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by a cord, from which he now and then took a measure of brandy, for himself or his companions. Another held in his hand a small earthen jar of wine, from which he seemed to have just taken a liberal portion. Bread, with cheese and garlick, they seemed to have provided in abundance, though it was observed, that they did not invite to partake of their fare a solitary straggler, who had just passed them, and cast a longing look at their good cheer. He even took his bundle from the end of the stick, which he supported on his right shoulder, under the pretence of re-arranging it, that he might linger near them. But they looked every where except where the straggler stood, and at length he pursued his way.

The first place you meet of any consequence is Beau-gency. It has the remains of a long high wall, which formed its very old fortifications. Some of the towers, which are of a round form, remain. In the middle of the town there is a large, square, high castle, which overlooks a considerable extent of country. There is also a handsome bridge over the Loire, and several boats, like those before described, were moored in the river, laden with wine. For some miles of the approach to Beau-gency there are declivities on both sides of the Loire, which are highly picturesque. The slopes towards the river are either thickly wooded, or laid out in lawns, vineyards, or gardens. It must not be imagined, however, that either the lawns or gardens of this country are as handsome as those in England. Their glades have nothing of the rich deep green of our island; and as to the gardens, they are generally, except where English taste has made innovations, the most formal and uninteresting parts of the whole prospect.

The next town you pass through after leaving Beau-gency is Blois, the approach to which is picturesque in the extreme. The road runs along the half-ascent of a

October. lofty hill. On your right hand are numerous little villas, built in a modern style, without much regularity as to their location, but perched wherever a gentle declivity or a level spot could be found. They have small gardens before them, and are covered in front with vine trees. On the left, the descent is abrupt from the road; but immediately below, between the road and the Loire, there is a charming valley, planted with ash, poplar, and elm trees, whose tops are overlooked by the traveller. The valley is intersected by several streams, and in summer it must afford a delightful retreat from the excessive warmth of noontide. Beyond this valley spreads the broad mirror of the Loire, for such it seems to be, so unruffled is its surface, so calm and silent is the passage of its ever flowing waters.

It is impossible to paint in any language the variety and enchantment of the scenery which extends on each side of the Loire, from Blois to Amboise, Chanteloup, and Tours. Imagine this magnificent river, wider than the widest part of the Thames, as it is seen in London, flowing in its simple grandeur between two lofty ridges of hills, each of which is crowded with innumerable chateaus, villages, and churches, planted with red and white vines of the richest flavour, diversified with poplars and shaded with underwood—a sweep of hill and vale, than which the sun throughout his course sees not one more friendly to the industry of man, or more fascinating to his senses. As we travelled along, we observed the water-side occupied almost the whole way to Tours with casks of the new vintage ready for embarkation. The river was well sprinkled, though not crowded, with boats ascending to Orleans; their white sails and whiter flags glittering in the evening sun.

As the night set in, we observed along the verge of the river several tents, which seemed to belong to persons who had debarked, for greater convenience of cooking, from

neighbouring boats, or to persons intrusted with the care of the wine prepared for embarkation. They were like gypsy tents; the fires which were lighted in them were reflected from the river, and they presented a curious and very picturesque effect. October.

I arrived at Tours in the evening, and was not surprised that it should have attracted so many of my countrymen. It stands between two rivers, the Loire and the Cher, and is surrounded by every variety of cultivated land; corn fields studded with fruit trees, and in the distance a range of hills, covered with vineyards to the very top: several of their eminences crowned with abbeys, villas, and ruined castles. The entrance to the town from the Paris road is imposing. You cross the Loire by a bridge of seventeen arches, quite straight, like Waterloo Bridge, and constructed in a style of simple elegance. As you pass over the bridge, you see on either side little islets in the river, which even yet were full of green foliage. As far as the eye can reach on either hand, you see villas, chapels with their spires, and little hamlets shaded by trees, and reaching down to the water's edge. Having passed the bridge, you enter the Rue Royale, which is perhaps one of the finest streets in France. It is very wide, has an excellent paved road in the middle, and, which is uncommon in France, a footway, and a wide one, on either side. At the end of this street is a long avenue of trees, shading the road towards Bordeaux for a considerable distance. 24th.

