Pyrenees. St. Bertrand de Comminges is truly a poet's town.

We were told by a gentleman, well acquainted with the local antiquarian history of the place, that some families are considered the descendants of the Cagots, and bear about them the peculiar marks, features, and expression of that race. I could not find out what these were, except as to some strange shape of the ear. The whole question of the origin of the Cagots is involved in considerable doubt; but among the many theories brought forward to account for their existence, as a separate class, among the Pyrenean fastnesses, the following explanation has, to my mind, the

most appearance of likelihood, viz.: that they are the descendants of a portion of the Saracen army, defeated near Tours by Charles Martel. The fugitives, without a leader, and worn out by hunger, disease and fatigue, fell back on the Pyrenees to recross into Spain. It is held by M. Palassou, in his "Mémoire sur les Cagots," that some of these Mahometans, finding no other way to escape from the mountaineers, who would otherwise have destroyed them, abjured their religion, professed Christianity, and fixed themselves in these parts. If this account be true, it explains why, though admitted to the ordinances of the Christian worship, they were so long regarded as a low and degraded sect; also why laws and penalties, chiefly of a sanatory character, were peculiarly directed against them. We know that special diseases were specially prevalent in that race from which they were derived.

CHAPTER VI.

Bagnères de Luchon—Allée des Bains—Annoying followers—Delightful residence—Lofty habitations—Luchon and its neighbourhood—Baths of Luchon—Society at the baths—Mountain landscape—Port de Venasque—Dangerous descent—Spanish muleteers—Beggars—Fatal accident—Mountain Storms—Dreadful effect of thunder storms.

WE passed the night at Cierp, where we found a comfortable little inn, with magnificent views of the overhanging mountains at the entrance of the town. Crops, fruit-trees, and foliage of every description hung and waved around us during the last few miles with the utmost richness and profusion; while the peculiar mode of cultivating the vines added no little beauty to the scene. They were not only trained in long festoons from various branches, but whole fields were planted with small maple trees, kept about seven or eight feet in height, as standard supports, and then so trained and clipped as to form

a circular basket or large cup, around which, and taking the same shape, the vines clung in luxuriant and curling festoons.

Early the next morning we went on to Bagnères de Luchon, where we were to pass some weeks. It was therefore an object to us to obtain a suitable lodging, and this was our first business in the place. We had been told of the troublesome zeal and assiduity with which the traveller is besieged on his arrival here, and of the numerous applications of lodging-house keepers, representatives of hotels, guides, and above all, washer-women, who force themselves on his notice. Considering the extreme shortness of the season, and the various expenditure kept up during the whole year, with the need of sufficient remuneration in this brief period, the system must not be too harshly viewed; but as it is exceedingly disagreeable, we pursued a plan, which I heartily recommend to other travellers, who arrive as we did. Every one who has visited Bagnères de Luchon will remember that the great place of concourse is the "Allée des Bains,"* a triple avenue of limes lined with buildings, including the chief inns, and best lodging-houses;" and that here a constant as-

* Hand-book.

semblage of individuals is at all times collected, who seem to the uninitiated, mere talkers and idlers, but are in fact engaged in their calling—that is, looking out keenly for arrivals. On the approach of every diligence, private carriage, or pedestrian, a great stir and sensation is created, and a thick crowd not being admitted into the hotel where the traveller descends, gathers in a cluster near the door, ready to besiege him, the moment he appears to commence his first stroll, with cards, persuasions and recommendations. We were very desirous to avoid all this fuss, and on approaching the town, looked out for some inn or hotel in the outskirts where we might stop, and thence make our domestic arrangements undisturbed. We found exactly what we desired at the Hotel Sacarow, in the entrance avenue at right angles to the Allée des Bains; and there we stopped without being noticed, from the inability, even of the Luchonites on their watch, to see round a corner. After breakfast we went out on our business, having hitherto only been discovered by two or three keen followers. We then directed our steps towards the quarter of the town, where we heard that the lodgings were most numerous, but soon observed that we were tracked. However I began staring about at the mountains, as

if a mere observer of the natural curiosities, but all in vain. We had plenty of time before us, and were determined to do our best to act independently; so that seeing the church of the place, poor and insignificant as it was, we turned down towards it as spectators, and by various precautionary means, including a careful avoidance of putting any questions to our followers, we at last were free. One of our turns or "dodges" had brought us within sight of a small house and garden, with "apartment to let" upon it in a situation where we should probably never have gone in our search for a lodging, had it not been for the course of our retreat. Mrs. T— was at once attracted by the look of the house; but we did not visit it at the moment.

Proceeding to the parts of the town, usually tenanted by strangers, we looked at several apartments, but not finding any which we liked, returned to the little quiet, fresh, and rose-covered dwelling to which I have just alluded, and in the course of an hour we were most comfortably settled in our new abode. The space which we occupied was only the fourth of the house—so much more room was in it than apparent at first. It contained a drawing-room, a bed-room, and study—small, but very clean

and pleasantly arranged. We had also the use of a "salon" below stairs for dinner. There was a little court-yard behind the house, and a pleasant garden before it; while, instead of merely having a side view of the great central chain of mountains, and of the ascent to the Port de Venasque, such as appears from most of the windows in the town, we looked straight towards it. And few were the hours in which, at least for some moments, it did not attract our gaze, ever varying in its appearance, but ever magnificent; whether standing in the clear sunshine of daylight with every peak sharply marked against the blue sky and absolutely dazzling even a strong eye with the gleam of its broad avalanches of snow—whether with its outline no less clearly defined in the light of a full moon and starry heaven—whether darkly wrapped in one heavy, thick, impenetrable, motionless cloud—or whether traversed by white floating mists, just marking its side, or skimming along its pinnacles and crags under the fresh breeze.

Arthur Young passed some time at this place just fifty-seven years ago, and gives a sketch of the society—altogether French, and of the highest rank—in which he passed his time, as well as of the mode in which the day was employed.

His observations are curious ; but these matters change, and it will be more interesting to notice the social habits of the place at present. This I shall by and bye briefly attempt. Local features however are unchanged and unchangeable in scenes of such grandeur and magnitude as those around me now. Man can mark them but little. I have read many descriptions of the place : none however by any means approach that of the old author whom I have just quoted. "The range of mountain that bounds it (Luchon) to the north is bare of wood but covered with cultivation, and a large village* about three parts of its height is perched on a steep that almost makes the unaccustomed eye tremble with apprehension that the village, church, and people will come tumbling into the valley. Villages thus perched like eagles' nests on rocks are a general circumstance in the Pyrenees, which appear to be wonderfully peopled. The

* I imagine that he alludes to Sode. I clambered up to it one day, and meeting the *Maire*, who appeared a working peasant, had a little conversation about the curious place. He told me that it consisted of only twenty-five houses, and that there was another village of the same character *an hour* higher up the mountain, but out of sight. He was very intelligent and courteous. As a proof of the latter I will just mention that when he ascertained I was an Englishman, his observation was : "Je vous en félicite, Monsieur."

mountain that forms the western wall of the valley is of a prodigious magnitude. Watered meadow and cultivation rise more than one third the height. A forest of oak and beech form a noble belt above it; higher still is a region of ling, and above all snow. From whatever point viewed, this mountain is commanding from its magnitude, and beautiful from its luxuriant foliage. The range which closes in the valley to the east is of a character different from the others; it has more variety, more cultivation, villages, forests, glens, and cascades. That of Gouzat, which turns a mill as soon as it falls from the mountain is romantic with every accompaniment necessary to give a high degree of picturesque beauty. There are features in that of Montauban which Claude Lorraine would not have failed transfusing on his canvas; and the view of the vale from the chestnut-rock is gay and animated. The termination of our valley to the south is striking, the river Neste pours in incessant cascades over the rocks that seem an eternal resistance. The eminence in the centre of a small vale, on which is an old tower, is a wild and romantic spot. The roar of the waters beneath unites in effect with the mountains, whose towering forests finishing in snow give an awful grandeur, a

gloomy greatness to the scene, and seem to raise a barrier of separation between the kingdoms too formidable even for armies to pass. But what are rocks, and mountains, and snow, when opposed to human ambition? In the recesses of the pendant woods the bears* find their habitation on the rocks; and above the eagles have their nests. All around is great; the sublime of nature with imposing majesty impresses awe upon the mind; attention is riveted to the spot, and imagination, with all its excursive powers, seeks not to wander beyond the scene."

The Baths of Luchon are very celebrated: and certainly it has pleased God to make here a remarkable provision of healing waters. Each bathing-room of the grand establishment has no less than four different kind of waters conveyed into it, and employed according to strict medical direction in each separate case. One of these is called La Reine, a second La Blanche, a third La Grotte, another La Froide. La Grotte issues from the rock almost at boiling heat, and two other sources approach it in their temperature. There are eight sources in all, all varying in

* Young Lafont, the guide, told me that he was one of a party who killed a bear on the way to the Valley de Lys, about two miles beyond this old tower.

quality and all medicinal, used outwardly and taken internally. Cases of paralysis, rheumatism, and various affections of the skin, are those to which the waters of Luchon are most generally and successfully applied. In the season the baths are occupied from two in the morning till nightfall. One steps in as another departs, and fixed hours for each bather are assigned by the medical inspector. The price varies according to the period of the day; from six to ten A.M. is the most costly time, even then not more than a shilling. There are here no decorations, no music, no newspapers, no idle promenading and gossiping as at so many English and German watering-places, but real business prevails. A vast number of poor people are among the patients. The daughter appears supporting the sick mother, and the father carrying the helpless boy on his shoulders. Many of the wealthier class come in sedan-chairs. The French gentlemen appear with the most fanciful bathing costumes. You might imagine some of them to be Orientals, with their velvet caps and tassels, embroidered capuchin cloaks, red or bright blue trowsers, and morocco slippers, to say nothing of their beards.*

* One of this year's almanacks speaking of the fashions, says :
"La barbe se porte plus que jamais : heureux celui qui peut être

Many Spaniards are among the visitors. When the late French breakfast is over, immediately the chief street is filled with small horses, and the riders soon appear, usually with a large white or grey broad-brimmed hat, and red sash round their waists, cracking a kind of postillion's whip with unceasing activity till the whole of each party or cavalcade is off. This is a matter of time, as the companies are very numerous. I have heard of their amounting to fifty, though I have never seen such a troop. The ladies wear hats of the same kind, and sometimes white trowsers fitted closely and strapped down to the boot. The French visitors here ride boldly enough, indeed over rough places and down-hill at a pace which Englishmen would think highly objectionable both for man and beast. They sometimes gallop by in long files at spots where least expected, touching their hats and calling out: "Pardon, Monsieur."

My first mountain excursion from the place was in company of Colonel H——r B——r to the Port de Venasque. We left Luchon at five in the morning, and had the most delight-

lion à tous crins ! Les autres se contentent, soit du collier ou de la moustache, et ceux qui ne peuvent avoir ni les uns ni les autres, s'en consolent par la critique."

ful weather throughout the whole day. The ascent has been so frequently and accurately described that I do not intend to enter into any fresh detail. The Hand-book contains two accounts, one in the text and one in a note. And those very intrepid and hardy travellers, Mr. Paris and the Honourable Erskine Murray,* may both be mentioned as giving full effect to the scene. All of these certainly describe the excursion in terms somewhat awful, I think to a certain degree exaggerated. That there is some difficulty and danger must be admitted; but the difficulty is only to one whose horse, if he rides, or whose frame, if he walks, is unequal to a task which most horses of the country, and most men in health can perform; while the danger is only for one who acts with carelessness and imprudence, or who meets such an unavoidable accident as falling or spraining an ankle, which the pedestrian may meet in any walk among mountains or precipices.

The road for the first hour and a half, leading to a small inn called the Hospice, at the foot of the pass, presents no difficulty, and is full of

* I was sorry to see in the papers a few weeks after writing the above, an account of this gentleman's death in the Island of Borneo while engaged in an expedition becoming one of his enterprise and bravery.

such beauties as wood, water, and mountain views afford. From this Hospice a kind of mountain basin appears in front of you, with high and apparently impracticable pinnacles, as its uninterrupted boundary on high. Every traveller confesses to the feelings of wonder and surprise at hearing that this is the barrier which he has to surmount, and to his utter inability to guess how it can be accomplished. The "port" itself, or topmost gap, through which the path is carried, does not appear from this place, as it lies on the left hid by a projecting height. This is one of the characteristics of the scene, and exemplifying the nature of many a mountain-pass. However from below, an accurate eye, if directed to the spot, can trace a narrow path winding aloft in zig-zag lines along the road, towards the "port" itself. Still, however, the precipitous nature of the height seems to render an ascent impossible. Nevertheless, *tentanda via est*; and as in other matters, so it happens in this. Progress is soon made—the end is soon attained.

Two hours brought us from the Hospice to the summit. I walked almost the whole way. The Colonel rode, until the ascent of the last twenty minutes, over places too which I shall not attempt to describe, but only say that,

though they caused him no fear or anxiety, they caused me some on his account. However, we went on, cheerfully climbing and talking; neither shall I readily forget the interesting conversation of the gallant soldier, then and throughout the day; especially when, in answer to my many questions, he related various anecdotes of Wellington, Moore, and Hope, of Waterloo and the Peninsula. He was well mounted, on the same horse which had been chosen for the Duke of Orleans on the same excursion; and I heard the animal characterized by its owner as "très décidé," a most valuable quality on such an expedition.

Shortly before our arrival at the summit, we reached a pleasant semi-circular basin of rock, sheltered from the wind and warmed by the bright sun. Here we breakfasted; and ample was the fare provided from my friend's sack. Stones were our seats; a raised ridge of turf our table; and, almost to my surprise, I saw quickly set before us bread, butter, chickens, eggs, and absolutely hot coffee among the peaks and snows. There was also meat and wine for the guides, and the unbridled horses were cropping the turfy grass at a few yards from our seat.

Our position at this time was at about twenty

minutes' scramble from the gap at the top, from whence the descent into Spain commences, and the view of the grand Maladetta is obtained, across a deep, or rather precipitous valley. At our left was the Port de Picade; at our right the descent to the very picturesque Spanish town of Venasque. There is generally a high wind on the summit, but to-day there was no more than a gentle breeze, except through the "port" itself, where the current was cold and strong. According to my measurement, the passage itself is four yards wide, and fifteen long. Three steps before arriving at this gap, from the French side, you do not see one inch of the Maladetta. Advance that distance, and the gigantic mountain stands before you in all its vast and solitary grandeur.*

Having enjoyed the prospect for a considerable time, and listened to the elder Lafont, *dit Prince*, narrating the matters of interest connected with the place, we began to retrace our path homeward, traversing, as before, loose masses of stone, torrents, (or water-tracks, as the disposition of the traveller might lead him to style them) and last, not least, snowy ridges so steep, that in order to obviate an invo-

* "Is that mountain covered with snow all the year round," said I to the guide. "Yes," said he, "éternellement."

luntary Montagne-Russe-descent into a glacier lying deep to the left below us, I frequently steadied myself by making a kind of hook with the fingers of the right hand, and plunging them into the snow. Large beds of wild rododendron were around us now in full bloom; and I gathered on the way various mountain flowers of much beauty. Many specimens are found in the wildest passes which are not met with below. Some spring forth close to the cold glaciers, others from the fissures of the bleak rock. Most welcome are they to the eye of the traveller! There is something attractive and impressive in contrast; nor is this slightly experienced when from the same spot you look up to the stupendous work of God in each immeasurable crag above you, and then look down to His not less wonderful work in the form and colour of the little dwarf forget-me-not, the wild pink, and the primrose.

At the Hospice we met a number of Spanish muleteers with fine mules. The figures of these men were, as usual with their class, superb; and their dress most picturesque, including the wide belt, either blue or red, and the Catalonian cap for the head, made of thick red cloth, and either hanging down like an immensely long night-cap, or folded on the crown of the head.

We trotted quickly home, after an excursion most gratifying in every respect ; and while riding along by the side of the guide, I tried to discover why he had the cognomen of “ Prince.”

Colonel B— and I had both the idea that it was first given jocularly by some of our countrymen on account of his merits as a guide ; but our depreciating notions were rectified by Lafont himself, who told us that the appellation had long been in the family of which he is a member. Far was it from us to gainsay the account !

The day following I accompanied Mrs. T— on a visit to two very picturesque cascades in the immediate neighbourhood of Luchon ; one at Montauban, the other at Juzet. The inhabitants of both these villages bore every appearance of the most wretched poverty, while old and young begged incessantly. “ *Donnez-moi un sou*” seems to be the first lesson learned by the children ; nor is it ever afterwards forgotten. Hearing of a young woman belonging to the former place, who had lost the use of her limbs and long been confined to her bed, we subsequently visited her, and in conversation found her well acquainted with the contents of the New Testament. Our Lord’s discourse on the coming of the Holy Spirit seemed familiar

to her, and several other passages. She possessed a New Testament, which we found to be one printed by the French Bible Society. I heard afterwards, from one who had taken a practical interest in the circulation of the Word of God in this neighbourhood, that the Curé of the village had at one time zealously promoted this very object, and that no less than one hundred copies of the New Testament had been there dispersed, in a great measure under his auspices. However, my informant added, that this had proved displeasing to higher ecclesiastical authority, and that subsequent proceedings, on the part of the Curé, had by no means corresponded with those above-mentioned.

The melancholy death of Mr. Barlow Hoy is constantly spoken of here, as it was from Luchon that he set out on the izzard-hunting excursion, during which he met with his death from an accidental discharge of his own gun. I was acquainted with him in Hampshire; and from all which I knew and heard of him there was quite prepared for hearing him universally spoken of as a man of most amiable character. Every one possessed of the common feelings of humanity must have lamented the catastrophe which befel him, and the misery of

his bereaved wife, who was with him in the wild mountains when the calamity took place ; but the sympathy felt and expressed both for him and her at Luchon is of no common order, and is always accompanied with expressions and testimonies in their praise. Among others by whom I heard the subject noticed, was Mr. Chabrand, the Protestant minister of Toulouse, who annually passes a few weeks at Bagnères, and has regular services in the place during the full season. He confirmed to me a circumstance which I had heard before, that Mr. Hoy had been pressed to set out on his expedition at the close of the week, but had decidedly refused to accede to any arrangement which would have involved absence on the Sunday.

We had two or three mountain storms during our stay here ; and to us their progress was as novel as it was striking. Previous to one of them the day had been very fine, and without sultriness or any indication of a storm till about six o'clock, when thick, but not very large clouds began to gather and roll onward in our direction from the three vallies leading to the town, one being due north, the other north-west, and the other due south. Soon after thunder began rolling in the distance ; and in the course of a few minutes we saw clouds approaching us along

the bottom of the vallies from the three different points. As may be supposed, the storm soon concentrated itself—I will not say over our heads, but rather completely around us. Our position was in a deep basin formed by close and immense mountain-walls ; and for about two hours the thunder and the lightning encompassed us on every side, accompanied for a short time with extremely heavy rain. There was scarcely any wind. The church is close to our lodging, and the loud notes of the bell tolling in the midst of the storm had a very impressive sound. I have understood that in these mountains the custom of ringing the bells is maintained with two objects ; one, that of causing a vibration in the air, the other that of summoning the inhabitants to prayer at the moment of peril. The lightning did not seem to me of that fierce and forked appearance which it sometimes bears. Not that I have at present much taste for any very close observation of lightning. I once enjoyed it very much, but never since witnessing a flash at an open window in R——g about ten years ago. I say with truth that to give any adequate idea of that flash would be quite out of the question. I only mention that its effect on me was that of a curtain of bright fire dashed

suddenly upon the eyes, out of which curtain crooked flashes of iron-coloured flame came forth against me still more closely, fiercely, and terribly. I could not see for about ten seconds, a sufficient time, as I remember well, for realizing the thought that sight was utterly gone.

CHAPTER VII.

Warlike threatenings—Delightful views—Luchon—Val de Lys—Lac Seculeio—St. B at—“Trou du Taureau”—Superstitious Legends—Superstition and ignorance—Sunday Services—Val e d’Aran—Port de Portillon—Bosost—The Garonne—Mode of forwarding timber—Viella—Misery of its civil wars—The Carlists.

THE question of war with Morocco is now occupying all the French papers, attended, as has been the case in half a dozen other questions during the past year, with warlike threatenings, propositions, and surmises against England. Of course these papers have their effect. I met with an instance here. An intelligent man, who had been a soldier for five years in Algeria, asked me what I thought as to the likelihood of war between England and France. I said that I did not know what they were to fight about. “Oh,” added he, “it is said that France and Spain are going to join together, so that France may

have Morocco and Ceuta, and the Spanish get Gibraltar back again from the English." I could not help smiling at the simplicity of the proposed arrangement, and only observed that the last-mentioned feat would cost a large stock of gunpowder.

The weather here, day after day and night after night, is perfect. The bright and glowing sun-shine is tempered by a regular and scarcely failing breeze, while the atmosphere is so clear that the grand Pyrenean ridge opposite to us displays every bed of snow, line of rock, verdant slope, and sharp pinnacle. Nothing can be finer than the sun-rising and the sun-setting, as each change of the sky colours these various objects accordingly, and brings into brightness one side of them in the morning, and another in the evening. The sun during these periods is unseen, as hid behind the near mountains, between which the distant prospect appears gorgeously lit up and set in a dark and massive frame. Never did I wish so much for an artist fellow-traveller as here ; for though I have gazed upon equal views for a short time elsewhere, I never had one approaching this in grandeur so constantly before me, and therefore seen under such a choice variety of atmosphere and light. Without alluding to the grand excursions in this neighbour-

hood, which are considered to surpass any in the Pyrenees, the immediate locality of the town offers remarkable walks; even within two or three hundred yards' distance there are ascents which may fully gratify and adequately put to the test the most ardent and ambitious climber.

Wherever we walk we are accompanied by the music of rushing streams, white cascades, and little sparkling rills, directed and dispersed here and there for the benefit of the water meadows. These meadows are now just under the scythe, and about half of them are mowed, smooth too as the pleasure-grounds of an English country-house; for with his short curved scythe-blade and light erect handle, the Pyrenean mower makes beautiful work. In the flatter and richer portions of soil, the Indian corn, called here "blé d'Espagne," raises its lofty and magnificent foliage. The stalks are now five feet high; and as you wander along, whether by wall, rock, bank, or sunny hedge, the lizards are glancing and shooting to and fro, while butterflies of every form and hue, and many other fair insects are playing around in the calm and settled air. Such are a few of the local features, scenes, and objects here presented to the stranger's eye.

During our stay at Luchon we visited the Val de Lys. "Adhuc sub judice lis est," whe-

ther this valley derives its name from the flowers and lilies which abound there, or from the name of its stream. We also went to the Lac Seculeio, one of the very few lakes of any remarkable character in the Pyrenees; and to St. Béat, a curious old town, distinguished for its picturesque castle and position between two heights on the bank of the young Garonne; for here we saw that river sparkling along, fresh from the mountain cavity, whence it springs forth, or rather whence it issues once more after its passage through the mountain from the "Trou du Tau-reau," close to the Maladetta. These scenes have been so fully described, that I shall not refer to them more in detail. I should wrong them were I not to give this reason, as their beauty and variety would otherwise claim no hasty account. During one of our shorter, though not less attractive expeditions, when we were unattended by a guide, we met with a boy of fifteen or sixteen, whose character and conversation were so peculiar that I cannot help introducing him to notice. Just as we were entering a wood, and seeking direction to a water-fall in the neighbourhood, we saw a boy lying on the grass with nothing on him but a jacket and red trowsers—both ragged habiliments. He offered

himself as our guide, and for some time was rather silent; but on my questioning him a little, he became most communicative. I had frequently read of the superstitious legends held and believed by the mountaineers in this country, but till this conversation had never heard them declared as positive and certain truths. I shall first mention two or three among the many narratives of this boy, and then allude to the manner in which they were entertained, and to a confirmation of their prevalence among the inhabitants, which to my increased surprize I received during the day. Speaking of bears, he said that if you met one unexpectedly and struck a piece of iron on the ground, that it would run away; and he accounted for this on the strange ground that the bear was once a blacksmith. "A blacksmith!" said I. "Yes," said he, with evident surprize at my expressed wonder and disbelief. "Don't you know, Sir, that the bear was once a 'maréchal' (blacksmith), and that when the 'Bon Dieu' was on earth, the man said that he would rather be a bear than a blacksmith, and the *Bon Dieu* appeared and immediately turned him into a bear."

To this story the boy adhered with the utmost determination; nor did we encourage him in

this or in any other of his narratives, but on the contrary, we employed every means to dissuade him from his superstitions. I have often heard legends told as such ; for instance, by the boatmen on the Lakes of Killarney, and by others assuming their stories true for the amusement of their listeners ; but the present was quite a different case, and my conviction is, that those accounts which I notice here were held as perfect realities.

