
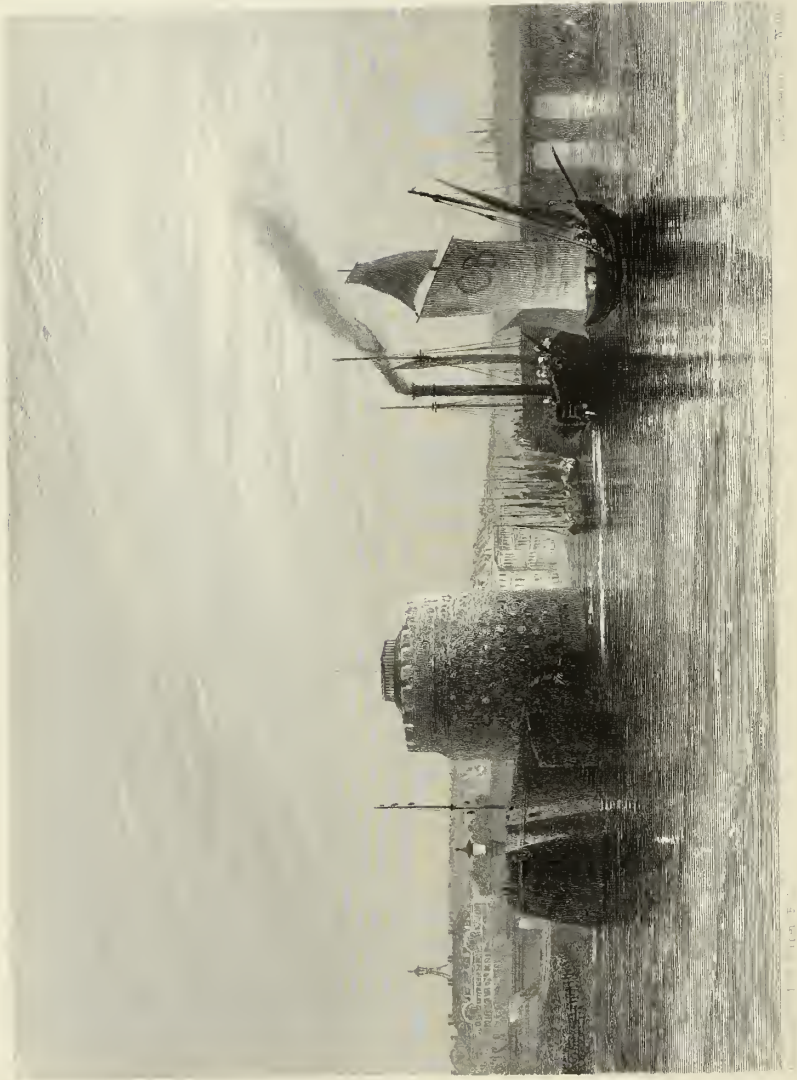


John Turnbull, Junr.



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Harbor

TURNER'S
RIVERS OF FRANCE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN RUSKIN

AND

STEEL ENGRAVINGS

SELECTED FROM THE ORIGINALS OF

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

DESCRIBED BY LEITCH RITCHIE

THE COMPANION OF TURNER DURING HIS TOUR THROUGH FRANCE

WITH A BIOGRAPHY OF THE ARTIST

By ALARIC A. WATTS

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTION

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.

I BELIEVE it is a result of the experience of all artists, that it is the easiest thing in the world to give a certain degree of depth and transparency to water ; but that it is next to impossible to give a full impression of surface. If reflection be given it, in nine cases out of ten, looks *morbidly* clear and deep, so that we always go down *into* it, even when the artist wishes us to glide *over* it. It appears that whenever we see plain reflections of comparatively distant objects, in near water, we cannot possibly see the surface, and *vice versâ* ; so that when, in a painting, we give the reflections with the same clearness with which they are visible in nature, we presuppose the effort of

the eye to look under the surface, and, of course, destroy the surface, and induce an effect of clearness, which, perhaps, the artist has not particularly wished to obtain. The ordinary effect of water is only to be rendered by giving the reflections of the *margin* clear and distinct (so clear they usually are in nature that it is impossible to tell where the water begins); but at the moment we touch the reflection of distant objects, as of high trees or clouds, that instant we must become vague and uncertain in drawing, and, though vivid in colour and light, as the object itself, quite distinct in form and feature. If we take such a piece of water as that in the foreground of Turner's Château of Prince Albert, the first impression from it is, "What a wide *surface!*" We glide over it a quarter of a mile into the picture before we know where we are, and yet the water is as calm and crystalline as a mirror; but we are not allowed to tumble into it, and gasp for breath as we go down; we are kept upon the surface, though that surface is flashing and radiant with every hue of cloud, and sun, and

sky, and foliage. But the secret is in the drawing of these reflections. We cannot tell, when we look *at* them, and *for* them, what they mean.

There is yet another peculiarity in Turner's painting of smooth water, which, though less deserving of admiration, as being merely a mechanical excellence, is not less wonderful than its other qualities, nor less unique; a peculiar texture, namely, given to the most delicate tints of the surface, where there is little reflection from anything except sky or atmosphere, and which, just at the points where other painters are reduced to paper, gives to the surface of Turner the greatest appearance of substantial liquidity. It is impossible to say how it is produced; it looks like some modification of body colour; but it certainly is not body colour used as by other men, for I have seen this expedient tried over and over again without success. As a piece of mechanical excellence, it is one of the most remarkable things in the work of the master; and it brings the truth of his water-painting up to the last degree of perfection;

often rendering those passages of it the most attractive and delightful, which, from their delicacy and paleness of tint, would have been weak and papery in the hands of any other man.