I understood that the number of English resident in Tours amounted to between five and six hundred. They consisted chiefly of persons who were desirous of economising, or who wished to enjoy the luxuries of French wines, fruits, and poultry, at less than one-third of the price which they cost in England. Where there is a large family, the account of expenses at the end of a year in Tours is little more than

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one half of what it would be in London. A single gentleman, of expensive habits, may live as well here for five hundred a year as he would for a thousand in England; but to persons who are not "civilised" enough to feel that luxuries are necessaries of life, the change of country can make very little difference. Some also were here with a view to the re-establishment of their health. In winter the climate is as warm almost as the English spring, and there is a pure serenity in the air which is peculiarly agreeable. It is obvious, that amongst such a number there must be some societies of a mixed character; but, generally speaking, the English families here were respectable. There were, indeed, few or no persons of distinction—that is to say, there were none of the nobility here; the best part of the visitors consisted of retired merchants and others, who having a sufficiency of means, enjoyed a wider sphere of society here than they could do elsewhere. This, perhaps, is one of the most active causes of that emigration, which has of late years transferred so much of British wealth to foreign countries. Our upper circles move so much within their own rank, and have laid down such jealous laws with respect to the admission of mere wealth amongst them, that an Englishman of eight hundred a year has scarcely any chance of having even his existence known at home; whilst abroad, with the same means, and the manners of a gentleman, he may possess every pleasure which social life affords.

In the winter season, there are balls and routs; sometimes two or more the same night. The gentlemen have subscription hunts, partly French and English hounds. Their chief object of chase is the wild boar, an animal that affords the noblest diversion. Some of our countrymen are already expert in handling the spear, others bring out their guns, and the sport is generally excellent. There are some families who live in the country quite retired, but those

who wish for society may have it in abundance, provided they be respectable. Several old bachelors and widowers, who came here resolved to know nobody, and to keep themselves unknown, have not been here for a month before their houses were crowded with guests for nights successively. They are now amongst the most active promoters of every amusement. There is an English club-room here which is select. Most of the French journals, *Galignani's Messenger*, the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, are on the table, and there is also a whist-table, which, I regret to say, is seldom unoccupied by day or night. The stakes frequently run high. The theatre is pretty well attended by the French; now and then a few English appear in the boxes, but the players are of the lowest grade in the French drama. Even their dancing is bad.

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On the 26th, at night, I took my departure from Tours for Poitiers. About day-break the diligence entered Châtellerault; where, whilst the horses were changing, four or five women pressed around us, and offered for sale some of the best cutlery I had seen in France. Between Châtellerault and Poitiers the land is all arable to the very margin of the public way; but it is not divided by fences and enclosed as in England. You see a boundless tract of country admirably cultivated, without any appearance of a ditch. This want of enclosures, a few vineyards now and then mingling in the prospect, the pure serenity of the skies, and that soft golden tinge which an unclouded sun imparts to every object, are the only features which distinguish this part of France from the interior of Wiltshire. Little hamlets here and there scattered among the hills, their white walls, church spires, and neighbouring chateaus shining in the landscape, would otherwise lead an Englishman to believe himself suddenly transported to his own country. One curious feature of this country it is, that the women

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October. mostly, though not in all cases, ride their donkies and ponies after the manner of the male sex: that is to say, they use two stirrups, one at each side of the saddle. A stranger is apt to laugh on first seeing them; but when he perceives it is the general custom, he soon becomes reconciled to it. It is right to add, that modesty itself could not be offended by the appearance which they make, strange though it be. Every precaution is taken upon this point; and though now and then a young handsome girl shows a woollen stocking from her own needle, gaily broidered near the knee, it is but fair to presume that she does not intend it to be seen, and trusts the rest to the native politeness of the country. Her confidence is not abused; for though a blithe salute and a smiling compliment now and then remind her of her beauty, yet never do you hear or observe a word or action which has the slightest tendency to immorality.

