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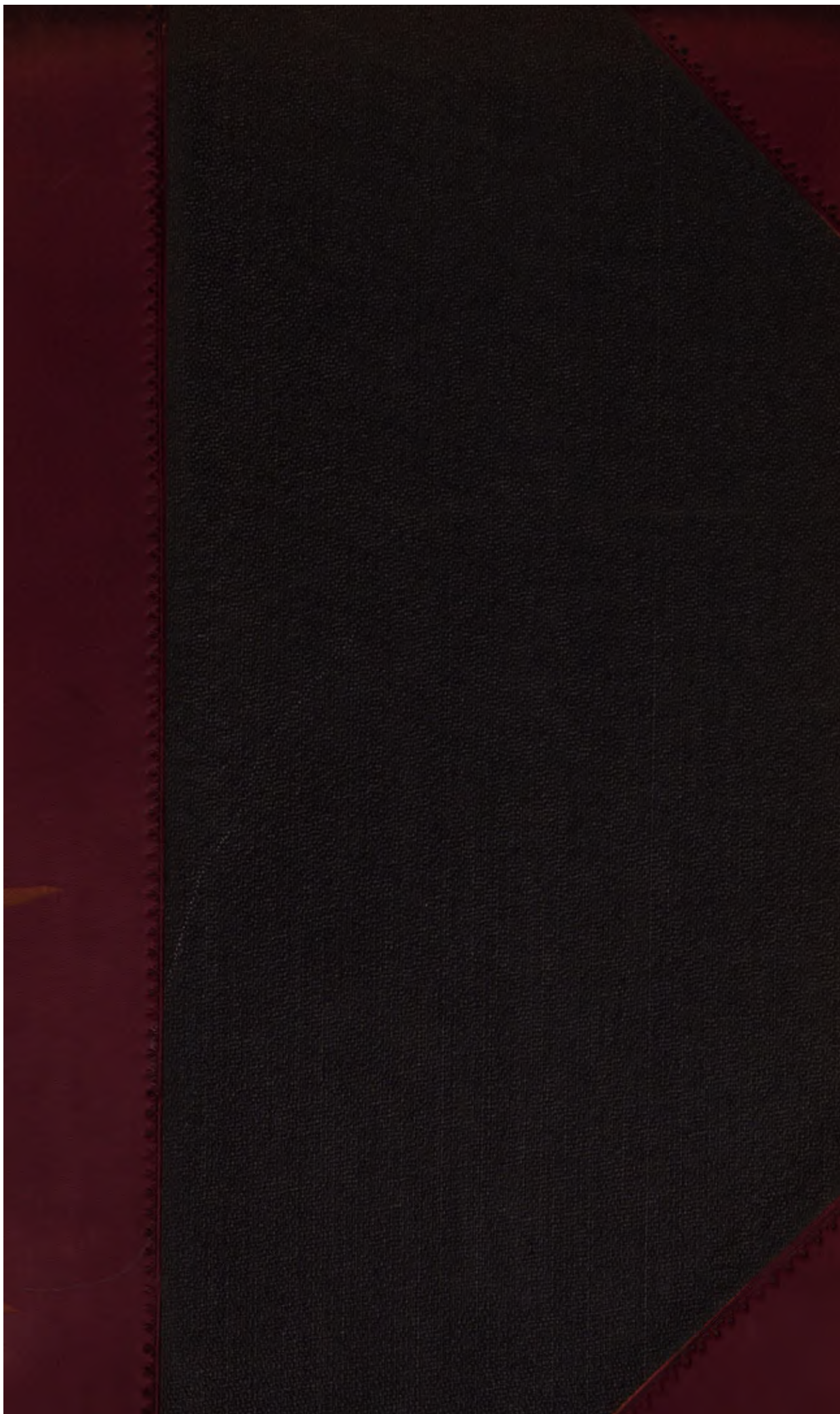
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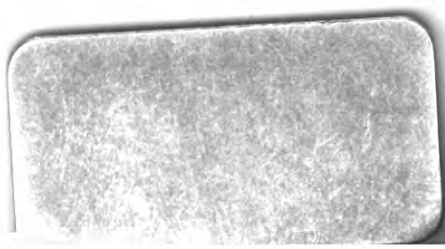


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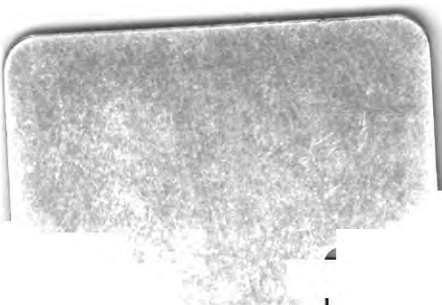
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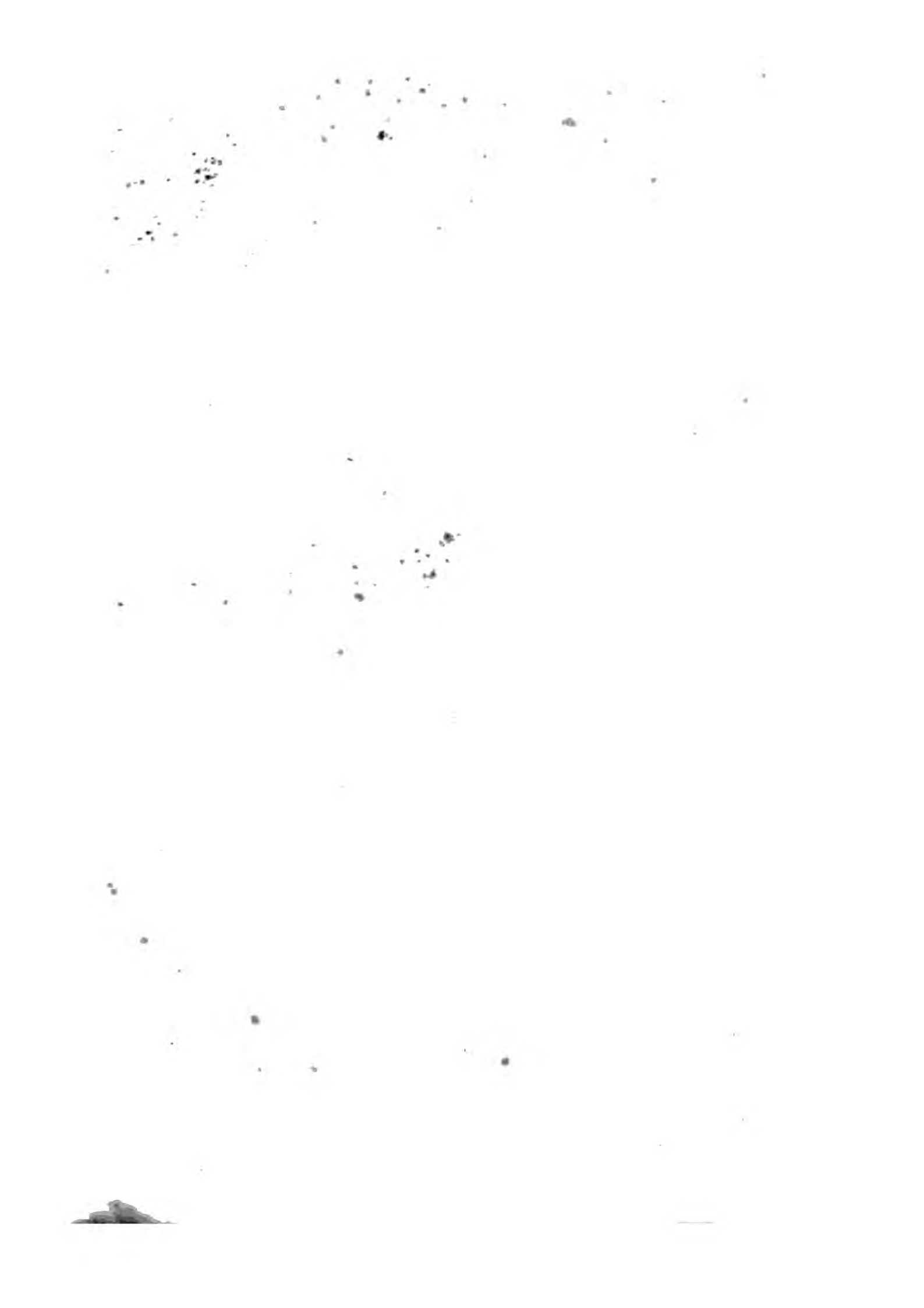




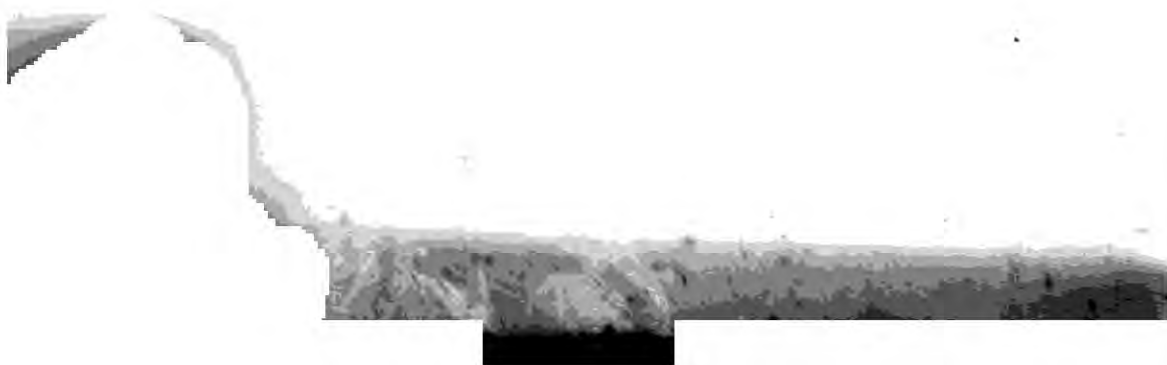


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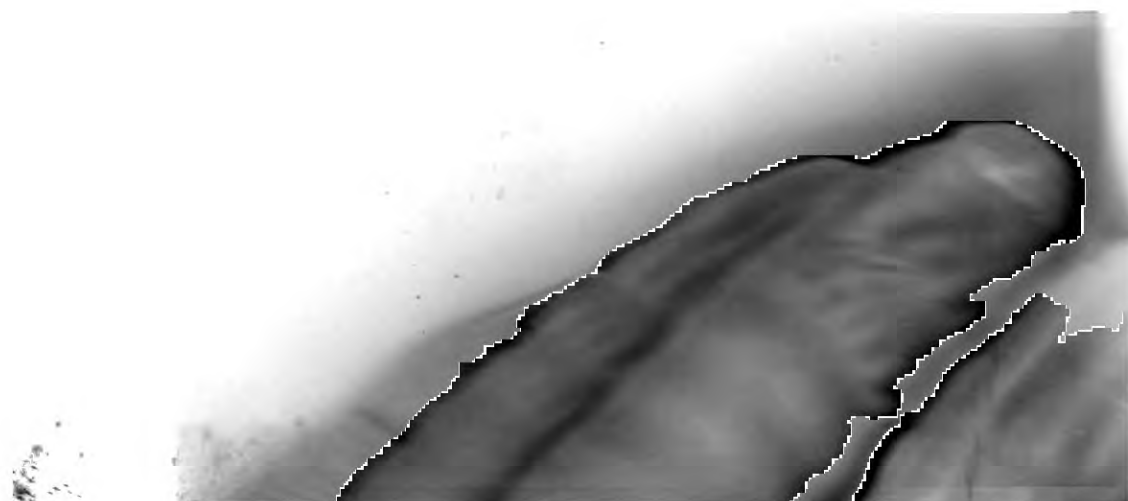






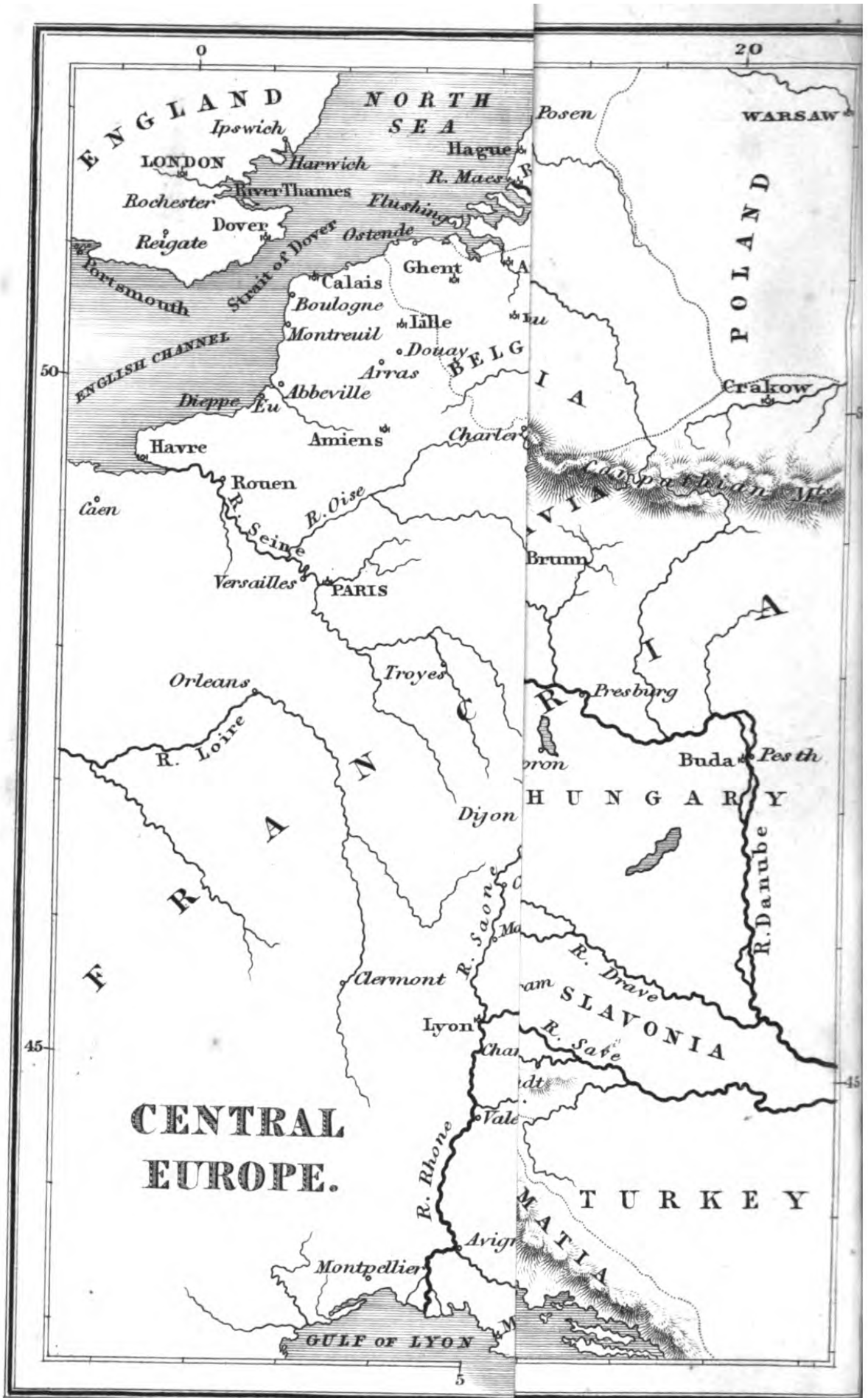


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**CENTRAL
EUROPE.**

SUMMER TOURS

IN

CENTRAL EUROPE.

1853—4.

BAVARIA, AUSTRIAN TYROL,
NORTH ITALY, SAVOY, PIEDMONT, &c.

BY JOHN BARROW, ESQ.

“CELER EUNDO.”



LONDON:
W. H. DALTON, COCKSPUR STREET.
1855.

203. d. 16.

PART II.
NORTHERN GERMANY, STYRIA, CARINTHIA,
&c.
PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LORD LONDESBOROUGH, F.R.S.

THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED,
AS A MARK OF RESPECT FOR HIS LORDSHIP'S CHARACTER,
AND IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF MANY
ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP.

P R E F A C E.

THE kind reception which attended the publication of my notes last year, hastily taken while making a "Tour on the Continent by Rail and Road," and published in the Traveller's Library, having exceeded my most sanguine expectations, by calling forth a second edition immediately after publication, has emboldened me to submit to the Public the following notes made by me in the summer of 1853, on a subsequent tour through a different part of Central Europe.

I can only hope that these pages may be as indulgently received, and that they may prove useful to future travellers, by furnishing them with a "Hand-Book," cheap and portable; and I trust others will follow out my idea of a "Shilling Cookery for the people," in the shape of Shilling Hand-Books—(although my publisher is obliged to charge eighteen-pence for this)—for various parts of the world, and in a convenient form. Any such series of works, systematically undertaken with this view, could not fail of success. The present notes, like all those which have preceded them, have been taken to amuse myself, and on the possible chance of amusing others.

Professor Forbes, in his delightful work upon the Glaciers of Norway, remarks, that a long experience in such matters has convinced him, "that they act wisely and well, who, having used their opportunities to the

best of their powers, communicate the result of their observations to the world, without waiting for a period (never perhaps to arrive) when they may have the credit of completing and perfecting them." This is precisely the feeling by which I have been actuated, in the various Travels I have myself, from time to time, ventured to publish. If my readers will only coincide with the remarks of Professor Forbes, I shall at least hope to escape their censure for publishing my notes.

In the Appendix I have placed a slight sketch of a Tour in Switzerland, and of a week's march over one or two of the Mountain Passes, made on previous occasions, thinking they may perhaps be useful as indicating routes through some fine Alpine and Lake scenery.

On visiting the Continent I have myself always preferred crossing from Dover to Calais; but, for persons wishing to go direct to Paris, the shortest and most convenient route is by Folkestone and Boulogne, where, thanks to the tidal system, no boats are ever used, which gives to those ports an advantage over Dover and Calais.

The distance between London and Paris by the latter route is 66 miles shorter than by Dover. The steam ships of the South Eastern Company are of a larger class, being 300 tons, with engines of 200 horse power—they run once a day, and sometimes twice, at the average speed throughout the year of 14 miles an hour.

The greatest kindness and attention is paid to the passengers in the vessels belonging to the Company, to

which I am glad to bear testimony, having repeatedly crossed in them from Calais to Dover.

The plan they adopt during summer for the registration of luggage to Paris, either from London or Folkestone, is very convenient, as it entirely obviates the trouble of custom-house and *commissionaire* expenses at Boulogne. On arrival in Paris the luggage must of course necessarily be examined by the authorities of the octroi, whether registered or not.

Annexed are the regulations for passports from the Foreign Office.

REGULATIONS RESPECTING PASSPORTS.

1. Applications for Foreign Office Passports must be made in writing; and addressed to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with the word "Passport" written upon the cover.

2. The fee on the issue of a Passport is 7s. 6d.

3. Foreign Office Passports are granted only to British subjects, and Ionians; or to such foreigners as have been naturalized either by Act of Parliament, or by Certificates of Naturalization. In this latter case, however, the party is described as a "Naturalized British subject;" and his Passport is good for such limited period only as the Secretary of State may think fit to assign to it. This arrangement, however, does not preclude persons whom it affects from applying for and obtaining, after the expiration of the specified period, a fresh Passport for a similar period.

4. Passports are granted between the hours of twelve and four, on the day following that on which the application for the Passport has been received at the Foreign Office.

5. Passports are granted to persons who are either known to the Secretary of State, or recommended to him by some person who is known to him; or upon the written application of any *Banking Firm* established in London or in any other part of the United Kingdom.

6. Passports cannot be sent by the Foreign Office to persons already abroad. Such persons should apply to the nearest British Mission or Consulate.

7. Foreign Office Passports must be countersigned at the Mission, or at some Consulate in England, of the Government of the country which the bearer of the Passport intends to visit.*

8. A Foreign Office Passport granted for one journey may be used for any subsequent journey, *if countersigned afresh* by the Ministers or Consuls of the countries which the bearer intends to visit; excepting, however, Passports issued to naturalized British subjects, as stated in § 3, and which are good for such limited period only as the Secretary of State may think fit to assign to them.

Foreign Office, March 1854.

* It is requisite that the bearer of every Passport granted by the Foreign Office should sign his Passport before sending it to be *viséd* at any Foreign Mission or Consulate in England: without such signature either the *visa* may be refused, or the validity of the Passport questioned abroad. And Travellers who may have any intention of visiting at any time in the course of their travels on the continent the Austrian States, are particularly and earnestly enjoined not to quit England without having their Passports *viséd* by the Austrian authorities in London.

The *visa* of the Prussian or Sardinian authorities in London is not required.

List of the principal Foreign Passport Offices in London, where Foreign Office Passports are to be viséd.

Austrian Legation	. Chandos House, Cavendish Square.
Bavarian Legation	. 3, Hill Street, Berkeley Square.
Belgian Consulate	. 52, Gracechurch Street.
French Consulate	. . 36, King William Street, City.
Portuguese Consulate	5, Jeffery's Square.
Sicilian Legation	. . 16, Park Lane.
Spanish Legation	. . 2, Mansfield Street.
Turkish Embassy	. . 1, Bryanston Square.

TOUR IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

CALAIS.

Monday, July 11th, 1853.—Taking our departure from London by the 11.30 A.M. Express, we embarked at Dover in the French packet *Biche*, a sharp iron paddle-wheel boat, of 150 horse power, and at 4.20 P.M. landed at Calais, the passage occupying exactly one hour and three-quarters.

We had a smart breeze, with a little sea running, and the boat was wet and rather crank: few passengers. Obtained rooms at *Dessins*.

The fortifications at Calais having recently undergone repair, are now in excellent order. On the ramparts are patches of the deepest vermilion, which, on near approach, prove to be poppies; they are much cultivated in these parts.

Tuesday, July 12th.—Started from Calais by the 8 A.M. train for Lille, where we arrived at 10 $\frac{3}{4}$, and went to the *Hotel de l'Europe*. There is little to remark in the level country which intervenes, except the canals,

and people tracking the boats. The weather was beautiful, and haymakers were at work in the fields : the crops looking well, but backward. Visited the Hotel de Ville, rebuilt in 1849. It contains a gallery of paintings which will repay a visit, although my good friend Mr. Murray thinks little of them. In my opinion it is a creditable collection, containing a few originals of Vandyke, P. P. Rubens, and other of the old masters, and many excellent copies. The collection owes its origin to Mr. Wicar, who appears to have risen from a humble station in life by his great talent, and to have been consequently a favourite of Napoleon, who knew how to appreciate merit.

As a painter Mr. Wicar ranks high, and many fine works from his pallet will be found in the Gallery. He died at Rome a few years since. An original letter addressed to him by the Emperor, is somewhat characteristic, wherein he expresses a hope "that Mr. Wicar continues to employ his talents in a manner worthy of a reflecting mind." There is also a Museum of Natural History in the Hotel de Ville, containing a well-arranged collection, chiefly of birds, with a few specimens of quadrupeds, fishes, &c. and a room appropriated to illustrate the four quarters of the globe—the Asiatic and Chinese collection being the most extensive.

Lille, as the reader may be aware, is a large manufacturing town in France, chiefly of cotton, velvet, woollen cloth, leather, linen, &c. It is also a garrison town, strongly fortified, with several large barracks for cavalry and infantry. The amount of force in the garrison is

however small, being generally about 2000 men. The Porte de Paris, which is the principal entrance to Lille, through the fortifications, is a fine gateway. It has stood some severe sieges, and effectually repulsed the Austrians, who bombarded it in 1792.

The Esplanade, or *Champs de Mars*, is surrounded by a promenade. The band of one of the regiments quartered in the garrison, played in the evening, close to a statue recently erected to General Negrier, who was killed on the 25th of June, 1848, on which memorable day he "fell gloriously," as the inscription states. The statue is in bronze, in the uniform of the line, and is remarkably spirited. It appears to have been erected by national subscription.

The principal streets in Lille are the Rue Royale, and the Rue de Paris, both fine streets. There are also many other great thoroughfares, and in one of the many squares stands a statue of Joan of Arc, who is represented with a slow-match in her hand.

A handsome college, on a grand scale, is now in progress, and a public building for the reception of archives is apparently of recent construction.

The Cathedral is only remarkable as containing the tomb of the Duke de Berry. It has recently undergone repairs, and some modern stained-glass windows, behind the altar, viewed from the further end of the building, have a good effect.

The Church of St. Etienne, adjoining a large Military Hospital, has also been recently restored.

Wednesday, July 13th.—Up early, and reached the

Champ de Mars at 6½ A.M. Found two regiments at exercise, the 8th Chasseurs and 17th Foot. The former went through a great variety of manœuvres, with rapidity and precision. They were generally well mounted on grey troopers. The band of the 8th was present, and when the men dismounted, played several pretty pieces of music. It appeared to be a good band, as most of the French bands are.

The 17th regiment of the line, like all other French infantry, did not seem to care about marching as our soldiers do, and when advancing *in* line, were certainly much *out* of line (and step too). They make no attempt even to march with precision. Their system is the reverse of ours, and perhaps if they had a little more of our drill, some of which we could spare, and we had a little of their natural ease, both armies would be the better for the exchange. As it is the English soldier might be thinking how he should scale the wall, *comme il faut*, while the French soldier would be in possession of the fortress *coute qui coute*.

By 10½ train to Ghent. Arrived at 1½ P.M. traversing a flat uninteresting country with nothing but the crops to look at.

We found the *Hotel de la Poste* and all the best hotels full, in consequence of a visit from one of the Russian Princesses. Procured apartments at the *Hotel Vienne*, and considered ourselves fortunate.

Visited the cathedral, the Museum of pictures, and the old ruin of St. Bavon; one of the most interesting I have seen, a feast for an archæologist. In the evening,

to the convent of the Grand Beguinage, where there are some six or seven hundred nuns. We attended vespers in the chapel, when they were mostly present. The whole of the centre aisle was filled, each nun having a large white handkerchief projecting over her head and face. Like all other nuns they were chiefly neither young nor pretty, (though I can remember one or two exceptions). We had a good opportunity of judging on this occasion, as we stood at the door through which most of them passed, the napkins having been removed from their heads on leaving the chapel.

One could wish that such a fine old town as Ghent with its handsome cathedral and interesting old buildings, should have a purer atmosphere. It has, in truth, a very "ancient and fish-like smell," as Trinculo would say.

Thursday, July 14th.—By 9½ train to Malines (or Mechlin), where we arrived at 11½, and walked into the town, one of the cleanest on the Continent, a contrast to Ghent.

This is one of the largest towns in Belgium, and stands on the river Dyle, which falls into the Scheldt, and is navigable for ships of good size. We visited the church of Notre Dame, a handsome structure, which possesses a noble picture of the miraculous draught of fishes by Rubens. Also the cathedral which is grand, with a tower rising to a height of about 350 feet, but it terminates abruptly, the intention of carrying it up to 600 feet having been abandoned. A large clock or rather of a clock, is near its summit. I had no id

dimensions till seeing a mosaic pavement round a statue in the Place d'Armes, which represents the vast circumference. The points of the compass are also on this paved causeway. There are several good monuments in marble, and a beautiful painting of the crucifixion by Van Dyke in the interior. The organ is a grand toned instrument. The capitals of the columns in the interior are chaste.

The church of St. Jean, in which is a painting by Rubens representing the Adoration, also deserves attention: and the beautiful oak carved pulpits, stalls and confessionals in the several churches at Malines will attract the admiration of all who visit the place.

I learnt, however, that few of our countrymen, since the opening of the railway stop at Malines; but I can assure the traveller that he will not regret passing a few hours there, as we did, *en route*. It contains good streets, well laid out, and has an aristocratic look, reminding one, in this respect, of Brussels. Lace too, as at Brussels, but of an inferior quality, is the principal manufacture, and may tempt our fair countrywomen. It is moreover the Central Railway Station from whence several lines branch off, and it stands about 10 miles from Brussels and 15 from Antwerp. Our route was now to Liege, for which we started at 3½ and arrived at 7 P.M. the train slow and behind time. The country continues flat, as far as Louvain, and has but little attraction till we approach Liege which is delightfully situated. Found room at the *Hotel d'Angleterre* where we rested last year.

Friday, July 15th.—Up at 6 A.M., my usual hour, and enjoyed a walk before breakfast by the side of the river, a smart breeze blowing down it and the air refreshing. Met many Jesuits, who swarm like locusts at Liege. The Meuse is here crossed by two or three bridges, one of which is a fine structure.

Off by rail at 11¼ for Cologne. The beautiful scenery now commences and continues throughout. At Verriers we stopped half an hour, and at Aix la Chapelle, for a quarter of an hour. Between these places we enter Prussia, and the passport is demanded, and the baggage of those who stop at Aix examined. Ours was reserved for Cologne which we reached at half past 4.

Crossing the bridge of boats we proceeded to the *Hotel de Belle Vue*, which is well entitled to the name, commanding, as it does, a beautiful view of the river, the long bridge of boats, and the town, the magnificent cathedral, and the various churches with their steeples pointing to the skies.

Saturday, July 16th.—Up at 5 A.M., the ringing of bells, hissing of steam, and sundry other noises contingent on the departure of the Rhine steamers effectually banishing sleep, as I know of old, both here and at Coblenz. Enjoyed a morning stroll on the bridge of boats.

Started in the steamer, at about 10 A.M. for Coblenz, where we arrived at 6½, and obtained apartments fronting the river, at the *Hotel du Géant*, and in the evening saw Ehrenbreitstein to great advantage, lit up by the

setting sun. There were not many passengers in the boat till we reached Bonn, when a large party of German students, in fantastic attire, (theatrical dresses), armed *cap-a-pie* with swords and pikes, came on board, holiday making. They were a boisterous set, and some of them became a little unsteady from the quantity of Rhenish wine, so freely quaffed from their drinking-horns, which ever and anon were replenished from a barrel, gaily decorated with wreaths of flowers, which they carried with them. These students helped, however, to enliven the scene, did *not* fall overboard, as I expected, and had with them a band of music, which played some pleasing airs: the young men singing in chorus, and not badly.

Sunday, July 17th.—The renewed hissing of steam and ringing of bells reminded me that the hour of 5 A.M. was approaching.

Rose, and took a stroll upon the long Bridge of Boats, enjoying the fresh breeze off the river.

Went to morning service in a little chapel fitted up for the English Protestants, in a part of the Palace. After church saw two Prussian regiments on parade. They look remarkably well, the short frock-coat and handsome helmet having a smart soldier-like appearance in line, or with any body of troops. The helmet cannot be judged of singly, as it gives the notion of being too large and cumbersome, just as a grenadier's cap seems large and ugly when seen alone, but magnificent in line. Our Guards, in my opinion, only want the moustache to make them look as fine a body

of men as any in Europe, and I trust they will adopt it.* The Prussians performed some of their exercises with wonderful celerity and precision. One instantaneous movement for the shouldering arms: not a single hand out of place, which I have not seen in any regiment in England, not excepting the Guards, who are certainly nearest to perfection.

In the afternoon enjoyed a delightful walk up the Moselle, and crossed the bridge, from whence a good view is obtained of Ehrenbreitstein, which appears to rise perpendicularly from the Rhine, as in fact it almost does. Employed myself in making an accurate drawing of the fortifications, and found a Prussian officer overlooking me, but to my surprise he said nothing, and so I proceeded with my work. An Austrian officer might perhaps have been less complaisant.

Monday, July 18th.—Called at 4½ A.M. by the usual steam signals, which continued merrily at night, as well as in the early morn. Up at five. A beautiful morning, but very hot.

A regiment passed up the street at this early hour. The sun was shining upon their helmets and glittering bayonets, which had a splendid effect. In the quick march the right hand goes with a swing, all keeping time, which looks well, giving an appearance of life and animation to the men.

Started by steamer, at 9 A.M. and reached Castel,

* A twelvemonth since this was written, the Guards, as well as the regiments of the line, have adopted it, quite confirming my notions. It will yet become general in England, as elsewhere.

opposite Mayence, at four, but had to wait a couple of hours, for a train to Frankfort. We had a beautiful day for ascending the river to Coblenz, and saw the scenery to advantage. I noticed a fine eagle soaring high above the river.

Quantities of poppies are grown between Coblenz and Frankfort, which give a lively appearance to the country. Arrived at Frankfort at 7, at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, where we had secured apartments, and were fortunate in having done so, on account of the swarms of people. The landlord said that he had been obliged to send fifty away. There is nothing stirring in Frankfort, but it is *the season*.

Tuesday, July 19th.—Started by 8½ o'clock train for Heidelberg, where we arrived at 11¾. A lovely morning. The country, soon after leaving Frankfort, and for some distance, is hilly and picturesque, with many towns and castellated ruins on the tops of the hills, and some of the hills richly cultivated. Noticed some storks, which rose leisurely on the wing when disturbed by the train.

Having seen Heidelberg Castle more than once, we did not remain, but immediately engaged a carriage to take us to Heilbronn. The first part of the road is by the river side and is extremely beautiful, the river winding through a richly cultivated well wooded country.

The Necker does not at present appear to be navigable near Heidelberg, except by flat-bottomed boats of light draught, and by rafts, two of which, long

and narrow, we saw drifting down with the stream. The river, however, above Heidelberg is less rocky apparently, and is I believe navigated by a steamer.

Arrived at Heilbronn at 6½.

The country, after the road quits the Necker, is not of much interest, but is well cultivated and the crops appear promising. The peasantry in these parts wear old fashioned cocked hats, and long coats which attract notice. Storks are plentiful, and are apparently held in veneration as in Holland.

The road is excellent the whole distance from Heidelberg. We encountered a heavy shower of rain on the journey, but were recompensed by a beautiful rainbow.

Heilbronn is a curious old town with queer old houses, a curious cathedral and quaint old town hall, with a still more quaint old clock, which embellishes its front with all the signs of the zodiac. The exterior of the Protestant Cathedral, is of a peculiar architecture, and is of more interest than the interior, which contains nothing worthy of notice but some rude sculpture at the altar.

The town of Heilbronn is approached by a covered wooden bridge across the Necker, and the appearance of the town, situated on the banks of the river, is somewhat pleasing. We procured apartments at the *Hotel de Faucon*, an ancient house, with a *salle-a-manger* of great dimensions, a room as large nearly, and quite as high, as that of the London Tavern, and not dissimilar in its proportions.

We were not well treated at this hotel, having to wait at least two hours beyond the time that dinner was ordered, and what was worse we had the mortification to learn that a German Baron, and his wife and children, were making free with our baron of beef.

Wednesday, July 20th.—Left Heilbronn for Ulm by the 12 o'clock train. The rail follows the winding course of the river for a considerable distance, its stream is seen flowing prettily through the hills, the sides of which are well clad with vines.

Quitting the Neckar, the rail passes through a rich country, with many towns and villages scattered about.

Reached Stuttgardt at 2 P.M. where the train remained a quarter of an hour. I was at Stuttgardt a few years ago—a nice little town, the capital of Wurtemberg, with a beautiful park and gardens attached to the Palace.

The rail continues at intervals in sight of the Neckar, and the country is extremely rich and luxuriant, with thriving towns and villages, at some of which I stopped on my former visit to this part of the Continent. The scenery is beautiful; and in the latter part of the journey, very rich, with extensive views. The rail traverses a basin surrounded by picturesque well-wooded hills, the timber reaching up to their summits.

The fineness of the day—with alternate sunshine and shadow from passing clouds, enhanced the beauty of the whole scene. There is nothing to interrupt the

view from the rail for many miles together; and the bird's-eye view is delightful. Sweeping round the head of the basin, as I have termed it, this rail enters a narrow valley at Geislingen, through which it winds a serpentine course in a remarkable manner, following the sharp windings of the valley to its head, where it finally emerges through a densely wooded and narrow pass, which reminded us strongly of the Pass of Killiecrankie, in the Highlands.

It is a wonderful engineering work, to have carried this line above the valley, and in so circuitous a course.

The scenery almost surpasses anything I remember. Every one should look out of the right-hand window, as I did, the whole distance from the commencement of this lovely scenery. A considerable gradient on this extraordinary line requires caution in the descent.

Arrived at Ulm at 6. The fortifications have been put into a state of thorough repair since I was last here, and some formidable fortresses have been erected by the Austrians.

Obtained rooms at the *Hotel de la Poste*, a large rambling old house, with a portrait of an old gentleman on the staircase, which tradition calls Gustave Adolph, King of Sweden. The Cathedral at Ulm is magnificent, inside and out. There are not many finer in Europe. It is undergoing a complete repair. The steeple, which is more than 300 feet high, and would have reached 500 if it had been finished, is very beautiful. This is now a Protestant Cathedral, but the antique carvings remain. The stalls are elaborately

carved in wood with numerous figures, and there are interesting monuments of an ancient family, the Besserers, in a chapel devoted to them, and remarkable for its windows of stained glass. Heraldic shields of numerous families hang upon the walls of the aisles, and on one side of the cathedral is a singular old wooden figure on a colt, the foal of an ass, meant to represent our Saviour, the whole mounted on a truck, which is said to have been drawn about in procession in by-gone times when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed. There is also a clever model of the cathedral.

Ulm is an ancient town, and the houses are curious, with their high pitched roofs and prominent gables, each story overhanging the other.

Thursday, July 21st.—Glorious weather. Left Ulm at 9, in a carriage, for Augsburg, travelling post. Our first post-boy was a smart young fellow, dressed in the Wurtemberg livery, a bright yellow coatee, edged with dark-blue, white leather breeches, and jack-boots, and a glazed hat with a silver band. On the left arm a bright red band with a metal badge, and a bugle slung across the shoulder, hanging down on the left side.

On crossing the Danube at Ulm we enter Bavaria, and take leave of the rich smiling country of Wurtemberg.

On changing horses we also change the livery from gamboge to sky-blue; but the dress of the Bavarian post-boy is otherwise precisely similar to that of Wurtemberg.

The country not by any means interesting. Hop and grain grow more abundantly in some parts.

Observed a stork's nest, with two birds, stuck on the very centre of the quadrangular gables of a lofty steeple. It may be said of this bird, as of the crow, that he is

“ A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch
And dormitory too.”

I remember seeing a crow's nest on the apex of one of the towers of the church at Zurich.

The road is none of the best between Ulm and Augsburg, and the country has no great attraction. Towards the latter part there are several forests, and wolves may be plentiful, as most of the horse-collars in the carts of the peasantry are decorated with their skins.

We arrived at Augsburg at 5 p.m. and got apartments at the *Drei Mohren* (three Moors), the same hotel that I occupied when here before. The young women about Augsburg, and some of the old ones too, wear splendid combs in their hair, the flat part of which is gilt.

Visited the Town-hall, a splendid building in the interior, but not remarkable outside. The halls are very grand: the lower hall has a fine ceiling, supported by columns of marble, from Salzburg, the capitals and pedestals in bronze. Around this hall are busts in bronze of the Roman Emperors, and at the further end is a bronze eagle of considerable size.

The upper hall is a magnificent lofty apartment, with a handsome ceiling, and with paintings in the panels.

The ceilings of all the apartments in the Town-hall are remarkably fine, generally of oak and cedar, with ash and fir intermixed. There are also some handsome stoves, which are said to be of pottery.

The Cathedral church of St. Ulric and Afra is a fine building. When I was here in 1840, I saw the body of St. Afra, which is only shewn once a year (the 7th of August), upon which day I happened to be at Augsburg. There is nothing remarkable in this church, except a massive bronze crucifix, the figures around which are certainly beautiful.

Passing the cathedral of St. Marie, we found it thronged with people, at vespers; and the music, with many hundred voices, was grand and impressive.

The principal street at Augsburg is the Maximilian Strasse, which is a noble street, with three handsome bronze fountains in different parts.

Opposite the Arsenal are some fine brass cannon, of ancient date.

There are several large cotton and linen manufactories at Augsburg, in one of which alone six hundred people are employed. This is market-day, and the town is filled with the peasantry in their costumes, which gives it a lively appearance.

Friday, July 22nd.—Visited the Museum, where there is a good collection of pictures, some by Holbein, Titian, &c. The gallery is lofty, and well adapted for

the purpose. Went also to the Cathedral (which was thronged with people on account of the visit of the Bishop, who comes, I am told, every seven years),—and to the Arsenal, which is kept clean and neat. There are some curious old weapons in the armoury, and many flags captured from the Austrians. Over the door is a fine bronze group representing the angel, St. Michael, driving out the devil. We likewise visited the almshouses founded by the family of the Fuggers (which Murray truly observes are not worth visiting), thence to the large waterworks, which, by means of wheels, turned by a stream from the river, pump water up to the houses in the town. From the top of one of the towers a good view of Augsburg and of the surrounding country is obtained. There are some pretty little jets-d'eau to amuse one in the Court-yard.

I sent for Lucas Pillar, my guide in 1840, a fine old man near 80: he was in De Winter's ship at Camperdown, in 1797, was taken prisoner, and afterwards served in the 60th Rifles, from which he was pensioned in 1819—a native of Augsburg. We were shewn by him the saloon of the *Drie Mohren*, which has a beautiful cedar ceiling. Every one should ask to look at this apartment.

The fortifications of Augsburg are laid out in pleasure walks. Peace within her walls.

Started by 1 P.M. express for Munich. Intensely hot to-day. At a station called Althegenberg, surrounded by many clumps of fir-trees, I heard a fine echo, which pierced sharply through the woods, as the shrill whistle was given from the engine. These

forests of fir are the principal feature of the country for many miles, and cover the extensive plain through which the rail passes. The intermediate open spaces are cultivated in parts, the rest supplies turf. A single line of rail for some distance conducts into Munich, the capital of Bavaria, situated on a level plain on the river Iser, where we arrived at 3 P.M. The Railway station is rich and handsome. Obtained apartments at the *Hotel Bayerescher Hof*, a fine establishment.

Drove about the town through the Ludwig Strasse—a noble street: at one end is a fine archway, surmounted by a bronze group, representing a female figure in a chariot, with four lions, dedicated to the Bavarian army; at the other the Temple of Marshals. In this street stands the Ludwig Church, which is very handsome, and is decorated in the arabesque style, like the Temple Church. To the uninitiated, this will, perhaps, convey a good notion of the general style of the churches and buildings of Munich. It is scarcely suitable for a sacred edifice, having too much gold and glitter, and nothing else to relieve the eye. The Church of the Theatines is remarkable only for a fine dome. The interior is full of stucco-work, which has a paltry look. Thence to the Basilica, the interior of which is elaborately worked in blue and gold and other colours, with many fine columns of a greyish marble. The capitals and lower part of the columns resting on the pedestals are of white marble, exquisitely wrought. This is one of the most gorgeous edifices I know of, and the effect, on first entering, is

striking and novel. The rafters of the roof of this church are also elaborately finished in the arabesque style. It consists of a centre and two aisles—each divided by a row of columns, four in all. The arabesque work round the arches is chaste and beautiful. Between each arch is a portrait of a Pope, and above are fresco paintings. We also visited the colossal statue, Bavaria, which stands in front of a temple of Fame, a magnificent work of art, representing a female with a wreath of peace in her left hand, which is extended upwards, while the right droops with the sword, and a lion couchant by her side. It is a grand statue.

Took a look at the exterior of the Glyptothek and Pinakothek (in homely words the Sculpture and Picture Gallery) which we purpose visiting. Opposite the Pinakothek there is another picture gallery in progress with frescoes round the exterior walls, the best specimen of the modern art I have seen. One facade of the new Pinakothek is in compartments representing the King encouraging the Arts, and the story is well carried out. This Gallery is intended for works of modern artists, of all nations. Opposite the Glyptothek is a similar building, for the exposition which occurs every three years. We went in to look at an historical picture now on view, painted by Louis Gallait in 1851, and sent from Brussels. It is one of the finest modern paintings I know of, and would attract as much notice on the walls of our Academy as it has done at Paris and Brussels. The subject is not however pleasing. It represents the "Great Shooting

Guild of Brussels paying the last honours to the Counts Egmont and Horn," (who were beheaded at that place by the Duke d'Alba under the orders of Philip II. of Spain, A.D. 1568.) In the foreground the bodies of the two Counts lie stretched on the funeral bier covered with a black velvet pall, which forms a strong contrast to the white blood-stained sheets. On the other side stand two insolent looking Spanish warriors, and at the foot the members of the Shooting Guild, grieving over the bodies. The scene is supposed to be in the convent of Franciscans, to which the bodies were removed from the place of execution.

Saturday, July 23rd.—To the Glyptothek (or sculpture gallery) a superbly decorated edifice with fine sculpture within, ancient and modern, chiefly the former. Of the latter the most remarkable specimens are those by Canova and Thorwalsden. The floors of the several halls are inlaid with marble from the quarries of Bavaria, and are very beautiful and of great variety. The several ceilings are elaborately worked in gold and painted in divers colours, and in some of the halls are some fine frescoes. The whole is superb and admirably arranged.

We next proceeded to the Bibliothéque where there are 76 rooms and 700,000 volumes, (about 20 miles of shelf!) many curious and interesting old manuscripts and missals, some of which are richly illuminated. The grand staircase of the Bibliothéque, with its gorgeous roof supported by highly polished marble columns, is superb.

Hence we went to the establishment where the stained glass is prepared, and which belongs to the Government, but were only permitted to see some few specimens,—they certainly were beautiful. Our next visit was to the studio of Professor Kaulbach, who is now employed at Berlin upon the frescoes in that city. Here we saw a large allegorical picture in oil colours, representing the Fall of Jerusalem, finely painted. It is intended to place this picture in the building now preparing opposite the Pinakothek.

There were other paintings of Professor Kaulbach in his studio, and among them a portrait of Lola Montes. A visit to the church of St. Maria Hilf in the suburbs, a beautiful building, with stained glass lancet-windows throughout, completed our morning's drive. When I was last here only a few of the windows were completed. The columns of this church are fine. The exterior is handsome but not imposing. In the afternoon we visited the Palace. It took up two whole hours, as there is much to see, and the person who shewed us over the apartments was elaborate in his descriptions, fortunate perhaps that he was so, as a longer time was employed in looking at the various frescoes which adorn the wall, some of which are good specimens of this style of art—a style with which I am not myself much captivated. The ceilings of the apartments are beautiful. The throne room, and ball room are striking, both very grand. The former has on either side six splendid statues in bronze. There is also a room with paintings of various battles. Two of these

(fought in the Tyrol) I thought the most interesting. As works of art, however, they are not remarkable.

In some of the smaller rooms are various female portraits, all beauties of course, or supposed to be so, but two or three beyond all question beautiful, among the latter Lola Montes, unless indeed the artist may have somewhat flattered her. The several floors of the apartments in the palace are prettily inlaid.

In the evening the bands of two regiments played for an hour (from 6 to 7) in the English Garden. A thunderstorm with a heavy shower of rain had damped the grounds, but not the ardour of several pedestrians. There were however but few equestrians, and not many carriages. These gardens are extensive and contain agreeable walks, well shaded with trees, some of which are of fine growth.

With all the beauty, grandeur, and attraction of Munich, one cannot but feel that it is, as it were, all of *to-day*, and there is a dulness about it too; but at the same time it is impossible not to admire the energy and grandeur of conception of the mind of the one man who has accomplished so much—Lewis, the ex-King of Bavaria, surpassed only by Napoleon in the vastness of his ideas.

Sunday, July 24th.—We have been fortunate in having a few showers to lay the dust, which would otherwise be intolerable. Munich being built upon a sandy plain, in dry weather, with wind, it must be intolerable.

We went to the Cathedral, which is not remarkable,

except perhaps for some old stained glass in the lower part of the windows. It was full of people, at high mass, and the music was good. Thence to the Basilica, where the music was also good. To service in our own church.

Near the English Church, in the centre of a square, is a beautiful bronze equestrian statue of Maximilian the First, which stands on a fine pedestal.

St. Michael's is a spacious church, with a fine monument by Thorwalsden.

In the afternoon, I walked to the English Gardens, passing through the Hof Garden, which reminded me of the Palais Royale. On two sides of the quadrangle are colonnades, with frescoes.

In one of these colonnades is a large suite of rooms, consisting of eight, opening one into the other, containing a museum of antiquities, models of ancient buildings, temples at Rome and elsewhere, a large collection of Chinese articles, &c. A visit to this Museum well repaid us.

In the evening we drove entirely round the English Gardens, and through different parts of them. It is a charming spot, and the walks and drives are delightful, all well shaded. A large concourse of people were walking there; few in carriages. Although intensely hot all day, the sun shining unclouded, it did not keep the folks in-doors; all Munich appeared to be on the move, regardless of the heat.

In the suburbs through which we drove there were large numbers of people in the Tea Gardens, dancing

and regaling themselves. We returned through the beautiful gateway, surmounted by the fair Bavaria and her four lions, and drove through the Ludwig Strasse, which from this approach has a grand appearance. On each side, shortly after passing through the gate, is a handsome fountain. The Ludwig Church, and Bibliothéque, on the left, cannot fail to attract the attention of a stranger,—nor indeed can any of the buildings on either side of this noble street.

The English Garden lies to the left of this as so approached. We crossed the Iser into the suburbs. Although still “rolling rapidly,” the bed of the river was perfectly dry in some parts: yet it is a fine stream even now, and when swollen the rush of waters must be grand. By crossing the river, a good view is obtained of the distant mountains of the Tyrol, in the heart of which I long to be again, never being so pleased as when amidst the wildest scenes of nature, and never so well, as when inhaling the mountain air, and scaling their lofty heights.

Monday, July 25th.—Took a stroll before breakfast, and looked at the bronze statue in the Theatre Square by Professor Rauch. It represents Maximilian Joseph. He is seated in an attitude of great composure. Four lions guard the corners of the pedestal. This statue is not, in my opinion, either in design or execution so happy as the generality of his works, yet many admire it. Visited the King’s Chapel, at the old palace, which is extremely rich, but, with its subdued light, not too much so, although one blaze of gold.



It has been compared to St. Mark's, at Venice, in its style. As we entered through a narrow passage, and came suddenly into the chapel, the effect was imposing, and it was rendered more so by some dozen of the King's guard (a fine body of men) in their handsome uniforms of light blue and silver, with helmets like those of our Life Guards, and large leather boots. They were standing at their prayers, in the chapel. The old palace is a plain building. In the courtyard is an antique fountain with many bronze figures around it. The exterior of the chapel at the further end is neat.

Hence to the Pinakothek, a noted picture gallery filled with many beautiful and valuable pictures by all the old masters. The whole arrangement of the rooms is admirable, opening one into another, and lighted from the top, with a suite of side rooms, running through the entire length of the gallery, in which are all the smaller pictures. There is also a fine corridor which (by paying a few kreuzers) we were permitted to see, and an exquisite collection of paintings in porcelain of great beauty in execution. These are all to be removed to the new building now in progress—*vis-a-vis* to the Pinakothek. The porter at the Pinakothek, by the bye, is a giant among men. He stands seven feet high.

Visited the Marble Sculptures now preparing, as I understand, for exhibition, opposite the Glyptothek, and which are superb; they are from the designs of the late Schwanthaler. The material is of the purest description, and is obtained from the Tyrol. The model

of the colossal head of the statue of Bavaria is in this studio, and in size resembles the Egyptian head at the British Museum. Her *little* finger is also shewn, and is of goodly proportions.

In the afternoon we drove to the Gardens of Nymphenburg, a small palace some three or four miles out of town. They are extensive and prettily laid out with walks. There are also two fine jets-d'eau, (one outside the grounds) which we had the good luck to see playing some seventy or eighty feet into the air, with the sun shining brilliantly upon the water. I amused myself by obtaining a rainbow on the spray by placing myself in a position for it.

On our way home we visited the Cemetery. It is well kept and is filled with many stone monuments of various devices, but chiefly with emblems of the cross, all neatly sculptured. Flowers were growing in profusion over the greater part of the graves.

On leaving the Cemetery a dense cloud came up from the southward, which indicated an approaching storm, but it passed over with a coup-de-vent, which raised the dust in a cloud such as is only seen in the desert. At Fleetwood I remember the sand flying about in great volumes, but this was if possible worse. The breeze, however, moderated the excessive heat which we had before experienced.

The weather in these parts appears very variable. At one moment not a cloud is to be seen, and the sun shines with intense heat: in less than half an hour, heavy clouds gather fast around, sweeping down from

the chain of Alps, and effectually obscuring their clear unbroken outline, which but a short time before one may have been admiring against an azure sky, as was the case on the present occasion.

Tuesday, July 26th.—Rain at night.—Up at 5, and at 6, took a stroll. Started at 8, travelling post with three horses. The first part of the road was flat and dull enough, and was not enlivened by the driving of the postillions, who trotted their horses in the most provokingly imperturbable jog imaginable, both horses and drivers having apparently arrived at a mutual understanding to get over the ground with the least possible fatigue to themselves. The last two stages to Landshut were more interesting, the country becoming hilly, well cultivated, and wooded. It was a relief to get out of the jog and to walk up some of the hills, and gather the wild flowers which were in great profusion, particularly the lotus, salvia, convolvulus, blue bells, wild pinks, and wild thyme, which latter was in great abundance, yielding a most aromatic scent. The reapers were in the field, beginning to cut the corn.

The road follows the course of the Iser, and crosses the river near Landshut. The water is at present low, and the pebbly bed of the river is exposed in large patches. In the main channel it was still flowing rapidly.

Landshut is an uninteresting dull old town; but its situation, or rather its appearance on approaching, is highly picturesque; an old chateau perched on a hill rising abruptly above the town, the spire of the Cathedral

towering to the prodigious height of 450 feet, (the highest in the world next to Strasburg, which is 474 feet), and the river sweeping round. These are the principal features of Landshut:—The spire of the Cathedral is of red brick, and although the architecture is not striking, it is a well planned substantially built steeple. The interior of the building has no attraction. We arrived at Landshut at 3, and as there is no other place on the road to pass the night, remained there. I amused myself by walking to the point of the road whence the view of the town is most picturesque, and making a sketch in water colours. In so doing I made a discovery while dipping my brush in a puddle, that the light-coloured clay was a better wash of colour for buildings than any in my paint-box. We were housed at the “*Gasthof zum Kronprinzen von Bayern.*”

Wednesday, July 27th.—At 6 A.M. ascended the steeple, and from the summit enjoyed a fine panorama, the Alps rising in the distance. It is of easy ascent. Everything below looked Lilliputian—houses, carts, &c. and particularly a detachment of Dragoons, just like toys. I went up into the highest pinnacle, which is ascended by two long ladders: they are nearly perpendicular—nothing, however, is gained by going up this additional height—but the chance of breaking one’s neck.

Started at 8 A.M. and reached Ratisbon at 1½ P.M. Our drivers and horses were an improvement on those of yesterday. The postillions were smart fellows with nodding plumes of white and blue feathers, which upon

more than one occasion were jolted out of their hats, and but for our vigilance would have been left upon the road. The horses were ordered before hand, and we generally found them ready on arrival at each station. The Bavarian post livery, of light blue and silver, with white leather breeches and jack boots, is neat and appropriate, and the light coloured plume (white and blue) is very handsome. All carry the bugle, and one favoured us with a tune. The country is undulating and picturesque, and is well cultivated, with quantities of timber (chiefly fir trees) on the heights.

On approaching within about ten or twelve miles, from the top of the hill, the Walhalla is first seen, and certainly presents an imposing appearance—more so with the sun shining full upon the building as we saw it, the weather being brilliant, but intensely hot.

Obtained rooms at the *Gasthof zur den drei Helmen*, which being interpreted, means, the Hotel of the three Helmets; engaged a carriage, and drove to the Walhalla, about an hour's drive. The site selected is very grand. This noble edifice stands on the side of a hill, which, projecting from the main ridge, rises boldly above the Danube, and overlooks a vast extent of country. The temple itself is in my opinion the finest building for the object for which it was designed, that could possibly be planned. It could not well be otherwise, being almost a facsimile of the Parthenon. It is in the highest good taste, and there can probably be but one opinion on the merits of its exterior, though some may differ as to the interior decoration: yet all must

agree that it is exceedingly handsome, and that the proportions of the hall are very fine.

There are numerous busts, some of which are good, but I was more pleased with the six angels by Professor Rauch than with anything else in the interior. The second angel on the left of the hall is the most *angelic* statue I have ever seen. The hall is almost entirely of marble, and visitors are obliged to put on huge slippers, (as they are sometimes made to do in palaces with polished floors.) This highly polished marble, which they wish to preserve from being scratched, is quite out of place. The Walhalla is intended no doubt to be a place of resort for all the world. Every one within reach of it is expected to visit it, and in doing so he ought not to be compelled, in order to admire the busts of the great, to push along in gouty slippers, which are amazing encumbrances to all who have the good fortune *not* to be gouty. The Caryatides in the interior are emblematical, I presume, of Bavaria. They are all alike, fourteen in number, and have a good effect. The painting and gilding is in good taste, and is not overdone, but I should have preferred sculptured marble, of divers sorts. Every one, however, must agree that the Walhalla, "take it for all in all," is as grandly conceived and well executed a design as was ever carried out in modern times, and that it does infinite honour to the great man who planned it, whose vast ideas cannot fail to be the wonder and admiration of every enlightened mind. Lewis, ex-king of Bavaria, stands foremost among the sovereigns of Europe in his liberal patronage of the

Arts. The country may perhaps complain of the expenses he has incurred, but has he not been the means of bringing more wealth into the coffers, than he has extracted? I believe he has: for one person who formerly visited Munich, thousands now resort thither, and remain there a few days at least, and will continue to do so for ages to come.

At Ratisbon there are several fresco paintings on the outside walls of the houses, one of which, David and Goliah, is conspicuous enough.

Thursday, July 28th.—At 7 A.M. I ascended to the top of the Cathedral by the “Asses Tower.” It is an easy ascent, up an inclined plain, circling round a pillar, reminding me of the round tower of the Trinity Church at Copenhagen, which is of a similar ascent, and up which it is said the Czar Peter drove a carriage and four easy enough—“*sed revocare gradum*”? One might certainly easily ride a pony half way up this tower where the steps commence. There is a walk round the cathedral, outside the roof, just as at Milan, and a fine panorama is obtained from one or two points.

The Cathedral is of great antiquity and the exterior front is rich and beautiful. The interior, though not so large as some, is as striking as most of the cathedrals in Europe. The gothic arches are fine. There is some good old stained glass in the window, and some modern. We were permitted to see a collection of old mitres and croziers, and other church relics, which are interesting.

The Abbey of St. Emmeran is a curious old building,

occupying a large space of ground, with three separate churches. There is not much to arrest a stranger wholly uninterested in this saint, whose relics are carefully preserved in a gorgeous silver sarcophagus, which we were shewn in a place which reminds one of "behind the scenes," at Astley's, inasmuch as it is filled with all manner of tinsel and tawdry rather the worse for wear, in the shape of antique chairs, bespangled canopies, garments of gold and silver, none of the newest; old candlesticks, croziers, artificial flowers, wax-dolls, &c. a strange medley, an *omnium gatherum*, such as is only to be seen in the rear of a stage.

This morning at the cathedral some half dozen bells were suspended to a beam, and the bishop in all his canonicals, was going through the ceremony of consecration, in which there was much 'mysterious action. This is an ancient usage. In the last number of the Quarterly Review (No. 190.) in an interesting article on Church Bells, we read, that the bell having been cast, the next step, in old times, was to name it, and in this the ecclesiastics followed all the ceremonies employed in the christening of children. It was carried to the font; it had godfathers and godmothers; was sprinkled with water, was anointed, and finally covered with the white garment, or chrisom, which in the Roman Catholic Ritual, is put upon infants at the conclusion of the rite, as an emblem of innocence.

The Rathhaus is an interesting old building; there are few more so in any town. We visited the dungeons,

and saw the instruments of torture. The dungeons are worse, if possible, than those we saw last year at Venice.

The stables of Prince Taxis are well kept, and there are some good horses in his stud: the riding-house is also good: they are worth a visit. The public are allowed to inspect his gallery of pictures, which, though small, is a charming collection of modern paintings. I thought some of them were first-rate productions; two painted by B. Adams (an artist of whom I confess I had no previous knowledge) are scarcely inferior to some of Landseer's best. One represents two wild boars, and the other a hound. They are both admirably painted. We also went to the Mausoleum, or private burial place of the family, a modern chapel, approached by ancient cloisters of great beauty. The tombs are seen through a grating in a vault beneath the chapel. There is in this chapel a pleasing statue of our Saviour. The Scotch Church at Ratisbon is only to be noticed for its ancient porch.

Visited a porcelain manufactory where we saw some good specimens, but nothing remarkable, and in the afternoon drove to Schloss Prufening, an old chateau in the neighbourhood of Ratisbon, from the garden of which a beautiful view is obtained of the town. It is about an hour's drive, and appears to be a favourite resort of the people, as we found several parties walking in the direction. There are no fortifications at Ratisbon: pleasant shady walks, with fine acacia trees and limes, supply their place. The river might for a time be defended from the houses, which

are close upon it, and which the troops might occupy upon an emergency. A remarkable old bridge crosses the Danube, which is here joined by the Regen, just below the town. The junction of these two rivers reminded me of the junction of the Teviot and Tweed. Ratisbon is often called Regensburg,—taking that name from the river Regen.

Friday, July 29th.—Rose at 4 A.M. (morning watch). Sleep for some nights has been hopeless. The church clocks and bells are loud and incessant; the heat too is excessive. A fine view of Ratisbon is gained on reaching the top of the first hill about five miles.

We soon came upon the Danube, at a spot where the river takes a grand sweep, and where—

“ There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress—”

but not like those in Ireland. The road follows close by the river side, and the drive is delightful.