Shortly after we were speaking of the Maladetta, he said that the Bon Dieu had been there, and that it was called Maladetta (the accursed) because when he was walking over the mountain, a shepherd, not knowing who he was, told the dog to seize him ; “ and then,” said the boy, waving his hand in a solemn manner, “ the Bon Dieu immediately changed the shepherd, and dog, and sheep into stones, which have never since been seen, but are always covered with snow.” Afterwards, he added, “ there was *une petite fille d’Israel* with him at the time.” We again tried to root such views of the Incarnate Saviour out of his mind, and to show him that Christ came not to “ destroy men’s lives, but to save them.” Evidently, however, without effect.

One more of his accounts.

When the Bon Dieu was on earth, he went one day into a cabin dressed like a poor man, and being hungry, he asked the shepherd for something to eat ; and the shepherd killed the best sheep, and set it before him. Afterwards the Bon Dieu ordered the bones to be gathered together, and struck them with his staff, and a beautiful sheep stood before them.

Such were only a few of the notions with which the boy's head was filled, while, although he told us that he had been at school, he was altogether ignorant of the Scriptures, and knew nothing of Lazarus raised, the sick healed, or the five thousand fed in the wilderness. In other things he was very sharp and intelligent, knew the name of every plant, and, in his way, had absolutely studied medicine ! But I must come to this presently. Now I wish to mention the way in which I tested the above superstitions, and found a confirmation of their firm prevalence in the popular mind.

The boy, who lived at Luchon, accompanied us on our return, and it came into my head on the road to ascertain whether his belief was common to others of the neighbourhood. For this purpose I addressed a young labouring man, apparently of two or three and twenty, making a first a few common remarks in order to lead

on to farther conversation. He was going the same way as ourselves, and seemed very ready for companionship. After speaking a little on ordinary matters, I said to him, "What do you think that this boy has been telling us? That the bear was originally a man, and that the shepherd with his dog and sheep were turned into stones on the Maladetta." I said this with an air of complete incredulity, and certainly expected an answer of the same character. By no means. The young man received my observation very gravely, just as we should receive the ridicule or contradiction of some great article of our Faith, and said, "It is all true." His whole subsequent manner bore testimony to the unshaken confidence with which he spoke; and his account of each metamorphose was exactly in correspondence with the one above given, except with a single variation, or rather addition, that the blacksmith uttered his imprecation at a moment of impatience from hurting himself at his forge.

I invited the boy to accompany us home that I might give him a Testament. He proposed first to go and dress himself, which was agreed to, and he came to us in about an hour very neatly clad. Becoming confidential, he showed us a little case of surgical instruments, saying

that he could bleed and draw teeth ; and that, if he had the means, he should very much like to be apprentice to a surgeon. He then made his bow, expressing his hope that he had not trespassed on our time.

July 30.—Our stay at Luchon ended this morning. We had been delighted with the scenery, and had made several very interesting excursions with the advantage of the finest weather. In addition to this we had been lodged most agreeably, so that all our reminiscences of the place had been highly favourable. I was rather surprised at the small number of our countrymen, whom we had seen during our sojourn here. Four English families met at my rooms for public worship on the Lord's day. With these exceptions, I am not aware that any English travellers arrived here during our stay. I had expected to see many rambles, as among the Alps—young Englishmen, Germans with knapsacks, &c. ; but really saw none. Without exaggeration one may say, that, in addition to the merits of the views immediately surrounding the town, there is enough in the neighbourhood to afford eight or ten delightful expeditions. The French know this well, and keep the ponies of the town in most active employment. The English have not yet found out nor appreciated

the merits of the place. I suppose that they hear of it as noted for its baths, and therefore only attach importance to it in that light. However, the statement in Murray's Hand-book, that from it are the most interesting excursions in the whole Pyrenees will soon increase the number of visitors and sojourners.

We set out this morning for Bosost, the Val d'Aran, and Viella, all on the Spanish side of the frontier. Mrs. T— rode. The guide and I walked.

Our course was over the Port de Portillon, where crossing the boundary line between France and Spain, we at once descended into the Vallée d'Aran. The ascent on the French side is highly wooded and verdant, but presents none of the extreme steepness or difficulties met with in other passes from one territory to the other. In fact, it is not a continuation of the grand mountain limit between France and Spain. A slight examination of a map will show that although the Vallée d'Aran belongs to Spain, yet the chief pass is at its southern extremity, so that here the natural does not correspond with the political division of the two kingdoms. This might prove a very important subject to the two countries in a military point of view,

and is an exception to the general characteristics of the frontier.

The descent into Bosost is very precipitous. The effect of the valley beneath, of which you have hence two views in opposite directions, is truly magnificent. The Garonne flashes along each way as far as the eye can reach; and immediately beneath, the path into Bosost forms a most picturesque winding loop round green meadows and corn-fields. Multitudes of people were busily employed to-day gathering in their harvest.

We rested a short time at Bosost. Led by the invitation of some boys in the street, I visited a shop where silks and other Spanish articles were sold. The stranger can scarcely find out either shop or inn in many Spanish towns. It frequently happens that no goods are shown at the window, nor any signs of articles for sale exhibited. Garters are a favourite purchase of strangers here. They are made of gaily-coloured silk with mottos in printed characters worked in with the needle.

On leaving Bosost we ascended the Vallée d'Aran, following during the whole way to Viella the course of the Garonne, at least its main tributary; for in our progress we crossed and

left to our right the celebrated stream of water, which bursts from the mountain-side, having entered and altogether disappeared at the Trou de Toro,* many miles off. Every step during a walk of four hours exemplified the inexhaustible variety of God's works. We had been of late in numerous vallies, all full of grandeur and beauty, but all differing one from another. Nevertheless, a fresh and perfectly distinct character of scene delighted us to-day. The form of the rocks and mountains—the interspersion of meadow and ripe corn—the far extending curves of the valley, sometimes displaying at one turn three or four neat villages and churches, perched on lofty heights—the lane of several miles' continuance, along which we passed under the hanging foliage of the clematis and other trailing plants; and many other features of the way kept up unceasingly the interest of our journey. The Garonne, here half river, half torrent, is now very full from the melting of the high mountain snows under the summer sun. The melting of the lower snows produces a similar fulness in the spring. To-day the woodmen had taken advantage of the state of the

* That it is the same stream is said to have been proved in various ways. I heard of bran having been thrown in at one point and watched for at the other till it came out.

water to forward down an enormous quantity of timber. We had often in our journey observed many heaps of timber and single logs caught in the rocks or lying in the shallows of the Pyrenean rivers, yet we had never seen even one on its course. However, to-day many hundred pieces of timber passed by us at full speed, in addition to which we saw immense heaps caught and arrested in their progress. They were generally about two feet in diameter, and from twelve to fifteen feet in length, barked, and rounded at the end so as to be less liable to splits and breakage from the violent and numerous shocks which they have to endure. The sight was to us very curious. Occasionally they came on with the utmost rapidity, straight as a huge fish or well-steered boat. Then some current would whirl them round in a moment, and then, perhaps, encountering broadside some rocky shallow, they would almost bound out of the water, and roll and leap along. Others would come with their heads full charge against a rock, or sometimes against large heaps of their fellows, caught by the rocks or lying aground. A loud noise accompanied these shocks, and sometimes half a dozen pieces received such a concussion that all were again afloat. Often, however, the shock only caused the descending piece to bound back.

The current would then catch it, turn it in another direction from that of the previous obstacle, and send it shooting on.

Considering the long precipitous slide with which the journey of this timber often commences, and its subsequent course along the bed of a torrent, much damage might be thought likely. However, though it has to travel from the high Pyrenean ridges down to Toulouse, it suffers very little on its strange progress. Men with long poles and crooks follow the timber from the spot where it is launched. Their business is to clear the bed of the torrent from every log, which is arrested on its way; and each day they finish a certain portion. We saw them at work; above them there was not a single log left. The proprietors of the timber pay them for their labour, and each piece is marked, that the owner may be known at the point of destination.

We reached Viella at five o'clock, and established ourselves for the night at the inn of Senor Giles, a courteous and obliging host. Little Theresa, his daughter, a quick intelligent child of twelve years old, was our chief attendant; though I must say that the whole household was actively engaged to make us comfortable. Along the valley a singular head-dress is worn

by the women and the girls, even in the house. It is nothing more than a thick handkerchief, or sometimes two, tied under the chin. It is as ugly as the circular tie at Bordeaux or Bayonne is becoming. Perhaps our dislike of the costume was somewhat increased by thoughts of cold, rheumatism and tooth-ache, which of course were suggested.

Viella, though beautifully situated, is not in itself an interesting town. Indeed, after a seven hours' walk, and with the prospect of a summons at five o'clock next morning, a short stroll was quite sufficient. The same curiosity which sketching awakened at Pampeluna was evidenced here. While Mrs. T— was drawing the church, thirty or forty observers collected around. Among them were several Spanish soldiers. The Governor of the town, holding an office somewhat parallel to the French Maire, walked up and down near us in company with the captain of the troop. He sent to me for my passport, and examined it with official silence, and all the habitual solemnity of the Spaniard. I saw here the soldiers at supper, of which they partook in a manner rather singular to an English eye. They stood in the open air, forming a circle round a large tub containing a plentiful hot meal of potatoes, beans, meat, and



T. E. G. Lith.

VIELLA, IN THE VALLEY OF ARAN,

London: Richard Bentley 1845

Crown St. Threadneedle Street.

garlic. Every one had a wooden spoon which he dipped in at intervals. They were all in high glee, and asked me to taste their dish, an invitation which of course I accepted. "What nation are you of?" said one: "English!" "And you?" addressing my guide. "French." "Here we are," said I, "Spanish, French, and English—all good friends." Loud applause from the whole circle ensued.

This town and indeed the whole valley was the scene of murder, pillage, and destruction during the late civil wars. The Carlists here acted liked brigands, and grievously ill-treated the inhabitants, who were all of the opposite party. Our landlord at Viella told us that his house had been twice plundered of all which could be taken away with them. Mr. Erskine Murray visited the neighbourhood in those disastrous times, and gives a striking account of the terror and misery which then prevailed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Bath-house and Hotel at Les—Château de Barbazan—Duke de Rovigo—Pillage of the Château—Grotto of Gargas—Letters of Napoleon—Sunday Service—Our Host—Departure from the Castle—Château de Mauvesin—Bagnères de Bigorre—Baths of Bigorre—M. Geruzet—Fanciful Marble works—Hourquette d'Aspin—Castle of Lourdes—Angelys—Cauterets—La Raillière—Efficacy of the Baths at Cauterets.

July 31.—We set out at six this morning for Fos, near St. Béat, where our carriage was to meet us—a walk of about six hours, besides time for rest. Re-passing Bosost, we reached a village called Les, where a very pretty little bath-house has been erected by the Baron de Les. On the other side of the town the same proprietor has established a kind of hotel for the reception of visitors. It has the appearance of a pleasant country-house, and stands within a garden just beneath the ruins of the ancient Château de Les. We thought it so attractive, that had we known of it before, we should have much liked to have spent a day or two at the

place. I heard also that it was extremely well furnished, and that visitors found it a most pleasant sojourn.

We passed to-day through fields of the finest wheat. It was mostly "bearded," and some of the ears were of immense size. I gathered some specimens from four to five inches in length. The sickle, the plough, and the seed-basket were sometimes all actively employed in the same field; and indeed the plough seemed almost to follow the reapers. I asked two or three times what seeds were being sown, and found them to be "sarrazin," buck wheat. There were a few fields in which this young plant was just coming up.

Arriving at Fos, we took leave of our guide, young Lafont, whom we had found very attentive; and meeting our pony-carriage, drove on through a delightful country to the Château de Barbazan, near St. Bertrand, the seat of the Duke de Rovigo, where we were engaged to pass a few days. In the same lovely* and fertile basin of land, which few who have tra-

* Arthur Young's discriminating eye caught at once the natural beauties and character of the scene. He calls it "an exquisite little picture," and speaks of the mountains around as forming the frame.

velled thither, will forget, as extending eastward from St. Bertrand de Comminges, lies the village or small town of Barbazan. The main street forms a considerable ascent, and beyond that, on the mountain side, and built on a steep rock, stands the Château itself, a very ancient structure. Its appearance is entirely feudal, commanding the village, but completely separated from it. Its history corresponds with that of so many other residences of the French nobility—having been for centuries in the possession of the Duke's maternal ancestry, lost to their lineage at the time of the Revolution, and now re-purchased and restored by its present owner.

Excellent taste pervades all which has been done here, both without and within. The idea appropriate to a residence of the kind has been followed out in every respect. While the gardens and dressed ground have been introduced in the proper place, the steep slopes immediately below the house are left in grass, or suitably planted. The walls, though lowered, have preserved the battlemented shape, and no alterations have been made in the form or colouring of the house. The internal furniture and decoration is in due keeping, being as much

as possible of antique form and character. Among the pictures are two of the Duke's father, Napoleon's distinguished friend and General, and one of Desaix. I know not when I have seen portraits of handsomer men. Another small picture which the Duke passed by with the modesty of a soldier until I noticed it myself and asked for an explanation, represents an African horseman with a long gun in his hand, and mounted on a horse standing perfectly still, while the rider is taking aim at a young officer galloping towards him, and not ten yards off. This represents a passage in the Duke's career of a soldier, and a most gracious preservation of his life.

He served in Algeria;* and when under twenty years of age, while galloping after one of the enemy had outstripped his companions in arms. All at once the African stopped short, took deliberate aim, fired at him, and killed his horse, striking first with the bullet the scabbard of his sword. The preservation of his life, considering the skill and coolness of his antagonist, was quite wonderful, and He who is the true "Preserver of men,"

* The war in Algeria has just proved fatal to the Duke's only brother—a gallant young soldier, twenty eight years of age. Deeply is he mourned.

has the gratitude and praise from the object of His care that day.

At the Revolution, the Château de Barbazan was completely pillaged. The proprietors were compelled to flee, and the very apartment now forming the drawing-room was the place of session for the Revolutionary Club of the neighbourhood. My attention was directed to an excavation in the cellar, where a faithful servant successfully hid gold and silver plate worth several thousand pounds, which the family afterwards recovered. Among the articles of which the house was plundered, were a large number of handsome bedsteads which are still to be seen in the Hospital of St. Gaudens. I heard a striking story connected with the same period and family, reminding one of Caleb Balderstone in the *Bride of Lammermoor*. An ancestor of the present Duke was at one time obliged to separate from his wife lest they should become victims of the Revolution. The lady disguised in a common dress was accompanied in her course by an attached servant, who, at one period, absolutely worked for her maintenance. Having no other call upon her time she began to work herself; but the servant's feelings were so much hurt by seeing his mistress thus engaged, that he begged her to desist.

She, however, did not at first yield to his wishes ; but at last he could no longer bear it, and positively declared that if she continued her labours, he must break her work to pieces. The old man lives still, supported and cherished by the family, so faithfully and so affectionately served. I believe that I am to see him at Paris. The account here given was related to me by the Duke himself.

Aug. 1.—We were taken this morning to see the celebrated Grotto of Gargas, considered the finest in the Pyrenees, and only a few miles from hence. The entrance is on the side of a coppice-covered hill, and so small that one is obliged to crawl and twist into the cavern. However, once in, one finds no further inconvenience, and there is no obstacle to passing through a succession of high passages and domed compartments of great beauty and magnificence. The roof and sides are hung throughout with stalactites. Columns of various forms and sizes extend from the floor to the roof, and in several places rich glistening draperies of stone hang around. Elsewhere, masses of stalactite take the form of snow lying on a steep mountain crevice. Other formations remind the spectator of statues and monumental tombs.

The whole scene was most curious ; and though there were small shallow pools of clear water throughout the cavern, yet everywhere raised veins or paths of spar, formed also by water, gave a flat, dry, and convenient path for the feet. Nothing could be finer than the effect at one part of this rocky palace when one of the guides climbed a steep, broken gallery, which narrowed upward and rose at an acute angle in the midst of the cavern. Carrying a light in his hand he looked smaller and smaller, and finally disappeared with faint glimmering of the light, behind an angle of rock. The extreme beauty of the neighbourhood immediately adjoining the grotto reminded me of fine park scenery of England, enhanced by superior variety of outline in the distance, and more varied form of ground close at hand. St. Bertrand de Comminges added its picturesque features through many a vista in the woods, and our drive was delightful, through lanes overhung with vines and between fields of Indian corn so lofty and thick that the soil beneath was perfectly invisible. I have always thought that, for habitation, the most choice country imaginable was that where a bold ridge of mountain meets the plain. Craggy gorges, and steep heights,

are interesting as objects of a visit, but have many disadvantages for permanent residence. Flat plains are, to my taste, even far less eligible. But at the point of junction between the mountain and the plain convenience and utility are secured, while the imagination is not left destitute of its proper food, nor is that taste for varied scenery ungratified from which many draw keen and lasting enjoyment. Such are peculiarly the circumstances around the locality in which I now write.

During our stay here we saw some very interesting documents connected with Napoleon. Among them were some of his letters when first Consul, and others from him, when Emperor, to the late Duke of Rovigo. The former were signed Buonaparte, the latter, Napoleon; and some of them, written from head-quarters or the field of battle were, from their brevity and decision, most characteristic of the writer. Napoleon was the present Duke's godfather. He was fond of children, and one day meeting his little god-child in the gardens, of St. Cloud, he showed towards him much kindness of feeling. It was at the time when the crisis of his fall was near. The Emperor knew it well, and perhaps was meditating on it at the moment, for ad-

dressing the son of his faithful friend, he said : “ I am afraid that I shall not be able to do much for you ; but at all events, I give you this,” putting an orange in his hand. The fruit, now small, and shrivelled from age is still preserved by one of the family.

August 4, Sunday.— We had to-day our usual Sunday service, the whole circle being happily Protestant. The Duke was brought up a member of the Church of Rome ; but becoming convinced of the errors of that Church he quitted it openly and boldly, and made the usual declaration of having embraced the Reformed religion by receiving the Sacrament at Toulouse the year before last. Neither is his a nominal conversion ; for seldom have I met one more evidently serving God “ in spirit and in truth,” and more clearly and soundly apprehending the doctrines of God’s Holy Word. The course of circumstances by which he was led to this adoption of Reformed tenets was told me before I became acquainted with the Duke, and had I not subsequently partaken of his friendship and hospitality, I should have felt quite at liberty to detail them at length, as containing one of the most interesting records of the kind which I have ever heard. However, as the case stands

at present, I am so afraid of even seeming to trespass upon his confidence and kind admission to the interior of his family by making anything public which might be unpleasant to refined and delicate feelings, that I think it better to abstain altogether from further notice of the Duke's religious course, striking and highly honourable to him as the truth would have been. All I say at present is, may God guide and prosper him, and make him of effectual service to his countrymen by his example and words in the cause of the Lord Jesus!

August 5.—We quitted the pleasant Château de Barbazan to-day, having much enjoyed our visit and experienced all possible kindness from our noble host, as well as from the Duchess and her mother, who are my own countrywomen. We reached Bagnères de Bigorre in the evening, after a drive of thirty-two miles. The most interesting object on the way is the ruined Château de Mauvesin, a singular name given it in ancient times by the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and district. The Castle was almost of impregnable strength as a fortification, so that its owners, in those days of rapine and violence, used to make sudden excursions, overrun the country, and return to their stronghold

whence they defied all retaliation. Thus the Castle was indeed a "bad neighbour," *mauvais voisin*. Its feudal history is well known, chiefly from the interesting Chronicles of Froissart. The edifice seems to have formed a complete square, being so favourably situated as not to require any irregularity of shape in order to secure strength of position. The only mode of approach was along one narrow ridge. At every other point the height slopes abruptly down, and no rival eminence is near to command it in the least degree. We walked round its walls of a rich and mellow colour, hung with ivy and still very perfect. The ground within them is tilled, but the only means of entrance is through an aperture high up in the wall.

The first sight of Bagnères de Bigorre is very pleasing, as obtained from the top of the hill, by which we descended into a town of considerable size beautifully situated among woods, mountains, streams, and meadows. It has a large permanent population, and is by no means a mere place of summer resort for health or recreation—the case with so many other Pyrenean towns. However, it is also much in fashion as a summer watering-place, and is frequented by many visitors from Paris. The medicinal waters

here are chiefly saline ; and one which I tasted was very like the Cheltenham springs. Another reckoned very efficacious, has scarcely any taste at all ; an assertion which I venture to repeat, although when made at the spring it elicited a long and energetic harangue from the old man who presided at the fountain. He broke forth into a regular lecture on the composition of the waters, its salt, its sulphur, &c. ; and when I quietly adhered to the fact of its having no taste, started off again on the subject with most amusing pertinacity, as if the simple statement impeached the honour of the stream, which he as its local champion was bound to maintain. A French lady was much amused by the scene, and excited him still more by tapping him on the arm at the height of his eloquence, and saying : “ Give me a glass of water.”

August 6.—To-day was wet and altogether unfavourable for any excursion. However, we visited one of the most remarkable establishments which I had ever seen—the extensive marble works of M. Geruzet. This neighbourhood is extremely rich in marbles, so much so that in the broken heaps of stones lying on the road side between this town and Arreau, we found without difficulty specimens of ten or twelve different colours. M. Geruzet has taken

advantage of this rich product of the neighbouring heights ; and besides those employed by him at the quarries, has between eighty and ninety men engaged in his grand establishment just outside the town. There the marble is sawn, turned, polished, and shaped into articles of every size and description, from the strong column or pillar to the most delicate little vases, designs of animals, and various little ornaments of a similar character suited for the drawing-room table.

Although the establishment is one of a very peculiar nature, and from which rivals in the art and business may learn so much, there does not seem the slightest concealment, mystery, or impediment in the way of thorough investigation of the whole proceedings. We saw them all, as did other parties at the same time with ourselves ; and when I began to take a few pencil notes, the young man who accompanied us seemed only the more desirous of affording us full information. A long yard was heaped with blocks of marble ; many of them had been sawed into ten or twelve slices, and were lying ready for use. Water power is used for sawing, turning, &c., and the streams seem but slight in consideration of the hard work which they accomplish. We saw three or four blocks under the saw, which was cutting them into ten or

twelve slices each, of about two thirds of an inch in thickness. The turning department was very curious, also that where the marble is cut into circles, which are much required for ornamental tables. A large block, two feet in diameter and twelve in length, was fixed ready for being turned into a column. The last object to which our attention was directed was the manual completion of the more delicate and fanciful works. I conversed a little with an intelligent young artist (for such he might truly be called) who was sculpturing a small piece representing the fascination of a bird by a snake. A large saloon is filled with finished articles, which certainly present a most attractive collection. Besides objects in marble, there are a considerable number in spar or stalactite, this material being found in great quantity and beauty in a cavern not far distant. To give an idea of the various quarters of the world to which these productions of Pyrenean art on Pyrenean marble are sent, I will only mention that, on the day of my visit, I saw a large collection of beautiful articles set aside in one corner of the room which had just been ordered by a Dutch gentleman, and were bound for Surinam.

August 7.—We made in the course of to-day a

long excursion up the lovely valley of Campan, first turning aside to Grip and its beautiful cascades, and then pursuing our way to the very top of the Hourquette d'Aspin, so renowned for the depth of view immediately beneath it on one side, and for the magnificence of the scenery on both. During the drive we passed a quarry which produces an abundance of fine marble; and indeed there were sometimes numerous different species in one single heap of stones among those prepared for mending the roads. We had intended to descend on the other side of the Hourquette d'Aspin, and to sleep at Arreau; but when I saw the extreme depth of the hollow in which that town is situated, and the road extending in interminable coils beneath our feet, I was unwilling that the ponies should have such a long and laborious ascent of three hours on the morrow; and, late as it was, we turned round to retrace our steps towards Bigorre. The evening was becoming very dark before we had accomplished half the distance, and we tried in vain to obtain accommodation at Ste. Marie. When we reached Campan, I could only just see the road; and near as it was to Bigorre, the ponies had had such a long day's work, that altogether we thought it best to remain there for

the night. We were not lodged till near ten o'clock.

August 8.—To Lourdes, fourteen miles distant. The Castle of Lourdes is magnificently situated on a lofty rock, and covers a large extent of ground. It is garrisoned by soldiers, and appears in tolerable repair, but presents within no features of interest. Its romantic position may be judged of by the representation here given.

August 9.—To Caunterets, nineteen miles. Our first stage was to Argelys, a small town placed in the midst of verdure and foliage, springing from beneath, and hanging from above with indescribable luxuriance. Two or three miles before we reached Argelys, a view was before us which, although we had traversed and observed so much mountain scenery, was perfectly new in shape and character to our eyes. We were proceeding along a wide valley. At a turn in the road a broad, lofty, round mountain appeared before us, covered with cultivation all around and to the very top, and boldly occupying the front of the prospect. At each side of this mountain there were long deep receding gorges, open to the eye for many miles, and each of them finally closed by the snowy ridges and peaks of the great Pyrenean chain.