In the Scene on the Loire, with the square precipice and fiery sunset, in the "Rivers of France," repose has been aimed at, and most thoroughly given; but the immense width of the river at this spot makes it look like a lake or sea, and it was therefore necessary that we should be made thoroughly to understand and feel that this is not the calm of still water, but the tranquillity of a majestic current. Accordingly, a boat swings at anchor on the right; and the stream, dividing at its bow, flows towards us in two long, dark waves, especial attention to which is enforced by the one on the left being brought across the reflected stream of sunshine, which is separated and broken by the general undulation and agitation of the water in the boat's wake; a wake caused by the water's passing it, not by *its* going through the water.

Again, in the Confluence of the Seine and

Marne, we have the repose of the wide river stirred by the paddles of the steam-boat, whose plashing we can almost hear ; for we are especially compelled to look at them by their being made the central note of the composition—the blackest object in it opposed to the strongest light. And this disturbance is, not merely caused by the two lines of surge from the boat's wake, for any other painter must have given these ; but Turner never rests satisfied till he has told you *all* his power ; and he has not only given the receding surges, but these have gone on to the shore, have struck upon it, and been beaten back from it in another line of weaker contrary surges, whose point of intersection, with those of the wake itself, is marked by the sudden sub-division and disorder of the waves of the wake on the extreme left, and whose reverted direction is exquisitely given where their lines cross the dark water, close to the spectator, and marked also by the sudden vertical spring of the spray just where they intersect the swell from the boat ; and in order that we may be fully able to account for these

reverted waves, we are allowed, just at the extreme right-hand limit of the picture, to see the point where the swell from the boat meets the shore. In the Chaise de Gargantua we have the still water, lulled by the dead calm, which usually precedes the most violent storms, suddenly broken upon by a tremendous burst of wind from the gathered thunder-clouds, scattering the boats and razing the water into rage, except where it is sheltered by the hills. In the Jumiéges and Vernon we have farther instances of local agitation, caused in one case by a steamer, in the other by the water-wheels.

As far as we have gone at present, and with respect only to the *material* truth, the conclusion to which we must be led is as clear as it is inevitable: that modern artists, as a body, are far more just and full in their views of material things than any landscape painters whose works are extant; but that J. M. W. Turner is the only man who has ever given an entire transcript of the whole system of nature, and is, in this point of view, the only perfect landscape painter the world has ever seen.

And now, but one word more, respecting the great artist whose works are the subject of this volume. The greatest quality of these works have not yet been touched on. None but their imitative excellencies have been proved, and, therefore, the enthusiasm with which I speak of them must necessarily appear overcharged and absurd. It might, perhaps, have been more prudent to have withheld the full expression of it till I had shown the full ground of it; but, once written, such expression must remain. And, indeed, I think there is enough to show that these works are, as far as concerns ordinary critics, above all animadversion, and above all praise.

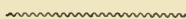
Of all foreign countries, Turner has most entirely entered into the spirit of France, partly because here he found most fellowship of scenes with his own England; partly because an amount of thought which will miss Italy or Switzerland will fathom France; partly because there is in the French foliage and forms of ground much that is congenial with his own peculiar choice of form. To what cause

this is owing I cannot tell, nor is it generally allowed or felt; but of the fact I am certain, that for grace of stem and perfection of form in their transparent foliage, the French trees are altogether unmatched, and their modes of grouping and massing are so perfectly and constantly beautiful, that I think, of all countries for educating an artist to the perception of grace, France bears the bell; and that not romantic nor mountainous France, not the Vosges, nor Auvergne, nor Provence, but lowland France, Picardy, and Normandy, the valleys of the Loire and the Seine. Of this kind of beauty Turner was the first to take cognisance, and he will remain the only, but in himself, the sufficient painter of French landscape.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

J. M. W. TURNER, ESQ., R.A.



JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, the greatest landscape painter the world has ever seen, was born, there is every reason to believe, on the 23d of April, (St. George's Day,) 1775, over the shop of his father, who followed the humble vocation of hair-dresser and barber, at No. 26, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, and appears to have been an honest, industrious, and thriving tradesman. The house no longer exists: it was on the side of the lane, at the corner of Hand Court, which has also disappeared; the site is now occupied by buildings used as publishing offices. The elder Turner dressed wigs and hair, both at home and abroad; a tolerably lucrative trade in those days of queues, toupées, and powdered curls, in a thickly peopled and then very fashionable locality.¹ The inscription on his son's coffin represents him as seventy-nine years of age at the time of his death;² and his love of mystification led some of his acquaintance to believe that he was even older. One of his housekeepers, who lived with him many

¹ The old man used to say that when the Tories passed the powder-tax, in 1795, they drove out *wigs*, and so completely ruined his trade that it was no longer worth following.

² This inscription, hastily adopted, is admitted by the executors to be incorrect. Turner's age was really seventy-six.

years, heard him assert, more than once, in reply to importunate inquiries, that he was born in the same year as the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte (1769), which would make him 82. The curiosity, laudable as it might be, which prompted inquiries as to his age, was distasteful to him, and if he did not resent them as personal affronts, he at least gave no direct answer. But although he disliked and discouraged all questions which had reference to his personal history, from those whose intimacy with him did not warrant such inquiries, he often, among intimate friends, volunteered anecdotes, which helped to elucidate the earlier period of his career. To several of his brother academicians, and to more than one of his amateur admirers, he has repeatedly declared that he was fifteen years of age when he first exhibited at the Royal Academy, and that he was born on St. George's Day; an admission which is in some degree confirmed by the Register of St. Paul's Covent Garden, where his baptism is recorded on the 14th May, 1775, three weeks after the date we have assigned to his birth.¹

Of the earliest performances of young Turner, or the precise age at which he first exhibited a marked taste for his favorite pursuit, little is known with any degree of certainty. He is said to have been taught to read by his father, but in every other rudiment of knowledge to have been entirely self-educated. And who has made any considerable figure in the world that has not been in-

¹ Turner mentions his birthday as April the 23d in the first codicil to his will; and we find, by searching the parochial books of St. Paul, Covent Garden, that his father, William Turner, was married (by license) to Mary Marshall, (both described as of the parish of Covent Garden), on the 29th of August, 1773. And in this year he first appears as a householder in the parish of Covent Garden, paying £30 rent for one half of a double house, while a Mrs. Hawkes rented the other half at a like sum.

debted, in a great measure, to himself for his advancement? Even those who have profited by the advantage of a first-rate education will sometimes discover, after they have learned all the schools can teach, that the art of practically applying knowledge must be acquired by themselves. The general impression is that Turner took the pencil in hand, and even acquired some facility with it, before he could guide a pen, which, by the bye, to the latest hour, he never did with much ease. Certain it is, however, that drawings bearing evidence of a tolerably correct eye and a steady hand were produced by him at a very early age.