Approaching Saal, on the first stage, we pass two sculptured lions of large size, which appear to be guarding the Danube. An inscription is cut in a rock, which informs the traveller when the road was made.

At Saal we take leave of the river, and the country through which we now pass is richly cultivated. The crops were backward, and scarcely any cut—none carried.

Hops are plentifully grown, and the plantations are fine and are carefully cultivated. The road passes through an extensive forest of firs, which could not fail to remind me of the almost interminable forests I have passed through in Sweden.

A few oaks are growing amongst these plantations, and on either side of the road the mountain-ash has been recently planted, the bright green of which contrasts prettily with the sombre forest. At Kaiserfelt we emerged from the forest, and the country opens out, though it is still thickly wooded in parts.

The mode of stacking the corn in these parts is ingenious. Ten or twelve bundles are placed together in a slanting position, the heads upwards and together; and one bundle tightly tied up, is spread out and placed at the top, so as to cover the rest, forming a complete thatch to them, which throws off the wet; and as the heads of this outer bundle are quite off the ground, and droop inward, very little wet can get to them.

Arrived, at 4 P.M., at Pfaffenhofen, where we remained for the night, at the *Gasthaus zum Poste*, an excellent hotel.

Although the pasturage is rich in many parts, few cattle are seen, and only occasionally in herds of no great extent; no groups in the meadows, as in our own country. We took a pleasant walk before dinner to an adjoining village, and were caught in a smart shower which we did not anticipate—like many other things—which “overtake us like a summer’s cloud.”

Pfaffenhofen is a neat, clean, primitive little town, or village, situated quite in the heart of Bavaria. It has a fine broad street, with quaint gable fronts.

It is some pleasure, in these rail-road times, to

get into such quarters, far away from the bustle and noise of populous parts, and to find oneself so entirely rusticated. In our walk we enjoyed the beautiful variety of wild flowers, and the no less beautiful dragon-flies, which were flitting in great numbers among the reeds and bushes, overhanging a running brook.

To-day the weather has become much cooler. In the morning we had one or two smart showers. For several days past the heat has been great, both by day and by night. We found the three horses and the postillion ("*en grand tenue*") always waiting in readiness, having been ordered the previous day, and we kept our time. The posting in these parts is well conducted, and is creditable to the Government, the men are sober and steady, and the horses good. In driving tandem fashion, the leader, of course, is somewhat apt, out of idle curiosity, to put his head round the wrong way, which some of them did not omit to do, and nearly all did so at first starting.

Saturday, July 30th.—The watchman proclaimed the hours of the night with a sort of a chaunt, which called vividly to my recollection the Norwegian watchmen at Trondhjem (Drontheim.)

Ho! the watchman, ho!
 The clock has struck ten;
 Praised be God our Lord!
 Now it is time to go to bed.
 The housewife and her maid,
 The master as well as his lad.
 The wind is south-east,
 Hallelujah! Praised be God our Lord.

I had the curiosity to inquire what the watchman at Pfaffenhofen said, and the following were the words :

Meine lieben Herrn und Frauen lässt euch sagen
 Der Hamer und Usr hat (11 Uhr), geschlagen
 Gebt sein acht auf Feuer und Licht,
 Damis heut Nacht kein Unglück geschicht.

My dear gentlemen and ladies, allow me to tell you,
 The clock has just struck eleven.
 Take care of fire and light,
 That no accident may happen to-night.

This at every hour. I have not heard a watchman since I was at Trondhjem, some years since, and the only watchmen of my previous acquaintance were our own *Charlies* of bye-gone days, of whom I have a slight remembrance. I like this old custom of calling the hours at night, which may be traced back even to Scripture history—“ Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?”

Started at 8 A.M. from Pfaffenhofen for Munich. The roads excellent, but hilly, a constant succession of rising ground from Pfaffenhofen, Munich standing high above the level of the sea.

A long stage to Unterbruck, where the road crosses a fine flowing river, the Ammer, emerging from the forest, a tributary of the Iser, which is itself a tributary of the Danube.

On approaching Munich, a good view is obtained of the city and of the distant Alps. For some five or six miles the country is a dead level plain, with a scanty

short cut frock, similar to the Austrians and Prussians, and small neat helmets of glazed leather, ornamented with brass. They are generally dressed in blue, of various shades, that being apparently the favourite national colour. I noticed on two occasions that the sentry on duty at the obelisk, had placed his knapsack on the pedestal, which appeared to me an unsoldier-like proceeding. It may have been by permission, on account of the heat which prevailed. As we shall soon quit Bavaria, I may notice here the paucity of mendicants. In Munich not one is to be seen. Possibly the police, who are stationed in the streets, in a green uniform, and with muskets and fixed bayonets, prevent people from begging, at the point of the bayonet ; but there are no police in the several villages through which we passed. The only persons seeking aid were a few of the young German students, who are compelled to travel, are grateful for the smallest sum, and are generally deserving of relief.

Monday, August 1st.—Up at 5 A.M. and at 6, took my usual walk ; the air was delightful, and the freshness the certain forerunner of a hot day. It was like the mountain breeze, and was very invigorating after a restless night, which generally falls to my lot when travelling, and others I presume must also be kept awake by the incessant noises that one meets with in towns : the heat of the weather, &c.

We started from Munich at 8 A.M., travelling post, in a carriage we had hired for our journey. The first stage is over the same sort of country, with little growing in

the scanty soil but oats and potatoes. The soil, however, suits the fir forests ; in some of these there is fine grown timber. The view of the Tyrolean Alps, with here and there a summit capped with snow, is very beautiful as we approach them. After the second stage, our advance towards the Tyrol was marked by the character of the houses, with their projecting roofs and galleries, on which are placed sledges for winter use. The paintings on the walls of the houses are characteristic of the Tyrol ; and the Tyrolese hat is generally worn, those of the women being ornamented with flowers. The crosses by the road side, and the paintings of accidents by upsetting of carts are more numerous. The plan of recording these accidents is as common in Bavaria as in Tyrol.

The view of the Alps, on nearer approach, is most beautiful, and also the first peep of the Tegernsee, by the side of which the road passes to the village of that name, at its head. The sun has been shining in all its splendour the whole day, and not a cloud upon the mountain tops. Shining immediately over the lake,

“ Both current and ripple were dancing in light,”

—the slightly agitated surface, twinkling like the stars in the firmament. The Tegernsee is a picturesque little lake, its sides well clothed with fir-trees, to the summits of the hills. At the head of the lake are several pretty summer residences. The road now passes through scenery which reminds one of the Trosachs, the bold precipitous crags being bristled with fir-trees in a similar

manner. It leads to the baths of Kreuth where there is a mineral spring much resorted to. The number of persons now at the baths is stated at 200, chiefly Bavarians. The spring issues from the side of a hill, close to the baths. It is a cold spring, and the water tastes something similar to that at Tunbridge Wells. I do not know its peculiar properties. The situation of these baths is beautiful, and the walks about must be enchanting.

Proceeding on our journey, we cross a bridge over a small stream, which divides Bavaria from Austrian Tyrol, and shortly after reach the barrier, where the passport is viséd, and the baggage examined. We were detained but a short time, and the least possible trouble was occasioned to us. The beauty of the scenery increases and becomes more grand as we advance, following the clear river which issues from the Achensee, and rushes impetuously down its rocky bed to join the Iser, the road being carried at a considerable elevation above it.

I noticed several large smouldering stacks of charcoal, preparing for winter consumption in the stoves, and most of the cottages have quantities of wood stacked against the sides. There is certainly no lack of timber in these parts.

At 5½ P.M. we arrived at the village of Achenthal and procured rooms at the Post station. The situation of this village, in a secluded valley, through which the river flows, is charming—the mountains rising boldly on all sides, though as yet of no great elevation, immediately above the valley.

In the little churchyard of the place, where

“ In many a mouldering heap
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,”

it is pleasing to observe the neatness and care taken of every grave. They are as thick as they can cluster, but each has its little cross and ornamental work about it. Against the church is a humble but well conceived monument, painted in wood, to the memory of some Tyrolese who fell in battle. The arrangement of the banners and weapons which surround the figure of Justice, would do credit to any military trophy or monument. The sun-dial outside the church is singular,—a figure of our Saviour, with a hand and spear piercing his body, which forms the gnomon of the dial. The church itself is filled with all manner of images and holy banners, as in most churches in Tyrol.

August 2nd, 6 A.M.—The cattle all going up to the pasturage on the mountain sides, cows, sheep, and goats. The tinkling of the bells sounding very pleasant. Greatly enjoyed my early morning walk in the fresh air of the mountain.

“ O there is pleasure in the mountain air
And health.”

Started at 8 A.M. for Innspruck. The road follows the river, and shortly comes upon the Achensee, a beautiful lake, along the side of which the road is carried its entire length. The water was without ripple, and the reflection of the mountains as clear as if seen in a mirror,

reminding me of the fiords in Norway, where the precipitous sides of the mountains are occasionally so vividly reflected that it is almost impossible to trace the water-line. The Achensee is evidently very deep, and some parts of the road are cut in the precipitous side of the mountain, close above the lake; the road is extremely narrow in these parts, and to meet a carriage coming in the opposite direction would be awkward. Observed the *Alpen Rosen* in abundance, and numerous wild flowers.

Our postillion was a smart, good looking young fellow, in the neat dress of the Austrian post livery. He carried a key bugle and played some pleasing airs with taste and skill.

On leaving Achensee, which is at a considerable elevation above the sea, the road has a continuous descent, and is very steep, to the valley of the Inn, rendering the locking of the wheel a highly necessary precaution. The scenery is of the finest character, the mountains rising grandly in all directions. On entering the valley of the Inn, with the river flowing through, Schwaz is distinctly seen, and the mountains which close the view looking up the valley (capped with snow), at the foot of which is Innspruck. On crossing the valley towards Schwaz a good view is obtained, and particularly from the bridge at this place. We now join the road we traversed last year to Salzburg.

Proceeding to Innspruck we had the opportunity of seeing the mountain tops, which were on that occasion enveloped in clouds, now entirely free, with the sun

shining bright upon them. They are of the grandest form, and present as fine a serrated ridge as can be seen any where. The precipitous sides are entirely denuded, whilst the base of the mountains is clothed with the richest verdure.

The heat in the valley has been intense all day.

The river is recrossed at Volders, and the road follows the left bank of the Inn through Hall to Innsbruck, which is approached over a neat suspension bridge, the town lying on the right bank of the river. Arrived at the *Hotel d'Autriche* at 2 P.M. It has been broiling hot all the forenoon, and this is more tantalising to us as the snow lies smiling in patches in the ravines, and on the tops of some of the mountains.

August 3rd.—A heavy thunderstorm last night and some rain has cooled the air this morning. The peals of thunder reverberating through the mountains sounded most sublime, and the flashes of lightning were unusually vivid.

The religious feeling of the Tyrolese peasantry has always been to me a subject of admiration. I find the church quite full at an early hour in the morning and all attentive. Last night, opposite our hotel, there were benches in front of the column of the Holy Virgin (as I presume it to be) and many persons were kneeling and repeating responses to the prayers. There could be no doubt as to their sincerity and deep feeling of religion, which, however we may differ from them, it is impossible not to respect.

Started at 8 A.M. to cross the Brenner, the weather beautifully clear, and a most glorious view from the ascent of the Schönberg (which is well named), for it is indeed a beautiful mountain. Last year it was too misty to see it, but now we have witnessed it to perfection, not a cloud to intercept the view of one of the grandest scenes in nature.

At Stein, a small village beyond Steinach, they are busy repairing some of the houses which were destroyed by fire, some five or six months ago, when the church, and nearly the whole village was burned to the ground. It seems to have been a calamitous affair. From Steinach a good view of the Brenner is obtained.

We went no further than to Sterzing to-day, which place we reached about 3 P.M. Our leader for the last stage has been troublesome, constantly turning round, which, in a mountain pass, is not agreeable. This is the chief objection to three horses.

Sterzing is a curious old town, with old houses,—on one of which,—the first of a projecting row, under which is an arcade, I observed the date, 1524. The little town is surrounded by mountains on all sides, and stands high above the level of the sea. A good idea of the position of Sterzing is obtained by crossing the bridge, and walking on the opposite side of the river, where the view is pleasing.

We obtained rooms at the Post station, from the balcony of which, at the end of an all but interminable

passage, there is a pretty view. Another thunderstorm, with rain, in the evening.

August 4th.—Started at 8 A.M. A great part of the valley is inundated. The tops of the mountains, which close the view at the head of the valley, are covered with fresh fallen snow. The fine fresh air of the morning, wafted over the snow-clad summits, is delightful after the heat we have endured.

At the splendid fortress of Franzenstein, our road leaves the Brenner Pass, and turning to the left, enters the Pusterthal. The view of this grand fortress, towering over a deep cleft in the rocks, and of the valley through which the Eisach flows, is one of the noblest that can be imagined.

We now come upon the river Rienz, and follow its course through lovely scenery, the summits of the hills clothed with verdure. Spanish chesnuts, walnuts, and vines are growing luxuriantly, and more abundant crops in the valley.

At Untening the scenery undergoes a change; the mountains gradually losing their grandeur, and sloping off into fir-clad hills, on either side the narrow valley through which the Rienz flows. Though all the grandeur has disappeared—there is yet much to admire in the softer scenery as we pass up by the river side. I have seldom seen anything, to equal the variety and beauty of the butterflies in this locality: ranging from the darkest velvet colour to the brightest blue, and of all sizes—the wings being generally exquisitely marked.

The first view of the fertile valley, in which lies Bru-necken, is striking ; and a range of mountains, whose sides are richly cultivated, and well clad with firs, and whose lofty and jagged summits are capped with snow, is extremely beautiful.

We encountered a heavy thunderstorm, and the rain fell in torrents, soon changing the colour of the river to a thick umber brown, such as I have not often seen, and all the white foam was converted to the same turbid colour. The road is exceedingly well constructed, and is carried round the sides of the hills above the valley. At 4 we arrived at Niederndorf.

Niederndorf is a small hamlet, consisting of a few houses. The only remarkable features in the surrounding scenery were some extraordinary crags, and the summit of a neighbouring mountain, jagged in every possible form, reminding me, on a larger scale perhaps, of Helm Crag, among the Westmoreland hills, which has been compared to all manner of things.

August 5th.—Both yesterday and this morning, in my early walk, I met large herds of goats going up into the mountains at day-spring. The tinkling of their little bells is pleasing to the ear, fit music for the mountains, as it breaks the solemn stillness of all else round. Often have I listened with delight to the tinkling music of the cattle in the sceters of Norway, far above the valleys, where they remain for the summer pasturage.

In the Tyrol the cattle are generally driven home at night, and sent up in the morning, but in Norway the

pasturage is at such an elevation (three or four thousand feet,) that it is necessary to leave the cattle and attendants at the Sœters.

By striking across the valley, in the direction of the remarkable crag alluded to, a good view is obtained of Niederndorf, the church of which forms a fine object and stands conspicuous above the village. The whole panorama is beautiful. Rifle shooting is one of the great amusements of the peasantry, and most of them are first-rate shots. Sometimes a stone sentry-box is built near the target for the umpire.

Started at 8, and leaving the valley in which Niederndorf lies, entered upon the Pass of Ampezzo. Shortly after commencing the ascent the road passes by a small lake,

“ Whose gloomy shore,

I'll warrant—

“ Skylark never warbled o'er.”

The mountains with their jagged summits rise majestically on either side of the Pass, to a considerable height; in some parts with their mural precipices entirely denuded, towering perpendicularly over the Pass, and in others thickly covered with fir trees sloping down into the ravine, through which a beautiful clear stream rolls over its rocky bed. The road is admirably constructed, and the whole scene is wild and romantic. Many a projecting rock may be seen on which Manfred might be pictured to the imagination. We changed horses at Landro, which is shut in by the mountains, on one of which a fine glacier is seen to glisten, well

named *krystallen*, sparkling as it does clear as crystal, and free from moraines. This glacier is accessible both from Landro and from Cortina, and is not unfrequently visited. At this elevation the mountain air was keen and fresh. There is a lake, or correctly speaking a tarn, at this spot, which, with a fine mountain rising above it and with the surrounding glaciers, forms as grand a scene as can well be pictured. The ascent continues for some distance till the summit is gained, and the waters now flow in an opposite direction. The river is called the Boita. The character of the mountains is somewhat changed and the summits are not so jagged and irregular. An old castle stands proudly on a rock in a commanding position guarding as it were the several mountain passes. The commencement of the descent of the Pass of Ampezzo is now rapid, but so easy as scarcely to require a drag. It is as beautifully constructed and as fine a road as any of the Alpine passes, winding down in easy zig-zags from a great height above the Boita, which is seen in the abyss below. The rock on the side of the mountain has been blasted and cut away to a great extent, in a series of zig-zags, and inclined slopes, to form the road down into the valley of Ampezzo.

The Pass of Ampezzo is altogether of a different character, and wholly unlike any other I have seen in any country; it stands *per se*, as far as I know, and well repays one in crossing it.

According to my usual custom I walked up the greater part of the Pass, which not only gives a better opportunity of seeing it to perfection, but enables

one to enjoy the varied beauties of nature in many ways, in the numerous wild flowers “where the bee sucks,” of which I saw numbers culling the sweets—as well as in the beautiful butterflies, differing from our own. The formation of the rock on either side lying in regular and horizontal layers, with the no less regular dip of the strata is distinctly defined, and is a good geological illustration. Those on the left being much split with perpendicular fissures between, and their summits jagged and broken.

We now come amongst scattered cottages and scanty crops, but cultivated land, till the road reaches that part of the valley in which Cortina d’Ampezzo is situated. A handsome belfry is erecting at this place, which is a dull straggling town of no interest. A marked change in the features of the peasantry, as I noticed in the Italian Tyrol last year. We have now the dull swarthy and not agreeable countenance, save in the children, who flocked in numbers round the carriage to peep at us, some, with their bright little faces, looking as if they had started out of the canvas of Murillo. The mountains are now densely covered with firs.

A storm in the mountains is at all times awful and imposing. We encountered one to-day, and a more sublime scene it would not be easy to imagine, and it is impossible to describe. In some parts heavy masses of dark clouds were collected together,—light fleecy clouds in others. Here and there the light and jagged summits of bare rock, with occasional patches

of snow, protruded through the surrounding darkness, and below were dense masses of fir trees, over which the heavy and dark clouds hung.

In such a scene the flashes of lightning, and peals of thunder were most grand. A pyramidal mountain on the left, with its broken and bold outline is fine. The road is a continued and gradual descent, but remains still at a great elevation above the Boita. It is one of the first engineering works in Europe, although the difficulties encountered are not to be named with those in other passes of the Alps, and it continues through grand and ever varied mountain scenery; some of the mountains rise to a great height, particularly a pyramidal mountain behind the range on the right bank of the Boita. The road now passes through Venas to Taidede-Cadore, strangely situated at a great elevation above the river, and the church is, apparently, almost at the edge of a precipice, the whole surrounded by mountains of sublime character.

The road shortly leaves the course of the Boita, and traverses the valley of the Piave, continuing at a high elevation. The Indian maize, both here and throughout that part of the Tyrol, through which we have been traveling, is very backward, and none of the seed is to be seen ripening in the sun at the several cottages. Neither is it anywhere ripe for cutting.

The scenery continues throughout varied and sublime. I have seldom seen such a succession of magnificent mountain scenery except in Norway; but I miss the grand waterfalls, and cataracts, and the rapid rivers, clear

as crystal, and the pellucid lakes, which characterize that beautiful country. The road descends by zigzags cut in the side of the mountain to the village of Perarollo, on the right bank of the river, and follows its course at a comparatively slight elevation through a contracted ravine, with towering mountains on either side, inspiring one with a feeling of awe, as though "the utmost bounds of these everlasting hills" would never be reached in this direction. Quantities of felled timber floating down the river, and collected in great masses, have been stopped in their course.

The Piave, which takes its rise at the foot of the Julian Alps, and empties itself into the Gulf of Venice, is joined at Perarollo by the Boita.

The vegetation here becomes luxuriant, and the wild flowers are beautiful. The clematis is abundant, and hangs in rich clusters on the shrubs which spring up among the rocks, wherever there is the least soil. Timber, in great quantities, is seen floating down the river in all parts.

The whole ravine is occupied by the river, which at present is low, but at times, no doubt, fills the entire space between the mountains. We saw a raft or two descending rapidly: they were most skilfully handled. It appeared to require, in parts, great promptitude of action and much exertion, particularly where the river turned sharply and the stream ran strong.

Some parts of this ravine are inconceivably grand; almost equal to any mountain scenery in Europe. The rugged masses of rock, in the lower part of the moun-

name, prettily situated at its head, with inhabitants equally miserable and dirty. Here we changed horses.

From Sta.Croce the road ascends to a certain point, where our third horse was taken off, and was sent back to find his own way home. He walked away, very leisurely—an old stager, no doubt. We now entered a ravine, at the bottom of which lies the Lago Morto, to which the road descends by a few zigzags. The mountains, on either side, come down with a grand slope into the lake, which is nothing more nor less than a sort of mountain tarn, whose waters, I presume, are fed by the torrents which pour down the mountains after heavy rains, leaving deep furrows on their sides. Being in the hollow of the mountains, in a deep basin, the water has no outlet. The lake is of a beautiful deep azure blue, as we saw it, but this may depend, perhaps, upon the state of the atmosphere and the nature of the sky at the time of passing.

The road skirts the lake. I expected, from the name, to find something of an appalling character, but was disappointed, as I daresay I should be in that respect with the Dead Sea.

In the ravine the vines may be seen clustering over the trees, and hanging luxuriantly from their branches, giving a rich effect to the foliage with their bright green leaves, against the dull hue of the trees and shrubs, among which, too, are many fig-trees, full of fruit. On the hedges, the hybiscus was in full flower, and in great abundance. Passing through Serravalle, a dull dirty old town, with some interesting pieces of ancient

architecture, situated in a gap at the entrance of the mountain range, through which a beautiful clear stream flows, we took leave of the mountain scenery in which we had been revelling, and proceeded to the closely adjoining town of Ceneda, where we proposed remaining. We reached this place soon after 12 A.M., a town as dull, but not quite so dirty as Serravalle.

For want of something better to do, we drove to St. Bassano, a small village, some five miles off, and went into the church to look at the ceiling, painted a few years back. It is only worth a visit from those who have nothing else to do.

August 7th.—Up early, and walked to the Castle on the height, from whence a most extensive view is obtained, overlooking the plains of Lombardy. I saw, or thought I saw Venice; but it must be admitted she was “hull-down on the horizon,” as the sailors say, distant some forty miles. I have no doubt, however, that it may be distinctly seen at times.

Sunday, August 7th.—We got housed at the Posta Cavallo in Ceneda, “Albergo Rosa.” There are two fine old towers on the hill above the town, from whence I obtained the view this morning—here indeed

“The prospect varies, plains immense
Lie stretched below, interminable meads.”

There are besides upon the hills ruins of other castles, and several sentry-box chapels.

The weather was sultry in the extreme, but the walk repaid me, the view being grand.

All animated nature, among the insect tribe at least, seemed to be revelling in the glorious sunshine, and the busy hum of insects fell gratefully upon the ear, particularly the merry chirp of the cicadas, and the busy hum of the bees. The butterflies were flitting about happily, enjoying, like a favoured few of ourselves, their transient existence, and the lizards seemed to enjoy themselves quite as much. Ceneda is almost without exception the dullest little town I have ever stayed at. It lies, however, near the foot of the mountains, and the excursions in the neighbourhood, and the walks on the heights, cannot fail to afford attraction to the residents in the plain below, and some of the prospects must be very fine; but for the passing traveller there is nothing, (as far as my observation goes), to induce him to remain a moment in the place. There is some little novelty, perhaps, in seeing the ladies walking about without bonnets, with their jet black hair neatly dressed; but in truth nature does not appear to have favoured the ladies of Ceneda. I saw few of those—

“ Large black eyes that flash on you a volley
Of rays that say a thousand things at once.”

The town has a foot pavement, which is a redeeming point, and there are several manufactories for silk, close to the town, the spinning of which seems to afford the chief, and almost the only occupation to the female portion of the inhabitants. In the Duomo there is not much to be seen, but it is a fine church, and the several marble altars are handsome. The Town Hall has a

spacious room, the walls and ceiling of which are ornamented with fresco paintings, which were made, as I understood, forty-six years ago by a native of Ceneda, Signor Demin, who is still living at 75 years of age, and working as hard as ever.

These frescoes have considerable merit, and some of the figures are fine. One of the paintings on the walls represents a battle fought near Ceneda many centuries ago, the horses' heads are the worst part. We were also shewn a clever piece of modelling in plaster, representing the entombment of our Saviour, by a youth of Ceneda of the name of Borro, at the age of eighteen. It is a remarkably clever work, full of the finest and most elevated feeling throughout. This young man is now, I learn, at Venice, and will doubtless, if life is spared, rise to great eminence.

Serravalle is joined by a short avenue to Ceneda—a beautiful cypress in this avenue, the first we have seen, could not fail to attract notice. In the afternoon we took a pleasant drive, passing through Serravalle, at the entrance of the mountains, to a little lake some six miles off, having previously driven up to the Castle to enjoy the splendid view, which is best seen from a solitary arch, the remains of a gateway I suppose, close adjoining the Castle. The view, however, was not so clear as in the morning. The fruit women of Ceneda remind one of the water carriers in Venice; they are almost the counterpart, but are not quite so smart-looking. The heat has been oppressive, and even the inhabitants seem to feel it. Everything is in the *al*

fresco and *degagè* style. Ladies at their toilet by the open window, and one young lady I saw dressing the hair of another under an archway of the house, in full view of every one passing.

Monday, August 8th.—I have noticed lately that the scythes in use in these parts for cutting the Indian corn, are different to any elsewhere; they are about half the length of ours, and of twice the breadth.

Started at 8 A.M. *en route* for Padua. The road crosses the extensive plains to Conegliano, which has a somewhat Venetian look about it, in some of the old houses, with stone balconies projecting over the streets. These and the colonnades appear to be the chief characteristics of the towns in this part of Italy.

Vines and Indian maize may be said to cover the whole face of the country: the people living upon the Indian corn and wine, just as in Ireland they live upon potatoes and potheen; a failure of crops would create an inevitable famine, for there is literally nothing else growing. The roads were excellent, but terribly dusty, till some welcome showers laid the dust. The hedges on the road side are generally filled with acacias, but some of them with the hybiscus, which was growing in the hedges in one mass of flower—a sufficient indication of our being far south.

At a short distance from Conegliano the road crosses the Piave, over a long wooden bridge. The river here, as it approaches towards the Gulf of Venice, assumes some importance and the current is considerable, but a great part of the bed of the river is now dry. A

railway is in progress—I conclude to Treviso. The wires of the Electric Telegraph (which is established on all the main roads) is, on this line, often carried from tree to tree, lopped for the purpose, the destruction of a fine avenue being of no moment whatever in these utilitarian times.

There are many good houses and pleasure-gardens as we approach Treviso, an ancient walled town, entered by a handsome road, with fine gravel walks and seats on both sides of the road. Treviso is remarkable for almost every street having a colonnade. It is a town of considerable size, and some ancient houses will not escape observation. Austrian troops are quartered in the town, but apparently not many; and nothing is doing in the way of fortifications.

The river Sile, which discharges itself into the lagoons of Venice, flows through the town. Standing on one of the bridges I was forcibly reminded of Venice, from the great similarity of character to some parts of that city. It occupies less than an hour to go by the rail from Treviso to Venice. The station is close outside the walls of the town. Between Conegliano and Mestre there are numerous Italian villas, with beautiful gardens, some of which are prettily laid out, and ornamented with statuary; and trees, shrubs, and flowers are seen in profusion, which will grow in England only in hot-houses. Among them many orange-trees. These, however, were in boxes, and are probably taken in-doors in winter.

Mestre is a town of some size, with colonnades like all other towns, apparently, in these parts. The canal

to Venice commences here, and there were numerous gondolas, in readiness, I suppose, to convey passengers. It is the best way of entering Venice. In less than a quarter of an hour from Mestre the rail would take us there; but alas! it is forbidden ground. Time will not permit, and we must pass the enchanting spot, and content ourselves with having visited it last year, yet it requires much philosophy on such occasions to avoid overstepping the rules of office.

At a short distance from Mestre, Venice is distinctly seen from the road, almost within a stone's throw, and some of the detached islands—a bird's-eye view in fact of the whole, including the Campanile, and all the principal buildings which rise into the air.

At a spot called Mira, the villas of the gentry and merchants of Venice become more numerous, and are almost continuous to Dolo (the last stage to Padua), the greater part having their little chapels attached, the "Oratorio Privato." At Dolo there is a handsome Campanile, which attracts attention. We here come upon the Brenta, a fine river flowing into the Adriatic.

A Royal Palace, with extensive gardens, is the only remarkable object on the road to Padua, which in the latter part, after quitting the Brenta, becomes dull enough. The avenues we passed through on the journey were generally of acacia, tulip, or poplar, with fine weeping-willows intermingled. A great part of the road is by the side of a canal, and one might almost fancy one's self in Holland.

At 5 P.M. we arrived at the *Albergo Reale del l' Aquila d' Oro*, and obtained excellent apartments in this first-rate house. For my own part it is with no little satisfaction that I find myself in Padua:—

“ since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
I am arrived from fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy.”

As time was precious we immediately engaged a carriage to take us to the principal places of attraction.

The Palais de Justice is one of the most interesting old buildings in Europe. The Hall is uncommonly grand, of great length (300 feet). and proportionate breadth and height. I think it is one of the largest rooms in Europe, certainly of any I have seen, except perhaps in the Taurida Palace at St. Petersburg. The roof is arched and is of light and elegant construction. It is however comparatively modern, the old roof having been blown off. The gallery running round the wall outside, with its columns, displays much taste. The building was commenced in the year 1132, but was not completed till 1219, the foundation on piles having been left for many years, to settle firm. Numerous Roman antiquities have been found at Padua, some of which are placed in this Gallery. There are also several interesting Egyptian remains, presented by Belzoni the distinguished traveller, who was probably a native of Padua, which has been the cradle of many great men, foremost of whom stands the immortal Livy.

The Benedictine Church of St. Augustine is handsome. Its floor is beautifully inlaid with marble, and there is an altar-piece of Florentine Mosaic, which is very fine. The stalls are elaborately carved in wood illustrative of Scripture history, the work I believe of one man, who was thirty-six years, in achieving the whole. A picture of St. Augustine, by Paul Veronese, cannot escape notice; and a beautiful group, representing the entombment of our Saviour, in Carrara marble, together with many other attractive objects.

The Café Pedrocchi is a fine establishment, with a ball-room, and adjoining apartments in good taste. The Church of St. Antonio is grand in its exterior: the interior contains many fine monuments in marble. Near to it is a house with some good fresco paintings by Titian and others; and in the vicinity of the amphitheatre there is a church, which has likewise fine old frescoes. Padua is a place of great interest. Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso, all prosecuted their studies there; as did Galileo. Next to Venice I consider it one of the most interesting places in Central Europe. It is full of ancient monuments and pieces of ancient architecture, and many days might be spent most agreeably there, notwithstanding Mr. Forsyth's remark, that it has contracted, from its long low porticos and its gloomy churches, a grave old vacancy of aspect. I could only take a casual look at many of these details, and was obliged to confine myself to the grand outline of the whole. By engaging a carriage in the afternoon of one day, and the whole forenoon of the next, we were enabled

to visit, and with comparative leisure to inspect, all the principal places in the town.

Pleased as I was with Padua, it seems not a little strange to me to read what others say. Rose condemns it as a city, which beyond all other unhappy towns, disappoints the expectation of the traveller ! He abuses its arcades, though he admits they afford a great convenience in the hot and rainy season, and winds up with a fantastic description, of which I do not see the merit either in wit or in common sense : “ Add dirt to dulness, and to that an air little superior to what is breathed by a cat in an air-pump ! and we have an adequate idea of Padua ! ”

“ The ugliness, however,” he continues, “ of an Italian city is never unredeemed deformity, and even Padua has one pleasing and interesting feature in the Pra della Vale. This (formerly a marsh as its name implies) bears some resemblance to a London square, but the interior, the principal point of likeness, is enclosed, and ornamented in a very different style. This is shut off by a circular branch of running water, brought from the Brenta, the banks of which are fringed by a double rank of statues ; the exterior facing outwards, and the interior inwards. These are all worthies of the place, and it may be remarked that this sort of apotheosis of their citizens is peculiar to Venetian towns.” This author exactly describes the spot, but we saw it under a somewhat different aspect. The circular branch of running water had been temporarily cut off, and the canal filled in with earth to form a *race course*. The races were

over, and large bodies of men (soldiers I believe) were busily employed in removing the earth, to form the *water course* again.

In the residence of Signor Pacchierotti (the once celebrated vocalist) there is much to be seen of interest. He has rebuilt one of the old towers and adjoining buildings just as they formerly stood, and obligingly allows strangers to see it. Below the tower is a sort of Chamber of Horrors, far exceeding those of Madame Tussaud, and got up with somewhat of stage effect. Skeletons in chains hanging by the nape of the neck, by the loins, &c. in which position they are to be supposed to have "shuffled off their mortal coil."

In the mansion of Count Giustiniani, a small but most valuable collection of paintings and fine engravings may be seen. The dwelling apartments are elegantly fitted up; the suite of rooms opening one into the other, has a pleasing effect. A large offer I understood had been made by the Emperor Nicholas, for Count Giustiniani's collection of works of art. There is a handsome theatre at Padua, which I must not omit to mention.

The Botanical Gardens in the town are charming, and contain many rare plants. Some beautiful trees were growing in the gardens in the open air, full of flowers, which I much admired. These I learnt were the *Lagerstroemia Indica*, as named by Linnæus. There were also some fine trees of the *Magnolia grandiflora*, one of which was not less than six feet in circumference. They had just ceased flowering. The *Mimosa*, which is here a tree, was now in full flower. Amongst the rare

plants was a tree (I suppose the Upas) which is said to be of a deadly poisonous nature, and causing certain death to any one sitting under it, almost to any one touching it. Two sceptical students are said to have suffered the penalty of touching it, one poor fellow losing his eyesight, and the other his mind. Under cover in the greenhouses were many beautiful tropical plants, but I will content myself by naming one curiosity, a fig tree with a small leaf, which, like ivy, delighted to cling to the wall; the ceiling, and sides of the greenhouse being literally covered with it, and it remains so, I am told, winter and summer. It does not bear fruit here, but they say it does at Naples. It is called the *Ficus stipulata*. There is a theatre at Padua for the students, who are numbered at 170.

Tuesday, August 9th.—Started for Bassano at 11½ A.M.

At a little distance from Padua we re-cross the Brenta by a ferry. A dull road it is to the little walled town of Cittadella, which, with its turretted brick walls, reminded me of Conway. Women wear straw hats hereabouts.

From Cittadella the road approaches towards the mountains, on which were sunshine and showers, the gleams of light and shadow playing upon their sides, rendering them more attractive than they would otherwise have been; the general outline of the range, as viewed from this route, being somewhat tame.

At 4 P.M. we arrived at Bassano, and procured rooms at the *San Antonio*, where we were as comfortably lodged, and found everything as clean as could be desired, and

the landlord and his daughters were most kind and attentive. It is the birth-place of Giacomo da Ponte, a Venetian painter of the sixteenth century, whose works are familiar to all lovers of the fine arts, as the works of Bassano, the name of his native place, by which title he is best known.

Bassano is an old walled town of Venetian Lombardy, most charmingly situated on the Brenta, over which is a covered wooden bridge of great width. A beautiful fresco of the Madonna over a doorway in one of the houses in the square attracted my notice, but I did not learn its history. There are perhaps few more picturesque spots in Europe than Bassano. It possesses a fine Botanical Garden, the property of a private individual. We saw only a row of white oleanders which topped the wall, as we passed under, not having had an opportunity of visiting the garden.

In many of the churches are paintings by the great masters, some of which are said to be much injured. We did not see them.

Wednesday, August 10th.—Started at 7 A.M. A long day before us, and much up hill work. Passing Campese, the road follows the Brenta to Oliero and Vastagna, which is prettily situated in a hollow ravine, in which the lower part of the mountain sides are of rich verdure. Vines and Indian maize are growing luxuriantly, and here and there some fine tobacco. The vines at the entrance of a deep ravine which the road now enters, are so carefully cultivated on walled terraces on the mountain sides that, at a little distance, the Pass looks

as if fortified—and strongly too. At Vastagna the road takes a sharp turn to the right, following the bend of the river. The scenery is of the most beautiful description, and all these villages above-named have a pleasing peaceful picturesque effect. I always think that a river is seen to more advantage in ascending than descending, and for the obvious reason that every fall of water and foam over the rocks and broken ripple, is presented to the view in ascending, affording an incessant and ever varied source of attraction to the sight. Passing up the ravine, the mountains become more rugged and barren. The lineal and perfectly horizontal strata of the rock in some places, where exposed near the summits, is remarkably defined, and not less so occasionally near the base.

Tobacco, Indian maize, and vines continue to flourish. As the road proceeds, the rocks become perpendicular on both sides, the river presenting bold mural precipices, the receding summits capped with verdure—one mountain on the right bank of the river being particularly grand, cannot fail to attract the notice of the most cursory observer, the horizontal layers continuing sharply defined, though dipping considerably, but with extreme regularity, the whole face of this rock taking a semicircular sweep. The valley is, at present, almost entirely occupied by the dry and stony bed of the river, which now flows in a small current.

Cavernous arches in the rocks are observable at a short distance on the right bank, and are of considerable size, and on the left a fine mural precipice is seen, and

a remarkable pinnacle is observable from one point of the road.

The Brenta is joined by another river, which is seen issuing from a narrow ravine, crossed by a wooden bridge, and pours in its muddy looking waters : notwithstanding which the Brenta soon becomes beautifully clear, its limpid waters reminding me of *Gamle Norge*. Large quantities of timber are lodged upon the banks. The ravine through which we next pass is deep and contracted, with nothing but the river and road, hemmed in by the rocky mountains. The cavernous arches are distinctly seen, and the overhanging ledges of rock are remarkable, showing how wonderfully regular the strata of the rock are, sometimes resembling masonry, the under part of the projecting blocks being perfectly flat and smooth. An arch or cavern on the right has (like some others) been used as a fort in the time of the French wars.

Wild and romantic is the scene through which the road passes, and one can hardly fancy an army venturing through such a pass, where they would be so assailable from the heights ; no wonder that the French defeated the Austrians in the attempt they made in 1796. At Primolano the pass is strongly guarded by the fortress of Covolo. The road keeps on the left bank, and at some little distance enters Italian Tyrol, at a spot called Grigno. The mountains are still fine, but not so remarkable, and the dry bed of the river gives a desolate look to the scenery, the current of the Brenta being but small at present. At Pesay, there is a little more verdure, a w trees, chiefly mulberry, and the vines are nicely

trained. Indian maize, too, is grown, and also at Grigno. The sun was intensely hot, and the cicadas merry as crickets, chirping at a great rate.

The Brenta continues clear as crystal. The lineal horizontal strata of the rock is still observable, but there has evidently, at some period, been a considerable bouleversement, the prominent projecting portions seem thrown on their side, while the ridge on the summit has maintained its horizontal position. All this range would be a fine study for a geologist.

Approaching Borgo the valley opens out considerably, and there appear to have been two or three wonderful avalanches of stone in the now dry bed of some of the mountain torrents. The mountains in the neighbourhood of Borgo undergo a change, becoming pyramidal, the sides sloping gradually and being entirely clothed to their summit with verdure. One or two castles are perched on the heights. At Borgo the road enters the Valsugana, and we take leave of the Brenta, which, as there is but little water in the valley, is much missed in the landscape. On attaining a higher elevation the air was somewhat cooler, but the heat has been very great to-day, with a burning sun. The valley is not fertile. Reaching a still higher elevation we come to a beautiful and picturesque lake sparkling in the sun, called the Lake of Caldonazzo. We passed on the road a small town with a large silk manufactory. The want of water generally in the Valsugana detracts greatly from its beauty, but there are many fine points of view in the mountain range. The only birds I noticed in our journey to-day

were a few solitary Royston crows. On reaching a still higher elevation some majestic mountains are seen towering in the air, the summit of one entirely capped with snow, and we leave behind us the little lake of Caldonazzo, which is seen at the same time.

Pergine now appears in sight with its white-washed houses, and is beautifully situated. One of the most prominent objects is a large silk manufactory. Beggars are by no means numerous, and those who seek alms are poor, decrepid, and worn out, deserving of commiseration and relief.

A small meandering stream, seeking its way through a perfect wilderness of stones, clearly indicating the great rush of water at times, is seen flowing in the direction we are pursuing. We shortly enter a very narrow defile of the mountains through which a beautiful military road has been constructed, carried above the river—or stream as it at present is. The geologist may here again find plenty to attract his notice. The strata of the rocks are as regular as masonry. The road is now a constant descent, the mountains are grand, and the view of Trent is very imposing, after all the small towns and villages we have passed.

We travelled quick by post, reached Trent before 5 P.M. and obtained apartments at the *Albergo del l'Europa*, not without difficulty, as there is on this day a great annual market of the produce of all the surrounding manufactures.

The Contrade Larga is a good broad street leading to the cathedral. In front of which is a handsome old

fountain. We had not time to visit it last year. It is a fine church of great antiquity and has a good organ. We visited this and some of the other principal churches in Trent, and afterwards enjoyed a stroll upon the bridge, where the air was most refreshing after all the great heat and dust of the day in travelling. There is little else to be seen at Trent.

Thursday, August 11th.—Here we come again into the eternal rat-tan of the drum at morning, noon, and night: an Austrian garrison. Started at 8 A.M. The road from Trent up the river Adige is the same as far as Botzen, as that upon which we came after crossing the Brenner last year. The sweep of the river at Trent is fine.

The mountains on the right bank of the river for some distance continue to show the horizontal strata, with occasional cavernous arches rising boldly and precipitously, while those on the left bank slope off gradually, and are of moderate elevation. We met several poor blind men, both yesterday and to-day; of the beggars none but the lame, the halt, and the withered, seek relief. The great number of blind surprise me. Some of the sweeps of the Adige, among the mountains, are very grand. The road now passes through Salurn, remarkable only for a castle on a rock, a prominent object. Some distance from Salurn, in the direction of Botzen, are some fine weeping willows by the road side.

At Neumarkt, Austrian Tyrol begins.

Numerous towns and villages in the valley of the Adige, on both sides of the river, and scattered cottages

and churches on the hill-side, give a charm to the scenery.

The horizontal strata disappear between Neumarkt and Botzen, and the rocks partake of a spicular character.

There has been but little rain of late. Everything has a parched and arid look.

From Botzen, some bold needle-pointed summits of a mountain are seen to advantage. I omitted to mention them in my last summer's journal. These rocky pinnacles are remarkably fine in form, and the mountain is of considerable height. On the surrounding mountain-tops there is now but little snow, the season having been unusually dry.

A few miles from Botzen we had a break down, but managed to patch up our carriage with cord, so as to reach that place in safety. This occasioned us some delay, and shows the advantage of starting tolerably early on a journey. In the Highlands of Scotland we once lost the tire of the wheel, which puzzled us more than did our present disaster, there being no blacksmith anywhere near, and not a step to be stirred without one.

We now proceeded to Meran, entering upon a different road than that we travelled last year. The needle-pointed rocks are well seen on the road to Meran, and the whole range of mountains, to which they belong, forms a splendid background to Botzen. The valley through which the road now passes is luxuriant in vines, carefully trained on trellice-work.

A castle on a prominent rock stands remarkably well.

The heat to-day has been great, and everything looks peculiarly parched and pulverized, the dust lying inches thick. I noticed a church with its tower quite out of the perpendicular, the fault, no doubt, of not having well secured the foundation.

I have scarcely seen the name of any of our countrymen in the books since we left Munich, from which I infer, there are few travellers amongst the beautiful scenery that we have been enjoying. I learn at all the hotels, that since 1848, very few have visited these glorious scenes of nature, and that this year we are almost, and in some parts entirely, alone. Affairs were unsettled enough when we left England, and if there were not wars, there were rumours of war—but as Constantinople was the point to which all eyes were directed, I consoled myself by thinking, that it might now only be as of old ;

*Perturbabantur Constantinopolitani
Innumerabilibus sollicitudinibus :*

and that it would, as I hoped, all settle down. How affairs now stand I am just as informed as I was some weeks ago, not having read a line, nor heard one word since we left London. None hereabouts seem to trouble themselves about the Latin and Greek Churches, the Turks and the Russians, nor any thing else.

Meran lies near the head of the valley, and at the foot of a lofty range of mountains, which are grand in their outline, being much peaked and jagged on their sum-

mits. It is situated on the right bank of the Passer, which is a tributary of the Adige. On the road to Meran detached houses and villages are scattered about, and many castles are seen on the heights.

The situation of Meran is really charming, the river foaming through the scattered town, and the mountains, some tipped with snow, rising majestically above the valley over which are seen the finest vineyards.

We arrived at this delightful spot at 6 P.M. and obtained rooms at the Post station; the "*Gasthof zum Erzherzog Johann*," a good hotel.

A curious story is current of the Erzherzog Johann, how far true I know not. Desirous of proceeding on his journey, horses were obtained but there was no postillion. The daughter of the Postmaster undertook to supply the vacant saddle, and so fascinated the Duke that he married her; and the present Countess of Meran is spoken of with esteem and affection by all, for her great amiability, her kind and charitable disposition, and entire humbleness of mind in her exalted position.

In the cool of the evening I much enjoyed the fine breeze blowing from the mountains, on the little bridge which spans the river. The air was truly refreshing after the terrible heat and dust of the day. To Meran people resort for the grape cure, which consists in devouring large quantities of the fruit. I learn that the usual custom is to eat the grape at 5 A.M. to go without breakfast, and to dine in the middle of the day. Some said to eat as many as 7 lbs. of grapes in one day. This peculiar regimen is supposed to be good for men

of sedentary habits. It is at all events an agreeable remedy.

August 12th.—Started at 8 A.M. On the right of the road the Castle of Tyrol is seen. The road crosses the river, and ascends gradually. Spanish chesnuts and walnuts abound, and the slopes of the mountains are well cultivated with vines. Cottages and churches are scattered about. Peaked mountains of much grandeur overtop the narrow valley, casting broad shadows across. The torrent now foams down the river, impeded in its progress by large blocks of stone, but regains its tranquillity. The slopes of the mountains on both sides are covered with beautiful verdure.

Naturns, a post station, is prettily situated in a rich valley. The dress of the peasantry is characteristic of the Tyrol.

Vines continue to be well cultivated on the slopes, and the river flows placidly through the valley, in which, as well as on the heights of the mountain pasturages, cattle are seen grazing. A clear blue sky brightens the scene, without a cloud in the heavens, while the sun shines full upon the pure white snow, which glistens upon the mountain tops—on the right bank of the river. Walnut-trees continue to flourish in the valley, whilst the slopes of the mountain are clothed with fir-trees.

An old castle, in ruins, stands on a rock which overhangs the road. Latsch is a post station at the foot of a barren rocky mountain, on the summit of which



stands an aërial chapel, and fir-clad mountains rise on the other side of the valley, with one or two castles, which are seen on the heights.

A mountain on the left of the road was well covered with snow, and attracted our attention, the sun shining brilliantly upon it. Some fine Spanish chesnuts grow near the foot of the rocks, and vines are still cultivated.

We changed horses at Schlanders, famous for its marble quarries. Spanish chesnuts and vines grow luxuriantly on one side, and firs upon the other, and a good deal of snow is seen on the summits of the mountains, glistening in the sun. Vegetation becomes more scanty. An aqueduct is observed near a little hamlet called Laas, above which a snow-clad mountain rises finely, with glaciers on its slope. At Eyers the valley opens out, and the sides of the mountains are cultivated. On the left is seen the Pass of the Stelvio.

The road now quitting the Adige strikes across the valley of the Stelvio to Praed, a short stage, at the foot of the Pass.

The snow-clad summits of the "Monarch of mountains" of these regions, with his "diadem of snow," are seen majestically rising to the skies. Not a cloud hung upon its brow, on which the sun shone gloriously against an azure sky, lighting up with dazzling splendour every summit peak as it presented itself to view, on our ascent to Trafoi.

At this spot the Ortler-Spitz, some thirteen thousand feet in height, is first seen uninterruptedly from top to bottom—one of the grandest sights in Alpine scenery. To the right of the valley, through which we struck across, a road branches off through another valley, which leads by the Pass of Finstermuntz to the valley of the Inn, and to Innsbruck; a road I pursued in 1840, when crossing the Stelvio from Italy. The river, which takes its rise in the glacier, foams down its rocky bed in a succession of cataracts, and is crossed and re-crossed continually in the narrow gorge through which it flows.

We arrived at Trafoi at 4 P.M.

It would be hopeless to attempt to convey an idea of the splendour of the scene around this lovely spot: those alone who have seen snow-clad mountains with the sun shining bright upon their summits, and the clear vault of heaven beyond, with not a cloud to intercept the blue sky, can picture to themselves the scene before us; but there are many who have not been so fortunate as to enjoy such scenes. The setting sun threw its rosy tints upon the virgin snow, and as it sank behind the mountains, left the cold hue of death upon their summits. On reaching Trafoi, we were fortunate to get rooms at the little inn, where I had rested a night when I crossed the Stelvio on the previous occasion. The view of the Ortler-Spitz, rising, as I have said, nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the several glaciers, are in my opinion, best seen from

hence. They are more closely seen in ascending; but the *coup d'œil* is finest from this point.

August 13th.—The same brilliant weather, and the whole of the snowy peaks without a cloud. I was up at daybreak to finish a sketch, and saw the sun just beginning to light up the summits. It was worth all the toil of travel to “see the rosy morn appearing,” over such a glorious scene as this.

At 8 we started for Bormio, on the other side of the pass, and arrived there at 3 P.M. The ascent of the Stelvio, is decidedly grander from the Tyrolean side, than from the Italian, from which latter I before crossed the Pass. I would advise all who intend to go over it, so to arrange their plans as to ascend from Trafoi. The view of the Ortler Spitz and the glaciers is seen for a lengthened period, while slowly ascending from this little spot, and they are seen again and again as the traveller winds leisurely in a carriage up the zigzags (or walks as I did), whereas in descending to Trafoi, from the Italian side, little comparatively is seen, on account of the rapidity. The ascent is, of course, greatly prolonged from the large number of zigzags.

The pass of this mountain is a splendid achievement, and does the highest honour to the intellect and skill of the engineers; but it was with regret I found the pass on the Tyrolean side sadly out of repair, and the galleries broken. All was complete on my former visit, which was some three or four years after the pass had been first opened. I am told that these galleries were destroyed

in the time of the Revolution. On the Italian side the galleries cut through the rocks are all perfect, and the road is in the highest order.

In our ascent of the Stelvio we noticed a copious cascade pouring out of a hole in the Madatsch Rock, about three parts down. It has a remarkable effect, and one wonders where the reservoir can be which supplies it ; I do not know whether this stream is perpetual or occasional. A similar cascade occurs on the other side of the Pass, and this latter is the source of the Adda.

On the highest point of the road, which is upwards of 9000 feet above the level of the sea, the highest carriage road in the world, there is a stone pillar which notes the division of the Tyrol from Italian Tyrol. The road descends to Sta. Maria, where the passport is examined and the luggage, but, as usual, we found the Austrians civil, and had no trouble, or detention, beyond what was necessary. I am glad to record this, because so many complaints have been made by our countrymen. I speak of things as I find them.

The descent to Bormio is through numerous galleries cut in the rock, and the road is, on both sides, admirably conceived. I think it by far the most wonderful of all the undertakings in crossing the Alps. Let any one look around him, at various points, and try to obliterate the road from his ideas, and he will then judge what a master mind was required to plan and carry out so apparently hopeless and stupendous a task. I look upon it as one of the greatest works of man.

The Italian side of the Pass is wholly different to that of the Tyrol. There is comparatively but little snow on the mountains, and no glaciers are to be seen; all around rise barren and gigantic rocks, from which cascades and cataracts are, in places, pouring down their sides, and the scene is wild and grand. A rapid descent soon brings one to Bormio, delightfully situated at the head of a rich luxuriant valley which, with the harvest cut, and ready for carrying, looked all the more rich after the stern scenes we had just passed through. It has in truth the appearance of a land flowing with milk and honey, for which latter Bormio is particularly celebrated, and it may be purchased in convenient boxes for carriage.

About 3 P.M. we arrived at the Hotel of the Baths of Bormio. Bormio is a little wretched town situated a short distance from the Baths. The hotel, a long range of building, stands in a commanding position, looking right down the valley, which lies like a map, with the river winding through—it is enclosed by mountains, most of which are partially covered with snow, whilst the gently sloping sides on either hand are richly cultivated. At the back of the hotel rise the rugged rocks of the Stelvio. The Baths appear to be deserted, as there is now scarcely a person to be seen; but I am told that more than a hundred were here about a week past—the season is drawing to a close. In fact the hotel is only open for two or three months in the year, and closes in September—there are mud baths as well as hot water. I could not perceive any taste in the water, neither does

there appear to be much deposit, but it contains sulphur. The spring is at some little distance from the baths.

Sunday, August 14th.—Many clouds to-day on the mountain tops and in the valley, and all of the light fleecy sort, such as are only seen in southern climes, soft as the air itself, even at this elevation. I confess I am not fond of the south, and wish myself back at Trafoi where blankets were a luxury. Walked in the afternoon to a fine cascade which rushes out of the rocks situated at the back of the hotel. It appears to be inaccessible except to within a short distance, to which I contrived to scramble, but found all further advance impossible. The rocks, at the foot of which stands the hotel, are bold and precipitous.

August 15th.—Started at 8 A.M. The people in Italian Tyrol are certainly not prepossessing, and they bear an unfavourable comparison with the Tyrolese proper. I speak only of the *outward* appearance and manners. Every thing is dirty and slovenly, the hotel at the baths not excepted, but perhaps when the company are there during the season, it is better kept.

The road passes through the town of Bormio, and constantly crosses and recrosses the Adda during the journey,—this “pelting river” sometimes flowing smoothly, and at others forming a series of milk-white cascades, which in the early part of the route are observed pouring their waters into the river. In one part the stream is hemmed in by high, barren and precipitous rocks, at another it flows smoothly through gently sloping mountains. At Bolladore the slopes of the mountain are

again cultivated. Snow ploughs are common by the road-side, and are no doubt often required, yet in a climate, so cold at times, the finest Spanish chesnuts are seen growing every where.

The peasantry wear low-crowned hats with broad flat brims turned up all round, and I was amused to see our postillion take off his hat, and dipping the brim into a running stream, take a copious draught of the pure element. Indian maize becomes abundant at Madonna di Tirano, and vines are more cultivated. We now enter the Valteline, both sides of which are clothed with Spanish chesnut, and the slopes with vines, Indian maize, buckwheat, &c. Some distance further on, we reach Tirano, which has suffered at different times from the irruptions of the Adda, here confined between massive walls of masonry.

Day of the Assumption, and all the people in their holiday attire, bright blue and scarlet the predominant colours, the men with knee breeches, bright blue coats, and scarlet waistcoats, the women with blue gowns and scarlet aprons.

I could not help noticing among the multitude who met us on the road, the frequency of the goitre. One-third of the population appear to me to be afflicted with it, at least one in three that I saw to-day, out of many hundreds. Dwarfs, too, are said to be numerous, but two only came under our notice.

A fine new road is making on the left bank of a river falling into the Adda, which taking the direction of Bergamo, will I presume pass through the Val Seriana

to that place. We had a little rain at intervals to-day, and clouds hung about the mountains. Vines grow in great quantities on the slopes.

Sondrio is the capital of the Valteline. It has some good houses, and comparatively clean-looking, which is a novelty.

From Sondrio the road intersects a level valley, through which the Adda flows. The descent from Bormio to Sondrio is very gradual. On approaching Morbegno, numerous houses and little villages are seen scattered upon the heights, and the receding summits of the mountains are capped with snow.

Arrived at Morbegno about 5 P.M.—a wretched little town among the mountains, considerably enlivened to-day by the holiday already alluded to. Got into quarters at the *Albergo della Regina d'Inghilterra*, of which, as a loyal subject, I felt justly proud. Walked to a church near the town which I noticed a little off the road, and near which we heard a band of music. I found a military band playing, and people enjoying themselves. As I approached towards them by the church, I passed a charnel house, in which were some hundreds of skulls, arranged on shelves, and some in separate boxes, with the names of their once owners, and the dates of their death. Some invited prayers for their souls, others to remain in eternal repose. Those in small boxes (with fronts, like the proscenium of a theatre), have been placed there I learn at the expressed wish of the parties themselves; they are of various dates, some quite recent. It seems to me an odd kind

of wish of the departed : here, however, a man's skull may at least escape the fate of poor Yorick's, as they are carefully handled, instead of being "knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade." The Indian maize in these parts attains a great height, eight or nine feet, and the plant looks healthy.

Tuesday, August 16th.—Started at 8 A.M. A continuous descent. The mountain scenery beautiful : rich verdant slopes, with barren craggy rocks on the summits, and the road admirable. Innumerable little frogs, many thousands of them, were skipping by the road-side. About an hour's drive brought us in sight of the lake of Como, and we soon reached Colico, whence the steamers ply. A cruise from one end of the lake to the other is very delightful, as I experienced in 1840. A lovely day, and the lake looks charming, with a pleasant balmy breeze blowing off it. The beautiful purple tint of the bare rocks among the bright green, forms a pleasing contrast.

Our postillion from Colico was a smart, well-dressed, merry-looking lad. He played the bugle charmingly, handled his horses cleverly, rode skilfully, drove rapidly, cracking his joke as well as his whip, as he galloped along, at every passer-by—in fact he was the beau ideal of a "*postillione*," being an uncommonly good-looking youth into the bargain, full of life and spirits, and fit for anything.

The well-constructed road passes through many galleries cut in the rocks, to Varenna, which is a picturesque spot, jutting out into the lake, with ruined towers ; and

cypress trees are seen growing by the lake side—fine specimens of these noble trees.

Lecco stands at the head of one branch of the lake, where the waters find their outlet. The road crosses the bridge, whence the view is charming. A most tedious, dull, dusty drive, and insufferably hot, brought us to Como, where we arrived at 5 P.M. at the *Hotel de l'Ange*. The great heat ended, as might be expected, in thunder and lightning and heavy rain, accompanied by vivid flashes and loud peals. The placid surface of the lake was soon ruffled, and the waves rolled in upon the beach somewhat tumultuously.

Wednesday, August 17th.—Started at 11½ from Como for Arona. On attaining the summit of a hill, an extensive view is gained, including the Lago di Varese and a fine range of mountains beyond, which are seen from different points of view on the journey to Cesto Calende rising to a great height, and covered with snow. Changed horses at the *Angelo* at Varese, a good hotel, where we passed a night last year. Varese is remarkable only for its little hill chapels.

In Italy we lose sight of the incessant representation of the Crucifixion and of the horrible-looking figures intended for our Saviour, and in lieu of them fresco paintings are seen in small chapels by the road-side, the usual style in Italy.

In going to Cesto Calende from Varese, we lost our way last year, and no wonder, for the road winds its course through labyrinths of fields of Indian maize. The drive to Cesto Calende was rendered very un-

pleasant by the quantity of dust. At this spot we cross the river Tecino, bid adieu to the Austrian dominions, and enter Piedmont.

Arrived at Arona at 6½, and were housed at the *Hotel d'Italie*, which is delightfully situated on the Lago Maggiore, and is an excellent hotel, but little frequented by our countrymen.

Thursday, August 18th.—Engaged a carriage and left at 8 A.M. for Lago d'Aorta, a two hours' drive, having made arrangements for our own carriage to meet us at the first post station on the road to Turin. The Lago d'Aorta is a lovely little lake some nine miles in extent, surrounded by hills, behind which Monte Rosa, with its perpetual mantle of snow, rises majestically. The day was brilliant, the sun shining bright upon the summit, with a clear blue sky, and not a cloud. No one should pass unnoticed this charming little lake, with its pretty isle lying upon its bosom. We went up to the summit of the *Sacro Monte*, whence a good view is obtained of the lake and little island: but the view of Monte Rosa was best seen from the road by which we had descended to the margin of the lake, and is *not* seen at all from the *Sacro Monte*, except by ascending the Tower, and then only partially. This *Sacro Monte* has many chapels, filled with wooden figures upon Scriptural subjects, in which wooden figures I took no interest, and there is nothing, in my opinion, to repay one for the trouble of going up. Where time, however, is no object, it may tend to pass it pleasantly. We met our carriage at the first post station, Borgomanero.

From hence the view is superb, not only of Monte Rosa, but of other parts of the ridge of the Alpine chain.

Shortly after leaving Borgomanero we crossed the river Agogna, which falls into the river Po, by a ferry. The panorama of mountains seen between Borgomanero and Romagniano, is scarcely in extent and grandeur surpassed in Europe. We saw it under favourable circumstances, not a cloud hung over any part of the vast range of mountains. Behind us was the Splugen wrapped in snow, and in front, towering into the air, was the Mont Cenis, the distance from one to the other (as the crow flies) being not short I think of 140 miles.

Far away to the left, Monte Cimone was distinctly visible, while immediately on our right, and apparently quite close, rose the snow-clad summits of the Great St. Bernard, Monte Rosa, and Mont Blanc. The panorama from the Duomo at Milan, grand as it is, is not to be compared with this, as we are now so much nearer to the principal mountains.