On approaching Poitiers, the country becomes more rocky on the right hand; yet even from among the rocks vine trees shoot forth with amazing vigour. On the left the country is open, and here and there you see a few meadows, (a rarity hitherto on the journey) which are inclosed by poplar trees. Their lovely green, the silver streams by which they were watered, a few cows plucking their herbage, and deers bounding through them, formed pictures, which to the eye of the traveller had all the effect of novelty, after traversing so many leagues of vineyards. Several old castles crown the distant hills; giving too many proofs that the soil we were traversing had more than once witnessed the contests of adverse parties struggling for its possession.

27th.

Poitiers is one of those places which the history of his country soonest impresses on an Englishman's mind, and he is apt to form his own ideas of it, investing it, of course, with ramparts, castles, and drawbridges, such as

might be worthy of the chivalry of the Black Prince. October. But Poitiers has nothing of fine antiquity about it. It is irregular, badly built, the streets all narrow lanes, and so steep and so wretchedly paved, that it is a difficulty to ascend them. I observed an affiche in several of the most conspicuous places of the town, setting forth the sentence which had been recently passed on Berton and his unfortunate companions. One of the copies had been torn down apparently by an indignant hand, but the others remained untouched, and attracted many groups around them. It was remarked, that few or none of those who read them appeared to make even a mental commentary upon their contents. The French have acquired the art, more perhaps than any other nation, of "knowing nothing" of political affairs when it suits their purpose. It was even with some difficulty, and after many inquiries, that I found out the place where the conspirators were guillotined. It is a small square, marked by four rows of upright stones, and has a very mean appearance. In the middle of this square the scaffold was erected, but nothing remained of the "dreadful preparations;" a large flag, which marks the centre of the square, is the only guide to the precise spot where this last effort of treason was expiated. The town was crowded with military, and the police seemed more on the alert here than in any town through which I had yet passed.

Left Poitiers for Bordeaux. The road as far as Angouleme, which is nearly half the way, presents few scenes of picturesque beauty. Indeed one of the most interesting objects we witnessed this day was a simple, but at the same time a beautiful, sun-set. A zone of deep blue cloud surrounded all the lower part of the horizon. As the sun approached it in the west from a magnificent purple cloud, in which his light had just been veiled, the deep blue colour was not much diminished, while its verge, which was

October. remarkably well defined, was suddenly edged with living gold all round the horizon, except far away towards the east, where the shades of evening were already risen. After the sun descended behind this blue zone, he was seen no more; but a canopy of purple and gold long remained in the west, as if to preserve the memory of his departure.

Between Angouleme and Bordeaux the country is chiefly composed of hills and valleys, whence the roads are steep, and difficult to be kept in repair. But though such a disposition of country be unfavourable to the traveller in one respect, he is more than recompensed for any inconvenience he may suffer, by the variety of the scenery through which he passes. The hills are high, almost approaching to the class of mountains, and are nearly all clothed with vineyards, corn fields, or woods to their very summits. The horizon is bounded on one side by ridges crowned with trees, whose branches seem to touch the clouds; and on the other, hill rises over hill, affording here and there level spots and gentle declivities, which are occupied by chateaus and hamlets, churches with their picturesque spires, ruins of castles, and windmills. This description applies particularly to the country between the villages of Montlieu and Cubzac: here you first begin to feel the warm climate of the south, and to recognize those scenes fit for the refuge and enterprize of banditti, as well as for the softer inspirations of fancy in its earlier season, when all is hope and brightness, overcast only now and then by those spring-clouds of melancholy, which cherish, while they shade, the sources of imagination.