The late Mr. Duroveray, whose embellished editions of popular British Classics exercised a beneficial influence on the public taste, and led to a manifest improvement in book-illustrations, showed the writer, more than twenty years ago, a very early drawing, either a copy or an imitation of Paul Sandby, signed W. Turner, which had been given to him by a friend, who had purchased it from the hairdresser's window.¹ He also stated, on the same authority, that the cellar under the shop was inhabited by the family, and that drawings of a similar character were hung round its entrance, ticketed at prices varying from one shilling to three!

Many years ago, Mr. Tomkison, the eminent pianoforte-manufacturer, related to us the following anecdote (published with some variation by Mr. Peter Cunningham); but as no date was mentioned, we are unable to state whether the occurrence preceded or followed the exposition of the boy's drawings for sale. With the view, in all probability,

¹ Several of Turner's early drawings were purchased at this period by the late Mr. Crowle, and are in the illustrated copy of Pennant's *London*, which he bequeathed to the British Museum.

of drawing the attention of his customer to young Turner's dexterity with his pencil, the father, who was in daily attendance on the elder Mr. Tomkison, a zealous encourager of the Fine Arts, availed himself, on one occasion, of the opportunity to take the young painter along with him, leaving him to his own devices, whilst the operations of shaving, curling, and powdering, were going on. During this interval the boy was not idle; but, attracted by the vivid colours of an emblazoned coat of arms, which was hanging in the room, took out his pencil and a sheet of paper, and in a very short time completed an exact copy of it, including a lion rampant, and sundry emblematical decorations. The dexterity of the boy and the correctness of the outline, attracted at once the attention of Mr. Tomkison, and interested him warmly in his behalf. From this date, both Mr. Tomkison and his son aided the views and aspirations of the young artist by every means in their power. That this sport of a few leisure moments cannot be considered in any way as Turner's first attempt in the art of design, must be conceded at once; for Mr. Tomkison remembers having seen, a very short time afterwards, several drawings from the pencil of the young artist exposed for sale in his father's shop-window.

Confirmed by the opinion of his much respected customer, the elder Turner determined to make his son an artist, and seemed to feel an honorable pride in proclaiming his intentions. When asked by Mr. Stothard, what William was to be, he answered, in the joy of his heart, "William is going to be a painter." From this time, young Turner applied himself with the utmost assiduity to the practice of his art, and having, by the sale of his sketches and the assistance of his father, been provided with sufficient

means, he forthwith repaired to the greatest of all teachers, and sketched in the fields and by the waysides, from nature herself. His early drawings had been confined to the pencil, or at most Indian ink, but he now began to make rapid progress in the use of colours, and soon became so skilful in this branch of art, that whilst yet a boy, he managed to procure employment from Mr. Raphael Smith, a mezzotint engraver and portrait painter of considerable reputation in the immediate neighbourhood.

Here he formed an intimacy with Girtin, the founder of the English School of Water-Colour Painting, who was engaged like himself to colour prints in Mr. Smith's establishment. There can be no doubt that Turner's acquaintance with that clever and truthful water-colour painter exercised a most beneficial influence on his pencil. The style of young Girtin exhibited a manifest improvement on the hard and bald accuracy of Paul Sandby and his followers, and had he lived, he might have proved a formidable rival to his friend, whose senior he was by about two years. Unhappily, however, for the interests of art, he died in 1802, not, as has been represented, from an illness engendered by dissipated habits, but of an asthmatical complaint, which had its origin in a cold caught whilst sketching. His son, Mr. Calvert Girtin, describes his father and young Turner as associated in a friendly rivalry under the hospitable roof and superintendence of that lover of art, Dr. Monro, (then residing in the Adelphi.) Nor was Turner forgetful of the Doctor's kindness, for in referring to that period of his career, in a conversation with Mr. David Roberts, he said, "there," pointing to Harrow, "Girtin and I have often walked to Bushy and back to make drawings for good Dr. Monro at half-a-crown a

piece and a supper." Girtin had received the benefit of a more regular education than Turner, having been a pupil of Dayes, and a student of the Royal Academy for nearly three years. He had also the advantage of having accompanied one of his early patrons in repeated tours among the most picturesque scenery of England, Scotland, and Wales, at a time when Turner's means afforded him no opportunity of sketching from nature beyond the outskirts of the metropolis. Girtin was the first who introduced the custom of drawing upon cartridge paper, thus avoiding the glare common to a smooth white surface. Many of Turner's early drawings were made on paper of this description; and some of the finest of his later designs, although of magical effect, were executed on coarse blue paper. If imitation be indeed, as we are assured it is, the sincerest flattery, there can be little doubt of the very high opinion entertained of Girtin by Turner, for we have seen one of his drawings of this time that might almost be mistaken for the work of his friend. Girtin's breadth of handling and knowledge of light and shade, and his acquaintance with aerial perspective, would seem not to have been lost on Turner. Had his friendly rival lived, they might have assisted each other. Their joint work of English River Scenery, engraved by Chas. Turner, and published in 1825-6 by W. B. Cooke, is a production of high art, worthy to be a companion to the *Liber Studiorum*. Turner's earliest knowledge of perspective has been ascribed to his study of 'Malton's Treatise,' but it seems more likely that a new occupation which he entered upon, about this time, that of supplying skies and foregrounds to the architectural drawings of Porden, an architect then in great practice, afforded him facilities for acquiring a more perfect knowledge of this branch of his art.