At Romagniano we got horses, but there was no postillion, and not having the same good fortune as the Erzherzog Johann, we had to wait the arrival of the diligence for a driver.

This grand-sounding place, Romagniano, is a most wretched, dirty hole, filled with the most wretched, dirty inhabitants. Flax and hemp are much cultivated, and afford occupation to the women and children in stripping the fibres, which they do most dexterously, and in spinning, &c. Indian maize, and vines, grow in



abundance, as also chesnuts and walnuts. The people must come a long way to attend to the vineyards, as there are scarcely any cottages to be seen over a vast extent of cultivated soil. In these parts the corn is threshed out of doors, on large threshing floors, and as it is threshed, one man takes up a quantity in a shovel and throws it into the air, when the chaff is scattered before the wind. After a tedious drive over a hilly and dusty road, and with all four horses completely done up, and scarcely able to drag us into the town, we arrived at Biella at 7 P.M. and got rooms at the "*Albergo della Testa Grigia*," alias the *Grey-beard*, Hotel, a singular title. Biella is a small town, only noticeable for its situation, which is picturesque as approached from the road from Arona. It is like all Italian towns none of the cleanest.

August 19th.—We started at our usual hour for Turin, and arrived at 3 P.M. after a hot and dusty drive, through a dull uninteresting country, the road hemmed in the greater part of the way, both yesterday and to-day, between fields of Indian maize and vines, which, as both grew luxuriantly, limited the vision, except in the distance, where the long range of Alps, with their snow-clad summits, relieve the eye. The dust on the road lies many inches thick, and is scraped in large mounds by the road-side such as I have never seen elsewhere. In our journey to-day we crossed two or three rivers, the dry beds of which deprived them of their beauty, the stream being but small in any of them. The season has been unusually dry and hot, and much of the Indian

maize is burnt up and withered. Close to Turin, on the left of the road, there is a ridge of hills, on the summit of one of which stands a remarkable building, the mausoleum of the kings of Sardinia.

At 3 P.M. we arrived at Turin, at the "*Albergo della Gran Bretagne*," in the Contrade di Po, an excellent hotel, well managed.

Saturday, August 20th.—Turin, the capital of Sardinia, is built on the sandy plains at the foot of the Alps, and on the left bank of the river Po, and right bank of the Dora. It is unlike all other capitals of Europe, from the peculiar construction of its houses, the principal street and squares having lofty colonnades on both sides, and the houses themselves being very high. The principal street I have alluded to, is the Contrade di Po, that runs in a direct line from the square called the "*Piazza Castello*," in which stand the two palaces, down to the river which flows at the foot of the street.

It is a fine street of great breadth, and yet is protected from the rays of the sun by the unusual height of the houses, except at the lower end, where it opens out into a large space called the "*Piazza Vittorio Emanuele*," to cross which in the mid-day sun was anything but agreeable. Here the river is spanned by a handsome stone bridge, and there is an elegant suspension bridge higher up. The first sight of this river is by no means attractive. It has a stagnant look—a green and yellow melancholy about it, and flows most sluggishly—"melancholy slow." Shakspeare's mention of it,

coupling it with "the Alps and Apennines, the Pyrenean and the river *Po*," has impressed it upon one's mind from early childhood, but I question whether any part of the river has much attraction.

From this lower end of the street, the Alps are seen with their snowy summits rising at no great distance. The houses in the *Contrade di Po* have a somewhat rough and unfinished look, the holes in the walls, where the poles of the scaffolding were inserted, being left unfilled. Under the colonnades are shops of all descriptions: and I was struck with the number of booksellers' shops; and by the sides of the arches of the colonnades, are numerous book-stalls. Books seem much sought after; and there is evidently a great sale for them. In some places they lie in heaps on the pavement; and many purchasers may be observed conning their contents. Besides these book-stalls there are stalls for the sale of every imaginable article under the sun, from a cockatoo to a saucepan. I never saw such a medley. They need to have colonnades, as the heat is terrible; and yet they say that, a few days ago, it was "*beaucoup plus chaud! d'un chaleur epouvantable*," (they all speak French here), and they were obliged to keep the streets watered (but to little purpose) in the hope of cooling the atmosphere. All the people look languid, and the soldiers very pallid, pasty, and soft looking—no wonder;—but they are a noble and gallant army, notwithstanding, as all the world knows. Perhaps smoking, morning, noon, and night, contributes to the sallow look of the inhabitants.

The whole place is redolent of tobacco, "non olet sed redolet." At the upper end of the Contrade di Po is the Piazza Castello, thence branches off a fine street called the Contrade Nuova, which runs at right angles, filled with good shops, opening out in the centre into the Piazza St. Carlo, and continuing on (between two churches) to the railway station at the further end. In the middle of the Piazza, is a spirited bronze equestrian statue, on a handsome pedestal, of Emmanuel Philibert Duke of Savoy, the son of Charles III., born in 1528. He was at first intended for the Church; but, after the death of his two brothers, was permitted to follow his inclination for a military life. His bravery was rewarded by the command of the Imperial Army, at the siege of Metz. He gained, in 1557, the famous battle of St. Quentin over the French. Peace being concluded, he married, in 1559, Margaret of France, sister of Henry II., and died on the 30th of August, 1580.*

Emmanuel Philibert is represented in a coat of mail, with helmet and plume, reining in his horse, and in the act of sheathing his sword. The upper part of the figure is thrown back, and the attitude is graceful and dignified.

I hope, if ever Richard Cœur de Lion poises his sword in the murky atmosphere of London, he will be placed on a good pedestal. There is a vacant one in Trafalgar Square, but I trust we shall not see Cœur de Lion placed upon it! for my own part, I should not be the

* Dict. Historique.

least surprised, after seeing the Duke's statue stuck on the archway of the Green Park.

The whole effect of the Contrade Nuova is very good. At one end the two equestrian statues at the Palace are seen ; in the centre, that of Emmanuel Philibert, and the two churches before alluded to.

There is nothing peculiar in the costume of the people at Turin, except in that of the peasant girls, who bring in fruit, flowers, &c. and who wear large straw bonnets lined and trimmed with true blue—bonnets, too, of rather a theatrical shape, very low crowns, broad brims, and slightly turned down at the sides. The young women look very coquettish under them, as they ride in on their donkeys, in the early morning, sitting them gracefully.

Visited the Palace, which is gorgeously decorated in the interior, but is plain enough outside. Every thing is in good taste, and regal. The floors are beautifully inlaid. In the Queen's reception-room there is an extensive *recherche* collection of china ware, which is all I shall notice ; although of course there is much more, deserving of mention. At the back of the Palace is a pretty garden, open at times to the public.

In the old Palace, as it is called, though both are of ancient date, there is a splendid collection of paintings, scarcely surpassed in quality in any Gallery in Europe which it has been my good fortune to visit.

The Sanctuary, or interior of the dome of the cathedral church of St. John, is most beautiful. It is entirely of dark marble, against which some fine white marble monuments stand out in grand relief. The upper part

of the dome is of peculiar architecture, and consists of a series of arches rising one above another.

The *Museum* at Turin, a very ancient building, the staircase of which particularly struck me, as an archaeologist, is a place of much attraction.

It contains, in addition to an admirable collection of natural history, an extensive, valuable, and interesting one of Egyptian antiquities, such as is scarcely surpassed at the British Museum,—the whole a present from the Pacha of Egypt to the late King;—also an extensive collection of Roman antiquities, carefully and skilfully arranged. Among the Roman antiquities is an oracle—a bust with open mouth; through which the oracle gave the verdict.

A visit to the Armoury finished our morning's occupation. It is necessary to shew one's passport for admission. A handsome gallery is fitted up with warriors in armour, on horseback, and on foot, on both sides of the gallery, armed *cap-a-pié*, reminding me of the gallery we saw last year at Dresden. In the centre of the room, on the right, is a mask of "grim-visag'd war,"—so I presume, judging from his "wrinkled front," round which sabres are arranged. This is a fine collection of armour, some of which is elaborately worked in different metals; and there are several neat little models of guns and gun-carriages. The effect, looking down the gallery, is good; the horses are, perhaps, the best models to be met with in any armoury, as the representations of that noble animal are generally very bad.

In the afternoon we visited the Cemetery, which



is here, as elsewhere, on the Continent—and as it will shortly be in our own country—*outside* the town. It is the best arranged, and is one of the most pleasing burial grounds I have seen, recalling to my recollection the cemetery at Copenhagen. In the centre, a vast space is left for the poor, which portion is intersected by walks; on either side of these walks are planted the mournful cypress. On the height, overlooking the Cemetery, stands the Mausoleum of the Kings of Sardinia; and as I viewed the two together, I thought how true it is—

“Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque tures.”

“Impartial Fate
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate.”

On the walls which surround the Cemetery are various monumental tombs; and opposite each division is a large piece of ground, in which the families are interred; the walk passing between the wall and the grave. There are also, in an adjoining plot of ground, vaults for families, and above them is a beautiful colonnade or cloister, in which are many monuments.

Turin boasts its botanical garden, but we found nothing remarkable in it. We drove round the town to look at the extensive buildings in progress. An entirely new town, with new streets on a grand scale, is in progress, and ere long Turin bids fair to be one of the largest capitals in Europe. At present the city occupies a comparatively small space, but it is expanding itself wonderfully. The streets are thronged with people day and night, and it is quite as noisy, busy, and bustling a place as Berlin.

This is to be attributed in a great degree to the railway to Genoa, which is open as far as Busalla. A railway to Milan is also in course of construction.

Full moon, and an Italian sky—very beautiful.

The river Dora is crossed by a handsome bridge of one arch, a fine span, over which we enter Turin. On the hill-side are numerous villages, the residence of the gentry.

Sunday, August 21st.—I never saw any streets so thronged; the multitude of people is quite surprising. At 12 o'clock the band of a cavalry regiment played in the gardens behind the palace.

I went into most of the churches; some were very full. The basilica in front of the Cathedral Church of St. John, is in the arabesque style, and with frescoes on the ceiling and upper part of the walls illustrative of Scripture. It is something in the style of the church at Munich, but not so rich. I also went into the church across the bridge, at the end of the main street. This is a fine circular dome-shaped building, and from the steps of the church a good view is obtained of the main street and bridge, and the snowy Alps rising in the background.

Great quantities of fruit on sale in the streets—melons, peaches in profusion, plums, greengages, grapes, figs, cherries, pears, nuts, &c. enough to give all the town the cholera. Oranges and lemons were also on sale, but not so abundant. Outside the town, near the railway, is the Place d'Armes, a fine open space for exercising the troops. There are



four regiments quartered here at present, two cavalry and two infantry. The dresses are different to any other military costumes I have seen, and are very neat. They all wear the short frock coat, that of the cavalry being much shorter than of the infantry, and of course very convenient in the saddle, as it is entirely clear of it. The soldiers about the town, who are all on good terms with the people, give a lively and animated appearance to the place. They seem a well-conducted, orderly set of men, in that respect like our own.

Sardinia has a constitutional government similar to that which we possess. It has a house of Senators answering to our Lords, and a Chamber of Deputies answering to the Commons; and the king, I perceive, does not interfere more than he is called upon. Happy is the country in such a case.

In the afternoon we drove up to La Superga, the mausoleum of the kings, which attracted our notice as we entered Turin. It stands on the highest of the range of hills called the Collina, and is a splendid edifice, something like St. Paul's, but not so grand; its position on the hill is striking from all points. On a fine day, the noblest panorama in Europe is seen from the top, but alas we were not so favoured. The snowy summits of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and all the great Alpine chain, with their numerous glaciers, appear close to the spectator, and, over the level plain, the Duomo of Milan is distinctly visible: we could see far away across the plain, and obtained a general outline of the Alps, but no more. This, however, was something. The building

of La Superga alone repays a visit. There are five of the kings of Sardinia buried in the vaults, and in one division several of the children who died in their infancy or youth. The marble monuments are fine, and we particularly admired a piece of sculpture in bas-relief on the pedestal of one of the tombs, which is almost as spirited as those by Collin at Innsbruck.

We occupied three or four hours going through the whole range of building, where the priests reside, and were shewn the room where the portraits of all the Popes are hung, 256 in number. I believe Pio Nono was a short time back one of the number, but some heretic cut out his eyes! and the picture is of course now removed.

Monday, August 22nd.—Intensely hot, day and night. The mornings are always a little cooler till about 7 A.M. when it becomes fiercely hot.

Started by rail for Busalla, *en route* for Genoa, at 9.45 A.M. As far as Alexandria, we had in the carriage a Friar of Orders Grey, who, as of old, “went forth to tell his beads;” for he did nothing else but count them, and mumble to himself all the time. He was a fine-looking old man nevertheless. The heat continued great,

“Italia’s sun in summer’s noon-tide glow.”

Alexandria is a military station, in the neighbourhood of which is a large camp.

Shortly after leaving this place, the journey begins to be of more interest. The Appenines are now distinctly seen. The line of rail, too, attracts attention, being carried in many parts on arches, and solid masonry,

August 23rd.—Heat great; unusually great even for the inhabitants. Each day we remained at Genoa the sun rose and set “fierce and fiery.” I shall not easily forget—

“Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day.”

And yet I like—

“To see the sun set; sure he’ll rise to-morrow,
Not through a misty morning, nor be forced to borrow
That sort of farthing candle-light which glimmers
Where reeking London’s smoky caldron simmers.”

Went to many of the noble marble palaces in Genoa, and of course to the ancient Palace of Doria, who was the greatest naval character of his age: also to a few of the principal churches. The Annunciation is very splendid with its fresco paintings and blue and gold work. Drove upon the ramparts, whence a fine view is obtained of the surrounding heights, and of the many villas built upon slopes outside the city, conspicuous among which is a house, interesting to all Englishmen as that in which Lord Byron resided. We also went into the Café Concordia, a beautiful café, in the garden of which were growing orange trees full of fruit, and through the kindness of the proprietor, for the first time in my life, I plucked a couple of oranges from the tree. The sight of these orange trees, full of ripe fruit, was a novelty to me, most of my rambles having been confined to the far north; and as I have never before been so far south, I may be excused perhaps for getting

a little "out of my latitude," as sailors say, in speaking rapturously of what, common enough to others, was novel enough to me. So in viewing the Mediterranean—the sight of that deep blue sea was to me a source of the highest gratification; nor can I believe that any one can view it unmoved. Moreover, the Mediterranean was the foremost scene of the professional career of a beloved brother, a career too early closed by the hand of death, while serving in command of H.M. sloop *Rose*, on the East India station. He was invalided at the Cape on his way home, and there died.

The troops are parading the streets to-day in all parts, in consequence of an attempt at an *emeute* last night, on account of the high price of bread. Visited the house in which Lord Byron is said to have resided, a handsome palace with good paintings and hangings in the different apartments, commanding a lovely view, the best I have seen in Genoa. Inspected the Cathedral, which has some beautiful columns, said to have been brought from Jerusalem, the remaining part of the building being of marble, composed of black and white stripes, which look somewhat singular. The Chapel of St. John the Baptist within the Cathedral, has some fine carving, and behind the altar is an ancient sarcophagus, which tradition says once contained the bones of St. John—"Credat Judæus." By an interdict of the Pope, as a punishment in perpetuity, no females are allowed to visit this chapel: the daughter of Herodias having caused St. John to be beheaded.

There is a delightful public artificial garden on the ramparts, planted with mimosa, acacias, evergreen oaks, &c. which in the evening afford a pleasant shade, and if there is any breeze from the sea it may be inhaled here. It was the only spot in Genoa where there was a breath of air to be had. On suddenly opening the shutters at night, and viewing the firmament, "fretted with golden fire," I saw a comet, of which I had not previously heard, and involuntarily exclaimed:

"Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven,
Ye are a beauty and a mystery."

And the greatest mystery of all, are the Comets. I never saw the heavens look more grand.

A monument to Columbus has been commenced, and I suppose will be completed ere long. Strictly speaking, Columbus was not a Genoese, though he is usually termed so. He was born at Cucarro in the Montserrat, annexè du Piedmont.

There is a little angry feeling at Genoa, and the attempt at an *emeute* last night, was, as I have said, on account of the high price of bread, the women stirring up the strife, but it was soon stifled by a few troops parading the streets. We fancied we saw many faces scowling at us, and I soon learnt that the English were not in good odour among the majority, who are disaffected, in consequence of the interference of one of our ships in 1849, which prevented a revolution, but unquestionably saved the town from anarchy and confusion.

Wednesday, August 24th.—Started at 7 A.M. for Busalla, and by rail arrived again at Turin at 4 P.M.

It was very hot all day. In the evening I visited "La Consolada," opposite which is a handsome column, with the Virgin and Child. Near this spot has been recently erected an obelisk, filled with names from top to bottom and on all four sides. They consist of certain parties who have agreed to some change of religious opinions. Opposite the "old Queen's palace," runs a fine street called the Contrada di Dora grossa, one of the best in Turin. There is in this street a remarkably handsome church (the interior) well worth seeing. It recently belonged to the Jesuits. Many other handsome interiors of churches are also to be seen, accounts of which I dare say have been given in extenso by my friend Mr. Murray, whose Hand-book for these parts I have not with me.

The streets of Turin are swept clean daily by a well-organized system, similar to that we have recently adopted in parts of our own metropolis.

August 25th.—A little rain last night has slightly cooled the air. Handcarts, with large blocks of ice, fresh from the glaciers of Mont Cenis are wheeled through the streets, and frozen snow is also carried about in large quantities. Started at 7 A.M. The road across the plains is somewhat dull, until it enters a pass between the mountains, which rise boldly on either side, with a fine serrated ridge—whilst those in front of the road are capped with snow. Soon after mid-day we reached Susa, a miserable little place, and commenced the ascent of the Mont Cenis. As we advanced, we met a few ice-carts descending. Some fine cascades pour down the sides of the rocks; and these rushing waterfalls, amidst rocky

scenery, with no vegetation but grass, and stones rolled about in great confusion, give a wild appearance to the spot. There is a remarkably attractive cascade on the left of the road; near which the zig-zags may be said to commence.

Passing the Barrier of Piedmont, the road continues through a valley at this high elevation, the mountains rising on all sides. A beautiful lake lies on the summit of the pass. We reached the Hospice at 5½ P.M., near which there is some good mountain pasturage, which feeds large herds of cattle, goats, sheep, &c. The air, at this high elevation, is most delightful, after the heat we have endured of late. Great numbers of Houses of Refuge, very near to each other, are discernible, on approaching the summit. They are called *Regia Casa di Recovero*. The snow is now to be seen near the road, and plentifully on the surrounding mountain tops. Parts of the summit of Mont Cenis forcibly reminded me of the Splügen. The seventeenth House of Refuge is the *Confine di Francia*: why called so, I cannot say. Close to it stands the 18th, where the road commences a rapid descent. At the end of the valley, into which the road descends, there rises a mountain; on the sides of which the extensive glaciers are very grand; and are seen to great advantage between the 20th and 22nd Houses of Refuge, with the village of Lanslebourg, lying in the valley beneath. These beautiful glaciers are also advantageously seen on reaching the turn of the road which enters the fir plantations, for so they seemed to be. The view is almost equal (from certain points) to that of

the Ortler-Spitz and its pendant glaciers. At the head of the valley, another grand glacier is seen. Continuing to descend, the road now follows the course of the river Are (a tributary of the Isere) to Lanslebourg, where we proposed to stop, situated in the valley, surrounded by lofty mountains and numerous glaciers. The Pass of Mont Cenis is undoubtedly best seen by crossing from the Italian side. Obtained rooms at the "*Hotel Royal*;" and enjoyed some of the famed trout from the lake on the summit of the Pass of Mont Cenis.

August 26th.—At 6 A.M. took a morning walk, and found the air refreshing.

Lanslebourg is a place where I should like to remain for some days, to explore among these glaciers, which, lit up by the sun, look most inviting; but I am not master of my time. The road follows the course of the Are, which coils through the valley like a snake. The sides of the hills are richly cultivated, and we are now upon a continuous descent.

Some of the little primitive bridges, constructed of logs of pine thrown across the river, are precisely similar to those in Norway. The river flows through a deep gorge in the rocks, and the Pass is commanded by the Fort of Lesseillon, which stands proudly on a rock, above the right bank of the river, our road lying on the opposite side to the fort, which belongs to Savoy, and guards the entrance into Italy. A fine cascade pours down the mountain, facing the fort, and is crossed by the road. Above the fort the rocky summit of a mountain covered with snow, gives a grand effect to this wild spot.



Another cascade is seen on the right. Leaving the fort the road continues its descent through wild-looking mountain scenery to Modane. All speak French in these parts, and all names of inns, streets, &c. are written in French.

At some distance from Modane the river foams fiercely over its rocky bed, and the road follows close upon it—crossing and recrossing the stream, and continuing the descent into the contracted ravine through which the Aare flows, bounding and leaping over obstructions caused by the huge fragments of rock. The slopes of the hills now begin to be cultivated with vines, and the road proceeds by the right bank to St. Michel, beyond which rises a precipitous rock of much grandeur, at the foot of which the road and the river passes.

St. Jean de Maurienne is rather a neat town for these parts (with a charming little avenue) and it takes its name from the valley through which we have been passing. It is prettily situated among the mountains, and was enlivened by a regiment passing through on the march. I noticed in this valley many persons afflicted with goitre; dwarfs, and poor harmless idiots are also numerous.

A pretty drive by the river side to La Grande Maison,—which is only a solitary post station. The weather continues beautiful, but very hot. The road follows the right bank, and the drive is pleasant as far as Aigubelle.

Very swampy in many places, in this part—like the valley of the Rhone,—but the range of mountains is bold, and the sloping hills are beautifully verdant and

picturesque. The valley opens out considerably, and the road quits the river and proceeds to Maltaverne. The road now passes through a pretty undulating country, well wooded with fine walnuts and Spanish chesnuts, and clothed with vineyards. Crossing the Isere, which is a fine river, we arrived at Montmelian, a small town situated on its bank. The road turns off to the right, and quits the Isere, and proceeds to Chambéry, the capital of Savoy, where we arrived about 7 P.M. in a tremendously heavy storm of rain, accompanied with much forked lightning, and were glad enough to get housed at the *Hotel de l'Europe*.

August 27th.—Went early in the morning to the Cathedral and to Notre Dame. They are neither of them remarkable. Walked through the Place d'Armes and the Promenade, where there is one of the best fountains I have seen, consisting of the forepart of four bronze elephants, from whose trunks the water flows; they are the size of life (and admirably executed), surrounding a column on which are trophies of war, and the summit is surmounted by a statue of General de Boigne, who has done great things for the city.

Started at 7 A.M. for Lyons. The weather cooler, but all admit they have had unusually hot weather.

A little distance from Chambéry on the left, a pretty waterfall shoots from a perpendicular cliff, and after last night's rain, it made a respectable appearance.

St. Thibaud de Coux is the first place we come to. It is only a post station. The ridge of the rocks on the



left of the road is worthy of notice, and the approach to Les Echelles is grand. The road passes between rocks on either side, and through a tunnel in the rocks: and then suddenly opens out upon a beautiful and extensive view, the village of Les Echelles being seen in the great basin below.

As we descended towards it, and lost sight of the perforation through which we had passed, it was difficult to imagine how we had approached it; for all seemed shut in, like the happy valley of Rasselas.

The rocky mural precipices facing "Les Echelles," from which the village takes its name, are remarkably grand. It is the frontier town of Savoy, as Pont de Beauvoisin, the next station, is of France. The road now follows the river Guier, which rises near a mountain of some grandeur, called I believe the Grand Chartreuse, a view of which is obtained near Les Echelles.

The river flows through a rocky ravine, and the road follows its course, being skilfully constructed at some height above it. The horizontal strata on the opposite side resemble huge blocks of masonry, and are in parts as regular. Passing through this contracted gorge, a magnificent and extensive panorama opens out, looking over a vast portion of what may indeed be called "La Belle France;" for nothing can exceed the beauty and richness of the whole country to the furthest circuit of vision—stretched like a map at our feet. The road proceeds to Beauvoisin, and several neat-looking country houses with pretty gardens are passed.

A narrow bridge across the Guier divides Savoy

from France, with a Savoy sentinel on one end of the bridge, and a French sentry on the other. Here our luggage was examined, and (although I have travelled throughout Europe) for the first time in my life, my pockets as well, notwithstanding I had told the fellow at the Custom House—"dress'd in a little brief authority,"—that I had nothing to declare.

Through Le Gaz, which is approached by a pretty undulating country, the roads are excellent, and the postillions smart neatly dressed fellows, all in new attire of blue, with scarlet facings and glazed hats; and they drive at a great pace. The posting in France I have always found superior to that of any other country. Our route continues through La Tour du Pin. From this place to Bourgoin we came at great speed. The furious driving of our postillion could only have been exceeded by Jehu himself.

The country is pleasing, and the mountains which we are leaving behind us, are seen for a long time. Through La Verssilere to St. Laurent, and Bron, places of little importance, to Lyons, where we arrived at 5½ P.M. The whole posting excellent, good roads, good horses, and good postillions. Obtained apartments at the "*Hotel de l'Univers.*" Lyons, the second city of France, which I had never before visited, is a noble place, lying between the Rhone and the Soane, both fine rivers, but particularly the former, which is here of great breadth. On either river are handsome quays and houses, and the two rivers are crossed by bridges; those over the Rhone being for the most

part suspension bridges. There are many good streets, and a large open square, called Place Louis le Grand, in which is an equestrian statue, where the band of one of the regiments plays in the evening, and the folks promenade. Marshal Castellane, an ancient warrior who commands the garrison, was walking amongst the people, who crowded about him, much as ours were wont to do, around the immortal Duke. The town hall is a fine old building, standing in a handsome square.

Sunday, August 28th.—Went in the morning to a small encampment about five miles out of town. The road leading to the encampment was thronged by people chiefly pedestrians, and by as many women as men—

“Multos castra juvant.”

High mass was to be performed at 12 o'clock, which was the chief attraction, and the tents are about to be struck. Marshal Castellane arrived on the ground a few minutes before the time, and the firing of a signal gun announced that service was about to be performed. The encampment consists of about 4000 men, or four regiments of Infantry, and there were three squadrons of Cavalry, and a small detachment of Artillery present on the occasion, but these returned, when mass was over, to their barracks in the town. The spot occupied by the encampment was a piece of ground in the hollow of the hills which surround the camp, smooth as a bowling green. It seemed just adapted for the number of men and no more. The

tents were pitched in straight lines, with a good space between each of the extended rows, and stretched across at one end of this "bowling green," from one side to the other.

On the ridge of the hill on one side, and on its centre stood a little chapel, consisting of a square canopy of crimson cloth, under which was an altar. This chapel was tastily erected; the steps to the altar were made from the clay, in which were embedded cannon balls. Cutlasses prettily arranged formed the fence round it, and on each side muskets and cutlasses piled up formed pillars, upon the summit of which a cross was erected with great ingenuity with eight pistols, two and two, the locks touching each other and the butt ends forming the centre of the cross. I never saw a prettier effect of the kind produced. The troops advanced from their tents and formed in masses of close columns in front, and on each side of the chapel, and the artillery between them. The three squadrons of cavalry extending in three divisions, from one end of the ground to the other, in the rear. The service lasted half an hour, and another gun announced its termination. The General and staff rode down to the foot of the hill, and the four regiments of infantry then marched past in quick time, the first being the 6th regiment of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. They looked uncommonly well, and ran off the ground to their tents at the pace for which they are famed. The other regiments also marched to their tents.

The three squadrons of cavalry, about 700 men, two of Cuirassiers and one of Dragoons, trotted round, and



passed the General and staff at a hand gallop, which they continued, crossing to the opposite side, when they wheeled into line, and came up at a *grand gallop*, and halted. All was now over, and the cavalry returned into town. The movements of the latter were beautiful, and the line was admirably preserved in the charge, but the halt I did not think quite so perfect. The most splendid charge I have ever seen, for speed, precision, and sudden halt, was in a review of Lord Cardigan's regiment. I shall never forget an inspection I witnessed of the 11th Hussars on Wimbledon Common, as I considered it as the "*ne plus ultra*" of light cavalry movements, and certainly not to be equalled by any regiment in Europe, and consequently in the world.

I had an excellent position for seeing high mass performed, and the whole camp, as well, without anything to obstruct my view. When all was over I walked down the line of tents and was much pleased. The tents of both officers and men are precisely the same, and in form, like those of our officers. They hold twelve or thirteen men each.

The officers' tents are distinguished by striped canvas, and all the tents are ventilated, like our own, at each end by a little window cut in the canvas, with a projecting piece which stands over the opening, so that no rain can penetrate. They are slit open at each side, the weather side being strapped up. Trenches are dug round, similar to those I saw at Chobham. The cuisines were infinitely superior to ours, though much on the same plan, the

front was built up in the form of the roof of a house with chimnies, and these were all neatly plastered to represent brickwork.

Many of these roofs were ornamented in a variety of ways: and on them were painted the battles in which the regiments had been engaged from Lodi in 1796, to some of the more recent conflicts. I must not omit to mention that little gardens were planted round many of the tents, and clay sofas raised, on which the soldiers were seated much at their ease. The officers' tents had also these sofas, over which were thrown a rug or blanket.

The Cathedral at Lyons is of ancient date, and contains some good stained glass windows. The Eglise d'Ainay is perhaps one of the oldest churches in Europe, and is of high interest. There are many fine buildings in the town, the Hotel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, &c., and there are about seventeen bridges, chiefly suspension, over the two rivers; ten over the Soane and seven across the Rhone. Some of these have sculptured lions at the extremities, a play upon the word no doubt.

An equestrian statue of the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte, on a beautiful pedestal, has recently been erected in the town.

August 29th.—Left Lyons at 9 A.M. by the steamer, for Chalons-sur-Saone, which place we reached a little after 6 P.M., about as uninteresting a cruise as could well be made. There are but few towns or villages on the banks of the Soane, and few habitations. Macon appears to be the only place of any importance. These towns, or villages, have mostly a suspension bridge

thrown across the river. The banks are for the most part low, except about Lyons, where the hills slope down to the river, and are dotted with houses and gardens.

No vessels were to be seen on the river, except a few small barges, and two or three larger ones laden with horses, and an occasional steam-tug towing an infinity of barges with coal. One of these, in a narrow bend of the river, was the occasion of our getting aground, and I began to fear we should stick in the mud for some hours, and that they would have to lighten the vessel, as sometimes happens when the water is low, and that possibly we should have to pass the night there; however, my fears were not realized, as they soon got her off again. The length of the vessel is prodigious, and she is extremely narrow. I never saw any vessel similarly constructed; I should guess her at about 180 feet long, by eight or ten feet broad. She is a paddle-wheel boat rejoicing in the name of the Zephyre—the Lizard might perhaps have been a more appropriate name, for certainly her body was, like the lizard's, "lean and long."

The rail is in rapid progress, and when completed, I suppose the shallow waters of the dull Saone, will be left to flow on their undisturbed and muddy course, and all travellers will rejoice to escape the infliction of this uninteresting river voyage, which in our case was rendered all the more disagreeable by its blowing a stiff gale of wind, direct against us.

Chalons has a pretty appearance, as approached by the river, and is the redeeming point; but there is little

to attract notice in the town. We procured rooms at the *Hotel du Parc*, facing the river, where we were housed the year before last.

August 30th.—The bridge at Chalons crosses to a small island, whence the town is perhaps best seen, and there is a pleasantly shaded avenue by the side of this branch of the river. The Barracks are situated here, and a large Hospital.

A new and handsome front appears to have been made to the *Eglise St. Vincent*, an ancient church, in the *Place St. Vincent*. In the interior a new bell of good dimensions, and richly ornamented, was temporarily suspended for consecration, under a canopy, tastily decorated with artificial flowers.

The Cathedral of *St. Peters* is a fine church in the interior, and has a handsome dome. I heard some good music, and as it was a fête day (for some Saint who presides over gardens, I believe) a pretty garland of flowers was placed in the church, surmounted by a statuette of the *Saint Jardinier*, holding a flower in his hand, which is to be carried in procession.

We left Chalons by the express train at 1.45, and went as far as Sens, where we arrived at 8 P.M. The town was crowded with people, and priests innumerable; the *Fête des Jardiniers*, being observed here as well.

The *Hotel de l'Ecu* was full of priests, and others, but we got apartments. Not a carriage was to be had, and we were compelled to thread our way through the



streets in the dark, which, as they were flowing with water, let to run through on these occasions, was not agreeable, it being difficult in the dark to steer clear of the stream.

August 31st.—The Cathedral at Sens is an ancient and noble building, but there is nothing else to attract notice.

Left Sens by the 9½ train, to Paris, which (being a slow train) did not arrive till 1 P.M.

Paris very full. Obtained rooms at the "*Hotel Windsor*," in the Rue de Rivoli, which we found all that could be wished.

Great progress has been made since last year with the prolongation of this noble street, which will be the finest street in any city of Europe. The new buildings appear to be entirely of stone.

September 1st.—My early morning walk was of course in the Champs Elysees. Great progress is also being made with the Palais de l'Industrie, a stone building, which will occupy a considerable space of ground on the left of the Champs Elysees. Visited the quadrangle of the Louvre, where the improvements are no less conspicuous, and much credit is due to the Emperor, by whom these vast undertakings have been conceived.

Started by 11.45, express, and reached Arras at 4. 20. Procured rooms at the *Hotel de l'Univers*, an excellent hotel. Arras is a fortified town of considerable extent, with a population of about 170,000, and has several manufactories, chiefly of cotton and linen. The Hotel

de Ville is of ancient architecture. This, and the Cathedral are the principal objects in the town. The interior of the Cathedral, though plain, is handsome, and on a grand scale. Arras and Amiens are convenient half way places between Paris and Calais, for those who travel at leisure, or wish to make an easy journey by dividing it. Families will find a good hotel at both places.

There is also at Arras a theatre, and the walks in the neighbourhood of the town are said to be pretty.

September 2nd.—The Grand Place is a fine square, with some curious old Spanish houses. A corn market is held in the centre three days in the week, and it is amusing to see the vast number of tame pigeons walking between the legs of the people, just as at Venice. No one molests them. The place in which stands the Hotel de Ville is also a fine square. Adjoining the Cathedral is a handsome College, with a pretty Botanical Garden, open to the public.

The views in the neighbourhood of Arras are said to be pleasing, but we had no time to witness them, nor to visit a little chapel spoken of as handsome. Arras is famed, I believe, for its manufacture of lace.

Started by the express train at 11½ for Calais, where we arrived at 3, and embarked for Dover in the "Queen of the Belgians," one of the beautiful packets belonging to the South-Eastern Railway Company.

Landed at 6, rather less than 2 hours, although blowing fresh with the wind directly ahead. Remained the night



at the *Ship Hotel*, and in the morning returned to London, that focus of fog and fashion, thankful to have breathed so much fresh air, and to have been through

—— many a pleasant place,
Though sluggards deem it but an idle chase,
And wonder men should quit their *easy* chair,
The toilsome way, and long long league to trace—
Oh there is pleasure in the mountain air,
And health which bloated ease can never hope to share.



A P P E N D I X.

OUTLINE OF A SUMMER TOUR IN SWITZERLAND 1851.

LONDON TO CALAIS.

July 16th.—By express train to Dover, and across in one of the French boats to Calais, where we landed in less than five hours from London. Put up at *Dessins' Hotel*. Visited the Lighthouse, a fine building, completed about three years ago, and ascended to the lantern. One of the highest lighthouses hitherto erected (167 feet high, and 190 above high water mark.)

BRUSSELS.

July 17th.—By rail to Brussels, *via* Lille, Ghent and Malines, a long and tedious route through a flat uninteresting country. Remained at Brussels till the morning of the 19th. Brussels, as every one knows, is an aristocratic looking city, with good houses, good shops, and good streets. We stopped at the *Hotel de Belle Vue*, well situated, adjoining the Park and the Palace, but noisy.

AIX LA CHAPELLE.

July 19th.—By rail to Aix la Chapelle, and remained the 20th (Sunday), stopped at the *Hotel du Grand Monarque*. Roman Catholicism is in full sway at this place. Saw a large procession pass through the streets, accompanied by the military. There were several little children prettily dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers round their heads, who walked in the procession, they greatly interested us.

COLOGNE.

July 21st.—By rail to Cologne; visited the superb Cathedral. I found a great deal had been done to it since 1840, when I last saw it. Stopped at the *Hotel Dische*.

COBLENTZ—STOLZENFELS.

July 22nd.—By steam boat up the Rhine to Coblenz. It was a beautiful day, but hot. Though not by any means new to me, I was pleased with the scenery of the Rhine, which all must admit to be a noble river. Remained at Coblenz the 23rd, and visited Stoltzenfels, the castle where our good Queen resided when on a visit a few years ago. It is beautifully situated, and we were well repaid by our visit. The interior is fitted up with great taste, and there are many things to admire, in respect to furniture, works of art, &c.

EMS.

We also visited Ems, which is approached by a pretty drive along the banks of the Lahn, a river which falls into the Rhine, but I did not consider Ems to possess any great attractions. Ehrenbreitstein was visited as a matter of course; a grand fortress, as all the world knows, commanding a magnificent view. Remained at the *Hotel du Geant*, at Coblenz.

MAYENCE.

July 24th.—By steam boat to Mayence, and again fortunate in the weather. The whole of the scenery from Coblenz to this spot is one continued series of beautiful prospects, with innumerable castles, mostly in ruins, overhanging the river. Stayed at Mayence about an hour, and saw the cathedral.

WIESBADEN.

By rail to Wiesbaden, and had great difficulty in getting accommodation, as it happened to be the Duke of Nassau's birthday, which is kept as a high holiday. After trying several hotels we succeeded in getting rooms at the *Taurus*, so named after the surrounding range of mountains. I was much pleased with

Wiesbaden, which presents a clean and cheerful appearance. The Kur Saal is a fine room, and the colonnade a nice lounge for idlers, of which there are not a few at all hours of the day.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE.

July 25th.—By rail to Frankfort (to the *Hotel de Russie*), nothing new to me at this place, where I have been several times.

BADEN BADEN.

July 26th.—By rail to Baden Baden. Much as I have travelled by rail it is but due to the Duke of Baden to say that I have never experienced anything to equal the arrangements of this line. We kept our time almost to a moment at the several stations. The carriages are excellent and beautifully fitted up, and the rails admirably laid. In fact no expense appears to have been spared, and the whole line is regularly posted with sentries in a neat and appropriate uniform, each with a brass number on his cap beginning with No. 1 to probably 200 (for I ceased to notice them, and only recollect seeing policeman 149), and all these sentinels wore the moustache, which if it did not add to the safety of the travelling gave the idea of their being men partaking of a military character, and therefore accustomed to the strictest order and regularity.

It is unquestionably a creditable railroad, and forms a charming contrast to one upon which it was once my misfortune to travel in going to Durham,—anything more disreputable than that I do not remember : but this was some years since.

Put up at the *Hotel de Russie*. Baden is a beautifully situated spot, surrounded by hills with many a pleasant walk. I know of no spot so attractive as its immediate locality, and I should think it preferable to most others for invalids, who are not so far crippled as to be unable to ascend the hills : for such—Wiesbaden would be a more suitable spot.

Sunday, July 27th.—Remained at Baden : went to morning service. In the afternoon I walked up towards the old ruined

castle, but was turned back by a threatening storm, and arrived just in time to escape a deluge of rain, with much heavy thunder and lightning.

STRASBURG—BASLE.

July 28th.—By rail to Strasburg, where we stopped three or four hours, and visited the noble Cathedral. There was a total eclipse of the sun to-day, which we saw to advantage, and numerous people were observing it through coloured glasses. Went on to Basle, arriving there about 10 p.m. Got rooms at the Three Kings, situated close to the river side, with a long balcony overhanging the river.

July 29th.—Walked up to the Cathedral, from whence there is a pretty view of the Rhine. Having engaged a Voiturier with a neat carriage and pair of horses, the property of one Simon Blum, we started for Schaffhausen and got as far as Waldshut, where we remained the night. A frightful storm during the night passed immediately over the town; much lightning and thunder, which shook the windows of the house.

FALLS OF SCHAFFHAUSEN, RHINEFALL.

July 30th.—From Waldshut proceeded to the Falls of the Rhine, and arrived early in the afternoon at Rhinefall, and were lucky enough to get excellent apartments at the *Hotel Weber*. Our sitting room having a balcony from whence we could enjoy the view of the Falls *ad libitum*. We went to the Camera Obscura, and crossed over in a boat to the opposite side of the Falls. My last visit was in 1840 with three Dutch officers of artillery, who in their flat country had never previously seen a waterfall, and were in ecstasies as may be supposed. I never saw men so astonished.

ZURICH.

July 31st.—On to Zurich, and put up at the *Hotel Baur*. The mountains were enveloped in clouds, but towards nightfall they cleared off, and we got a charming view of the distant snow-clad peaks beyond the lake—the first time we have caught a glimpse of the Alps.

ZUG—LUCERNE.

August 1st.—From Zurich to Zug across the High Albis, of which we saw nothing, owing to mist and rain,—and on to Lucerne—a very wet day, incessant rain, and the country approaching Lucerne sadly flooded, the river Reuss rushing along with great impetuosity. The large hotel on the lake was full, and we could only get rooms in an adjoining house, from which there is a good view, and we were satisfied.

LUCERNE.

August 2nd.—Remained at Lucerne; it rained all night, and much rain fell during the day. Only occasional glimpses were obtained of the Righi, Mount Pilatus, and other surrounding heights, but at times their summits were entirely clear. Visited the armoury, where there are a few interesting weapons; also the lion sculptured from a model of Thorwalsden cut in the solid rock. It is a fine work of art. The model by Thorwalsden is exhibited in an adjoining house. One of the Swiss guard (one of two remaining soldiers) came whilst we were there. There is also an officer still living; these three are all that survive of the once famed Swiss Guard. He was a fine old man, and I made him give me his autograph on an engraving which I purchased. Took a long walk towards Mount Pilatus.

Sunday, August 3rd.—Remained at Lucerne. To church in the morning: in the afternoon went in a steam boat down to the end of the lake, to Fluelen, and was greatly pleased with its beauties. The setting sun tinged with purple the rocky summits of the mountains. It was a most lovely day, with beautiful sunshine, but very hot. Lucerne flooded: water up to the houses, and planks placed through the streets to walk upon.

TO LAGNAU AND THUN.

August 4th.—Left Lucerne en route to Thun. Stopped at Lagnau, a clean and prosperous looking place, with good houses and beautiful gardens. The females prettily dressed in the Berne costume, which is exceedingly becoming.



A nice little church stands on a gentle rise. In the Churchyard I noticed a remarkably neat square monument raised to the memory of four or five brave young men who fell in battle in the year 1847. Part of the road to-day was impassable from a small landslip, and we were compelled to make a detour. A pretty drive all the way. Slept at the *Emmenthall Hotel*, which we found clean and comfortable.

THUN, UNTERSEEN AND INTERLAKEN.

August 5th.—Started early for Thun, where we remained two or three hours, and dined at the table d'hôte. The view of the high mountains, forming part of the Bernese range, is very grand as we approach towards Thun. The Stockhorn, with its rocky throne, although not of sufficient height to be capped with snow, is a striking feature, as well as the Niesen, which in its form reminded me forcibly of Croagh Patrick on the west coast of Ireland. The Blumlis Alp, completely covered with snow, rises nobly to the view.

The situation of Thun, at the foot of the lake surrounded by the lofty mountains, is most attractive. Proceeded on by the side of the lake to Unterseen and Interlaken. The road was in parts completely flooded, the water being two or three feet deep over it, and washing the precipitous rocks on the side. It was staked out to prevent accidents. One of the bridges at Interlaken was washed away a day or two ago, when the landlord of one of the Hotels and his niece were unhappily drowned, happening to have gone upon the bridge at the moment. We noticed whole fields under water; in fact, such a rush of water I have never seen. Greatly pleased with the situation of Interlaken, with which I well remember being struck on a previous occasion; and the view of the Jung-frau wrapped in its everlasting mantle of snow is really sublime.

We have been most fortunate in the weather, to make up for our disappointment in crossing the High Albis, the sun shining in all its splendour upon the snowy summits of the mountains which stand out in bold relief against the blue sky.

In the evening walked up to a high eminence, whence we obtained a beautiful view of the valley in which Interlaken stands, with the river flowing through it from the lake of Brientz into that of Thun, and the setting sun, lighting up the Jung-frau, completed the picture.

VISIT TO THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ AND THE GIESBACH.

August 6th.—In the morning went down to the bridge which was again endangered by the rush of the water, and the inhabitants were summoned to assist by the ringing of the bell before the dawn of day. Not only the bridge (which we had crossed yesterday afternoon, but which was to-day impassable) but the adjoining houses were in great danger of being swept away by the torrent. It was a singular scene, men and women hard at work, some 50 together, dragging a fir tree of considerable size, just like so many ants, and placing it against the embankment, fastening it with ropes, while others were employed in pulling down wooden sheds and outhouses with wonderful rapidity, and using the timbers and rafters to form the embankment. The long range of a low wall of stones was rapidly demolished, and the fragments carried to the spot. I have seldom witnessed a more busy and exciting scene, of man contending with the elements.

Went by the steam boat to the Lake of Brientz and landed at the Giesbach, which, after all these heavy rains, we saw to great perfection, and, in this state, it deserves to be called a beautiful cascade, and to rank amongst the first of the same description in Europe. It was a lovely day and we much enjoyed our visit. The boat called again in about a couple of hours, when we returned by it to Interlaken, and went in a carriage to Lauterbrunnen.

LAUTERBRUNNEN.

The drive through the mountains pass of Lauterbrunnen, with a foaming torrent rushing through it, and many mountain streams pouring down the side of the snow-clad mountains of the Jung-frau at the upper extremity of the ravine,



is perhaps one of the grandest scenes in nature, the Staubach falling perpendicularly over a precipice of some six or eight hundred feet, adding not a little to the effect. This fall also was seen to great advantage from the quantity of water with which it was supplied, but falling from so great a height it is broken into spray in many parts before it reaches the bottom.

August 7th.—Left Interlaken in the steam boat for Thun, sending the carriage round by the side of the lake. It is a beautiful sail upon the lake of Thun, from which point the snowy range of Alps is seen beyond the high rocky summits of the surrounding heights. Joining our carriage at Thun we proceeded on to Berne, and put up at the *Hotel de Faucon*, where we were comfortably lodged. The situation of Berne is very attractive; placed on a rising hill with the river flowing at its foot, the town is approached by a beautiful bridge not long since constructed. The river, however, like all other rivers and most other streams in Switzerland, was of a muddy pond-like colour, and this forms the great contrast between the rivers and streams of Norway, which are as clear as crystal; indeed the Thames at London Bridge is of greater transparency than most of the rivers in Switzerland. The principal street of Berne is so built as to afford covered pavement, like the streets in the old town of Chester. From the platform the range of the Bernese Alps forms a grand attraction; we saw them distinctly, but it was not a clear evening, and during the day we encountered a frightful storm of rain and hail, which fell in prodigious quantity, the latter very large. The lightning was constant and vivid, accompanied by some loud and awful peals of thunder close over head. I have not often witnessed a more frightful storm.

FREIBURG.

August 8th.—To Freiburg, where we remained two or three hours, and were greatly pleased with the suspension bridge which appears to hang by threads to the main chain. It is of the lightest conceivable construction, longer than the Menai, a far greater

wonder, but the Britannia tubular railway bridge across the Menai has far eclipsed all suspension bridges. Went to the Cathedral and heard the magnificent organ. "God save the Queen" was played, I presume in honour of us, but it happened oddly enough to be about the very hour and on the very day that the Queen was to prorogue the Parliament. Proceeded to Payerne en route to Lausanne. We were going to Vevay but the fête of the Vignerons celebrated yesterday and to-day, at that place, has caused us to alter our route. Put up at the *Hotel de L'Ours*.

PAYERNE.

Nothing attractive in Payerne save a charming avenue of poplars and plane trees alternately planted, and forming one of the nicest promenades of a summer day that could be desired.

LAUSANNE.

August 9th.—Left Payerne for Lausanne; up hill and down hill the greater part of the way, and nothing to interest, till we approach Lausanne, when a glimpse of the beautiful lake of Geneva breaks the tediousness of the journey. Arrived early in the afternoon and procured rooms looking over the lake, at the *Hotel Gibbon*. Went up to the Cathedral to enjoy the view.

Sunday, August 10th.—At Lausanne. Anniversary of some democratical fête. It was a poor affair. Enjoyed the lovely view from the *Hotel Gibbon*, and a fine moonlight effect upon the lake, the weather was cloudy and the mountain tops at the head of the lake only occasionally visible. Walked up to the Signal, from whence a beautiful view is obtained.

GENEVA.

August 11th.—By the steam boat to Geneva, a pleasant excursion upon the lake. Got apartments at the *Hotel de l'Ecu*, which looks upon the lake and the clear waters of the Rhone, which flow rapidly through the town, and are joined by the Aar at a short distance. Walked to the "meeting of the waters," but not without difficulty, the footpaths being flooded. It is singular to notice the

difference of colour of the two rivers, the Rhone being very different from the usual dirty colour of all the rivers and streams in Switzerland.

CHAMOUNI.

August 12th.—En route to Chamouni, took a carriage as far as St. Martin, there to wait our return, and went on by char-a-banc; arrived, after a long but interesting drive through some grand scenery, late in the evening, just in time for the 8 o'clock table d'hôte at the *Hotel Royal*, where we obtained apartments.

A beautiful clear evening; Mont Blanc in all its glory, the setting sun shining with a purple tinge upon its summit, from which the deathlike hue which immediately ensues on its departure, is not a little remarkable. Heard that a large party were ascending Mont Blanc.

ASCEND THE FLEGÈRE.

August 13th.—A most brilliant day, clear blue sky and not a cloud to be seen; rode up to the Flegère on mules, and beheld a splendid view of Mont Blanc with all its glaciers streaming down to the valley. Saw the party on Mont Blanc descending from the summit, having previously caught a glimpse of them, the evening before, going up, not far *apparently* from the top. It was interesting to watch them, the long line in single file slowly working their way up, and their track in the snow most distinct. The zig-zag by which they ascended, and the straight furrow made on their descent were this morning visible to the naked eye. There were six gentlemen and twenty-four guides—Mr. Albert Smith,* as we learn, being of the party.

In the evening drove to the foot of the Glacier des Bossons, and ascended on mules close by the side of it, as far as the Cascade des Pèlerins. It was too late to go upon the glacier, and dark

* When I made this note, I little thought that all the world were destined to visit Mont Blanc, in Piccadilly, in company with this talented gentleman.

before we got into the carriage again. The mule track very rugged.

ASCEND TO THE MER DE GLACE.

August 14th.—Ascended the Montanvert on mules, and went on to the M^{er} de Glace; a most charming day. Pierre Simmond* who has three times been up Mont Blanc, was our guide to the M^{er} de Glace this day.

BATHS OF ST. GERVAIS.

In the afternoon went on to the baths of St. Gervais, a very damp spot with very damp beds. Fine waterfall there.

GENEVA.

August 15th.—Returned to Geneva.

August 16th.—Drove to Lord Byron's house overlooking the lake, and to a tower from whence a view is obtained; fearfully hot.

Sunday, August 17th.—Remained at Geneva, (still very hot) and visited the burial ground, where we saw Sir Humphrey Davy's tomb. On Sunday evening drove to a spot just above the junction of the two rivers, where there is a charming view of Geneva, and of the rivers meeting.

ST. LAURENT.

Monday, August 18th.—Across the St. Jura, travelling post with four horses, having hired a carriage; the examination of luggage in the frontier delayed us a long time. Reached St. Laurent; here we remained the night. Quite cool crossing the mountains. St. Laurent is at a great elevation, although we descended to it considerably. Snow lies on the ground seven months in the year.

CHALONS.

August 19th.—Post to Chalons, where we slept. A long uninteresting drive all the way after quitting the Jura. A less attractive line of country, it is not easy to conceive; little else than crops of Indian corn to relieve the eye.

* He was up again the following year with Mr. Browne, who has published some very beautiful drawings taken during his ascent.



FONTAINBLEAU.

August 20th.—By rail to Fontainbleau, a long journey of eleven hours.

August 21st.—Went over the Palace, having first visited the forest, and admired some of the superb trees, particularly the oaks. One, the Bouquet du Roi, stands alone in its glory, towering above the beech trees, with a tall straight stem, and the branches shooting out near its summit, at a great height. This is a very remarkable oak, its character being entirely altered. Amidst all the other trees, it asserts its right to be the monarch of the forest. Greatly delighted with Fontainbleau.

PARIS.

In the afternoon to Paris, and found rooms at the *Hotel Westminster*, Rue de la Paix. Paris frightfully hot.

August 22nd.—Visited the Louvre, sculpture, paintings, &c. greatly pleased with all, of course. The Chinese collection is admirable.

VERSAILLES.

August 23rd.—By rail to Versailles; visited this most wonderful of all palaces, from its enormous extent and endless collection of paintings. Everything grandly conceived and grandly carried out. By carriage back to Paris, visiting Sevres, and charmed with its beautiful collection of China-Sevres, on which are the finest paintings in oil.

On our return we saw the President Louis Napoleon, driving out in his phaeton in the Champs Elysees. At night I was amused with the musical performances at the cafés. Dined at Vérey's in the Palais Royal.

Sunday, August 24th.—To church in the morning; in the afternoon I visited the Champs Elyseés. Hundreds of people present, like a fair; roundabouts innumerable, and dancing dogs, which attracted great admiration, &c. Hot weather.

August 25th.—To Pere la Chaise, Pantheon, Notre Dame, and the Bourse, in the morning.

August 26th.—To St. Cloud. Beautiful view of Paris from the palace. To Neuilly where we saw Louis Philippe's house which had been destroyed by the Revolutionists. To the Chapel of St. Ferdinand, the Duke of Orleans' Mausoleum, a spot of touching interest.

August 27th.—Visited the Admiralty and the Hydrographer's office, and on visiting the latter, well arranged, noble establishment, regretted the miserable space allotted to our own, and its marked inferiority in *that* respect; in many others it stands proudly pre-eminent, particularly in the number and accuracy of the Charts issued, which could not be otherwise in the able hands of one of the most able men of the present generation.

TO CALAIS.

August 28th.—To Calais by rail, and to *Quillac's Hotel*.

August 29th.—Visited the Museum. Crossed to Dover in the afternoon. Heavy squalls. By express to town, where we arrived to a late dinner at 9½ p.m.

A WEEK'S WALK FROM AIROLO, AT THE FOOT OF
THE ST. GOTHARD, TO LAUTERBRUNNEN.

1st Day.—Left Airolo at 5 a.m. and crossed the St. Gothard, arriving at the Hospice at 12. Visited the Pont du Diable, about an hour's walk from the Hospice.

2nd Day.—Started at 6 a.m. and crossed the Furca and Grimsel. The weather very bad, and some of the party who went upon the glacier of the Rhone were in great danger. Arrived at the Hospice of the Grimsel at 5 p.m., distance 24 miles.

3rd Day.—Walked to Meyringen, starting at 8 a.m., and arriving at 6 p.m., distance 24 miles. Passed through Handek and saw the Falls of the Aar, which are very grand—perhaps the finest in Switzerland.

4th Day.—Remained at Meyringen and visited the beautiful Lake of Brientz, and Cascade of the Giesbach.

5th Day.—Walked to Grindelwald, the valley of which, with the glaciers, is very striking, distance 24 miles, and very steep the greater part of the way.

6th Day.—Walked from the Grindelwald to Lauterbrunnen through very beautiful alpine scenery; the Faulhorn and Wetterhorn being the grand features; saw several avalanches from the latter, which fell with the noise of distant thunder; distance 20 miles: total 112 miles or thereabouts, in five days, with one day's rest between.

Proceeded the following day in a carriage to Interlaken.

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PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

SUMMER TOURS

IN

CENTRAL EUROPE,

1853—4.

[PART 2.]

BY
JOHN BARROW, ESQ.

"CELER EUNDO."



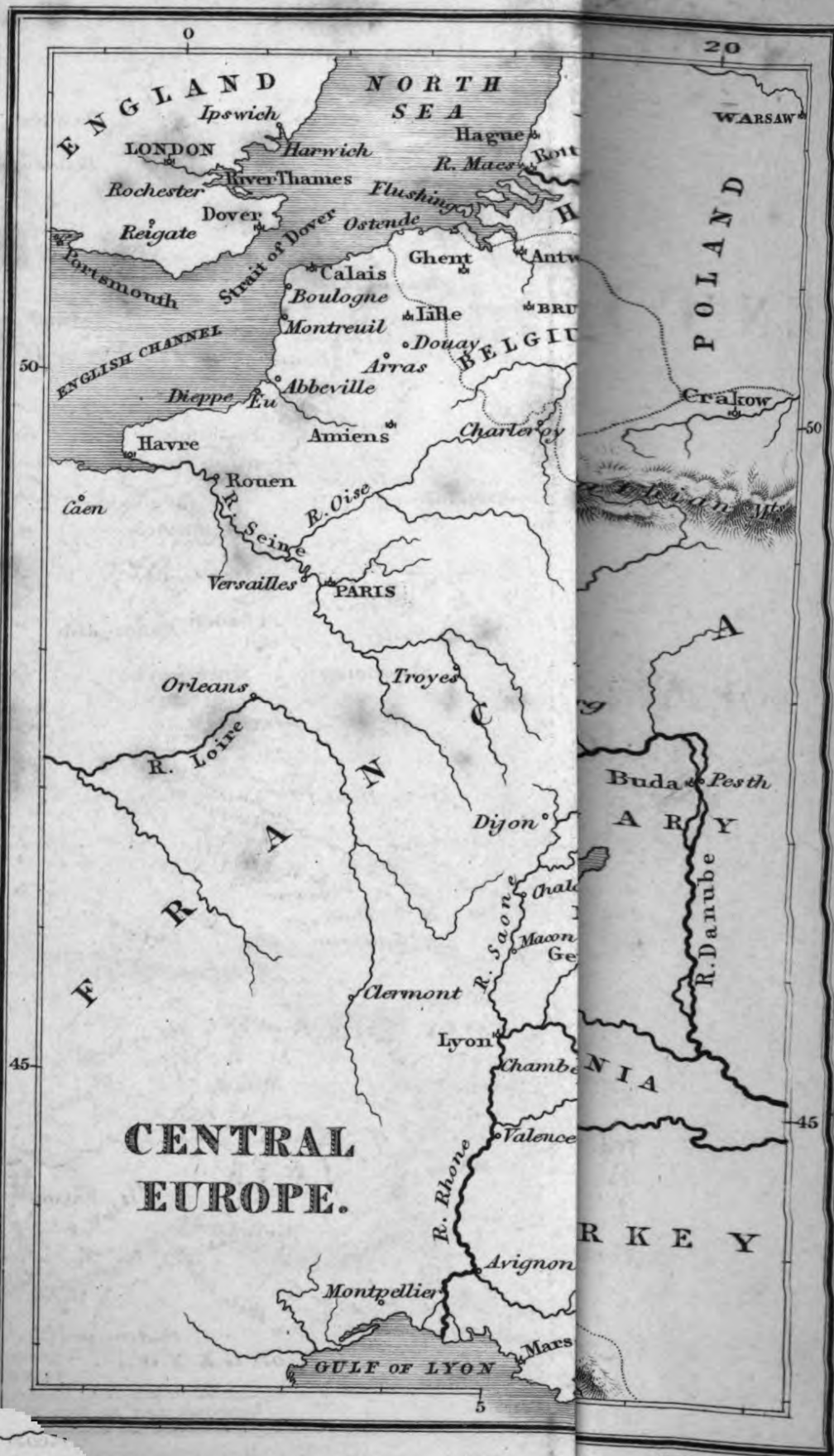
NORTHERN GERMANY, STYRIA,
CARINTHIA, &c.

LONDON:
W. H. DALTON, COCKSPUR STREET.
1856.