At Pierre-fitte, a little further on, the valley branches into two gorges or defiles ; that on the right leading to Cauterets, that on the left to Luz, St. Sauveur, and Barèges, all close together. Our course was to Cauterets. A large number of diligences and private carriages were passing and re-passing, as an indication of the crowd which at this season is gathered and squeezed together in that little town. When we arrived there, we found the small streets and small "place" thronged with loungers of all ranks, every window with its occupant, and, a matter of more consequence to us, almost every room throughout the town engaged. Though we had the kind help of our Toulouse friend, Mr. C—— in our search, it was about two hours before we could find an apartment ; and I had just ordered the carriage to leave the place for Luz, when we obtained a lodging of the smallest and humblest kind.

I never saw any place in any country so completely crammed with visitors as Cauterets is in the height of the bathing season. The waters are of such efficacy, that they bring hither patients not only from all parts of France, but also from all quarters of Europe. Many of them being of high rank and station, the place

has obtained a reputation for good society ; and there are not a few who come hither for amusement only.

The most frequented source, both for drinking and bathing, is La Raillière, a full mile from the town ; and early in the day the road is thronged with people in every variety of costume. A large number of patients are carried in little chairs with round narrow hoods, or covers, very rude and inefficacious, as a protection from the weather. For the journey up and down, including the ascent of a steep hill, and an hour's waiting at the bath, the bearers only receive one frank between them, apparently a very inadequate payment ; but as it is settled by authority, it probably suits the price of things in the country. The baths are equally cheap, costing about a shilling. The water for drinking is supplied gratis. The cost of the element at Cheltenham, and elsewhere would, I suppose, rather surprise a foreigner.

At Cauterets there is a very valuable spring of hot medicinal water flowing from the rock within a few yards of an abundant cascade, which is icy cold ; so that if you prefer dispensing with the formalities of the "pump-room," (so to speak, where pump is unknown) you may drink from the side of the rock. The

chief springs and establishments in the Pyrenees are usually the property of the "commune" at large—as we should say, of the parish; and in general the neighbouring mountains are similarly circumstanced. This accounts for the uninterrupted walks at the towns frequented by visitors and bathers, so generally formed and maintained exactly in the most appropriate locality for beauty and convenience. You never meet, as with us, some abrupt and most unwelcome termination to your stroll just where the choicest scene begins—no glass-topped walls—no palisades built round corners, and bristling with hooked nails—no warnings on the awful consequences of trespassing, such as man-traps, spring-guns, prosecutions, and all sorts of horrors.

Cauterets is celebrated for the variety of cases in which its waters prove beneficial, including the many and troublesome maladies connected with the chest and mucous membrane. They are said to be most valuable in particular stages of consumption; but according to the account given to me by one of the attendants at the baths, the experiment of their efficacy must be guided by accurate and scientific aid. Pointing to the spring, he said, "If you have a consumption, and drink of this spring at the right stage,

you are well in four or five days; but if you drink it at the wrong stage, you are dead in four or five days." Probably, whether as to curing or killing, no small allowance may be made for the local and thermal enthusiasm of the speaker regarding the power of his stream.

CHAPTER IX.

Lac de Gaube—Calamitous events—Melancholy death—Want of Protestant Pastors—Necessity for establishing Scripture depôts—Mountainous neighbourhood—Luz—Supposed Templar Church—St. Sauveur—Barèges—Gavarnie—Brèche de Roland—The Cirque—Politics—Popish interference—Grotte du Loup—Horror of the Conscription.

August 10.—To-day we ascended the valley behind Cauterets, as far as the Lac de Gaube, which, trifling as it is in size, is said to be the largest in the Pyrenees. Most persons, able to judge of both, and whose opinion I have heard as to the comparative beauty of the Alps and Pyrenees, seem to give the palm to the former, for one reason only, viz., the absence of lakes in the latter. I quite agree with this view, remembering the wondrous varieties of the lakes of Lucerne and Geneva, the close and concentrated magnificence of Thun and Brienz, the sublimity of Wallenstadt, and the sea-like expanse of Constance and Neufchâtel.

During our course to-day we were surrounded by firs. Here there were no chestnuts, in consequence of the height at which we were arrived. We also passed several grand cascades, and above us rose sharp bare peaks of rock without any great variety. The excursion was very interesting, but the view partook much more of a cold northerly character than any other part of the Pyrenees which we had hitherto visited.

At the Lac de Gaube a small rock jutting into the waters has been chosen for a monumental tomb in remembrance of the death of a young English couple drowned in the lake within a month of their marriage, in the year 1832. No eye witnessed the accident; but it is generally supposed that the husband fell from the boat into the water, and that his wife sprung in after him from her agitation, and the vain hope of a rescue.

A calamity, still more appalling in the circumstances attending it, has taken place here within the last fortnight. A young Englishman on a visit to Caunterets with his mother and sister, set out, as it was thought, on a short afternoon ramble among the neighbouring heights; but night arrived, and still he was absent. No tidings of him reached his family during that night, nor on the following morning.

Guides were then sent out in every direction to seek him, and his mother offered fifty pounds to any one who might discover him. During the remainder of that day, the ensuing night, and the morning of the following day, all search was in vain. However, on that afternoon a party of five old men, who had arranged themselves in line, and thus had scrutinized the grass, rocks, and thickets of the lofty mountain facing the baths of La Raillière, came upon the dead body lying far from any path, peak, or place of note. I visited the place myself, having taken as a guide to the spot one of the old men who belonged to this party. It occupied me full an hour of steep climbing to reach it from Caunterets. So hidden, solitary, and remote was the place, and so thick the coppice and grass around, that the body might have remained there for months without discovery. I saw the tree against which it leant, the face of rock down which the unhappy young man fell, and the small ledge above marked with blood where a pistol, one of a pair which he usually carried on such expeditions, was found, also his walking stick. A ball had penetrated his head just above his ear; and after the wound—regarding which nothing more is positively known—had

been inflicted, he had fallen headlong down the steep ledge of rock to the spot where his corpse was found. There were many remarkable circumstances attending the awful event; but the case is so recent, and the feelings of surviving relatives so keen, that I add no more, except to say that the appearance, and subsequently the discovery created the utmost sensation at Caunterets, and the deepest sympathy among all classes for the mother and family, bereaved of a son in such a dreadful manner.

August 11, Sunday.—In consequence of a notice sent to the English families in the place on the preceding day, above thirty of my countrymen assembled this morning at the apartment of Colonel D—, who kindly arranged every thing for our service. Happily he had a room of adequate size for our comfort, a rare acquisition in Caunterets. Our own literally could not have held that number. I had service again in the afternoon. There had been none before during the whole season. Neither have the French Protestants any pastor here, though certainly one is much needed for the summer months. It would be indeed a good work, if some of that spirit which led Charles Simeon to direct his labours to the watering places of England, should

lead some like-minded servant of Christ to act the same part in behalf of the gay and crowded watering-places of France. In our country, the blessing from on High granted to these efforts has been rich indeed. Why should not the same be vouchsafed to similar endeavours here ?

Another grand field of usefulness is open to cultivation along the grand frontier of the Pyrenees. Bibles, and all books advocating pure Scriptural truth are unknown in Spain, as articles of general sale. This fact should stir up those who promote the circulation of the Scriptures to adopt means, such as it may please God to place within their reach towards palliating this great evil. Now no traveller can pass along this frontier, or visit the various resorts along this extensive line of country, without observing that for its whole length from Perpignan to Bayonne, including those towns, a great communication is kept up between the French and Spaniards, and that Spaniards of all classes are constantly seen as visitors to the baths, employed in traffic across the passes, or as temporary residents in France, from political and social causes. In each of these localities, frequented by them, a depôt of

the above-mentioned books might be established without much expense. If a bookseller would not undertake the sale, some other shopkeeper might be found who would do so readily for a small remuneration. And it should be insisted that over the door, or in some very public manner, words such as these should be fixed in the Spanish language: "Bibles, testaments, and books of the Reformed religion sold here." I have no doubt that if this arrangement were made, and regularly superintended, many copies of the word of God would thus be introduced into Spain, and different societies as well as individuals would willingly help in supplying the books for making a commencement. The only obstacles would probably be those resulting from the priesthood, French and Spanish, and against their efforts, which would in all likelihood be varied and unceasing—sometimes subtle and sometimes more violent—the chief attention must be directed and the utmost decision maintained.

August 13.—We left Caunterets to-day for Luz, sixteen miles, descending one valley, and ascending another; Pierrefitte being the point at which the two branch out in separate directions. We thought that the beauty of the valley to Luz far surpassed that to Caunterets, and

with the depth of its stream and precipitous banks—although in miniature, and without the horrors of the Swiss defile—it really reminded us of the Via Mala for the distance of a few hundred yards. Even to bring that extraordinary pass to mind for a moment is no small testimony to the grandeur and beauty of the scene here. On arriving at Luz we dined at the inn of Madame Cazaux, one of the most good-humoured and pleasant of hostesses. Her house is placed at the point of separation for the roads to St. Sauveur and Barèges, and seems always thronged. After dinner we established ourselves in a lodging at the house of M. Gradet, a large and handsome building with several suites of excellent rooms. It stands in a fine garden, bright with abundance of flowers, and though close to the town, has altogether the appearance of a country-house.

The mountains in this neighbourhood are lofty and of varied form. Two small knolls, or rocky hills, crowned with picturesque ruins, are interesting features of the place. There is nothing worthy of special notice here except the Church, which is certainly a most singular structure. In the middle of the town is seen a small fortified building, having the appearance of a castle, citadel, and church in one. The

wall, black, rude and old, though still quite perfect, is about fifteen feet high, with holes for defence against outward assault. Within this circle of fortification stands a church and belfry of rough workmanship. The edifice is said to belong to the eleventh century.



Church at Luz.

Every one speaking or writing of this Church styles it a Templar Church; but neither from the inhabitants of the place, nor from any book have I been able to obtain detailed particulars of its history. However, there is certainly reason to suppose that the building was once a citadel, and that it was converted into a Church by the body of the Templars who were estab-

lished at Gavarnie to defend the borders of the French territory from the Saracens of Spain. This must have taken place before the year 1306, when all the Templars of the kingdom were arrested in one day by Philippe-le-Bel, and the Order entirely abolished.

St. Sauveur is only half-a-mile from Luz, and is no less singularly than beautifully situated. The side of a steep mountain is pared and chipped out to allow the erection of houses, large in front and narrow in depth, on one side of the street. In order to form adequate space as a foundation for those on the other side, massive stone-work is built up to a great height from below. The street in the middle may accordingly be supposed to occupy the chief part of the natural ledge or shelf. St. Sauveur is small, but composed of good houses, and its situation is lovely, just over a sweeping mountain river, curling and chafing at a great depth between precipitous and yet verdant banks immediately beneath the buildings of the place.

I cannot speak so favourably of Barèges. The road, about four miles in distance, is not interesting for the Pyrenees, and on the day of my visit was exceedingly dusty. The place is so much frequented that carriages are always passing and re-passing, which made it still more disagree-

able. The town, except to the invalid, in the expectation or experience of benefit from its most powerful waters, has nothing in it of the least attraction. The baths are especially efficacious in the cure of wounds, and there is a military hospital in the place solely for the resort of patients requiring relief under such circumstances. Many among them now here have been sufferers in the African campaign.

From Luz I visited Gavarnie, a village about twelve miles' distant, and noticed the singular formation of the mountains, three miles farther on, called "the Cirque." Of these "Cirques," there are several in the Pyrenees. They are abrupt heads of vallies; and being, with the exception of the entrance, of a circular form, and composed of the loftiest perpendicular natural walls, they make very striking objects, unequalled in their character even among the Alps.

The valley or gorge by which Gavarnie is reached is one course of delightful scenery throughout, and there is no difficulty of path to be encountered during the whole distance. After passing the village of Gèdre, where another valley branches to the left, ending also in a fine "Cirque"—that of Troumouse—the road leads the traveller through a large mass of loose fragments

of rock, which at some time, long out of memory, fell from the adjoining mountain to the very bottom of the valley, or at least so low as the piled heaps, which first fell, would admit the others to descend. These blocks of course take every imaginable shape ; and some are of enormous magnitude—thirty or forty feet in diameter. The scene is well known and described by the name of the “ Chaos.”

For a short period on this road the Brèche de Roland is visible in the remote distance, presenting an enormous gap in the topmost ridge of the great mountain-chain. While it almost universally happens that both in the Alps and Pyrenees, the marvels of the country strike by their forms of mighty irregularity ; here the case is altogether reversed. The “ Cirque” of Gavarnie is curiously regular in its proportions. So is the Brèche de Roland : the long wall of crowning rock, which contains it, making a vast horizontal line against the sky, and the Brèche itself being cut down on each side in an accurately straight line, with the exception of a small ledge on the left. The floor of the breach is also nearly straight. I will just mention the dimensions both of this wall and of its gate, although from the gigantic size of the mountains around, all

attempt to realize their vast proportions fails almost as much on the spot as it must to the imagination.

The straight wall of rock at the point where the Brèche extends, is three hundred feet in height, and the wondrous gate itself stretches from top to bottom. The width is nearly of the same measurement.

On entering the "Cirque" various objects of interest present themselves. You follow the course of a plentiful stream till you reach a point where snow lies on each side. Advancing a little farther on by the border, or along the stones of the stream, you find yourselves between two high walls of snow, curling above your head, and then you pass under a complete arch of snow, tunnelled beneath by the water and subsequent action of the summer's heat, so as to leave a complete and regular passage, ten or twelve feet high in the middle. This only continues for a short space, and subsequently the traveller finds himself close under the grand cascade and in the midst of the "Cirque." A multitude of cascades fall precipitously down the wall on every side; but one, from its great superiority of height and volume of water, is by far the most remarkable. It is very beautiful, abruptly falling more than twelve thousand feet:

a height, I believe, which is unequalled in Europe. When I saw it, it was not only adorned by a vast abundance of spray, floating far in the sun-shine, but also descended in full stream to the ground. Travellers will probably remember that the Staubback, in Switzerland, and many other lofty cascades are quite dissipated in foam before they reach the ground. Here was one continuous body of water and plentiful spray besides.

A triple range of perpendicular mountain walls and triple ranges of the purest glacier snow above each, form the other distinguishing features of this curious scene. The summer meltings of this snow produce the various cascades, which sound and gleam on every side.

August 17.—Political questions on the Morocco and Tahiti affairs are now in full agitation. They both appear most closely connected with the maintenance or rupture of the peace between England and France. The French papers are filled with the subject, and those of England, though manifestly and to their credit not so much enjoying the idea of war, still treat it as a matter of serious consideration. Nor is this surprizing, when we remember the position of the Emperor of Morocco's territories at the entrance of the Mediterranean, and the geographical position of Ceuta (in those territories)

opposite to our stronghold of Gibraltar. It is singular that both in the Parliamentary debates and in the newspapers of both countries the religious subjects connected with Tahiti are as yet untouched. This may be intentional, or it may be from real ignorance of this part of the question. However, it is well known that the dismissal of some priests from Tahiti was the first cause of French interference with that country, and many here, with the best means for forming a judgment, openly state that the French at Tahiti, including the special opposition to Mr. Pritchard and his subsequent arrest, are moved and directed by the priesthood in the back-ground, and that these islands are chosen for carrying on the distant assaults of Popery on the work of Protestant Missionaries. That their work had first commenced in the island is universally known, as well as the present activity and zeal of the Romish priests to overthrow this work and establish their own in its place. I confess that this seems to me altogether in accordance with truth; but my opinion is worth little, in comparison with that of different French gentlemen whom I have heard, within the last few weeks, simply and decidedly avowing the same belief. What a key, if diligently sought for and applied, is afforded by Popery for the springs

which sway national and social events in all ages and in all climes !

August 22.—We quitted Luz this morning, and reached Bagnères de Bigorre of which I have spoken before. During our halt at Lourdes, I visited a curious cave or natural subterranean gallery, called the Grotte du Loup, in the side of a rock about a mile distant from the town. After creeping in on hands and knees you find yourself in a very narrow passage, in which, though you can stand up straight, you must sometimes go sideways from the closeness of the rock on each side. It extends more than a hundred yards into the mountain, making many bends, and terminates in a cavity of immense depth !

No notice whatsoever is given of this awful termination of the path ; and I never saw a more dangerous place for one advancing by himself or rashly outstripping his guide. A stone thrown into this cavity fell into water, and appeared to me to occupy a far longer time in its descent than a pebble flung into the celebrated well of Carisbrook Castle. Several boys followed our steps, and made the cavern ring with their military step and song. I could not understand them ; but during the same day heard a young stone-breaker on the road repeating again

and again, "couverts de laurier—couverts de laurier!" Notwithstanding all these martial exhibitions there seems a manifest horror of being drawn for the army—a fact which I quote again and again when I hear the common boast of the French that their countrymen are all soldiers—almost born soldiers. One is almost tempted to quote the classic fable of Minerva, springing forth armed on her natal day, in ridicule of such unmeaning and vain assertions.

CHAPTER X.

Capbern—Return to Barbazan—Fertile soil—Martres—Roman Antiquities—Museum of Toulouse—Theatrical excitement—Fruit market—Sociétés de livres religieux—Prizes of the Society—Harsh sentence—The Tarn—Rabastens—Albi—Description of the Cathedral—Cardinal Richelieu—The Albigenses—Their struggles and persecutions in favour of Protestantism—Scarcity of Protestants at Albi.

Capbern is an uninteresting little place, resorted to for its springs and baths. I asked in what consisted their peculiar merit, and was told for the purification of the blood. We arrived here late in the evening, but still just in time to escape from a thunder-storm, by far the most violent which we had experienced during the whole course of our travels. The rain was furious, and the far-spreading flashes of lightning were of such rapidity and duration, that for about an hour the light and the darkness shared the atmosphere between them on very equal terms. Capbern is not worth a visit, except for an invalid.

August 23.—On leaving Capbern, though as usual strongly advised to keep the grand highway, we pursued our course to the right by a cross-road, which led us through La Barthe and St. Bertrand de Comminges to the Château de Barbazan, where we had promised to pass a day or two on our return to Toulouse. A good road along this valley would form a most valuable communication, as a carriage-way, between Bagnères de Luchon and Bagnères de Bigorre. It would be much shorter, much less hilly, and more attractive in every way than that now pursued.

The rich verdure and general beauty of the valley along which we went quite compensated for the roughness of the way, and made it much more agreeable than the other road by Montrejean and Lanemezan, which is very uninteresting. On our arrival at the Duke de Rovigo's, we were sorry to find that he had been obliged to set off express for Bordeaux the previous night, in consequence of the alarming illness of his uncle, the Marquis de F—. Four French gentlemen, his relatives, arrived on a visit about the same time with ourselves, and were subjected to the same disappointment. We were, however, most kindly welcomed by the ladies of the family, and much enjoyed, during our stay

of two days, their very intelligent and agreeable society.

August 25.—I have already spoken of the wondrously luxurious fertility seen in this immediate neighbourhood. A second visit to the place only serves to strengthen the impressions which were previously forced upon me by the rural scenes around. The lanes are literally nothing less than continued bowers of foliage, composed of fruit-trees and vines, all laced and intertwined in hanging and curling festoons. Walnuts, plums, and pears, lying in the road, direct notice to the trees above, bearing most abundant fruit. Neither the corn-crops nor the meadow seem to suffer in the least from the number of the trees in the fields and hedge-rows. I made a few inquiries as to the succession of crops in this part of France, and heard that a very frequent course was, wheat the first year, Indian corn the second, and artificial grass the third.

Although in this immediate district there is not much water-meadow, yet of late I have been for several weeks in different parts of the Pyrenees, where the most beautiful irrigation was applied to the soil, and repaid by plentiful crops of hay cut three times in the year. The falls of water from the mountain-sides are so numerous

and abundant in their supply, that great facilities are thus provided towards such cultivation. And again, the slopes and ridges, in which the ground lies, present a surface over which water, once brought along the upper line of the field, can be easily conducted by minor channels. These are sometimes very narrow, but in considerable number; and large slates are employed for catching the course of the water, and so causing it to spread instead of flowing on at any particular point. The water-meadows are in general extremely free from rushes or coarse vegetation of any kind whatsoever; and the light sharp scythe of the Pyrenean husbandman mows so smoothly and closely, that in some parts and at particular seasons the whole country presents a succession of the most verdant and turf-like lawns. I was told that the water was kept flowing over the meadows from March till the middle of September.

August 26.—We left the Château de Barbazan to-day, and proceeded to Martres, twenty-eight miles. The country was very flat, and had apparently been greatly parched and burnt. It very much contrasted with the verdure and freshness of the soil within the range of mountains where we had of late exclusively been resident. I could hardly have supposed that such a

difference could have existed at such a short interval of space. The air too seemed heated by the soil, and the day, though fine, was not thoroughly pleasant until sunset. Afterwards a glorious moon arose, and we much enjoyed our evening walk.

Martres is at present chiefly known to travellers from its being a place where a vast number of Roman antiquities were dug up, since transferred to the Museum of Toulouse. They were found in a field near the town. I could not however hear of any ancient ruins or remaining monuments in the place. Its ancient name was "Convenarum Calagorris," a title which suggests a parallel history with that of another not far distant town, St. Bertrand de Comminges, formerly Lugdunum Convenarum.

August 27.—To Toulouse, forty miles, pursuing our journey through the parched-up, dusty, flat, and uninteresting plain which surrounds Toulouse on all sides. The road too is rough from the old pavé still remaining as the foundation under a new surface. This combination never succeeds. There is also a great lack of trees and water,* so that the journey, especially to one

* Near Noe we saw a few mulberry trees and heard that silkworms were reared in the neighbourhood. These were the first which we had seen during the whole course of our journey, the

coming from the verdure, springs, and gushing waters of the Pyrenees, and in the settled heat of August, was far less agreeable than most of our way has been, and we were not sorry to enter the narrow and shaded streets of Toulouse. We were soon settled at the pleasant hotel (that of M. Capoul, Place Lafayette,) where we had previously passed some days; and before we had been half an hour in the town I met two of the brothers C——, and received an invitation to pass the evening at their house, which really seems, as open as their hearts whenever the office of a Gaius can be fulfilled towards brethren and strangers.

After we had retired to bed this evening we heard a vast concourse of people passing under our windows, apparently in much excitement. I should think that there must have been several hundred, chiefly young men. Not having heard of any fête or show of any description, and seeing them all go in a direction leading out of the town, I was perfectly unable to guess their object and destination, and went to sleep in the middle of guesses about popular excitements, barri-

silk-worm districts lying more to the east of France. I was told here that the leaves of a large mulberry tree are sold for five or six francs, and that some proprietors draw a considerable yearly sum from this source of income.

cares, &c. Next morning, however, I heard on inquiry that a singer had sung in an unsatisfactory manner at the theatre, and that all this crowd had followed him to his lodgings, half out of joke, and half as a means of continuing their testimonies of disapprobation. The police too were mixed up in the matter, but I could not exactly comprehend in what manner.

The market at Toulouse presents at this season the richest and most beautiful show of fruit and vegetables, heaped up in that variety and picturesque abundance so well known to travellers abroad, and to all admirers of old pictures, whether travellers or not. Indeed one of the great pleasures enjoyed in antique foreign towns and market-places is derived from the constant succession of pictures which meet the eye. Often and often have I stopped at the corner of some street to realize the mode in which a Prout would represent such a scene ; and often has a group of figures or a market-stall brought to mind innumerable representations of such subjects as transferred to the canvas. In the market to-day were whole piles of peaches, heaped-up baskets of grapes, greengages, figs, and quantities of large melons, all at the most trifling price.

One of the Messrs. Courtois gave me to-day

the last Report of the “*Société des livres religieux à Toulouse*,” a most valuable institution, and of very extensive benefit. It was established, and is carried on chiefly by him and his brothers, aided by M. Chabrand, the Protestant Pastor, and other good men. Its aim is chiefly that of printing and circulating at a low price and in the French language various books “in harmony with evangelical doctrines ; viz. the natural corruption of man, the eternal divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and justification by faith in Him.” I translate the words of the second rule of the Society to shew the plain, clear, and open confession of the grand object in view. Would that this simplicity so worthy of the Gospel was always thus boldly and prominently set forward in similar institutions of our own land !

I introduce a passage from the original language of the Report illustrating these observations more fully and in admirable terms : “*Nous nous appliquons à pourvoir les familles de livres qui les aident à comprendre la sainte Parole, et qui les disposent à jouir des réalités de la religion. Nous nous appliquons à répandre, autant que cela nous est possible, la connaissance de Jésus, Dieu Sauveur, par des expositions simples de ce qui nous est dit de lui dans la Bible. Nous nous appliquons à dissiper par la lumière de la*

vérité les nombreux préjugés, soit naturels, soit religieux qui encore tiennent les esprits asservis sous le joug des erreurs et des craintes superstitieuses. Nous nous appliquons à éveiller l'attention des hommes sur le prix infini de la révélation divine, afin qu'ils aillent eux-mêmes y chercher la lumière et y puiser la vie. Enfin, nous nous appliquons à encourager nos frères dans la voie de la vie chrétienne, voie hors de laquelle ne peuvent se trouver, ni l'affranchissement du joug du péché, ni la liberté de l'âme qui est la vraie liberté, ni la paix, ni le bonheur."