His labours gave Mr. Porden such unqualified satisfaction, that he proposed to the father to receive young Turner as an apprentice without a premium. The prudent old man, however, who appeared from a very early period to have foreseen his son's celebrity, declined the flattering offer. Having furnished Mr. Porden with a liberal stock of skies for future use, the young artist now launched forth as a teacher of water-colour painting in schools and private families, and was so successful that he soon increased his charges from five to ten shillings a lesson. As his reputation advanced, he began to be employed by some of the principal publishers to make drawings for book illustrations, among others, by Mr. Harrison, of Paternoster Row, and the proprietors of the Oxford Almanack. He was also patronised by several noblemen and gentlemen; and having received numerous commissions for topographical drawings in various parts of the country, seldom passed a season without making excursions among the most picturesque localities of England and Wales.

In 1789, Turner obtained admission as a student at the Royal Academy, with evidently a more thorough knowledge of the higher principles of art than any other student of that Institution; and by this time he began to feel his way pretty securely in his profession. Although at low prices, he was fully occupied; and what with teaching, print-colouring and sky-manufacturing, must have realised an income considerably beyond the necessities of his position. In 1790 he exhibited, for the first time in the Royal Academy, a 'View of Lambeth Palace.' This drawing, which is still in existence, has been described as an imitation of Girtin; but Turner had by this time gone to a higher school of art, and had profited too well by the study

of nature to render it necessary for him to borrow from one who was inferior to him in genius.

From the list of his exhibited pictures in 1795, it would appear that he had visited, during the preceding year, Cardiganshire, Great Malvern, Canterbury, and Tintern; from that of 1796, that he visited Cambridge, Peterborough, Lincoln, Shrewsbury, and Wrexham; in 1797, Ely, Llandaff, and the Isle of Wight;¹ from the list of 1798, that he had made the tour of Yorkshire, sketching several of its monastic remains, and penetrating into Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Northumberland. Of Fountains, Kirkstall, and Rivaulx Abbeys, and Temple Newsam, he has made from time to time many drawings, some of which, in the possession of Walter Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley Hall, are among his best works. He loved to represent a dilapidated castle or abbey, with the sun streaming through its gothic windows; and so extensive had been his rambles throughout England, Scotland, and Wales, that in the after period of his life, there was scarcely a scene of grandeur or interest of which he had not some pictorial recollection.

He did not, however, condescend to be very exact in his portraits of the places he professed to represent; but if you were unable to discover the objects familiar to your memory exactly where you expected to find them, the *tout ensemble* presented a more vivid impression of the scene than could have been derived from a mere servile transcript.

It was his sea shores, even at this early period, that afforded the clearest promise of his subsequent achieve-

¹ Four of his early drawings of the scenery of the Isle of Wight were engraved, about 1799, by the elder Landseer, the father of Sir Edwin, and have remained unpublished until the present time. Mr. Bohn having purchased the copper-plates at Mr. Landseer's sale, had a few proof impressions struck off. [Thornbury says only three were engraved by Landseer, about 1812.]

ments; the more especially, if they happened to represent a somewhat tempestuous condition of sea and sky. Nothing could be more highly poetical than most of his scenes of this description. The amenity of Claude has a very soothing and delightful effect upon the mind; but the grandeur of Turner, in the wilder creations of his genius, leaves an impression which excites deep and lasting reflection.

After labouring assiduously as an Academy student for five years in his father's house, and for five years more in an adjoining house in Hand Court, during which period he exhibited no fewer than fifty-nine pictures, he was elected, in 1800, an Associate of the Royal Academy. He now took a house at No. 75, Norton Street, Fitzroy Square, whence he removed in three years to the more fashionable neighbourhood of Harley Street (No. 64). Although the greater part of his early drawings were more or less topographical, several were of a character which had never before been approached by a youth of his age, and evinced an acquaintance with aerial perspective which intuitive genius alone could have enabled him to acquire. It was not, however, until he had succeeded to the honours of the Academy, that he appeared to be thoroughly conscious of the affluence of his power. Some amateurs who are in possession of drawings of this stage of his career, assert that it was the soundest, meaning, we presume, the most careful period of his art, but it is generally admitted that his very early works bear no comparison with those of the middle and later eras of his art.

In 1802 he was elected to the full honours of the Royal Academy, his competitors among the Associates being so inferior to him, as to render it impossible he should be overlooked. It was then the practice of candidates for

Academical honours to exercise whatever private and personal influence they could command for the purpose of securing a preference over their competitors. Turner, although the inheritor of no aristocratical pride, had too independent a spirit to follow this course ; and, however desirous he might have been of a position which confers such important privileges on an artist, he resolutely declined to "tout" for a diploma ; and even refused, after it had been conferred, to comply with the ordinary custom of calling upon his supporters to thank them. On being assured by the timid and kind-hearted Stothard, that such a concession would be looked for at his hands, he bluffly replied, that he "would do nothing of the kind. If they had not been satisfied with his pictures, they would not have elected him. Why, then, should he thank them ? Why thank a man for performing a simple duty ?"

Up to this time he was chiefly known as a painter in water-colours ; but the applause which several of his oil pictures had obtained decided him on devoting his chief attention to the more durable medium, and his paintings of 'Ships Bearing-up for Anchorage,' 'Fishermen upon a Lee Shore in stormy weather,' and 'Kilchurn Castle with the Cruachaen Bien,' added very materially to his reputation, and fully confirmed the judgment which had raised him to the higher honours of the Academy.