EMBEED (1







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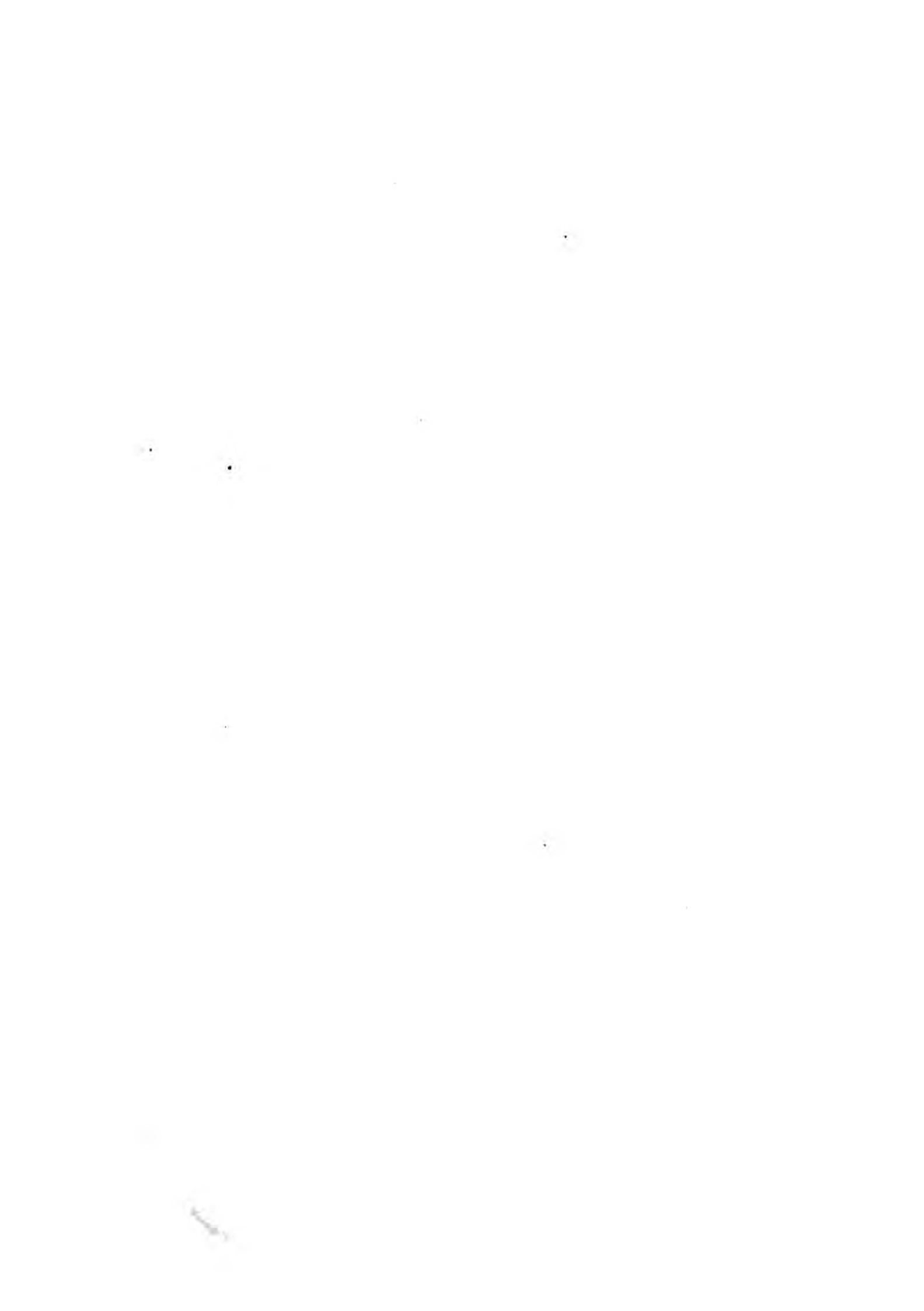


PART III,
FRANCE AND THE PYRENNÆES,
&c.,
PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LORD LONDESBOROUGH, F. R. S.,

THESE PAGES

ARE IN FRIENDSHIP DEDICATED.



N O T I C E.

THE following pages being a Sequel to a "TOUR ON THE CONTINENT BY RAIL AND ROAD" in the Summer of 1852, (No. 44, Travellers' Library,) and to Part I, of "SUMMER TOURS IN CENTRAL EUROPE, 1853-4," would have been issued last year, soon after the publication of the latter, but the laborious and fatiguing duties of official life, during the late War, left me but little inclination to attend to even such a trifling task as seeing my notes through the Press.—J. B.



REGULATIONS RESPECTING PASSPORTS

1. Applications for Foreign Office Passports must be made in writing ; and addressed to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with the word " Passport" written upon the cover.

2. The fee on the issue of a Passport is 7s. 6d.

3. Foreign Office Passports are granted only to British-born subjects, or to Ionians, or to such foreigners as have become naturalized either by Act of Parliament or by a Certificate of Naturalization granted by the Secretary of State for the Home Department. When the party is a " Naturalized British subject," he will be so designated in his Passport ; and if his Certificate of Naturalization be dated subsequently to the 24th day of August, 1850, his Passport will be marked as good for one year only ; but this regulation will not preclude any person whom it affects from obtaining, at any future periods, on his producing his old Passport, a fresh Passport for a further limited period of one year, without being required to pay a fresh fee.

4. Passports are issued between the hours of twelve and four, on the day following that on which the application for the Passport has been received at the Foreign Office.

5. Passports are granted to persons who are either known to the Secretary of State or recommended to him by some person who is known to him ; or upon the application of any *Banking Firm* established in London or in any other part of the United Kingdom.

6. Passports cannot be sent by the Foreign Office to a person already abroad : such person should apply to the nearest British Mission or Consulate.

7. Foreign Office Passports must be countersigned at the Mission in London, or at some Consulate in the United Kingdom, of the Government of the country which the bearer of the Passport intends to visit.*

8. A Foreign Office Passport granted for one journey to a British-born subject, or to an Ionian, or to a "Naturalized British subject" whose Certificate of Naturalization is dated previously to August 24, 1850, may be used for any subsequent journey, *if countersigned afresh* by the Ministers or Consuls of the countries which the bearer intends to visit; but a Passport granted for one journey to a "Naturalized British subject" whose Certificate is dated subsequently to the 24th of August, 1850, can only be used for a subsequent journey undertaken within the period for which the Passport has been originally granted.

Foreign Office, November, 1854.

* It is requisite that the bearer of every Passport granted by the Foreign Office should sign his Passport before he sends it to be *viséd* at any Foreign Mission or Consulate in England; without such signature either the *visa* may be refused, or the validity of the Passport questioned abroad. And Travellers who may have any intention of visiting the Austrian States at any time in the course of their travels on the continent, are particularly and earnestly advised not to quit England without having their Passports *viséd* at the Austrian Mission in London: but there is no necessity for the *visa* to a Foreign Office Passport of either the Prussian or Sardinian authorities in the United Kingdom.

List of the principal Foreign Passport Offices in London where Foreign Office Passports are to be viséd:—

Austrian Legation	...	Chandos House, Cavendish Square.
Bavarian Legation	...	3, Hill Street, Berkeley Square.
Belgian Consulate	...	52, Gracechurch Street.
French Consulate	...	36, King William Street, City.
Portuguese Consulate	...	5, Jeffery's Square.
Russian Consulate	...	Chesham House, Chesham Place.
Sicilian Legation	...	94, Eaton Square.
Spanish Legation	...	44, Portland Place
Turkish Embassy	...	1, Bryanston Square.

TOUR IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

CALAIS.

Saturday, July 8th, 1854.—From London to Dover by the 8. 10. express, embarked in the South Eastern packet, Princess Mary, and after a passage of one hour and thirty five minutes landed at Calais. Sea smooth as a mirror.

Obtained rooms at *Dessin's*, which hotel, being foreign in its aspect, I always prefer on first landing at Calais, just as I should prefer Quillac's after an absence abroad, the latter being quite the reverse, and very English. In either case the change is agreeable.

Sunday, July 9th.—To church in the morning: divine service was impressively read by the Rev. Mr. Gifford, an old friend of ours, who for several years was Incumbent of the little Chapel of St. Matthews, in Spring Gardens. We dined with him and his family in the evening, and, as may be supposed, the time passed agreeably in the society of a highly talented and amiable man, who deserves to be in a more prominent sphere of church preferment.

Monday, July 10th.—Left Calais by train at 8 A. M. and reached Lille in about three hours. Here we had

to remain an hour for a train to Tournay, where we proposed to stop.

At Mouscron our baggage and passport were examined. Having now entered Belgium, we again had to wait a couple of hours, which I employed in strolling up to the little town in which a fair was held. The Belgian flag, floating out of the windows of many of the houses, gave a cheerful and animated appearance to the place.

The population of Mouscron is stated at 8,000. I also crossed the rail to an adjoining village in which is a neat modern brick built church. This latter village has a population of about 3,000.

TOURNAY.

Started at 3.45, and arrived at Tournay at a little after four, passing through a richly cultivated country, crops looking promising.

Obtained rooms at the *Hotel du Singe d'Or* (the Golden Monkey.)

Visited the cathedral, an ancient gothic building, and somewhat remarkable with its five towers. The interior is grand, being of great length and height. A large assortment of sacerdotal garments are worth seeing, some of them of ancient date, and all of them of the richest and most gorgeously embroidered velvet.

Close to the church stands a lofty tower with carillons. Tournay is a clean little fortified town, with sloping streets, and quays on each side the river.

It is situated on the Scheldt, which takes its rise in France, and flowing through Flanders, empties itself,

as every one knows, into the North Sea below Antwerp. It contains a population of about 30,000, and is one of the principal commercial towns of Belgium.

It has its park, a small plot of ground, in which is also the *Jardin des Plantes*. Here the band of one of the regiments plays once a week, as well as on the Sunday.

Tuesday, July 11th.—Making the most of my time, I was up and out at 5. A. M. sketching the cathedral, of which, however, no good view can be obtained, it being surrounded by buildings on all sides.

After breakfast went to the parade ground, where we saw a regiment of Cavalry (Lancers) exercising, also a regiment of Infantry. The movements of the former were tolerably good, but I thought the horses more suited for a heavy Dragoon regiment, than for a light regiment; they were wanting in activity and speed. The Belgian colours, red, orange, and black, had a pretty appearance when the men waved their lances in the air.

The soldiers of this regiment were young, smart looking lads, some of them mere boys.

NAMUR.

Started from Tournay at twelve o'clock for Namur, where we arrived shortly after five, and got rooms at the *Hotel d' Hollande*. The fields looked lively to day, being filled with haymakers.

Wednesday, July 12th.—Visited the cathedral, a fine building with a lofty dome; also the church of St. Loup, which, with its marble pillars, and sculptured roof,

presents a handsome interior. Namur is situated at the junction of two rivers, the Sambre, and Meuse, or Maus, the greater portion, indeed nearly the entire town, standing upon the Sambre. Above the Meuse rises a noble fortress, not unlike Ehrenbreitstein in its general effect, as viewed from the opposite bank of the river.

From the ramparts of this fortress a grand view is obtained of the town, and of the junction of the two rivers. Like Liege, Namur is surrounded with hills, and is considered a damp place, so much so that even the polished marble of the Church of St. Loup requires an annual rubbing up to keep it bright; this process, however, appears to be confined to the lower part of the pillars, the other portion remaining dull.

The chief manufactories at Namur are cutlery and glass.

We went through the principal one for cutlery, and found it far behind hand of those at Birmingham and Sheffield. Close to the hotel stands an old clock tower, with a sonorous bell, which was rung at 3 A. M. for half an hour, to "awake the snorting citizens," and loud enough to have awakened the seven sleepers, and made them exclaim—

"Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the Isle

"From her propriety!"

At 10, started *en route* for Luxemburg, travelling *en Voiturier*. The first part of the road lies through a well cultivated and gently undulating country. The roads are hilly, but excellent; we met no travellers of any description, and few carts the whole day.

MARCHE.

At 5 we arrived at Marche, where we passed the night at the *Hotel de la Cloche*. There are several new houses building at this little spot, and seats of the gentry are seen in the neighbourhood.

On approaching Marche, there is an extensive view from the summit of one of the numerous hills over which the road passes, and many long lines of poplars extending over the plains, have a peculiar appearance.

Thursday, July 13th.—Left at 9, and rested the horses at Bastogne. The road passes over continued undulations of ground, varied only by traversing a forest through which a nice trout stream flows by the road-side, and over an extensive common, on which the bright green ferns were interspersed with the most brilliant *citrus*.

We were not so fortunate in the weather to day, it was overcast and showery, and the roads were heavy from the quantity of rain which had fallen lately.

By the road side are numerous limestone crosses neatly sculptured, placed in memory of the departed.

This appears to be chiefly a pastoral country, and the cattle are abundant, especially about Bastogne, famed for its hams.

The descent into Martelagne, where we arrived at six and remained for the night, is pleasing. This little village lies in a valley surrounded by hills, some of which

are richly cultivated, forming an agreeable contrast to the general character of the country through which we have been passing :—a sparkling little river winds its way through the hills.

There are collieries in the neighbourhood of Martelagne, and slate is abundant. Several houses may be said to have been quarried from the hill sides, as they occupy the space from which the slate for building them has been removed. The roads are excellent, but do not seem to be much frequented.

A road branches off at Martelagne into Holland, in which country the inn by the side of the two roads is situated.

This little inn is kept by obliging tidy people, and every thing is clean and good, it bears the sign of the *Civet Blanche*.

Friday, July 14th.—Left Martelagne at nine for Luxemburg. There is a beautiful and extensive view on reaching the highest summit soon after quitting the former place.

At Arnot, a town of some little importance, we rested the horses for an hour. This is a frontier town in Belgium, and at a short interval the road enters Holland, where the baggage was nominally examined, the officers being civil in performance of their duty. All the crops are backward in these parts.

LUXEMBURG.

Arrived at Luxemburg at four o'clock.

The fortifications are of great strength, and new forts have recently been added. The town appears to be in the keeping of the Prussians.

A distant view of Luxemburg is obtained, and is afterwards lost sight of, till the fortifications are passed, and the streets are entered. It is not so important a place as one might expect for the capital of a grand duchy.

The Hotel de Cologne, where we remained, is situated near the gate by which we entered, in a street at right-angle with the main street.

In the centre of the latter is an old well about 200 feet depth. Water jerked from a glass occupies from 7 to 8 seconds before it strikes. I timed it several times by my watch, with the same result.

The castle gate, "Schloss Thor," is at the end of the main-street, and there is a good view from the bridge of the remarkable fortifications of the town, which stands on a rocky ridge of hills, surrounded by others of a similar character, in all of which are bristling fortifications.

It is unlike any other place with which I am acquainted.

The ramparts form a pleasant walk round a portion of the town, and from a garden at the back of a house, occupied as officers' quarters, there is a good view of some of the principal parts of the fortifications.

The cathedral is small, and remarkable only for the columns supporting the roof, which are of an interlaced sort of sculpture, the effect being rich.

There is apparently little else to be seen at Luxemburg, which, however, was enlivened by one or two smart regiments of the Prussian Infantry.

At present the town is garrisoned by two regiments of the line, and part of another regiment, the whole number of troops in garrison amounting to about six thousand men.

The Prince of Prussia being expected this evening, the men on duty are in their best dress, and they look well. In my opinion nothing surpasses the Prussian helmet, and the short frock coat, or tunic. I hope, now that the inconvenience of the English uniform will be experienced in the East, we may adopt something equally soldier-like.*

Saturday, July 15th.—The Prince of Prussia reviewed the garrison this morning; five thousand men were on the ground. The day being brilliant, it was, in a small way, a grand spectacle. The sun glistening on the helmets and bayonets, and on the brazen instruments of the band, had a splendid effect.

The review commenced at 8 A. M., and lasted a couple of hours. The soldiers cheered the Prince when he arrived on the ground. The movements of the troops were admirable, particularly when the battalion columns, marching with precision, wheeled into line; the advance

* The tunic has lately been adopted, since this was penned.

of the line was also without confusion, and some of the echelon movements, and forming squares, were perfect.

The tramp of the men has an imposing effect, the foot being brought smartly to the ground, whether at the halt, stepping out, or change of front, &c. ; and the swing of the right arm, which works like a pendulum in the quick march, has an easy, and natural look.

The Prince entertained at dinner the whole of the Officers of the garrison, amounting to 80, a princely idea after an inspection. It is often the reverse with us, the Officers entertaining the General.

At 10½ we left for Trèves. At some little distance we came upon the Moselle. The slopes of the hills are now covered with vines ; this reminded me of the *sparkling* wine from those parts, a term we could scarcely apply to the muddy river. The scenery is of a pleasing character. The Prince passed us on his return to Trèves.

Crossing the Sure, which flows into the Moselle, we now enter the Prussian territory, and the road shortly comes upon the left bank of the river.

At Igel, a little village as we approach Trèves, there is an interesting Roman Monument, a sort of obelisk some 60 or 70 feet high, the inscription on which is not legible. On the four sides of the pedestal are several bas reliefs. It is supposed to date 150 years before Christ, and various are the conjectures as to its origin and import.

The drive by the river side is picturesque, and many villages are scattered about.

Numerous stone crosses of great antiquity are common by the road side.

Trèves, with its steeples, is occasionally seen at some distance before we approach the town.

It lies in a broad vale of the Moselle, which in general effect, reminded me of the valley of the Inn, if we substitute hills for lofty mountains.

Arrived at 5 o'clock at the *Hotel de Trèves*. The Prince and his suite occupied the best apartments.

TRÈVES.

Sunday, July 16.—Went to the cathedral and to the adjoining church of our Lady, in both of which the music was fine. These are grand edifices and of great antiquity.

The coat of our Saviour, "woven throughout and without seam," is exhibited in the cathedral! we did not see it. It would take a great amount of persuasion to make me believe it to be what they say. Some travellers, perhaps, are more credulous. The church of St. Matthias, a little out of the town, is still more ancient, having been built by the Romans. In one of the many churches at Trèves (seven in all) are some good specimens of Fresco paintings.

The amphitheatre is highly interesting, and is tolerably perfect, the very cells in which the animals were kept, still remaining, but the seats around are only faintly indicated, rising, however, in regular order, one above

the other, as in the noble amphitheatre at Verona, which latter is the most perfect specimen perhaps of any that remain.

The palace of the Emperors, or the Baths, as they are generally called, several having been excavated, is a ruin of much interest. The cement of the walls is as firm as are the stones themselves. It is situated at one end of a piece of ground used as a parade. The Electoral Palace now a barrack, stands at the other end. On crossing the parade we picked up a coin of the Emperor Constantine. They are found in great numbers in different parts.

The Porta Nigra, why so called I know not, unless it be from its sombre appearance, is another of the Roman remains, and is a fine specimen of their works. The blocks of stone used in its construction are of large dimensions and are clasped together with iron, no cement apparently being used. This is now a grand ruin, which well repays a careful inspection.

Several pieces of sculpture found at the baths, and at the amphitheatre, have been placed within the building, and are of great interest. Gladiators in *alto-relievo*, a sculptured figure of a wild boar, several busts, penates, or house-hold gods, &c. are among the collection.

On the walls of the building, growing in great profusion, were beautiful blue bells, hanging in rich clusters, mingled with yellow verbascum.

By ascending the surrounding heights, many delightful views may be obtained of the town, and of the river winding through the valley, but the best view is from the hills on the opposite side of the river.

The town itself is full of attraction owing to the variety and the singular character of its buildings, and to its numerous Roman remains. I only regretted my inability, for want of time, to make sketches, which might be multiplied to any extent by amateurs like myself, or by artists, who, no doubt, find here a good field for their portfolios. I contented myself with a sketch of the old bridge over the Moselle, the buttresses of which are said to be anterior to the birth of Christ. Adjoining the church of St. Matthias, are some fine old cloisters, formerly occupied by nuns, but now by pigs, poultry, and cattle. This peculiar farm is the property of a gentleman who owns a large estate in these parts, consisting of many hundred acres. There were no less than 42 cows, and 20 calves, very comfortably cloistered. Like the nuns of old they never quit their cells. They are kept in admirable order, and their coats, like those of some horses I once saw upwards of a thousand feet under ground, in a colliery near Newcastle, look sleek and beautiful. All the cattle are of the choicest breed. I have not seen so many located together since I was in Norway, where the same great care is taken of them, but there they are daily sent out to graze, here all the fodder is brought to them.

There was a pig of monstrous proportions, which, could he have walked at all, would certainly have walked off with the prize at any of our cattle shows.

Monday, July 17th.—Left the interesting, but noisy town of Trèves, where for two nights I scarcely closed my eyes, owing to the incessant striking of the Church

clocks close to one's ears, the loud rattle of diligences, and the noisy blasts of horns, on their arrival and departure.

At 8½ A. M. we were en route towards Frankfort.

The first part of the road skirts the Moselle, and is exceedingly pretty. At Scweich we crossed the river by a ferry, and rested our horses at Clausen, travelling *en voiturier*.

The scenery is beautiful, the route lying through a rich country, charmingly diversified by hill and dale.

Clausen itself is a lovely spot, and we had as fair a day as ever shone from the heavens—all nature rejoicing in it. The wild flowers are in profusion, butterflies on the wing in great variety, and the birds singing merrily.

There is a large handsome church at Clausen, which gives importance to the place. From the top of the tower would be a fine view.

The roads are excellent.

BERNCASTLE.

To Berncastle, the little village on the opposite side of the river. We crossed the Moselle by ferry, and there passed the night. The whole route to day has been through a beautiful and luxuriant country, the little hills clothed with vines, and the valleys with the most promising crops. A great part of the journey was on the banks of the Moselle, and a pleasant drive it is. Owing to the continued rain hitherto, the peasants are only

now getting in their hay. The meadows by the river side present a lively scene, with the numerous hay-makers and the carts overladen with hay.

We reached Berncastle at 4 P. M. being a short days journey, but a pretty spot to pass the evening, and possessing a good Hotel, the *Drei Königen*. As I sat sketching I was amused to see the number of persons returning from their labour. The ferry was in great requisition, frequently bringing over large quantities of hay, as well as the mowers. It was a busy scene.

Tuesday, July 18th.—Started at 8 A. M. The first part of the road winds through a pretty pass in the hills, where the vegetation is most luxuriant, and the wild flowers are brilliant. It continues to ascend for a great distance, and must attain a high level above the sea.

The scenery throughout the journey to Bingen is of a pleasing description, especially the latter part, which passes among the hills through which the Moselle flows, emptying itself into the Rhine at Coblenz. One or two castles are seen perched on the heights, that of Stumberg being the most important. The view of the castle and of the village at its foot, as seen on ascending the road, with the hills stretching far away in the distance, and rising to an elevation entitling them to be called mountains, is exceedingly beautiful.

People all busy hay-making. The crops are now forward in these parts, but not yet ripe for the sickle.

The first peep of the Rhine with its fine sweep at Bingen, and the extensive view of the country, as seen

on our right through the hills, is highly beautiful. We arrived late, about 9, and found one hotel full, but succeeded in getting apartments at another, the "*White Horse*," an excellent house, with rooms facing the river. Our horses brought us 65 miles to-day.

KREUZNACH.

Wednesday, July 19th.—Started about 9 for Kreuznach, famed for its baths; a peculiar quaint old bridge, with houses, crosses the river, if river it may be called, at Kreuznach, which would certainly be a good mud bath for any one, for it is uncommonly thick and dirty. The Kursaal, or room in which the entertainments are held, is handsome, and the tables are laid for the visitors at the baths, who mostly assemble here to dinner. There appeared to be seats for two or three hundred persons, and the hall would conveniently accommodate treble that number.

Kreuznach did not appear to me to be a spot of any great attraction, and the country in the immediate neighbourhood is not inviting.

The road shortly enters the duchy of Darmstadt.

The crops in this part of the country are ripened, and are now being cut and carried, and the weather seems settled fine.

On the left of the road lies the property well known under the name of Johannisberg, belonging to Prince

Metternich. The place stands prettily on the side of the hill, and further on is a conspicuous building which I believe is an asylum for lunatics,—or a convent.

The road follows the course of the Rhine, which is seen extending to a great distance.

Cherry and apple trees full of ripe fruit, line the road on either side. A new round fort of great strength has recently been constructed on the summit of the hill which descends to *Mayence*.

The fortifications of the town are of great strength, and the ramparts form pleasant promenades for the inhabitants.

We reached the *Hotel du Rhine* at 6½, and revisited the handsome cathedral at this place, which was well filled for vespers. The organ was fine, and the mingling of many hundred voices on the raising of the Host, was grand and impressive. The cathedral is lofty, and is certainly a noble edifice.

In one of the Squares stands a good statue, (with appropriate bas-reliefs on the pedestal) to Gutemberg, the inventor of printing—It was made at Paris. The Times ought to get one up to Caxton, in Printing House Square.

Mayence is strongly garrisoned, no less than 12,000 soldiers, 6,000 Prussians, and 6,000 Austrians, besides a few Hessians.

Thursday, July 20th.—Up at my usual hour between 4 and 5 A. M., and saw a fine effect after sunrise on the

Rhine, the sunlight striking directly across the river in front of the Hotel.

Started at 8 A. M. for Wiesbaden, a pretty little cheerful spot, backed by the Taurus range, a clean aristocratic looking town, where we passed a day.

Soon after leaving Hattersheim, where we rested the horses, the Rhine is seen on the right. Our route was to Homburg, which lies to the left of the road.

It has been intensely hot to day as well as yesterday ; fine settled summer weather, with a powerful sun, which will fast ripen the grain.

Homburg has a picturesque appearance as approached by this road, backed by a range of wooded hills, and the red roofs of the old houses starting out of the deep verdure of some fine trees around them, belonging to the park, form an agreeable contrast with the more modern part of the town.

In all the French journals, I had seen the BATHS OF HOMBURG advertised in such huge capitals, and such a bill of fare offered, that I was grievously disappointed to find a small dull place, though filled, I believe, with the *beau monde*, and the chief amusement—gambling.

Of all these fashionable baths Baden-Baden is the most preferable for situation ; but I have myself no liking to any of them.

At 7 P. M. we reached Frankfort, and put up at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, a spacious house, almost as large as the Hotel de Russie ; the heat to day was great.

Friday, July 21st.—Started at 10 for Aschaffenburg.

Crossed the river,— the view of Frankfort from the bridge is well known, and is very beautiful. Rested the horses at Seligenstadt, on the Maine. This little spot is remarkable for its old church, which is well worth seeing, and it contains some good sculpture, and a remarkably handsome marble sarcophagus, of bold design.

It is the church of St. Peter and Marcellinus, but who the latter gentleman is, I know not. The view from the church yard is extensive and fine. At four we arrived at Aschaffenburg, passing through part of a forest in which are some magnificent poplars, the stems I should say of a size unequalled in Europe.

Aschaffenburg is a curious picturesque old town, with its houses scattered, and presenting their gable ends to the street. It stands on a hill above the river Maine, which winds prettily at its foot; the superb old palace, with its lofty turrets, surrounded by trees crowning the height. There is, perhaps, not a more picturesque looking spot than Aschaffenburg, as seen on approaching it from the opposite side of the river. The palace was built about 250 years ago, but being formed apparently of a kind of soft red sandstone, it has a more ancient look. The style of architecture too is antique. It is in the form of a quadrangle. The rooms in the interior are numerous, but generally small; they contain, however, a good collection of paintings by the old masters.

A private chapel is attached to the palace. In some adjoining grounds rising immediately above the river,

the ex-king Ludvig has built a house in exact imitation of one at Pompeii, the fac-simile of which may be seen in the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, even to the "Cave Canem;" at the entrance door. It repays a visit, and there is a pretty panorama from its summit. Several large orange trees in full blossom on the terrace look very beautiful. The heat to day has been intense. I record it as a fact, that travellers may know what to expect at this time of the year in these parts. Found rooms at the *Freihof*."

WURZBURG.

Saturday, July 22nd.—Left Aschaffenburg at 8 A. M. for Wurzburg, a long day's journey, arriving at 8 P. M. at the *Kron Prince Von Baierne*, an excellent hotel facing the palace. The sun was just setting behind the range of hills. The ancient town of Wurzburg stands on the left bank of the river Maine.

Its citadel crowning the height, is a grand fortress, worth visiting, if only for the commanding view, but it is otherwise well deserving of notice. The chapel is not without interest, and a Crown of Thorns may be seen here, by those who choose to ask for it.

Wurzburg is strongly fortified. The palace is a grand building, and deserves the name of a palace.

The apartments here are numerous, but not, however, remarkable, except some of those looking into the

gardens at the back. In these there are some splendid specimens of Gobelin tapestry, and one of the rooms was occupied by Queen Victoria in 1845, which is, of course, carefully pointed out, as it ought to be, to our countrymen. There are some pictures of no great merit, and a few articles of *vertu*.

The centre hall facing the gardens is handsome, indeed the whole range of apartments on *this* side repays the trouble of walking through them. The exterior is handsome. The citadel is approached by a fine old bridge, with large stone statues at the side.

Monday, July 24th.—The heat continues intense, the only cool hour being just at day-break, when I rise to enjoy it.

Left by the express train for Nuremburg, starting at 11 A. M., and arriving at 4 P. M. stopping half an hour for refreshments at Bamberg. This rail has not long been open.

As in Austria, the railway employées are in livery, and salute the train as it passes the several spots where they are stationed. The Guards of the train wear a pretty bright blue uniform with silver lace. Like all the Germans, they are exceedingly civil, good humoured, and obliging people. Got rooms at the *Red Horse*.

NUREMBURG.

Tuesday, July 25th.—Nuremburg is, I think, the most interesting town of any in Europe, (the cities of St. Petersburg and Moscow alone excepted). Its buildings are of the greatest antiquity, and its churches of singular beauty. Many of the houses are of the most fantastic style of architecture, with enormously high pitched roofs, projecting garret windows, oriel windows, turrets, &c., scarcely a house, indeed, but is in some way remarkable. They are generally built of a red freestone. The old towers, too, and particularly the watch tower, are characteristic of the place. The principal churches are those of Saint Sibald, and Saint Lawrence; the latter is a splendid cathedral of Gothic architecture; but one of the most beautiful is the Frauen Kirche, which is of the richest Gothic, and the entrance porch is exquisitely fine. I consider it one of the finest interiors in Europe, as it certainly is one of the most elegant. The Rathhaus, or town hall, is a curious old building, one of the most interesting perhaps in Germany, reminding one, in some respects, of that at Ratisbon.

In the town are several handsome fountains: that of Schoen Brunnen the most beautiful, and well deserving its name. There is also a small fountain carefully pointed out to strangers, in the goose market. It

represents the figure of a man with a goose under each arm, and the water spouts from their bills.

There are one or two small collections of paintings in the town, in which are a few good pictures, and some of Albert Durer's, a native of Nuremburg. A noble statue in bronze of this great master, by professor Rauch, was erected a few years ago in the neighbourhood of Albert Durer's residence, an antique building still in good preservation.

Outside the town is the cemetery: the tomb-stones are all large flat solid blocks of stone, on which are handsome bronze ornaments, effigies, coats of arms, &c. Some of the old bridges which cross the river are curious specimens. The old walls which surround the town are of much interest, with numerous towers placed at intervals, the smaller ones square, and the large round, the latter of great circumference, probably fifty or sixty feet in diameter, and of immense solidity.

By the river side, outside the walls, is a pleasant well shaded promenade. A few suburban villas are in the outskirts, one called Rosenau, in a mosque-like, and arabesque style, is an elegant little summer chateau, belonging to one of the merchants.

Wednesday, July 26th.—The heat continues as great as ever. For several days past the thermometer in my bed-room has stood at 80°.

MUNICH.

Started by express at 9½ A. M. for Munich. Stopped half an hour at Augsburg, where we stayed a day last year. The two tall towers of the cathedral at Munich are seen from a great distance.

At 5. 30 P.M., just eight hours, we reached the beautiful station at Munich, and finding the *Baierischenhof* full, got large and excellent apartments in a detached house belonging to the establishment.

During the day a heavy thunder storm with rain cooled the air, to our great comfort.

Thursday, July 27th.—Went in the morning to the new picture gallery, which has been finished and opened since we were here last Summer. It contains a fine collection of paintings by modern artists, and a splendid composition representing the Deluge, occupying one side of a room. I was particularly pleased with a sunset, by Zawenguer, and with another sunset at Venice, by Bernhard Stange, one of the finest paintings of modern times. In the entrance hall is the model of Bavaria in her car, with the four lions.

Visited the "Crystal Palace," at Munich, which was opened about three weeks ago by the King. It reminded us much of our own, on a small scale, and the various articles exhibited are tastily arranged and with a pretty effect.

About mid-day we left for Rosenheim, arriving there at 6½, travelling post with three horses, unicorn fashion, having engaged an excellent light britscha for our proposed journey through a part of Styria and Carinthia, to Trieste, a route not much frequented. The first part of the road is flat, and of little interest, except where it passes through the forests:—the wild flowers on the banks by the road side are beautiful. The latter part of the road affords scenes of a fine description, the ground undulating, and picturesque, and the mountains of the Tyrolean chain rising with much grandeur in the distance.

We were overtaken by a heavy thunder storm, and a darker cloud I think I never saw. The rain cooled the air delightfully, the forked lightning was vivid, and one flash, followed by an instantaneous peal of heavy thunder, struck quite close to us. We were indeed “in the very aim, and flash of it,” and not sorry to get to the end of our journey, at the little town of Rosenheim, which, with its colonnades, resembles much the towns in Tyrol. Procured rooms at the post house.

Friday, July 28th.—Started at 7½ A. M. for Berchtesgaden, (which is in Bavaria). Leaving Rosenheim, the road crosses the Inn, now swollen by the heavy rain of last night, and flowing rapidly towards the Danube. Some pretty peeps are obtained of a small chain of lakes, near one of which the road passes, and the country around is of a cheerful description.

We now came upon the margin of the Chiem See, a fine sheet of water, and crossed its outlet by a wooden bridge. The best view of the lake is shortly after crossing the bridge, where it presents a fine expanse, banked by lofty mountains, and the road continues to skirt it for some little distance.

There were several wild fowl on the surface, and it was amusing to watch them diving: fish are said to abound. We saw a steamer on the lake, lying off a jetty, a queer looking craft, a sort of steam punt, from which I infer that the water is shallow. The road proceeds to Traunstein, a small town which suffered from fire two years ago, and has been recently rebuilt.

The whole way from Munich is a constant succession of forests of firs, intersected with cultivated patches of various extent, sometimes leaving only clumps of firs between, at other times a large extent of forest, through which the road passes, the bright green pasturage on either side forming a great contrast to the dark green foliage of the fir trees.

The accidents by waggons upsetting, boats capsizing, &c., seem to be numerous, judging from the little paintings by the way side, similar to those in the Tyrol, and, as specimens of art, they are not much better. At the same time far be it from me to disdain—

“The short and simple annals of the poor.”

Through Teisendorf to Reichenhall, Murray recommends the route by Siegsdorf, passing through a fine

gorge of the Alps, but it considerably lengthens the journey, and the weather did not encourage us, rain having fallen continually during the day. The road we took lies through a beautiful and picturesque part of the country, which I should regret to have missed seeing, however much the other route is to be admired, and it affords a good view of the precipitous mountains we are now approaching, one of which, called Staufenberg, rises boldly with its peaked summit.

The peasants are gathering in their harvest, and it is amusing to see the long lines of stacks, heaped on poles, and looking like so many gaunt figures, the poles being concealed from the view.

Crossing the river Saal, we now strike across to an extensive valley, and reach Reichenhall, with its salt works, stretching from side to side.

Obtained rooms at the post house, *Kronen*, a commodious establishment, arriving at 6 P. M.

REICHENHALL.

Reichenhall is a place of considerable importance, with many good houses, which have been recently built. I have twice passed through it, but did not remain on either occasion.

There are mineral springs, I believe, at this place, which, as well as the beauty of the surrounding scenery, attract visitors during the Summer months.

Saturday, July 29th.—Started about 8 A. M., a fine mountain called Untersburg, rises before us, like Cader Idris, and, but for the firs, much resembling it. The drive to Berchtesgaden is through a beautiful pass, a succession of rocky fir-clad mountains, with fine jagged outlines rising above it. The King has a residence at this pretty spot.

The Konigsee is some two or three miles beyond. This is a lovely little lake, partaking of considerable grandeur.

The mountains rise abruptly from its surface, reminding me of some of the Norwegian Fiords, but wanting in their sublimity. We crossed to the first waterfall in a little narrow flat-bottomed cockleshell boat, in which I should be sorry to be suddenly overtaken in a storm on the lake, such as I have experienced in Switzerland and in Norway. Nothing could save such a boat from swamping instantaneously, and I consider it running a foolish risk; but all's well that ends well. The day was propitious, and all the large boats were engaged. On each occasion of my passing through Reichenhall I regretted not visiting this spot, of which I had heard so much, but not more than it deserves. The waterfall was insignificant, but probably would have been worth seeing after much rain.

Returning to Reichenhall, we at once proceeded on our journey to Salzburg. On passing the Austrian frontier the baggage was examined, and the officials were, as usual, civil, giving us no unnecessary trouble or annoyance.

As we approach Salzburg, the mountains we leave behind remind one of the Nine Pins, in Connamara. Whoever has seen those cannot, on approaching Salzburg, fail to notice the similarity.

SALZBURG.

Arrived at 5½ p. m. at Salzburg, and obtained rooms at a house adjoining the *Carl Erzherzog*, where we lodged in 1852.

Sunday, July 30th.—The situation of Salzburg is certainly beautiful, and it deserves all that has been said of it. Last evening I enjoyed a fine sunset, as seen from the bridge, looking down the river. The best views of Salzburg are to be obtained from the citadel, the garden of the Capuchins, and the chateau of Prince Schwarzenberg, a mile or two out of the town. The latter is a pleasant shady spot, and by ascending the hill side, under the trees, no fatigue is incurred; the other two require more personal exertion. From the grounds at the chateau there is a charming panoramic view, and a good conception may be formed of the *locale*. At the foot lies Salzburg, with its towering citadel, cathedral, churches, and river, the former rising out of the plain like Stirling castle; in front, a long range of mountains, the principal of which, to the left, is Wartzman, attaining a considerable height, whose sloping side is crowned with an everlasting mantle of snow, above which rise its rocky peaks—Untersburg upwards of 6000 feet (famed for its marble) and part of the Tyrolean chain, and Stau-

fenberg, with its cone-shaped summit, which rises to a height of nearly 5000 feet, and separates Bavaria from Austria. The Emperor has a chateau at a place called Hellbrun, which is prettily wooded; a sort of deer park in which we saw a few of the deer. There are also some small cascades and waterworks, but no fountains or jets d'eau. From this spot there is a pretty view; but the best panorama is from the top of one of the towers of the citadel, it is preferable to that from the garden of the Capuchins; but it is necessary to obtain permission from the Commandant, and to present your passport. The ascent is fatiguing, but it well repays the trouble. The carillons at Salzburg are exceedingly pretty; they play three times in the day, at morning, noon, and sunset. The cathedral is a fine building; there is something grand in its comparatively unadorned interior and lofty roof, and especially so when standing under its dome. The church of St. Pierre is not remarkable, but its cemetery is worth notice.

There are some cavalry barracks worth seeing, with good stabling and riding houses.

One of these is a Summer place for the exercise of a considerable troop of horse, and is remarkable for its three galleries cut in the rock, capable of holding some hundred spectators.

There are fountains in the town, and an allegorical composition, with a statue of the Virgin Mary in bronze, facing the cathedral (the feet broken off) which allegorical device it would puzzle one to unravel; I do not attempt it.

As a work of art its principal merit consists in the general outline, which is graceful. The only work of art, however, really deserving notice, is the fountain with sea-horses. The horse seems as it were the emblematic device of Salzburg, the sculptured head of the noble animal appearing on several of the buildings. There is a horse fountain, in which horses are taken to water and swim. The statue of Mozart is good. I believe it is by Schwanthaler, of Munich.

The sunset seen from the bridge is very beautiful. I again went to look at it this evening, and reached it soon after the sun was below the horizon. It will repay any one to stroll down between eight and nine o'clock, at this time of the year. A tall steeple, through which the deep orange red of the sky was seen, had a fine effect in the picture—a good subject for Danby, aided as it was by a silvery crescent moon, and some bright lights flickering in the windows of the houses.

Monday, July 31st.—Left Salzburg at 8 A. M. The road passes through a beautiful avenue, chiefly of beech, which affords a grateful shade from a broiling sun. The Staufenberg and Untersberg are seen to great advantage, rising boldly out of the plain, and on quitting the avenue, the finest view is obtained of the castle perched upon the rock. The first stage is to Hallein, prettily situated on the Salza, and famed for its salt mines. In 1840, I went through them, sliding down the poles, &c.

The mountains increase in height, and snow lies partially upon them. They are of a bold rugged cha-

racter, and are the same which overhang the Konigsee on the opposite side.

We are now in Tyrol. The peasants are busy getting in their crops.

On reaching Collein we left the carriage, and hired a conveyance to look at a beautiful waterfall in the neighbourhood called the Schwartzenbach. It consists of two great sheets of water, the upper of which is known as the Keiser-fall, and is stated to be 140 feet high, while the lower is asserted to be 160. It bursts from the stony rock in a very remarkable manner, and if it were in the Holy Land it might be supposed to be the rock which was struck by Moses. The mountain is here called the Hoakil. The cavity from which it pours is of some depth, and is said to be twenty feet; but the roof of the cavern so immediately impinges upon the surface of the water, that it must have been difficult to obtain the soundings. A natural arch separates one fall from the other, and forms a grand feature. From a little above the fall there is a good view of the surrounding country, hemmed in by lofty mountains. The sun was shining brilliantly, and illumined the spray of the falls with beautiful rainbows. Proceeding *en route*, we follow the course of the Salza, which at one point forces its way through a deep chasm in the rocks in a remarkable manner. It is necessary to leave the carriage road, and strike across to it, some half mile off. It well repays the trouble. It reminded me of some of the deep chasms in Iceland, to which

it bears a close resemblance. We now enter as fine a mountain pass as any I have traversed, a deep contracted gorge through which the Salza finds its way. The rocky mountains rise precipitously, and with much grandeur, to a considerable elevation. In some parts the regular dip of the strata, at an angle of at least forty degrees, like enormous blocks of masonry, is remarkable. This pass is defended by a strong fortress, which stands in a commanding position upon one of the spurs of the mountains which juts into the river, opposite

WERFEN,

Where we arrived at 5 p. m., and passed the night at the post station.

The lofty barren mural precipices, with their jagged outline, contrasted with the beautiful verdant slopes at their base, and the Salza flowing rapidly through the valley, forms one of Nature's grandest scenes, and repays all the toil of travel.

August 1st.—Up at 4 a. m., sketching, and greatly enjoyed the break of day in this romantic spot. The roseate tint was truly beautiful. We started at six, with a long journey before us, and were obliged to have four horses instead of three in this mountainous district. The road continues to follow the course of the river (ascending the stream) which is here of some breadth, flowing

through a rich and highly cultivated valley, the slopes of the hill being equally verdant, their summits clad with firs, and bold and barren serrated rocks towering beyond them, with here and there particles of snow sparkling between the ridges.

The scenery of the valley of the Salza is not, in my opinion, surpassed in any other part of the Tyrol, not even in the celebrated Pass of the Finstermuntz, grand as I thought it. Quitting the Salza, we now come upon the Wiesbach (a tributary of the Salza) a crystal stream struggling over its rocky bed—and passing through the village of Hüttau, shortly arrive at Radstadt. Rifle shooting is practised to a great extent through the Tyrol, and on many of the houses targets may be seen.

Proceeding by the Fretzthal, some three or four miles from Hüttau, and looking down the valley, a fine view presents itself of a bold rocky mountain, whose lofty summit is entirely capped with snow. A traveller should not fail to look back. Travelling with an open Britska, we have the advantage of enjoying the whole of the surrounding prospect.

I think the district through which we passed towards Radstadt must be of volcanic origin. My attention was first called to it by observing, by the road side, large quantities of a porous stone resembling pumice or lava, mixed with other stones, for repairing the road—and the character of the mountains before us seems to bear me out in this superficial opinion; but I am no geologist, and did not alight to inspect the materials.

In the distance the pasturage is exceedingly rich, and the numerous log huts or chalets for stowing hay, and for the cattle, again remind me of dear old Norway. A scattered hamlet of dark wooden houses, with broad sloping roofs, held down by stones, as usual in mountainous countries, and with a snow white church, has a pleasing appearance amidst the verdure of the valley. Radstadt, with its ancient walls, is now approached, and shortly after, the road crosses the brawling Thauern, and following the course of that river, ascends its right bank to the foot of the Thauern Pass.

THAUERN PASS.

Four strong horses and two sturdy oxen are required for the ascent, which is long and precipitous. The river rushes in a torrent down the ravine, clear as the crystal streams of Norway. We are now fairly in Styria, and among the Slavonians, my first visit to this country; but it will only be a passing glance. The rich verdure and abundant moss which clothe the sides of the rocky gorge, add much to the beauty of the Pass, in the lower part. Some fine cascades of the river enhance the charm of the scene.

The wild flowers are beautiful, and here and there masses of the Alpen-Rosen (Rhododendron), Forget-me-nots, Blue-bells, Purple Phlox, &c., and Wild Thyme in profusion, scenting the air. On attaining the highest

point of the Pass, the vegetation becomes scanty. It is about 6000 feet above the level of the sea. We here parted with our oxen. There is a small burial-ground on the summit, with walls, intended it is said to protect the bodies from wolves; but I should think they would have no difficulty in getting over those walls. The highest peak is 7000 feet, and on descending the other side, is seen the course of the Tweng.

The road now descends to Tweng, and continues by the side of the beautiful crystal stream, hemmed in on all sides by the mountains, now again clothed with fir trees to their summit.

Through Mautendorf to St. Michael and Rennweg.

Between Mautendorf and St. Michael the scenery is splendid—extensive valleys opening out.

PASS OF THE KATZBERG.

The road from St. Michael to Rennweg by the Pass of the Katzberg is precipitous, requiring six stout horses.

Except in Norway, I never saw so steep an ascent. The horses are fine sturdy animals, equal to some of our dray horses. The scenery continues of a grand description, and the form of the mountains is bold. We met but one traveller during the whole journey, who politely took notice of us, as we changed horses at one of the stations, and who, we learnt, was no less a person than the son of Marshal Radetski. On passing

this chain of mountains, we enter Carinthia. Arrived at Rennweg about 8 P. M. A long but highly interesting journey.

RENNWEG.

Wednesday, August 2nd.—The situation of Rennweg, in the heart of the mountains, is very charming; a beautiful stream flows through, in bounding cascades, clear as crystal, and the everlasting sound of the water is music to the ear.

A remarkable mountain with two peaks clothed with verdure to its very summit, though far above the region of the fir which grows upon its sloping sides, gives a marked character to the spot. This mountain, as seen on the approach to Rennweg, reminded me of Mount Hecla, the peaks being then defined, very much in the form of that mountain, as I saw it from the plains of Thingwalla, when visiting Iceland.

Started at 8 A. M. The road follows the course of a river, which struggles through the contracted valley in a constant succession of cascades, formed by the rocks lying in its bed, and eventually falls into the Drave.

The first stage is to Gmund, where there are some Iron Works, and a fine chateau belonging to the proprietor. The district abounds in minerals, and particularly in iron ore. Coal, too, is abundant both in Styria and Carinthia, as well as salt, and in the latter province there are extensive mines of quicksilver and lead.

One continuous drive in a beautiful valley, through which a considerable stream flows in its impetuous course.

The mountains are clothed to their summits, and their sides are highly cultivated where the forests of firs have been cleared away. These endless forests crowning the heights, bear a resemblance to Norway; but the pines are not of the same stately nature, being generally small. The houses of pine, and the log-huts and wooden fences, all remind one of that romantic country, whose scenery is no where surpassed, and is rarely equalled in Europe. This wonderful region, however, may fairly vie with it in many respects,—in the sublimity of its mountains, in its endless forests, its limpid streams, and its brawling rivers;—but where are we to look for the transparent lakes, and fathomless fiords, shut in by mural precipices of prodigious height, the waterfalls, cataracts, and cascades? the latter, only, of which attract the attention of the traveller in these parts. Norway, then, must ever stand pre-eminent; but I know of no other part of Europe where a like succession of sublime scenery is to be met with, and so continuous as that in the mountainous district of Styria and Carinthia, through which we have been journeying.

In my descriptions, I have endeavoured only to convey an idea of the general character of the mountain scenery; to attempt a minute description would require a lengthened stay, and would be an endless and impossible task, for I conceive that, not only does the grand outline impress the mind with admiration of the works of the Great Creator, and the solemn stillness that reigns around, with

awe; but the vast detail, and infinite variety of surrounding objects, are each in themselves subjects of delight.

On descending to Spital, there is a fine view of the Valley of the Drave, which is seen winding its serpentine course to a great distance, at the foot of a lofty range of mountains, the spurs or offsets of the Julian or Carnic Alps. We had been obliged to use four horses nearly every stage. On level roads three is our number, and the Valley of the Drave is as level as a bowling-green; it is well cultivated, and the peasants are now gathering in the harvest, for which the weather is most propitious.

During our journey from Salzburg, the mountain air has been delightfully fresh and invigorating; but with the sun shining, it was, at times, scorching hot to-day, in the Valley. The roads throughout have been excellent, and the Post arrangements are good.

Some way down the Valley the road crosses the Drave, which is here a considerable river, and follows its right bank to Paternion, where we changed horses, and as we proceeded along the Valley the range of mountains which, in the distance appear to enclose it, are of much grandeur, and especially the Dobratsch Mountain, near the foot of which lies the little town of Villach, prettily situated on the Drave. Here we again changed horses.

The precipitous cone-shaped and barren summit of the Dobratsch is a grand feature—indeed the rugged summits of all the rocky mountains, which now present themselves to view, form a sublime panorama, peak upon peak, towering to the sky, wholly denuded of vegetation.

The only boats on the river are a few square flat bottomed rafts, like camels in shape, laden apparently with coal or coke, going down with the stream right merrily. Leaving Villach we came upon the main road, and found it dusty enough. On the left, an old castle stands perched on the height, and forms a pretty object. On approaching Velden a fine sheet of water of a deep blue colour called the Worthersee, presents itself to view, and is pleasing to the eye after all the dust we have encountered on the pulverized road, which has coated everything an inch thick. Velden, consisting of a few scattered houses, stands at the head of the lake; a curious old gate leads into the Post Station.

The lake is navigated by a small steam barge, which I saw paddling along, with another pleasure barge in tow.

The road skirts this pretty little lake, which is backed by a bold and barren rocky range of mountains, whose fine peaks form a contrast to the well wooded sides of the hills which surround it. It is a lake of great beauty, and deserving to be better known than it probably is. I may express my surprise that my good friend Murray takes so little notice of it, as the whole set of his Hand-Books, which few have tested more than myself, are, for their minute detail and general accuracy, a subject of wonder and admiration to me. A double rainbow, thrown across the lake, added to its beauty; a more perfect one I have rarely seen.

The road traverses the whole extent of the lake, and after the heat of the day a delightful breeze blew across it.

KLAGENFURT.

Klagenfurt, which may be termed the capital of Carinthia, with its elegant spires, was our resting-place for the night. We arrived there at 7½ P. M., and found rooms at the *Keiser Von Oesterreich*. I had little time to look about me at Klagenfurt, which Murray tells us is a dull town, as it seemed to be. The cupolas of the spires of the churches are covered with zinc, which glistens in the sun.

In the market place there is a column on which the crescent and the cross are raised.

Thursday, August 3rd.—A thorough wet morning. Started at 8 A. M., but saw little of the scenery.

At some distance the road comes again upon the Drave, which is now a fine broad river, and is crossed by a long wooden bridge.

LOIBEL PASS.

To ascend the Loibel Pass was the next stage. It is very steep. Beech trees, with their stems covered with beautiful moss, grow on the sides of the Pass, and the verdure around is very rich.

On the left of the Pass, the dip of the strata may be seen in one part, and it is not a little remarkable, lying at, I should say, an angle of sixty degrees.

The beauty of the Pass Leobel, or Loibel, as it is generally called, consists in the richness of the verdure,

and the broken nature of the adjacent sides, rather than in its grandeur, of which it can boast but little. I should call it a picturesque rocky path; the ascent is steep, and so is the descent on the other side. The view after passing the summit, is of a different character, the mountain on either side of the Pass is a barren precipitous rock, devoid of all vegetation, contrasting singularly with the side we had ascended. From the top, a fine view is obtained, looking back, but it was cloudy with rain, and we did not see it to much advantage: here—

“as when two black clouds

With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on,”

—loud peals of thunder echoed and re-echoed through the rocky mountain. Some of the flashes of lightning too were vivid. We proceeded to Laibach, which we reached at 8 P. M., and finding the *Stadt Wien* full, were comfortably housed at the *Gasthof Zum Lowen*, where we met with a civil and obliging landlord, who accompanied me through the town, and showed me all that was attractive.

The mountains gradually diminish on passing the Loibel.

We had a great deal of rain to-day, and it poured down heavily; I have seldom seen it surpassed, except in Ireland.

At Krainberg we crossed the river Save. The mode of stacking the corn in these parts is peculiar; the stacks

are placed on horizontal poles, and packed close, with a small roof over them, looking like solid walls.

After crossing the Pass, I noticed two or three flocks of the Royston or Hooded crow, the first I have seen, and a sure indication of approach towards the sea, where this species, I have observed, is more generally found than far in-land.

LAIBACH.

Laibach, the capital of one of the divisions of Austrian Illyria, is a neat little town of some 22,000 inhabitants, situated in a plain, out of which rises a rock, whereon stands a castle, looking, as Laibach is approached, like that at Salzburg.

The rail comes as far as this from Vienna, and in two or three years will be finished to Trieste. The views in the neighbourhood are said to be picturesque.

The Laibach, a navigable river, which joins the Save, flows through the town, surrounding the castle, and the main street in which stands the Town Hall.

This is a fine street, with elegant shops, and being market-day, is thronged with women, who with snow-white handkerchiefs round their heads, and white loose sleeves, and bare legs, look picturesque enough.

50,000 men, a mere *bagatelle* in an army of at the least 800,000, were passing through to Wallachia.

August 4th.—Marshal Radetski has a chateau just outside the town, which we passed on our way to Adelsberg.

Heard that a stroke of lightning in the storm of yesterday had burnt the upper part of one of the houses in the town, but had done no further damage. We started from Laibach at 8 A. M. The road is through the level plain.

We met soldiers on the march, and guns being transported.

First stage to Oberlaibach, near which are some quicksilver mines. From hence the road winds through wooded hills to Loitsch; ascending one of these, from whence a fine view of the distant mountains is seen on our right, being some of those through which we passed last year, when in the Pass of Ampezzo. Four horses all the stage, as we are obliged to take that number. Both yesterday and to-day we met numerous carts from Trieste laden with bales of goods, casks of wine, oranges, and fruit of all sorts, and various other commodities. From Loitsch the road winds along the side of the hill, at a considerable elevation above the valley, through which the river flows in its muddy course. It seldom rains but it pours in these parts, and at Loitsch it came down furiously. "Sa-c-r-amento," cried the postilion as he jumped saturated into his saddle and drove off with a loud crack of his whip, which seemed a relief to him. Poor fellows! they have a hard life of it; hot or cold, wet or dry, jog, jog, jog, through thick and thin, covered with mud, or smothered with dust—*telle est la vie d'un postillon!*

The next stage was Planina, and thence to Adelsberg. On the left of the road stands a picturesque old tower—fit subject for the pencil.

The road winds up the slope of the hills to Adelsberg, and becomes barren and uninteresting.

ADELSBERG.

Arrived at Adelsberg at 2 P. M. and visited the grotto, the most remarkable perhaps in any part of the globe, for its enormous caverns and extensive range underground, filled with the most beautiful stalactytes and stalagmites imaginable. A small river (the Poik or Pioka) enters the cavern in a mysterious manner, and disappears under a cavernous arch, but is again seen in one of the recesses of the grotto, and is crossed by a bridge thrown over it.

The great gallery lit up had a fine effect. Many of the stalagmites assume all manner of shapes and appearance, and have received names, some certainly appropriate. The distance that one may traverse underground is considerable, but most visitors are satisfied on reaching "*Le Calvaire*,"—a strange name. This grotto belongs to the Government, who furnish guides, and the tariff.

Saturday, August 5th.—The last added another to the many restless nights one passes in travelling, for a more noisy place could scarcely be found, carts passing all the night through, and a regiment on the march billeted in the town.

At 4 A. M. the sharp rat-tan of an Austrian drum (with its painfully tight parchment) passing through the streets effectually banished sleep. Tired and jaded, I longed to send my fist through it, as I always do when I hear it.

Adelsberg is a miserable little place, and I advise no one to stop in it, if they can see the grotto without. There are others in the neighbourhood, but the principal one was enough for me. In one of these grottoes is a sort of fish, closely resembling a lizard, which exists only in subterranean waters.

I procured a specimen, intending to bring it to England, but as might be expected it died on its way; it is about the size of a lizard, and its motions in the water much the same, twisting its body, and rapid in its movements.

It has no perceptible eyes, neither could I define its mouth, though it would be difficult to suppose it could exist without one. The legs are like those of the lizard, but shorter; two are placed close to the head, and the other two at some distance from the extremity of the fish. It is a nasty, loathsome, livid, looking creature, and its only ornament is a scarlet feathery looking gill, which projects on either side, at the back of the head. As it twists about in the water it certainly rather disgusts one with its appearance. It is called the *Proteus Anguinus*, and is said to be only known in this grotto, and in one not far from it.

Started at 8 A. M. for Trieste; met a regiment on the march entering the village, band playing. Our postilion drove on and kept the centre of the road. Just as I thought they would be charged by our horses, the band separated, and the regiment extended into open order on each side the road. This seemed to me rather strange. In England our troops exact more respect. Numerous baggage waggons and soldiers made the road lively.

One cart passed us, drawn by fourteen horses and four oxen, which had come from Trieste, probably laden with grape-shot, instead of grape.

The road passes over the stony and barren summit of an extensive ridge, and attains a considerable elevation; rocks lie scattered about in most admired disorder, and vegetation becomes scanty, the stunted trees all bending from the blast.

Just as we reached the post station at Sessano, we had a break-down, one of the springs of the carriage giving way. It might have been a serious matter in some of the steep Passes; here it was of no moment, beyond a short delay to patch it up.

On reaching the highest point of the rocky ridge, where a handsome *Obelisk* has recently been erected—and where I should like to see another, far over-topping it, to the memory of Lieutenant Waghorn, who opened the route to India *viâ* Trieste, and to whom all Europe owes a debt of deep gratitude, (yet leaves his aged mother and sister to starve),—a splendid view is obtained of Trieste, with several bold headlands jutting out into the Bay, the furthest seen to the southward

being that of Pirano, a port in the territory of Istria. This bold coast forms a great contrast to the opposite side of the gulf, which is full of swampy marshes, and lagoons.

Numerous villages are scattered about on the hill side, and there is a general similarity in that respect to Genoa; but upon the whole, Trieste has not so burnt up a look as Genoa has, in the month of August. The sun was intensely hot, but there was a delightful breeze from the sea.

The cicada were making a great noise in the hedges, revelling in the fierce heat of the sun.

The first thing that attracted our notice was, that the streets are entirely paved with flag stones, as is common in South Italy, but was novel to us. They are of large size and are laid diagonally, and handsome stone-posts are placed, at regular intervals, on either side the streets, giving a peculiar character to the place, unlike any other town I have seen. Several oxen in the carts were lying down under the shade of the houses, and men and boys stretched on the pavement at full length. Everything was looking scorching hot, still there would blow from the waters an occasional breath of air, and the heat was therefore not so oppressive and overpowering as at Genoa; but neither Trieste or Genoa are desirable spots on a midsummer day.

TRIESTE.

We procured rooms at the hotel Eliseo; being in one of the streets, and not on the quay, its rooms are

shady, and cool. The whole of what may be called the new town is handsomely laid out, and the houses are substantially built.

Sunday, August 6th.—Many Greeks are seen about the streets, and peasant girls, neatly dressed, come into the town in great numbers on Sundays, in costume,—consisting of a snow white handkerchief round the head, falling at the back to the waist, and fringed with lace-work; tight fitting bodies, generally of a light blue or red, with full plaited petticoats of various colours, and trimmed at the bottom with a different colour to the gown, according to the fancy of the wearer, and when two or three are seen walking together, the dresses present all the colours of the rainbow, and look very pretty—to say nothing of the wearers! The men wear a high fur cap. These costumes, added to the various uniforms of the Austrian troops, including the Hungarian, with their light blue pantaloons and high-low boots, give a lively appearance to Trieste. The streets were crowded all day. In the morning we went to high mass at the Cathedral, a very ancient building, and the only one in the town remarkable for its antiquity. It is of the Byzantine order, and contains some Mosaic, as at Venice. From the platform in front there is a delightful sea view, and from under the wall of the citadel, adjoining, a good panorama of Trieste, situated between two hills and sweeping round to its sea front.

From this point of view, Trieste has certainly a hot and *yellow-ochre* look, the colour of all its buildings. As a commercial Port it is becoming daily of more and

more importance. We found it crowded with shipping, and many large steamers which run to Venice, Corfu, Malta, Alexandria, &c., were lying alongside the quay. It appears strange that it should not be more strongly fortified. Trieste ought to be another Cronstadt, and the principal naval arsenal of Austria; instead of which, I should be surprised if two or three of our steam ships would not, in a short time, silence the batteries.

The chief means of defence is a small fort at the end of the pier, where the light-house stands, and a masked battery, of six ugly looking customers, which command the entrance from the sea. The Austrians are so famous for fortifications, that I quite marvel at their extraordinary neglect of them in this, one of the most important of their possessions. The Austrian navy is at present but trifling, but I see no reason why she should not one day become powerful on the ocean. They have a small naval college here for cadets, near the Quarantine Ground, at which end of the town the railway will enter. A small model of a ship, embedded in the earth, serves the purpose of exercise for the youngsters at the College. The plan is admirable. The first I saw of these *ships-ashore*, was at Cronstadt, some years ago, and more recently at Greenwich we have followed their example. The Government is forming a small arsenal at the further end of the Mole. This Mole, which extends the whole sea front, is very fine. Vessels lie close up to it, and spacious warehouses render it perfect for commercial purposes.

The best hotel in point of site is the Hotel de la Ville, which faces the sea ; but Murray condemns it. It has changed its name since then. The Hotel Eliseo in the Contrada San Nicolo, so-called from a Greek Church which stands at its extremity, fronting the Mole, we found excellent in all respects, and it has the advantage of being close to the Mole, and the shipping.

There is not much to be seen at Trieste, beyond the many pleasing views. It has few buildings worthy of remark. The Church of San Antonio, at the head of the canal for shipping, is handsome in the interior, but plain enough in its exterior.