The Society has printed, in the last year, one hundred and eighteen thousand copies of these publications; and in general the editions are fully circulated as soon as they are out; a fact which shows the existing need and call for such works in France. This year also a prize of fifty pounds was offered for the best composition on the following subject: "The duty of reading the Bible." Seven manuscripts were sent in, among which that of M. G. de Felice, the able and pious Professor of the Protestant College at Montauban, was successful. I saw the manuscript myself, and have been promised a copy. For the next year the subject for the same competition and prize is as follows: "La passion des intérêts matériels considérée au point

de vue chrétien.”* As it is open to all candidates, perhaps this notice may lead to some endeavours which might not have otherwise been made ; and much interested as I was with the *Jeux Floraux*, and the literary prizes given at Toulouse, I have more pleasure still, as a minister of Christ, in recording and promulgating this new design of higher and more noble aim.

Many of the books issued are translations from English works. On the list I see Jones's excellent work on the Doctrine of the Trinity (which I take this opportunity of earnestly commending to the English reader), Bishop Summer's Commentary on the Psalms and St. John's Gospel, and the works of Legh Richmond. Among the subscribers are some of my countrymen ; and the more that is known of the present state of religion in France, the more sure may donors feel that this is a most beneficial channel for the application of their liberal and Christian aid.†

* It is not easy for one not well acquainted with French terms to realise the phrase “intérêts matériels.” Some experience as to the tone and thought contained in the words as constantly employed in France, may also be requisite. I am unable to render them in English with any real accuracy ; but any one qualified to write on the subject in French will at once apprehend ; and the few rules requisite for competitors would, I have no doubt, be sent to any quarter on application to M. L. Courtois at Toulouse.

† To those desirous of maintaining regularly an attention to matters of religion as connected with the progress of the Gospel

I heard during this visit to Toulouse that M. Maurette, of whose pamphlet, "Encore des Adieux à Rome," I have previously spoken, has been subjected to a fine and a year's imprisonment for that publication. The sentence was quite unexpected, and is considered extremely harsh. The English reader may have an opportunity of forming a judgment on the depression under which the Reformed religion must be in France, as evidenced by this fact through an English translation of M. Maurette's pamphlet.*

To Rabastens, twenty-three miles. We were now directing our course to Auvergne, a part of France on which I had received from the French unanimous testimonies as to its highly interesting character. I have only met one Englishman who had visited the district, and he also spoke of it exactly in the same manner.

We set out in the afternoon from Toulouse; but found the weather so hot that having accomplished one stage, we rested till near sunset under the ample portico of a road-side

in that country, may be recommended in English the publications of the Foreign Aid Society, and in French, a periodical entitled "Les Archives du Christianisme," to which the subscription, in France, is only six francs a-year.

* Entitled "The Pope and the Gospel; or, another Farewell to Rome," and published by Dalton.

inn. Nothing could be more lovely than the evening which ensued, as the setting sun gilded and purpled the whole horizon around us; and long before the light of day had departed, the full moon arose to "rule the night" with a sun-like splendour. After passing the Tarn—a river reminding me of the Avon near Bristol and Bath, from its red colour and its course between red banks in which it has worn for itself a deep channel out of the soft and flat plain above—the country reassumed that varied character, of which we had seen so little for many a mile in the district encircling Toulouse. And when we approached Rabastens, the brilliant light of the moon showed us again one of those old and picturesque French towns of marked architectural feature and character, which of late we had rarely seen.

The position and the local accompaniments of the Pyrenean towns are often surpassingly beautiful; but the buildings both in colour and form, are very deficient in attraction and interest. Though in reality extremely ancient, they have little which is ancient in their appearance, and possess few fine churches or curious edifices; while the cold gray stone, and still colder dark slates forming a mass of steep roofs, seem very monotonous. I am sure

that those who have visited the chief Pyrenean towns, as Tarbes, Pau, Bagnères de Luchon, and Bagnères de Bigorre, and who are able at all to compare them with the northern and midland towns of France, will at once understand what I mean.

The houses at Rabastens are very curious, hanging far over the street, and some of them still retaining old towers on their top. As usual, there is a fine broad walk planted with trees outside, and immediately adjoining the town. This is now almost universal in France, and facilities for what would otherwise have been so difficult an arrangement, have been afforded by the fortifications of all the old towns. The wall has been either wholly or partially levelled, the dyke entirely filled up by the broken walls and other rubbish, a gravel walk made, and trees planted; so that without any impediment, such as buildings in the way, or expensive purchases of ground, a wide and uninterrupted promenade has been formed, which offers such a pleasant and healthy site for the exercise and recreation of the citizens.

To Albi, twenty-six miles. We are now entering a part of France almost unknown to English travellers in general, from its lying entirely out of any line frequented by them. It

promises, however, to be most interesting ; and I am truly gratified at being able to explore it in such an advantageous and agreeable way as that which is afforded by our present mode of travelling. As we approached the ancient and renowned Albi, the Cathedral and other clustered edifices presented themselves to our eye in a very commanding form. The wide, slow, and deeply-sunken Tarn washes the town ; and in one quarter massive old houses, so strongly and thickly built, that they seem to have outlasted their use and fashion, and now to have become desolate, though without ruin or decay, will interest the traveller as he wanders along among these tenements of generations long passed away from the earth. It must not, however, be supposed that Albi is lifeless or solitary ; on the contrary, it has good houses, large hotels, a considerable trade in corn, and several manufactures.

The Cathedral is of much celebrity, both from its grandeur, and from its singularity. The former results from its loftiness, size, and position ; the latter from various circumstances, which I shall mention in order as I observed them on my visit. In the first place, the edifice is altogether of brick, seldom seen as the material of such structures except in the south of France. As you skirt the side of the Church towards the

chief entrance, which is at the side and not at the end, you mount a lofty flight of steps under a stone arch of exquisite sculpture. These steps are flanked and guarded by a tower with an ominous port-hole, opening so as to command all who ascend. Advancing onward, you arrive at a lofty gothic portico, also most gracefully carved in stone ; and then turning to the right, you are in the Cathedral. Its beauty of form and colour will at first almost dazzle and surprise the eye ; but though in these points the building is so rich and varied, it must be admitted that the internal decoration of the Church has a certain unity about it, which quite rescues it from being classed among the long list of ordinary Romish churches, which are piled up with showy and unmeaning objects, gilt as if by an upholsterer, and coloured as if every artist employed had chosen to exhibit some new fancy or scheme of his own. Such is by no means the character of this Cathedral, although there is not a square yard of the whole roof and side which is not ornamented with colour or gold. All is made to correspond, and all is most delicately executed.

The roof is a deep blue, divided into gothic compartments, and variously ornamented with arabesques, and a multitude of paintings,

including several highly preserved medallions with heads of Scripture characters and saints. The sides of the building are chiefly painted in chequers and squares of different designs and colour. On each side of the altar, two large, prominent, rounded masses of wall are covered with representations from the *Inferno* of Dante. His writings were in high esteem as religious works at the time when these paintings were executed, and the special torments of hell which the Poet assigned to special crimes or evil characters are represented in strict accordance with the strange ideas of Dante's imagination. Inscriptions in black letter are affixed to each compartment; *e. g.* "La peine des glotons," "La peine des orgueilleux et des orgueilleuses," &c. The edifice has no transepts, so that it presents nothing of the shape of the cross, neither has it any entrance at either end.

The stone work of the choir without, and the wood work within, both sculptured with much taste and labour, a rich narrow window of painted glass, and an organ, (in itself quite a piece of architecture,)—are among the remaining objects which claim notice in this splendid edifice. I mounted to the loftiest platform of the tower, an ascent of three hundred and sixty-six steps, of which local fame states that, with the

exception of the Pyramids, it is the highest brick building in the world. A grand exhibition of the edifice was made to Cardinal Richelieu in 1629. Prelates and peers attended to do him honour, and the Duke de Montmorency carried at his side the Cardinal's hat, and an umbrella to protect him from the heat as he entered the Cathedral. I saw a good representation of the scene in a work which I met at the public library of the town.

I have yet to mention the grand subject of historical and Christian interest connected with the town. It gave its name to those early opponents of the Papal claims, who by their zeal prepared the way for the Reformation. I mean, of course, the Albigenses, usually and deservedly named in twin brotherhood with the Vaudois.

The Albigenses, under this name, were distinguished in the twelfth century, and became so formidable in the eyes of the Romish Church, that in the thirteenth a league or crusade was undertaken against them on account of their opposition to Popish doctrine and ceremonies. After severe struggles they were defeated and subjected to the most cruel persecution. The Archbishop of Toulouse, and Raymond, Count of Toulouse, united ecclesiastical and political

power against them in 1253. The former drew up articles in their declaration. The latter sanctioned them, and publicly acted upon them. From that time their numbers, power, and celebrity gradually decreased; and on my inquiries as to the number of Protestants now in the place and neighbourhood, I was told that there was only "un foison." I understood that there was no Protestant congregation at Albi, nor nearer than Realmont, nine miles distant.

CHAPTER XI.

Police regulations at a fire—Importance of coal—Carmeaux—Admiral Villeneuve's plan—Agricultural conversation—La Motte—Comfortless Lodging—Rodez—Religious processions—Anxiety about war—England as an Aristocracy—Roquefort cheese—Rodez—Its Cathedral—The "Hara"—Antique buildings—Scarcity of Engravings.

August 28.—To La Motte, thirty-six miles. We left Albi at seven this morning. There had been a great fire in the night at a large corn store, and the damage was estimated at £20,000. We passed by the spot on our way out of the town, and had an opportunity of seeing the police regulations upon such occasions. Two long lines were formed of soldiers, interspersed with men, and some women also, who passed along from one to another buckets and various other vessels for containing water filled from the river. Between these lines soldiers with fixed bayonets paraded ; and though people

were allowed to go into the place where the fire was, no one was allowed to return back except by special order of the police. The fire was nearly extinguished when we passed, and I heard that the property was insured.

From Carmeaux—as I believe the town is called at which we stopped to breakfast—I visited two out of four coal-mines* about a mile from the place. They were worked by steam-engines. I was told that they afforded employment altogether to about six hundred men; that the coal raised each day was worth about eighty pounds, that it was sold for about one and four pence the hectolitre; that the coal was of very good quality, and that much of it was sent by road to Albi, and thence by the Tarn and other means of communication to Toulouse and Bordeaux. I had observed a large coal fire in the kitchen of the hotel at Albi.

The supply or deficiency of coal in France, as compared with that in England, has now become from the use of steam, a matter of very great importance to the two nations respectively in a national point of view. And at the present moment such subjects are forced upon our considera-

* They are all the property of Le Comte de S— and his family. His château is quite near.

tion. Only a few days ago I read in a French gazette a long and detailed plan, from the pen of Admiral Villeneuve, regarding the naval tactics which he would recommend in case of a war with Great Britain. His chief design is this, that the French should entirely surrender their commerce, and carry on a kind of corsair-like war against the trade of our country. For this purpose he recommends that several small squadrons should be fitted out, composed partly of sailing-vessels and partly of steam-vessels; that these squadrons should avoid as much as possible all engagements, and only aim at annihilating our trade. He allows that little honour could be thus gained by his countrymen, but would expect much profit and final ruin to England. His first difficulty in accomplishing his plan is the comparative want of coal for the French steam vessels. I do not introduce the Admiral's scheme as attaching to it any value or importance whatever, but merely to show what a prominent place is occupied by the subject of coal, in the consideration of future naval tactics.

I extract a short passage which alludes to the coal of this part of France, from Conybeare and Phillipp's *Geology*, B. 3, ch. 6. "In the centre and south of France there are some limited coal

deposits lying in the vallies of the Loire, the Allier, the Creuse, and the Dordogne, the Aveyron, and the Ardèche, between ridges proceeding from the primitive central group connected with the Cevennes."

After leaving Carmeaux we proceeded another stage to an inn, standing by itself in a beautiful dell at the side of a picturesque old bridge, under the ruined castle and village of Tanus. It was pleasant to descend from the bare plains above into the woods of chestnut trees, through which we approached our resting-place. Here we occupied for two or three hours a large antique room, with three beds, exactly in character, and windows so curious in their form, that Mrs. T— sketched one of them. The apartment projected over a deep dell and rocky stream. I was here very much interested with a conversation which I held with the very intelligent gentleman, who was owner of the house, and had let it to its present occupants. He obligingly sat with us for some time, and gave me much information in very concise and accurate terms. We were speaking of the sterility of the soil in the neighbourhood which appeared to me to be red clay, and was called by him "argile." He said that until the last twenty years it produced nothing but rye,

barley, a few potatoes and chestnuts ; but that, since that period, the mixture of chalk (procured from a bare white hill, which I had seen on the way) had made, as he expressed it, a complete agricultural revolution in the country, and had vastly increased the income of all proprietors, on whose land the plan had been adopted.

We went on in the evening to a village called La Motte, where we had been led to expect a tolerable inn. The last hour and half of our way was after night-fall, and in a country of complete solitude, chiefly through dark chestnut woods. For four or five miles we did not see a house. Our way was, however, cheered by a full and gloriously bright moon, while the temperature of the air was so soft and sweet, that so far as lodging was concerned, the shelter of a roof was a matter of little consequence ; and to pass the night in one of the fine glades would have been a far greater luxury than having recourse to a poor and comfortless inn. However, the ponies wanted their stable and oats, and we ourselves required a meal, to which—as so often happened to us on our journey—the name of dinner or supper might have been given with equal propriety. At the end of the long and lonely drive through a country, which a Frenchman had told me was “*un pays perdu*,” we

reached a few houses on each side of a street, forming the village, called La Motte. Here we drove up to the inn which I had heard of; but the landlady herself told us that we should be "mal logés," as her inn was under repair. By the bye it seemed much to need it. Not a single room for our reception was available; so that we had only to make an attempt opposite, where there was another inn, and where we wished to pass the Sunday, according to our rule of resting entirely on this day—a rule which I am happy to say we had not infringed, for a single mile, during the whole course of our journey. We were, however, much vexed at seeing the extreme unfitness of the place, even for one night, much more for a longer sojourn. I shall not dwell on the materials of our supper (so rarely bad or deficient in France) nor upon the state of the bed-room, which we reached along a creaking passage with such large gaping holes in the floor, that I was literally afraid of going along it in the dark, for fear of stepping into one of them. However, notwithstanding these circumstances, had I been alone or only with a gentleman as companion, I should have thought it right to remain here till the Monday; but as it was, it seemed to me otherwise.

Mrs. T— had had a long and hot journey during the week ; and it was evident that neither proper food, rest, or comfort could be obtained for her, so that I feared lest real injury to her health might result from a stoppage here of two nights and a day. Accordingly, the decision being left to me, I thought that in the sight of God it would be allowable for us to proceed on the ensuing morning ; and this we arranged to do, though much regretting the circumstances of the case. I had forgot to mention that we did not arrive till nine o'clock ; that our journey had already been fatiguing, and that we had still so long a stage before us (seventeen miles) that it would have been impossible to proceed at once without injury to the ponies. We arranged to set off at three o'clock the next morning, and rested as we could till that time without taking off our clothes. At one moment an adventure seemed nigh, as Mrs. T— woke me a little after midnight, saying that some one was pushing at our door. It had no lock or fastening of any description ; and I had piled our bags, &c. against it, by way, at all events, of securing notice of intrusion. Before this impediment had been overcome, I was at the door, and looking out, saw the poor inoffensive maid ! She

had come for some sheets, which were kept in a press in our room, for a newly arrived and unexpected traveller.

August 29.—To Rodez, sixteen miles. We left La Motte at three this morning by the light of a glowing moon, and enjoying an atmosphere at once so soft, fresh, and warm, that merely to breathe it was no slight gratification. Our course was along high, barren, heathy ground till about sun-rise, when we entered more cultivated scenes, and came in sight of Rodez conspicuously crowning the hill on which it stands. The approach is fine, through a narrow verdant gorge of rapid descent, then by zigzags, up the face of the opposite steep, along an avenue or “malle” of trees immediately opposite the Cathedral, and across a fine ridge of hill, commanding extensive prospects in each direction. Before seven o'clock we were settled at the Hotel de Paris, a very comfortable place of sojourn, where we remained until Tuesday afternoon; and after the long journey of the last week, very much enjoyed a little repose in this handsome and airy town.

There were none of our countrymen at Rodez, nor did we hear of any Protestants in the place or neighbourhood. We are now entering a part

of France, where there are very few professing the Reformed tenets.

I saw long religious processions to-day both in the town and in the Cathedral, formed of priests, choristers, beadles, &c. A large number of the inhabitants also walked in line. There were not many men, and these quite of the poorer class. The women were far more numerous, and of all orders. The blessed promise of our Lord Jesus Christ, regarding "two or three gathered together in His name," literally met the case of our services this day; it has very seldom happened that we have not had some addition from fellow-travellers and fellow-countrymen.

August 30.—The discussion between the two cabinets of England and France has now become so critical, that being far from means of communication with any of my countrymen, and in a locality, where perhaps there is not a copy of an English newspaper to be met with in a circle of a hundred miles, I go daily with no slight interest to a "café," or a "cabinet littéraire" to see the French journals,* quite prepared to find

* A joke may sometimes teach as much as a more serious saying. I was struck by the words of an inn-keeper, uttered in joke, when a steam-boat and the malle-poste to S— were both considerably behind time, without any assignable cause. "Ah! une révolution à Paris!"

them headed any day with the notice of "La guerre," as having been declared. With our mode of travelling it will be difficult to make a speedy exit from this country; and I should be most unwilling to leave my ponies in the enemy's territory, if such it is to be. A look at the map will show that at this moment we are entering into the very heart of France, and receding farther and farther from the confines, going as it were into the purse of the net, if we are to be caught. But to talk of personal circumstances seems almost selfish, when viewing the likelihood of such a calamity as war between England and France. May God, in His goodness, avert it! May he say to the nations: "Peace, be still," and so it shall be. Let Christians earnestly pray on the subject, and thus have their share in the gracious office of peace-makers. Let them present the cause to Him, who is the Almighty, and before whom, "Behold the nations are as a drop of a bucket and are counted as the small dust of the balance." "Behold, He taketh up the isles as a very little thing."—Isaiah XL, 15.

In the well-known French paper, the *Siècle*, I see to-day the following expressions: "La presse Punique, nous voulous dire Britannique." Again, England is styled, "La nouvelle

Carthage!" I suppose that the journal, using a term which must be taken in the relative sense, would claim for its own country the place and character of Rome, and use as its next watch-word "Delenda est Carthago."

The same journal, and indeed many others generally speak of the war as one which would be undertaken against "l'aristocratie Britannique." It is very easy to see that the drift of such statements is to lead the great body of the English nation to look upon the downfall of their country as no evil to themselves, but only to the aristocracy. They must, however, know little of our people, who think to catch them with arguments like this. The permanent feeling and character of England—notwithstanding temporary ebullitions of an opposite tendency—is aristocratical throughout. Long may it continue so! Herein is our strength and herein our stability—a better thing even than strength—and I verily believe that this principle is the privilege of our land, which our children's children shall enjoy. The due gradation of ranks may not be so well maintained as it was in former days: and the aristocratical elements of political and social life may have suffered loss, whether in the halls of our nobles, or in the work-shops of our rich

citizens ; but, while in other nations the principle seems dead, with us it is not so. Among us it lives in much energy still. Tokens of this truth are seen and experienced every day, which he “who runs may read” throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Long may it be so ; and, under God’s blessing, long shall we prosper ! Let us strengthen the things that remain, avoiding all fraternity with innovators, democrats, and levellers, of any nation or under any pretence ; and then our country, though at times perplexed, shall still have its constitution unimpaired. Her people, still “shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places ; while prudence, and wisdom, and knowledge shall be the stability of her times, and strength of her salvation.” I write as a traveller, and not for the sake of any order in particular, but because I truly believe that it is on the strength of the aristocratical principle—not only among us, as exhibited in our laws and constitutions, but far more in the social feelings of all ranks—that the stability of England rests, while in so many other nations in Europe there might be to-morrow a tyranny—the next day a democracy—or vice-versâ.

I have been rather surprised how little the question of peace or war has been spoken of at the various "tables d'hôte" which I attend almost daily. I have not once heard it alluded to. To-day the great topic was that of cheese, as we are now near to a district where the finest in France, "fromage de Roquefort," is produced. St. Afrique, to the south east of Rodez, seems the great centre of this staple commodity of the country. It is made of sheep's-milk, and kept in cellars formed out of the rock. I understood that its merits were neither owing to the breed of sheep, nor to the pasturages in which they were fed; but to the peculiar temperature and currents of air prevailing in the caves, where it is kept to ripen. The price is from about 1s. 3*d.* to 1s. 6*d.* per pound. It is served at almost all the "tables d'hôte," and very much resembles our Stilton cheese. So much is sent to Paris and round the country from St. Afrique, that I heard jokes passed about on the diligences in that quarter, as smelling like cheese-cellars!

Rodez is a very fine town. I never saw a more airy situation, and my French guide-book speaks of its salubrity in high terms, which I should think well-founded. The hand-

some shaded walk, which encircles the town, offers at every step extensive and beautiful views over the surrounding country, across the deep valley or dell immediately beneath its walls. Fine hills of a red, but barren soil form the bounds of the panorama ; but among them several deep and verdant valleys wind away in the distance from your sight, and tempt you to follow them into their unseen recesses. Several fine "châteaux" are also visible, and altogether the country presents a very imposing appearance.

There are here several magnificent public buildings. First, of course, is to be mentioned the Cathedral, in which, though a grand edifice, there is nothing peculiarly attractive except the tower or belfry. This however is so lofty, so graceful, and so richly carved in Gothic tracery, that I constantly found myself gazing on its grandeur and beauty, as it stood aloft cutting the clear azure sky which day by day we enjoy. As at Albi, the only entrances to the Cathedral are at the side.

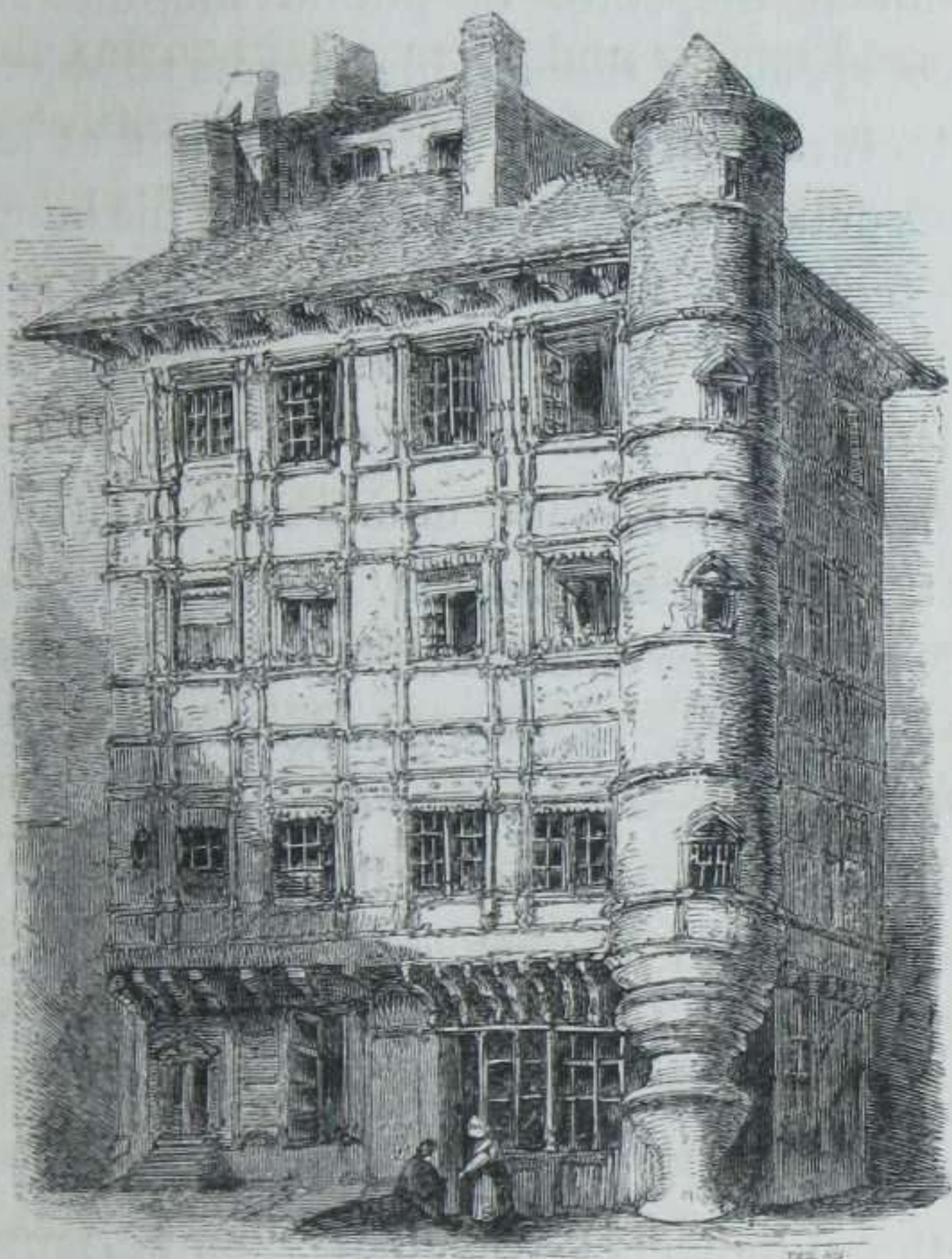
Another building, and that of enormous size, is the "Séminaire," in which three hundred priests are educated. A new "Palais de Justice" is very pure in its architecture, and has a noble portico. I visited the public library, but thought the collection poor, and, (as but seldom

happens in such institutions,) was unable to find books of local interest. The "Hara," where some serviceable horses are kept for improving the breed in this and three neighbouring departments, is worth a visit from its beautiful situation, at the end of a lofty ridge about half a mile from the town. The buildings occupied by the establishment once formed a monastery, and fair indeed must its gardens and park have been. There were thirty-nine horses, which are kept always here, except in the spring, when they make their annual excursions. "Pur sang Anglais," was, I think, over half of them, and among the number were some heavy animals which did our country no great credit. France seems always in a deficiency as to the superior breed of horses. Cæsar could not mount his troops from the country, even while occupying it, and having a large body of the people for his allies. Accordingly he speaks of the "magnum numerum equorum, hujus belli causâ, in Italiâ atque Hispaniâ coemptorum."* All kinds of prizes, encouragements, and public aids are now offered, and indicate the need of such efforts towards the improvement of the French breed.