It was in the latter part of 1802 that he took his first continental trip, on a sketching tour through France and Switzerland ; and accordingly, among his contributions to the Exhibition of 1803, we find besides two views of Bonneville in Savoy, the 'Inauguration Scene of the Vintage of Maçon,' 'Calais Pier, the English Packet arriving,' the 'Valley of Aoust,' and the 'Glacier and Source of the Arveiron.' In 1804 he exhibited only three pictures, one of

them the well known 'Narcissus and Echo,' now at Petworth, and a sea-piece. In 1805 he was absent from England, on the Rhine and in Switzerland, and exhibited nothing; and in 1806 the only memorial of his tour which he supplied to that year's exhibition was the 'Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen.' It had been for several years past his practice to insert in his landscape compositions some scene of classical mythology, by way of dignifying it with a sounding name; but with the fear of Mr. Ruskin vividly before us, we cannot admit that the character of the picture was ever much improved by the odd-looking figures in the foreground, which he introduced on such occasions. Nothing could exceed in beauty the poetry of his landscape, but the sentiment of a noble composition was often disturbed by groups, added for the mere purpose of helping him to a name for the picture.

Sometimes, however, as in his picture of the Country Blacksmith disputing with a butcher about the price charged for shoeing a pony, the figures are entirely subservient to some powerful effect connected with them, and then they are intelligible enough. Without a blacksmith we could not of course have had his forge, and without his forge there would have been no excuse for that powerful effect which he was so well skilled to produce. The *Athenæum* had an interesting anecdote relating to this picture which we will quote:—"In 1807 Turner exhibited two pictures evidently with a view to display his command over effects, 'The Sun rising through vapour, fishermen cleaning and selling fish,'—and, more extraordinary still, 'A Country Blacksmith disputing on the price of iron and the price charged to the butcher for shoeing his pony,' two pictures which 'killed' every picture within the range of their effects. Oddly enough, a modest picture thus injured by

being hung between the two fires was, 'The Blind Fiddler,'—the second exhibited picture of Wilkie—then a lad raw from Scotland contriving to exist, without getting into debt, on eighteen shillings a week. Turner, it is said, on the varnishing day set apart for the privileged body to which he belonged, reddened his sun, and blew the bellows of his art on his blacksmith's forge, 'to put the Scotchman's nose out of joint who had gained so much reputation by his 'Village Politicians.' The story is told, without naming Turner, in Allan Cunningham's 'Life of Wilkie,'—and is condemned as an untruth by the reviewer of the *Life* in the *Quarterly Review*. But there is no doubt of the correctness of the story; and that Wilkie remembered the circumstance with some acerbity, though he never resented it openly, as we can ourselves undertake to say. When 'The Forge' was sold at Lord Tankerville's sale, Wilkie was in Italy; and Collins, the painter, in describing the sale to him in a MS. letter now before us, adds, 'And there was your old enemy, 'The Forge.'"

On the other hand, we are assured, as a proof that Turner was incapable of acting so ungenerously, that on one occasion he positively impaired the effect of a favorite landscape for the purpose of avoiding an interference with a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence. But if, as the *Athenæum* justly remarks, Sir Thomas, in the full blaze of his reputation, was sensitive on such a subject, what must have been the feelings of a poor Scotch youth, who was striving to obtain a reputation on which his future subsistence depended? If there be any real foundation for the story, its probability is by no means diminished by the fact that Turner was more forbearing to the powerful and courtly president of the Royal Academy, then the great dispenser of art patronage,

than to a poor and unfriended man of genius struggling for the very means of existence. Had Turner persisted in out-flaring Sir Thomas, the bland but caustic president would have found abundant opportunities of resenting the injury.¹ So long as an exclusive body of painters confine to themselves the privilege of heightening the colour of their pictures after they are hung up, to the disparagement of those of less favoured aspirants which may happen to be near them, the "outsider" has little chance of exhibiting his art with advantage. It is to this practice, and the freedom with which the "elect" avail themselves of it, we owe the fact that the great room of the Royal Academy is often more like the window of a chemist's shop than a picture-gallery.

It demanded, however, no malice prepense on the part of Mr. Turner to overpower the effect of the pictures which might happen to be placed in juxtaposition with his own, for his extravagant application of "orange chrome" was calculated to "kill," as painters have it, everything around. It was one of the oft-repeated jests of the late Mr. Chantrey, to affect to be warming his hands before the hottest of Mr. Turner's pictures; and on one occasion he carried his badinage so far, as to ask him, in the presence of several members of their body, whether it was true that he had a commission to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office. Turner had, however, no great ground of complaint, as

¹ Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his interesting memoir prefixed to Mr. Burnet's Essay on the works of Turner, relates another anecdote of his intolerance of all violent colour save that in his own pictures. In 1827, when he exhibited his 'Rembrandt's Daughter' in a red robe, the portrait of a member of one of the universities was hung beside it with a college gown still redder. Upon finding this out on varnishing day, Turner was observed to be busily occupied in increasing the glare of the lady's gown. "What are you doing there, Turner?" asked one of the managers; "Why you've checkmated me," was the reply, pointing to the university gown, "and I must now checkmate you."

he had himself shortly before enacted the practical joke of standing beneath an open umbrella before one of Constable's rain-charged landscapes. The sarcasm was, therefore, little more than a conversion of his own joke.

In selecting fancy subjects for his early pictures, Thomson appears to have been Turner's favorite poet, although at that period, as well as at a later date, he selected many of his subjects from Milton. At one time indeed he completely illustrated a new edition of our great English epic, but his groups from Paradise and Pandemonium do not seem to have been much approved. For many of his finest pictures, however, he selected mottoes for the Academy Catalogue from an unpublished poem of his own, entitled, 'The Fallacies of Hope;' and never was a fallacy more conspicuous than his notion that he was likely to pass for a poet. It has been the weakness of many great geniuses to be careless of the fame they have legitimately earned, and to grasp at laurels to which they have not the shadow of a claim. More crazy-crambo than the samples he has given us, from year to year, of his *opus magnum*, it is difficult to conceive. The 'Fallacies of Hope' would seem to have furnished the staple of his inspiration for nearly forty years. Whatever the subject of his picture, 'Hannibal Passing the Alps,' the 'Val d'Aouste,' 'Caligula's Palace,' the 'Vision of Medea,' the 'Golden Bough,' 'A Slave Ship,' 'A Funeral at Sea,' 'An Exile and Rock Limpet,' the 'Opening of the Walhalla,' 'Venice,' the 'Deluge,' 'Æneas and Dido,' its title was usually followed by a quotation from the 'Fallacies of Hope.' Nay, he even painted a very beautiful picture, the 'Fountain of Fallacy,' for the purpose of giving his 'Fallacies' a local habitation and a name, yet we now learn that no such poem ever existed.