A new church on the heights, called St. James, has just been completed ; though small, it is handsome, both inside and out. The Exchange is a commodious building for its purpose, and there is a theatre in the town. These few, I think, are the only buildings worth noticing—except a splendid hospital in the form of a quadrangle, one of the most extensive I know of, and capable of holding two or three thousand patients. Close to the old Cathedral is a garden containing a small collection of antiquities, found in the town. They are of no great interest ; but there is a monument to the memory of Winkleman, an antiquarian of repute, and a man much respected. He was barbarously murdered by his servant, at the inn, and the townspeople have erected, to his memory, this tribute of their respect. The view of the Bay of Trieste, near the head of the Adriatic, is charming ; its deep blue waters washing the Mole.

The abundance of water melons, piled in heaps in the market place, is remarkable. It is not possible to view this fruit without thinking of the bounty of the Great Creator and Preserver of Mankind, who has supplied the wants of his creatures in all climes, giving that which is suited to each, according to the nature of the spot which they inhabit. Some rain, the first for three months in these parts, fell last night, and cooled the air.

We were detained this morning for horses, two steamers, with troops, having arrived, and the General commanding requiring all the horses from the Postmaster. These troops are on their route to Galicia and Transylvania.

Enjoyed a stroll on one of the piers. Nothing can be more pleasant; an azure blue sky, almost unknown in our own land, with light fleecy clouds, and a balmy breeze; and the deep blue water, stretching as far as the eye can range to seaward, shut in, in one direction, by the mountains of the Tyrol, looming in the distance. Vessels sailing to and fro, and sea-gulls skimming the surface, close to the piers,—add to which the busy scene on the quay, and noble-looking steam vessels lying alongside,—form a most agreeable scene. On such a spot, I could idle hours away, and greatly enjoy them too.

A favourite place called the Boschette lies on the slope of the hill, where a plantation, chiefly of oak, affords a grateful shade. On Sunday it is thronged with people, mostly of the peasantry.

Left at 9 A. M. Our route now leads to Udine. On ascending the hill, overlooking the sea, our baggage was examined at the Custom House. As usual, they gave little trouble. The road continues to wind up the hill, at the foot of which the railway is in course of construction. The views of Trieste, jutting out, as it appears to do on a tongue of land—one of the many promontories on this part of the coast of the Adriatic—are agreeable enough.

On reaching the summit of the hill, we take leave of the sea, and the road strikes across a barren and stony district, to Santa Croce; yet not altogether barren, for even here, vineyards enclosed by stone walls, may be seen in various parts, enlivening the desert tract of the country of Friuli.

Not far from Santa Croce, we crossed a railway, in course of construction, a branch, I assume, from the main trunk to Venice, Verona, &c., avoiding Trieste.

A castle, at Duino, built on a rock jutting out into the sea, comes in sight.

We are now at the head of the gulf, and the surrounding flats lie stretched before us, extending all the way to Venice, and forming a great contrast to the opposite, or eastern line of coast. The road now lies through a swampy marsh land, which drains itself into the sea, by a small river.

At Monfalcone, the country around is well cultivated with vineyards. On the hill above the town stands an old castle.

Proceeding to Sagrado, the road crosses a river by a long bridge, and the lofty mountains of the Tyrol come distinctly into view: a delicious breeze is felt from their heights. The heat to-day has been excessive.

To Romano, the next stage, a small place of no note. Vines and Indian maize abound here. A broad river is crossed, and the road proceeds, at a short distance up its right bank, through the level, but well cultivated country of Friuli. The vines grow luxuriantly—

“Not nail'd to walls,—from tree to tree festoon'd,”—

and the hedges by the road side are full of acacias. The whole face of the country looks luxuriant; mulberry-trees abundant. The roads are excellent, and branch off in various directions.

The land being a dead flat, and the cultivation so thick, no views are obtained, and the pent-up road becomes irksome; but on approaching Udine it opens out, and there is a fine view of the Tyrolean mountains, the Rhetian Alps rising grandly before us, to the northward, piercing to the skies.

At 5 p. m. arrived at Udine, and got rooms at the *Grande Albergo all' Europa*. At night there was much sheet lightning which I watched closely. It was confined to one small spot in the heavens, and was most brilliant, lighting up for a second the sky above, and showing all the sharp and shaggy edges of the clouds, which were not defined in the smallest degree till the

flashes illumined the sky, leaving the clouds in dark masses below, with their said beautifully defined outlines, at the moment of each flash. We have no opportunity in England of witnessing the effects produced in southern climes. These are often very beautiful, but—

“ Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere we can say—it lightens !”

At night a heavy storm passed over, and the flashes were unusually grand ; the rain poured down in torrents. It cooled the air ten degrees, and in the morning, to my great delight, the thermometer was down to 70° Fahrenheit—and I could breathe.

UDINE.

* *Tuesday, August 8th.*—Udine, the capital of Friuli, is an interesting old town. It has been said to bear some resemblance to Venice in many of its buildings ; there are one or two, no doubt, which have a close similarity.

These buildings will be found chiefly in the Contrada di Rialto, leading into the square, above which rises the citadel. In this place there is a building on arches, the Town Hall, and opposite to it two pillars, with colossal stone statues between them. On the tower facing the said buildings, two grim-looking bronze figures

stand on either side a bell, which they strike at the various hours, as those in former days at St. Dunstan, —who seem again to remind one of St. Mark's, at Venice. The tower, also at the citadel, partakes of a Venetian character.

The streets have mostly colonnades on either side, and wear the appearance of considerable antiquity.

It required an order to see the citadel, and we had no time to obtain one, so I contented myself with ascending the mound, under its walls, and thus gained a partial view of what must, in extenso, be a grand panorama, looking over the vast plains of Friuli with the lofty mountain range rising out of them. It will repay any one to go up the mound, from a spot called the Piazza del Giardino, an oval space planted with some nice trees, where the troops exercise. There are 2000 men in garrison here, and it appears to be a recruiting place. Late in the evening several lads were at their exercise, and soon after sunrise I found them there again.

The exterior of this oval space serves also for the exercise of horses, and for races, &c. The chief attraction of Udine is its cathedral, the interior of which is magnificent. There is much grandeur in its marble altars, its marble pulpit, marble sculptures, and beautifully inlaid marble floor—not to omit some splendid specimens of carved wood work in its stalls, representing subjects in Holy Writ, such as Moses striking the rock—Judith and Holofernes, &c. It is of ancient date. Udine can boast of its opera—a neat little house about

the size of our Olympic, and most elegantly fitted up. It was built about two years ago.

The water carriers here are similar to those seen at Venice—who come from these parts. The water is carried about by women, in the same manner, across the shoulder, generally in copper vessels, at each end of a pole.

These women, with their sun-burnt faces and jet-black hair and eyes, have a gipsy look about them, and some of those at Venice are decidedly bewitching; here they are not in costume, and there is, moreover, a very used up look about every one, old and young, male and female. The heat is intolerable.

Udine is an old walled town; and the gate towers are interesting. The exit through one of these, on the road to Treviso, conveys an idea of the importance of Udine. The road is bounded by walls on either side, planted with double rows of trees, extending as far as the eye can reach.

There is a silk manufactory in the town, which we visited, and saw the process of getting the silk off the cocoons in hot water, and of spinning it, preparatory to making the skeins.

Started at 8 A. M. for Treviso; a long day's journey.

The children begging along the road are, in parts, as numerous and noisy as the cicada.

In all the villages yesterday and to-day, I noticed that wells are sunk, and the water is drawn up. Pumps are not in use.

A long stage on a level road to Codroipo, a busy, noisy scene in the market place, and the donkeys keeping up a concert among the buyers and sellers.

The weather to-day is delightfully cool, as compared to what it has been.

Between this stage and the next (Casarsa), the road crosses the Tagliamento by an immensely long bridge. The river runs in various channels under it, leaving between each a dry shingly bed.

It is far longer than the bridge at Hayling Island, and is something like it. From Casarsa, the road continues through the fertile plains of Friuli to Pordenone, through which flows a pleasant stream. This little place is nearer to the foot of the mountains, and stands prettily, its church and belfry tower being the most conspicuous objects. We met some artillery on the move to-day with several brass guns, which struck me as being rather heavy for light field pieces, for which they were evidently intended. The posting on the road from Trieste is good. We have three horses, generally queer specimens, but they go a good steady pace.

Sacile is an old town of little interest now, whatever it may once have been. The old arch and gateway alone attract notice.

At Conegliano we come upon our route of last year, having passed through this place, from the Pass of Ampezzo, on our way from Ceneda, to Padua. As we approach it, the country becomes slightly undulated, and houses are seen upon the eminences, affording quite a

relief to the eye, which has become tired of the Acacia hedges on either side of the road, beautiful as they are—feathering gracefully like gigantic ferns.

CONEGLIANO.

Conegliano is entered by an old archway, called the Arco di San Sebastiano, and a castle, a conspicuous object, surrounds the town. A fine broad street runs through it, with gardens on one side sloping down from the houses. On an old gateway in the town, I observed the winged lion, in fresco. Several of the houses indicate a by-gone prosperity. More artillery were on the move, in this place. Outside the town, on the road to Treviso, are several statues, tastefully arranged, on each side of the road.

The clouds, which have been hanging heavily on the mountain tops, have gathered together in one spot, where all is black, but in another part there is the deepest purple tint I ever saw, resembling the bloom of the plum; a truly artistic effect. The road now crosses the Piave by a long bridge, and proceeds to Spres, the last stage to—

TREVISO,

at which latter place we arrived at 6 P. M., and obtained apartments at the *Albergo Reale*. There are a few

neat looking villas near Treviso, which is approached by a road, with a nice gravel walk, carefully preserved on each side of it. A handsome marble gateway leads into the town.

The Duomo is a fine building of great antiquity; it has several domes: and there are some good paintings, one *said* to be by Titian, an excellent fresco by Pordenone, &c. The crypt of the church is well worth visiting.

A fine old church of San Nicolo is under repair. We could see only a part of it.

Wednesday, August 9th.—Started at 8 A. M. for Venice, posting, as there was no early train. It was necessary to go there, to get our passports viséd.

Numerous villas stand by the road side, with gardens,—neat, trimly dressed,—ornamented with many statues,—and frequently with a little chapel, bearing some suitable inscription.

At Mestre, we left our carriage to go on the rail to Vicenza, whilst we ourselves proceeded by train to Venice, to get another peep at it, and to arrange about the passport, without which we could not proceed. It was quite like a dream again visiting this charming place, which I first saw in 1852, and it seemed to me as if I had never left it. Last year as we only “sighted,” and did not enter the city of Palaces, I wondered to myself if ever I should look upon it again, little dreaming that the following summer would find me at St. Mark’s, and that I should once more embark, and be skulled about in gondolas. Truly all life is but a dream, and

such occurrences as these are a few of its bright visions—to fade away again, “like the baseless fabric of a vision,” but nevertheless to remain indelibly fixed upon the mind, so long as that mind is unimpaired.

We crossed St. Marks at mid-day, under a broiling sun, and cloudless sky—and hot enough it was. I cannot resist a comparison which strikes me—Venice, and ancient Tyrus,—both “of perfect beauty,” of both it may be said, “Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty;” and if ever the day shall come when “an enemy shall break down thy walls, and destroy thy pleasant houses, and lay thy stones and thy timbers, and thy dust in the midst of the waters,”—then, indeed, there shall be “a loud lament of nations over thy fall.” “O, Lady of Lombardy!” “Beauteous Queen of Ocean!” As it is, we may well exclaim—

“O where is now this kingly people gone,
Who raised these marble palaces on high,
Now crumbling fast?”

Started at 4½ P. M. for Vicenza by rail. The whole face of the country between Venice and Vicenza is clothed with the richest vines, which hang clustering round the pollard trees, festooned from one to another.

Arrived at Vicenza a little before 7, just as the sun was dipping behind the serrated ridge of mountains, which rise at a short distance.

Passed the night at the *Grand Royal Hotel*,

VICENZA.

Thursday, August 10th.—I awoke out of a sound sleep by the noise (as I thought) of heavy artillery, passing under my window, and had the curiosity to get up. Found the whole town illumined by a fire, very near to our hotel, the sparks falling thickly into our street, and so close as to compel me to shut the windows of my room, for fear of igniting the muslin curtains—much too close to be agreeable; but the fire engine brigade, which seemed well organized, got it down in a couple of hours.

There are several fine old palaces at Vicenza, some fine churches, St. Lorenzo, St. Corona, &c., and a splendid duomo of great breadth and height. There is also an interesting old theatre called Teatro Olimpico, built in 1584, as appears by the inscription—

“Virtuti ac Genio
Olympicor Academia Theatrum hoc
A fundamentis erexit
Ann. MDLXXXIII.
Palladio Architect.”

It is full of sculptured statues.

A few years back, a handsome monument to the memory of Palladio was erected in the cemetery. We went to look at it. The cemetery is on the same plan as that at Turin. There are a few other sculptured

monuments, but the extreme of simplicity has been the general idea in all the monumental tablets under the quadrangular colonnade.

There is a small Pinakothek (or picture gallery) at Vicenza, containing a few good pictures by the old masters. In some of the churches there are also a few fine paintings.

Started at 11 A. M., travelling post, for Mantua, as the rail does not suit as to time.

The first stage to Montebello passes through a rich vine clad country; it has much the same character as that through which we passed yesterday.

The next stage is to Verona—the road dusty and dull. At Verona great attention has been paid to the fortifications, since we were here last. There are several forts on the hills outside the town, and one large fort is in course of construction on the road we entered. Proceeded to Mantua; it was very hot all this day.

Looking back, the mountains of Tyrol present a grand appearance, although, at the least, eighty miles distant. The ruins of an extensive old castle, with a moat round it, are seen at Villafranca.

Changed horses at Mozzecanno, thence to Mantua, by a long dusty road, but through a rich luxuriant country. I recommend no one to post from Vicenza unless obliged to do so. Reached Mantua at a little before 8 P. M., and secured rooms at the *Albergo Croce*.

MANTUA.

Friday, August 11th.—To the Palazzo-del-Te. Several rooms contain frescoes by Julio Romana, and his pupils; six horses, the size of life, painted by himself in one of the halls are very fine, particularly a grey horse on the right, which has all the appearance of life.

The Ducal Palace contains some of his frescoes, the best being a painted ceiling, with an allegorical subject, representing day and night.

The apartments are not remarkable, except the ceilings, some of which, in blue and gold, are handsome. There are some good specimens of tapestry, the best being copies of the cartoons; and one piece of Flemish tapestry, struck me as fine.

The cathedral at Mantua, although said to be after the design of Julio Romana, is not so handsome as the Church of St. Andrea, which in the interior is splendid.

The Museum well repays a visit, as it contains some fine antique sculptures, and many noble busts. Over a door in the library is a painting by Rubens. The situation of Mantua is peculiar, being on an island formed by the river Minicio, which issues from the Lago di Garda, and falls into the River Po.

It is very strongly fortified, and after passing the outworks, is crossed by a long bridge of flour mills, worked by the stream, called the Ponte-di-Molini. It is a lofty

bridge, entirely roofed over. The streets are not remarkable. There are some fine houses, mostly built of stone, but the general character of the town is of an ordinary description. The principal square is the Piazza Virgiliana—(the birth place of Virgil being not far from Mantua.)

I suspect it to be somewhat of a political hot-bed, where people assemble at the cafés (all of which were crowded), and settle the affairs of nations; but perhaps I wrong them: their jet-black hair covering the mouth and chin, and sun-burnt faces, give these politicians a fierce look at all events.

Started about 11 A. M. for Brescia. The sun scorching hot, roads dusty, and the country a dead level—till we reach Castiglione, which stands on a slight eminence, and commands a fine view of the mountains on one side, and of the extensive plains on the other.

Like all small Italian towns, it is dirty and dilapidated, and the people are much the same; the state of filth in which they live is apparent enough. One ought not, perhaps, to wonder at it, in such a climate, which is so enfeebling as to destroy all energy, and which brings on premature old age. Some of the young women are beautiful, with their jet-black hair and sparkling eyes, full of lustre; but it is only the bloom of youth, which soon begins to wither, and at an early age scarcely leaves a trace of loveliness behind. This must be obvious to the most casual observer, requiring no residence in the country, nor statistical inquiries to verify the sad reality.

The men in these parts are all dark, with black hair, which they allow to grow over the face, to the fullest extent; this gives them a somewhat savage look.

Through Montechiaro, a small town with a fine church, and Castenedolo, a place of no note, and so on to Brescia. The heat all day has been insufferable, and the dust intolerable.

Having visited Brescia, in 1852, there was nothing to detain us, so we proceeded in the cool of the evening to Bergamo, through one or two small towns, Coccaglio, and Palazzolo, which appeared to be beautifully situated; the latter remarkable for a lofty round tower with a spreading base; but I could see little of it, as it was now dark. A beautiful sunset, with its golden tints, gave place to a fine starlight night, with a silvery moon, and to the most brilliant sheet lightning on the horizon, which could only be compared to molten metal. It was incessant, the flashes occurring at intervals of a few seconds. A midsummer night's drive in these Southern parts was a pleasing variety in the journey. It was 11 p. m. when we drove into Bergamo, and were not sorry to get housed at the *Hotel d'Italie*.

BERGAMO.

Saturday, August 12th.—Bergamo, at the foot of the Alps, is a town which cannot fail to gratify all who may pay it a visit; but it is little, I think, comparatively, known to the generality of travellers, being out of the

direct line of communication. I advise travellers to go there if they have time and opportunity, and their business, or desire, allows them—

“ For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is.”

Its situation is pleasing, especially the old part of the town, which stands on an eminence, commanding an extensive view over the vast plains, bounded by the Mont Cenis range on the one side, and on the other by sloping hills, dotted with the chateaux and villas of the nobility, merchants, and others, backed by the Tyrolean chain of mountains.

Its principal trade is in silk.

The new part of the town is handsomely laid out, much in the style of the fashionable resorts of the baths on the Continent; but I prefer the old town.

There are numerous churches, convents, and monasteries at Bergamo.

The Church of Santa Maria Maggiore is one of the most beautiful, and is highly decorated in the interior. Attached to it is a chapel, the exterior of which is extremely handsome, containing a monument to one Coleonus, who died in 1475, (a Venetian noble I believe), who must have done the State some service; for a more beautiful monument (except, perhaps, the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian, at Innsbruck), I have not seen in all Europe. It is most elaborately sculptured in marble, and is surmounted by a bronze figure on horseback. In the Church of Santa Maria are

some fine monuments, one of which, by Fraccaroli, erected in 1852, to the memory of Giovanni Simone Mayr, a composer of music, is well conceived, and executed, and is a graceful work of art. It represents a group of three female figures, with angelic expression, one touching the chords of the harp, another holding the book of music, while the centre figure, with uplifted head, seems raising her voice to heaven. The duomo is a fine old building, but comparatively plain; but the gem of churches at Bergamo, is that attached to the convent of Santa Gratta. This church, or chapel, is one of the most chaste and beautiful of any I have seen on the Continent. It is highly finished and decorated, and the polished marble is exquisite. Over the altar is a fine picture, which was removed by Napoleon, and subsequently restored. This convent contains twenty-four nuns. Those who take the veil never leave its walls, or cross the threshold by which they entered.

In a chateau belonging to the Count Lochis, some three miles from the town, there is a good collection of paintings by celebrated masters,—one, a Velasquez, very fine.

He has willed this collection to the town at his death; a sensible way of disposing of it, and it would be well if others followed his wise example—“We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out;” and those who succeed us may set no value on our collection,—and so they eventually find their way to the hammer and are

dispersed, and the collector has thus only gratified his own taste, and feelings, often at an enormous outlay, sometimes recovered to the family, it is true, but often not.

After spending an agreeable forenoon at Bergamo, we started about mid-day. We now pass out of the level plain, and in among the hills, through Casa di Capiano, to Lecco, and thence to Como,—my fourth visit. It was broiling hot all day, and we were glad enough to arrive at 7 P. M. at the *Hotel de L'Ange*. The situation of Lecco is pretty, and the mountains rise grandly above it, at this end of the branch of the Lake of Como, where the waters pass out under a bridge.

From Lecco to Como is a tedious stage, and too much for the same horses. It is also of little interest, after leaving Lecco, until it approaches Como, and on a hot and dusty day, is tiresome in the extreme.

COMO.

Sunday, August 13th.—At Como. The day being intensely hot, I did not stir out till evening, when I walked upon the hill immediately opposite, on the road to Varese, and enjoyed a beautiful view of the lake, and of the mountains which enclose this part. All the world seemed to be upon this hill, for it was crowded with people walking up. I learnt it was some *fête* day. The views of the lake of Como, from the surrounding heights are attractive. In the town is a statue to Volta.

Monday, August 14th.—Having engaged a carriage with three horses, *en Voiturier*, we started at 8 A. M.

for Lugano. The road ascends a hill called Monte Olimpino, and we had two oxen to assist us. We shortly arrive at Chiasso, the frontier of Switzerland, where the passports are examined, and proceed on to the Lago Lugano, a beautiful sheet of water crossed by a long causeway and bridge, recently constructed, by which the ferry is avoided, and the road passes close along the lake and under Monte Salvadora, which rises precipitously above it, to a height of about 2,000 feet, and is a fine feature in the scenery, contrasting with the surrounding well-clad mountains, at whose base many villas are dotted about.

Wild pinks are in great profusion hereabouts.

LUGANO.

The little town of Lugano stands prettily on the lake, and contains some good houses, and one or two churches. Many jutting promontories give character to the lake.

A few hour's drive brought us to Lugano. The hotel "*Albergo del Lago*" is a splendid building, quite a palace built on the lake. It was formerly the *Hotel de Ville*.

Lugano is not itself a savoury town, as we experienced in visiting the churches:—

“Non olet sed redolet.”

There are three or four churches. St. Lorenzo, which has some good marble altars, and some rich

sculpture over the three doorways. From the terrace, the view of the lake is pretty. The other churches have nothing to attract notice, except in one, a small head of our Saviour, which I thought good, and the hands well painted; and St. Roche, which has several frescoes. There is a nice little chateau, with a pretty garden sloping down to the lake, belonging to Signor Ciani, which strangers are allowed to visit. In this garden is a marble monument to his parents, a figure of Grief surmounting a pedestal, in which are busts of both. There is something touching in this monument, as it appeals to our best feelings; for all who survive must sooner or later taste this bitter cup.

Proceeded to Bellinzona. On attaining the summit of Monte Cenere, a view is obtained of the end of one of the branches of Lago Maggiore, and the road now skirts along the ridge of this mountain, far above the valley, and a good view of the river winding through the valley, and of Bellinzona, with its scattered houses in the distance, is shortly seen.

The whole drive from Lugano is of interest, and this part seems quite the flower garden of North Italy. The vegetation is rich and luxuriant. Spanish chesnuts, walnuts, vines, olives, &c.; but the most beautiful fruit we have yet seen was at Lugano and Bellinzona. Further south, at Mantua and other places, the peaches, and other fruit look beautiful, but are hard as stones and do not ripen; and if not gathered, wither away. I conclude they are at this time out of season. Bellinzona, with its castles

rising out of the plain (like Sion in the Valley of the Rhone), is a picturesque spot, shut in by lofty mountains; but notwithstanding its being the seat of Government, it is a small place of no attraction, and filthy, like most other places in those parts of what may be called "Italian Switzerland," just as in Italian Tyrol, where dirt predominates. We found rooms at the *Hotel dell' Angelo*.

BELLINZONA.

On looking through the visitors' books at the hotel, I was struck, as I have often been elsewhere, with the multitude of Americans who travel. The citizens of this great nation are truly citizens of the world. They travel with an object—not to pass the time, but to see other nations, and to improve themselves; for this laudable purpose they incur great expense, and no little inconvenience. It is easy enough, for any of us, to start from our metropolis, and in five hours to find ourselves on foreign shores; but not so our Transatlantic brothers, many of whom, to cross the wide waste of waters, must make a great sacrifice, either in personal comfort, or in a pecuniary point of view, or both; when, as in many cases, all our sacrifices put together (for no one can travel without making some), do not amount to their outstart. I greatly admire these offshoots of ourselves. They are of the original stock,

and are full of the energy, enterprize, and freshness of spirit of our forefathers. True, the broad billows of the Atlantic may be said to be now bridged, but it was not so some years ago; and then those enterprising men were over-running Europe, as I can myself bear testimony, having commenced my travels early in life; but *en avant*—"go a-head,"—as the Americans say.

Tuesday, August 15th.—The church at Bellinzona is rather handsome. Soon after 6 A. M., I found it filled with people.

Started at our usual hour.

Road continues through the valley a short distance, and then branching off, crosses the Mosea, a tributary to the Lago Maggiore, and follows its right bank up the valley. The other road, to the left, leads to the foot of the St. Gothard, through the Val Laventina.

At Roveredo, the valley begins to contract, and the river to foam over its bed of rocks and stones, and shortly after crossing it, the road follows the right bank of the Mosea, shut in by lofty mountains covered with verdure almost to their summits, which tower to the sky in rugged grandeur.

Through Cama to Lostallo. Huge blocks of stone lie scattered in the valley.

On the left, as we proceed up the valley, some of the mural precipices are very grand, and one or two pretty cascades attract attention, and some fine old Spanish chesnuts, with stems of great girth, will not escape notice. The finest cascade is that called the

Buffalora, which is seen on the left before approaching Soazza. Near this spot there was, some twenty years back, a great inundation.

VALLEY OF THE MISOCCO.

From Soazza to Misocco. The scenery of the valley of the Mosea, or Misocco, is very fine; and I do not think that a grander mountain district can anywhere be seen than in this immediate locality. An old ruined castle, whose walls have stood for centuries, stands boldly on a rock rising out of the valley.

The extraordinary rich verdure, reminding me of Chiavenna,—on the opposite, or eastern side of the high range on our right,—adds greatly to the charm of this romantic spot. A concourse of persons, dressed in black, which at first had the appearance of a funeral procession, but proved to be a religious ceremony winding its way up the hills, had a solemn effect. At mid-day we reached Misocco, and rested the horses a couple of hours.

I scrambled into the old castle, under a fierce sun. It was no easy task to accomplish. How they entered formerly, (how now), I know not. I went through a small broken archway; it was hard work to get up, more so to return, and there is nothing to repay one for the trouble. From Misocco, the zig-zags commence the ascent of Mont St. Bernardin. We required two additional horses, making five.

The same character of scenery continues, and numerous milky cascades fall into the milk-white river, which foams through the contracted valley; but trees soon become more scant, and nothing is seen but firs among countless masses of stone, which lie scattered about the intervening chalêts. The road crosses a fine cascade by a bridge of one arch, formed by a mountain torrent, foaming through huge blocks of stone, and reminding one forcibly of the cataracts in Norway, on crossing the Fille Field, which it exactly resembles. Heavy rain, which obscured all around, accompanied by thunder, and lightning, welcomed us on our ascent. A rush of water passes under the road, which crosses it by another small bridge, over which the zig-zags are seen, surmounting the heights. When the clouds cleared off, the surrounding peaks showed themselves, clad with fresh fallen snow.

On the right a beautiful waterfall is seen, descending the face of the mountain, and forming the river below, which we have traced to this point.

The road continues to ascend to St. Bernardin, a small hamlet about two-thirds of the way up, with a few modern built houses, where we propose to stay the night. The air was charmingly fresh after all the great heat we have had of late. We arrived there at 6 P. M.

Wednesday, August 16th.—The thermometer is now 52° at 6 A. M. It has generally been close up to 80°, and never so low as 70° in the shade. I delight in these mountain abodes, and could wish to pass the whole

Summer in such spots. The pasturage is exceedingly rich, butter and milk being of the best.

There is a mineral spring at St. Bernardin, the water of which tastes like that at Tunbridge Wells, not the most agreeable flavour. Some few people resort to it in Summer.

Continued the ascent of the Pass with five horses, starting at 8 A. M., the mist hanging thick on the mountains, and giving us but a limited view.

We shortly reach a gallery, with sloping wooden roofs, to throw off the avalanches, and cross a bridge of a single arch, which spans the river at some height above it. We now appear to be out of the range of trees, and nothing but bare rocks, rhododendrons, and dwarf shrubs are seen, at least as far as I could discern anything through the mist. Another gallery is entered, carried above the foaming torrent, on our left. Higher up, nothing appears to grow, and the road winds over denuded rocks. There are more zig-zags, in this Pass, than any I remember. On the summit the road passes along the side of a mountain tarn, the source of the Mosea, abounding with trout I have no doubt, and here we reach the hospice.

The road now descends by zig-zags, but a thick fog prevented us from seeing anything. It is of little use to wait long under such circumstances, if tied to time. One might wait many an hour, and see nothing; and all that can be done, is to bear the disappointment philosophically. For some distance, on the descent of the Pass, no trees

appear, nothing but a few stunted shrubs. The fog cleared suddenly, and we got a glimpse of the surrounding snow-clad peaks, and glaciers, and an unobscured view of the Rhine beneath, winding its way from the gloomy defile, up which it takes its rise.

It is really a grand scene. On reaching the valley we cross the bridge of the Rhine, where the road up the valley ceases altogether—my furthest point on a former occasion. On crossing the narrow stream, one cannot but think of this magnificent river as it goes on increasing—

“*Viresque acquirit eundo,*”

till its stream can scarcely be stemmed in some parts, and where I have seen a large team of horses nearly dragged into it, from the towing path, and the steamers almost at a stand still, in their attempts to stem it.

The road proceeds down the valley, through the little mountain hamlet of Hinterrhein, to the village of Splugen, following the left bank of the infant Rhine, passing through Nufenen, another small hamlet, opposite which the mountains were covered with new fallen snow. The electric telegraph is carried along the road. There is scarcely a point of the Continent where they have it not, in all directions,—the wires running from pole to pole.

SPLUGEN AND THE VIA MALA.

At 11½ we reached the village of Splugen, where the road to Chiavenna and Lake Como, over the Splugen, crosses the river and ascends the mountain—my route in 1840. Remained a couple of hours at the village of Splugen.

After leaving Splugen the road shortly re-crosses to the right bank, and continues to descend the valley. It now enters the Via Mala, and the scenery is of surpassing grandeur and beauty, particularly where pent-up between the rocky precipices; the river “thundering shoots,” and forces itself through the narrow channel in endless cascades. At a considerable distance the valley expands, and the village of Andeer is reached, and soon after many other little hamlets are seen, dotted about on the sloping heights. On passing Zillis, it again contracts, and the grandest part of the Via Mala is approached, where the river winds under lofty precipices, and is spanned by a single arched bridge, the road being now carried along the side which overhangs the left bank of the river, till we find ourselves again on the right bank, at a point where the precipices almost seem to touch, and where the river bursts, at a depth of 300 feet, through a narrow crevice in the rock. This is perhaps the grandest feature in the Via Mala, but all is indeed grand. It again crosses to

the left bank almost immediately, and continues between enormous precipices, passing through a tunnel cut in the rock, and shortly emerges from this wonderful chasm in the mountain, on the sides of which it has been carried, at a high elevation above the river. As a work of engineering skill, I think this surpasses all others. The weather cleared up, and we saw the whole to perfection. At 5½ we reached Thusis, a place that was destroyed by fire, some few years ago, and has been rebuilt; it is now a neat clean looking little place. The fire occurred on a Sunday, when the greater part of the inhabitants were absent at a fête in the mountains. In two hours and a half the whole village was reduced to ashes, the wind blowing hard at the time. It was thought to be the act of an incendiary, who was imprisoned; but it could not be brought home to him. It is now rebuilt on a good plan, the houses being all detached.

Thursday, August 17th.—The *Hotel "Via Mala,"* where we stopped, is a nice clean little hotel—a great contrast to the generality of those I have seen in Italy, which are dirty and slovenly. The road continues through the rich and picturesque valley, and many houses and churches are seen upon the slopes, sometimes perched high up, and apparently on the very edge of steep precipices. The air is delightfully cool, after the rain last night. The road continues to Reichenau, celebrated as the spot where Louis Philippe resided, and taught at the College, from October, 1793, to June, 1794. His memory is greatly revered. The room he occupied is

shown, and in it are two good portraits, painted by Winterhalter, and presented by himself, representing the periods of life 1793, and 1845, and other interesting things. The garden is pretty, and a good view of the junction of the two rivers is seen from it.

From hence the road continues to follow the course of the river through the valley, above which the mountains rise, on either side, until it reaches Chur, or Coire, where we remained a couple of hours, as usual, while travelling vetturino.

Chur, the capital of the Grisons, and a bishop's see, is charmingly situated, and is an interesting old town, on the borders of the Plessur, a tributary of the Rhine. Near a modern built church, is a curious old fountain, round the reservoir of which are the signs of the zodiac. The old church is of much interest. The gateway has sculptured figures, *dos-a-dos*, leaning against pillars resting on lions. In the interior, the capitals of some of the pillars are curious and very old, and there is an ancient sacristal.

There is also a singular clock, 1497 is the date, and the motto—

“Fugit irreparabile tempus.”

The figures of the hours are marked round the window.

Besides these are some fine old sculptured stone monuments, and other things to delight an antiquary: and all who appreciate art, will derive pleasure in knowing that Chur is the birth place of Angelica Kauffman.

From a platform or terrace, behind the church, to the right of it, is a splendid panorama looking up the valley, with snow-clad mountains in the distance, and the river is seen flowing through. On a clear day, such as this, no one should omit going up to it. The distance is short. The mountains on either side, after leaving Chur, are not a little remarkable, those on the right being sharp, angular pointed, like the gables of houses, whilst those on the left are horizontal, with bare rocks exposed, in continuous lines, like walls, but the strata dipping down towards the base, at the foot of which flows the Rhine.

The valley expands considerably, towards Ragatz; the hill slopes well cultivated, and many villages are seen, and good houses with well-kept gardens.

The road now strikes across the valley to the opposite side, or left bank of the river, and proceeds to Ragatz, where we arrived at 4 P. M., and were housed at the "Tamina," and remained the night.

RAGATZ AND BATHS OF PFEFFER.

August 17th.—The principal hotel being filled with visitors and others, we obtained rooms at the "Tamina" (Post House). Went up the narrow ravine, where the far famed baths of Pfeffer are situated. I have described them in a previous publication. This is a most singular spot, the Tamina, rushing through the deep gorge, forming a grand scene. It is a long walk up the ravine, and those who are pressed for time had better

engage a carriage ; but, no one should omit going up to the Bath-house. Ragatz is a small place, with nothing worth noticing, or to detain, after visiting the Baths of Pfeffer. The new Bath-house is a large establishment.

Friday, August 18th.—Started at 7 A. M. Much rain fell during the night, and the summits of the mountains on both sides are covered with snow, although they are of no altitude. The temperature is low.

The road to Wallenstadt continues through the valley, which is now fertile and full of orchards, and the verdure on the slopes of the hills is very rich. On reaching Wallenstadt we embarked, carriage and horses as well, in the steam boat, which rejoiced in the name of the "*Splugen*," (a good boat), for Wesen, at the opposite extremity of the lake. It occupied an hour and a half.

LAKE WALLENSTADT.

The lake Wallenstadt, which is about twelve miles long, is one of great beauty, and of some grandeur. The mountains on our right are of a bold precipitous character, while those on the left slope more gradually at their base ; and I saw two or three small hamlets, at which we stopped to receive mail bags, on the margin of this side of the lake.

On approaching Wesen, some cascades (perhaps often dry, but now pouring a copious discharge down the rocks), are observable on the right.

Small boats proceed by a canal to Schruenllen, and so to Lake Zurich; but the steamer can go no further.

After waiting a couple of hours at Wesen, we continued our route to Rapperswyll. The road for a little distance passes along the Linth canal, that scientific work which cannot be spoken too highly of, and which will for ever perpetuate the name of Escher, who succeeded in bringing the waters into one channel and recovering a large tract of country from a wide waste.

We now, for the present, take leave of the mountain scenery, and on either side are sloping hills; but looking back through the valley of Glarus, they are seen rising with much grandeur, their summits capped with snow.

LAKE OF ZURICH.

Passing Kaltbrun—a neat little village—a peep is obtained of the Lake of Zurich, which was sparkling in beautiful sun-light in the distance. The road now passes through Uznach and Schmerickon, and by the side of the water to Rapperswyll, where we arrived at 5, at the *Hotel du Lac*, a clean hotel, and well conducted, which fronts the lake, and from which the extraordinary long wooden bridge across it, is seen. This bridge is not perhaps less than a mile in length.

There is an old ruined castle at Rapperswyll worth visiting, on account of the view obtained from the

Watch Tower, where a man resides to keep watch at night for fires, which he tells us are not unfrequent.

The lake of Zurich forms a great contrast to that of Wallenstadt, the sides being dotted with houses and villages, and gently sloping to the waters edge. The bridge thrown across the lake at Rapperswyll forms an agreeable promenade, and the lake and surrounding heights are well seen from it. The highest mountains visible are the Verenels Goorten and the Glarnisch, which rear their snow-clad summits above all the surrounding, the former to an altitude of 1,200 feet, and the latter 8,900, wrapped in constant snow and ice. A beautiful view is obtained of these mountains on ascending the hill, a short distance on the road to Zurich, as well as the little town with its old castle and church towers, stretching out on a tongue of land into the lake, and the long bridge all in deep shade, as we saw it, whilst the mountains sloping down to the lake were in bright sunshine, backed by the glaciers glistening in the sky. I cannot imagine a more agreeable prospect on a clear day, such as we had on the morning of the 19th of August, when we started at 8 A. M.

A new road has lately been constructed, which is literally "on the margin of Zurich's fair waters," in which the numerous white houses which dot the opposite shore were beautifully reflected, and all the slopes on the side we traversed were covered with carefully dressed vineyards and orchards, and neat little houses, with their flower gardens.

Considering the multitude of inhabitants on both shores, I was struck with the paucity of boats on the lake. Arrived at Zurich about 11, and remained two or three hours, my fourth visit. Strolled up to the mound in the Botanical Gardens and to the little island, from which two points, the best views of the lake, and the Alpine range in the distance, are obtained. There is little to be seen in the town, except the situation, and views from the surrounding heights.

BADEN-EN-SUISSE.

On to Baden, where we arrived about 4. The road, as well as the rail, which goes from Baden to Zurich, follows the left bank of the Limmat, which springs out of the lake of Zurich, and falls into the Aare, one of the many tributaries of the Rhine. The whole country is well cultivated, but unhappily the vines have the disease in this neighbourhood. The landlord of the hotel says, that since 1849, his little vineyard, which had hitherto yielded fruit which enabled him to fill 3,000 bottles of wine, had entirely failed to produce any; the wine, too, was of a most excellent quality, and peculiar flavour. Baden is a summer resort for invalids, who come to use the waters, which are of a sulphurous quality, and are supposed to cure many complaints. The Bath-houses are also hotels, but I do not think these sort of hotels are agreeable for passing travellers, and the situation of

them is low in the valley by the river side, where the fog hangs, no doubt. The hotel we stopped at, *The Löwen*, stands in a high part of the town, and is preferable. The landlord was most attentive.

The situation of Baden-en-Suisse, on the banks of the Limmat, which, flowing in a clear rapid stream, coiling like a snake, winds its serpentine course through vine-clad hills, is very pleasing; but there is little to detain a traveller. A walk across the bridge to the opposite side, and a short way down the river to the point where it turns, should not be omitted, as the river, I think, will gratify the most fastidious. Re-crossing the bridge, there is a nice walk up the left bank, under an avenue of plane trees, thence ascending to the old ruins of the castle of Hapsburg, and attaining the highest point, a beautiful panorama is obtained. Having so far satisfied oneself, and visited the cathedral, which has some good marble altars, and pulpit, and a handsome organ, built up with marble; I know of nothing else at Baden, but consider it a spot well worth visiting. It is a favorite resort, as before stated, on account of its warm mineral springs. We remained here the Sunday, 20th August, and went to hear high mass at the cathedral. The music was exceedingly fine, vocal and instrumental, in addition to the organ.

The little town was full of people all day, walking about quietly and orderly, and neatly dressed, particularly the women, who were for the most part in costume, that of the Bernese. In the afternoon we

strolled about the ruins of the ancient castle, and visited the vineyard belonging to the landlord of our hotel. It was sad to see the vines generally bearing no fruit, after all the care and labour bestowed upon them, and the few grapes visible, touched with the black speck. This failure of the vine on the Continent of late years, and of our own potato crops, would seem to arise from the same cause, be it what it may, in connexion with a vitiated state of atmosphere.

Monday, August 21st.—Started at the usual time. The road at first follows the Limmat, and afterwards comes upon the Aare, and crosses it. Through Brugg, a small town which stands on the left bank of the Aare. On ascending a steep hill, which requires two additional horses to the carriage, a splendid panorama opens out. The river Aare is seen flowing through a lengthened vista, and may be traced winding through a fertile valley almost to the foot of a lower range of mountains, above which, at a distance of 70 or 80 miles, towers the extensive range of the Bernese Alps. It was a bright day, and the sun was shining full upon the snowy peaks. Conspicuous in the chain were the Blumlis Alp, the Jungfran, and the Wetterhorn. Except at Berne, I am not acquainted with any spot where so extensive a view of the Alps is obtained. Mount Pilatus and the Righi are also visible from this spot—the latter about 30 miles distant.

At Stein, where we rested the horses, we come upon the Rhine, which is here a broad and beautiful river,

flowing tranquilly on its course. A picturesque bridge, with a round tower at one end, and an imposing looking church, with two square towers, and cupolas, overtopping the little town of Sechingen, which lies opposite to Stein, add to the effect of a landscape, not often surpassed. From Stein to Basle there is little to admire, but an occasional view of the Rhine, and that indeed is beautiful enough, and a distant view of the Jura, on approaching Basle.

BASLE.

We arrived soon after 6, and found the *Hotel des trois Rois*, full; but got good rooms at the "*Tête d'Or*," looking upon the river, and close to the bridge. My own room being high up, commanded a most delightful view of it, sweeping majestically through the town. The bridge and the platform behind the cathedral, afford the best views, particularly the latter, a favorite promenade.

The cathedral is under repair in the interior. When completed, it will be very handsome. It is a fine building, of Gothic architecture, though not remarkable, except perhaps for its contour, being built of a deep red sandstone.

The odour in front of the cathedral is most offensive. I suppose some great sewer passes under it to the river.

Basle is a thriving town, and likely to become still more so, from its central position. It has a museum

and public library, which is a fine building, and contains a few paintings, chiefly by Holbein, and some of his sketches, a collection in natural history, and of antiquities, principally Roman, found in the neighbourhood.

I could not learn that Basle contained much else to attract attention; but the environs are said to be agreeable.

STRASBURG.

By rail to Strasburg. Started at 12.

On reaching the first station, St. Louis, the baggage and passports are examined, this being the frontier of France.

The crops are all cut and carried. In one part of the country there is an immense quantity of tobacco growing.

At 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ the lofty and elegant fretwork spire of Strasburg Cathedral came in sight, and a few moments brought us to the station.

We obtained apartments at the *Hotel de la Ville de Paris*, a splendid establishment.

Re-visited the Cathedral, which as a whole is perhaps the grandest on the continent, (although Cologne, when finished, will no doubt vie with it,) but the beautiful proportions of the architecture throughout, and the extreme elegance of the spire, with its open filligree work, rising to a height of 474 feet, can only be equalled by

that of Antwerp: Milan Cathedral is so different in character, that it cannot be compared with the others.

An astronomical clock in the transept of the cathedral, is a work of extraordinary mechanism, and scientific skill. I do not suppose there is such another in the world. The inventor, and munificent donor, M. Scwinger, is still living, at the advanced age of 78; a man of wonderful mind. The computations required to arrange it, must have been most elaborate and perplexing, and the mechanism to carry out those computations not less so. The vastness of conception, and application of science, is in some measure lost, by what may be termed the toys of the clock; for instance, a cock that crows lustily at midday; a figure representing Death, who strikes the clock—true though it is—

“ We take no note of time, but from its loss.”

A figure of the Saviour, before whom other figures bend, in passing, as I remember seeing in the clock at Lubeck; a set of chariots, which advance each day of the week,—and many other trivial things. All these draw off the attention from the great design, but are ingenious and amusing enough in themselves.

Wednesday, August 23rd.—In an out of the way corner of the town, stands the old church of St. Thomas, in which is a noble monument to Marshal Saxe, who died in 1750, one of the greatest generals of the age. It is in marble, and represents the Marshal in a calm dignified position, with a female figure, full of expression, representing

France, who interposes herself between a figure of Death, who is opening a sarcophagus with one hand, and holding with an hour glass in the other.

At the opposite end is a figure of Hercules, lamenting—which is not very herculean. An Eagle killed, and Lion and Leopard wounded, are introduced—symbolical of Marshal Saxe's conquests over Austria and Holland, and the Duke of Cumberland.

It is a grand design, and skilfully executed, by a French Sculptor, Pical, in the year 1777.

In this Church is a sort of chamber of horrors, two embalmed bodies, found in the early part of this century, the Count of Nassau and his daughter, who lie exposed in glass cases to the public gaze, after a lapse of 400 years. Little folk escape this unenviable posthumous notoriety, and return to the kindred dust from whence they sprung.

There is a large arsenal at Strasburg, but it requires an order from the General Commanding, to see it. Not having obtained an order, we could only see the Foundry, which well repaid us. There are about 50 men at work, and 25 cannon are cast and finished in a month: beautifully turned out of hand.

We were much pleased with the Museum of Natural History, one of the most perfect I have anywhere seen.

The collection of birds is extraordinary, among them I noticed the "Glangula Barrovii," which I have not seen in any other collection, a bird discovered by Sir John Richardson on the shores of the Arctic seas, and

named after my honoured father. It seems to have been presented by M. Schimpen, to whom the museum is indebted for a very extensive collection made by him on a voyage round the world. The part of the museum devoted to anatomical specimens we did not visit.

There are some pretty gardens outside the town, which form an agreeable drive or promenade. The principal one is called the Orangery.

The fortifications of Strasburg are very strong, and worth noticing; especially that part of them through which the road to Kehl is approached. I know of no town so strongly protected.

The large quantities of the tobacco plant which I noticed growing in the fields is explained here, in the existence of a large manufactory, the Manufacture Imperiale de Tabacs, a handsome building recently completed. The workmen were at dinner, and we were not able to wait to go over the establishment.

I believe there is not much else to see at Strasburg.

There are some fine streets, and some curious old houses here and there, a theatre, and a place, where the band of a regiment plays in the evening.

It is a pity that the Colonels of some of our regiments, do not favour us a little more with their music on the week days, especially on the Saturday. Should Lord Shaftesbury succeed in carrying out his project of a half-holiday for the working classes, I hope to live to see it extended to *all* the working classes of society, whether they work by the brain or the hand, believing,

as I do, that the former require the half-holiday quite as much—and in many cases very much more—than the latter.

If the authorities were more liberal in their allowance for the bands, perhaps the colonels would favour the public more, but as the officers generally have to subscribe, the exclusive system is too much the vogue.

At 1½ we left the hotel for Kehl, to go by rail to Karlsruhe. Passed on our right a monument to General Dessaix. The Rhine is crossed by a bridge of boats, and the Grand Duchy of Baden is now entered, and the passports and baggage are examined.

At 3 P. M. we started en route, changing at Appenwier, where there was great and unnecessary delay. The rail is laid on wooden sleepers, and is very easy in consequence; but it is sadly out of repair, and the delays are tedious.

At Bastatt some new and strong fortifications have recently been made. The Austrians have garrisons here.

Arrived at Karlsruhe at 6¾ and obtained rooms at the *Hotel d' Angleterre*. I was last here in 1840. The town is beautifully lit up with gas, the brightest I have anywhere seen.

CARLSRUHE.

Thursday, August 24th.—Great improvements have taken place since 1840, and the capital of the

Grand Duchy of Baden bids fair to become a second Munich. An Academy has been built, which is a grand edifice, and contains the best and most perfect collection of casts of statues for studies of any I have seen.

They have been made at Paris. There is also a good collection of paintings, some few by the old masters, but generally modern. Among the latter are several beautiful figures painted by a female artist, Marie Ellenrieder, deserving especial notice, the execution being very good.

The whole arrangement of the rooms is excellent.

A remarkably handsome theatre has also sprung up, to replace one destroyed by fire, when, sad to say, several poor creatures were burnt to death; and there are many other new and handsome edifices.

A bronze statue of the founder of Carlsruhe, on a bronze pedestal, with four beautiful bronze female figures, at the angles, executed by Swanthaller, is also new: and another statue, and obelisk in bronze, which I do not remember to have seen before.

A bronze pyramid, which is a sad disfigurement to the principal street, is to be removed, and an equestrian statue will supply its place.

The Palace is not remarkable, but from its tower a good view is obtained, and the position of Carlsruhe is seen. All the streets in one half of the circle radiate from this common centre; while on the other half, the several openings through the thick forests, radiate in a similar manner.

This town, for the chase in its vicinity, was a favorite resort of Charles Frederick, and is still so for the present Regent. Game of all sorts is abundant.

At the back of the Palace, the forest abuts, and there are many fine trees. A large Winter Garden (with a glass roof,) is in course of construction.

A visit to the Cemetery ought not to be omitted. It is nicely laid out, and one or two monuments are both handsome and interesting. One to the memory of some 500 Prussian soldiers, who fell during the attempted Revolution in 1849, when the offscouring of other nations incited the populace, forcing many to join. It lasted six weeks before it was entirely suppressed. A good and brave officer fell, like a gallant soldier, at the head of his troop: to him a separate monument has been erected by his comrades. It is simple and grand: a polished marble cross, with the head of our Saviour, in relief, in the centre of the cross, stands under a lofty canopy, surmounted by a spirited figure, in bronze, of an angel, piercing a fierce and fiery dragon,—emblematical, I conclude, of the foul fiend who disturbed the public peace.

The names of the brave men, and the number of their regiments, are upon the pediment supporting the canopy—peace to their ashes: eternal honor to their memory. In no cause can a man more nobly forfeit his life.

Another painfully interesting monument, is that erected to the unfortunate people who were burnt in the theatre, on the 28th of February, 1847, when no less than 66 souls perished, for the most part young men.

A well sculptured Angel surmounts a pedestal, on which the names and ages of the poor unfortunate sufferers are recorded.

There are many other monuments of interest.

The railway station is also entirely new, and handsome.

The rail is no great benefit to the town, as I learn that few strangers now visit Carlsruhe, but pass it by. If any, into whose hand this little book may fall, will follow my advice, and spend a day in this little aristocratic town, they will not regret it.

At 12½ we started by express train for Frankfort, where we arrived 4¾, and obtained rooms at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*. There is little to notice at Frankfort, where I have been so often. The gardens round the town are a pleasant promenade. A statue, in bronze, of Goethé, is fine.

Its situation on the Main is the principal feature. In the town are many curious old houses; but the most remarkable are those in what is called the Jews' Quarter.

This completes all, if we add the celebrated statue by Danecker.

The Cathedral has some old monuments, but the building is not remarkable. The Town Hall contains a fine room, called the Kaiser Saal, filled with portraits of the Emperors; and the Election Room.

There is a collection of pictures, but we did not see them: and the new Exchange is handsome.

Friday, August 25th.—Started by rail, at 11½ to Castel, opposite Mayence, and embarked at 1, on the arrival of the train, in the steam-boat, the Stadt Mainz, for Coblenz, where we arrived at 5½ P. M. Ehrenbritstein, lit up in strong sunlight and shadow, looked beautiful as we approached it.

The navigation of the Rhine is certainly skilfully managed; nothing could possibly be better than the handling of this vessel. People are accustomed to go up and down the Rhine, and not to give a thought upon the subject; but they may be assured it requires *great* care and attention, to avoid accident; and I cannot resist paying a passing tribute of admiration to the very careful, beautiful, and skilful management of the vessels on the Rhine.

Rooms at the *Hotel de Geant*.

Saturday, August 26th.—Left Coblenz at 10¾, and reached Cologne at 3 P. M., too late to meet the train to Aix-la-Chapelle; many others were disappointed. We were obliged to wait till 6·45. The steam-boats and trains *profess* to correspond; but time and tide wait for no man; and as the steamer lost time, so it came that we lost the train.

Considerable progress has been made with the Cathedral since we were last here, but it will be many years before the work is accomplished, if ever.

By 6·45 express, and reached Aix-la-Chapelle at 9 P. M. They seem late with the harvest hereabouts. A good deal remains to be carried. It seems strange,

coming up from the south, where it has been housed long ago.

Obtained rooms at the *Hotel du Grand Monarque*, or "Dremel's Hotel."

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Sunday, August 27th.—Went to high mass at the Cathedral; the music, as usual, was grand. To the English Church afterwards.

Aix-la-Chapelle, famous for its hot sulphurous springs, lies low among the hills, and has, in Summer, a warm, relaxing air, not suited to my taste. It is one of those fashionable resorts of invalids, and others, for which I have, myself, no great fancy. There is little worth seeing here. A handsome street has been lately made into the town, not far from the railway station, which gives it an air of importance. The environs however are beautiful.

In the adjoining village of Borcette, there are also hot springs; one of which, in a well, is in the open street. The water seemed clear. From Louisberg, one of the surrounding hills, there is a pleasing panorama, and the walk, or drive to it, is agreeably shaded with trees. On the summit is a café, a handsome building of the sort.

In the town there is but little attraction. The old Rathhouse, or *Hotel de Ville* (under repair), is an interesting building, from its great antiquity, one of its towers being Roman. Facing it, in the Market Place, stands a

bronze fountain, surmounted by a bronze figure of Charlemagne, also ancient, 1353—the date of the *Hotel de Ville*.

The exterior of the Cathedral is singular in its architecture, and parts of it are very ancient.

The Theatre Strasse, with a handsome theatre at one end, is a fine street, and the best in the town.

The old walls of Aix are still standing. I walked round a great part of them. The circumference is, perhaps, about five or six miles, which includes the whole town.

Monday, August 28th.—As there was no train till the afternoon, we engaged a carriage to take us to Spa. The first part of the road is exceedingly pretty, the country undulating, and rich in pasturage. We were not fortunate in the morning, which was raw and foggy, and so continued till midday. In less than three hours, we take leave of the Prussian dominions, and enter Belgium, where the baggage undergoes inspection.

We shortly passed under the railway viaduct, a beautiful piece of engineering work. Rested the horses at Verviers, famed for its cloth manufactories; a large town, but not interesting to a stranger; and permission to inspect the manufactories is no longer granted. Went into one of the churches, *pour passer le temps*, but there is nothing to see. Verviers is one of the principal stations on the rail.

We shortly passed through Pepinster, the station on the rail for Spa, which is distant some six or eight miles; but a branch line is in course of construction. We

noticed numerous manufactories between Aix and Spa. The undulating country through which the road traverses, is varied and picturesque.

Spa is approached by a long avenue, which forms an agreeable promenade. It is a small place, prettily situated; and, as far as I saw of it, it stands next to Baden-Baden, in my estimation; but the rail will, perhaps, spoil it. According to tradition, Peter the Great was once at Spa.

They had some races in the neighbourhood, and all the world was at Spa; not a room to be had anywhere. Having satisfied our curiosity, and seen as much of the place as ever I wish to see, we went back to Pepinster, to take the 6½ express to Liege, where we arrived in half an hour; and it takes nearly as long to get into the town, from the station.

Obtained rooms at the *Hotel d' Angleterre*.

LOUVAIN.

Tuesday, August 29th.—By express to Louvain, in about an hour and a half. Arrived there at 12. Visited the Town Hall; which is of rich Gothic architecture. The interior is also worth seeing. The *salle de mariage*, where all the marriages take place, is in the Town Hall; and from the top, a good view of the town is obtained.

The interior of the Cathedral is grand; but all the fine columns are bedaubed with whitewash. It contains one

or two good old paintings, and a carved pulpit worth looking at.

In the private residence of M. Van-den-chreck, there is a good collection of pictures, which he obligingly permits strangers to see.

The Botanical Garden repays a visit. It is nicely arranged. The pleasantest part of the town, appeared to me to be where the canal lies. Louvain is but a dull place. It has its University, which we did not see.

We were rather amused at the station, at reading a recommendation of some baths, translated from German into English; which baths are supposed, among other complaints, to cure "gout, rheumatism, and all those disorders of digestion arising from *port vin system*!"

MALINES.

Continued, en route, to Malines, by 4 P. M. train, and arrived in three quarters of an hour: obtained rooms at the *Hotel la Crue (Crane)*, in the open space near the Cathedral. This square is remarkable for its curious old gable houses, and antique turreted Town Hall, with the massive Cathedral rising above the pigmy dwellings.

The Cathedral is grand, the tower particularly so, and the interior remarkably fine. We heard vespers; the organ sent forth the grandest peals—it is a noble instrument. A celebrated picture of Van Dyke's, representing the Crucifixion, is a great attraction

to strangers. A franc is charged for showing it. The best part of it, I think, is the figure of our Saviour nailed to the cross.

There is a handsome carved pulpit in the Cathedral; the subject of the lower part of which is the same as that at Louvain—"The Conversion of St. Paul." The horse in this, is, however, better than that at Louvain; but I do not think much of either. The Crucifixion above it is fine.

A carved pulpit, carved work confessionals, and some beautiful carvings under the organ loft, and round two of the pillars, in the church of St. John, are also worth notice. This church contains a picture by Rubens—"The Adoration of the Magi;" with side pieces to the altar. Another of these paintings—"The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," is in the church of Notre Dame; a handsome building.

The church of St. Pierre also contains a beautiful carved pulpit and a series of carved confessionals; all very rich. There are several large pictures round the church, of no great merit.

Malines is a more imposing town than Louvain. It has some good open streets, with good houses, of which the latter is wholly deficient, and presents a cleaner, gayer, and more frequented look. It has also a pleasant, well shaded Horticultural Garden, with Conservatory, which repays a visit.

Wednesday, August 30th.—Left Malines, by train 11 A. M., for Lille. Changed carriage at Ghent, and at Mouscron; and had many other tedious delays, waiting

for trains, &c. The day was exceedingly hot, and the rail uncommonly dusty. Did not reach Lille till 4½ p. m. Obtained rooms at the *Hotel de l' Europe*. Having now entered France, the baggage was examined.

Thursday, August 31st.—By express from Lille at 12½. Reached Calais at 2½. Steamed out of the harbour, in the *Princess Mary*, at 3·5, and landed at Dover at 5 p. m., after a rough passage—tide against us, and a strong breeze. To the Ship Hotel, and once again in Old England.

Friday, September 1st.—To Folkestone, by a morning train, and stayed two or three hours. To town, by 2 p. m. train, and home at 6½.

So, for the year 1854, ends my—

“SUMMER TOUR IN CENTRAL EUROPE;”

which, if it prove half as agreeable to the reader as it has done to the writer, and useful to travellers; and should it moreover be an encouragement to others to go abroad, to extend their acquaintance with other nations, and by mutual goodwill and fellowship, to join heart and hand together, for—

“One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin,”
my purpose in penning it will be fully answered.

THE END.

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PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

SUMMER TOURS

IN

CENTRAL EUROPE,

1855—6.

[PART 3.]

BY

JOHN BARROW, ESQ.

“CELER EUNDO.”

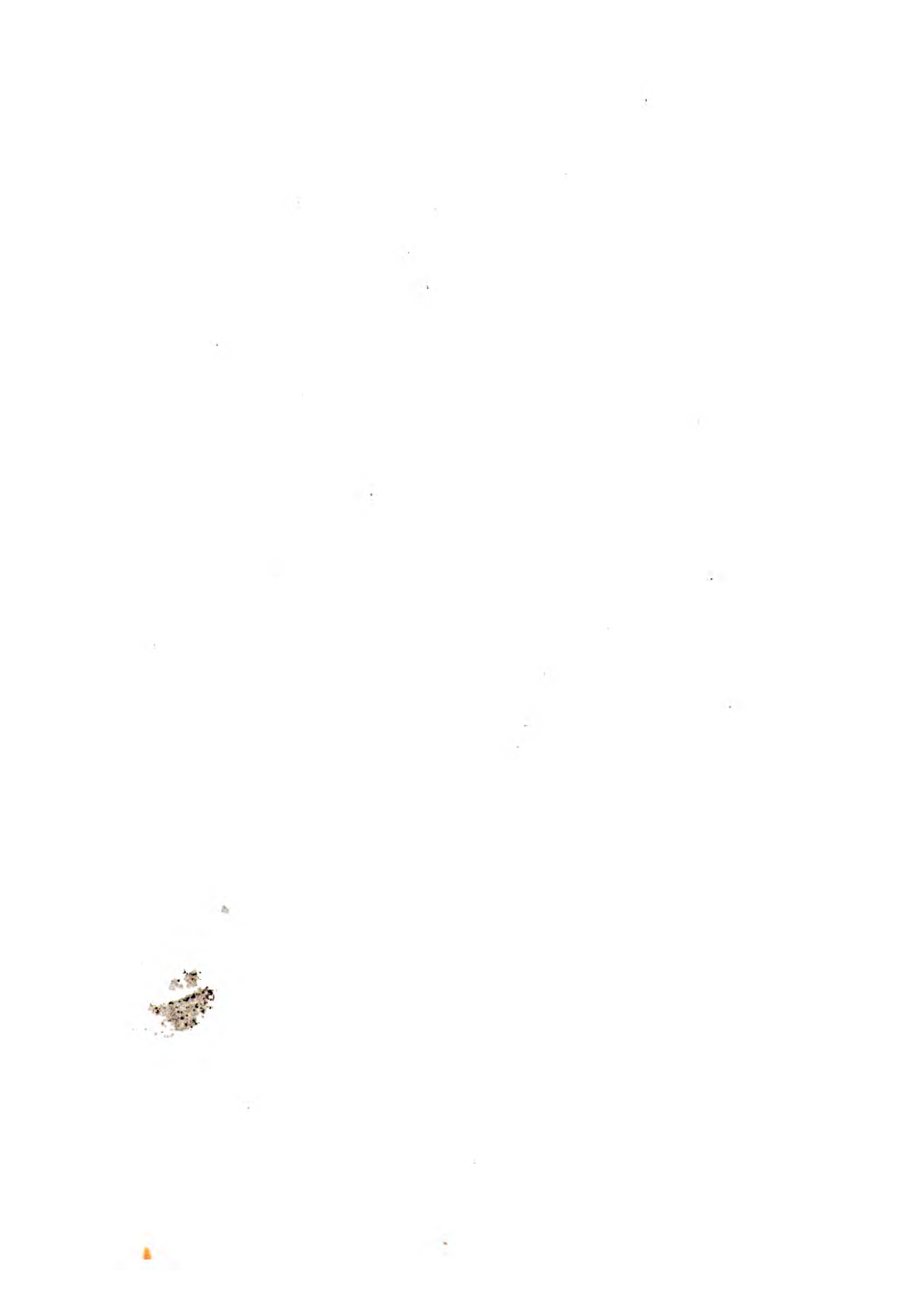


FRANCE AND THE PYRENNEES:
NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.