We were very much interested with the antique houses of Rodez; not that they are so nu-

* De Bell. Gal. Lib. vii. 55.

merous as in some other towns—for instance, in Rouen and Angers—but two of the number are



Old house at Rodez.

very remarkable both from their size and decoration, and as specimens of domestic architecture in towns* surpass any others which I have yet seen in France. Mrs. T— made very good

* I believe that the house of Jacques Cœur, at Bourges, may claim the first place. There is also a very fine specimen of domestic town architecture near the Cathedral at Tullés.

sketches of them both. The singularity and reputation of these houses are such that Mr. Mérimée, the official inspector of public monuments in France, speaks of them in high terms as objects of architectural curiosity. He mentions at length various details of their structure, but his language is too technical to interest the general reader. I therefore only quote one passage, as descriptive of their chief characteristics. “J’ai remarqué à Rodez un assez grand nombre de maisons des xv. et xvi. siècles, dont le premier étage, en général, s’avance en écorbellement, porté sur une suite de consoles réunies par de petites arcades appliquées en ogive à contrecourbe.”*

Neither here nor at Albi—one a town of eleven thousand, the other of nine thousand inhabitants—could I find a single print of the various interesting buildings in each place. The fact is that there is no local demand for them, and the number of travellers “en curieux,” as the French call it, is as yet small in these parts. What a contrast with the supply of such objects in the watering-places of the Pyrenees, where neither churches or rocks, cascades or hotels, peasants or passes, can by any means justly complain that they “pictore carent.”

* Notes d’un Voyage en Auvergne, p. 168.

CHAPTER XII.

Salles-la-Source—Marcillac—Cloth mill—Beautiful country—Albi and Rodez—Choice of Roads—Long hill—Entraigues—Geological peculiarities—Volcanic formations about Mount Cantal—Extract from Mr. Bakewell's Travels—Murat—Prismatic Columns—Beautiful road—Château de Merdogne—Issoire—Idolatrous inscription—Cæsar's description—Clermont—Relics and curiosities of Clermont.

August 31.—To Salles-la-Source and Espalion, thirty-two miles. At six o'clock this morning I set off on an excursion, much recommended here, to see a valley, village, cascade, and cloth-mill at a place about eight miles from Rodez, called Salles-Comtaux, or Salles-la-Source. After a few miles' progress through an open country, the road all at once descended into a very narrow ravine, luxuriant with chestnut trees, and overhung with rocks in very fantastic and irregular shapes. Presently I found myself in a part of the valley which expanded in a circle, and presented a beautiful assemblage of woods, vine-

yards, rocks, and habitations, all intermingled together. There was no water to make a cascade, but the strong mark of its current showed how plentiful it was at times, and to one standing in the deep hollow of the rock immediately behind the fall, the scene would then be of a curious and attractive kind, the spectator being as it were behind a curtain of water dashing down before his face. The valley of Marcillac, in which Salles-Comtaux stands, is altogether a singular feature in the country, from its depth, richness, verdure, and variety, contrasted with the bare, stony, arid plain in which it suddenly drops with its long and hollow chink. The cloth-mill is situated beneath a lofty semi-circle of rock. The machinery is turned by water. I heard that it gave employment to four hundred persons. It was my lot to meet the proprietor, M. Carsenac, on the road about two miles from the place, and without any idea who he was to ask him some direction for the way. He at once took out his pencil, and in the most obliging manner wrote for me an order to see the whole establishment.

In the afternoon we left our pleasant and quiet apartment at Rodez, and proceeded to Espalion. A few miles from that place a similar change of scenery occurred, on a large scale, to

that which I had seen in the morning in miniature. The road all at once descended from the barest table land with a very stony surface into a vast amphitheatre of woods, hanging vineyards, pasturages, and rocky acclivities. This was the valley of the Lot. The view reminded me much of several in Limousin, though not equal to them in extent and grandeur. There were however the same forms of ground, alternately heaved aloft, and sweeping away in hollows, just as if all had been in one vast and confused roll of billows under a sea-storm, then suddenly arrested, and left as they now appear. We were approaching the district of Limousin again—at least were so near that local features of a kindred nature to those which had so much delighted us there, might here be expected; and the panorama now spread before us was truly characteristic of that magnificent district, which midland France presents. Two or three most commanding castles, at least their ruins, were in view.

Sept. 1.—To Entraigues, twenty-one miles. It is a little difficult to decide on the best way of proceeding from Toulouse to Clermont, as there are two roads, one by Montauban and the other by Albi and Rodez, each offering strong claims to the traveller. To one who had been like our-

selves at Montauban, where there are subjects of far higher interest than scenery or antiquities, of which I have before spoken, we would much recommend the line which we pursued on this journey. It enabled us to include those striking cities, Albi and Rodez, while at the same time we traversed, (and no traveller should omit to do so,) the wonderful volcanic formations between Aurillac and Murat. Accordingly we retraced our way this morning up the steep and long hill which we had descended last night; and after proceeding a short distance, as if going back to Rodez, turned short to the right, and entered a cross road, narrow, but admirably kept, and full as good as the grand route which we had left, excellent as that was. We went for many miles along the crest of hills, if not more rightly called mountains, with far spreading views each way, and through fields red and barren, till we commenced our descent into Entraigues. Here we were once more in the valley of the Lot, a fair and picturesque river wherever I have seen it. The road was quite arched over, and even crowded by fruit-trees of every sort, waving their branches and stretching forth their fruit close over our heads in the utmost abundance and beauty. Among them were apples, pears,

grapes, plums, chestnuts, walnuts, figs, and peaches. There were here many pleasant abodes among the orchard bowers on both sides of the road. The hill down which we went was no less than six miles in length, the pretty and narrow road being admirably carried round the edges of banks and precipices, so as to avoid any very steep descents. Our ponies trotted along, and made the short turns which continually occurred in the safest and most trustworthy manner. The narrowness of our carriage, and in fact the diminutive form of our equipage in general, gave us here, as in many other places, a considerable advantage. The road will soon be widened, and then be more satisfactory for large and heavy carriages.

The position and neighbouring scene of Entragues strongly reminded me of one of the choice spots among the Pyrenees, where deeply buried in the mountains lies a triangular basin of land, ornamented by the proximity of three valleys or ravines, each brightened by its stream.

The frequency of such scenes in mountain countries will be at once accounted for by the observation, that one mountain river meeting another will have a natural tendency to produce such an effect. At the place where the waters

meet large deposits will probably be made, and the point where one river meets the other will be a kind of central attraction to the eye, whence it will look up three distinct vallies—that by which one river approaches, that by which the same recedes—and that by which the tributary stream enters the other current. Strictly speaking, there are but two vallies; but the eye thus led will wander along three lines; and who, observant of nature, and having had advantages for observation among mountains, will not remember with delight many a similar scene? Such is the situation of Entraigues; and no local features of the kind, even among the Pyrenees, were remembered by us as superior to these. This beautiful place is as yet unknown and unnoticed by our countrymen. We could hear of none as having traversed it, or sought it out. We slept at the “Hotel Dauban,” where the pleasant and friendly old man and his family caused us, by their kindness and attention, quite to overlook the humble accommodation; and though I avoid being culinary in my journal, I must observe that here, as in nine places out of ten where we stop, our table is supplied not only sufficiently, but amply and luxuriously. Among the provisions constantly set before us, are trout and other fish, chops, fricandeaux, sweet-breads,

chickens, pigeons, partridges, small pieces of roast meat, peas, beans, potatoes dressed in various ways, salads, custards, cakes, pastry, fine cheese, and several sorts of fruits, including grapes, peaches, and figs. No dinner is served without soup; and a bottle of wine, generally good, is included in the small charge, which is always the same—three francs, or half-a-crown of our money.

Sept. 2.—To Aurillac, thirty-one miles. On leaving Entraigues we had to ascend a hill of seven miles in length—quite a twin-brother of that which we descended yesterday, and in sight of it on the other side of the valley for a considerable distance. On the side of this hill and shortly before our entrance into the department of the capital, we first began to observe some of the geological peculiarities for which Auvergne—which includes the two departments, Cantal and Puy de Dôme, is so justly and widely celebrated. The banks at the side of the road were, for considerable distances, formed of a compact substance, looking-like rock, but crumbling on pressure and glistening with a yellow metallic body. I preserved a specimen, and hope to have it rightly named by the next geologist whom I may meet. The heaps of stones on the road contained marbles of various colours, and

in one I found some blocks of purest chrystal, eight or nine inches in diameter. One of them was of a light rose colour; the rest pure white. The extreme beauty of the road amply compensated for the length of the hill—the chestnut-tree still around us, and no tree has richer foliage, There was nothing to be noticed on the rest of our way to Aurillac except a fine church of the eleventh century at Montsalvy.

Sept. 3.—To Murat, thirty-two miles. Leaving Aurillac this morning without the least regret, as it is a most uninteresting place to the traveller, we entered the valley of the Cère and passed through one of the most remarkable districts which the surface of the earth presents. I mean the grand volcanic formations in the neighbourhood of Mount Cantal. The whole line is fully and admirably described in Murray's Hand-book, where he treats of this "volcanic amphitheatre, through the midst of which the old road is carried." The word "old" is used in contra-distinction to that which is already open to pedestrians, and will soon be open to carriages, through a tunnel, perforating a hill, which separates the two valleys of the Alagnon and Cère. This is a noble work towards the expedition of conveyance.

In consequence of the many ages which have

passed away since these volcanoes were in activity, they are not of course so easily traced as in the south of Italy, where, as near Naples, you may climb the hills or mountains, and mark them of every date. For instance, one hollow is clothed with a lofty forest ; another, more recent, with such brush-wood as springs more readily from the decomposed ashes and lava ; another is still bare, black and cindry, while Vesuvius, with intermission, is still sending forth its flames or fiery lava streams, and the active Stromboli is seen night and day in one unceasing blaze.

Here, in France, the marks of volcanic action are not in every instance so easily observed ; but from all I read or hear, they are not less sure and traceable by those who have made geology their study. They have clearly pointed them out, and with such guidance and assistance, even the unpractised eye can now—if the traveller have leisure and attention—mark each crater, each current of lava and scoria, and each mass or fragment of rock sent forth, as from a shell or bomb, for vast distances over the surrounding country. These characteristics of the district in which I now am, and these facilities of making a peculiar course of observations, naturally awaken the attention of the traveller,

and render his visit to Auvergne one of no common interest. The country too has its classic renown ; for here Cæsar fought and wrote. It has its feudal history too ; for where are castled crags more numerous ? It has in many parts a rich and most productive soil, and its present prosperity is very great ; but such features are not rare, while the evident agency of fire, as directed by the hand of the great Lord of the elements, though rare, is here mightily displayed.

I introduce here an interesting passage from a work which contains some curious particulars of this neighbourhood. The absence, however, of all record relative to the activity of these volcanoes is questioned or rather, I may say, refuted in a curious note to the first article of No. 148 of the Quarterly Review.

“ I felt no small degree of pleasure in finding myself in one of the most remarkable districts in Europe, placed nearly in the centre of France, and surrounded by a well-cultivated and populous country, but exhibiting incontestible proofs of a mighty conflagration that has, at a former period, spread over many hundred square miles. The marks of the powerful agency of fire are so fresh, that the spectator might suppose in some parts it had scarcely ceased to burn ; yet there

is no record of any volcanic eruptions having taken place since the time when Cæsar was encamped in Auvergne, nor was Cæsar aware that the country was volcanic. Indeed, the fact was unknown until the year 1751, when two naturalists, who were returning from Vesuvius, stopped to botanise on the mountains in Auvergne, and were surprised at the resemblance which these mountains presented to that celebrated volcano. They were particularly struck with the singularity of the lavas and minerals in both. M. Guettard, one of these naturalists, published an account of this discovery ; but it appeared so extraordinary, that it was not generally believed. Future observers, however, confirmed the truth of M. Guettard's statement, and proved in a satisfactory manner the existence of ancient volcanoes in Auvergne ; yet the attachment to particular theories induced certain geologists in this country to withhold their assent, and even to question the veracity of the accounts which had been published. Nature fortunately remains more stable than prejudice, and the volcanic characters of the rocks in Auvergne are so clearly and indelibly impressed, that they cannot be called in question by any one who has examined them ; nor can these volcanic characters be removed,

except by some future revolution of the globe.”*

We descended into Murat by a road winding on the top of the mountain, like an Alpine pass, through a fine forest of pines. The evening was now closing in, and it was quite dark for the last two or three miles into Murat. The road here was not of the safest character, being cut along a hedge or step, with a perpendicular wall rising on the left, and descending on the right without any protection. However, keeping close to the wall, and giving loud notice to all comers in any vehicle, we arrived safely at Murat, and once there, soon had friendly aid in leading us along its dark streets to Madame Dolly's hotel.

Sept. 4.—To Lempde, thirty-three miles. Our journey to-day was through some scenes at once most curious and beautiful. Objects of interest arose at every step. Before we left Murat we had an opportunity of observing the fine conical rock, called “Le rocher de Bonnevie,” which rises immediately behind the town, and presents a grand front of basaltic rock in prismatic columns of four to forty feet in length and varying from five to eight in the number of their sides. However, those which I

* Travels of R. Bakewell, Esq., in 1823, vol. i. p. 294.

observed were generally hexagons. The rock appears from a distance marked down with long straight lines, which have not inaptly been likened to the keys of a vast organ. Various uses have been made of these columns in the town and neighbourhood. To mention a few which I observed myself: excellent and firm walls are formed of them—generally laid across, and with a little mortar in the interstices. Many of the houses are thus built; also, in part, a church, which we passed. They were also used as posts, requiring no manual labour whatsoever for the purpose, nor when laid as a flight of steps. The walls thus formed have a very curious appearance, and look like stacks of wood with the ends appearing. These extraordinary formations and the uses to which they are applied interested us much, although here, as so often in this most rich district for the illustration of geology and minerology, we had to regret our want of acquaintance with those sciences. The country would make almost any one a temporary student, if the name be not too assuming as claimed by the mere observer and collector of specimens. These are offered on the very road in vast numbers and variety.

The road which we pursued was the short cut lately opened from Murat to Massiac. Mr.

Murray's Hand-book speaks of it as "the very pretty branch line carried up the vale of the Avignon." The invariable fine taste shown by the Editor of this and the kindred works, inclines me to think that if he had traversed it himself far higher praise would have been attributed here. We began our course along the side of a wide and verdant valley, and in the course of a few miles passed close to another magnificent rock of basaltic pillars and columns, boldly terminating a mountain ridge on our left. Opposite to it was a small castellated farmhouse built in the manner which I have above described, and roofed with small rounded slabs of the flaky stone, employed for that purpose in this district. Soon after this the valley narrowed, and a bright sparkling stream, as so constantly occurs among the Pyrenees, was our companion for the next twenty miles.

The air was perfumed by the pine-trees which grew in abundance around, and nothing could exceed the loveliness of the day. The road, though narrow, is excellent; and winds incessantly according to the forms of the rocks and precipices along which it is carried. The pines and crags gave an Alpine character to the scene, while the verdure and the circular basins in the valley intermingled some features more com-

monly witnessed among the Pyrenees. The whole way to Massiac was one gradual descent ; and I cannot remember a drive of more unceasing beauty. There were a few villages on the way, but no towns. The ruins of a castle, high on the right, were most imposing, built as they are on a broad and lofty foundation of basalt rising itself so like a fortress, with its circle of perpendicular wall, that it needed some scrutiny to mark the distinction between the castle and the crag. This was the "Château de Merdogne." We rested a couple of hours at the cheerful town of Massiac, and then proceeded up a long hill and over high table land to Lempde, where, at the Poste, we found a pleasant reception, and passed the ensuing day, being the Sabbath. There are coal-mines at Grosmenil close to this place.

Sept. 5.—To Clermont, thirty-three miles. The appearance of the country during the whole of our drive to-day was striking and peculiar. We passed in view of several towns suspended aloft on the side of steep hills, or cradled in deep fissures of the mountains. Several rocks with precipitous sides of basaltic rock displayed their bold and fantastic shapes—often, too, crowned with castles on their tops. Many of the hills were exactly in the form of volcanos—miniature

copies of Etna and Vesuvius. The line of road was beautiful, curving hither and thither through lines of vineyards, winding in part along the banks of the Allier, and shaded in many places by rows of magnificent walnut-trees.

At Issoire we found the place enlivened by a kind of provincial fête annually held here. The inhabitants of the neighbouring country flock into the town for about three days, meet their friends, and amuse themselves.

Issoire has an exceedingly fine Church, almost equal in size and grandeur to several French Cathedrals which I have seen. Though the structure is not more recent than the tenth and eleventh centuries, it was built with such strength and durability, that even the old parts are in excellent repair ; and of late those parts which needed restoration have been well renewed. It is reckoned a very fine specimen of Auvergnat architecture, which certainly has its own special character. We found several persons praying in the Church, also in the crypt. A melancholy document there met our eyes, not only vain and superstitious, but surely idolatrous ; for what is idolatry, if not the ascription elsewhere of that honour, worship, and homage which is due to God only ? A printed document, dated 1840, framed and glazed, was hung up,

entitled a "copie de l'ordonnance de Monseigneur Louis Charles Feron, par la miséricorde divine et l'autorité du Saint Siège Apostolique, évêque de Clermont," &c. The object of the document was expressed in the following sentence: "Nous avons, par les présentes, érigé et érigeons dans la dite église paroissiale d'Issoire la confrérie du très-saint et immaculé cœur de Marie, dont le but est d'honorer ce Saint Cœur et d'obtenir par ses mérites, la conversion des pécheurs." From the rest of the paper it was evident that this was a branch society in connexion with a central one at Paris,—“Canoniquement érigée dans l'église paroissiale de Notre Dame des Victoires.”

As we approached Clermont, we traversed a country celebrated from its history as well as its geology, the scene of some of Cæsar's strategy and combats, and, as was of very rare occurrence, a scene of serious repulse and slaughter, experienced in his presence by his own troops from Vercingetorix, the Gaulish chieftain. I read during the morning that portion of the "Gallic War" which relates to this event; and as we passed the hill of Gergovia, where the populous city into which Vercingetorix had thrown himself once stood, I compared it with

Cæsar's account of the local features of the place. Its exact correspondence with his description may easily and speedily be traced. He speaks of it as a city, "quæ posita in altissimo monte omnes aditus difficiles habebat," and mentions a lower adjacent hill or ridge in the following terms: "Erat è regione oppidi collis sub ipsis radicibus montis egregiè munitus, atque ex omni parte circumciscus, quem si tenerent nostri, et aquæ magnâ parte, et pabulatione liberâ prohibitori hostes videbantur." In one of the assaults at Gergovia, the Romans sustained a severe repulse and defeat, losing on one day forty-six centurions and seven hundred soldiers.*

As we ascended a hill a few miles from Clermont, it was very curious to observe the nature of the soil which we were traversing. It was a most evident ridge of volcanic matter, burnt, charred, and ashy. Some of the stones were as porous as a sponge, so much did they resemble a thoroughly burnt substance. The ashes were quite gritty beneath our feet, and the soil had that half black, half red appearance so well known in the neighbourhood of volcanic fires and eruptions. Vines were growing on this soil with much luxuriance. I collected various

* Bell. Gall. Lib. 7, ch. XXVI, and LI.

mineralogical specimens of the place. At a little farther distance from Clermont, near a village called Coudes, I went up the hill at the left to see the black rock containing in it fragments of white crystal; and near this I also examined the singular grit stone, locally called the "pierre de grès," of which mill-stones are made. I saw many large ones lying in the quarry. This stone, on being struck, sounds like bell-metal. Altogether the locality affords rich and most varied stones illustrative of geology.

I very much admired Clermont as viewed from this road. The houses presented handsome lines of building, and the lofty crescent of mountains, covered on their lower slopes with vineyards, formed a magnificent back ground. I thought it a grand specimen of a midland city. Most travellers will share in the feeling of being sometimes prepared to admire—sometimes to underrate a particular town or scene, why or wherefore they do not exactly know. So it was with me as to Clermont. My anticipations were certainly favourable, and were not disappointed. The vineyards around the town were studded with innumerable little lodges, like neat white sentry-boxes, magnified about four times. We went at Clermont to the Hotel de la Paix, where

we were comfortably lodged for the two following days.

The Cathedral* is a black and gloomy building, tall and commanding, but without beauty outside. The interior is very impressive from its size and simplicity. It contains some beautiful painted glass.

We much enjoyed a walk in the Botanic Garden, where there are shrubs, shady walks, and abundant flowers. The situation is perfect, on a slope commanding a view of Gergovia and other distant hills; and altogether I thought it the most attractive public garden which I had seen in France.

Close to the garden is the public library, and a museum containing a good collection of specimens† illustrative of Auvergnat geology. According to the system, so creditable to France, of doing public honour to illustrious men in the province of their birth or residence, a statue of

* At the door we saw the following notice affixed: "Exposition et adoration des reliques de la vraie croix. Samedi, 14 Septembre." Nothing but personal observation can enable a Protestant adequately to realize the assiduity and constancy with which all such superstitions are maintained throughout the country. He will otherwise consider it utterly impossible that such things should still exist in a highly advanced and enlightened country like France.

† Monsieur Foulhous, 15, Rue Borgard, has classified for sale collections of all the mineral productions of the department.

Pascal, who was born and lived at Clermont, is placed in the public library. On one side of him is a bust of the poet Delille, and on the other one of the late Count de Montlosier, both Auvergnats. Clermont has at present two distinguished and scientific men who have written in detail on the varied and peculiar features of the country for many miles round. I allude to M. Lecocq and M. Bouillet.

One of the many natural curiosities in this immediate neighbourhood is a petrifying fountain in a garden on the outskirts of the town. It is so efficacious in operation, that articles subjected to its dropping and spray become completely encrusted with stone in the course of forty days. A kind of saloon is filled with such objects as small baskets containing fruit, flowers, and leaves of every description, birds' nests, and various small animals. On a grass-plat outside stand a real horse and a cow, both thus encrusted with stone. The stream is conducted into a wooden building, and scatters the waters about on the articles subjected to the process. Medallions, too, succeed extremely well. A cast of any design, taken in fit material, is put under the spray. The deposit of the water forms an exact resemblance in stone. This is removed when sufficiently thick, and is perfectly smooth and

delicate. The colour varies a little, but is generally a light buff or cream-colour.

Two formations of rock have resulted from this spring, nor far distant from each other. One is a complete bridge over a lower and a larger stream—the other half a bridge. They are both absolutely made by the water itself dripping over the edge of the stream, and casting out by degrees a mass of stone at right angles to the current. The half bridge exemplifies the process most clearly. I was told that its advance was about two inches in each year. These bridges are parts of a large ridge similarly formed.