From 1790, besides a great number of pictures, (not

fewer, probably, than one hundred,) painted for private collections, many of which have never been exhibited at all in London, and a very large number of drawings, (upwards of fifteen hundred,) executed for various publishers, Mr. Turner exhibited in the Royal Academy and British Institution nearly two hundred and sixty-three pictures and drawings. The greater portion of all these have increased in value with each succeeding year, and some are now worth twenty times the price originally placed upon them by the painter.

To furnish a Catalogue Raisonné of even the most striking of these works, in the space to which this sketch is restricted, is impossible. Many of the painter's more important pictures have been engraved in a style worthy of their excellence by Pye, Goodall, Wallis, T. and A. Willmore, Miller, C. Turner, Cousins, and other of our most eminent landscape engravers. The larger plates from his works, however, albeit of unrivalled beauty as works of art, have realised comparatively little profit to their publishers. The series of views in 'England and Wales,' published in conjunction with Mr. Charles Heath, yielded so meagre a balance of profit, as to compel the publishers to discontinue the work.¹ His Picturesque Views of the Southern

¹ This fine work was to have consisted of thirty parts or more, but stopped short at the twenty-fourth, for want of sufficient encouragement. Having been undertaken on joint account between the engraver, Mr. Charles Heath, and his publishers, it became desirable, on the abrupt termination of the work, in 1838, to sell off the stock and copper-plates, and balance the accounts. The whole property was offered to Mr. Bohn, the publisher, for £3,000, and he offered within £200 of the amount, which being declined, it was placed in the hands of Messrs. Southgate, and Co., the book auctioneers, for sale by auction. After extensive advertising, the day and hour of sale had arrived, when just at the moment the auctioneer was about to mount his rostrum, Mr. Turner stepped in, and bought it privately, at the reserved price of three thousand pounds, much to the vexation of many who had come prepared to buy portions of it. Immediately after the purchase, Mr. Turner walked up

Coast, published by Arch and Co., of Cornhill; the Rivers of England, published by W. B. Cooke, and the plates from his 'Cologne' and 'Dover,' were hardly more successful; whilst Whittaker's History of Richmondshire, containing twenty engravings from some of the finest of his designs, entailed a heavy loss on its proprietors.

All these works, however, are now sought for with the greatest avidity, and fetch, when the impressions are really good, prices greatly beyond their original value. As for the *Liber Studiorum*, a series of seventy-one engravings in mezzotint, commenced by Mr. Turner in 1807, and continued at intervals during the eleven succeeding years, undertaken, it is said, in emulation of Claude's *Liber Veritatis*, and executed eleven of them entirely under his own special superintendence—nay, by himself,—although designed to

to Mr. Bohn, with whom he was very well acquainted, and said to him, "So, Sir, you were going to buy my England and Wales, to sell cheap I suppose,—make umbrella prints of them, eh?—but I have taken care of that. No more of my plates shall be worn to shadows." Upon Mr. Bohn's replying, that his object was the printed stock (which was very large) rather than the copper-plates, he said, "O! very well, I don't want the stock, I only want to keep the coppers out of your clutches. So if you like to buy the stock come and breakfast with me to-morrow, and we will see if we can deal." At nine the next morning Mr. Bohn presented himself, according to appointment, and after a few minutes Mr. Turner made his appearance, and forgetting all about the breakfast, said, "Well, Sir, what have you to say?" "I come to treat with you for the stock of your England and Wales," was the reply. "Well! what will you give?" Mr. Bohn told him, "that in the course of the negociation, the coppers and copyright had been estimated by the proprietors at £500, and therefore he would deduct that sum, and the balance, £2500, should be handed to him immediately. "Pooh? I must have £3000, and keep my coppers;—else good morning to you." As this was not very likely after having refused both stock and coppers at £3000, "Good morning," was the reply, and so they parted. The stock, with a mass of other engravings, including thirty-two sets of the *Liber Studiorum*, was sold, in 1873, by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co., and realised more than £20,000, though they had been kept in the painter's house in Queen Anne Street from the period of his death.

illustrate the great principles of his art, and selected from his best subjects,—the work was not successful in the business sense of the term. But the price that a fine and perfect copy has since sold for would seem almost fabulous. Engraved by Lucas, Charles Turner, and others, at a cost varying from five to seven guineas only per plate, proof impressions of single plates have been sold for upwards of 10*l.*, and proofs touched on by himself for more than double; whilst a complete copy of the book, in a very ordinary state, has been sold by auction for upwards of 70 guineas; and a very fine set of picked proofs (privately) for 500*l.*¹ Besides the various series of engravings already enumerated, we must not omit the ‘Provincial Scenery and Antiquities of Scotland, Illustrations of Lord Byron’s and Sir Walter Scott’s Works, (Turner had 30 guineas for each subject, besides 50 proofs,) Moore’s ‘Epicurean,’ Campbell’s ‘Poems,’ and Rogers’ ‘Italy and Poems.’

Several of Turner’s works were engraved in the *Literary Souvenir*, the *Keepsake*, the *Picturesque Annual*, and Turner’s ‘*Tour on the Seine and the Loire.*’ It has been the fashion of late to decry the class of publications known under the designation of Annuals, once so popular, and to place them all, good, bad, and indifferent, in the same category. Yet the services which they rendered to art and literature, were the details of their history placed fairly before the public, would go far to arrest this unjust tone of depre-

¹ Among the finest copies on record are those formerly in the possession of Mr. Pye, Mr. Sheepshanks, Mr. C. Turner, Mr. Windus, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. J. H. Hawkins, of Bignor. But by far the finest, including, as it does, a great number of variations, touched proofs, and unpublished plates, is that which belonged to the late Mr. C. Stokes, who had also many of Turner’s early drawings. At the sale at Messrs. Christies, referred to in the preceding page, a set of the *Liber Studiorum*, mounted in plain oaken ungilt frames, was knocked down to Mr. A. Buckley for 850 guineas: other sets ranged from 300 guineas to 410 guineas each.

ciation. The painter's reputation with the public at large was no doubt greatly extended by the two or three works of this class to which he contributed. They penetrated where large prints had never before found their way.