LONDON:
W. H. DALTON, COCKSPUR STREET.

1857.

203 A 15.



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N O T I C E.

I HAVE now completed the publication of my notes, taken while performing "Summer Tours in Central Europe," during the last few years—each of two months' duration, which was all the time I could then devote to them. Many, similarly circumstanced, may find them useful, as indicating where some of the grandest scenes in nature may be viewed, and objects of attraction seen in various towns on the Continent. These notes are *entirely* the result of personal observation, unless otherwise stated, and the only merit I lay claim to, is having paved the way for a series of cheap and *portable* hand-books, embracing all parts of the Continent, which I hope yet to see undertaken. Nothing of the description existed. I cannot too strongly recommend all families travelling abroad to employ a courier, and can safely recommend the following, who are, in all respects, excellent in their vocation. They stand in the order in which we employed them, viz. :—

Robt. Wildhack, 32, Smith-street, Chelsea;

D. F. R. Sabatini, (who served with credit in the Xanthus Expedition,) 6, Grove-place, Lisson-grove;

Giacomo Colalucci, 3, Upper Eaton-street, Pimlico;

Pietro Gerlo, 8, Brewer-street, Golden-square; and 29A, Marylebone-street, Regent-street.

J. B.



REGULATIONS RESPECTING PASSPORTS.

1. Applications for Foreign Office Passports must be made in writing ; and addressed to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for foreign Affairs, with the word "Passport" written upon the cover.

2. The fee on the issue of a Passport is 7s. 6d.

3. Foreign Office Passports are granted only to British-born subjects, or to Ionians, or to such foreigners as have become naturalized either by Act of Parliament or by a Certificate of Naturalization granted by the Secretary of State for the Home Department. When the party is a "Naturalized British subject," he will be so designated in his Passport ; and if his Certificate of Naturalization be dated subsequently to the 24th day of August, 1850, his Passport will be marked as good for one year only ; but this regulation will not preclude any person whom it affects from obtaining, at any future periods, on his producing his old Passport, a fresh Passport for a further limited period of one year, without being required to pay a fresh fee.

4. Passports are issued between the hours of twelve and four, on the day following that on which the application for the Passport has been received at the Foreign Office.

5. Passports are granted to persons who are either known to the Secretary of State or recommended to him by some person who is known to him ; or upon the application of any *Banking Firm* established in London or in any other part of the United Kingdom.

6. Passports cannot be sent by the Foreign Office to a person already abroad : such person should apply to the nearest British Mission or Consulate.

7. Foreign Office Passports must be countersigned at the Mission in London, or at some Consulate in the United Kingdom, of the Government of the country which the bearer of the Passport intends to visit.*

8. A Foreign Office Passport granted for one journey to a British-born subject, or to an Ionian, or to a "Naturalized British subject" whose Certificate of Naturalization is dated previously to August 24th, 1850, may be used for any subsequent journey, *if countersigned afresh* by the Ministers or Consuls of the countries which the bearer intends to visit; but a Passport granted for one journey to a "Naturalized British subject" whose Certificate is dated subsequently to the 24th of August, 1850, can only be used for a subsequent journey undertaken within the period for which the Passport has been originally granted.

Foreign Office, November, 1854.

* It is requisite that the bearer of every Passport granted by the Foreign Office should sign his Passport before he sends it to be *viséd* at any Foreign Mission or Consulate in England; without such signature either the *visa* may be refused, or the validity of the Passport questioned abroad. And Travellers who may have any intention of visiting the Austrian States at any time in the course of their travels on the continent, are particularly and earnestly advised not to quit England without having their Passports *viséd* at the Austrian Mission in London: but there is no necessity for the *visa* to a Foreign Office Passport of either the Prussian or Sardinian authorities in the United Kingdom.

List of the principal Foreign Passport Offices in London where Foreign Office Passports are to be viséd:—

Austrian Legation	...	Chandos House, Cavendish Square.
Bavarian Legation	...	3, Hill Street, Berkeley Square.
Belgian Consulate	...	52, Gracechurch Street.
French Consulate	...	26, King William Street, City.
Portuguese Consulate		5, Jeffery's Square.
Russian Consulate.	...	Chesham House, Chesham Place.
Sicilian Legation	...	94, Eaton Square.
Spanish Legation	...	44, Portland Place.
Turkish Embassy	...	1, Byranston Square.

TOUR IN CENTRAL EUROPE,

1855.

Section I.—France and the Pyrenees.

8th August.—Left London by the 1.30 P. M. express, and embarked at Dover, in the *Imperatrice*, a fine Steam-vessel, lately built, under the command of Captain Smithett; only 100 horse power, but fast.

Landed at Calais at 6.30, weather showery; but a beautiful rainbow recompensed for all. A French gun-boat, which had come into collision with a brig in the Channel, and had lost her mainmast, was in Calais Roads, towed by another of her class, both being destined for the Baltic. Obtained rooms at *Dessin's*—the same apartments we occupied last year.

9th August.—By carriage to Boulogne, starting at 9 A.M., arrived at 1. The whole country of the Pas-de-Calais is well cultivated, but the crops are backward, very little of the corn being cut, none carried. On attaining the point of highest elevation, of the numerous ridges abutting upon the sea, over which the road is carried, there is a fine view both of Calais and of Boulogne, overlooking an extensive range of intermediate country, all of which is under cultivation.

At Boulogne we found rooms at the *Sovereign Brighton Hotel*, a little out of the town, near the Railway Station,

and had the honour, as we were duly informed, of occupying the apartments in which the Emperor lodged, when here. Visited the camp, containing at present about 40 or 50,000 men. The huts are built of clay, and thatched. They extend to a great distance along the heights above the sea, and the effect is striking.

10th August.—At 7 A.M. a large number of soldiers passed by our hotel, returning to the camp from their morning exercise. They frequently march 12 or 15 miles, at this early time. One whole regiment passed, with their full band playing, preceded by some fine looking fellows, pioneers, with large black bear-skin caps, black beards, and black mustachios, all so black, that it was not easy to say where the bear-skin terminated, and the beard commenced, the latter as black and shaggy as the former. Following the band were the Vivandieres, nattily dressed.

Visited the cemetery, which is neatly kept, and is full of graves; many of them, as may be supposed, are English.

The column with the bronze figure of the Emperor Napoleon the First, reminded us of the present Emperor's skill, in not hurting the feelings of his allies, when he called the attention of his soldiers to the statue, and told them it pointed to the East. The cathedral, which has been many years building, will require many more to complete it.

Started at 12.30. Paris being crowded, we stopped

short at Clermont, where we arrived at 5, at the *Hotel des deux Epées*.

This little spot stands prettily on the slope of a hill, which is surmounted by a handsome church, and by what was once a fortress but is now a house of correction. Immediately under its walls, is a pleasant, well-shaded promenade, from which there are some pretty views of the surrounding country, and below this again lies the cemetery. Here we first observed vines cultivated. It was a *fair* day at Clermont, and the streets were thronged with busy people.

11th August.—7 A.M. Enjoyed a walk this morning in a cool refreshing atmosphere, which soon becomes heated at this time of the year. Started 8½ for Paris arrived at 10, and immediately crossed to the terminus of the Orleans line. Having to wait till 2, we amused ourselves in the Jardin des Plantes, which adjoins it; there is, probably, not a finer collection of natural history in any museum in Europe.

At 2½ P.M., we left for Orleans, and arrived at 6½, a slow train; the express takes about three hours. The country between Paris and Orleans is generally flat, and of little interest, Orleans standing upon a level plain. Obtained apartments at the *Grand Hotel d'Orleans*.

Sunday, 12th August.—Walked before breakfast to the square, in the centre of which stands the bronze equestrian statue of the maid of Orleans. I do not admire it much. A female figure striding a horse is not *comme*

il faut. She is represented with her head elevated towards the heavens, and her right arm extended, with the sword pointing downwards. The figure is not sufficiently rounded, and is somewhat, I think, wanting in ease and elegance. A better statue, or rather statuette, is at the end of one of the bridges; it is about the size of life, and is remarkably spirited. Speaking of statuettes, nothing can excel the exquisite design, by one of Louis Philippe's daughters, well known to all lovers of art. There are two fine bridges which cross the Loire, one of which, of 15 arches, is a railway bridge. The river is of great breadth, but shallow. From the opposite side the town looks well.

There is not much to attract notice at Orleans. The cathedral of St. Croix is grand, especially its front with two towers, which are divided each into three compartments, the two lower being square, surmounted by a circular turret, the effect of which is good, and perhaps unique. The spire in the centre is much out of the perpendicular. The interior is fine and in beautiful order. We were present at high mass, and observed that nearly all assembled were women. The principal streets are, the *Rue Royale*, and the *Rue Jeanne d'Arc*, which runs at right angles up to the cathedral. The street at the head of which our hotel is situated, the *Rue Bannier*, is also a good street. In it stands the old church of St. Paterne.

A pretty garden, a *jardin des plantes*, on the opposite side of the river, is worth visiting. It is kept

in good order. In the suburbs are some snug little houses, with pleasant gardens attached to them. Orleans appears to be deserted at this season of the year. It has a museum, with some pictures, but we did not see them. I could not ascertain that there was anything else to see, except the cemetery, which is prettily laid out, and the graves are carefully attended to. In the centre stands an obelisk, erected by the citizens of Orleans, to the memory of some of the inhabitants who fell in 1848, at the revolution in Paris, "in defence of order and liberty." There are some old churches besides the cathedral, and some fine pieces of ancient architecture.

Monday, 13th August.—Very early this morning, hearing some singing or chanting of hymns, I looked out, and saw four or five men in blouses, preceding a young soldier, a recruit, who was walking with a young woman, while another man brought up the rear, wheeling his kit in a truck. To what feelings may a little scene like this give rise. Started by 11 A.M., express train. Country generally flat, and covered with vines.

At Blois, (where we did not stop, reserving it for a future occasion,) the fine old chateau is seen from the rail. The road comes upon the banks of the Loire, and the scenery is pretty. Arrived at 1¼ at Tours, at the *Grand Hotel de l'Univers*.

Visited the beautiful cathedral of St. Gatien, and some of the old churches with which the town abounds,

indeed, it is full of ancient architecture. The Maison de Tristan is one out of many which will repay a visit. There is a cord represented in the sculpture which is said by some to be the emblem of widowhood, by others, of the trade of those who built it. From the tower of this antique building an excellent idea is formed of the ancient town of Tours. Innumerable high pitched roofs, and gable-windows, meet the eye in all directions. I know of no other place like it, and it is not a little puzzling to guess why the roofs of the houses have originally been constructed so steep. In the *place aux fruits*, a little group of old houses, which I amused myself with sketching, under a broiling sun, is worth noticing; and in many of the narrow streets of the old town, the attention is constantly attracted by remnants of sculpture on the houses of the more opulent of the citizens of bye-gone days. There are also fragments of Roman remains. One of the old Roman walls which surrounded the town is still standing. The Maison Gouin, belonging to a banker of that name, is another interesting specimen of ancient architecture of the Renaissance style, which is not uncommon at Tours.

The cemetery is neatly laid out, and the graves are well kept and simply ornamented, for the most part with a stone or iron cross, or a broken column. Flowers are cultivated in profusion, as at Orleans, and, indeed, generally, in all foreign cemeteries.

The Museum contains a few not very good paintings, and a small collection of natural history.

The Loire is broad at Tours, but shallower at Orleans. A little below the town it is joined by the Cher. It has a fine stone bridge across it, with many arches : at one end is a marble statue of Descartes. The Rue Royale, a street of great length, and filled with good shops, is on a line with this bridge. Two suspension bridges also cross the river. One of the chief characteristics of Tours is the great contrast between the modern and ancient houses in the town. There are numerous detached houses with pretty gardens both in and out of the town, of recent construction ; and some of the new streets, besides the Rue Royale, are fine. In the suburbs is Plessis-les-Tours, the ancient chateau in which Louis XI. passed much of his time.

It is only worth visiting for its associations. The ancient tower of de Guise is a fine specimen of the round towers of the period.

The antiquarian will find much to attract his notice in all parts of the old town. Here would be a place for the British Archæological Association, (of which I have the honor to be a member,) to hold one of its meetings.

Visited Notre Dame la Riche, a beautiful old church, and the church of St. Clement, which is a fine old ruin, with a handsome entrance.

14th August.—Wishing to view the town from the opposite bank of the river, we crossed the bridge, and obtained permission to walk into a garden attached to a

private residence, which commands a good view of the river, of the bridge across it, and of the whole extent of the town,—the massive cathedral, the stern old towers, the Tour de Guise, the tower of Charlemagne, and the antique clock tower, rising over the general group of buildings. In the early morning all these buildings were in deep shadow, and looked massive and imposing.

Visited the Botanical Garden, which is more useful than ornamental. We also visited the tower of Charlemagne, the remaining tower of the cathedral of St. Martin, and the beautiful church of St. Julien, now under repair. The Rue Royale is a handsome street, and there are one or two others of modern date, but the great attraction of Tours lies in its narrow streets and alleys, which must be explored on foot. The little street, called Rue St. Croix, has some choice pieces of ancient sculpture. The Boulevards form pleasant shady walks, the principal one being called the Mall.

Tours, which is situated in a fertile plain, is a commercial town, its productions consisting chiefly of wines, eau de vie; grain of all sorts; silk, worsted, gloves, stockings, &c. It was at one time, after the peace, much frequented by English, but now comparatively few of our countrymen reside there.

By express at 1½ for Angoulême, where we arrived at 6, passing through Poitiers. I here saw many beautiful Spanish chesnut trees, and the vine growing on trellis work in many places. In these southern parts all the harvest is gathered in. Obtained rooms at the *Hotel des*

Postes, situated in the high part of the town, and close to the terrace, which overlooks a large extent of country.

The view from this rocky eminence, rising 200 feet above the Charente, is pretty, but a multitude of white stone buildings, which cover the face of the country, rather detract from that beauty. Some Artillery were practising on the terrace with two small brass field pieces: they made a loud report.

15th August.—Walked round the walled terrace, which commands a complete panoramic view of the surrounding country, with the river winding through. The principal part of the town is built upon the hill, which rises with a steep acclivity above the river, crowned by a noble ruin, of what was once, a massive castle, the towers of which still stand. The houses are nearly all of stone, but as the stone is full of little holes, (like the holes made in wood by the *Teredo Navalis*,) they present a peculiar speckled appearance. The old cathedral also stands on this eminence. The west front is remarkable, and is apparently of great antiquity. The building is under repair, but a new tower, recently built, is not, in my opinion, quite so much in keeping with the ancient part as it might be.

This being a fête day in France (the Assumption of the Virgin Mary) the whole town is on the move and, from all the country round, the peasantry have flocked in, in their best attire, the women with snow white caps towering above their heads. All the houses are decorated with flags, banners, &c., and everything wears a

bright aspect, under the glorious canopy of the heavens, in which not a cloud is to be seen. The procession to the church passed before our windows, preceded by the gendarmerie, soldiers, and citizens, and another procession of young women and children, dressed in white, with garlands of flowers. There must have been some thousands of people about, but all were quiet and orderly, and enjoying themselves in various groups. Took a drive in the afternoon, and visited the cemetery, which is prettily laid out, on the same plan as the generality of those in France.

Angoulême has but few large buildings, the principal being the Palais de Justice, recently built, and the college on the summit of the hill, or platform, above the river. Near to it is Cognac, a name familiar to us all. Started for Bordeaux by express at 6½ P.M.

Leaving Angoulême, we quit the level plain, and the rail traverses a pleasing undulating part of the country, passing through changing scenery to Chalais. At all the stations the little gardens are pretty, and they are filled with beautiful hollyhocks and roses. The pasturage is fine between Chalais, and the next station, La Roche Chalais, and numerous cattle were grazing in the meadows, through which a river flows. Vast quantities of vines are cultivated throughout.

The evenings begin to close in rapidly, and it was dark when we arrived at Bordeaux, at 9 P.M. The situation of Bordeaux, "the maritime capital of France," is not considered healthy: *Bord des eaux* is

said to be the derivation of the name, and it commonly lies low, surrounded with swamps and marshes, nevertheless its population is steadily increasing.

The stars and the crescent moon were shining bright. Bordeaux too was illuminated, and the effect of the terrestrial light along the extensive quay of the river, viewed with the celestial, was not a little remarkable. Some of the large buildings illuminated with rows of lamps, preserving the line of architecture, looked beautiful. The streets were thronged with people, and what was of more consequence to us, the hotels as well; we found all the first full, and were glad enough to find ourselves comfortably housed at the *Hotel du Midi*, which is well situated, and good.

16th August. My morning walk was down the Rue Chapeau Rouge, a noble street, (in which is our hotel,) to the river-side. Bordeaux is situated on the left bank of the Garonne, a splendid river, filled with shipping; and vessels of large burthen lie close alongside the quays. About thirteen miles below the town, it is joined by the Dordogne, and both rivers, uniting, fall into the Gironde. The entrance of the Gironde is at least forty miles from the confluence of the above-named rivers, and vessels of the largest size can come up to Bordeaux, but islands and sand-banks render the navigation intricate, and a pilot is necessary. The rise and fall of the tide is about 14 feet, at the springs, and there is a depth of 12 feet on the bar

at low water. Numerous villages are said to be scattered on the banks of the river.

As a sea-port town, Bordeaux is probably one of the finest in Europe, and is scarcely surpassed by Liverpool. As regards its buildings, I am not sure that it does not, in this respect, carry the palm. If Liverpool can boast of its Custom House, its Town Hall, its Castle Street, Lord Street, John Street, and its beautiful Market Place—Bordeaux can name its splendid Theatre, its Palais de Justice, its Cathedral, the interior of which is very grand, having no side aisles, consequently being of great width, its ancient churches, its clock-tower and streets, and many other objects of attraction; but the principal feature of Bordeaux is the grandeur of its buildings, and its broad, open, and extensive quays. The river, which is broader than any part of the Thames at London, is crossed by a noble bridge, the “Pont de Bordeaux.” We engaged an open carriage and drove about the town the whole morning, visiting all the principal objects of attraction. The view of the town from the bridge, with the sun shining in an August sky, in full splendour, upon the white façade of the line of quays, which extend some four miles, following the course of the Garonne—backed by the old church and tower—and sparkling upon the river, which glistened like diamonds, was a scene not easily to be forgotten, and equalled anything I remember of a similar nature. Having drawn a comparison between Bordeaux and Liverpool, I must now cease, for in vain do we look for

the splendid docks and basins, filled with floating forests of masts: I noticed only a few small building slips. The principal exports of Bordeaux are of course its wines; the imports various, as may be judged by a walk down the quays. There is a museum, and a collection of pictures, but it was not open; and many other things there are, which we could not devote the time to see.

Started by 12 A.M. express for Bayonne and Biarritz. For many miles the line passes over a light sand-soil, where little else delights to grow than pine trees, fern, brushwood, and heather, the latter very beautiful. The pines are for the most part notched, a few feet from the ground, and small cups are placed to collect the turpentine as it exudes from the tree. It is a very dreary tract of country through which the rail passes, and in all my railway experience I never witnessed anything to equal the heat and dust of to-day; the whole line from Paris is bad enough, but the dirt and dust from the engine and rail is here almost indescribable.

At Dax, about half an hour from Bayonne, we quit the dry desert, for such it may be called, of the Pays des Landes,—in which nothing but pines of small growth flourish,—and enter upon a cultivated and fertile soil. We had already caught a glimpse of the peaks of the Pyrenees, but as we approach Bayonne, the lower and nearer range become quite distinct, but they are of no great elevation. The outline is not striking. Nothing is seen of Bayonne, as approached by the rail, till the train stops just along-

side of the fortifications, when, on looking up the river we see part of the town. We arrived at Bayonne about 5 P.M., and immediately proceeded to Biarritz, about an hour's drive, where we proposed to remain instead of in the town, which is not very healthy in summer.

Biarritz is a quiet little sea-bathing place, where the Emperor has recently built a chateau, and where he occasionally passes a few weeks for retirement. It is pleasantly situated, overlooking the broad expanse of the Bay of Biscay, at its southern angle. Some years have passed since I last saw the Bay, when I crossed it, in a line-of-battle ship, in a heavy sea, on going and returning from Lisbon: now it is smooth as a mirror.

17th August.—Spent the whole morning at Bayonne, where there is little to be seen except the beautiful old Gothic Cathedral, and the curious narrow streets, with lofty houses, every window fitted with Venetian shutters, which gives a character to the place. In some of the streets the houses have colonnades. It is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Nive and Adour, and at about three miles and a half from the mouth of the latter, neither of which, however, are fine rivers. Vessels, at high water springs, drawing from 11 to 14 feet, can go over the bar when the sea is smooth; but there is generally a heavy surf. We obtained permission to visit the Citadel, which stands, in a commanding position, upon a hill above the Adour. There is a good panoramic view from the several bastions, especially from the extreme southern angle, whence the river, the

town, and the whole extent of the Basses Pyrenees is seen, from the extreme end at San Sebastian, to as far as the eye can reach.

Biarritz is a quiet little spot, and the coast has no grand features. It consists of low sand cliffs, portions of which have broken away by the encroachments of the sea, and rise out of the water in detached fragmentary masses. Few ships appear on the horizon—all avoiding the coast, except such as are making for the port of Bayonne. The deep blue sea of the bay, is the chief attraction. The bathing is good, and the bathers here as elsewhere on the continent, men and women, assemble together.

From the top of the lighthouse, on Point St. Martin, no doubt, there would be a magnificent view of the coast line, as well as inland, and a possible view of the mouth of the Adour; but the oppressive state of the weather, with a sun fiercely hot, rendered all attempt to ascend it hopeless, on my part, during the day, and in the early morning the mist is an obstacle.

18th August.—Enjoyed a ramble by the sea-side, and made a drawing of one of the bathing women in her neat costume of frock and trousers, edged and trimmed with crimson, the cloth being of a dark purple, almost black. This is the general costume worn by the ladies. Started for San Sebastian, at 2 P.M., in a carriage which we had engaged with three horses abreast.

Nothing can be prettier than the drive to San Sebastian,

which, with the delay at the frontier, occupied six hours. The first little town through which we passed was St. Jean de Luz, with its neat white-washed houses—the head quarters of the Duke of Wellington. It stands on the banks of the Nivelle, about three miles and a half from its entrance from the sea, and can only be reached by small vessels, the bar being almost dry at low water. Vessels, however, drawing from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet, can enter the small harbour at Socoa at high water. The fort, or Martello tower, of Socoa is visible from the town.

At Behobie we had to show our passports, which were already viséd by the Consuls at Bayonne, and crossing the bridge proceeded to Irun, which stands at a short distance from the banks of the Bidassoa. Here the baggage, of which we took but little, was examined, and the horses were carefully and minutely described, and the number of hands measured and noted, in order that they may be identified as the same quadrupeds on our return, horses,—other than Spanish,—being contraband, and a large duty levied upon them. All these formalities, which were not hurried by any means, time being apparently of no account in these parts, having been gone through, we were now in Spain, and happy should I be if I could travel through it, but all I can now do is to take a passing glance of its frontier.

Passages stands beautifully on an arm of the sea, about three quarters of a mile from the entrance of the inlet, which is between a narrow cleft in a range of precipitous rocky mountains, like the Killeries in Conne-

mara, on the west coast of Ireland. Large vessels of 18 or 20 ft. draught can come nearly up to Passages. In running in they bring up with an anchor from the stern, and then steady the vessel with hawsers made fast to the rocks. "Nothing can be more striking than the entrance of the harbour," observes Colonel Batty, "as seen from the Bay of Biscay. On approaching this part of the Spanish coast, no indication of a navigable inlet is at first view discernible. On closer examination, however, we discover a deep narrow cleft in the precipitous range of rocky mountains which bound the coast, and rise abruptly from it: and it is only on the vessel's approach immediately beneath the rugged steep, that those on board perceive the narrow channel between two lofty walls of solid rock." This was the principal entrepôt of supplies for the army in 1814, and the place where the troops from England were for the most part landed, after the fall of San Sebastian. The town is well seen on the road, just before reaching San Sebastian, where we arrived late, and obtained good apartments at the "*Fonda Nueva de Jose Joaquin Beraza.*"

19th August.—Went to high mass at the Cathedral. It is a fine building, and its gilded altars are more massive and splendid than any I have seen. They really are magnificent. The Cathedral was filled chiefly with women, all with neatly dressed, glossy, jet black, raven hair, with rich black silk handkerchiefs, and handsome shawls of divers colors, but

generally of a light tint, forming a great contrast with the black head-dress, and black gown, generally worn, and their black fans; like the ladies in their mourning habits for Jane Seymour in Henry the Eighth's time, as an old English ballad tells us:—

“In black were her ladies, and black were their fans.”

All is black, even the Virgin Mary was in a black robe. This taste for black, in a bright and sunny land, seems strange, and must increase the heat. At Venice, the black gondolas, under a bright blue sky, also present a strange contrariety. I noticed in the Cathedral two little ships suspended from the roof, which I have seen in Portugal, as well as in the northern countries of Europe. It appeals to the feelings of all, on behalf of those whose business is upon the great waters.

In the afternoon we walked up to the Citadel, which is approached by an easy winding path to the summit, but it is a long trajet in hot weather. A visit to the Fortress of San Sebastian is highly interesting; many associations crowd upon the mind. As we approach towards the summit several tablets and tombs are noticed, the former let into the face of the rock. They record the death of many a good and gallant officer, who fell in the storming of it, in 1813, and subsequently in 1836-7. Of the former period, a marble tablet with gilt letters recently placed, but already becoming illegible, records the death of Sir Richard Fletcher, Bart., Captain

Rhodes, Captain Collier, Lieutenant Machell, of the Royal Engineers, who fell at San Sebastian, August 31st, 1813. There is another tomb to the memory of Lieut.-Col. Elsworth, of the British Auxiliary Legion, who died in 1837, ætat 25. Another to Lieutenant Backhouse, of the Horse Artillery of the British Legion, and the names of many other officers stand recorded there. The Officers stationed at the Citadel were very civil. They allowed us to go everywhere, just as we pleased. There are very few guns at present mounted in any part of the citadel; a few 12, 16, and one or two 24 pounders, together with two or three mortars were all I saw. These are in excellent order with their carriages, and the shot arranged for each. The little town of San Sebastian lies at the foot of the rock on which the fortress stands, on a promontory jutting out into the sea, the sea front being very precipitous, and the rocks lashed by the waves

All the houses have curtains on a small iron rod, fitted outside the top window sill, which hang down over the narrow balconies, reaching the bottom. This drapery has a pretty effect, and beneath it may be seen many a dark bewitching eye, peering out at the sides, for much of the time is spent in the balconies. The narrow streets run, generally, at right angles with each other, with lofty houses. The town is quite modern. At low water I walked far out on the sands, quite to the water's edge, to see as much as I could of the rock and fortress, from the sea. It rises boldly from the waves,

which dash impetuously against its rugged and inaccessible cliffs. I noticed a great quantity of something which looked like white shavings, but proved to be sea-weed bleached by the sun, the whole sand is strewn with it. The port of San Sebastian is formed by a small bay protected by the Isle St. Clara. From the small extent of deep water it will only admit two large vessels at a time, mooring in $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 fathoms. The view of this bay, with the light on the high summit of the western point, Mount Igueldo, and the island in the centre, is very pleasing on a fine summer night.

20th August.—Left San Sebastian at 3 A.M. on return to Biarritz. Rested the horses at Behobie, and engaged a little boat down the river Bidassoa to Fontarabia, a charming old Spanish town, with many a vestige of by-gone grandeur. It stands about a mile within the bar, and can be approached by small vessels drawing nine feet. It occupied about two hours, to go and to return, and the river being shallow the men were obliged to get out of the boat, and drag it up the rapid stream in its contracted part, as it was impossible to row against such a current, and in some parts there was not water enough for the oars. This was, probably, one of the three fords by which the left wing of the Allied Army entered the South of France, in 1813, after the fall of San Sebastian. We arrived at the *Hotel de France*, at Biarritz, about 5 P.M. While strolling by the sea-side I made sketches of some of the remarkable rocks which stand out in the

little bay, one of which has an arch perforated through it. All this part of the coast is indented with caverns, and masses appear ready to detach themselves from the cliffs, in the first gale which should send the waves dashing into the bay. A fine sea was rolling in, and roaring against the rocks.

21st August.—Left Biarritz in the same carriage with three horses, which we have engaged to take us to Eaux Bonnes. Started at 8½ A.M., and at mid-day arrived at Bidache, where we rested the horses for three hours, and visited the old chateau of Henri Quatre, a fine ruin on a grand scale, which I amused myself by sketching. The drive is very pretty, through a hilly country, with some fine vines, especially in the vicinity of Bidache. Notwithstanding the ever-burning sun in summer, the country has no appearance of being parched, the dews at night being heavy.

We arrived at 6 P.M. at the little village of Sauveterre, prettily situated on a hill, rising above the river, which flows here with great rapidity, clear as crystal, over a rocky bed. The little inn at which we stopped is the *L'Etoile*, where we found everything clean and good. Close to it is a fine ruin of a once grand chateau, which stood proudly above the banks of the winding river, but now "through its battlements, the hollow winds whistle." The terrace of this chateau must have been charming. Queen Hortense resided here.

22nd August.—Started at 8 A.M. and remained at Oloron for a few hours, to rest the horses during the

great heat of the day. In this climate the sun shines, day after day, in an unclouded sky. The scenery is lovely, a constant succession of hill and dale, through a beautiful and richly-cultivated country, where the walnut, Spanish chesnut, cherry tree, fig tree, vine, wheat, Indian maize, &c., grow in luxuriance, and where the hedges are filled with graceful flowers, growing wild—the clematis and white convolvulus being conspicuous. All nature is now in her glorious summer robe, and beautiful butterflies enhance the scene.

Oloron is rather a large town, prettily situated on a hill, with its faubourg of Santa Maria stretching along the ridge of the hill for a great length. The mountains now begin to assume an appearance of some grandeur; the lower ranges are covered with verdure to their very summit, but behind them rise some rocky peaks and ridges, entirely denuded. Proceeding on to Louvie, there is a fine view of the Pic des Gers, and Pic du Midi d'Ossau, one of the highest of the Basses Pyrenees.

A little snow was lying on this, and upon another mountain. The scenery is fine, yet it cannot be compared with the Alps; the highest mountain in the Basses Pyrenees is only about 5000 ft., but the richness of verdure around their base, extending to the summit of the lower ridge, gives the Pyreneean range a character of great beauty, whilst one or two bold precipitous and barren peaks, towering up towards the sky, add sublimity to the surrounding scene.

At 6 o'clock we arrived at Louvie, at the entrance of the highest part of the mountain district of the Basses Pyrenees. A charming clear river flows through the valley, gurgling over a rocky bed. We stopped at a little way-side inn, which aspires to the name of the *Hotel France*, standing close by the river-side in a pleasing site.

23rd August.—Left Louvie at 8, and, in an hour and a half, arrived at Les Eaux Bonnes, where we proposed to pass the day, and to sleep. After trying one or two hotels, we succeeded in getting rooms at the *Hotel des Ambassadeurs*, a fine establishment. Eaux Bonnes is a place where invalids, for the most part consumptive, reside during the season. The waters are tepid, and slightly sulphureous; they are said to be good in the early stage of the disease. The heat continues intense, and Eaux Bonnes is situated in a contracted part of the mountains, which rise precipitously on either side, so that there is but little current of air, although it is some height above the sea, and the sun's rays dart down upon it with great force.

We passed the afternoon specially in visiting two cascades, with fine falls of water. The mule-path on the mountain-side commands a splendid view of the Pic des Gers, and of other mountain summits; the former, rising precipitously from the narrow defile, looks superbly grand. The vegetation, far up the sides, is most luxuriant; box-shrubs, of large growth, completely cover the ground, intermingled with holly,

ferns, &c., and trees of various description. The clematis, in full flower, is seen in large clusters in all directions, and wild flowers are in profusion. Several of the butterflies are very beautiful, and the "Emperor" quite common. The carriage-road altogether terminates at Eaux Bonnes. Horses, mules, donkeys, and chaises à porteur, are in great requisition.

24th August.—Rose at 5, A.M., to enjoy two hours comparatively cool atmosphere, knowing how intolerable the heat will be when the sun "walks o'er the top of yon high eastern hill," which faces this hotel. The night, too, I am thankful to say, was cool. Started at 8, for Gabas, passing through Les Eaux Chaudes, another sanatory spot, to which we returned to pass the night, having secured our rooms at the *Hotel de France*, before starting on our excursion.

On leaving the Val d'Ossau, the road enters a fine mountain gorge to the left, through which a turbulent stream frets and foams, here and there falling over the rocks, in a succession of milk-white cascades. The contracted part of this ravine reminded me of the spot where the Baths of Pfeffers is situated, through which, in a similar manner, rushes the troubled Tamina.

This gorge is here so narrow, and the mountain at the foot, which the road passes, so precipitous and straight, that we were in a delightful shade all the morning, the shadow being thrown across the contracted ravine, far up the mountain, on the opposite

side of the gorge. It was a great relief to find so cool a spot after the oppressive weather we have had.

Gabas, which is reached in an hour or so, from Eaux Chaudes, is a small hamlet, in which the custom-house is situated, being on the frontier of Spain. Donkeys and mules are again in requisition; and it occupies almost three hours to go to, and return from, the plateau of one of the mountains, from whence the Pic du Midi rises directly in front, and with great grandeur. One can scarcely imagine a finer amphitheatre of rocky-peaked mountains than here presents itself from the plateau. I do not recollect a finer specimen of this description of scenery. We immediately returned from Gabas to Eaux Chaudes.

Eaux Chaudes is a small hamlet, with one or two large hotels. It is a quiet retired little spot, and, in that respect, preferable to Eaux Bonnes. A beautiful clear stream abounding in trout (as do all the streams in the Pyrenees) flows through the contracted gorge of the mountains. These charming clear and limpid streams reminded me forcibly of Norway, but this feature of the Pyrenees is wanting in Switzerland, which detracts much from the beauty of that country.

25th August. Started from Eaux Chaudes at 8 A.M., and, resting a short time at Louvie, arrived at Pau, at 1 P.M., and obtained rooms at the *Hotel de la Poste*, in the Place Henri IV.

Our little mountain excursion in these parts, except for the great heat, has been very agreeable, and cer-

tainly has left a favourable impression of the Basses Pyrenees. The richness of the valleys, and the beauty of the verdure, are almost unequalled. Several neat little villages, with their churches, are seen on the mountain slopes, and all wears the appearance of prosperity. The people are industrious, and the women always at work with the spindle and distaff, if not fit for other more laborious occupations, yet many are seen working in the fields.

Pau stands prettily on the right bank of the Gave-de-Pau, from which the town derives its name, and above which stands proudly the ancient chateau of Henri IV. Taking its rise near the foot of the Mont Perdu, the river flows in a north-westerly direction, and joining the Oloron falls into the Adour, above Bayonne. There is little to detain one here; the town, and all that it contains, is soon seen.

The chateau is the principal object of note, and it may be said the only building of any interest. It was restored by Louis Phillippe. Abd-el-Kader was confined in this chateau for some years. The apartments contain few articles of vertu, or of interest. A cradle is shewn with a canopy of martial character, said to have been the cradle of Henri IV., of whom this is the birth-place. It is also the birth-place of Bernadotte, one of Buonaparte's generals, who was afterwards king of Sweden. From the windows of the chateau a splendid view is seen, on a clear day, of the long range of the Pyrenees, and immediately in the centre, in front of the chateau,

rises the magnificent rock of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau. A pleasantly-wooded park, known by the name of the Cours-Bayard, stretches some distance down the river Gave, and above its banks, from whence the view of the Pyrenean range is also well seen,—and from the Place Royale,—a small plot of ground, over-looking the river, on the terrace of which stands a marble statue, by Raggi, of Henri IV. The statue is good in design and execution, but the bas-reliefs on the pedestal are no great works of art. Above the town is another plot of ground, a Champs de Mars, with a large barrack occupying one end, but very few soldiers are quartered here now,—few indeed are seen, in these times of war, in any of the towns of France.

26th August. A heavy thunder-storm last night, with vivid lightning. *Sunday* is not much observed here, as regards work, all the shops being open. The churches were, however, filled. Went to the English Church, which has been established at Pau chiefly by the exertions of the Duchess of Gordon. Walked in the parks.

The town has no attraction; one long street, the Rue de la Prefecture running through it, being the principal. It was very hot during our stay at Pau, which is not by any means a place for a summer residence, but in winter the climate is said to be mild and genial, and suited to people of consumptive habit. Pau is much frequented by the English, and has many convenient houses for residences. It is situated in a fertile spot, and provisions seem to be abundant and cheap.

27th August. I found it a noisy place, which was partly accounted for by its being a market day, which was held in the Place Henri Quatre; all the night, bullock carts were coming in, laden with planks and logs of wood,—a sort of timber market, for there is little else to-day. Innumerable Diligences also arrive and depart for all parts, Pau being a central situation. The population is estimated at about 14,000.

Engaged a carriage to take us to Montpellier, intending to stop at different spots in the Hautes Pyrenees, and to travel post. We travelled with four horses, being compelled to take three, and only an additional sous, per kilometre, being required for the fourth. Started at 9 A.M. The first part of the road lies through a country in which the maize is chiefly cultivated. Passing through two or three small places, of no importance, we arrived about mid-day at Lourdes, where we could not get horses to proceed, and had to wait an hour or two. A small castle, or fortress, stands boldly upon a rock, which rises from the river above the little town of Lourdes. This fortress is remarkable, as Murray tells us, for many historical events of bygone periods; but more recently as a state-prison, in which Lord Elgin was confined in 1804. The river which flows at its foot, like the river at Pau, is of a muddy colour, probably occasioned by the recent rains.

At Lourdes we had to wait for post horses, which delayed our arrival at Caunterets till 5 P.M., where we

found rooms at the *Hotel des Princes*. The road to Cauterets turns off at Pierrefitte, and proceeds through a rocky gorge of the mountain, through which frets and foams the Gave, a mountain torrent, one of the tributaries of the Pau, taking its rise at the foot of the lofty Vignemale, and emptying itself into the river at Pierrefitte. The scenery is very fine, the valley through which we had been passing, watered by the river Pau, and in which stands Pierrefitte, is rich and beautiful; as a general remark I do not think that any country can surpass the richness and beauty of the verdure hereabouts. The mountain sides are clothed with the most verdant carpets, and all the foliage is extremely beautiful.

28th August.—Cauterets, one of the establishments “des Eaux,” which are sulphureous, is situated at an elevation of about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by lofty mountains, whose sides are clothed with verdure. The temperature in summer appears to be agreeable, though at times it is very hot. It is a small town, containing a population of perhaps a thousand residents, or thereabouts, in summer swelled to double the number by transient visitors. It is one of the most favorite and fashionable resorts of the French; and numerous invalids remain here for the season. A narrow street, chiefly filled with hotels, runs through the town. The surrounding scenery is superb, and the air, at this elevation, far more fresh than in most other spots, at least so we found it to be.

Made a most delightful excursion on horse-back to the Pont d'Espagne, and Lac de Gaube, which occupies, going and returning, altogether, five hours. It is one constant scene of grandeur. The path follows the course of the Gave, which rushes with great impetuosity, bounding from rock to rock, in one continued series of milk-white cataracts and cascades; of the latter there are no less than six, two or three of which are fine falls of water, and on the melting of the snows, must be still grander. The two principal falls are those of the Pont d'Espagne and Cerizet, but the cascades of the Pas de l'Ours and Boussés are also fine.

The whole scenery reminded me forcibly of dear old Norway, particularly the crystal clearness of the water. These waters bound among the rocks, fresh from the lake, which is fed by the Cascade de Spumous issuing directly from the glacier, in the rocky crevices of the Vignemale, a noble mountain which rises upwards of 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The Lac de Gaube is situated at the foot of this mountain peak, and is shut in entirely by the lofty peaks of this and other mountains. It is one of Nature's grandest scenes. The fir trees grow at a high elevation above the lake. The path we had traversed passed through a forest of them, many of fine growth. These recalled to my mind, again, the beautiful scenery of Norway. Many of the rocks, as we approach the summit, are irregularly marked with stripes, or raised ridges, crossing and intersecting each other, in every direction.

I feel at a loss to understand by what process they are so marked, and am inclined to think that they have been occasioned by the roots of fir trees, which, clinging tight to the rocks, have effectually kept off the water from those parts, whilst all the adjacent parts not so covered by the roots, have been in the course of time, washed and ground away by the constant friction of earth and stones pouring incessantly down the mountain sides. These rocks are most remarkable, and the above is the only way which seems to me likely to account for the ridges. I am the more inclined to think so, from the fact that the masses of roots of fir trees, which happen here and there to be exposed, take the identical form as seen on the rocks. The scenery of the Hautes Pyrenees is of a sombre character. The entrance to all the attractive spots is generally through a rocky, and narrow gorge, with a torrent rushing down; this gorge then expands into a wider valley which terminates in an amphitheatre of mountains.

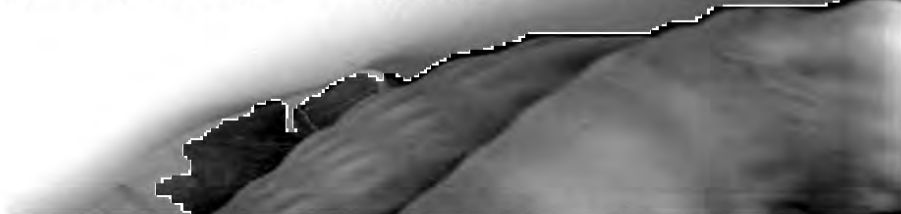
I must not omit to mention that a small marble tablet commemorates the sad circumstance of a young couple, of the name of Pattison, who had been married but a month, having been drowned in the year 1832, in a small boat, in which they had embarked alone. The sad accident may have happened by the leaking of the boat, which nearly befel myself in crossing the Oresund Lake, in Norway, similarly situated at a great elevation in the mountains. The boat had been long on the beach exposed to the sun's rays, and we had scarcely shoved off,

and got some distance from the shore, when the water came in rapidly, and nothing kept her afloat but incessant baling.

The excursion to the Lac de Gaube occupied five hours. In the afternoon, as there was nothing to detain us at Cauterets, we started for Luz, retracing our steps through the mountain gorge, into the valley, to Pierrefitte. A couple of hours' drive brought us to Luz, where we purposed to remain a day, and to make another excursion to Gavarnie, which would occupy eight or ten hours on horse-back. We obtained rooms at the *Hotel des Pyrenees*.

29th August.—Rain all night, the first we have had—and yet it sadly interferes with our mountain excursion as there is nothing but mist all round. When it began to clear off a little, and there was even a hope of fine weather, we made a visit to Baréges, the most elevated village in the Pyrenees, a spot much frequented, where there are sulphur springs. Baréges is well known to the fair sex as famed for its crape.

A continued ascent up a narrow ravine, through which rushes a mountain torrent, called the Gave de Bastan. This ravine, and Baréges as well, is subjected to frequent heavy avalanches of snow, in winter and spring. There are evident marks of these disasters on the road. In one spot several trees lie prostrate up the side of the mountain. The rush of snow having been forced across the narrow ravine, and bounding up with the velocity it had acquired, felled, last spring, some trees of large



growth, some distance up the mountain on the opposite side of the ravine. What an imposing scene must such an avalanche present!

Near Luz several little stone cottages, placed at regular intervals by the side of a running stream, (the Bastan) will be observed. These were all little flour mills turned by the stream. I looked into one of them, which was grinding the wheat steadily, but with no great power.

Baréges, situated at an elevation of above 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, consists of one long street, chiefly of small houses, and is situated in about as barren a spot in the Hautes Pyrenees as any town, hamlet, or village, I can remember:—that of Roraas in Norway, (where the copper mines are worked) being perhaps the only exception. This little village of Roraas is also at a great elevation above the sea. During the winter months but few of the inhabitants, it is said, remain in Baréges.

There is a small Military Hospital, where some three or four hundred soldiers, many of the wounded from the Crimea, are located during the summer months for the benefit of their health. It seemed strange to meet the red trowsers again in these parts, but it was pleasing to see the care that is taken to alleviate the sufferings of these poor fellows. Baréges is celebrated for its waters, **which are** renowned for the cure of wounds, rheumatic affections, &c. A more convenient barrack hospital has just been built above the town, it is to be hoped out of

the way of avalanches, which have not spared some of the houses in the street.

Having satisfied our curiosity at Baréges and seen as much of the mountains as the mist permitted, which was little enough, and having no intention, particularly in such weather, of ascending the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, (which is not difficult from hence,) and may be accomplished on horse-back in three or four hours; we descended rapidly to Luz, and proceeded at once to St. Sauveur, which is another, somewhat more fashionable looking, establishment for those who take the waters, than either of the foregoing.

It stands prettily upon a precipice above the river, and at the foot of some rocky knolls, and consists of one street with some 30 or 40 houses, perhaps. These are of more pretension than those of Luz, or Baréges. Having again satisfied our curiosity, and all mountain excursions being hopeless, we returned to Luz to pass a thorough wet afternoon at the Hotel, first visiting its ancient Church enclosed within a fortified wall. It is well worth a visit.

Luz is of itself but a small insignificant place, with nothing but its old church and picturesque old ruined castle of Sainte Marie to attract attention, but its situation is exquisite, the slopes of the mountains which surround it are beautifully verdant, and richly cultivated, the corn growing to a great height. This is, perhaps, one of the most charming spots in the whole range of the Pyrenees. The mountains, which enclose

it, rise to a considerable elevation, not less than 6,000 feet, and many with bold and jagged outlines. In the summer months but little snow rests upon them. The women in these parts wear red cloth-hoods, which hang over the shoulders and down to the waist; they are edged with black. Some of the young ones look very like little Red-Riding Hoods. The men have nothing peculiar, but sky-blue cloth caps, which seem to be the vogue.

The weather cleared up in the evening, and enabled me to walk to St. Sauveur, and to get a clear uninterrupted view of all the surrounding mountains whose summits had been previously enveloped in mist. Some fresh-fallen snow, pure and unsullied, lying upon the bright green verdure, which extended in some cases to their summits, had a singular effect; another effect was produced by the setting sun, which could not be seen, but which illumined some portion of the clouds with a lurid red, whilst driven masses of clouds, resembling smoke, issued round one of the mountain gaps, and far down the sides, the whole having the appearance of some great conflagration. Beautiful as is the situation of Luz, it is, I fear, but a dull place for an invalid accustomed to the amusements usual at Thermal Establishments, and at watering-places.

August 30th.—Started at 8 A.M., and retraced our steps through the valley of Baréges to Pierrefitte, and Lourdes, and through the rocky gorge which here and there expands,—the mountain-sides being richly

clothed with verdure. The richness of the foliage in these rocky ravines is exceedingly beautiful. The roads are excellent, and are skilfully carried along the side of the mountain: that to Luz, in the gorge of the Barèges, crosses and re-crosses the torrent repeatedly. In one part a new road was contemplated, on the right bank, or precipice of the river, but the engineer died. How he contrived to mark it out with a ledge of plank is to me a mystery. I suppose the men were slung on stages from above, but it makes one shudder to look at it. I have a pretty strong head myself for all mountain work, but should be sorry to have to plant a ledge in such a spot, or to place my foot upon it.

There are some singular barren rounded-masses of rock about Lourdes, which is rather a neat little town and clean, with a fountain in the centre. At this place we strike off into a new road towards Bagnères de Bigorre. The scenery undergoes an entire change, the road winding through rounded hills, richly cultivated, till we arrive at Bagnères de Bigorre.

On attaining the summit of a high hill, there is an excellent view of the Hautes-Pyrenees, stretching to the eastward as far as the eye can reach. The mountains are fine in their outline, and many now covered with snow. We took about five hours in proceeding to Bagnères de Bigorre. We were not able to get rooms at the *Hotel de France*, said to be the best, but succeeded in a house belonging to the *Hotel de Paris*, where we found all that could be desired. Bagnères de Bigorre is a

small town of little interest to the traveller. It contains a population (irrespective of visitors) of about eight thousand. The establishment for the waters, the church, and an old bell tower, are the principal objects. The tower stands on the left bank of the Adour, which is here little else than a mountain torrent.

As a spot for residence, it does not seem preferable even to Luz. It has a very close, relaxing atmosphere, being at less elevation above the sea than the other Thermal establishments. The mountain tops were enveloped in clouds; but as they cleared off in the evening, we drove through the Vale of Campan to the village of that name, and succeeded in getting a view of the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, which is not so fine a peak as that of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, although higher.

We visited some marble works, worth seeing on account of the variety and beauty of the marble, obtained from the Pyrenees, but I doubt if any of it is durable.

August 31st.—Started at 8 A.M., with post-horses for Bagnères de Luchon, which occupied seven hours, including stoppages. The first part of the road, as it ascends a hill eastward of the town, commands a magnificent view of the Pyrenean range, and not a cloud interrupted the prospect. Far as the eye could reach, peak rose above peak to the eastward, while the majestic Pic du Midi de Bigorre, and the jagged summit of the Pic du l'Hèris appeared nearly in front of us, and

beyond them rose the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, distinctly visible, together with numerous other mountain peaks whose names I do not know. It is a grand sight; and the rich valley of Campan, with the village of that name, and the town of Bagnères de Bigorre resting on the plain, at the foot of these lofty mountains, presents a striking *coup d'œil*. As we wound slowly up the hill, the prospect continued, but clouds began to gather, and in a short time most of the peaks, before so distinct in one clear unbroken line, became entirely enveloped; so uncertain are all mountain prospects, and particularly, I should think, in the Pyrenees, where the clouds collect constantly, and hang in heavy masses either on the sides or summits, or descending into the valleys, deluge them with rain. But this incessant moisture keeps every thing beautifully verdant, in a climate where the sun shines with such force that otherwise all would be burnt up.

It is interesting to notice these provisions of nature for the benefit of creation. In southern climes she has bountifully provided for all the wants of man in the infinite variety and abundance of fruit, and vegetable substances of all kinds, filled with sustenance and juice to supply the waste of the body under an exhausting atmosphere. How different in the northern regions. There they grow not, neither are they required, but the poor Esquimaux finds, in his food, all that the body most requires.

Our road passed through Escaledieu and Mauvesin,

where an old castle stands perched on a rock ; and Montréjeau, which stands on a hill above the Garonne, which is even here a fine stream, and is crossed by a handsome bridge. To the right, perched on a rock, stands St. Bertrand de Comminges, with a handsome old gothic church on its summit ; a remarkable looking place, but the road does not pass through it. Approaching Esténos, a small bathing establishment, with mineral water springs, called Ste. Marie, lies to the right of the road, prettily placed at the foot of the mountains. From Esténos the road passes the little village of Cièrp, with its ancient houses built on either side of the river, and close above it. We are now in the Valley of the Pique, in which lie the Bagnères de Luchon, a quiet sort of place as compared to some of the other establishments.

No sooner had we arrived and contemplated some excursions, than down came the rain in torrents, which put a stop to all our plans. To explore the Pyrenees and penetrate into the mountain recesses would require a continued residence of weeks at each of the places we have been to, and, but for the sultry climate, it would be delightful. There are no lack of intelligent guides, and good horses and mules, at all the thermal establishments, which are admirably situated for the purpose, as they happen to be placed amongst the grandest parts of the Pyrenean range. The true way would be to follow on foot, all the mule tracks across into Spain,—besides visiting the usual spots of attrac-

tion. To do this requires youth and strength, and a constitution to stand the burning heat and occasionally chilly blasts which in the regions of snow may sometimes be expected. A very intelligent gentleman, Mr. Clifton Paris, has, perhaps, explored more, on foot, than any other traveller, and has published a lively and most instructive volume, descriptive of the Pyrenees. No one visiting these parts should be without it.

September 1st.—Bagnères de Luchon is, in its general aspect, something like Bagnères de Bigorre, shut in by the mountains, and has a street running through it, planted with an avenue, in which the hotels are situated the names of which are hung on coloured boards, or painted canvas, stretched from tree to tree. A very handsome building for the baths is in course of erection at Bagnères de Luchon.

Many of the people here wear large brown cloaks, with hoods to them, a species of “gregos;” they look like monks. Priests are plentiful, as at all the other watering places,—but more plentiful still are the organ grinders. The poor invalids are doomed all day long to listen to the never ceasing turn of the barrels. No police are here to make them move off, and they never seem to tire, the tunes too are all of the most melancholy sort, “sad and soothing.” Dogs also abound, and keep up an incessant howl, quarrelling day and night. They seem to run about, quite at pleasure.

Again doomed to disappointment in the weather, after two or three hours fruitless ride on horseback to obtain a

view of La Maladetta, the highest of the Pyrenees, with its eternal snow and glaciers. Obligated to give it up, as the clouds hung in heavy masses over it, completely hiding it from view. Gradually these clouds lifted, and showed us the fine sharp summit of the Pic de la Pique.

September 2nd.—What the general climate of this place may be I cannot say, but for the three days we have been here, it has been humid and cheerless, and does not appear to be healthy, with all the exhalations from the ground, and shut in as it is on all sides by lofty mountains shrouded with mists. The shaded promenades too, pleasant enough in sunshine, add to the dulness of the place in cloudy weather. There are several pleasant promenades, but that of the Allée de la Pique by the river side is, I think, the most agreeable, and the town is thence seen to its best advantage. A few sick and wounded soldiers are here for their health. There is an English church, very small, and it was quite full at morning service. Next to it is a museum of the natural history of the Pyrenees, very complete, containing all the birds, quadrupeds, insects, and specimens of marbles. Among the birds is the Cock of the Wood, not here so fine as the *Capercalzie*: ptarmigans, eagles, falcons, owls, herons, and also a great variety of the small feathered tribe, but the greatest curiosity is a flamingo, shot in the Haut Garonne. There is also in the museum a fine brown skin of a large bear, shot not far from here. Wolves are common throughout the Pyrenees in winter, and bears in many parts.

Just before sunset, the clouds, for the first time this day, lifted a little, and showed the fine jagged peaks of the mountains, which enclose the southern end of the valley, and beyond which, hid by them from view at all times, rises the majestic Maladetta, the accursed, but, nevertheless, the monarch of mountains in these parts, "whose diadem of snow" we were not destined to see. On his brow rest many glaciers. This is the highest mountain in the Pyrenees, rising to a height of upwards of 10,900 feet above the level of the sea.

September 3rd.—Up before 5, and started at 6 for Toulouse, a long day's journey. The whole outline of the mountains, at the head of the valley, were at this early hour without a cloud, and their broken serrated peaks and ridges showed sharp and clear against the cloudless sky. As the sun rose, and lit up the snow which was lying deep in all the crevices, the sight was glorious, but more glorious still as we proceeded *en route* through St. Gaudens, from whence is seen one of the finest views of the Pyrenees, (and we had the satisfaction of viewing peak upon peak against a clear bright sky,) stretched out before us as far as the eye could reach. Many of the mountains were much covered with snow.

The Pyrenean range extends from the Gulf of Rosas, in the Mediterranean, to near Fontarabia, in the Bay of Biscay, and is the natural division between France and Spain. It is divided into three parts, known as the Pyrenees Orientales, the Hautes Pyrenees, which are in the centre of the chain, and the Basses Pyrenees. The

total length is 230 geographical miles. The general direction is from south-east to north-west. They are composed of granite, schist, and calcareous earth; and iron, copper, lead, zinc, and other ores are common, and much fine marble. Silver is sometimes found, mixed with copper and lead, but there are no gold or silver mines. The best account of the Pyrenees is to be found in a work entitled *Orographie de l'Europe*, by M. Louis Bruguier, published in the Transactions of the Geographical Society of Paris.

The first stage and a half is the same as that by which Bagnères de Luchon is entered. It then branches off to the right, and continues through a flat country, of no great interest, as far as Toulouse, where we arrived at 5 P.M., having stopped a short time on our way at St. Martres.

We travelled post with four horses. It adds but little to the expense. The posting was admirable, and the road good, except near Toulouse, where it is somewhat broken up with the traffic. The horses were generally in a gallop the whole way, and some of them were fit for a "four in hand," being remarkably fine animals. Obtained rooms at the *Grand Hotel de l'Europe*, in the Place Louis Napoleon, a pleasant, airy situation, intending to pass a day at Toulouse.

September 4th.—Spent the whole of this day visiting the various objects of attraction. The cathedral, which is fine, and St. Sernin, which is built in the most perfect form of the cross of any church I remember, owing

to the length and narrowness of the aisle, but which, being lofty, has an imposing effect. This church is rich in sacred relics of saints innumerable, preserved in handsome copper gilt sarcophagi. Under the crypt are several of them, and the crypt is worth seeing, being richly embellished in the Arabesque style. On a hill close outside the town stands a handsome obelisk, erected to the memory of the poor fellows who were killed in the battle gained by the Duke of Wellington over Marshal Soult, in 1814. The three inscriptions on the pedestal are simple and appropriate, they are as follows:—

“ Bataille, du 10 Avril, 1814.”

“ Aux Braves, Morts pour la Patrie.”

“ Toulouse Reconnaissante ”

On the same height stands the Observatory, well worth seeing. From the top of it there is a beautiful view of the town, overlooking a vast extent of fertile country; but the Pyrenees were shrouded by a haze. With the Jardin des Plantes I was much pleased. It is kept in excellent order, and the arrangements are admirable.

The Cemetery also well repays a visit. It is of great extent, and the entrance to it, between two obelisks, and a colonnade with Egyptian columns on either side, is simple and effective. The mournful cypress, edges the several parterres.

The Museum is an old church, the cloisters of which (in themselves worth noticing) are filled with a large

number of busts, portions of statuary, tombs, &c., dug up at St. Martres, formerly a Roman station. Many of them are fine pieces of sculpture. The quantity discovered is surprising. In the museum is a collection of paintings. Murray thinks they are "bad," but there appeared to me to be among them several good pictures, although not by the great masters of art. Some by modern artists seemed to me to have much talent. This is not the first time I have differed from my friend in respect to the fine arts.

A visit to the Foundry occupied a long time, which, however, was not thrown away. They are at full work, casting brass guns, which we saw in every stage, from the mould, to the beautifully finished field-piece. There were one or two novelties in these guns. On the under part of the gun, directly below the touch-hole, a square block is left raised, to prevent the gun from ever moving out of position. The plan is that of the present Emperor. The sight of the gun is adjusted by a deep groove, and a corresponding groove, with an arrow for the device, is at the muzzle of the gun. The foundry is by the river side, and the works are carried on by machinery, turned by a large water wheel, the force being reckoned equal to an engine of 30-horse power. They finish at the rate of two guns per diem in this foundry, and turn out of hand 700 or 800 per annum. A drive to the mouth of the great canal of Languedoc, generally called the "Canal du Midi," (which connects Toulouse with the Atlantic and Mediterranean) situat-

ed at a short distance, and where they were shipping shells by the wholesale, for Sevastopol, and a drive in and about the town, including a visit to the Capitolium, concluded our day's work, and occupied the whole day.

The Capitolium (or *Hotel de Ville* in the *Place du Capitole*, or *Place Royale*, as it is sometimes called) is a handsome building rich in its exterior, but there is not much to attract notice in the interior that I know of, except a fine saloon, called *La Salle des Illustres Toulousains*, appropriated as a sort of Walhalla, and filled with busts of distinguished persons, chiefly, I believe, natives of the place. There is also the Saloon of the Floral Games, an academy deriving its origin, from the ancient Troubadores, but founded, it is said, by one Clémensa Isaure, a poetess of the fifteenth century. Be this as it may, the "floral games" consist in the annual distribution of gold and silver floral prizes, for the best poetry submitted to the examiners. It is open to all competitors, of all nations and all creeds. The Place Royale in which it stands is the handsomest part of Toulouse.

The houses in the town are for the most part built of brick, and partially stuccoed. There is a general reddish and yellow-ocherish look about them, which detracts from their appearance. The bridge across the Garonne (which is here navigable) with an old gateway of two towers and an archway, has a good appearance, and the Quay looks well. A heavy storm, with lightning, passed directly over the town in the

evening, and a copious discharge from the clouds tended to cool the air.

There are many churches to be seen, but we were content with those we had visited. A handsome artillery barrack has recently been erected. There are at present two regiments quartered here: I admired the neat dress and appearance of the men.

September 5th.—Left Toulouse at 8 A.M. for Narbonne. A long distance.