Cubzac is situated on the right bank of the Dordogne, which is here nearly as broad as the Loire at Amboise. There is no bridge, and the manner of passing it is by a species of boat, called a *gabarre*. It is a large wherry, which opens at the stern. The diligence is rolled into it from the bank, which is nearly level with the water, the horses having

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been disengaged, and fresh horses being prepared to meet it at the other side. The passengers, who pay six sous each for their passage, sit on benches placed round the sides of the gabarre : if the wind serves, a large rough canvas sail is hoisted ; if not, the vessel is rowed across. The movement is imperceptible, so smooth is the surface of the river, and the whole operation of embarking and landing, diligence and all, occupies generally half an hour.

After leaving the Dordogne, you have still three leagues of a tolerably good road to travel, before you reach La Bastide, which may be called a suburb of Bordeaux. It is on the right bank of the Garonne, and is connected with Bordeaux on the left by a new bridge, which is now nearly finished. This bridge is one of the most stupendous works undertaken or performed in this or any other country. Waterloo bridge, of which we boast, is diminutive as compared to the bridge of Bordeaux. No work that I have seen impresses a spectator more strongly with the extent to which human ingenuity and skill have conquered the elements, than this admirable pile of stone, stretching in gigantic strength over a sea of waters. It is upwards of eighteen hundred feet in length, from one side to the other. At present the river is crossed by a wooden bridge, built immediately under the stone bridge, which affords every facility to examine this noble structure.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY FROM BORDEAUX TO THE PYRENEES.

October 29. ON my arrival at Bordeaux, I found the population of this city, justly styled the second city of France, increased considerably beyond its usual number, in consequence of the annual fair which was now going on, it having been prolonged by the interference of several days of bad weather. The principal scene of the fair was in the galleries over the piazza of the Exchange. Jewellery, books, pictures, fire-arms for sporting, flints, powder and shot, were the chief objects exposed for sale in these galleries. There were also some stands for cutlery, which seemed to be in just as bad a condition here as it is in the north of France. The greatest bustle, however, prevailed along the quays, where there were more than a thousand little temporary shops fitted up, filled with every article of utility, ornament, and convenience, which could be enumerated. Books of every sort were particularly in abundance, most of them from the presses of Paris and Thoulouse. Historical memoirs, novels, tales of love, whose scenes are chiefly laid in Languedoc and Provence, stories of robbers in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, relations of exploits performed by a Duke of Normandy called, *par excellence*, *le diable*, and select relations of modern French campaigns, are the books of which the greatest number were sold. Religious books also were sought after; but few English works were to be seen; which is strange enough, considering the number of commercial English settled and sojourning here. There was a large display of pottery, which was far from being of a

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handsome description. The glazing was wretched; the forms of the jars, and the handles to vessels of every sort, were little better than those which a child is taught very soon to make when amusing himself with potter's clay. The toys were greatly inferior to our Tunbridge ware; but the articles of glass and white porcelain, of tin and metal, were conceived with great taste, and well executed. There was a profusion of cloths from Montauban, of linens, cottons, and silks, cheese, wines and liqueurs, necklaces and combs, gold and silver crucifixes, garlick, rice, Indian wheat, and preserved fruits. The exhibitions of wild beasts were the principal attractions among the amusements. There was a remarkably fine rhinoceros. On Mondays there were bull-fights, and also bears, wolves, and other wild animals, were exposed in an arena to such dogs as ventured to attack them. There was a waggon for comedies and vaudevilles, to which the rustic spectators were hourly summoned by drums and trumpets. One of the most noisy and least busy fellows in the fair was a dentist, who appeared in a cabriolet, the back of which was hung with specimens, and the instruments of his "dreadful trade." From this elevated position he harangued the passing spectators all the day long, spoke of the many wonderful operations which he had performed, enlarged in magnificent strains upon his peculiar genius for the profession, and upon the good fortune of Bordeaux in having within its walls so renowned a professor. One unfortunate rustic was prevailed upon by his eloquence to submit to his inspection a tooth, which kept him, he said, in eternal agony. The professor, without more ado, applied the instrument, but in such a bungling manner that the devoted victim was only half immolated; and yet he immediately after began to boast of the admirable style of his operation.