Of Mr. Turner's repugnance to part with money many amusing instances are on record. After volunteering to erect a monument over the remains of his early companion, Girtin, who lies in the churchyard of St. Paul, Covent Garden, he retracted on finding that it would cost rather more than ten pounds. But had he been asked to contribute a picture for this object worth ten times the sum, he would no doubt have given it freely. Thus, the father of the late hall-porter of Mr. Walter Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, Yorkshire, who kept the village ale-house, received from him a drawing of great value, in liquidation of a trifling score of some four or five pounds. The manner in which this transaction was discovered is curious enough. On retiring from Mr. Fawkes's service to replace his father as host of the village house of entertainment, the man was desirous of purchasing the old hall chair, in which he had been accustomed to sit for so many years, and having been allowed to appraise it himself at four pounds, offered, instead of hard cash, a capital drawing by Turner, which had been given to his father in acquittance of his bill. One of his best sea-pieces is said to have been transferred to a Margate boatman under nearly similar circumstances. But it should be remembered, that whilst displaying a parsimony utterly inconsistent with his acknowledged pecuniary means, he was laying up store to enable him to carry out that noble scheme which reflects so much honour on his benevolent intentions, but which was never realised. He purchased land at Twickenham, many years before his death, for the institution he proposed to found for

the benefit of decayed painters,¹ and the property destined to provide for this grand charitable scheme had, thanks to his self-denying habits, increased so largely, that he left behind him upwards of £100,000 devoted to this object.

Unfortunately, to save a little expense, and having, no doubt, complete confidence in his own capabilities, Mr. Turner was his own will-maker, and, as a very natural consequence, his intentions were so obscurely indicated that none but the Court of Chancery was able to unravel them. It contained several conflicting codicils, written at considerable intervals, and was in many respects irregular and informal. The reader will find in subsequent pages a copy of the will, extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court; followed, in the Appendix, after four years of litigation, by the judgment respecting it given by the Law Court.

In 1807 Turner was appointed Professor of Perspective to the Royal Academy, and no painter could have been selected for the office whose works bore testimony to a more perfect practical knowledge of the subject. He had

¹ The only land which, at his death, stood in Turner's name at Twickenham, was about three-quarters of an acre on the fourth road side of the Common, which he bought when the Richmond and Twickenham Railroad was forming. He had previously held about half an acre (bought in 1818) at the foot of the railway bridge which crosses from Richmond, and was called upon to sell it to the Company. When the usual notice was served upon him he was much puzzled what to do, and addressed himself to Mr. John Williams, the Duke of Northumberland's land steward. This gentleman exerted himself so effectually that he obtained, to the astonishment of Mr. Turner, who had not the remotest idea of the Railway value of land, £550 for it. "But," said Mr. Turner, after recovering from his surprise, "the expenses will, I suppose, swallow up a considerable part of it." "Not a shilling," said Mr. Williams, "beyond a small fee to the surveyor; the Company pay all the rest." He expressed himself highly satisfied, muttered a few thanks, and parted without any further recognition of the service.

displayed the power of aerial perspective on his canvass with a degree of truth almost magical. He could exhibit in his pictures any extent of distance accessible to the naked eye; but unhappily he had not acquired the art of conveying his knowledge in any other way than by his pencil. The defects of his early education rendered the difficulty of orally expounding his principles insurmountable, and after a short time he appears to have abandoned the attempt. Although he retained the office of Professor of Perspective until 1837, nearly thirty years, he lectured only during two or three, which caused some dissatisfaction. The various stories which are intended to illustrate the exclusiveness of our great painter in keeping strictly secret any discoveries he may have made in the preparation or application of his colours, or the legerdemain by which he produced certain effects of light and shade, which really seemed to have been called into existence by enchantment, are in a great degree disproved by facts that are within the personal knowledge of all his contemporaries of the Royal Academy. A portion of each of his exhibited pictures is known to have been painted on the days appointed for retouching and varnishing, and on such occasions his brother artists had abundant opportunities of acquainting themselves with the secrets of his practical operations. He could not, at such times, at least, have concealed the character of the colours on his palette, or his mode of applying them.

In 1808 Mr. Turner added a country house, at the end of the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, to his town residence; and in 1812, he removed from Harley Street to 47, Queen Anne Street West. Two years afterwards he left Hammersmith for a villa at Twickenham, which he first called Solus Lodge, but soon altered to the more euphonious designation of Sandycombe Lodge.¹ Of this villa an en-

¹ Sandycombe Lodge, which stands on between two and three acres of

graving, by the elder Cooke, was published in 1814, (in his 'Thames Scenery,') from a sketch by Havell. Turner seldom visited Twickenham after 1826, (when he sold Sandycombe to Mr. Todd,) but that he retained his affections for it is evident by his will, which directed his proposed houses for decayed artists to be built in this beautiful locality. He lived in Queen Anne Street until his death: it was on the south side of the street, and for many years, even during the latter part of his life-time, showed all the exterior signs of a house in Chancery. It seemed doubtful if its windows were cleaned, or its doors painted, for more than twenty years. Such was the monomania of the painter that he permitted much of the valuable property it contained to be irreparably injured, and some to be altogether destroyed, rather than incur the expense of an occasional fire. An old porter and an older female domestic, who had been in the service of his father, and whose habits