Villefranche is an old looking town, and the church has one of the usual belfries in these parts, towering up above the building. Castelnaudary is remarkable for the number of its windmills, all going merrily and looking cheerful. To the right of the road Mont Carnagou is seen rising in solitary grandeur above all the others, to a height of 9,000 feet, being the highest mountain in the Eastern Pyrenees. The roads are excellent, and the posting too. We travelled at full gallop the whole way, with four horses.

Through Carcassone, a fine old walled town, standing on an eminence. The tower and ramparts very perfect. There is a good view from here of the Montagnes Cevennes on our left.

To Moux. In this neighbourhood denuded rocks make their appearance, the grapes are very fine, and continue more or less so to Narbonne, where we arrived at half-past six, at the *Hotel de la Dorade*, after a long but excellent day's journey. Nothing can surpass the travelling. It is equal to the palmy days of coaching in England.

September 6th.—A noisy night at Narbonne, one incessant roll of carts over the rough pavement. A dull and dirty town, famed for honey. The Languedoc Canal draining the river Aude flows in front of the hotel, thick and slab, perhaps owing to the rains which they have lately had in these parts, but which we have escaped. Another canal communicates with the Mediterranean. The old fortifications of Narbonne are under repair. A small garrison of 600 men occupies the town; a railroad is in progress, which will in a great measure supersede the canal.

Narbonne stands ten miles from the entrance of the port, with which it communicates by means of the canal. It is a place of little commercial importance. The first oranges I have met with since leaving England were here, and the largest I have ever seen (from the Island of Majorca), and beautiful peaches and pears, grown in the neighbourhood. In the market there was a goodly array of fruit, huge pumpkins, melons, tomatos, &c.

There is not much to detain one at Narbonne, and nothing, I believe, to be visited but the cathedral and the museum. The former is but a portion of what was once a grand edifice. What remains of it is lofty, and of beautiful Gothic architecture in the interior. The exterior is not so remarkable. The altar is handsome. The museum is rich in Roman antiquities found at Narbonne, and many hours might be passed in conning over the inscriptions, perfect as the day they were cut. There are also some tolerable paintings, which enable

one to pass an hour pleasantly, though the collection is but small.

Having made the most of the morning by rising early, we started at 10 A.M. for Montpellier. The road crosses the muddy Aude, and ascends a hill before reaching Nissan, from the summit of which a peep is obtained of the Mediterranean. Vines laden with grapes are grown plentifully close to the road. There is a good view of the mountains the whole way, one of which, with a table top, is fine, rising higher than the rest, apparently about the centre of the long ridge which runs about S. E. and S. W., but the general outline is tame.

Through Beziers, situated on a hill above the river, crowned by its fine cathedral. The river is here crossed by a handsome bridge. The rail is in progress, and two other bridges have recently been constructed. A glimpse is again obtained of the sea. Outside the town was a small encampment of artillery, the tents and the horses had a pretty effect. The latter were standing in the open air.

Proceeding to Méze, we come upon the "deep, blue sea," for so indeed it is. The posting to day was not so good, the delay in putting to the horses being greater; but the horses were good—too good—as it was difficult to prevent them from running away with our light carriage.

Arrived at Montpellier at half-past five, at the *Hotel Nevet*, a noble establishment. Here are many of the

poor sick and wounded soldiers of the Crimea, some 500. Several convenient places have been allotted for them, built apparently expressly; Montpellier having always held the reputation of a favoured climate. There are about 3,000 men here at present in garrison, many having gone from hence to the Crimea.

September 7th.—Passed the morning in visiting the town. The aqueduct is the principal feature of the town; this great work was carried out by Louis Quatorze. The water is brought by a circuitous route from the mountains, a distance of nearly two miles, before it reaches the town. The aqueduct is beautifully constructed on a double row of arches, and nearly 3,000 feet in length. The water flows through a conduit in the upper tier, and is led into a circular basin, enclosed by an elegant building, known as the Château d'Eau in the Place du Peyrou, thence by pipes into all the houses. In the centre of the Place is a fine equestrian bronze statue of Louis XIV, facing a beautiful gateway which leads into the town. On the left of this gateway stands the Palais de Justice, a handsome building recently erected, and when the houses are pulled down, as intended, and other buildings erected, the whole will be very grand.

The Place du Peyrou is a raised terrace, from whence a beautiful panorama presents itself, and on a clear day there is a distant view of the Pyrenees, and of the Alps, which added to the view of the sea, distant

some six miles, and of the surrounding country, must present a splendid prospect. To the south-west, but more distant, lies the seaport town of Cette, which has of late years become an important place, and to which there is a railway from Montpellier.

We also visited the Jardins des Plantes, founded by Henry IV in 1598, as appears by the inscription over the entrance gate. I saw nothing remarkable in it, but there are some pleasant shady spots.

The museum contains a good collection of paintings, several by Teniers, Ostade, Jan Steen, Berheigm, &c.

The Ecole de Medicine, and the Cathedral, which is now under repair, were all that remained to be seen. There is a good view of Montpellier at the summit of the hill, where the arched aqueduct commences. There are a few good streets, and a nice promenade where our hotel is situated, near to which is a pretty fountain, "The Three Graces."

Having fully satisfied ourselves with Montpellier, we went by train at 4½ P.M. for Nismes, where we arrived in less than two hours, and found rooms at the *Hotel de Luxembourg*, a fine establishment. The country between is covered with vines, which are now full of beautiful clusters of grapes, ripe for gathering. The vines are kept close to the ground, and apparently pruned a great deal.

September 8th. Close to the hotel stands a handsome fountain, and the grouping of the figures, is artistic. In such like designs the French may fairly claim superiority.

to ourselves. There is great taste and elegance displayed in all.

The Palais de Justice, which has recently been erected, is a chaste building, and close adjoining it stands the ancient Roman Amphitheatre, the interest of each building, perhaps, enhanced by the contrast of the one to the other. This Amphitheatre is not so extensive as that at Verona, but nevertheless it occupies a great space of ground, forming an oval, in length more than 400 ft. and in breadth upwards of 300 ft. It is on precisely a similar plan: many parts are in a wonderful state of preservation, and even the grooves in the seats which marked the space allotted to the visitors remain perfect. There are four entrances to the arena placed at the four cardinal points. One of these was doubtless for the animals, another for the gladiators, and a third for the Emperor (as supposed). As in all other extensive Roman works, huge blocks of stone have been used, and in many cases placed without cement, or fastening of any description. High up on the steps of the Amphitheatre, which rise in thirty-five rows, one or two small trees, with stems about the girth of a man's arm, have planted themselves between the stones. The arena is now used for bull-fights, one of which is to come off to-morrow.

Hence to the far-famed Maison Carrée, an elegant Roman Temple, with beautiful Corinthian columns, six of which are at the entrance front. This is now occupied as a Museum, and many fragments of Roman architecture

have been collected and placed within the building. There is also a small but good collection of paintings.

The Roman Baths are extensive, and very perfect. A perpetual supply of water is obtained from a spring in a reservoir of great depth, which affords as much now as in former times. In another part of the town is the reservoir, which, in the time of the Romans, supplied the houses with water, the aqueducts to the several parts remaining perfect. It is in contemplation to restore this work.

Our next visit was to the Temple of Diana, parts of which are in no less remarkable preservation than the other Roman works. "Esto perpetua" was their motto, in all they undertook. New parts of what was once the façade have recently been discovered, by excavating a garden. There are three or four old Roman gateways, with the inspection of one of which, however, we satisfied ourselves—that known as the Porte d'Auguste, the lower portion of which, consisting of two large and two small arches for pedestrians, remains very perfect.

The exterior of the ancient Cathedral at Nismes is grand and imposing, and contains some rich sculpture. Our visit to the baths and to the temple of Diana was in company with an officer of the French artillery, recently arrived from the Crimea, with the loss of an arm, in one of the gallant affairs before Sebastopol. He was an agreeable companion, and took much interest in the Roman antiquities, and was very affable

in his desire to explain to us all he knew about them. Some of the narrow streets at Nismes are curious and interesting. There is little else to attract attention besides that which I have noticed, but in the neighbourhood stands the Tourmagne, a Roman tower two hundred feet in height, which, if we could have given the time to it, we should like to have visited. Some few days might be passed pleasantly enough in "pondering o'er the past," by those who can afford the time. The environs of Nismes also contain objects of attraction, foremost of which is the Pont du Gard. In order to see this, we engaged a carriage to take us to Avignon, and to visit the Bridge on our way. Starting at one, P.M., in about two hours drive, through a country, the whole face of which is covered with the delicate olive tree, we reached this mighty work of a mighty people.

The Pont du Gard is an aqueduct carried over the river and picturesque valley of the Gardon, on three different tiers of arches. The lower arches span the river, being built on the solid rocks, through which its course runs; there are six of these arches, which are the largest; above them spring eleven others of great size; and above these again, some thirty-five of small proportions as compared to the lower tier. At the top of all is the watercourse. This wonderful work—constructed by the Romans—carried the water into the town of Nismes. The whole idea is grand, and the work itself vast. The blocks of stone used are stupendous, and are fitted together without cement. Many stand as secure as the day they

were lodged in their place. Other parts have received damage, but the whole is now being placed in thorough repair.

A new bridge, abutting upon one side of this noble work, was built about a hundred years ago,—a sad disfigurement, as any one may see by viewing the Pont du Gard intact, on the opposite side. There are few more grand, massive, and wonderful works than this in any part of the world.

It was not till long after dusk that we reached Avignon, but we were repaid by a beautiful sunset. The bridge across the Durance, which joins the Rhone a little below the town, was broken down in one part, and only a temporary foot-way thrown across the gap. We were, consequently, obliged to leave the carriage, and transport ourselves and baggage as we best could. It so happened that, together with the suspension bridge over the Rhone, and the intermediate causeway, it is the longest bridge, I imagine, in the world, and we were not sorry to be fairly across it, and to get housed in the *Hotel du Palais Royale*, close adjoining it; a most excellent establishment.

Sunday, Sept. 9th. Avignon stands on the left bank of the Rhone, which joins the Durance a little below the town. It is chiefly remarkable for the Pope's palace and cathedral, which rise grandly above the town, built upon a hill, the summit of which forms a platform or terrace, which descends in an abrupt precipice to the river below. I know of few towns with so

grand a feature, the view from this platform is superb. The two rivers are seen gliding on towards each other, contracting the space which separates them, until they become united. In the centre of the platform stands a bronze statue of Alten, who, Murray tells us, introduced the cultivation of madder. It is a fine work of art.

The Pope's Palace, a gigantic building, is now occupied by soldiers, and a capital barrack it makes! The men are most comfortably located. A portion of the building is used as a prison, in which many atrocities have in bye-gone times been perpetrated. The Cathedral, a massive structure, is not remarkable in its interior. There is little to notice in the town. Opposite the palace is the old *Hotel de Ville*, with some large sculptured bas-reliefs, apparently of little merit. The new *Hotel de Ville*, and Theatre adjoining it, are handsome buildings. There is a Museum, founded by Calvet, which contains a large collection of Roman and other antiquities, which interested me much, and many good pictures. Several persons were visiting it in the afternoon, but at three o'clock the doors were closed, and we had all to go out. Some old soldiers, who served with Napoleon in the war, are employed here. This employment of the old soldiers I have noticed in other places, and I wish we could imitate their good example at home. If so, we should not see a fine old fellow, who lost his leg at Corunna, now sweeping a crossing in Rotten Row.

I mentioned that the Rhone had broken one of the piers of the bridge. It often no doubt overflows its banks. In November, 1840, it did so; and the water rose high in the town, as indicated on several of the buildings, the lower stories of which were quite under water.

September 10th. On the piece of land between the two rivers there is an admirable Exercise Ground for the troops. From six to seven o'clock this morning there were two squadrons of the 6th Dragoons at exercise. They are well-mounted, and the horses in good condition. On crossing the Suspension Bridge they went in small detachments, and in open order, notwithstanding which, the bridge shook greatly. There is a beautiful view of Avignon from hence, with the massive walls and towers of the Palace rising nobly above the river; the old broken bridge of St. Benazet adding greatly to the effect. The Rhone is still navigated by steamers from Lyons to Marseilles notwithstanding the rail. I saw two boats of prodigious length pass down the river this morning. In the room which I occupied at the Hotel, Marshal Brune was assassinated in 1815. The spot where the bullet lodged remains untouched in the wall, and there is another bullet mark in the ceiling.

Started by an early train for Arles, which occupied an hour, and remained there till four P.M. This gave us ample time to see the principal objects of attraction. The Roman Amphitheatre, though smaller I think than that at Verona and Nismes, is more perfect than either

in many respects, and particularly in its subterranean galleries, where the animals passed. Like that at Nismes it has four entrances at the cardinal points. The Roman Theatre, of which two columns are still standing, together with the seats for the spectators, is of great interest, but the beautiful fragments which were found in it have been removed into a museum. This little museum, in front of which stands an ancient granite obelisk, with a modern gilt sun, contains relics of more interest than any I have seen, and amongst others a bust, supposed to be of Diana, who, notwithstanding the loss of her nose, looks very lovely. It is a charming piece of sculpture. Numerous fragments of the frieze of the theatre, and other parts of the building, are here carefully preserved. The cloisters and the porch of the Eglise St. Trophimus are extremely beautiful and are interesting to the antiquarian.

On a portion of the front of the *Hotel du Nord* stands a fine fragment of Roman architecture, which is called the Capitole Romain; and in the vaults of the hotel are some catacombs, *said* to be Roman, in which are a few bones. There are at a short distance from Arles the Abbaye de Montmajor and the Chappelle St. Croix, together with the Palais de Constantine, said not to be worth visiting,—and the Champs Elysees, or old Necropolis which would be very interesting, but we had no time to visit them. I took a walk down to the Rhone, which is here crossed by a bridge of boats. The streets of Arles are very narrow, and awnings are stretched

entirely across from house to house, as is common in all towns in these parts. Being situated near the mouth of the Rhone, Arles can be approached by small vessels.

Started at four P.M. by a slow train for Marseilles, where we arrived about eight. The rail near Marseilles passes through a tunnel of great length. Obtained rooms at the *Hotel Bristol*, pleasantly situated in the Place Noailles, which is planted with trees, affording an agreeable shade, but being close to the port, the odours are not pleasant, owing to the stagnant water in the basin.

The interest of Marseilles lies chiefly in its port, which is purely commercial, and in its commodious and safe harbour. The productions in the south of France here find their outlet to all parts of the globe. The new part of the town, however, consists of handsome lofty houses, and is attractive. The *old* port is a large dock or basin, running into the town, entirely filled with shipping, and surrounded of course with houses. The *new* port is chiefly frequented by large ships and steamers for which there is not sufficient water in the old port; and it has been made by the construction of a noble pier, or breakwater, of great length, terminating with a lighthouse. This pier forms a delightful esplanade, from which the sea breezes may be enjoyed in all their purity, and the blue water of the Mediterranean may be seen. An agreeable drive under avenues leading out of the town enabled us to see all we wished of Marseilles. There is a triumphal arch, and an obelisk

rising out of a fountain, the latter being very imposing. There are also other fountains which are agreeable embellishments to the town.

September 11th. At 12½ we left Marseilles for Toulon, and traversed a very dusty, and, in parts, a very rough road, through a country abounding in olive trees, but as we approached Toulon, through a rocky mountain defile, the Pass of Ollioules, and entered into a richly-cultivated soil, I noticed a few orange trees and pomegranates in a garden off the road.

About 6 P.M. we arrived at Toulon, and finding the Croix de Malte full, got excellent rooms at the *Hotel de la Croix d'Or*. The hotels are situated together in a small square planted with plane trees, which afford an agreeable shade. The principal streets are also so planted, on either side, and the sun cannot penetrate. It is one of the characteristics of Toulon, to which may be added the moss-covered fountains. At the end of the Rue Chardronniers is a large dock, or basin, in which are moored several hulks, and boats with lateen sails flit about. The air was delightfully fresh in the early morn, on the quay of this basin, which is called the Port du Commerce, and adjoins the Arsenal. Besides the Rue Chardronniers,—the Rue Lafayette and others running parallel, lead to this quay, in the centre of which stands a bronze figure, which looks like a maritime Mercury more than anything else.

Being desirous of visiting Hyères we devoted the morning to the excursion, and the afternoon in visiting the Arsenal.

The road to Hyères is not interesting, but we again saw pomegranates and oranges growing, olives and mulberries, &c., in profusion, and here and there some fine mournful cypresses rear their lofty heads. Hyères in itself is but a small insignificant town, but the situation of the *Hotel des Isles d'or*, and the adjoining gardens are most attractive. The Hotel is a noble establishment, and though empty now, is filled with visitors in winter, the climate being so mild that snow never falls, and water does not freeze. The view looking to the sea, (distant about two miles,) over gardens abounding in orange trees, pomegranates, dates, palms, fig trees, &c., is very delightful. We spent an hour enjoying ourselves in the garden, amidst groves of orange trees full of fruit, but none unfortunately of them were ripe, which would have added much to their beauty, and to our enjoyment. The palm trees growing in the open air, and aloes, and cactus of immense size were very striking—the two latter growing in the hedges. The oleanders were in full flower and seed. These were growing wild in the rivulets.

In Hyères Bay are some very extensive salt-works. The Bay is protected by six islands, and large vessels can lie securely within.

After an agreeable visit to Hyères we returned to Toulon, and visited the Arsenal, going carefully over the whole: we were readily permitted to do so, but did not see the Musée de la Marine, which contains models of ships, &c., similar to that in the Louvre at Paris. The

Arsenal is conveniently arranged for fitting out ships of war, but, although one of the great naval arsenals of France, it did not appear to me to surpass any of our dockyards, except Deptford. It has its storehouses for canvas, cordage, timbers, anchors, &c., and a foundry for cannon; but the most remarkable building appeared to me to be the rope-house, built of freestone, which is of great length, and contains three arched rope-walks, enabling three sets of men to work at the same time. The harbour of Toulon is divided into a military and commercial port, the former capable of holding 200 sail of the line: and there is good anchorage in the outer road, the prevailing winds being from the north-west, from which it is protected. But for the *Mistral* blowing, Toulon would be insufferable from heat. This cools the air a little, and I enjoyed it much, though it is anything but pleasant to the inhabitants.

September 13th.—Left Toulon at 8 A.M. *en route* for Nice. The road lies through several small towns, of no interest, to *Frejus*, situated at a short distance from the sea, in the middle of the Bay of Frejus, a good anchorage, but open to southerly winds. The first part of our journey was over a dusty road, and through a long tract of olive country, which was not pleasing from its monotony. The olive hitherto seen is but a poor dwarfish looking tree at best, and, when covered with the fine dust from the road, with the fruit and leaves all of one colour, it is of no great beauty. Besides the olive, vines are cultivated, and the people are now busy gathering

and carrying the grapes, generally in pails, slung across mules, or placed in carts. The wine presses are also now in requisition for squeezing the grapes. Stone pines, with their beautiful bright green and gently rounded tops, supply the place of the olives, and cork trees are plentiful. In these parts, where the bark has been stripped off recently, the stem is as red as rouge itself. As we approach Frejus, a ruin of a Roman amphitheatre is visible, *en passant*. It is smaller than those we have already seen, but on the same plan. There are also the ruins of an extensive Roman aqueduct, visible from the road, and a pretty glimpse of the sea is here seen. Frejus, now an open roadstead, was formerly a considerable Roman port, but the sea has altogether receded from it, leaving it far inland. The road winds through rocky pine clad hills, and is very pretty, an occasional peep of the Mediterranean being caught through the openings. In 1799 Napoleon landed on this part of the coast on his return from Egypt, and in 1814 embarked for Elba, and landed again the following year. The heaths are beautiful and assume the size of shrubs. The scenery continued attractive till we reached Cannes, situated on the sea, in the Bay of Napoule, at 7½, and got rooms at the *Post Station Penishat*, which is almost washed by the sea, and the gentle murmur of the waves as they roll in upon the sand is pleasant to the senses.

September 14th.—At 5½ A.M. the sunrise was beautiful; a streak of bright orange marked the outline of a dark bank of clouds, which hung across a spit of land

jutting out on the Eastern side of the Bay. The position of the hotel at the entrance of the town is charming. A pier with a small light house has been run out into the little Bay of Cannes, which entirely protects the shipping from the South West winds to which alone it is exposed. The Bay runs round from the West where it is bounded by the L'Estrelle range, to East and South East, where a spit of land runs out, and is sheltered by the two Islands of Lérins, St. Marguerite, and St. Honorat, which lie South.

The hills which rise on the West of the Bay are beautiful in their outline. The Port is only of sufficient depth of water to admit small vessels, two masted brigs and schooners, and is at present nearly filled with single masted Lateen sail vessels. Around this lovely little Bay stand a few chateaux, belonging chiefly to English families. The two principal houses are, one belonging to Mr. Oldfield, close to the sea, with a pleasant garden, the other now constructing, and standing on a rise; near the latter is a small chateau belonging to Lord Brougham, with a garden sloping down to the road, instead of to the sea, which I should have preferred.

Started at 10 A.M. for Nice. Great quantities of jessamine are cultivated near Cannes, and scent the air delightfully. Oranges grow in some places by the road side, and the olive becomes a handsome full grown tree, instead of being stunted. The road skirts the sea, and is an agreeable drive to Antibes, a small, but very strongly fortified town of great antiquity, sloping down to the

edge of the sea. From hence Nice is first seen in the distance, at the foot of the range of mountains, which form the Eastern part of the Bay, and beyond which rise the Appenines. The road passes through Cagnes, which stands prettily on a rising piece of ground, and thence to the Pont du Var, a long wooden bridge which crosses the river of that name (now almost dry) the centre of which divides France from Piedmont. At one end the passport was examined, at the other the baggage, neither of which occasioned any delay or trouble.

The road skirts the shores of the Mediterranean sea, the beautiful deep blue water of which was as placid as a lake. At 2 P.M. we arrived at Nice, and obtained rooms at the *Hotel de France*, near the sea, but, for situation, should have preferred the *Hotel Vittoria*, which is upon the sea shore, had it been finished, or the *Hotel des Princes*. The vegetation during the whole of our journey this day has been very beautiful. Fig trees full of fruit, olives of splendid growth, apple and pear trees laden with fruit, and a specie of crab apple I presume, known here by the name of Sorbes. In the hedges may be seen aloes in abundance, such as can only be seen at home in hot-houses.

September 15th.—Nice is agreeably situated, with some of its houses facing the sea, but the greater part of the town stands on either side the river Paglion, a mountain torrent, which at present is nothing but a dry bed of stones, and greatly detracts from the beauty of Nice.

When full of water it must look very different; let those who have visited St. Petersburg imagine the Neva dry, and they will, on a small scale, understand the summer aspect of Nice with its fine quays, fine houses, and handsome bridges. The town itself has little to attract notice. All the windows in every house have venetian shutters, which are closed during the day, on account of the fierce heat of the sun. The Piazza Vittoria is the principal square, and the houses have colonnades.

There is a pleasant drive by the sea and a promenade as well on a raised terrace, on the roofs of some houses which front the sea, inhabited chiefly by fishermen whose boats and nets occupy this part of the beach: but the pleasantest drive is to Villa Franca, by the Col Villa Franca, and by the road by the sea into Nice. Unfortunately the road by the sea side was closed, being under repair, but we much enjoyed a drive to Villa Franca, and had a beautiful view by walking up the rocky crest of the hill, on which stands Fort Mont Alban.

The little Bay and Port of Villa Franca, with the lighthouse on its headland, and a still bolder headland to the Eastward, jutting out into the azure waters of the Mediterranean sea is most enchanting. It is a spacious and deep bay, open to south-west winds when a heavy swell sets in—but otherwise land-locked. The bay is about a mile deep, by the third of a mile wide.

The view too of Nice and the surrounding heights, and the distant view of the Echelles range to the West, is

not less beautiful; but the dry bed of the Paglion detracted somewhat from the grandeur of the scene. Another excursion we made yesterday afternoon was to a grotto called St. Andrea, where a mountain torrent passes under a cavern in the rocks; the irregular roof of this cavern, through which streams of water trickled like the "Dripping well" at Hastings, was entirely covered with the most delicate ferns, which hung pendant from the roof, the effect of which was more like a fairy scene than reality; the light delicate green, and the texture of the ferns, were in pleasing contrast with the dark broad leaves of some fine large fig trees, which were growing wild at the entrance of the cave; myrtles were also growing wild about this spot, and in abundance. This cave appeared to be the haunt of the dragon fly, several of which, of a large species, were darting from side to side. The Port of Nice is but small, and there were few vessels in it, of small size. It lies three quarters of a mile eastward of the Paglion. The anchorage before the town is unsafe.

The beach is shingle, and affords no convenience for walking, as the sea is tideless, and there is no sand. For the same reason there is no good bathing, and only a few bathing machines are kept. Although quite calm, there is an everlasting roll of the waves upon the shingle, which is pleasing to the sight and hearing, and I enjoyed it for an hour or two this afternoon, and was amused in watching some boys who were bathing. One young urchin was not above 12 or 13 years of age, but a first

rate swimmer, he struck boldly out to a great distance into the sea, performed all manner of antics in the water, diving and kicking his feet out above the surface, floating on his back,—in fact, I never saw a better swimmer.

Sunday, September 16th.—Weather continues very hot. We have the Hotel nearly to ourselves. A Te Deum for the capture of the Malakoff Tower, and the reduction of the Southern part of Sebastopol was celebrated to day in the Cathedral. It was not so imposing as might have been expected, perhaps owing to the absence of the Piedmontese troops, who were marched off last night to the frontier of France, at the Pont du Var, in consequence of some revolutionary disturbances in that department of France. The women hereabouts all wear Mandarine hats, which are becoming, and a good protection from the sun.

The hill sides around Nice are dotted with chateaus and gardens overlooking the sea. The plain too has a succession of detached chateaus with gardens of olives and orange trees.

September 17th.—Started at 6 A.M. *en route* for Genoa. The road ascends to a great height, and a beautiful view is obtained of Nice, and of the plain below, rich in olives and orange trees. It is carried at a high elevation above the sea along the mountain sides, and nothing can be more beautiful than the drive to Turbia and thence to Menton, situated on the sea shore, to which the road now descends. The view of the boundless sea, with the numerous headlands and promontories

jutting out into it, is as grand as anything I have seen in Europe. Many of the olive trees are now of large growth, and have evidently attained a "green old age."

I have hitherto seen but few lemon trees, but in the neighbourhood of Menton they grow abundantly. Oleanders may be seen in the hedges, and every now and then an enormous cactus attracts notice. The road continues skirting the sea to Ventimiglia, a small town which bears vestiges of ancient splendour in one or two of its houses. A little beyond this numerous palm trees are seen growing together, a novel sight to an English traveller. The road continues to San Remo, skirting the azure waters of the Mediterranean. At San Remo are also vestiges of bygone splendour.

Seeing an adder upon the road just killed by some one, I had the curiosity to measure it, and found it exactly 4 feet and 4½ inches long.

From San Remo to St. Stefano, still along the shore and with a refreshing sea breeze. A few ships occasionally seen in the offing. San Remo and St. Stefano, are merely little fishing towns, with a narrow dirty street running through, and arches thrown across, as a support I suppose, from house to house. The anchorage at both places is open and exposed.

Old ruined forts by the sea side are common in these parts. No lack of "Towers along the steep." By the sea side through Maurizio, a small sea port town, prettily situated on a rise close to Oneglia, a place of rather more pretension than other towns we have passed, but

with an anchorage aqually exposed. We arrived at Alassio at 7 P.M. at the *Hôtel de la Belle Italie*, once a palace, a large hotel for so small a place. In many parts of the interesting road we traversed to-day, it really was "fearful and dizzy to cast one's eye so low," and the road has no protection whatever, in many parts overhanging the sea.

Alassio is situated in a sandy bay ; hitherto all has been shingle. A few small vessels were at anchor in the roadstead.

September 18th.—Started at 7 A.M., the road continues by the sea to Albenga, an old walled town. At this spot a rich valley runs up to the Northward which the road crosses, quitting the sea, but again comes upon it, and proceeds to Finale and Savona, a place of some importance, with a few handsome buildings, especially the Theatre, which has two well executed statues of Metastasio and Rossine in niches in the wall. Savona was formerly a good port, but the entrance was blocked by ships sunk, which have not, I believe, been removed. Through Varazze (or Varazzio), where they build vessels of 30 or 40 tons, or even larger. There were several on the stocks, one rigged and ready for launching. Proceeding from Arenzano, which is the last post station, Genoa becomes visible where we arrived at the *Hotel d'Italie*, at 4 P.M. in a shower of rain, the first since leaving Luz in the Pyrenees, and the second since leaving England, six weeks ago. We have had nothing but sunshine, and consequently the heat has been very

great. The road from Alassio to Genoa is not altogether of so much interest as the first part from Nice, but there are many portions of it which are so. It is not carried at so high an elevation above the sea, and it frequently traverses a level road at a short distance from the beach, but the whole route from Nice to Genoa is most charming, and probably unlike any other in Europe. The only road that I have seen, which is carried round the side of a mountain whose base descends to the sea, is that beautiful road in Ireland, between Larne and Ballycastle, on the North East Coast. But this is in indeed comparing small things with great. Any one, however, who has travelled on that road, can form some idea of what I have attempted to describe, but little of the extensive beauty of the several headlands jutting out into the sea, of the numerous bays, towns, and villages, and of the wide expanse of the waters of the Mediterranean. The range of mountains at whose base this road has been cut varies in height from 2,000 to 3,000 feet and upwards. The same sort of road continues I believe from Genoa round the gulf of Spezzia, and is said to be even more beautiful. Revisited the Church of the Annunciation, which I had seen on a former continental trip, and again admired its rich marble columns, gilding, &c., and one or two of the marble palaces. It was too late in the day to see more.

September 19th.—The rail into Genoa from Turin is the principal additional feature since we were here two

summers back. It runs in the street in front of the hotels, between them and the marble terrace facing the port, and certainly does not add to the attraction of the spot, and renders it more desirable still, that an hotel should be built near the lighthouse, commanding as it would, a beautiful view of Genoa, its ports and shipping, and quite away from all the noise of the present site, the only advantage of which is its being more accessible to travellers. The lighthouse is a grand feature, the summit being 370 feet above the sea level, standing at the extremity of the promontory of St. Benigno.

Started by express at 10 A.M. for Turin. At Busalla the rail emerges from a tunnel of immense length and through several afterwards. The great improvements which I noticed as being in progress at Turin in 1853, are now chiefly carried out, and it will ere long be one of the most attractive capitals in Europe. We remained the afternoon from 2½ (when the train arrived) till 7 P.M. at which time we started by train for Susa, at the foot of Mont Cenis. This rail has been constructed since I was last here. Dined at the table d' hote at the *Hotel de l'Europe*, in one of the most gorgeous Salle à Manger that I can remember, a room suited in all respects for a banqueting room, in a palace. At 9½ P.M. reached Susa, and were comfortably lodged for the night at the *Hotel de France*, and in the morning refreshed with the sight of the snow-capped mountains at the head of the valley, the snow lying thick and low down, fresh fallen yesterday and during the night.

September 21st.—To day we commenced the ascent of the Mont Cenis. Nothing can be richer than the Spanish chesnuts in the lower part laden with golden fruits, walnuts are also abundant. We found the road heavy owing to the rain of last night. It took about the same time as on the previous occasion, viz.,—five hours to reach the summit. Although a month later, there was no snow near the road, but more on the tops of the mountains. The only change I found was that the electric telegraph is carried over the summit of the pass. Neither the heights of the mountains nor depths of the sea stop the progress of electricity; not so with engineering, for the depth of the lake on Mont Cenis, it is *said*, baffles the engineers in the idea of tunnelling the mountain. Proceeded on through Llanlebourg to St. Michel, where we arrived at the *Hotel de Londres* at 7 P.M. and remained the night. Having passed over this same road I have nothing to add to my former notes. The weather to day has been variable, with occasional showers, and a good many clouds over the mountain tops, which partially obscured them from view; I regretted this in descending to Llanlebourg, as the scenery is very beautiful.

From Aigubelle the road has been altered, and is continued by the river side to a post station now building, and to be called St. Jean de la Porte. This road was opened last year; it no longer goes through Mal-taverne but direct to Montmelion, where it joins the

old road and proceeds to Chambery. It is less interesting. The valley through which it passes being flooded by the Isere, and very swampy as far as St. Jean de la Porte, but it improves afterwards. The rail is in rapid progress, and posting will soon be at an end here, as elsewhere.

Arrived at Chambery, at the *Hotel du Petit Paris*, at 4½ P.M. The posting is not good in these parts, very slow, and the postillions imperturbable, no animation either in man or beast. It is impossible indeed not to remark the general wretched appearance of the inhabitants between Turin and Chambery. Goiters are common, cretinism too, and the same cast of feature is common to all. It arises no doubt from the badness of the water in parts, from the bad atmosphere, through miles and miles of swamps, from poverty of living, and other causes. Since I was here last, a handsome Palais de Justice has been built, and a large house is in course of construction, adjoining an old round tower, which stands on a raised platform on which are some fine old trees. In the town is an ancient chateau, now occupied by the troops, an interesting building which I had not time to look at before. There is also a convenient barracks for infantry, recently built.

Saturday, September 22nd.—Left Chambery at 8 A.M. and travelled post the same road we came by to Lyons in the summer of 1853. The sun was intensely hot all

day, and it is difficult to imagine that we are approaching the end of September. At 6½ P.M. we arrived at the *Hotel de l'Universe*. The time occupied being exactly the same as on the last occasion.

Sunday, September 23rd.—After morning service went to the Camp de Sathonnai, at some little distance from the town. Ten thousand men are now hutted on the same piece of ground where I saw a summer encampment under canvas in 1853. It is now a permanent Camp. The huts are neatly built, and very regular. They are similar to those at Aldershott, but each hut two or three times the length, and capable of holding at least two companies. There was high mass and an inspection in the morning. General Castellane remained to entertain the officers in his tent. I got a sight of him. The fine old man looks just as I saw him two years ago.

Monday, September 24th.—Took an early walk upon the quay by the river side : market day, and great quantities of vegetables and fruit on sale. Baskets full of grapes, peaches, pears, walnuts, and melons, pumpkins of monstrous size, tomatas, &c. It was a lively scene as far as the eye could reach down the quay. Started at 8½ A.M. by express for Dijon. In two hours and a half we were past Chalons-sur-Soane, which two years ago, took us nine hours by steam boat on the dull waters of that muddy river,—at that time the quickest mode of reaching that spot. At 12 arrived at Dijon, at

the *Hotel de la Cloche*. The weather continues very hot. To day I lost a little bird, of which I had become so fond, that I must console myself by giving its history. Six weeks ago, between Bayonne and Biarritz, we picked it up in the road, dying apparently from thirst. It was an Oriole, a bright green, and the feathers of the wings and tail tipped with bright yellow. The breast was very similar to the common thrush. It was quite young and unable to fly. It soon became reconciled to its cage, and was happy as the day was long, and when it closed, would put its head under its wing, and regardless of place, position, motion, or noise, seldom disturbed itself in the least. It travelled with us wherever we went, sometimes by rail, and sometimes by post, and attracted great notice in all towns and places where we stopped to change horses. Many questions were asked about the little bird by old and young. Some knew the bird, and others not. Many arguments there were about it. The majority called it (and rightly too) an Oriole—it was a golden Oriole, (female) *Oriolus Galbula*. I had hoped to have got it safe to England, but probably the change of climate affected it, for the weather had become comparatively cool, and it died in its way from Lyons to Dijon; no bird perhaps was so carried about, or so jolted from place to place, but it soon learnt to accommodate itself to its position. It was amusing to see it catch the flies in its beak, and, on one occasion, a wasp, which it managed artfully, by keeping it at the end of its beak;

and squeezed it systematically from head to tail, pressing its head and body quite flat, and then swallowing it. On one occasion it ate alive a large grasshopper. The little bird knew me well, and was very tame. Could I be otherwise than grieved at its loss? I was indeed very much so.

We visited the Museum, Churches, Jardin des Plantes, &c., and drove to the Park near the town which I had not visited before. It was small, but nicely planted, and forms an agreeable shade. Also visited an Asylum for the imbeciles, out of the town, where there are some ancient sculptured figures representing Moses and the Prophets, in some way (beyond my comprehension,) connected with the Dukes of Burgundy, who lie buried here. The Chapel attached to the Asylum is pretty. In passing through part of the building, I could not help observing that the lock-up system is in full force—a great mistake, and beginning to be set aside, in England, in all well managed institutions of this nature. Kindness, firmness, and vigilance is all that is required in most cases; while severity aggravates the malady.

The façade of the Church of St. Michael is very beautiful, but the interior contains nothing of note. In my former visit to this place, I erroneously thought that this (which is by far the most handsome building,) was the Cathedral. The Cathedral is very plain in its exterior, but the interior is fine. It has some handsome

monuments and sculptured figures down the aisle. One or two fine churches are, as Murray says, desecrated. In one was a fruit market, another a storehouse. The façade of Notre Dame is handsome. The exterior of Notre Dame and St. Michael, and the interior of the Cathedral, are the points of attraction as regards the many churches of Dijon. Close to St. Michael is a handsome Theatre, with Corinthian pillars.

Tuesday, September 25th. Except when at the Bagniere de Luchon, and when crossing the Mont Cenis, this is the first really cool day we have had. We have beautiful sunshine, and the sun would be very hot, but the wind being to the northward renders the air agreeable. Left Dijon by what was called the express at half-past twelve for Paris, which we did not reach till seven. Found Paris, as we expected, very full, and it was difficult to get apartments, but after failing at the *Hotel de Londres*, where we had written for rooms, we were glad to get housed in an airy suit of apartments in the *Rue Rivoli*, at the top of the *Hotel de Terasse*, where Abdel Kader resides. To sleep under the same roof with Abdel Kader was some compensation for mounting one hundred and thirteen steps to a "parlour that's next to the sky."

Wednesday, September 26th. In better luck to day, and got an excellent suit of rooms at the *Hotel de Douvres*, at the corner of the Rue de la Paix, with windows looking into that street, and also up the Boule-

wards des Italiens. This day and the two following were spent at the Exposition, the Palais des Beaux Arts, and at the Louvre. In the Musée de la Marine, I was much pleased to see the Memorial to my lamented friend, Lieutenant Bellot, that brave and chivalrous officer who so nobly lost his life in the Arctic seas, while aiding a second time in the search for Sir John Franklin, and whose name will live for ever in the annals of Europe, and will be fondly remembered at many a fire-hearth in England.

It was a great pleasure to me to become acquainted with Madame de Bray, the mother of Lieut. Emile de Bray, of the Imperial Navy of France, who also served with distinction, as a volunteer, in the search for Sir John Franklin, in H.M.S. Resolute, where he gained the respect and esteem of every one.

Saturday, September 29th. Left Paris at ten by rail, and arrived at Arras at the *Hotel de l'Universe* at three. Having been here before, I contented myself with a walk round the ramparts.

Sunday, September 30th.—To the cathedral in the morning, but no high mass, which was at an earlier hour. There is a pleasant promenade, well shaded with trees, in which is a rotunda for a military band, which plays twice a week. There are good barracks at Arras, for cavalry and infantry, but few soldiers here now, as elsewhere in France. The Crimea swallows up a host.

Monday, October 1st.—By 11 o'clock train to Calais,

where we arrived at 3, and landed in two hours at Dover, obtaining rooms at the *Ship Hotel*.

Tuesday, October 2nd.—By train at 9 A.M. to London: and so, like everything else in this world, my Summer Tour in Central Europe in 1855—comes to an end.

TOUR IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

1856,

Section 2.—Normandy and Brittany.

August 1st.—Left London, by 1.30 P.M., express for Dover. A bright and sunny day, but hot. As it would be dead low water at Calais, and the landing in boats inconvenient, we remained the night at the *Ship Hotel*, and amused ourselves by inspecting the works at the Pier, now progressing rapidly. On the heights of Dover tents have been pitched for the Highland brigade, some few of whom have made their appearance. This encampment will consist of the 93rd, and another regiment. The snow-white tents, with the sun glistening upon them, on the ridge of the hill, had a pretty appearance, and effectually put the white cliffs of old Albion into the shade, for the cliffs look no longer white by contrast with the tents.

August 2nd.—Rose at 6, and walked up to the camp. The sun was powerful at this early hour. Held conversation with one of the 93rd, a young man, who had been through the whole campaign in the Crimea, one of the 250 of that regiment, who survived out of 1000 strong—a fine powerful young fellow. He seemed to

think the Alma a very desperate affair, and related many interesting anecdotes. In common with all, he spoke in high terms of my old and much-valued friend, Sir Colin Campbell. What a delightful change is this in a few hours! from hot smoky suffocating London—with its eternal din of coal carts, cabs, and omnibuses, and everlasting rattle of coach-wheels—what a luxury after ten months incarceration, to find oneself under the free canopy of heaven, with unbroken silence, save the lark, “at heaven’s gate singing,” or the murmurs of the breeze and the distant break of the waters against the cliff. Crossed to Calais in the Princess Mary, one of the South Eastern Company’s boats, and landed soon after 1 P.M. after a smooth passage, which occupied exactly an hour and forty-five minutes. Having obtained the requisite visé to our passport, and had our baggage examined, we proceeded by 2 P.M. train to Amiens, where we arrived at 7½ a little before sunset, and went to the *Hotel de France et d’Angleterre*. The heat all day was great, every one apparently feeling it much.

Sunday, August 3rd.—The weather continues intensely hot with the sun, as yesterday, in a cloudless sky. Went to high mass in the beautiful cathedral, the exterior front of which is at present under repair. In the afternoon walked upon the ramparts, whence the abbey has a fine appearance, and in the Jardin des Plants, a small botanical garden where the plants are nicely classified; also passed through several of the streets, in which are some interesting old houses with sculptured

fronts. The fruit market in the centre of the principal street is large, and conveniently arranged. Since I last visited Amiens a fine stone building has been commenced for a museum on a grand scale.

August 4th.—The weather continues sultry; started by 11¼ train for Abbeville and arrived at 12. There is little to be seen at Abbeville, situated on the Somme, save the cathedral church of St. Wolfran, which has a handsome exterior of rich architecture, the portal reminding me of that at Ratisbonne. A good street with clean, neat looking houses runs through the town, but the bye-streets are the most interesting, and the old houses built on banks of the river.

We engaged a carriage to convey us to Eu, the journey occupied about four hours, the road passing through a fertile undulating country, highly cultivated, and the crops abundant and rich, promising a splendid harvest, which has already commenced in these parts. Passed the night and the following morning at the *Hotel du Cygne*.

August 5th.—Visited the Chateau d'Eu, which has many interesting associations connected with Louis Philippe. It is kept in good order, but the whole of the furniture and pictures have been removed; the greater part are now at Clérmont. As these pictures were fitted into pannels in the walls of the several apartments, the chateau within looks sadly denuded, but the ceilings and floors are exceedingly beautiful, the latter exquisitely inlaid with highly polished wood of various sorts and

devices. The little chapel has some well executed stained glass windows, from the manufactory at Sévres, as recorded thereon. The building itself is not remarkable for its beauty of architecture, and the roof reminded me of the Tuilleries. The woods which front it towards the sea are agreeable on a summer's day, affording pleasant well shaded walks. At the entrance of these woods are a few noble beech trees, but the generality of the timber is elm, and not fine grown. No view is obtained of the sea from the chateau, the site of which has not, on that account, been judiciously selected, but towards the end of the wood an agreeable view presents itself, at the foot of a plain through which the river Bresle flows. At the mouth of this river, on its left bank lies Tréport, and the small fishing village of Mers on its right.

Having fully satisfied ourselves with this retired little spot, once the favourite resort of Louis Phillippe, to whom our Queen, it will be remembered, paid a visit in 1843, we proceeded to visit the cathedral adjoining, a building of much interest and of fine architecture.

In the afternoon we left Eu in a carriage for Dieppe, a drive of a few hours through a country richly cultivated, and undulating, as might be expected near the sea coast, where the chalk cliffs extend for miles. An occasional view is obtained of the sea, and adds an interest to the drive. Dieppe we found full of visitors, who during the summer months resort thither for the bathing. The principal hotels which front the sea were

full, but we were comfortably lodged at the *Hotel des Armes de France*, which is close to the esplanade overlooking the sea. This esplanade which is a plateau of considerable extent, on the summit of the cliff, is the principal feature of Dieppe. The best hotels stand upon it, and it is the chief resort of the visitors, from whence they may enjoy the sea breezes. It is also used by the troops quartered here as an exercise ground, for which it is well suited. Here too are the bathing establishments. A sloping bank of shingles leads down to the sea, and there is no sand even at low water. At either extremity of the plateau, the chalk cliffs line the coast as far as the eye can reach.

An old castle used as barracks, rises above the esplanade, at the commencement of the cliffs to the west, Dieppe is a tidal harbour, and can only be entered at high water. It possesses two or three convenient basins, in which vessels can remain afloat, with commodious quays to load and unload their cargoes. Whatever it may once have been, Dieppe does not at present appear to be a port of much commerce or importance, judging from the few vessels in harbour. The fine old church of St. Jacques is the only remarkable building, (besides the old castle on the heights). The interior appears to be much neglected, and has little to attract notice. In the place in front of the cathedral is a good statue of Admiral Duquesne.

August 6th.—A visit to the Chateau d'Argues in the immediate neighbourhood ; passed the afternoon agree-

ably, and a drive through the Forest d'Argues was very enjoyable, the day being cool and pleasant. This forest is extensive, and the glades in sunlight and shadow had a charming effect, while on either side of the road the graceful ferns formed a beautiful fore-ground. Innumerable butterflies, some apparently of great beauty, were flitting over the ferns. The old Castle of Chateau d'Argues is a ruin of much interest. Its appearance in parts reminded me of Pevensey; massive walls of flint and mortar which have stood the ravages of storm and tempest for six or eight centuries, besides many a fierce contest: the greatest of which was by Henry IV, when Charles de Lorraine, Duke of Mayenne, dared to usurp the royal authority, and marched at the head of 30,000 men against Henry IV, his lawful king. But he was conquered at the Castle of Argues, although the king had scarcely 7000 men with him. An excursion to this chateau and drive through the forest should on no account be omitted. I am told there is a fine piece of sculpture, over an archway on the quay, worth visiting, but did not see it.

August 7th.—As there is little to detain one at Dieppe, after seeing the town, we were not sorry to leave by the 11.30 train for Havre, passing through Rouen, where we remained at the station for the 3.45 train, intending to return there on our way to Caen. Innumerable butterflies dying and dead were scattered about the station, having got under the roof and unable to extricate themselves, I amused myself by restoring

several in the sun, and was rewarded by seeing them speedily recover to enjoy their little span of life.

The weather continues beautiful and not too hot. In an hour and half by the express we reached Le Havre, which every one knows, lies at the mouth of the Seine, and obtained rooms in the *Hotel et des Bains Frascati*, facing the sea, an extensive establishment with 240 separate apartments. This house is built entirely of wood.

August 8th—A wet day, our first, but occasionally fine. Walked through the town, which is completely surrounded with fortifications, and saw the docks and basin. These are commodious and filled with shipping, chiefly American, and French. Among the former are some beautiful vessels, particularly the New York sailing packets. The Transatlantic steamers have not yet entirely superseded them. The sea port and the pier are the attractive spots at Havre, which in most other respects is like the generality of sea port towns. The former is a rough shingly walk, with little sand, and the latter a short but agreeable promenade jutting out into the sea, where the pure breezes may be enjoyed without fatigue. It is the entrance to the harbour, or Avant Port, and at high water is a busy scene, many vessels going out or coming in, and particularly so when the sea rolls in, which I believe it does at times pretty heavily with westerly winds. There is a rise and fall of tide of about 22 feet. Vessels of 16 or 17 feet draught coming in enter at the

springs, but, under ordinary circumstances, vessels of only 12 feet draught can enter the harbour with safety. Steam tugs are often employed, and we saw one towing out two large vessels, which on her parting company stood away under canvas very prettily. There are two roadsteads, the great road and the little road, the former very exposed, but the latter comparatively secure; I could not but reflect as I stood upon the pier, upon Sir Sidney Smith's exploit, in command of the Diamond frigate in 1796, when "in the dead waist and middle of the night," he pushed off in his boats with muffled oars, and captured a privateer in the harbour, but drifting up the Seine with the tide, was himself captured under a heavy fire of the forts, and conveyed to the Temple as a close prisoner, from which, however, he escaped by stratagem, and became subsequently the hero of Acre.

In front of our hotel are ranges of little huts, or sentry boxes, from whence the bathers descend to the sea. The ladies and gentlemen bathe together here, as elsewhere in France, the former being in costume consisting as usual of trousers and short frock coats, generally of dark cloth, edged with red or pink.

August 9th.—The weather again fine. Took advantage of the morning to make an excursion to the Chateau d'Orcher which has nothing in itself to attract notice, but its situation on an elevated bank above the Seine, facing Honfleur, and particularly the terrace, which is a most agreeable promenade. From the ridge

of the hill called Ingouville, which rises above Havre, and is studded with the seats of the "Merchant Princes," a fine view is obtained of the town and shipping. The road lies along the ridge and passes an extensive fortress, now constructing on its heights, and proceeds through Harfleur,—whose ancient gothic church of great beauty cannot fail to attract attention,—to Orcher a picturesque village, with a picturesque church adjoining the Chateau. This chateau is remarkable for its lengthened terrace, which rises precipitately on the banks of the river, with well grown timber on one hand, and a hedge row on the other. The whole drive is through a richly cultivated country.

On our way back, through Havre we drove round the docks and floating basins, which open into each other by floodgates, and are crowded with shipping, boats, and many sailing packets for New York, New Orleans, Vera Cruz, &c. These basins are lined with convenient quays, at the end of one of which masting sheers are erected. Leaving Havre de Grace, as it was formerly called, by the 6 P.M. express, we arrived at Rouen in a couple of hours and found rooms at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, on the quay, one of the best for its situation.

Sunday, August 10th.—A day of intense heat, with a glaring sun, and quite as oppressive as any midsummer's day in Italy. Went to the cathedral in the morning, and to our own service in a house a short distance out of the town, where many English workmen reside, people employed on the rail, river boats, &c. All the world

seemed to be out of doors, notwithstanding the heat, enjoying themselves quietly and orderly.

On the left bank of the river is a beautiful shaded promenade, with well grown trees, and this was crowded with people. Steamers were passing up and down, and many little pleasure boats. The shipping does not pass above any of the bridges, but vessels are moored along the quays on either side the river below bridge. These quays are convenient, and a good row of houses, one of which is our hotel, front the river. The Seine is here crossed by three bridges—a suspension bridge, a stone bridge of six arches, and a railway bridge, both of the latter crossing an island. At one of these bridges, (the suspension bridge) an amusing incident occurred. A poor cat had got upon one of the buttresses, and must have either been placed there by a boat, or have scrambled down from the bridge, “*sed revocare gradum ?*” that was impossible, equally so to swim to the shore. The unhappy position of poor puss attracted great crowds during the whole day, some thoughtlessly mal-treating it, others realising its misfortune, and inevitable destruction if not relieved, pitying it, and passing on, unable to rescue it; but towards evening a boat party tried to get it off the buttress, and were greatly encouraged by the cheers of a dense mass now on the bridge, and when they succeeded in rescuing the poor cat from its forlorn position, there was a hearty burst of acclamation and waving of hats, which did honour to the feeling hearts that beat around anxious

for its safety. It was, to me, a pleasing trait in the national character. What would have been their enthusiasm had it been the life of a fellow creature.

August 11th.—Heat still great. Rouen is surrounded with hills, and lying in a hollow basin, is doubtless a hot residence in summer. Drove to St. Catherine's Hill, whence there is a fine view of the town and adjacent country. On the summit of the hill stands a beautiful church, called Notre Dame de Secoures. The interior is in the style of the churches at Munich and being newly done, is if possible, more rich and elegant. It is difficult to conceive anything more so. The windows are of stained glass. The colours used for the Arabesque work are blue, green and red, richly decorated with gilding. The whole has been done by subscription, and the greater part of the stained glass presented by various people.

Besides the church on St. Catherine's Hill, there are the ruins of an ancient Roman fort. Recent extensive excavations have been made by a French gentleman, who, after spending a great part of his fortune, has unfortunately discovered nothing but one or two skeletons to repay him.

The principal churches at Rouen, are the Cathedral, St. Martin, and St. Ouen. They are all beautiful and grand. The Palais du Justice and the Hotel de Ville are fine buildings, and the latter, besides a public library, contains a collection of paintings. There are many other things to be seen and admired at Rouen,

but I do not pretend to call attention to them, merely noticing some of the principal features of the several places we visit. Murray has rendered everything else, and this too, it may be said by some, unnecessary, his books being the result of the observations of innumerable travellers, besides himself. My own brief notes on the Continent, are but the result of my own personal observations here, as elsewhere,—taken to amuse myself as we pass rapidly on, and my hope is to amuse, and prove myself useful to others, by giving them a slight sketch of what has appeared to me most deserving of notice. The heat has continued great. In the afternoon a heavy storm passed over, with pelting rain, which cooled the air a little.

August 12th.—Early in the morning 7 A.M. went to the Champ de Mars, a small triangular piece of ground where the troops exercise. There was some artillery present, with six field pieces, their movements were regular, and distances well preserved. The place is too contracted for much display. The horses were fine sturdy animals, six to each gun, and six (the latter all grey) to each ammunition waggon.

Left Rouen by 1 P.M. express as far as Mantes, which is well on the road to Paris, where the rail to Caen branches off. As there was no convenient train we remained the afternoon, having arrived there in a couple of hours, and found a good hotel called "*Du Grand Cerf.*" Mantes is a clean little town, pleasantly situated on the Seine, which is crossed by a handsome stone bridge,

and on the opposite side is a pleasant shady promenade, formed by an avenue of trees. The little town contains many good shops, well stocked with articles of every description. The cathedral church is grand, and the entrance richly sculptured, but much mutilated. I never saw so many headless saints. Portions of the church are under repair, the towers having recently been completed. Besides this there is a fine old tower still standing, and the remnant of another church.

August 13th.—Market day in Mantes: the whole night through there was an endless noise of rattling donkey carts, and grunting pigs, the latter expressing considerable dissatisfaction at being brought to market. The market I found well supplied with fruit and vegetables, pigs and poultry, the principal commodities, in addition to butter, eggs, and cheese. Started from Mantes by rail for Caen, where we arrived in five hours, and took up our abode at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*.

Found that my brother,* who has been the consul at Caen for twelve years, was absent, but expected back the next morning. His good lady came to us in the evening. In all parts the crops are abundant, and are now being cut. It promises a fine harvest, and the vines I learn in most parts of France are in a hopeful state, promising a goodly vintage, which for some years has utterly failed and deprived the poor of wine.

The town of Caen, once a favourite residence of the

* He has since been promoted to Rabat, on the Coast of Morocco, and has left a name at Caen greatly respected by the French and English residents.

English, but now numbering only 200 or 300, contains a population of about 45,000. It is situated about eight or nine miles from the sea, and its harbour, formed at the junction of the Orne and Odon, is approached at high water, by the river Orne, navigable for vessels of small draught. At low water the sands extend a couple of miles into the bay from the coast, and are dry, and there is a rise and fall of the tide of 16 or 17 feet. The principal export from Caen is of course the stone from the surrounding quarries, but besides this, Colza oil, and eggs, in French vessels.

The imports are various, but vessels generally arrive with coal, and the sundries chiefly consist of cement, China clay, sometimes grain, guano, &c., and railway sleepers, during the progress of the works now in hand. A fine granite floating basin 500 feet long, by 150 broad, and 14 feet deep, with handsome granite quays is one of the principal features of Caen, and a splendid canal, the design of Napoleon the first, which it is expected will shortly be completed, will connect this basin with the sea, in a nearly direct line, at a distance of some eight or nine miles. Vessels will be able to enter it at high water. The depth will eventually be fourteen feet. Steam vessels will not be allowed to approach Caen, by this canal, unless under sail, or tracked by horses, and the navigation of the river will be kept open for these, and all such other vessels as may prefer it. The entrance by the canal will be between two jetties enclosed by two sets of locks with sluices, leading to a

fine broad basin or Avant Porte, all beautifully finished with masonry, and a granite quay around. The shipping trade at Caen is considerable, and upon the increase, and when the canal is open will doubtless greatly augment. No less than 169 ships, with crews of British seamen entered the harbour of Caen in the year 1856, and the total amount of their tonnage is stated at 9743 tons. Of these 169 vessels, 115 took heavy cargoes of stone. Two or three steamers a-day arrive at Caen from Havre and occasionally from Rouen. When the rail is finished between Paris and Cherbourg, Caen being in a central position, will become a most important midway station. As our time was limited we made the most of it, and visited the several churches of St. Pierre, with its fine gothic spire, St. Jean, the Abbaye aux Hommes, or St. Etienne, the Abbaye aux Dames, or la Trinité, the Palais du Justice, and the College, or Lycee, as it is now called. These are some of the principal buildings and attractions of Caen.

The Abbaye aux Hommes, now generally called St. Etienne, is a magnificent church, the interior being lofty and imposing. It is said to have been built about A. D. 1050, if so, it is a pretty good proof of the durability of Caen stone, so often called in question. The Abbaye aux Dames was built a few years subsequent, as a convent, by the queen Mathilda. The College or Lycee, dates its origin as a College, from 1800. It was originally built as a Monastery some 150 years ago, and after the revolution was used as an Hotel de Ville; a

hall said to have been built in the time of William the Conqueror, is the most interesting part of the building. The College is capable of accommodating 300 boarders. There are at present about 250 residing within its walls. The dormitory is in a long corridor with separate divisions down the centre, and the boys are barred up, very much like animals in a managerie, or convicts in a hulk : this struck me as anything but pleasant.

The education which is first rate, is reasonable enough, £26 a year, including board and lodging—both rather rough I suspect. Half-boarders £14 a year, and home boarders £3 3s.

Caen has not been overlooked by either of the Emperors Napoleon. Napoleon the first visited it on one occasion, when Colonel de Courville, an officer who served with distinction, (the father of the present Consul's lady, my good sister-in-law,) commanded the guard of honour, and received a splendid diamond snuff box, with the Emperor's initials. The present Emperor visited Caen, when President of the Republic, on the occasion of the grand review of the fleet at Cherbourg, in 1855.

August 15th.—A gala day at Caen, the fête of the Emperor, upon which occasion an annual Regatta takes place. About 6 A.M. there was a salute of artillery from the chateau, a more reasonable hour than at 3 A.M., when the birthday of the Emperor of Austria was made known to the inhabitants of Brescia, when we happened to be there. At 12 o'clock all the great

authorities of the town assembled and formed in procession, which, through my brother's position, I was enabled to join, with a few other Englishmen. The former were mostly in uniform.

We proceeded to the noble church of St. Etienne, where there was high mass and the Te Deum celebrated, the military lined the church. The band joining with the organ had a grand effect. From the church we proceeded to the house of the Mayor, and thence to one of the promenades, where the troops in garrison, about 500, were drawn up and inspected. They only marched past in quick time, some of the officers shouting out "Vive l'Empereur" as they saluted, which was responded to by the men. One or two Crimean medals were presented and placed on the breasts of the men by the officer commanding the gendarmes, the Prefect being ill. After the parade every one adjourned to the Regatta, which was to take place in the great basin, the quays of which on either side were thronged with people, while at the upper end were stationed all the great folk of the place under a commodious pavilion, tastefully arranged with garlands, flags, and floating pendants, and where an excellent band enlivened the visitors. It was a glorious summer's day with a cloudless sky, and a sun hot enough to please the most fastidious, rather too hot for some, as one poor gentleman, who was standing close to me was struck down by a touch of *coup de soleil*, and fell as if shot, but a glass of ice water which I got at an adjoining booth soon helped to

restore him, and he was very grateful, and seemed to suffer no inconvenience afterwards.

The Regatta consisted chiefly of boat racing from one end of the basin to the other and back, and I was pleased to find my brother's boat was one of the prizes, in addition to this there was some racing in tubs, and canoes, in which the competitors stand upright and paddle them along. Both these modes of propulsion required considerable skill, particularly the latter. The most amusing part of all perhaps (for it certainly afforded the most merriment) was some duck racing. This consisted of chasing ducks thrown into the water, the men and boys jumping in after them, and as they overtake and catch them, swim with them under one arm, and make for the nearest landing place. Boats are ready to prevent accidents, and all passed off well, but it seemed to me a little dangerous in a basin with perpendicular walls. Every one appeared to enjoy themselves, and the good humour and order throughout the entertainment was delightful to observe. In the evening the town was illuminated, and the house of H. B. Majesty's Consul was scarcely inferior to any. Three beautiful flags—the Union Jack, the Tricolour, and the joint flags of the two great nations floated proudly over his portico. The Prefecture was of course, as it ought to be, the grandest display.

August 16th.—Left Caen after a most agreeable visit, in a carriage which we engaged for Bayeux and Isigny.

Rested the horses at Bayeux, and visited the beautiful cathedral, which is grand in the interior. One of its towers was partly taken down about three years ago to prevent its falling. We also visited the Bibliotheque Publique, where the wonderful piece of tapestry said to have been worked by Queen Mathilda is preserved. It is certainly a curious and interesting piece of work, descriptive of the Invasion of England by William the Conqueror, and each tableau (of which there are many) has a quaint Latin inscription descriptive of the event intended to be recorded. As a work of art, it is to be admired more for its antiquity and curious conception than for anything else: yet for the period, it has, in some respects, considerable merit, the whole style of thing reminds one of the Egyptian and Assyrian mode of recording history. About 5 P.M. we reached Isigny, and were comfortably housed at the *Hotel de la Grappe de Raisin*, kept by an excellent landlady Madame Desmarais.