At St. Nectaire, not far distant from Mont Dore, is a fountain of similar properties. I heard that its deposits were still more regular and delicate than those of the water which I here mention. I procured from St. Nectaire some medallion heads: one of the Lord Jesus Christ—even Him by whom the elements and all their various properties were once created and are still upheld.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mont-Dore-les-Bains—Volcanic nature of the road—Château de Randanne—Count Montlosier—Perplexing Journey—Benighted Travellers—Fortunate Encounter—Pic de Sancy—Migratory habits of the Auvergnats—Young Auvergnat Herdsman—Unsatisfactory Sermon—Distribution of Tracts—Auvergne.

September 12. — To Mont-Dore-les-Bains, twenty-seven miles. On leaving Clermont this morning to visit these interesting mountain baths, as well as the very remarkable geological formations on the way and in that neighbourhood, we were told that there were two roads thither, and that our best plan would be to go by the one and return by the other. This seemed very sensible advice; but being accompanied by no more detailed information, it very nearly had the result of causing us to pass a wet and dreary night on one of the most gloomy and lonely mountains which I have ever traversed.

However, as this will by and bye appear, I shall proceed to describe our progress.

Unfortunately we chose the short road—"la petite route"—for going, with the intention of returning by the other. The day was dark, gloomy, and rainy—a most rare thing in our travelling experience, for we have been favoured for six months with an unfailing succession of the most delightful weather. After ascending a long and steep hill out of Clermont, and arriving in front of the noble mountain called Puy de Dôme, we saw a sign-post directing us to Mont-Dore-les-Bains. It pointed over a dark-coloured morass by a road—if road it could be called—where no proper materials had been laid down, but merely a track-way formed across the natural soil. We could scarcely believe that this was a line pursued by carriages, and in fact our intended line, until we were confirmed by the information of some passers-by, for whom we waited at the turn. We soon found ourselves among stones and heavy mud, through which the ponies drew the carriage with their usual unfailing spirit, but with much labour. The weather continued very unfavourable, and thick mists swept by us from the neighbouring mountains.

After a few miles we entered on a regular bed

of black ashes, in such small particles that they looked as if they had been sifted, but forming a complete surface of the country across which we passed. Although the carriage wheels did not sink so deep in this substance, it was still exceedingly heavy. All this time the solitude around was complete. Ashy moor, heath, and mountain were the only objects in view. Soon after we entered a wood, growing wildly and promiscuously on various ridges and hillocks over which we went. We were now absolutely in the midst of lava, scoria, and ashes, which at some unknown period had partly rolled down in a fused state, and partly been cast forth from a neighbouring volcano. Science was not wanted here to read the local history. Every particle of which the soil was formed spoke plainly for itself; burnt, charred, and fused by the action of fire, not less evidently than if the conflagration had been one of yesterday.

On our right, and full in view, with their hollow sides opening in our direction, rose two lofty mountains of true volcanic appearance, with deep funnel-shaped bowls, or craters, just enough broken down and opened on one side to show us their internal form and character. Their hue was fiery—black mingled with red. It was from one

of these mountains that the whole confused mass, on which we stood, had once descended. The scene was indeed strange: yes, quite exciting. I well remember the night, when standing on the edge of Vesuvius, I first saw it casting forth its flames, and marked the red fragments of rock rolling down the tall dark cone in the midst of the crater. Neither do I forget the fair morning of Sicilian spring, when reaching the edge of the crater of Etna, I vainly endeavoured to fathom the deep abyss through the waving and mysterious smoke with which the whole cavity was filled. I will make no comparison, but only say that the spectacle of this day may well take a third place in the memory of such scenes.

A little farther on stands the Château of Randanne, a modern edifice; but nevertheless of much interest. It was built in this wild district—so wild on all sides that no pen can adequately describe it—by the late Count de Montlosier. He was a man of much celebrity. He wrote strongly and effectively against the Jesuits. He was most active in promoting useful and benevolent undertakings far and wide; and having set himself down in the midst of this waste, in various ways he benefited the neighbourhood, employing the people around in building a

house and extensive offices, in forming gardens, in making plantations, and reclaiming the soil. After his death, he was refused the usual ceremonies of a Christian burial by the Clergy of his Church in consequence of his writings, and accordingly was buried in a small Gothic mausoleum on his own grounds at Randanne. This, however, is one of the many instances in which the decisions of the French Church are evidently opposed to the spirit of the country at large. I saw his bust in the public library at the side of a statue of Pascal, and corresponding to one of Delille* the poet on the other side. I also saw a street called Rue Montlosier. And evidently his reputation is very high and his memory much cherished in Auvergne.

We had become acquainted with the present Count, his son, in the Pyrenees; and I have no doubt that had he been at home he would have received us on our way with the usual politeness and attention of his countrymen. However, he was absent, and we had only the usual admission to see the singular residence formed in the midst of this volcanic solitude. A print of the two very curious mountains in the neighbourhood was among those hung up in the apartments. It was dedicated

* The three were all Auvergnats.

to his father, and underneath was the following couplet :

Il a su dérober, par ses longues poursuites,
Randanne à la nature, et la France aux Jésuites.

It was nearly three o'clock when the time arrived for our decision whether we should leave Randanne and proceed on our journey, or remain at the road side inn of the place until the morning. I was quite aware of the probability that we should be benighted, and knew that some things were especially against us, in addition to the difficulties of the way itself—for instance, the absence of moon, and of any habitations in the line from whence we might receive direction or assistance, in case of need. I represented all this to Mrs. T— ; but, with her usual fearless energy, she was quite ready to proceed. Accordingly we set out. The road was as heavy as before. An immense and unbroken ascent had to be surmounted ; and if for a few steps there was any level ground or descent, the holes and prominent stones were so numerous, that any progress, beyond that of a walk, was quite out of the question. After some hours we found ourselves on the top of an exceedingly bleak mountain, in a thick and driving mist, which prevented the possibility of seeing any object at fifty yards' distance. However, we

did not mind this at all, so long as it was not the darkness of nightfall; but at last evening began to close around us, and we knew that a very long and steep descent through pine woods was before us.

The soil too was so dark that it did not give the usual indication of a made road, nor that distinction of colour between it and the neighbouring ground, so useful to the traveller at night. By the time that we were in the midst of the wood I could no longer see to drive in safety, so that I got out to lead one pony, and R— led the other, that we might better be enabled to keep the road, and avoid going over the banks and precipices which were now on each side of us. Soon, however, even in this way, I could only just see where we were going, and asked R— whether he could. “Yes, sir,” he answered. A few minutes after I said, “I cannot see at all now! can you?” “No, sir.” We then stopped for a short time at every few steps, felt about a little on each side with sticks, and then went on according to our discoveries. I must mention also, that during this whole time the road was winding in the most abrupt turns—that we heard cascades and waterfalls dashing about close to us, without being able even to perceive their white spray, and that we had not the least idea what our distance might yet be

from the place of our intended sojourn, or indeed from human habitation, as we could see no light, nor could we even, had there been residences near, have known of their proximity. All this time Mrs. T— sat in the carriage as quiet and free from alarm, as if she had been on the high road from Freehills to Southampton. I was just beginning to feel the hopelessness of making further progress, and to realize the necessity of passing the night where we were, when all at once we heard the joyful sound of voices behind us, and two or three men approached who had been with their cattle on the mountains, and were now returning home. We were most thankful for their arrival. Our difficulties were at once over.

They were much surprized at meeting us where they did, but informed us that we were not more than half an hour's distance from Mont-Dore-les-Bains. They knew every step of the way, told us when to turn, &c., and one of them went close before the ponies' heads, as a guide, until we arrived among the lights of that little compact watering-place, where we were soon comfortably settled at the excellent hotel of M. Chabourie, aîné. This was our worst case of *benightment* during our whole tour; and our prospect at one time was chiefly objectionable in consequence of the damp and

chilliness of the night. We had been out many nights, when the warm, dry air and beautiful moon would have rendered us comparatively indifferent to the absence of a lodging. It was past nine o'clock before we were housed, and though the distance had been no more than twenty-seven miles, the ponies had, I think, the most severe day which they had ever experienced. They did not however falter in their exertions, even for a single moment.

September 13.—This morning, though sensibly reminding us of the advancing year and of our mountainous position by the freshness and cold of the air—quite unlike anything we had lately felt—was so clear and favourable for an excursion, that we arranged with a guide for ascending the Pic de Sancy, the highest point in central France. Mrs. T— was provided with a light and sure-footed chestnut pony, and I went as usual, wherever the distance admits it, on foot. The first part of our way was along a deep valley, with fine rocks, cascades, pine woods, and mountains on each side of us. We then crossed a small mountain torrent, and continued to ascend until we reached the top of the peak, from whence we had a grand view of the interesting features which Auvergne presents. The vallies, extending from this point in several

directions, are considered to have been formed by some great volcanic convulsion. The ascent is by no means difficult, and it occupied little more than two hours. We saw on these heights the sources of the Dor and the Dogne, two little streams, which speedily unite and form that noble river—the Dordogne. In the early part of the present year I had crossed its broad waters by the grand suspension bridge at Cubsac near Bordeaux, and felt much interest in seeing its source—the infant rivulet, which at so many miles' distance here trickles forth from the mountain grass obscurely, humbly and quietly, like the commencement of many an illustrious career.

The history of our guide, Jean, interested us much, as a specimen of an Auvergnat peasant's life. It is well known that many from this district—as I heard, especially from the department of the Cantal—pursue the same migratory system as the Swiss, and go to Paris to obtain their livelihood. He partially adopted this plan, but only passed six months of each year there, from September to March. His occupation was that of sawing wood for fuel at the Hôtel des Invalides. His pay there was forty-two francs a month, and besides this, to use his own expression, he was “*nourri, logi, et blanchi.*” His native country was Mont

Dore, and he resided there during the other six months of the year, earning his livelihood as a guide. He had a wife and two young children, and his aged parents were both alive. In the summer he makes for them a winter provision of wood, &c., and the reason why he did not take his wife and children to Paris was, that, if she went away, his father and mother would have nobody to take care of them. After their death, he, his wife and children would reside entirely at Paris, where he could always obtain employment, and education for his children without expense. When he goes to Paris he travels on foot, about forty miles a day, writes twice to his family during his absence—once on his arrival and once on New Year's Day. All this was told with great simplicity, and entirely in answer to my questions. It proved him a good husband, father, and son.

I also questioned a young mountain herdsman whom I met to-day as to his mode of life. He was sixteen years of age. He passed the whole of the summer on these heights, tending with another lad of about his own age, a herd of fifty-five cows. He took them home every evening to a shed, or "chalet" below, where they were milked by the "vacher" for cheese. In this shed he and his companion slept, the

cattle lying around. At the dawn of morning he brought them up again to their various pasturages. For the whole six summer months his pay was forty-two francs. Bread, of rye and almost black, was supplied to him, and cheese in the autumn. He was ruddy and healthy, and told me that he bore all the inclemencies of weather without the least injury to his health. He has a name for every one of his cows, which they know and answer. He first attracts them by salt.

September 14.—To Clermont, thirty-two miles. As may be supposed, we had no inclination to return by the “petite route”—a very inapplicable name for it, so far as our journey was concerned, although it would be much better to return from Mont Dore than to go thither by that way, in consequence of its being an ascent almost all the way to Mont Dore. However, I think no traveller should miss it altogether, as by so doing he will lose the grand and rare volcanic features in the vicinity of Randanne. Our drive to-day was varied and agreeable, and the view of Clermont, with its circling hills and vineyards, dotted with their small white lodges, presented a grand and enlivening scene, as we entered it once more from the heights above the town.

September 15, Sunday.—We attended Protestant Worship this morning at the one small thinly frequented “temple” of the place. Alas! the principles of the Reformation have but few adherents in this part of the country. There were not above forty worshippers present. And this in a town of thirty-two thousand inhabitants, and in the middle of a district where a mighty struggle once took place between the Protestants and Romanists. I am sorry to say that the service at which we were present was not likely to be instrumental in either of the grand objects of all services—conversion or edification. The text was from Proverbs, ch. xxx, v. 8, 9, and the preacher’s discourse had that grievous fault which must render any sermon perfectly vain and unprofitable. I mean it might have been preached by one who knew nothing of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, and was entirely occupied with advice and declamation of a mere moral character. The minister who preached had rather an impressive and feeling manner, and deep indeed was my regret that it was not employed in more accordance with the truths, claims, and glory of the Gospel. There was not a word in the whole discourse to teach or remind us that we were “miserable sinners”

—that we were “saved by grace”—that “the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin”—that the Holy Spirit is “the author and giver of spiritual life” or that by “good works” as the “fruits of faith” we were to “shew forth the praises of Him, who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light.”

Both here and at Mont Dore, the servants at the hotel seemed much gratified by the religious tracts which Mrs. T— distributed among them. At the latter place several other persons of the town came in eagerly to request them. We trust that they may be read with profit during the long confinement to the house necessitated there by the severity of the winter! We were told that the snow often lies for months piled up high against the houses, and that there was little going out except on the way cut through it to the Church.

As the season was advancing, and our time began to be a little limited accordingly, our visit to Auvergne, though most interesting for the period employed there, was not one of adequate detail, to give us the full satisfaction with which we had investigated many other localities. Yet none can deserve investigation better; and I would strongly recommend those of my

countrymen, who might be on their way to Italy, and could spare a month or six weeks on their way, to allot this time to Auvergne—that is to the two departments of the Cantal and the Puy de Dôme. The road will only take them a short distance out of the usual and comparatively dull road to Lyons; and indeed to speak of Auvergne, as only to be visited by the way, is almost a derogation to its splendid and most curious scenery, its classic recollections, its countless feudal ruins standing on basaltic rocks, with their attendant history, its fine churches and towns, its prosperity, advanced civilization, and rich fertility of soil, teeming with every production of garden, vineyard, and field. I would suggest Clermont, Mont-Dore and Murat as three good points for excursions. The two former supply accommodation of an unexceptionable kind at hotels, which I have named. If the traveller understands geology, or if even one of a party should know something of the science, the gratification afforded in these districts would of course be greatly enhanced. Our course from Aurillac to Riom, and among the scenes which we visited, bordering on this line, presented a succession of most interesting objects, almost peculiar to this locality, and indeed the line of

our whole journey from Rodez to the latter town was of no ordinary character, and may I think be endorsed as *bond fide* worthy of attention. However, the latter part of the expedition is independent of the tour in Auvergne.

CHAPTER XIV.

Riom—La Sainte Chapelle—Quarry near Volvic—Castle of Volvic—Volcanic Quarries—Use of Lava—Gannat—Moulins—Celebrated Monument—Change of Landscape—Comfortless Lodging—Autun—Ancient history—Prince Albert—Dangerous Bridge—Avallon—Hotel de la Poste—Napoleon's Bed—Church at Avallon.

September 16.—To Gannat, thirty miles. We left Clermont early to-day, and stopped to breakfast at Riom, where the inn La Colonne, outside the town, and near the promenade, has an obliging landlord, who would give pleasant accommodation to the tourist in Auvergne. We had a note of introduction to Mr. M—, professor at the college here, and paid him a visit accordingly. He gave us various information on the remarkable district in which he resides, and showed us from the terrace into which his apartments open, a delightful view of the sur-

rounding mountains, within which was a vast extent of vineyards, and richly cultivated land. The palisade, which encircled this terrace, like almost every building here is formed of the lead-coloured lava, quarried from time immemorial in the mountain behind Volvic, five miles from Riom.

Riom has some fine Gothic edifices. We visited La Sainte Chapelle, and two very ancient churches. La Sainte Chapelle is of small area, but lofty—the usual character of such edifices—and of rich architectural decoration. It is now employed for civil, not ecclesiastical purposes, and has been treated with the utmost vandalism, having been absolutely cut in half, horizontally by a floor, without regard to the form of the windows or to the splendid series of painted glass with which, from top to bottom, the edifice was once adorned. The lower half is now turned into a formal law court—all the painted glass having been removed—and the upper half into a depository of public records. The execution of the painted glass in the upper compartment, crowded as it is by the framework and musty records thereon, through which you must gaze, is so remarkable that it claims minute examination. I was told that M. The-

venot, of Clermont,* one of the most distinguished artist-painters in glass of the present day had studied and copied much in this chapel. The subjects are chiefly figures from Scripture, or ecclesiastical tradition, with appropriate dress and accompaniments, and the colours remain most brilliant.

I afterwards attempted a walk to the grand quarries near Volvic—*Volutus vicus*—but being rather limited as to time, failed in reaching them as they were at some distance beyond the town. I only ascertained this on arrival there, and after having made arrangements for proceeding on our journey in the afternoon, which would all have been deranged had I gone farther. However, I was much pleased with my visit to this curious place, which is built at the head of a vast ridge of lava and volcanic matter. I returned home straight along the back or middle of this ridge, descending between

* The curious old church of Notre Dame du Port, at Clermont, is decorated by a series of his works, representing our Lord's life and ministry. The figures composing them are small, and so completely in the antique style, that it was with the utmost surprise I observed the painter's name in the corners of the compartments, and dates varying from 1841 through the last few years. I subsequently heard more of M. Thevenot; but I regret to say, not till I had left Riom, so that I lost the opportunity of calling at his house and seeing his productions.

fruitful vines, bearing full bunches of blue grapes now ripe, and only waiting the gatherers. It was interesting to observe the limit of the ridge or stony current now so verdant and fertilized, and to mark the contrast afforded by the comparative regularity and flatness of the neighbouring fields, also the change of soil in the distance of a few yards. I select another passage from an author quoted before. I can bear testimony to his accurate description of the volcanic current, or ridge, having descended it myself and marked its singular features with much curiosity and interest.

“ We passed the ruins of the ancient Castle of Volvic, situated on a commanding eminence on the right of the road, and entered the large village of Volvic celebrated for its extensive quarries. These quarries are excavated in one of the most remarkable currents of lava in this country : its course from the mouth of the crater of the Puy de Nugerre to its termination in the valley, may be traced without interruption for about three miles as distinctly as if it had been a torrent of water suddenly converted into ice. The road from Volvic to the Puy de Nugerre ascends along a narrow valley bounded by low granite mountains that slope down on each side towards it, forming a deep

VOLCANIC QUARRIES.

trough, the bottom of which is filled to a great height with the lava that rolled from the volcano of Nugerre in one continued stream. The lava does not lie flat in the valley; but the middle of the current is considerably higher than the sides. The surface is rough and broken—one mass of stone projecting over another, as if they had been consolidated and propelled forward at the same time. Near the top of the current are several small caverns, in which flakes of lava may be seen hanging from the roof which had evidently become congealed in descending. The breadth of the current, above the village of Volvic, may be from three hundred to four hundred yards; but it spreads out much wider below. The stone near the surface is rough and cellular; a few feet below it becomes apparently compact; but is full of very minute pores.

In many parts the lava contains laminæ of specular iron ore in great abundance; it contains also irregular nodules, and plates of quartz: its colour is a very dark grey, and its general appearance is exactly similar to some of the modern dark grey lavas from Vesuvius. The stone divides into irregular prisms, which are raised for building-stone; it is almost the only stone employed for the purpose in this part of France, and is both light and durable. There

is another use to which it has been recently applied ; it is cut into pieces, from five to eight feet in length, and about one foot in diameter, which are bored for water-pipes and sent to Paris. Its extreme hardness, tenacity, and durability, render it well suited to this purpose, the pores being too minute to admit the escape of water.”*

The quarries of Volvic have been worked for many centuries, and the lava has been found so admirably adapted to the purpose of building, that Clermont, Riom, and many other towns and villages of the neighbourhood are mainly formed from these inexhaustible stores.

We stopped to sleep at Gannat, the country having much diminished in features of interest since we left Riom, though the road was pleasant from the magnificent walnut-trees which overshadow it on both sides. This is just the moment for gathering the plentiful fruit with which they are covered, sometimes in large knots or bunches. We have seen many hundreds of people thus employed to-day. Strong men beat the branches with sticks of such enormous length and effect, that they often rest them in the ground, and thus lash about, holding them five or six feet from the butt end. The

* Travels by R. Bakewell, Esq. vol. II. pp. 347 and 348.

highest branches are of course reached by climbers. Women and children gather up the fruit beneath. This was all quite new to us, and exhibited a very cheerful scene of rural occupation.

September 17.—To Moulins, thirty-three miles. The road which we followed this day has few objects of interest for the traveller. There is, however, a neat and civilised appearance among the people, their residences, and the agriculture of the country, which must make a pleasing impression on the mind. Arthur Young, a first-rate judge, considered that this neighbourhood possesses the “finest climate in France, perhaps in Europe.” Fresh water fish is here bred in numerous large ponds, and forms a considerable source of income to the proprietors. A long, broad, and lofty causeway carries the road into Moulins, high above the plain or valley, watered, and apparently often overflowed by the Allier. As we crossed the bridge by which we entered the town, I saw two small steam-boats moored hard by, and heard that when there was sufficient depth of water, a communication was kept up from hence with Nevers and Orleans. Last year they were able to make the passage during the whole summer. This year they have not gone at all, but commence on the first of

next month. To the Auvergne tourist or other traveller desirous of continued water-carriage, these boats might prove of no little service.

September. 18.—To Bourbon-Lancy, twenty-three miles. Before quitting Moulins this morning we went to see the celebrated monument, erected in memory of the Duc de Montmorenci by his widow, a daughter of the Roman family of Orsini. He was thirty-eight years old when he fell a victim to the craft and power of Cardinal Richelieu. The sculpture is magnificent; and the countenances of the Duke and Duchess are both of the highest order of beauty. No less than four other full-sized figures are in the back-ground of the monument, besides a broad and lofty piece of sculpture, all adding little or nothing to the interest of the work. That is all centered on the dying noble, and his deeply impassioned wife.

Being desirous of visiting Autun we quitted here the straight and ordinary road homewards, and turning north east directed our course by a cross-road towards that classic and renowned city. We had to force our way through several miles of mere sand, and we heard that there was no stone in the vicinity with which to make or mend the road. Near Bourbon-Lancy we crossed the Loire by a neat suspension-bridge,

the young river here exhibiting in miniature the same lawless and eccentric disposition which it subsequently shows on such an extensive scale. Although the river was now both shallow and narrow, quantities of sand and gravel were scattered here and there in irregular patches, marking its vagaries when swelled by its wintry floods.

September 19.—To Maison de Burgoyne, twenty-six miles. The country varied and pleasing; but devoid of those peculiar objects which have been the source of so much interest to us in many other parts of France. We passed no picturesque towns, richly decorated churches, nor ruined castles, and strong-holds of ancient days. No more overshadowing walnut or chestnut trees; no more vines, Indian corn, fig-trees, or other southern productions. The oak, the hazel, and the briar, made up the foliage around us, and told clearly of a more northern clime, which we had by this time entered. The whole country is enclosed and very much resembles many parts of England. As I went along I sometimes amused myself with making comparisons taken from English ground—from well-known, well-loved, and well remembered scenes.

The evenings are beginning rapidly to close

in. We had thought of reaching Autun to-day, but a hilly road had in some degree detained us ; and we found that if we went farther than Maison de Burgoyne, the chief part of our drive would certainly be in the night. Accordingly, we stopped at one of the bare, unfrequented inns offered at this place. However, the evening was lovely. We walked late, and rose early next morning to depart. The old lady of the house contrived to provide us with a fowl and an omelette. Mrs. T— superintended the maid while procuring a little furniture for the bedroom, in addition to the bed, at first the only object to be seen. Remnants of the hanging paper and a marble chimney-piece told of better days once appertaining to the mansion ; and Mrs. T— was not a little amused by my warning her to take care of falling over the loose bricks in the passage, and to tread lightly on the creaking and apparently dangerous boards of the landing place.

September 20.—To Autun, twelve miles. The country still bore an appearance very much like that of many parts of England. The buildings too contributed to this effect, being mostly of brick, and of that neat compact construction, to which our eyes are so much accustomed at home.

The town of Autun, viewed from the distance, has an imposing appearance from its situation on the side of a hill, its back-ground of lofty wooded mountain, and prominent Cathedral, crowning the upper part of the town. It is also a flourishing place of ten thousand inhabitants. In order, however, to find any peculiar attractions, it must be viewed in connexion with its past history. That is well preserved through different classical writers of the first order, among whom are Cæsar, Tacitus, and Livy, while ruins of considerable grandeur still exist, and as standing testimonies, speak of the grandeur and magnificence of Autun, as the ancient Bibracte, and subsequently Augustodunum. Antiquaries will, of course, be aware that there has been some discussion on this point; but arguments of the most decisive character have now established the fact; and among others who have written with convincing clearness of detail on the subject, may be cited the accurate and learned geographer, d'Anville.

Autun was the capital of the *Ædui*, who, in Cæsar's time took the lead of the other Gaulish states. It was peculiarly distinguished as the place of education for the young nobility of the country at large. The *Ædui* were for a considerable time staunch allies of the Romans,

and were evidently much respected and honoured by them, as a people of reputation both in war and in peace. Cæsar even calls Bibracte the “*soror et æmula Romæ.*” Divitiacux, of that city, was Cæsar’s intimate friend; and when Cæsar had defeated Vercingetorix at Alesia,* and effected by this grand victory the temporary pacification or subjection of Gaul, he wintered at Bibracte.