It was now also the season when the exportation of the

November. new claret to all parts of the world rendered the quay and port of the Chartron a scene of constant bustle. The average exportation, one year with another, is said to be about 100,000 hogsheads.

The 1st of November, being the feast of All Saints, was observed here as one of the three great holidays of the year. A grand high mass was celebrated in the metropolitan church of St. Andrew, by the Archbishop, who is a Peer of France. The Archbishop, arrayed in his superb pontificals, was attended by two priests, and a deacon and sub-deacon, all in vestments of the most superb description. During the celebration of the mass, minute guns were discharged, and having been placed at a considerable distance, their mitigated sound echoed through the aisles of the church with the finest effect. Several English ladies were present, who seemed delighted with the ceremony, and with the music appropriated to the festival, which was particularly beautiful. The voice of the Archbishop, who is an old and infirm man, was scarcely audible beyond the high altar; but the piety and unaffected dignity which marked his demeanour fully compensated for the feebleness of his enunciation. It was curious enough to see a number of English Protestants seated in a French Roman Catholic church, which was raised nearly five hundred years ago by their own chivalrous ancestors. The building is worthy of them. It is, on the whole, a more superb church than that of Notre Dame, at Paris. It has a great number of painted windows, and the chapels round the great altar, as well as the main aisle, are hung with paintings, some of which are of masterly excellence. Upwards of ten thousand persons were present during the service. It is not possible to describe the sensations which pressed on the mind when, during the elevation of the host, one saw such an immense crowd kneeling before the high altar, and not a sound was heard save that of the

shrill silver-bell of the choir, the hymn of adoration flowing in cherub sweetness from the octave reeds of the organ, and the still-recurring peal of the distant guns. November.

One of the two beautiful spires at the western end of this church was struck down, some years ago, by lightning. Indeed almost all the churches here have been injured from time to time by the electric fluid, which seems to have a peculiar tendency to gather in awful and often destructive masses over the territory of France. The tower of St. Michael's church, which was formerly very lofty, presents an impressive example of its force. A considerable portion of the summit was struck off, and there are still to be seen, in the calcined fragments that remain, traces of the path which the fluid took. The most remarkable part, however, of this tower is the *caveau*, which it has near its foundations, and in which are contained eighty-four remains of human forms in a state of curious preservation. They are not embalmed; they are not enclosed in cases; they are not even inhumed; but they are arranged all round the cave against the wall, and are supported in a gently-inclined position merely by the natural limbs, which are knit together with surprising elasticity. An old man shows them, and in describing each as he passes, he bends a head—it resumes its position; he raises a hand—it falls again to its death-bed posture; he strikes the heads and chests—they sound like a bell. Several have teeth that still are in good condition; beard appears on some in its living strength and colour, and on almost all the cutaneous covering remains, and looks as sound as parchment. How they have been thus strangely preserved, why it is that they are still likely to prove insensible to the common progress of decay, are questions to which the old man can give no answer. He tells you that one was an officer who was killed in a duel four hundred



November. years ago, and he shows the apertures which the rapier of the adversary had made—another was a young female, who still possesses the remains of a fine form—another was a monk, a part of whose vestment still rests on his shoulder—another a merchant of Bordeaux, who was once wealthy beyond measure—and thus he goes on describing their different characters as recorded in tradition—some of them five hundred years old, none of them less than a hundred and fifty. It is impossible to listen to his familiar narrative, and look round at this congress of the dead, without experiencing the strangest sensations. Pride, beauty, wealth, and chivalry once animated all these forms, and now they are all exhibited in a circle for less than the tenth of an ounce of silver. They seem to owe their preservation to the particular nature of the spot where they are deposited, and not to any auxiliary means whatever. They furnish a shocking scene, but it is one also which, if properly viewed, can scarcely fail to produce a useful effect. The impression which it makes, after half an hour's contemplation, can never be forgotten!