Sunday, August 17th.—Isigny is a small town in the district of Calvados upon the river Aure, about half-way between Caen and Cherbourg, and a convenient spot to divide the journey. This little river communicates with the sea, by the Vire, at a distance of about six miles from the entrance of the Grand Vay. Being a tidal harbour Isigny can be approached by the river at high water, by vessels of small burthen through an intricate navigation. Carentan is another small tidal harbour, also approached from

the Grand Vay. A channel to Isigny is preserved by means of a partial embankment, which forms an agreeable promenade. The port appears to me capable of improvement, and might perhaps be made more useful than it is, with a little expense and trouble. A convenient basin might be constructed, where many small vessels could lie along-side the quays. At present there are but three in port. The river, which unites with the Vire, empties itself into a large estuary of the sea, which at low water is an extensive flat of sand and mud. A dyke of great extent to the right of this estuary, encloses some fine pasture meadows, and prevents any encroachment of the sea. The whole of the surrounding country is meadow land filled with fine cattle, and the staple commodity of Isigny is salt butter, which it exports largely to all parts of the North of France, and much of which is conveyed to Paris. Near to Isigny is a large depôt for the salted butter: I did not visit it.

Except the old Church and the Hotel de Ville there is little to observe in this place, which is a small town of some 2000 inhabitants: enlivened to-day by a market, which is held here twice a week, and by people tidily dressed, attending church. There is nothing remarkable in these parts in the costume, and except one old lady, no one wore the high coiffure, once in fashion. In a few years the railroad and steam, will, it is to be feared, banish all peculiarities of dress, not only in countries, but among nations.

August 18th.—Monday. Started at 8½ for Cherbourg a dull road, through St. Mere L'Eglise and Valognes, where we rested the horses. We passed several of the peasantry riding into market. The high cap now becomes more common, and is worn also by the young women, who look well with it. There are some young bright eyed lasses in these parts, but they for the most part wear caps fitting close to the head, which look like night caps, and hide one of nature's greatest ornaments. The road lies over a succession of gentle undulations, and is a continual up-and-down-hill road, on either side of which are hedge rows, now gay with convolvulus and honeysuckle, briars and graceful ferns, enclosing meadows, (well filled with cattle,) and many fine rich orchards. The scenery is of course tame, but pleasing, like many parts of England.

At St. Mere L'Eglise and at Valognes are churches, which if it were not in Normandy no one would think of mentioning, being neither remarkable for beauty, nor otherwise. At the Hotel at Valognes, the landlord shewed us a log of wood, which on the day of Napoleon being declared Emperor, was being chopped up in his court yard, when an image of a crucifix was discovered in the interior of the log—there it certainly was, but how the impression got there, is not so easily accounted for. The timber must have grown round it.

The same up and down hill route continues to Cherbourg, the immediate approach to which is strikingly beautiful. At a sudden turn of the road, the first peep

is obtained of the sea, with a portion of the great works of masonry rising above it, surmounted by forts, and a fine bold barren rock, called the Montagne du Roule, crowned with a fort on its summit, rises grandly at the entrance of Cherbourg, on the right, while the hills around are covered with the richest verdure, which, as we passed through them on entering the town, reminded me forcibly of the scenery of Devonshire, to which it bears a close resemblance.

Finding the *Hotel de l'Europe* full, which being situated on the quay of the Basin du Commerce, is the most attractive, we got rooms at the *Hotel du Commerce*, in one of the principal streets of the town. It was not many minutes before I found myself standing on the Quai Napoleon, facing the great roadstead for men-of-war, said to be capable of containing a fleet of 30 sail of the line, besides frigates and smaller vessels, and viewing with deep interest the magnificent breakwater, which extended in front of me, proudly over which, with a strong breeze blowing from the Northward, the waves were making a clean sweep, rising considerably above it, and falling in a succession of jets d'eau into the harbour, along the whole line of the breakwater, or as it is called "la Digue," with much grandeur. The total length of this gigantic breakwater is 12,363 feet, upwards of two miles and a quarter: it is 30 feet wide on its summit, and rises ten feet above high water mark in one uniform surface of beautifully finished masonry, the lower part under water being rubble with

a wide spreading base of upwards of 300 feet. With the exception of one line of battle ship, with her top gallant masts down, which was lying pretty close under the breakwater, two steam vessels, four or five other ships, and a few fishing boats, there was no other shipping to be seen from where I was now standing, a point of view embracing a great extent, perhaps about two thirds, but not the whole of the entire length of the breakwater. There may probably be other vessels lying in the little roadstead off the dockyard.

The same remarks, as regards the paucity of shipping, applies to the basin used for merchant shipping which is quite apart from the naval arsenal lying to the Eastward of it, and is of no great extent, probably capable of accommodating between 200 and 300 vessels. As a commercial port Cherbourg has indeed but little trade. The imports are various, and supply the district of La Manche, but the chief export is said to be butter and eggs. The fisheries are carried on in small boats and occupy 300 or 400 men and about 90 vessels. To the right is a small sandy bay, which is used for bathing.

There is an establishment des Bains-de-Mer, a few bathing machines on the beach, but no row of houses, which I should think would rise there before long. Beyond these is situated the Fort de Flamand, built on the Flamand Rocks, at the Eastern extremity of the great Bay of Cherbourg, which is nearly four miles in extent. To the left lies the dockyard, while in front is seen the breakwater with its central fort and light-

house, with another fort on its Eastern extremity. To the right or Eastward of the breakwater lies the Ile Pelée with a very strong fort. This fort was once called Fort Royal, afterwards Fort Nationale, and is now known as Fort Impériale. It has also a lighthouse upon it, and to the right of that again, on the main land the Fort de Flamand is seen, as above mentioned. This was the first glimpse I obtained of the magnificent harbour of Cherbourg, but from this point of view the *entire* length of the breakwater with its several forts is not seen, as I have stated, neither is the Fort de Querqueville which stands at the extremity of a point of land which forms the Western extremity of Cherbourg Bay, similar in position to the Fort de Flamand at the Eastern extremity, and has a lighthouse upon it. On the breakwater there are now four strong forts, not quite finished, and there will eventually be five. The original intention appears to have been to have had three, one at each end and one in the centre, called Fort Central, but a fourth is now being constructed. The fort at the farthest end to the Westward, with the Fort Querqueville guards the Western passage. The fifth fort will of course be placed equidistant from the centre fort, and that at the farther end to the Eastward, which latter, with Fort Napoleon, will guard the Eastern passage.

August 19th and 20th were passed at Cherbourg, carefully visiting the dockyard, through every part of which we were obligingly permitted to pass without any

difficulty being made, and as leisurely as we pleased. It is impossible to imagine anything better arranged, and the contrast to some of our own, is striking. This is of course the natural, and, perhaps, unavoidable result of patchwork. Land has been purchased and added, from time to time, to our dockyards, here a bit and there a bit, and the buildings and storehouses are not so conveniently arranged as they might have been. At Cherbourg any such patch-work would have been unpardonable, consequently all is there admirably planned, and everything in its right place.

There are two large basins, at the end of one of which are four building slips for frigates, with noble walls and roofs. Inner basins of enormous size are now being excavated in the solid rock, behind those already constructed, with which they will communicate. Into the large basins four beautifully constructed dry docks will open. These are nearly completed, and there will be two other docks, not yet commenced. There will also be slips for building line of battle ships.

The vastness of these works is astonishing, and not less so the energy and activity displayed in carrying them out. When all is completed, there will be nothing in the world to equal Cherbourg as a naval arsenal. The greater part of the works are faced with granite, and the masonry is beautifully finished. The dockyard is entirely surrounded by a wall, and with strong fortifications, with a large intervening space. At the back of the dockyard, between

the outer wall and fortifications, are some well constructed buildings, one of which is a large barrack for soldiers, with an excellent parade ground.

We also visited the Fort Querqueville, and were permitted to pass through it. It is surrounded with fortified outworks and a moat. On entering the Fort is a row of buildings for residences, and behind these the barracks, which would accommodate I think about 1200 men. They are built at an obtuse angle, with two rows of loop holes for muskets, splaying out considerably and at first giving the impression that they were pierced for cannon. There are 33 of these on either side the centre. On ascending the staircase, in the interior, two beautiful corridors, extend right and left the whole range of the building.

Passing under the centre archway of the barracks, we found ourselves on a semicircular plateau, upon which, under arches, are ranged the cannon. There are 48 of these arches but only 44 guns at present mounted. Ascending a short ladder placed us on the broad sloping parapet of Fort Querqueville facing the sea. On this parapet guns might possibly be placed, but the men entirely exposed. The sea washes over it, and I doubt if the guns under the arches could be effectually served in a stiff breeze or gale, as I found the platform still very wet from the spray of yesterday. These arches are quite open, but might be boarded up if necessary, but the sea would wash in at the embrasures and greatly incommode the men, if the wind was from the Northward with any

send of the sea. The same remark applies to all the forts on the breakwater.

Retracing our steps and proceeding to the right of the Fort, there are 12 guns mounted on platforms facing the sea, and on the left 5. There are also on each of these platforms a mortar. The number of guns particularly on the left might be increased.

On the slope of the hill below the road, and close to it, in St. Anne's Bay, between Cherbourg and Querqueville, are some 30 or 40 cannon not yet mounted, and recently placed there, along the shore of the bay.

Visited Fort des Flamands, which is built on a rock entirely surrounded by the sea, but connected with the main land by means of a causeway, which also helps to form one side of an artificial harbour, in which small vessels may take shelter. This fort recently constructed is considerably smaller than that of Querqueville, but appeared to me to be stronger built, a master piece of masonry, and admirably adapted to defend the passage between Isle Pelée and the main land, which is navigable for gunboats or small vessels. It mounts two rows of guns, 70 in all. The lower range, which is all bomb proof and entirely enclosed, is pierced for 36 cannons. There are at present only about a dozen mounted. The upper tier, which are all mounted, are on iron slides of a new construction, easily worked by few men. The fort is approached by a drawbridge from the causeway, and is capable of accommodating from 200 to 300 men, but not more. No expense has been spared upon this

fort, which though small is a splendid work. We also visited the Fort du Homet, once called Fort d'Artois, which stands on a rock surrounded by the tide at high water close to the main land, and at the further or Western extremity of the dockyard. It is about midway between Fort des Flamands and Fort Querqueville. Fort du Homet is also a circular fort of immense strength, built of solid blocks of granite, on the plans of Vauban, and I should think capable of resisting any conceivable amount of shot and shells, and proof against all the Lancaster guns that could be brought to bear upon it. It mounts in all 76 guns, I believe, including 18 which I counted on the upper platform or parapet. It has two rows of casements and the interior of the fort has barracks for about 300 or 400 men, and large powder magazines.

Of the Hill Forts surrounding the town, I did not think so much as some people do. They appear to me to be *comparatively* insignificant. The fort on the Rock du Roule appears to be pierced for only six guns, but I did not go up to it.

Fort Octaville is an old fort, or redoubt, which a handful of men would easily take. It is a fort in name only, indeed the land defences appear to me scarcely worth all that has been said about them. They strike me as poor indeed, compared to the forts I have been accustomed to see in Austria.

Cherbourg faces the North (true), and was an entirely open and exposed roadstead, if roadstead it could be

called, until the magnificent breakwater was formed, which has now rendered it a safe anchorage for a large fleet of men-of-war, from whichever quarter the wind may blow. The importance of such a harbour may be well conceived, when we reflect that along the entire line of the Northern coast of France, there are but a few comparatively insignificant tidal harbours, such as Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, and Le Havre, the latter of which is the only one of any importance, and that but little suited for war purposes.

Many years have passed away since the subject of creating a great naval arsenal at Cherbourg, was first entertained by Louis XIV, at the suggestion of Maréchal de Vauban, but it was not till the reign of Louis XVI that any active steps were taken. In 1784 the first cone was sunk, and the works have gone on, with occasional interruptions, to the present time. The basins for shipping, cut out of the solid rock, and faced with granite are works of surprising grandeur, when we reflect that they were formed upon an open and an exposed coast, and that art alone has formed this magnificent harbour in the centre of a great bay, extending from Cape Levi on the East, to Cape La Hague, on the West, which afforded no shelter whatever when the wind was in any other direction than Southerly, when vessels might be protected under the land. The environs are beautiful. We drove to a pretty spot belonging to General Dumoncel, a few miles from the town. A good view is obtained of Cherbourg

on reaching the summit of the hill. The whole scenery is charming. There is little to be seen in the town itself, which is small and clean, but there seems little doing there, except at the dockyard, where the greatest activity prevails. We observed many soldiers at Cherbourg with the British Crimean medal, with which they appear well pleased.

There is a small collection of pictures in the town, which was presented by the late Mr. Henry, some of which are good. The Eglise Sainte Trinité stands on the quay. It is in no way remarkable.

Thursday, August 21st.—Left Cherbourg *en route* for Granville, a pleasant journey through a beautiful and varied country, very like that in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells. At Bricquebeck there is a fine old ivy mantled tower of the unusual form of ten sides, and of great antiquity. Rested the horses and ourselves at St. Sauveur le Vicomte, where there is a noble ruin of an old castle, of which I made a sketch *en passant*. There is also an old abbey in a secluded spot: it is difficult to get a view of it until approached. A clear river flows through St. Sauveur le Vicomte, which is evidently a favourite spot for the disciples of Isaac Walton: two or three of whom passed me whilst I was sketching.

At La Haye du Puits, a neat little village, still stands the tower of another old castle, a fine ruin which seemed doomed a few years ago, when they were pulling down the walls, to make roads, according to

Murray, who severely censures them ; but I suspect their probable object was to build a handsome church, now nearly completed ; in either case, I admit, it was at the best, a barbarous proceeding. We reached Lessay at 6 P.M., and there remained at a small auberge, called the *Trois Marchands*. This is a poor dirty little place, but possesses a fine old church with a massive tower, a good specimen of Norman architecture. It is difficult to obtain a sight of it, as it is so much shut in by trees and by a large house adjoining. The best view is from the road, and from a private path leading through an archway at the end of the avenue.

Friday, August 22nd.—On quitting Lessay the road crosses a vast extent of common, with little else than turf upon it, and resembling some of the smaller bogs of Ireland. There is not much to interest one until approaching Coutances, when a view of the beautiful, sharp, needle-pointed spires of the cathedral, is suddenly obtained, and is very charming. The cathedral stands upon the summit of the hill on which the town of Coutances is built, the streets ascending to it, on one side, and immediately descending on the other very rapidly and steep. It is certainly one of the most exquisite specimens of architecture I have yet seen, and I suppose it to be of the purest gothic, but do not pretend to be well informed on ecclesiastic architecture, to revel in which was not my motive in visiting this land ; as it is of many, no doubt. The interior of the cathedral is handsome, but similar to many other interiors, and not

striking. Beyond the cathedral, on the descent of the hill, stands another beautiful specimen of architecture called "L'Eglise St. Pierre," almost equal in beauty to the cathedral itself, but not of such simple grandeur, the style being somewhat of the florid gothic. The Church of St. Nicholas, which is on the ascent of the hill, before reaching the cathedral, if it is remarkable for anything, can only be considered so for its ugliness and disgracefully neglected state. St. Pierre is also much neglected, some very excellent paintings in the interior are all being rapidly destroyed from damp and shameful neglect. Everything at Coutances bears the appearance of being near the sea, the dampness of the walls, and the green coating on many of the buildings are apparent enough. The nearest point of the coast is about six miles distance. Except the churches there is little to delay one at this place.

Three hours we found ample, and proceeded on to Granville, by a road of no attraction, but occupying only two or three hours. Anything more *triste* than Granville appeared, under the aspect I first saw it, it is difficult to imagine, a misty evening with occasional rain, dead low water, and nothing but mud in the harbour, mud too of a "green and yellow" melancholy hue, and the stench! not one redeeming thing, in fact, in favor of it. How different an aspect it may sometimes present. I can imagine a glorious sunshine, the sombre granite houses lit up, high water and the harbour full, and all the numerous fishing boats, and other craft

afloat, some under sail, the sea sparkling in sun-light, this would doubtless convey to the mind a widely different feeling: verily there is a bright and a dark side to every picture under the sun, but with every wish to view all things *colour de rose*, it would be mockery to attempt to do so with Granville, as I first set eyes on it.

The vessels lying in the mud in the harbour, consisted almost entirely of fishing boats. I have seldom seen so many together. Except the fishing boats there were but few other vessels, three or four colliers discharging their cargoes, and about as many vessels laden with iron bars, and deal planks. Two or three small cutters, for the protection of the fisheries and revenue, completed the list of vessels in port.

A new harbour or basin, of granite material, which is obtained from the neighbouring isles Chausey, is in course of construction and nearly completed, with substantial quays, and will be fitted with a caisson or flood gate. This will be a great improvement to Granville, as vessels may remain in it afloat, entering and going out at high water. Many gun vessels might lie here with security. The harbour is not easy of approach, I imagine, in bad weather, from the rocks which lie off it, some of which, at low water, are just a-wash, and others just above water, while some are probably under. The pier is a good substantial work, and would serve to defend the harbour. There are at present, however, only six guns lying on it not mounted.

Saturday, August 23rd.—A beautiful day, with a

bright sun and cloudless sky. How different as I expected is the aspect of Granville. The sea sparkling, the harbour full of water, fishing boats under sail, all the vessels, which were yesterday in the mud, now afloat, with sails unfurled for drying.

Enjoyed a walk up to the barracks and round by the lighthouse, on Cape Lieu, which stands on a rocky promontary, round which is cut a narrow pathway, overhanging the sea, and by making the circuit of which, the harbour is reached. A fine panorama is seen from hence, and the Isles of Chausey very distinctly. On a clear day Jersey too may be seen, but though bright enough here, the island was not visible. The chief attraction of Granville to summer visitors is the bathing. Through a pathway, or gap in the rocky cliffs, which line this coast, is the descent to the sands, which are excellent for the purpose, but there are no bathing machines. Ladies are carried down in a sort of canvass sedan chair.

A drive of about three hours brought us in the evening to Avranches. The first part of the road is uninteresting enough, but the latter, when a view is obtained of the sea, and of Mont St. Michel rising out of it, looking over a well wooded country, is very beautiful. Avranches, a quiet dull town, where people resort for cheapness of living, and where there are a few English residing, stands prettily on the slope of a steep hill, commanding a beautiful and extensive view over a rich and largely wooded country. Its situation is its chief attraction.

Sunday, August 24th.—Attended the English church, and enjoyed a stroll up to the plateau, whence a fine view is obtained of the surrounding country, and of Mont St. Michel, on which stands the old abbey surmounting the rock upon which it is built. The whole appearing at a distance like St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, judging from drawings, as I have never seen it myself. The Island of Tombelain is also a feature in the landscape. A fine statue, well proportioned, in marble, on a granite pedestal, stands at the end of a promenade, which leads to the ascent of the plateau. It represents General Valhubert, whose cast of countenance something resembles the late Emperor Napoleon. The head dress of the peasantry in the neighbourhood is singular. A few came into the town to-day. It consists of a high and conical cap, worn at the back of the head, colored blue, with white triangular flaps at the side. The coiffure is worn about Cherbourg, but not seen afterwards except occasionally, and this is quite a different head dress. The hotel we stopped at was the *Hotel de Londres*—which has a small piece of garden at the back—an excellent house and well conducted. There are I believe some mineral waters at or near Avranches, but their properties I did not learn. They are used for baths.

Monday, August 25th.—At an early hour this morning I got a good view of Mont St. Michel, with the sun shining full upon it and lighting up the Abbey and buildings. The air too from the plateau was most

agreeably fresh. It is always my practice to rise early, and enjoy a stroll about 6 A.M., a good rule for all travellers. It would have required a day to visit Mont St. Michel, which we could not spare, but must be satisfied with a view of it, and with the beautiful work of M. Bonet, who has delineated all parts of the Abbey with great skill in a splendid folio.

Started at 8½ for St. Malo, a good view of Mont St. Michel is obtained from the road. Rested the horses at Dol, which is a very ancient town, chiefly remarkable for its cathedral, built entirely of granite, as are the generality of the houses. Granite is found in the neighbourhood, and a good sized block sells for three francs. Proceeded on to St. Malo. As we approached by the "Route d'Orleans," which faces the sea and leads by a causeway to the town, we found the road thronged with people, returning from some races. The town was very full, and the *Hotel de France* in a state of commotion, but this all subsided towards nightfall.

Tuesday, August 26th.—Remained at St. Malo and enjoyed the sea view, rambling on the rocks and sands, and inhaling the breezes. There are few places where the sands are finer, and the sea view is relieved by the numerous rocks which lie off the coast, some of which have forts built upon them. The entrance to the harbour is intricate, but these many rocks serve as a protection to St. Malo, as the coast must be approached with caution, and several, as I have said, have forts erected upon them. On one of these islands, called "Grand Bey,"

is the tomb of Chateaubriand, who was a native of St. Malo.

St. Malo which stands on a rock joined to the mainland, by a narrow strip or causeway, is entirely surrounded with fortifications, but at low water the whole place is "high and dry," which I imagine is another security to the place, as vessels cannot approach very near to it, except at high water. The rise and fall is between forty and fifty feet. In these days, however, of Lancaster guns and other long range projectiles, this is perhaps no great security. The massive walls and towers of enormous strength, built of granite, which surround the town, are highly imposing. The houses too are built of granite, and, when not in sun-light, look sombre enough. The harbour is commodious but there is at present but little shipping in it, and unlike Granville, scarcely a single fishing boat is to be seen. These are to be found in the neighbouring little port of Cancales. The principal roadstead is at the entrance of the river Rance, which is navigable for small vessels, as high as Dinan. There are forts at the entrance and a small dockyard, with building slips, at Solidor on the bank: many small merchant vessels of 200 or 300 tons are built at St. Malo.

St. Malo is very strongly fortified, and the walls are kept in excellent repair. As a summer residence for the sea side, and for bathing, it is one of the most attractive spots I have seen on the coast. Its position for this purpose is perfect, and yet it seems to be comparatively

not much frequented. There were strangers enough, but mostly casual visitors, from the Channel Islands, which closely adjoin, and with which there is constant steam communication. An excellent view of St. Malo is obtained by crossing the harbour.

Wednesday, August 27th.—A drive of three hours or thereabouts brought us to Dinan, where we rested at the *Hotel du Commerce*. Steamers run between this and St. Malo on certain days of the week, when there is water enough, and the river voyage is no doubt agreeable. On the road we passed Fort de Chateau-neuf, which was built by the late Emperor. It contains a vast quantity of gun-powder under ground, and there are several subterranean vaults and passages. We were permitted to enter the fort, and walk round the ramparts.

Dinan is remarkable for the beauty of its situation. The principal part of the town stands on a hill above the river, which flows through a deep valley, crossed by a splendid bridge on arches recently constructed. The old walls of the town, and the large round towers still standing, are of great interest, and there is an appearance of antiquity throughout the buildings which here too, as at St. Malo, are chiefly of granite. The environs are extremely beautiful. We passed the afternoon in a little excursion, visiting the spot where some mineral waters take their rise, situated in a romantic dell, richly wooded, which is reached by a zig-zag pathway. The asylum for imbeciles, close to the town, is a noble institution, surrounded by a wall, which encloses an area of

three miles. There are between 500 and 600 poor people confined here, and I understand that the lenient system is adopted, and restraint only used in extreme cases. Dinan is a curious old town, with narrow streets, and projecting fronts, resting on granite pillars, or massive posts, forming porches underneath, the buildings being almost entirely of granite. The cathedral, also of granite is grand, particularly the interior, which struck me as remarkably fine in its proportions. The fort is ancient. Dinan is a place where one might pass many days agreeably in visiting the country round-about, but we were obliged to be content here, as elsewhere, with a passing glance.

Thursday, August 28th.—Left Dinan for St. Brieuc. The roads throughout Normandy and Brittany are admirable, and kept in the best possible order. A four hours drive brought us to Lamballe, where we rested the horses. The country is not attractive until approaching St. Brieuc, where there is less common land, and more cultivation, and a great extent of ground appeared to be planted with onions, garlicks, and other vegetables, the former extremely well grown. St. Brieuc is a place of no attraction whatever that I could discover, except some pleasant promenades, and there are two handsome newly built churches. Some curious old houses are to be seen in the town, but so similar to all quaint old houses in these parts that one almost ceases to regard them. It is about two hours drive from Lamballe ; we came quick. The horses in Brittany are of a small

breed, but fast, and full of courage and high spirits. Obtained rooms at the *Hotel Tassin*.

Friday, August 29th.—In the early morning some infantry were exercising, and their band playing, which enlivened the place. Started en route for Morlaix, intending to divide the journey by stopping at Belle Isle. For a few days past I have noticed the people threshing the corn, out of doors, on level plots of ground, a very different mode to that adopted in England, and elsewhere, and reminds me of the same process which is common in Italy—a country better adapted for it. A good deal of the corn remains to be carried in these parts, where little however is grown. There is much waste land, and one cannot but be struck already with the difference between the rich country of Normandy, and the poor aspect of Brittany. I know not why, but the sheep in these parts are generally black.

Guingamp where we rested the horses, is a small dull old town, with a church of some interest and several curious old houses, some of which I amused myself with sketching. It has a singular old fountain with winged sea horses, and winged nymphs, the former spouting water from their mouths, the latter from their breast, which is not pretty, and reminds one of a certain fountain at Brussels, which most travellers must have seen, where art has copied Nature rather too closely. The people (except in the towns), are squalid and filthy, and the cottages the same. Anything less attractive in either it would be difficult to imagine. I do not

think I have anywhere seen the equal, not even in the worst parts of Mayo, where, though the cottages are worse, the people are a shade better.

In two or three hours we arrived at Belle-Isle-en-terre, at the *Hotel Daniel*. This is a charming little spot, quite entitled to its appellation Belle, situated at the foot of surrounding hills, and rich in verdure and cultivation, standing not upon an island, apparently, but at the confluence of two small rivers abounding in salmon trout, a spot well suited for a sportsman, and where when tired of fishing he may shoot partridges, grouse, &c. Of the the town the least said the better, dirty and slovenly in all respects, but it looks picturesque from the hills, and adds to the beauty of the view. The people speak a language entirely their own, and as unintelligible as the Irish. French is not understood by them.

Saturday, August 30th.—Up hill and down hill to Morlaix. Many parts of the country pleasing, and a beautiful panorama obtained from the summit of one of the hills not far from Belle Isle, over looking a great extent of country. The corn is still standing in small stacks in the several fields. It is left there to dry, and is then threshed out, and carried in. They seem to have no granaries. The road passes through the little village of Le Ponthou, and is not of much interest, till Morlaix is reached, which is beautifully situated among the hills with a river flowing through, which serves as a port communicating with the sea at a distance of about

six miles, and accessible for small vessels, and for a steam vessel of some size, which goes to Havre once or twice a week. Obtained rooms at the *Hotel d'Europe*.

Arriving early we spent the afternoon and drove down the right bank, till we approached near enough to see the entrance from the sea, which is bound with rocks. The scenery is pretty, the banks of the river being richly wooded, and steep and rocky in parts. A road is carried on either side of it and a row of trees, planted by the road, forms an agreeable promenade. This we learn by an inscription on a stone, let into the rock is the "Course Beaumont." The river is narrow till it nears its mouth, and remarkable for its depth of water, in as much as it may be stepped over, a mile or two up the stream, above the town, where it is only a rivulet. It is in fact, an inlet of the sea, and the tide in its rise and fall, which is considerable, joins the rivulet. Quays extend on either side, and a basin has just been constructed, which will enable the steamer and one or two vessels to lie afloat, by means of floodgates. In the port of Morlaix, there were only three small sloops and the Havre steam boat; I imagine there are seldom more. Many horses were embarked in the latter, the surrounding country, particularly Roscoff, a small sea port on the neighbouring coast, supplies a large number of horses for the army.

The environs of Morlaix are beautiful, and abound in pleasant walks. I scarcely know a prettier ramble than that which may be had by following the right bank of

the stream for a mile or two up. I also enjoyed a stroll up some of the hills whence the town is seen, prettily situated in the hollow. Many of the houses are built against the steep rocky cliffs, so that the roofs of the houses and garrets are in contact at the back, and gardens above them. On either side of the narrow river the banks are clothed with foliage, and the scenery is of the most agreeable character. The houses are generally ancient and look picturesque with their gables fronting the quay, and each story projecting over the other, while in some parts the whole house projects, leaving a large porch or colonnade, supported on pillars of granite, or heavy pieces of timber. In some of the narrow streets the projecting gables, as they reach the garret floors, approximate so close that neighbours may literally shake hands out of the windows. Granite is the material used here, as elsewhere, in these parts, and the plan of white washing the houses and leaving their sides, and the edges of the windows, with granite facings, is generally adopted. The edges of the roof and of the garret windows are also left white, and look almost like snow against the brown moss-covered roofs of the old houses in the town.

We remained the Sunday, 31st August, at Morlaix, and had an opportunity of seeing the peasantry in their costume. There is little remarkable in the female dress, a plain white cap, shawl folded over the breasts, and apron with pockets, the upper part being pinned up to the shawl. The latter is universal, and the only

characteristic. Some of the men wear the large broad brimmed hat, and coat and waistcoat with numerous buttons.

Monday, September 1st.—An up-and-down route of two hours, many of the hills very steep, brought us to St. Pol de Leon, famed for the noble spire of the church called the Creizker, which deserves all the admiration which has been bestowed upon it. It rises to a height of nearly 400 feet, springing from a square lancet-windowed tower in the Norman style of architecture, with four small turrets or spires at the four angles. These are all, as is the spire, of open fretwork. The effect is very fine, and the proportions most beautiful. One of the best views of the spire is from the end of a street leading to the *Hotel de France*, or thereabouts. All the beauty of the Creizker is without: within it is of little note, except it be for its disgracefully neglected state: the grass will soon grow on the walls, which are green with damp. The interior of the cathedral (equally neglected) is far superior, and finer in architecture. The exterior is also good. A curious custom prevails here of placing skulls in little wooden boxes, built in the form of chapels, with a cross on the top. The name of the once owner is written in front, and the date of demise—some as recent as 1840. A strange custom. In the cemetery are a few skulls, without names, exposed to public gaze, in some ancient niches, with ivy growing about them, reminding one of the skulls in Muckross Abbey, in Ireland.

The country to Lesneven is of no interest, and much of it uncultivated. The road was enlivened by the return of the peasantry from market, the men wearing large hats and caps, like Italian fishermen, and long hair, and one man I noticed with large, loose, many-folded breeches, (common enough as we advanced) reaching half way down the thigh, such as I have only seen in pictures. Numerous stone crosses are seen in all parts, some very ancient and curious, cut out of solid blocks of granite, the top of the cross surmounted with figures of the Virgin Mary, besides that of the Saviour. The number of crosses, of various sizes, is quite remarkable. Arrived at Lesneven, at the *Hotel de la Grande Maison*, to dine and sleep. A dull little town.

Tuesday, September 2nd.—At a distance of about half a mile, we came to Folgoat, where there is a Gothic church, with a spire similar in character to that at St. Pol de Leon, but not so lofty. It is, nevertheless, a fine specimen of Gothic, and far surpasses it, in its elaborate architecture, and beautifully sharp ornamental work, both inside and out.

Arrived early in the forenoon at Brest, and found rooms at the *Hotel de Provence*. Devoted the whole afternoon to visiting the dockyard and harbour, in which were lying one ship of the line, two frigates, and three large steam vessels, besides other smaller vessels. The roadstead is approached by a narrow, well-defended entrance, the "Goulet," said to be impregnable, which expands into a fine open sheet of water, of great depth,

which it retains for some distance up the bay, into which one or two rivers empty themselves. This great bay has all the appearance of a loch, which, in fact, it may be called, and with its placid waters, and ships lying quietly at their anchors, has a pleasing appearance. The port is at the entrance of an inlet, and divided into two parts, known as the Port de Commerce and Port Militaire. The dockyard is situated up this inlet of the bay, into which the river Penfeld flows. It is a contracted rocky gorge, with deep water, in which line-of-battle ships can lie close alongside the wharves of the dockyard, which is built on each side of the river. The principal buildings stand one above another, on the left bank, in three rows, the foundations for them having been cut in the precipitous rock. The upper is a long range of buildings, used for the Hopital de la Marine, and the Convict Establishment, or the "Bagne," as it is termed, where the convicts are lodged,—and the Hospital belonging to it. There are at present 1540, but the number is diminishing, as penal servitude in the colonies is now resorted to. The building is divided into various wards, and the convicts are separated into gangs of 12 or 14 for each bed, if bed it may be called, a large sloping board, about the height of a table, with six or seven oakum mattresses on either side, rolled up in the day time, and large iron staples, to which the unfortunate men are attached with a chain, which runs through the rings of those which are fastened to their legs. Nearly all the convicts, or forçats, as they are

called, are in heavy chains, and are, for the most part, linked two and two together. Those of the best character have only the iron on the leg. Some are under sentence for different periods of time : others for life. They wear loose, coarse coats, of a red or brickdust color : those with yellow sleeves are under sentence for second offences. A few, who were not at work in the arsenal, were amusing themselves with making various articles for sale. Many of these are ingenious. We purchased a few things, by way of encouragement to the poor fellows. They all appear to have a worn look, from hard work, scanty fare, close confinement, and close cropped hair, which reveals many an ill-formed skull to those who happen to indulge in craniology. They are, however, said to enjoy good health, although seldom tasting animal food, except that which they can purchase out of their little earnings of a penny or twopence a-day : one fourth of which is formed into a fund for the benefit of the convict when released. The convicts employed in our dockyards are allowed six ounces of meat a day.* On entering the ground, we were shewn the spot where the unhappy men are guillotined, when sentenced to death. One of the many good acts of the present Emperor, has been the abolishing of work on a Sunday among these poor outcasts of society.

In the second tier of buildings is the ropery, worked by a steam engine, and the whole process is seen. There are

* Great World of London : Henry Mayhew, page 215.

other workshops here—such as the carpenters, blacksmiths, &c.

Crossing the harbour, we visited the armoury, which far surpasses any other I have seen in extent and beauty of arrangement, and admirable order in which every weapon is kept, quite ready for parade even. The model loft is also interesting. Figure heads of ships, beautifully and artistically designed. In such matters the French put us to the shame. On this side the harbour are many buildings, barracks, and workshops, as well as steam factories, and victualling premises, &c. A gigantic arch is built over the road of the quay, the wall of the arch extending from the rock on one side, to the edge of the quay on the other, where a square tower overhangs the quay wall. Ships come alongside this tower, on the top of which a crane will be fixed to lift out the boilers and machinery, which are then to be conveyed along a tramway connected by a road with the *Atelier des Capucins*, so called from its having been formerly a Capuchin friar convent, with fine gardens, which many still remember. This archway and the road, tramway, &c., above, are built to facilitate the taking out ships, and embarking, the machinery made or repaired at the great Iron and Steam Works, at the *Atelier des Capucins*. A new bridge is being constructed to cross the harbour, which will supersede the use of ferry boats, which are now flitting backwards and forwards. Brest is purely a naval arsenal and not a port of any commerce. There are, however, many fishing vessels.

The town is of an ordinary character, with some good houses and shops, and one or two squares, but the streets are generally steep. There are no remarkable buildings. One of the best range is the barrack, where the *État Majority* is situated: a quadrangular piece of ground with trees on one side,—and the Hopital and Eglise St. Louis. We had a little difficulty in obtaining permission to visit the yard, but on using the name of our kind friend Sir Anthony Perrier, the esteemed British Consul at Brest, who was (unluckily for us) absent from his post, we were immediately admitted. I was unfortunate in not meeting my friend Lieut. de Bray, an officer of the French navy, who distinguished himself while serving with Captain Kellett, in the Arctic Seas, in H. M. S. Resolute, where he won the esteem of all the officers and men. He was stationed at Brest, but we missed each other, to our mutual regret I am sure.

Wednesday, September 3rd.—Having seen the dock-yard, there is little else to detain one at Brest. I passed the day in walking round the ramparts, and enjoying that part which overlooks the roadstead where five ships of war at anchor, added not a little to the beauty of the view. By the water side there was a detachment of the marine practising both morning and afternoon firing at a floating target with the Minie rifle. The distance was great, and as I stood midway, well out of the line of fire, as may be supposed, I could distinctly hear the whiz of the balls, but could not see

them as they passed. I think they were recruits, as most of the shot fell into the water wide of the mark, and the target was very decidedly the safest spot in the neighbourhood.

September 4th.—Left Brest in the afternoon, for Quimper, remained the night at Landerneau, a pretty little town with two handsome churches, on the river of the same name, where we were comfortably lodged at the *Hotel de l'Universe*.

September 5th.—Left Landerneau about 8 A.M., I amused myself with sketching one of the churches. A steamer plies between Port Launay and Brest. At Chateaulin great pains are being taken to deepen the river, and many men are at work. Chateaulin where we rested the horses, is pleasantly situated on the river Aulne, which falls into the river de Chateaulin, sweeping prettily through the town, and is crossed by a fine stone bridge. We noticed that much land, both on our journey yesterday and to day is not under cultivation, and the ferns, mingled with broom, furze, and heath, grow in wild profusion, the latter often of a beautiful colour. There are but few cottages and few people. The roads are kept in perfect order, and mounds of stone neatly packed at regular intervals for their repair. The men generally wear long hair, streaming down the side and back of the head like the Norwegian peasantry. Arrived at Quimper at 6 P.M. at the *Hotel de l'Epée*.

Quimper is situated prettily on the river Odet, which, a little lower down, is navigable by vessels of large

draught of water. It empties itself into the Bay of Biscay, at a distance of about nine miles, and is chiefly remarkable for its beautiful cathedral, which has had two elegant spires recently added to its noble towers. The whole is of elegant proportions. The style is that of St. Pol de Leon. The interior is of much grandeur, the first columns are massive with clusters of slender columns, and the second are plain round massive columns of great circumference, like those of Durham Cathedral. These two columns, varying from all the others have a peculiar effect. Quimper is a small town with many curious old houses, such as are common in all the towns in Brittany. There is a charming avenue on the left bank of the Odel, above which rises a steep rocky precipice, well wooded and clothed with rich verdure. At the foot of this hill our Hotel stands, fronting a large chateau, the residence of the Préfecture. A walk up the hill, just above this house, and another round the old walls, well repays.

The costume of the people is pretty, and some of the dresses of the women remarkably so, there is a great variety. The men too are often in costume with large loose breeches to the knee, large hats, and long hair. The children with large hats, and flowing hair, look more picturesque than the men, whose lengthened locks are not very pleasing, many of them as long as the hair on any woman's head. Being market day we are in luck to see so many varieties of dress.

September 6th.—Left Quimper on our way to L'Orient,

intending to stop at Quimperlé, for the Sunday, in preference to L'Orient, where the dockyard is said to be the only object of attraction. The quantity of land not under cultivation is extraordinary, and of good land too to all appearance, we passed many miles of it to day. Quimperlé (where we obtained rooms at the *Hotel du Lion d'or*) is prettily situated on a small river, of the same name, at a distance of about six miles from the sea, and is navigable for small vessels drawing from six to nine feet, as far as this place. There is a bar near the mouth of the river, which is dry at low water, but vessels can lie afloat within it.

Sunday, September 7th.—Many of the peasantry came into the town to day in costume, and the church was as full as it could hold, at high mass, but scarcely any of the male population attending, possibly for want of room. Some of the costumes are very handsome and richly embroidered. The large loose knee breeches are only worn by the old men, and are evidently going out of vogue, but many wear knee breeches of the ordinary description. All wear large broad-brimmed hats, and long flowing locks hanging down to the shoulders, whilst the females hide all their hair under caps. The greater part of both sexes use the sabots, both here and elsewhere, throughout Normandy and Brittany, and the clatter of these clogs as they pass to and fro, through the paved streets is somewhat enlivening. The women's dresses, neatly embroidered, are becoming: both at Quimper and Quimperlé, and the surrounding neighbour-

hood, the costumes are numerous and varied. At the latter place a chalice, or sacramental cup, with the cross, is neatly worked on the back of the men's coats, many of which are of blue cloth, but some of light flannel richly embroidered, with black cloth waistcoat, studded with buttons, as well as embroidery.

The country around is picturesque, and I enjoyed a long ramble down the right bank of the river, through some meadows, and along the lower ridge of a steep rocky eminence, rising above the river, and covered with trees. The loose rocks lying about are clothed with moss of the richest green, and all the foliage and verdure is most beautiful, the ferns are particularly fine and graceful. In the evening (both last night, on account of a marriage, and this evening, there was a little dance among the peasants under the trees in the promenade fronting our Hotel.) An old blind man of seventy-nine years, blind too from the age of four months, played the flute admirably and with great vigour, his fingers working with extraordinary freedom and rapidity—

“ His withered cheeks and tresses grey,
“ Seemed to have known a better day,”

while a young man, in the bloom of youth, accompanied him with the bagpipes, a good subject for an artist. As I looked at the old man, I thought of the Lay of the Last Minstrel—he had all the appearance of—

“ A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
“ Who begged his bread from door to door,
“ And turned to please a peasant's ear.”

This indeed he did most effectually, for I never witnessed a scene of more quiet contentment and pleasure. The dance consisted of a string of people joining hands together, and circling round about, keeping step to the music. They called it *gavote*. It appeared to me to be performed in a graceful way, though with little animation on the part of the peasantry, but very orderly and creditable.*

The Church at Quimperlé is ancient, and somewhat remarkable in the interior, which is circular, with massive columns in the centre, and arches across. There is some rich sculpture at the doorway inside. At some time it must have been a handsome edifice, pieces of sculpture once adorned it, but are now almost obliterated.

September 8th.—In less than two hours after quitting Quimperlé we arrived at L'Orient, and had the whole day before us. This town first sprang up under the French East India Company, whence its name, nearly two centuries ago. In 1784 it was declared a free port, when its trade was very flourishing. Except the dockyard there is absolutely nothing to detain one, L'Orient being a small town of little note and very dull, but its streets are regular, and it possesses two or three good squares. Its population is upwards of 20,000. At the entrance of the town is a handsome Church recently erected. There is also another good Church in the

* A very beautiful picture by Frederick Goodall, A. in the Royal Academy, this year, exactly represents the dance.

town. The square or open places above alluded to, in one of which is our Hotel, *the Hotel de France*, add to the importance of L'Orient. Near to our square is a large barrack filled with troops, who swarmed out of it when going to exercise, like bees from a hive. There is also a pleasant Boulevard by the water's edge. The town is surrounded with fortifications. It stands at the estuary of the two rivers, Pont Scorf and Blavet, which fall into the Bay of Biscay at a distance of about four miles. The dockyard, into which we were readily admitted, lies on either side the river Pont Scorf. There are a few building slips on the right bank, one of which has a roof supported upon sixteen beautiful massive granite columns, very handsome but very unnecessary for the purpose. None of the other buildings struck me as remarkable.

There is a barrack inside for the Equipages de Lignes (sailors). The armoury is tastily arranged, as at Brest, and everything kept in the highest order ready for immediate use. The model loft in which the figure-heads and other ornamented parts are sculptured is well worth visiting. Great taste and much art is displayed in the ornamental works, and some of the figure heads are fine, and well carved. Everything is on a small scale in the yard on this side of the river, but there is a good river frontage, and capable of extension at both ends. The principal building slips, however, stand on the opposite side of the river, where ships of war of a large class are built. A few ships only

were under repair on the right bank, and no signs of much activity.

The sea is reached by a circuitous course at a distance of some four or five miles. Midway lies Port Louis, strongly fortified, and a little above are Penmare roads, where the river Blavet enters, and which can only be approached by vessels of more than 21 feet draught at spring tides. The navigation of the river is intricate, and above Port Louis is a barrier of rocks, but with 24 feet at spring tides between, so that the largest vessels can be built at L'Orient and brought down to the sea. There is a rise and fall of 15 feet on this part of the coast. The Isle St. Michel strongly fortified is a rock in the middle of the river above Port Louis.

September 9th.—Left L'Orient at 9 A.M. en route for Nantes. The river Blavet is crossed by a handsome suspension bridge. Through Hennebon, a small town situated on the Blavet, the river being navigable up to this place. Part of the old walls and massive towers are interesting, and the church is handsome. Judging from its grass grown streets it is a place of little traffic. The country is wild and desolate, little is seen but heath, ferns, broom and furze, with oak of small growth which is common throughout the country. At Auray we rested the horses. The day was soaking wet, and did not tend to enliven the scenery. We were compelled to give up a visit to the druidical stones at Carnac, and proceeded on to

Vannes to sleep. The road at first skirts the river which is navigable for vessels of moderate draught. A dull road with scanty cultivation, but abounding in beautiful ferns, leads to Vannes, where we arrived about 6 P.M. and obtained rooms at the *Hotel du Dauphin*.

As we arrived, a soldier's funeral passed through the streets, on its way to the house appointed for all living. There was something very touching in seeing the poor lad's chaco on the coffin. They went without fire-arms—a priest leading the procession, carrying a silver cross. The coffin was covered with a white pall, and black cross. At Vannes there is little to attract notice, but the old round towers and walls, which are fine, and, in many parts, still standing in beautiful preservation. They are machicolated similar to all others in Brittany. The streets are narrow, and the whole character of the town, similar to the rest. The church is a large plain building, outside and in. Some of the old houses and narrow streets are well seen in the Rue de la Préfecture, leading to the Eglise St. Pierre, which is a fine church with some rich sculpture, and through the Place Henri IV, and Rue de la Monnaie. At one angle of the square the projecting overhanging gables actually touch at the top.

September 10th.—Horses seem less frequent now. For the last day or two, I have observed bullock-wagons in common use. I much regret passing by the Druidical ruins at Carnac, and also foregoing a visit to

St. Anne's chapel, which is a place of pilgrimage like Lough Derg, in Ireland, whither the maimed, the lame, and the halt, as well as others, proceed, from all parts.

Before reaching Muzillac, a peep of the sea is obtained, on the right,—the Bay of Biscay. Vast tracts of uncultivated land still continue. Lizards are common in these parts—an indication of a more southern latitude—and fine Spanish chestnuts laden with golden fruit. At La Roche Bernard the Vilaine is crossed by a beautiful suspension bridge, at a point where the river winds prettily through its rocky embankment. It is carried on piers, at a considerable elevation above the stream, enabling vessels of good size, drawing 16 feet, to pass under at high tide. The entrance of the river is distant about eight miles. We stopped an hour or two at this spot, where there is nothing but the suspension bridge to be noticed. It was commenced in 1836, and finished in 1839, by M. Le Blanc. It is light and elegant; but not so striking as that at Fribourg, which is infinitely longer. Through Pont Chateau, Savennay, and Le Moer, which is off the main road, where we stopped the night. Approaching Le Moer the country begins to be cultivated, and wears an agreeable look, particularly so after the desert tracts we have passed through.

September 11th.—My first view of the Loire, on the present occasion, was with the river glistening in silvery moonlight, and it was to me a very interesting sight. To look at a river, or mountain, or other object, with

which one has, by tradition, been familiar from one's youth, even though not seen for the first time, has always been to me a source of great delight, and I hope I shall never lose this feeling, which adds so much to the pleasure of travel. A beautiful and extensive view is obtained from Savennay. The entrance of the Loire is distinctly seen. Nantes may also be seen on a clear day, from the top of the church, which has recently been built. The morning was not sufficiently fine to induce me to go up. A railway is in progress from Nantes, and will branch off to Brest by Quimper.

Savennay is at present but a small town, of no sort of interest, but for the view. At the entrance of the Loire is a bathing place, much frequented, which brings people through it. Great quantities of waste land again appear soon after quitting. Buckwheat, however, is largely cultivated in different parts. There are few cottages and very few inhabitants in these parts. The blackberries are everywhere in the greatest profusion. Nobody to gather them. The women hereabouts all wear the coiffure, not quite so high as those in Normandy, but somewhat similar.

It is a dreary monotonous country from Savennay to Nantes, and occupies three or four hours. As we approached Nantes, vines are first seen. At all the places we have been at lately, sardines are invariably on the table. The fisheries are prolific and profitable, and must amount to many millions of francs.

We arrived in the forenoon at Nantes, and secured

rooms at the *Hotel de France*. Nantes is situated on the slope of a hill on the banks of the Loire, and at a distance of about thirty miles from its *emboucheur*, and near its juncture with the Erde and Sévre. The navigation is difficult, the river being filled with islands and sand banks; but at high water ships of large draught can come up to a certain distance, to a spot called Paimbœuf, some twenty miles below the town, but must then unload, and send up their cargoes in small craft. It is an ancient town, with many good streets and fine houses, some modern, and the quays, which line the river, (planted with trees,) are handsome and commodious, and lined with warehouses, extending a long distance down. At the further extremity where the Loire, now joined by the Erdre, increases greatly in breadth and depth, lie many large vessels, without their cargoes, the smaller ones lining the quay higher up. There is a large quantity of shipping in the river, and, on the opposite side, are several vessels building. Murray tells us that there are no less than sixteen bridges (I did not count them) across the several streams which here unite below the town. One of them, however, is a handsome stone bridge.

The Cathedral of St. Pierre is a fine edifice, and of great height in the interior—120 feet to the roof. It contains a beautiful marble monument to the memory of François II, and of his second wife, Marguerite de Foix. Anne of Bretagne, daughter of François II, and Queen of France, caused this splendid monument to be

erected. There is a good collection of pictures, with many originals by Paul de la Roche, and others, in a handsome building, standing by itself, appropriated for the purpose. Opposite the Museum, is a handsome church, recently built, grand both inside and out. The Archæological Institution is in an old church, and contains a few things found in and about the neighbourhood, but of no great interest, except the Roman antiquities, which are the most numerous—consisting chiefly of head-stones of graves, with rudely sculptured inscriptions, beautiful in their simplicity, but, certainly, in nothing else. Nantes has its Jardin des Plantes, a Botanic Garden, in which is a splendid avenue of magnolia trees, of fine growth, the most remarkable feature: we visited it on a beautiful summer's evening, just towards sunset, when we were all puzzled at seeing what appeared to us a little bird flitting by, feeding on the wing, at one of the plants. In my ignorance of entomology, I was myself persuaded that it belonged to the feathered tribe, but it proved to be the humming bird moth (*Macroglossa Stellataria*)—admirably named, resembling, as it does so closely, the humming bird.

September 12th.—Passed at Nantes.

September 13th.—Left Nantes at 7, A.M. by rail, and in three hours arrived at Angers. This is one of the most interesting towns I have visited. The old Castle, which stands in all its solemn grandeur above the river, with its many massive towers, no less than seventeen in all, is, without any exception, the most stern and

solemn record of ages long since passed away, and with them generation upon generation, that ever I beheld. Except at Furness Abbey, where the shrill whistle of the rail echoes through the lonely woods, I know of no place where the present and the past so occupies the mind. Here, at the foot of the antique walls, stands a row of modern houses, shutting out the olden houses of the town, and lining the quay, which stretches along the river, and upon which is heard the hum of many voices—all doomed, in their turn, to pass away, while the old Castle will still stand, firm as the rock on which it rests, the wonder and admiration of many a future generation. It will take some time yet,—

“To lay this Angiers even with the ground.”

Our attention was greatly attracted as we walked round the old wall inside, and sat viewing the “roundure of the old-faced walls,” and admiring their “rude circumference,” as the immortal bard speaks of them. We stood on many of the towers enjoying the panorama which is very fine. The river is seen flowing through extensive meadows, at either end of the town, and is crossed by three bridges, one of which, of stone, has recently been erected, and is handsome. The Castle is used now chiefly as a magazine for powder. There is only a company of soldiers in it. It was used once as a prison, but not now. The entrance is by a portcullis, drawn up every night.

The Cathedral at Angers, with its tall tapering

towers, is handsome; and near it stands a fine old ruined tower, the remnant of the church of St. Aubin. One of the great attractions of Angers is, in my opinion, its Museum. There are few towns which possess one more extensive or better arranged, besides an admirable collection in natural history, (the birds beautifully arranged, some sitting on their nests with their eggs). It contains a gallery of pictures, another of sculpture, together with some of the works and endless medallions by David, a native of Nantes,—and a third, with antiquities of great interest, collected in the neighbourhood, chiefly found when making the rail,—Roman Sarcophagi, weapons, &c.

Sunday, September 14th.—Remained at Angers. Near the Castle is the Military College, at which the Duke of Wellington studied, as we were duly informed by the man who shewed us over the Castle. It is now only used as a barrack for the cavalry.

On the right bank of the river, outside the town, is a noble hospital; and on the opposite side of the river, at a short distance, is the Jardin des Plantes, which is nicely kept, and has a few rare plants. It occupies but a small piece of ground.

There is not much to detain one at Angers, after seeing its grand old Castle and picturesque lofty gable-fronted houses. The town itself, beyond these, has few attractions. The river is not the busy scene one might expect; a few flat-bottomed barges, and the steam-vessel which plies to Nantes being all that meet the

eye. There are also many punts, and people fishing all the day through from these, and from the bridges and quays. Perch seem to be the chief sport, and they are very fine, but not worth placing on the table, according to my taste. A large portion of the town is situated on the right bank of the river. It contains nothing of any interest that I could discover, except a few old gable-ended houses. The large hotels were full, but we found ourselves well cared for at the *Hotel de l'Europe*, which is on the quay, facing the river, and where everything is clean and good, and the people attentive and civil.

Monday, September 15th.—The best houses are situated on the Boulevard des Lices, and Rue d'Orleans, and Rue de la Préfecture, most of them modern. The residence of the Préfecture, a fine large building, with a beautiful garden in front, stands on the Boulevard above-named, at the foot of which is a bronze statue, "Au Roi René," lately erected, with small bronze statuettes of various kings and queens. There are also some good houses recently erected, near the railway station, itself a handsome building, but not so fine as that at Nantes. All the stations on the line are built of a white stone from quarries near Saumur. If economy had been studied they might have built them from slate, from those extensive quarries close to Angers, and which are seen from the rail on going to Saumur. From Nantes all the country is cultivated with vines, which promise, after many years failure, to render good fruit this season throughout the continent.

Left Angers early for Saumur, which occupied about two hours, and got housed at the *Hotel Budan*, a fine establishment, situated on the left bank of the Loire, of which an extensive view is seen, and which is here crossed by a fine stone bridge of 12 arches to an island, on which part of the town stands, the other branch being crossed by another bridge of seven arches. The water is everywhere low, and sand banks somewhat mar its beauty. The *Ecole de Cavalerie* is a grand establishment. We were shown over it by a young man who will shortly become one of the sub-officers. There are generally about 200 of these studying for the cavalry regiments, into which they are drafted. The stables are beautifully arranged, the horses being generally placed according to their colour. There are in all about 800. We went through the stables, the generality of the horses are fine animals, and there are some fast trotting English horses, exercised twice a-day at a long trot, and kept purposely for dispatch horses: we should do well to attach a few to each of our cavalry regiments.

There are many buildings, one of which is an hospital for the soldiers. The exercise ground is of great extent and all sand. Among the horses are some Arabs, one of which, a grey barb, is the most beautiful I have seen, surpassing those which a (few years ago) were presented to her Majesty. The general and his staff were busy inspecting horses. He is stopping at our Hotel, and in the evening from 7 to 8 (his dinner hour

I suppose,)—and ours,—the band composed of 40, played in the inner court yard of the Hotel.

Drove about the town, looking at the churches, which are of little interest, and the environs which are more so, particularly some Druidical remains consisting of 18 stones, 12 of which are of huge size. How they roofed in their Druidical temple, (if such it be) with such enormous blocks of stone is a mystery. The Museum of Saumur is at the top of an ancient building containing a few specimens in Natural History, and some Roman swords, urns, weapons, &c., found in the neighbourhood. In the face of the rock, which rises above the left bank of the river, will be observed many windows and chimnies, a sort of modern *Petræa*, many people living in these holes in the rock.

September 16th.—Left Saumur by the express train in the morning, and passing through towns which we had visited last year, came on to Amboise, situated on the Loire. Found rooms at the *Hotel du Lion d'Or*.

Amboise is celebrated for its Castle and Chateau, once the property of Louis Phillippe, and of notoriety as the spot where Abdel Kader was kept prisoner. It is entirely stripped of every particle of furniture, except a broken looking glass. The paper on the walls would disgrace a garret, and it is altogether a *triste* looking interior for so noble an exterior. In a remote corner of the garden which

—“grows to seed

Things rank and gross in nature possess it merely,”—

stands a simple monument, without inscription, in as much as the subscribers were short of funds. It is here placed to mark the resting place of some 28 Arabs, who departed this troubled life during their incarceration with Abdel Kader. Some of his own family are among them, but his aged mother who lodged with him, survived the climate. The towers are the grandest feature of the Chateau, particularly one with an inclined plain, up which a carriage may be driven.

The little town has but small attractions, but in it are some decent shops. The river, at present low, and full of sand banks, committed great havoc here and elsewhere during the recent inundations in France. Part of the town stands on an island as at Saumur, and there are two bridges, one of which is in part a suspension bridge, which enables small vessels to pass under it.

September 17th.—Drove this morning to the Chateau Chenonceaux, distance about 10 miles. It is situated on the river Cher which flows beneath the Chateau under the arches, upon which it stands, occupying the entire breadth of the river. It is a fine old Chateau, in the Renaissance style of architecture, with some interesting old furniture, and pictures. It is at present the property of M. de Villeneuve. The road lies partly through the Forest of Amboise, in which is seen, on the right, the Pagoda de Chanteloup, and through a country abounding in vines, as is the whole face of the coun-

try hereabouts, quite the garden of France, nothing can be finer than the produce this year. At Amboise the effects of the inundations are visible, great damage was done on the right bank of the river. By express train in the afternoon to Blois, where we obtained rooms at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, facing the river, and pleasantly situated.

Thursday, September 18th.—Visited the Chateau de Blois, which is of great historical interest, and saw the chamber in which the Duke de Guise was assassinated, a subject which Paul de la Roche has lately skilfully painted. Also visited the Chateau de Chambord, about ten miles out of the town,—a magnificent chateau, the finest in France. It has well been said of it—“*Il n’y a au monde qu’un Chambord!*” It is impossible to describe its grandeur. One remarkable feature I may mention : the entrance hall, in the centre of which is a double stone staircase, winding round to right and left, and arriving at the same landing. There are four carriage entrances into the vast hall, and I can well fancy the cortége driving in and setting down the royal inmates and their court at the foot of this grand staircase—one of which was doubtless used by the royal family only. From the summit of the staircase, which stands in the exact centre of the building, is a fine view.

September 19th.—Left Blois for Paris, where we arrived in a few hours. Had great difficulty in finding apartments at any of the hotels. It is fuller now, it is

said, than during the exhibition, last year. Succeeded, eventually, in getting excellent rooms, very near the heavens, however, in the *Hotel de Londres*, Rue Castiglione, an admirable situation.

September 20th.—From Paris made an excursion to Chartres, which occupied the whole day; but it was well spent in seeing the splendid Cathedral, without exception the most splendid of any I know in France, both in its exterior and interior, the former grand in all its proportions and in all its details, and the latter not less so. In the interior there is much stained glass, ancient and modern, but all most beautiful. The round, rose pattern windows, are finer than any I have ever seen; one in particular, circular in its pattern, is the most exquisite. These windows are said to be upwards of 100 feet in circumference. Everything is on a grand scale, the length, height,—all is vast. There is a rich sculptured screen encircling the choir, most elaborately detailed in many consecutive tablets, each illustrative of some of the leading events in the life of the Saviour, as also of the Virgin Mary. I consider it would repay any one to visit this magnificent cathedral, even at the expense of a journey undertaken for the sole purpose.

September 21st and 22nd.—Sunday and Monday at Paris. Saw all the wonderful improvements which have been made by the present Emperor, in the prolongation of the Rue de Rivoli, and completion of the Louvre, together with other vast alterations, making

Paris now the most beautiful city in Europe, and having visited all the principal ones, I have no hesitation in saying that it is so. The cathedral has been repaired and decorated in the interior, in the Arabesque style, the general effect is handsome, but the details are not elaborately carried out as in the beautiful churches at Munich. Also visited Napoleon's tomb, under the dome of the Hopital des Invalides, a magnificent mausoleum, entirely of marble. Madame de Bray and Mdlle. Bellot, the mother and sister of the two French officers who generously served in our recent Arctic expeditions in search of Sir John Frankin, spent the evening with us.

Tuesday, September 23rd.—Left Paris by 8 A.M. express for Lille, where we arrived about 2 P.M. at the *Hotel de l'Europe*.

September 24th.—To Calais by rail, a thorough wet day. Remained there till—

Thursday, September 25th.—The tide not suiting, the boat could not leave the harbour till half-past 5 P.M. when there was barely water to carry her out, and it was quite dark, at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 8 P.M. when we got into Dover, after a rough passage in the *Princess Mary*. The lights of the town and the lights of the harbour were to me perplexing, and I thought the latter might be improved with advantage. Strong breezes and a good deal of sea up. It was of course very wet on deck from the spray breaking over her. Nine huge Flemish horses were on board, they behaved remarkably well, but ought not to

have been embarked in such tempestuous weather. Crossing the bar at Calais, some of the pitches were heavy enough to have carried away the masts. Many of the passengers, perhaps all, more or less, were "*hors de combat.*" Slept at the *Ship Hotel*.

Friday, September 26th.—Visited the Camp and was lucky enough to see the 93rd Highlanders inspected. To town by rail, and arrived at home about 4 P.M. after a pleasant panoramic ramble of two months, with a continually shifting scene,—to me one of the greatest charms of travel.

THE END.