The Roman relics, which the stranger here usually visits, are the amphitheatre, two archways, an edifice called the Temple of Janus, and an ugly pyramidal mound, probably sepulchral, now denuded of all the external symmetry or ornament which once no doubt it bore. Besides these remains, I must mention the ancient walls of vast extent, and exactly corresponding to the size and population of the city, as described in history. They are not only traceable, but in many places, and for a considerable extent of ground are still erect substantial walls, extending along fields far beyond the walls at the limit of the present town, which they embrace in their circuit. These latter walls were more recently built to suit the diminished city.

* Now Alise, a Burgundian village (department of Côte d’Or) eight miles from Semur, at present containing about six hundred inhabitants.

A very good mosaic pavement partially, but admirably restored, may be seen in the museum of the late Monsieur Jovet, also some pictures and other subjects connected with art and antiquarian research. While I was looking at the representation of a young man in a black embroidered Flemish dress, the guide came up to me and said it was a portrait of our Prince Albert, taken some years ago. I should scarcely think that it had ever been like. At all events, both in feature and expression, his mien is now very far superior.

Short as our stay was, we twice visited the Cathedral. With the exception of the spire, which is magnificent, the edifice appeared to me more curious—from the variety and transitions of the architecture—than beautiful. In the inside are fragments of the most graceful decoration—*e. g.* the hanging stone work under the rood-loft, and the tracery above and around the doors which lead into the small chapels. The interior of one of these chapels was throughout an exquisite specimen of carving and colouring—pure Gothic in every line of sculpture, and richly painted in blue, red and gold—in its way a little gem.

September 21.—To Saulieu, twenty-six miles. We were nearly meeting with an accident this

morning, which might have caused the loss of one of my ponies, and seriously interfered with our progress. The old Roman building, called the Temple of Janus, stood in the direction which we were to pursue, and only a few hundred yards out of the road. In driving towards it we went over an old bridge, which certainly looked rather dilapidated, but gave me no idea of being dangerous for a light vehicle like ours. We went over safely ; but on returning, I observed my bay pony's head drop all at once, as if from a bad trip, and happening to look back to observe the cause, saw a small hole just in the line over which we had crossed. On getting out, I saw the water below, his foot having made a round hole fully large enough for the whole leg to follow. The ground had been rotten quite through, though no sign of immediate danger had been given when we first passed over. Before crossing it I had looked carefully at the place. A broken leg might have been fully expected, as the result of such an accident as this ; but here and in our whole journey the words of the Psalmist have often recurred to our minds, when speaking of Him who " preserveth man and beast."

A hilly, bare, and uninteresting road brought us to the small town of Saulieu, where we

passed the Sunday at a very comfortable inn, almost in the country. It was just dark as we arrived, and a violent thunder storm commenced within five minutes afterwards. The landlord has only had the hotel for about a year ; but has already deserved and obtained a high character as a host. He was most attentive, gave us a very nicely furnished room, and seems very desirous of making his house acceptable to the English. He was just going to inscribe over his house " British Hotel." I thought there was a little disposition to enlarge his charges with enlarged reputation—a common rock on which hosts split, but which, I hope, he will avoid.

September 23.—To Avallon, twenty-six miles. We arrived at this pleasant town in time for an evening walk round the line of its ancient walls ; and though a traveller might enter it and quit it by the grand Paris road, without guessing at the interesting features of its situation, yet on examination it will be found possessed of peculiar and romantic beauty. Three portions of it are surrounded by a deep valley or ravine, along which, in part, the small river Cousin winds so abruptly beneath hanging woods and steep projecting rocks as to form a complete picture deeply set below. Houses, with vineyards and gardens, are scattered about

on each side of the valley, and add life to the view. The points from whence you regard it enhance no little the effect, being a succession of terraces and platforms planted with trees and conducting you in a circle round the town, beneath the old ramparts.

Shrubs and flowers peep over these ramparts, and several pleasant dwellings command from the height of the wall a full view of the valley, river, and hills, which make the belt of the town. I was so much attracted by the invitation of the winding river, that early the next morning I descended into the valley, and followed its course for some distance. So far as I went there was no diminution of fair feature in its course; and I heard that it thus continued for a league farther on.

At this place we occupied a room and bed at the Hotel de la Poste, in which Napoleon had slept in 1814; also his present Majesty in 1830. We are now on one of the great lines of English travellers, and the list of arrivals kept in the hotel, and going back for many years is full of grand names. Unfortunately, it is disgraced, or rather some of our countrymen are disgraced by the unseemly remarks of idle, witless, and profligate pens.

The Church at Avallon should be visited by

the traveller, if it was only to see its splendid porch. It has also pews, which I have seen occasionally in this vicinity. On the right hand of the edifice is an immense chapel—a church in itself as to size—in honour of the Virgin Mary—not a remnant of past days, but newly fitted up and richly decorated with white Gothic sculpture. She stands in the prominent place, crowned, and with a large golden heart hanging on her breast. The encircling inscriptions are “altare privilegium,” “refugium peccatorum,” and “tota pulcra es amica mea,” the latter being one of the expressions in the Song of Solomon,* of which so many are perverted by similar applications to the Virgin in the Romish Church.

* “Thou art all fair, my love.”—Chap. iv. v. 7.

CHAPTER XV.

Lime-stone Fossils—Vermanton—Church of Vermanton—Vintage of Burgundy—Auxerre Cathedral—Church of St. Germain—Hospital of St. Germain—Pleasant Drive—Description of the Cathedral of Sens—Thomas à Becket—Abbey of Vezelay—Fontainebleau—Fontainebleau Palace—Termination of our journey.

September 24.—To Auxerre, thirty miles. The first half of our course to-day was along the heavy broken road which the white sand-stone of this country invariably makes, and especially when there is a great deal of traffic and travelling, as on this line. Much improvement will soon take place in the vicinity of Avallon, as a species of the hardest lime-stone rock, abounding in fossils of every description, is now being substituted for the old material. Heaps of this stone, as yet unbroken into small fragments, were lying at the road side; and many lumps which I examined seemed absolutely half composed of fossilized remains. A collection of the utmost variety might have been made in a walk up one of the hills; and men were ready with their

pick-axes to break for the geologist with somewhat more effect than his own pocket-hammer. While I was poking my head down among the stones, one of them came to assist me with a thundering rap on the top of the heap, which made me recoil with no slight rapidity from the fragments which flew around.

We passed to-day on the left an immense forest, which supplies a large quantity of fuel for the consumption of Paris. At Vermanton, a meadow on the border of the river Cure was covered with enormous piles of wood, most symmetrically arranged. This river, at about three miles off, flows into the Yonne, which, after a course of some length, flows into the Seine at Montereau. The Church at Vermanton, almost hidden by the crowding houses, is very old, and peculiar from the unusual size and importance of its choir, as compared with the rest of the edifice.

A new road has just been opened from Vermanton to Auxerre along the valley of the Yonne, bounded on one side by steep banks, and extending on the other in gentle slopes, covered with vines, bearing grapes of deep blue colour. We are now in Burgundy, though not in that part which produces the finest wine of that name. Chablis is in this immediate vicinity. By pursuing the new line we avoided a very hilly road, and followed a perfect level to

Auxerre, rather gaining by the change than losing in attractions of scenery. The reverse generally happens ; and lovers of the picturesque should be on their vigilant guard against the enthusiastic praises sometimes lavished on a flat, as “une belle route,” “une route superbe,” “une route magnifique,” &c.

The entrance into Auxerre and first sight of that city is beautiful. You approach it under the shelter of vine-clad slopes on the right, while a rich valley extends on the left, and you arrive by a semi-circular sweep inclining towards the town. Its lofty ecclesiastical buildings now first come in sight. Of these there are three extremely prominent, and having indeed the appearance of four, from the separation and considerable interval of space between one of the churches and its steeple. The first view reminded us much of Oxford, as seen from the distance.

I believe this was the first day of the vintage in these parts ; at least it was the first on which we had met with any thing of the kind. Along the road at short intervals were carts for carrying one, two, or three large barrels. Men with large baskets strapped to their backs, and full of bunches of grapes came out of the vineyards and poured their contents into the barrels. These large baskets were filled from small hand-baskets

carried by the pickers—men, women, and children. The whole scene was very lively, and all engaged were in high spirits. The answers to my inquiries as to the produce of this year were all highly in its favour. Indeed I believe that nothing could have exceeded the beauty of the present season itself, though the vines in some parts of the country are still suffering from the effect of recent years. The period for commencing and concluding the vintage is made in this country a subject of fiscal regulation. I saw on the wall of the Cathedral at Auxerre the following notice :

“ BAN DE VENDANGE.

“ Les vendanges s'ouvriront à Auxerre le jeudi 26 de ce mois, et se prolongeront jusqu'au 15 Octobre prochain.

“ Il ne sera pas accordé même permission de vendanger avant l'époque ci-dessus fixée.

“ Auxerre le 15 Sept. 1841.

“ *Le Maire, Pietrisson.*”

It would rather astonish us on the English side of the water to have the time for beginning and ending our harvest thus decided by authority.

The Cathedral here is a glorious building, well kept up, and at the same time unsullied by any shewy ornament and tasteless decoration. Nothing struck me more than the perfect proportion of every part. The painted glass is exquisite, and in large quantities ; and the side aisles

have not only rosettes, but beneath the rosettes vast arched compartments, filled up with paintings in the same magnificent style. I have not seen any Cathedral in France which, as to the interior, seemed to me of more noble construction. I know not which is the most wonderful thing as to such an edifice, its conception or its execution.* The true and faithful history of

* M. de Caumont, in his lucid and interesting work on the architecture of the middle ages, treats of this subject in a few brief remarks, of considerable value towards its elucidation.

“ Il est certain que les ecclésiastiques les plus distingués et les plus instruits, faisaient de l'architecture l'objet de leurs études. Les anciens écrivains mentionnent un grand nombre d'évêques et d'abbés qui donnaient les plans de leurs églises, et qui travaillaient eux-mêmes à les construire. Grégoire de Tours cite plusieurs de ses prédécesseurs comme étant des artistes habiles ; il dit que l'évêque leur travaillait habilement le bois ; qu'Agricola, évêque de Châlons-sur-Saône, avait dirigé l'érection de plusieurs édifices, notamment celle de sa Cathédrale qui était ornée de mosaïques et de colonnes en marbre.

“ Plusieurs couvents, tels que celui de Solognac, aux environs de Limoges, et beaucoup d'autres, étaient remplis de littérateurs et d'artistes, dans les vii viii et ix siècles. Je ne terminerais pas si je voulais citer tous les témoignages qui prouvent que les évêques, les moines et les ecclésiastiques en général, étaient souvent architectes, peintres, sculpteurs, &c.

“ Mais si les abbayes pouvaient en quelque sorte être considérées comme des écoles où se perpétuaient les traditions relatives aux arts et aux sciences, il y avait aussi hors des cloîtres des ouvriers habiles qui travaillaient sous la direction des évêques ou des moines architectes.

“ Ces ouvriers étaient même assez nombreux en France, et

either would make a volume, which would be no slight acquisition.

We also visited the Church of St. Germain, once attached to a monastery, now to an hospital, in which invalids are excellently lodged, and treated with the utmost care. The Church is celebrated for its very ancient crypts and numerous stone coffins, enclosing the remains of saints and martyrs. Of their antiquity there is, I believe, no doubt; and indeed the appearance of the place bears, in a manner which I cannot describe, a strong testimony to its claim as the sepulchral depository of far distant ages. A priest who was with us knelt down and prayed at several of these tombs. He was evidently a good classical scholar, and very quick in ascertaining the drift of several Latin inscriptions around. He helped me oftener than I helped him, but in one instance our aid was mutual. After a puzzle over a couplet of some duration, he found out that *tel* stood for tellus, and at the same moment it struck me that *op* was for opus,

plusieurs fois les évêques et les abbés d'Angleterre eurent recours à eux lorsqu'ils élevèrent de grandes églises. La France, à son tour, mettait l'Italie à contribution.

“Au moyen de ces relations, de ces emprunts entre des peuples voisins les uns des autres, il y eut toujours une école d'architecture, et l'art se maintint à un niveau assez élevé et assez uniforme dans l'Europe occidentale.”—P. 97—100.

and accordingly we construed immediately. After seeing these crypts we followed the "sœur," who was our guide, through the wards of the hospital, and into its productive garden. To speak of the admirable arrangements, cleanliness, freshness, and comfort of the hospital, would only be to repeat the usual praise so unquestionably due to French institutions of the kind. Three of the beds had inscribed over them, "Lit fondé par ——," the name of each founder occupying the space which I leave blank. This is a very feasible, effectual, and permanent mode of charity, which many might adopt in our own land. A bed founded for a sick sufferer through generations to come would not be an unsuitable thank-offering from the rich on their recovery from sickness, in which they themselves had wanted nothing.

The "boulevard" round the town of Auxerre is not only regularly planted with fine trees, and well kept up, but possesses an attraction which I have not seen elsewhere in any similar degree. The owners of the houses along the line of the ancient wall have brought the fosse adjoining their residence into garden cultivation, with shrubberies and parterres of flowers. The effect is beautiful and varied, as seen and enjoyed from the public walk. There are also little terraces,

summer-houses and all the *minutiæ* of suburban decoration on a small scale. No traveller passing through Auxerre should omit to make the circuit of the walls.

September 25.—To Joigny, seventeen miles. After an interesting morning at Auxerre we made a short journey in the afternoon to Joigny, a town on the Yonne, on a fine reach of the river, and with a very handsome quay. The vintage was going on with the utmost activity, and every peasant girl whom we met on the road, or saw in the street had her grape-basket in her hand.

September 26.—To Villeneuve la Guiard, thirty miles. A very pleasant drive throughout. The towns cheerful, wide in their streets, clean, and of the neatest masonry which I ever remember to have seen. At Villeneuve le Roi are two town gates, very picturesque and old in appearance, without the least dilapidation.

After leaving Villeneuve le Roi the grand Cathedral of Sens soon appeared in the distance, rising from a mass of thick and lofty trees. At our left the broad and peaceful Yonne was flowing along the plain, shaping itself into various loops and semicircles, and beyond was a far-stretching ridge of lofty slope, striped with lines of cultivation from top to bottom.

We entered Sens through grand avenues of trees, the plantations in this part of France being of a more formal character than we had seen elsewhere. The day was so serene, so clear, and so golden in its light, that it would have shed attraction over a mere desert. I know not nor care to investigate how much of our admiration was due to the light and atmosphere, but we certainly did much admire the formal lines and squares of elms and of poplars, among which the setting orb of this evening spread around us its glory and its beauty. The horizon throughout the whole circle of the heavens was tinged with purple, gold, and white, most delicately blended. We went many miles through a solitude almost uninterrupted ; and yet the work of man was so evinced in the thorough uniformity of each meadow and each tree, that the whole scene raised up fancies of some vast palace nigh at hand, inhabited by One of grand and solemn taste, whose word had ordered and arranged all throughout his wide domain.

But I must not omit a few words on the Cathedral of Sens, which we visited during the day. The interior is in some degree injured by ornamental decoration quite out of character with a Gothic building ; but the painted glass on high, and all beyond the reach of modern

innovation, is admirable. The tomb of the Dauphin in the middle of the choir, to which strangers are at once drawn, is a mass of allegory, which I will confess, was to me like so many other productions of the kind, totally devoid of interest. I am afraid that I showed this feeling to the guide a little more plainly than I ought to have done; but here French courtesy was evident, and the extreme gentleness and kindness with which the disparaging remarks of a stranger were received, quite reproached me, and gave me, I hope, a lesson, which I shall not forget when next it needs application.

Thomas à Becket is celebrated in this vicinity which he chose as his asylum when he fled from England. The Abbey of Vezelay, near Avallon, is connected with some of the most remarkable events of his history. He dwelt at Sens for some time, and his ecclesiastical vestments are still kept in the treasury of the church. We saw them, and they appear in good preservation. He was no less than six feet four in stature, and his garments have somewhat a gigantic appearance. There are other curious relics in the church, and while some are of the ordinary character, having mere traditions or fables attached to them, others are of intrinsic merit;

for instance, a carved ivory casket of extreme antiquity, brought to France in the time of the Crusades.

I would recommend a walk round the walls of the town, to give the traveller an opportunity of observing the mode in which they were constructed. The stones are of enormous size ; but regularly cut and squared.

One of the houses in the chief street has a most curious piece of painted and carved wood on the outside, representing the genealogy of our Saviour under the semblance of a tree, springing from Abraham. It bears inscribed the date of 1204 ; and has every appearance of considerable antiquity.

To Corbeil, thirty-five miles. Our visit to the well-known Fontainebleau and arrival for the night within twenty miles of Paris, reminds me strongly of abbreviating my notes to the shortest space compatible with my intention of keeping up some record of each day's progress. I must, however, notice the extreme magnificence of the forest of Fontainebleau, as seen in the advantageous manner with which we traversed it to-day. We went through it from one end to the other at this, the most beautiful season of the year for enjoying a forest

scene, when the tinge of autumn had commenced, when the sun was glowingly bright, and the air perfectly calm.

There were one or two slight bends of the road, where the sun shone on one line of trees, while those opposite, in consequence of their height and dense body of leaves, remained in deep shadow. The curve was so slight that we could see a long way before us, and the whole effect of the dark foliage on the left, lying in strong contrast to the sparkling mass of verdure on the right, produced a splendid and peculiar effect. On this side of the palace the solitude was complete. In all directions paths and drives extended into the depths of the forest, and scenes of courtly chase and magnificence could not but rise to the mind of any passer by to whom French history has ever been a page of interest. During the day we visited the Palace of Fontainebleau. I saw it fifteen years ago almost in dilapidation. By the taste, magnificence, and personal attention of the present King, it has become once more a residence befitting royalty, well worthy too of a stranger's visit, whatever his taste may be. Historical recollections will throng upon him at every step. The utmost magnificence, and that not by any means of a

monotonous character, but of much variety, and originated at various periods, will delight the eye. And few, among those who think at all, will quit the room in which Napoleon signed his abdication of the French crown for himself and family for ever, or traverse the fair line of apartments, so lately ordered and prepared by a royal father for a princely son, but even now tenantless and desolate, and only reminding of grievous accident, of death, of widowhood, and orphanage—few, I say, who think at all, will here be thoughtless, yield to no impressions of a solemnizing nature, or cherish nothing better than “high imaginations” on that which concerns the mere “pride of life.”

Sept. 27.—To Paris, twenty miles. I commenced my journal on this day last year, and arriving here with the intention of returning to England by Rouen and Dieppe, shall now conclude it with bearing testimony to the vivid and unfailing interest with which our circuit of France has been attended throughout. I would also express our thankfulness to Almighty God for His continual preservation on a very long expedition, pursued in a manner, which the statements received both from our countrymen and from natives might have led us to suppose

of no slight difficulty, but which to us has been so smoothed and so prospered as to render it our clearest and plainest duty to observe in it the hand of God, as “the Saviour of the body” no less than the Saviour of the soul.

CHAPTER XVI.

Supplementary Statements.

*Remarkable exhibition in favour of Protestant doctrine at Villefavard near Limoges.**

“ Villefavard is a small *commune* containing about seven hundred souls in winter, and four hundred in summer; it is situated in the department of the Haute Vienne, at eleven leagues from Limoges. The inhabitants unanimously requested the Société Evangélique of France to send them a pasteur; and Monsieur Roussell, who has already suffered persecution for the Gospel's sake, offered his services. That every thing might be done in due order, and no pretext given to the Executive Government for interfering with the minister Roussell (as the Mayor of Senneville had done), he applied to the Con-

* From the Fourth Annual Report (1844) of the Foreign Aid Society.

sistory of the Church of Lezay, and received from that legally-constituted body an official license to open a place of worship at Villefavard. The day appointed for this event was the 31st of March last. On the morning of that same sabbath the priest, whose services the villagers had for some time entirely dispensed with, made his appearance with two acolytes, followed by a pack-horse, carrying the necessary apparatus for saying a mass in the open air, (for after all his solicitations he was not able to succeed in hiring a room for his purpose,) arriving at the very moment M. Roussell had fixed for his meeting. The priest established his altar close to the barn where the evangelical worship was to be held. Four hundred persons crowded the place as soon as it was open for their reception, and left the priest to say his mass with his two attendants. It was ascertained that not a single individual remained at home in the whole *commune*, and the people were greatly edified by the glad tidings of salvation which they had not before heard. Notwithstanding this unanimous desire of the inhabitants of Villefavard, and the peace and order maintained in the *commune*, the priest prevailed with the secular power, and an order from one of the chief magistrates of the department put a stop to the preaching of the

Gospel to those four hundred inquiring souls. This case of persecution will again be made a subject of discussion before the tribunals of France.”

*Recent proceedings in the Chambers of Deputies statistical information on the state of the Reformed Churches in France at the present time, and remarks on the opposition which the Protestants of France have to encounter.**

“The progress which the Reformed faith has made in France since the Restoration, has become a matter of deep concern to the Romish hierarchy in that country; and it is not surprising that the subject should have grown in importance, until it has found its way into the King’s council-chamber, and into the national legislative assemblies. The question of religious liberty is now agitating in France; the merits of that question lying simply in this proposition—

* From the Fourth Annual Report (1844) of the Foreign Aid Society.—“The object of the society is to collect funds in aid of the Sociétés Evangéliques of France and Geneva, and such other institutions as may be formed on similar principles, within the limits of the French Protestant Churches; and likewise to promote the religious principles of the Reformation beyond those limits on the continent and islands of Europe.”—*Laws and Regulations.*

whether the Protestants of France shall be at liberty to propagate their doctrine by means of their Colporteurs, Evangelists, and Pastors, or not. Into the subordinate views of this subject the Committee cannot enter; but it is highly gratifying to them to be able to state, that the petitions of the consistories and their sections have been heard in the chambers of Deputies, and the principle of religious liberty been asserted by a majority of the members present. The progress of the Reformed religion in France, to which allusion has been made, is thus stated by M. de la Farelle, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, in his speech on the nineteenth of March last. At the fall of the empire in 1815 the Reformed worship, including the Lutherans, reckoned four hundred and sixty-four pasteurs. In 1830, when Charles X. was dethroned, the number had risen to five hundred and forty seven; in 1843, it was six hundred and seventy-seven; and at this time it may safely be affirmed that they exceed seven hundred. The public grants made according to the Charter for the maintenance of those pastors have had a proportionable increase. In 1815, the sum total was 306,600 francs. In 1843, it amounted to 1,219,000 francs; and this year it will, in all probability, be still greater. So that a sum of £50,000 is

now granted annually out of the public treasury of France for the salaries of Protestant pasteurs ; varying from one thousand eight hundred to three thousand francs per annum each. The number of Churches has increased in the same proportion, and yet the Protestant population is far from being supplied. There are one hundred and eleven places where Protestant congregations are obliged to meet for worship in the open air. Of the eighty departments into which France is divided, there are yet twenty-six in which there is neither Church, nor consistory, nor pastor. The Protestants scattered in those extensive provinces have no means of grace to which they can have access ; and the question of religious freedom now pending in France will decide whether they are to be visited without molestation by a home missionary or not. From this statement it will be seen that there is legal protection for the Reformed religion to a great extent ; and that it enjoys what it never before enjoyed in France, viz., support from the State. At the same time a jealousy has been awakened, and fear entertained for the peace of a town or a rural district, if the preachers of the Reformed religion are to come into conflict with the priests and their bigoted adherents ; and the expediency which is now to be resolved upon by

the secular power is, whether it shall protect the weak against the tyranny of the strong, or make common cause with 'the religion of the majority,' for the sake of peace."

Note on the difficulties and obstacles experienced by Protestants in France as to the establishment of their Worship.

The concluding sentences of the two respective extracts introduced into these pages from the Report of the Foreign Aid Society, lead me to add a few remarks of my own on the *real* difficulties experienced in the provinces of France as to the establishment of Protestant worship. By the law and charter, not only is the Reformed Worship freely permitted, but established, as the Protestant Ministers receive on certain conditions the aid of pecuniary grants from the State. To what quarter then are we to look for the delays, impediments, and opposition which arise on the subject? It is very difficult for a foreigner or a stranger to attain an insight into the question; and it perplexed me much for a considerable time, notwithstanding the many inquiries which I made on every available occa-

sion. As the result of these inquiries, I believe that I am not inaccurate in attributing the harassing obstacles and tedious delays of which I have above spoken, *to the power which is vested in the local authorities of each district* relative to the "authorization," as it is called, of the Reformed Worship. This power is of a very vague and undefined character—above all, as to the point whether the measure is likely to be productive of any disorders or interruption of public tranquillity. We can see in one glance to what an extent such a power may and will be abused in any country where there are two religions, and where such slight matters are considered breaches of public tranquillity, as in France. Now although where there are Protestants of influence, and where Romish bigotry is not in active exercise, impediments arising from hence are not much experienced, yet elsewhere it is altogether otherwise.