The weather here was as warm and as fine as the month of June is generally in England. The clear moonlight nights—day after day a brilliant sun burning in an azure sky, in which not a streak of dark vapour was observed, from one side of the horizon to the other, formed a striking contrast indeed to the November fogs and cold of London. The character, however, of the Bordeaux climate is that of being hot and humid; which sometimes produces sudden and extreme changes of the temperature. For this reason, Bordeaux is not much frequented by invalids. Another reason may be, that it is the dearest town in France. There are many articles for which you are asked double the price you may get them for in Paris. Gross impositions are not un-

frequently practised upon strangers; nor is it always that they meet with the same civility or cleanliness which they experience in the capital. November.

The number of shallows which are encountered in the navigation of the Loire prevent the establishment of steam-boats on that otherwise magnificent river. But on the Garonne there are several steam-boats. No fewer than three ply constantly between Bordeaux and the towns on the banks of the Garonne from twenty to thirty miles distant, and they are often crowded with passengers. There is a small pleasure-boat in the river, which is impelled by steam. Some idea is entertained of establishing a steam-boat, which will ply between Bordeaux and Dublin. At present the communication between these two cities is kept up by sailing packets, one of which arrives or sails every week.

The principal theatre is, perhaps, the handsomest in France. Its exterior is not unlike that of our Opera-house; it is entirely insulated, and has a fine colonnade in front, over which is a balcony with a stone balustrade. On the balustrade are statues of Apollo and the Muses, which give a peculiarly graceful effect to the building. Its interior corresponds with the impressions which the outward beauty of the edifice is calculated to make. The construction of the boxes is singular. They are separated from each other by columns which ascend from the base to the ceiling close to the sides of the theatre, and the boxes project considerably. The *parterre*, or pit, is divided into two parts; the back part is raised to a level with the first boxes, and is called *Paradis*. The ceiling is handsome, the proscenium lofty, and the stage sufficiently extensive. The house is lighted by a large lustre formed of lamps, from the centre of the ceiling. The real attraction of the Grande Theatre is the Ballet. This stage is a school for the Academy of Music in

November. Paris, and those who distinguish themselves here are speedily transferred to the capital.

6th. After waiting eight days at Bordeaux for a place in the diligence, I succeeded in obtaining one on the 6th of November. Before the troubles of Spain assumed a serious aspect there were two diligences from Bordeaux to Bayonne, one of which started daily; the fares were then at half their present amount, and as there was seldom a want of passengers, the proprietors considered themselves well paid. It is a proof of the decline of commercial intercourse with Spain that one of these has ceased to ply during the last six months, and although the one that remains is usually filled with passengers, few of these proceed to Bayonne, fewer still pass beyond the Pyrenees. Two of my fellow travellers were Spaniards: one of them a clergyman, who preserved an air of mystery the whole way, which almost marked him as the bearer of some secret mission. The rest were French, one of them an officer of light infantry, and another an officer of artillery, both going to the Army of Observation. The latter had served in the Prussian campaigns of Buonaparte. Active service and promotion were one and the same thing in his imagination, and formed the only incentive of his ambition. It required, however, the interposition of strong interest at the war department to obtain a post in the Army of Observation for any of those who served under Buonaparte. Indeed, so far as I could understand, one of the results to which the government looked, in the formation of the legions in the Pyrenees, was the constitution of what may be designated as a Royal, in contradistinction to the Imperial Army. New men were preferred to veterans, unless where it was shown that the veterans might be entirely depended upon for their zeal in the royal service. This, doubtless, is a policy which the suspected veterans would censure, be-