The efforts of small or weak bodies of Protestants are neutralized, and they are either deterred from making the attempt of assembling together under a regular pastor, or their spirit is worn out by that concentrated opposition, so easily raised and directed against them by the efforts of the priesthood. It is wonderful, and hardly to be accounted for on any principles of general applica-

tion that, in a country so free, enlightened, and liberal as France, such circumstances should be allowed to continue for a single day ; and for my own part, I am quite unable to reconcile them with the general system and affairs of the kingdom. But the case is so. And various causes, some of them of universal application, and some of them specially connected with French history, render the present condition of the Protestants on the subject in question far more acceptable to the mere politician than any measures which would allow a fairer development to the principles of the Reformation. I need not add any remarks on the extreme unwillingness of the priesthood, and of all who, on religious ground, are adverse to their spread, that any clearer statement of right should be made and practically applied.

With the strength of these two-fold adversaries, the Protestants of France have now virtually to contend, although theoretically and nominally, there is free toleration for them, and even more—I mean, support from the State. The leading object held in view by the Protestants in France at the present moment, is this—to obtain a constitutional declaration of a more definite character, not extension of privileges. And what can be more fair than this claim?

They ought to have the sympathy not only of every Protestant, but of every honest and of every candid mind.

THE LOIRE.

I extract the following account of the Loire from Malte Brun's Universal Geography. Our extended sojourn on its banks gave us a more than usual interest in this noble river.

The Loire rises from Mount Gerbier-le-Joux, at some leagues from Mezen. It runs first northward, being separated from the Allier by the Forez heights and those of La Made. It then bends to the north west, and continues in that direction until it reaches the neighbourhood of Orleans ; beyond the last place it flows westward, and enters the ocean after a course of two hundred and twenty leagues. The mean depth of its waters may be more than seven, but less than ten feet, and the declivity of the course about twenty-three feet on each league. It becomes navigable a short way above Roanne in the department of the Loire. The Mayenne, swollen by the streams of the Jarthe and Loire, enters it on the right, but it receives no other important river from the same side, as it is not

confined by lofty hills. Several large rivers on the left rise from the chain of mountains, in which are situated the highest summits in central France: those rivers are the Allier, the Cher, the Vienne, and others which fall into the Loire. The alluvial deposits conveyed by it obstruct the *embouchure*, and form sand-banks which are daily increasing. Thus in some places the depth which was formerly twenty feet at low tide, does not at present exceed seven or eight.

Joan of Arc.

I see, by recurring on my return home to the article on Joan of Arc in the Quarterly Review, vol. 69, that its well-known and noble author has dwelt with delight similar to my own on the local features of Chinon. And by him they are most skilfully interwoven with the history of that "Christian heroine" (to use his own appellation), for whose memory he has awakened new and keen interest in the hearts of so many of his countrymen. Speaking of English travellers, he says, "Long will they love to trace, along the valley of the Loire, between Tours and Saumur, on the last of the bordering hills, the yet proud

though long since forsaken and mouldering battlements of Chinon. Ascending the still unbroken feudal towers, a glowing and glorious prospect spreads before them ; a green expanse of groves and vineyards, all blending into one ; the clear mountain stream of Vienne sparkling and glancing through the little town at their feet, while more in the distance they survey, winding in ample folds and gemmed with many an islet, the wide waters of the Loire. They will seek to recognize, amidst the screen of hills which there encircles it, the neighbouring spire of Fontevrault, where lie interred the Second Henry and his lion-hearted son. They will gaze with fresh delight on the ever-living landscape, when they remember the departed great who loved to gaze on it before. Nor amidst these scenes of historic glory and present loveliness, will any natural prejudice or passion, or ill-will—may God in His goodness dispel it from both nations—forbid them many a lingering look to that ruined hall—the very one, as tradition tells us, where the Maid of Orleans was first received by Charles.”

I select one passage more. It is that with which the Memoir is concluded :

“ Who that has ever trodden the gorgeous galleries of Versailles has not fondly lingered

before that noble work of art, before that touching impersonation of a Christian heroine, the head meekly bent, and the hands devoutly clasping the sword in sign of the cross, but firm resolution imprinted on that close-pressed mouth, and beaming from that lofty brow? Whose thoughts, as he paused to gaze and gaze again, might not sometimes wander from old times to the present, and turn to the sculptress—sprung from the same royal lineage which Joan had risen in arms to restore—so highly gifted in talent; in fortune, in hopes of happiness, yet doomed to an end so grievous and untimely? Thus the statue has grown to be a monument, not only to the memory of the Maid, but to her own. Thus future generations in France, all those at least who know how to prize either genius or goodness in woman, will love to blend together the two names, the female artist with the female warrior—Mary of Wurtemberg and Joan of Arc.”

Recent appearance of La Vendée.

I subjoin an extract from the letter of my friend T. R——, Esq., giving in brief, but very descriptive language, his impressions of a drive

in the summer of 1844 through that part of La Vendée which was specially the scene of war and desolation.

“ We endeavoured to trace the spots associated with the most remarkable incidents of the sanguinary war, which for more than ten years devastated this unhappy province ; but the construction of new roads has much obliterated local features. The ‘ debris’ of the vast Châteaux, which were every where the first object of republican fury, are rapidly undergoing conversion into manufacturing buildings, or aiding the reconstruction of the demolished towns on a much more commodious and extensive scale. Of the deplorable condition in which this fratricidal war had left the country we were enabled more fully to judge by visiting the southern towns of the district in question, to which the new roads have not yet brought commerce, arts, and manufactures, and where fallen heaps of wall, blackened with the marks of the destroying fire, still obstruct the narrow unpaved streets. The new market-places, and even the roads, are inconveniently thronged with magnificent bullocks. However, from the kindness which they habitually receive from their drivers, they are as inoffensive as sheep.”

*Controversial Lectures.**

“ I think — told you of the controversial lectures given in Angers during this month by Mr. Puaux, the Pastor of Luneray, near Dieppe. We hope they may do good by stirring up a spirit of inquiry as to what Protestantism is, and by opening the eyes of some to the errors of Popery. I wish you had been here during the lectures. I never was more interested in my life. A very large ‘salle’ was thronged almost to suffocation ; and that not only for one or two evenings, but during the whole month we saw night after night the same earnest listeners standing in the same spot, and even those at the further end of the room, who frequently had others on their shoulders, seemed not to change the place of a foot during the whole lecture, so absorbed were they in the subject.”

Attack on Protestant Publications.

I insert the subjoined notice of a trial, in which the freedom of the press, as to Protestant publications, was audaciously assailed. Though

* Extract from a letter received from Angers during the autumn of 1844.

the prosecution failed, it will show the vexatious proceedings to which the Protestants in France are liable. The trial took place during the course of last year.

“ Mr. Smith, a printer, and M. Delay, bookseller, of Paris, and two persons named Eck and Rolier, were brought before the Court of Assizes of the Marne, held at Rheims, the two first-named persons for printing and publishing, and the others for distributing certain religious Protestant tracts. The prosecution was instituted by the Procureur du Roi of Vitry-le-Français, on the ground that the tracts contained matter offensive to the religion of the majority of the French, and tending to excite hatred and contempt towards the ministers of the Catholic Religion. The defence to this accusation was, that the tracts in question were entirely free from the offensive matter—that they had been long in circulation without exciting any attempt at legal repression, and that one of them had been reprinted fourteen times. M. Brouard, of the Paris bar, who appeared for the defendants, read extracts from the works of several Catholic writers, some of them members of the clergy, to show that they contained, in support of the Catholic Religion, language much more energetic than that complained of in these Protestant

tracts, the authors of which had not departed from the limits of fair discussion, whereas in some of the Catholic publications from which he read extracts, the Protestants were not only attacked, but calumniated. The defence was attended with complete success. The *Industrial* of Rheims, at the close of its report of this trial, says, 'The verdict of acquittal, which it was easy to foresee, was received favourably by the numerous auditory present. May the demonstrations of sympathy which were shown to the defendants cause them to forget the strange prosecution—we had almost said persecution—to which they were subjected!' ”*

Hail storms.†

“Two years ago one violent storm of hail swept a track of desolation in a belt across the whole kingdom, to the damage of several millions of our money. Such extended ruin is not common, for if it were, the finest kingdoms would be laid waste; but no year ever passed without whole parishes suffering to a degree of which we have

* Galignani's Messenger.

† Extract from Arthur Young's Travels in France in 1781-3, vol. II, p. 32.

no conception, and on the whole to the amount of no inconsiderable proportion of the whole produce of the kingdom. It appears, from my friend Dr Symond's paper on the climate of Italy, that the mischief of hail is dreadful to the utmost in that country. I have heard it calculated in the south of France, that the damage in some provinces amounted to one-tenth of the whole produce of them on an average. A few days before my arrival at Barbesieux, there had fallen at the Duke de la Rochefoucault's seat in the Angoumois, and some neighbouring parishes, a shower of hail that did not leave a single grape on the vines, and cut them so severely as to preclude all hopes of a crop the year following, and allowed no well-founded expectation of any beneficial produce even the third year. In another place, the geese were all killed by the same storm; and young colts were so wounded that they died afterwards. It is even asserted that men have been known to be killed by hail, when unable to obtain any shelter. This storm destroyed a copse of the Duke's that was of two years' growth. With such effects, it must be obvious to every one, that all sorts of corn and pulse must be utterly destroyed. At Pompion, between Montauban and Toulouse, I was

witness to such a shower of rain as never fell in Britain. In that rich vale the corn before the storm made a noble appearance ; but imagination can hardly picture a more entire destruction than it poured over the whole. The finest wheat was not only beaten flat to the ground, but streams of liquid mud covered it in many places, in a manner that made all expectation of recovery hopeless. These hasty and violent showers, which are of little consequence to a traveller, or to the residence of a gentleman, are dreadful scourges to the farmer, and immense drawbacks from the mass of national products.”

*Extract from Malte Brun's Universal Geography
on the Marbles of France.*

“ Frenchmen envied long the marble quarries of the Italians, ignorant that others in their own country might rival the most renowned in Italy. At present, different sorts of marble are worked in forty departments. The best kinds are situated on the Upper and Lower Pyrenees, the Upper Garonne and the Eastern Pyrenees, particularly the schistous marble in Campan, which is of a red, green, and delicate rose-colour. It

was first brought into repute by Louis XIV, who used it in decorating the châteaux of Trianon and Versailles.”

*Cross examination of the prisoner accused in French Criminal Courts.**

I believe that the same impressions as those which I have more than once expressed, regarding the administration of French criminal justice, are shared by all English travellers who witness the proceedings in a French Criminal Court. I extract an account of a scene where the essential evils of the system were grossly aggravated by the conduct of the court.

“ I attended the assizes. A prisoner was brought up for horse-stealing. The Procureur Général, or public accuser on the part of the crown, sat at the same table with the judges, and so close to the jury that he was continually communicating with them in an under tone, and even during the defence, he from time to time suggested something aside to them, as it seemed, to do away with the impression of what was urged in the prisoner's favour. The jury

* Journal of a tour in 1817—18—19, by H. Matthews, A.M.

consisted of the principal inhabitants of Toulouse, and of the Professors of the University. The whole court seemed to consider themselves as pitted against the poor fellow at the bar. The President acted throughout as counsel against him; and even his manner, in the frequent cross examination to which he made the prisoner submit, was what in England would have been called unfeeling and indecent. Though the charge involved so serious a punishment, the judges and Monsieur le Procureur seemed to think it a very facetious circumstance, and laughed heartily when the culprit aided his own conviction by some ill-considered answer."

Volcanoes of Auvergne.

In the one hundred and forty-eighth number of the Quarterly Review published in the course of last year, Art. I, there is some very curious information and disquisition, regarding the volcanoes of Auvergne. I select one passage.

"During three years (458—460) Auvergne and Dauphiné were convulsed by violent and continued volcanic eruptions—streams of lava bursting forth from the summits of the mountain, broke down the cones, which ejected con-

tinuous ignited showers, attended by earthquakes shaking, as it were, the foundation of the earth. Thunders rolled through the subterraneous caverns ; so awful were the concussions, the sounds, the fires, that the beasts of the forest, driven from their haunts, sought refuge in the abodes of mankind. Strange as it may seem, these phenomena are commemorated by the usages of the Church, and inscribed in the pages of our Liturgy.

“ An impending invasion of the Goths added to the terror of the threatenings of nature. Instructed and profiting by the example of the Ninevites, Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne, assembled his people in prayer and humiliation. To avert the evil, he instituted the solemn Litanies, or Rogations, on the three days immediately preceding the feast of the Ascension, and which three days acquired distinctively the appellation of ‘ Rogation days,’ because they were the only days of the year then annually set apart for the purpose of such solemn supplications. These forms of prayer, rendered more impressive by the awful character of the calamities and portents which had suggested them, corresponding so nearly with the signs and judgments of Scripture, were speedily adopted throughout Gaul and England. Here they were continued

by usage and tradition, until finally established as a portion of the national ritual, in the council held at Cleofeshoe (A.D. 749), which appointed that these three days should be kept holy, after the manner of former times ; and it is hardly needful to observe that the Rogation days retain their station in the Rubric of the Church of England at the present day.”

Mr. Lyell, in his Principles of Geology, states that “ Desmarest, after a careful examination of Auvergne, pointed out first the most recent volcanoes, which had the craters still entire, and their streams of lava conforming to the level of the present river courses. He then showed that there were others of an intermediate epoch, whose craters were nearly effaced, and whose lavas were less intimately connected with the present vallies ; and lastly, that there were volcanic rocks still more ancient, without any discernible craters or scorixæ, and bearing the closest analogy to rocks in other parts of Europe, the igneous origin of which was denied by the school of Freyberg.*

“ Desmarest’s map of Auvergne was a work of uncommon merit. He first made a trigonometrical survey of the district, and delineated

* That of Werner.

its physical geography with minute accuracy and admirable graphic power. He contrived, at the same time to express, without the aid of colours, a vast quantity of geological detail, the different ages, and sometimes even the structure of the volcanic rocks, distinguishing them from the fresh water and granitic. They alone who have carefully studied Auvergne, and traced the different lava streams from their craters to their termination, the various isolated basaltic cap-pings the relation of some lavas to the present vallies, the absence of such relations in others, can appreciate the extraordinary fidelity of his elaborate work. No other district of equal dimensions in Europe exhibits, perhaps, so beautiful and varied a series of phenomena ; and, fortunately, Desmarest possessed at once the mathematical knowledge required for the construction of a map, skill in mineralogy, and a power of original generalization.*

“Montlosier also published, in 1788, an elegant and spirited essay on the volcanoes of Auvergne, combining accurate local observations with comprehensive views.”

These passages are introduced in a curious and amusing account of Werner, his followers,

* Vol. 1, p. 67, 68.

and the controversy between the *Neptunists* and *Volcanists*, or the separate advocates of an aqueous or igneous formation.

Observations on the Mois de Marie, an authorized work on the Worship of the Virgin.

I have mentioned in the preceding pages the extraordinary scene which I witnessed in the Cathedral of Auch during the month of May; and I took that opportunity of mentioning the special and heathenish dedication of that month to the Virgin Mary. On many church-doors, at booksellers' shops, and elsewhere, I saw advertisements affixed, and notably during that period, announcing publications under the title of "Mois de Marie." However, I never examined any of these productions, until I purchased one which I casually saw in a shop at Moulins, and which I have still in my possession. Had I not absolutely seen its contents, I should have been almost incredulous as to its systematic arrangement of devotion in the honour of the Virgin Mary, as to the degree of exaltation which it ascribes to her, and as to the authorised character of the ecclesiastical sanction with which it is promulgated. But having

the book before me, observing its recent date, viewing the names of three Bishops of distinguished sees attached to it, and marking with my own eyes the extraordinary statements, prayers, and indeed general tone of its contents from beginning to end, I think it highly advisable that these things should be made known and exposed, in order that a right judgment may be formed by others, as to the real extent in which both doctrine and practice are corrupted in the matter. And it is quite evident that at the present time mere vague notices on these subjects are not sufficient to impress the public mind. If it were so, Popery would not be treated so tenderly as it frequently is in our Protestant land. But under present circumstances, statement upon statement must appear, and there must be a constant repetition of facts like these, to which, without violent invective, and rather as subjects for solemn and serious consideration, I now draw attention. I would then state without further preliminary, that the title of the book to which I allude is this,

Nouveau
Mois de Marie,
Avec approbation de Monseigneur
l'Evêque de Moulins, et honoré
des suffrages et approbations
de NN. SS. les Archevêques
et Evêques de Bordeaux,
Lyon et Avignon,
etc. etc.
Moulins,
1841.

Then follows what is called, the “ Approbation de Monseigneur l’Evêque de Moulins,” of which I copy the commencement.

“ Nous, Antoine de Pons, par la miséricorde divine et l’autorité du Saint-Siège Apostolique, évêque de Moulins.

“ Après un soigneux examen du livre intitulé : ‘ Nouveau Mois de Marie ;’ recueil qui renferme de courtes et solides instructions, en forme de méditations, suivies d’une résolution à prendre, ainsi que d’une prière, et terminées par des exemples ou traits choisis de protection spéciale et merveilleuse, dont la glorieuse Mère de Dieu, très sainte et immaculée, a favorisé non-seulement les bonnes âmes qui mettaient leur confiance en elle, mais même des pécheurs désespérés, qui ont ressenti les effets de ses inépuisables miséricordes ;

“ Nous applaudissons sincèrement à l’exposé, touchant les grandeurs et vertus de Marie, retracées avec une noble simplicité par le jeune prêtre de notre diocèse, qui s’annonce lui-même, dans un avant-propos, comme dévoué serviteur de la très sainte Vierge dès sa plus tendre enfance, et soupirant après l’occasion de se montrer en fils reconnaissant envers une mère qui lui a donné, dans toutes les circonstances

de sa vie, des témoignages signalés de sa tendresse maternelle.”

The Approbation de Monseigneur l'Archevêque de Bordeaux begins as follows :

“ Nous, Ferdinand-François-Auguste Donnet, par la grâce de Dieu et l'autorité du Saint Siège Apostolique, Archevêque de Bordeaux, primat d'Aquitaine,

Avons lu avec un vif intérêt le Nouveau Mois de Marie. Nous louons dans ce livre l'élégante simplicité du style, l'onction et la pitié des sentimens, l'utilité pratique de ses réflexions morales. Nous en recommandons la lecture aux fidèles de notre diocèse.”

And finally, I insert the whole of the “ Approbation de Monseigneur l'Archevêque de Lyon.”

“ La lecture du Nouveau Mois de Marie m'a paru devoir produire d'excellens fruits. Le style pur et éminemment pieux de l'auteur, le choix des preuves et des exemples pour inspirer la dévotion à Marie, les moralités qu'il tire habilement de son sujet, me font désirer que cet ouvrage estimable soit très répandu.”

I would wish now to shew in brief terms the

nature of the work, to which these full episcopal sanctions are attached.

It begins with a preface, in which the author, a Priest, speaks of himself, as one who was born under the protection of Mary, and as one who found her, in all the circumstances of his life, "always good, always full of pity, always a mother. What had he done to repay such favors? As yet nothing: and he began to lament the inutility of his existence (*il se prit à gémir de l'inutilité de son existence*) and to sigh for an occasion of showing himself a grateful son."

The author then speaks of his having undertaken the work as a "means of discharging his immense debts to Mary."

Such is a portion of the preface, to which succeeds "*La Vie de la très glorieuse Vierge Marie.*" It commences with a statement no less absurd than impious; absurd as a method of escaping from an obvious objection to the whole scope of the work; and impious, as conveying the idea that those who were adequately inspired to write on the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ were unequal to writing on the merits of the Virgin Mary.

"Pour célébrer la plus noble créature, la femme bénie entre toutes les femmes, l'Écriture

n'a que quelques mots, la tradition que peu de souvenirs, *soit que l'idiome humain ne puisse atteindre à ces hauteurs*, soit que les Evangélistes et les Docteurs aient voulu respecter le voile épais dont s'était enveloppée l'humble Vierge."

I pass over the history of her life. The description of her death is thus ushered in: "Le ciel réclamait sa Souveraine."

To this Life of Mary succeeds the "Méthode pour faire utilement le Mois de Marie." The third direction begins as follows: "Représentez-vous encore Marie assise sur son trône, Marie intercédant pour vous, ouvrant aux plus misérables pécheurs son cœur, lieu de refuge, de repos, de bonheur."

Then succeeds a statement of "indulgences for those who devote the month of May to Mary."

All which I have mentioned is preparatory to the work itself, which is divided into thirty-one portions, one applicable to each day of the month, and forming in the whole about two hundred pages. Each of these portions commences with a meditation on some part of Mary's history, or on some tradition in connexion with her. To this succeeds a Prayer, in every case addressed directly to her, and varying with each day of the month. And lastly, an

Example is introduced of some individual to whom blessings had specially accrued through the Virgin Mary.

I insert respectively a copy of a Prayer and a copy of an Example. The Meditations are too long for a similar introduction. The prayer is that for the twenty-fifth day of the month.

PRIÈRE.

“ Reine du Ciel, comme l’aimant attire le fer, vous attirez après vous les cœurs des anges et des hommes. Dieu vous a créée si aimable, qu’il manquerait quelque chose au bonheur des élus, s’ils n’avaient pas la joie de vous posséder et d’être vos sujets. Oh ! quand me sera-t-il donné de vous voir dans votre royaume, et de vivre à jamais heureux sous votre maternelle domination ? ”

The example is that for the twenty-sixth day :

“ EXEMPLE. ”

SAINT FRANÇOIS DE SALES.

“ Un fait bien connu mais qu’on ne peut omettre dans un *Mois de Marie*, c’est la tentation de Saint François de Sales, et la protection que lui accorda la Reine du ciel. Jeune encore, et conduit à Paris pour y terminer ses études,

il lui vint une pensée que vainement il s'efforçait de servir le Seigneur, qu'il était condamné à le maudire éternellement ; pensée accablante pour une âme qui n'avait d'autre passion que d'aimer Dieu, d'autre crainte que de ne l'aimer pas, d'autre désir que de l'aimer toujours. Déjà ses yeux abattus, son air souffrant, ses traits défaits annonçaient le germe d'une maladie mortelle, et toujours cette pensée terrible, ' Je serai damné, jamais je ne verrai Dieu ! beau ciel je ne te verrai jamais ! ' Il entre dans l'Eglise de Saint Étienne des Grés, ses yeux rencontrent une image de Marie que l'on conserve encore ; il tombe à ses pieds : ' O ma mère ! ' s'écrie-t-il, ' si je suis assez malheureux pour ne pouvoir bénir Dieu avec les Saints, pendant l'éternité, du moins que je l'aime pendant ma vie ! ' Cet acte héroïque de charité, ce cri sublime d'une âme chrétienne, eût à l'heure même sa récompense. François de Sales laissa aux pieds de Marie le fardeau qui l'accablait, il sortit la joie sur le front, le cœur plein de reconnaissance pour sa chère consolatrice, et devenu évêque, il établit en son honneur l'ordre de la Visitation."

At the conclusion of the Calendar, from which I have selected the specimens above quoted, is a piece entitled, " Consécration au Cœur Sacré

de Marie." It commences thus, "Cœur immaculé de Marie, cœur plein de graces et de vertus, chef-d'œuvre du Créateur," &c. Then follow a canticle with the following stanza five times repeated,

Vierge Marie,
Porte des Cieux,
D'un cœur qui prie,
Daigne exaucer les vœux !

After that are "Litanies de la Sainte Vierge," in which, after nine appeals to the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity, there are more than fifty of a similar character addressed to the Virgin, *e. g.* under such titles as "Mère du Créateur," "Porte du Ciel," "Refuge des pécheurs," "Reine des Anges," "Reine des Apôtres," "Reine de tous les Saints," &c. &c. And the book ends with Prayers for Mass, a few of the Psalms, and finally a few addresses more to the Virgin. It contains altogether two hundred and ninety-one pages, closely printed in small duodecimo.

I have now concluded my task of analyzing a volume, of which I think the contents should be known. It casually fell into my hands, and I have no reason to suppose that it contains any thing unusual in Romish doctrine as taught and received in France. May the fearful exhibition

of that which is going on in a country so near to us, so highly civilized, and so free from popular ignorance of a general kind, as an excuse, be a warning to us in these "perilous times!" Writing, as I do now, during the week of the memorable Oxford Convocation, I am strongly tempted to abandon my usual course throughout this work, viz: that of avoiding disquisition, and of merely stating facts; neither will I break through my rule at its conclusion, farther than to say this, that I think it a high privilege to be instrumental, at this peculiar time, in making any facts known, to shew the danger in which we lie from the quarter of Rome, while so many in our land are forwarding its deadly aims, some by open profession of attachment, some by secret advocacy, some by neutralizing each effort in a contrary direction; and others—alas, that such should be—professing just so much opposition, as personal ambition and interest appear to claim, but in heart doing her work. Of such may England beware!

THE END.

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