ground, at the north-east corner of the gardens of North End House, was built by or for Mr. Turner, and was inhabited by him in the summer for several years between 1810 and 1826. He bought the land in 1807, with a small cottage on it, which he converted into the present pretty villa, and was, it is said, his own architect. It is reported that he built it on the model of some nobleman's fishing lodge. Mr. Turner is still very well recollected, by more than one septuagenarian neighbour, as a parsimonious recluse, fond of fishing, who was nicknamed Blackbirdy by the boys, from his chasing them away from the blackbirds' nests which were plentiful in his garden. It is said that he parted with the house because favoured with more visits than comported with his economy, from brother artists who had discovered his pleasant retreat, and too often made him part of their Richmond excursions. While resident here, Turner kept a pony, which he used to drive on his sketching excursions, and which, in his own words, "would climb a hill like a cat and never get tired." He was much attached to it; but there seems to have been little return of affection, as the restive creature was always at issue with him. Once, when the pony was ill, Turner prescribed for him himself, having a great objection to farriers' bills. In struggling one night to free himself from his toils, for he had to be fastened up with chains, the poor animal got strangled. Turner was greatly affected by his loss, grieved over him sincerely, and gave him decent burial in his garden.

were almost as economical as those of their master, were the sole occupants of the house during the long absences of the painter.

Mr. Turner's conduct to his father has been much misrepresented. No sooner had the son achieved the honours of the Academy than he shut up the shop in Maiden Lane, and took the old man to his own home, where he treated him invariably with kindness and respect.

Anecdotes have been long current of the elder Turner having acted as porter to his son, and received the gratuities of visitors; and we have even heard artists affirm that they have often dropped a shilling into his extended palm during the latter years of the old man's life. Such stories are wholly destitute of foundation, and must have originated in misconception, as the elder Turner died in 1830,¹ and never, we have reason to believe, acted in the capacity here referred to. But as he was quite as economical as his son, he would always, when possible, spare the outlay of a shilling by fetching and carrying parcels, especially books.

During the forty-nine years that Mr. Turner was a member of the Royal Academy, he was absent only on five occasions from its walls, namely, in 1815, 1821, 1824, 1848, and 1851.

The prices of his pictures, during a large portion of the best period of his career, were exceedingly moderate. Up to 1815, they ranged from 100 to 300 guineas. Lord de Tabley paid him the last-mentioned sum for 'The Wreck,'

¹ He lies buried in one of the vaults of St. Paul, Covent Garden, and a neat marble tablet with the following inscription is placed within the church, on the south wall:

"In the vault beneath, and near this place, are deposited the remains of William Turner, an inhabitant of this parish, who died Sept. 21, 1830. To his memory, and his wife Mary Ann, their son J. M. W. Turner, R.A., has placed this tablet, August, 1832."

engraved by Charles Turner, but the commercial value of that picture has since exceeded four times that sum.

For his drawings for the 'England and Wales,' he received, at so late a date as 1825, only 25 guineas, (and thirty proofs.) Yet these drawings have since fetched prices varying from 80 to 150 guineas each. 'Flint Castle,' for example, was sold in 1852, by Messrs. Christie and Manson, by public auction, for £125. For his small book-vignettes he received from 12 to 20 guineas.

His reluctance to part with his pictures is notorious. It was next to impossible for publishers to purchase from him, direct, any of his more important works. In 1825, the writer accompanied the late Mr. J. O. Robinson, of the firm of Hurst, Robinson, and Co., to his house, by appointment, to look at a picture which had been recommended by Mr. John Pye for engraving as a companion to the 'Temple of Jupiter,' purchased by that firm for 500 guineas, and splendidly engraved by Mr. Pye. But although 750 guineas was the sum Mr. Turner had himself named for this picture (his 'Carthage') only a few days before, he had in the interim increased his demand to 1000 guineas. Mr. Robinson objected that he could not consent to so large an increase of price, without obtaining the sanction of his partners; but before they had had time to make up their minds, Mr. Turner sent them a verbal message, declining to dispose of it at all: he considered it, he said, his *chef d'œuvre*.¹

In the picture-market, and at auctions, the prices of Turner's pictures never, during his life-time, underwent such fluctuations as those of contemporary painters; but this was not altogether owing to their excellence. Many of

¹ For this picture Turner afterwards refused 5000 guineas, offered for it by a party of gentlemen who were anxious to purchase it for the purpose of presenting it to the National Gallery, where, in fact, it now is.

the collectors of that day were unable to appreciate their merits, and saw only their defects. To the ordinary art-critic, too, they were then a sealed book, or at best what the "yellow primrose" was to Peter Bell, and "nothing more." Their mercantile value, therefore, might have undergone occasional depreciation, but for some protection; he accordingly never allowed a picture from his pencil to be sold by public auction, without sending some person to bid for it; and his wishes on this subject were so generally known, that auctioneers made a point of calling his attention to the catalogue, whenever they had any of his pictures for sale. If time pressed, and he was unable to attend in person, he would sometimes, but rarely, intrust his commission to the auctioneer; his ordinary practice was to send some agent, with written instructions, to bid in his behalf, and he was not always very fastidious in his selection. At the sale of the pictures of Mr. Green, the well-known amateur of Blackheath, two pictures by Mr. Turner were among the most attractive lots, though neither important in size, nor of his best time. In those days, their market value might have been about 80 guineas each. They would, however, have been knocked down for considerably less, but for the impetus given to the biddings by one of Mr. Turner's agents, whose personal appearance did not warrant the belief that he was in search of pictures of a very high order. He was, in fact, a clean, ruddy-checked, butcher's boy, in the usual costume of his vocation, and had made several advances, in five guinea strides, before anything belonging to him, excepting his voice, had attracted Mr. Christie's notice. No sooner, however, did the veteran auctioneer discover what kind of customer he had to deal with, than he beckoned him forward, with a view, no doubt, of reproving him for his impertinence. The boy, however, nothing daunted, put a small piece of greasy paper into his hand; a credential, in

fact, from the painter himself. The auctioneer smiled, and the biddings proceeded. Both pictures brought high prices; and the object of the painter was as successfully achieved as if Count D'Orsay had been his representative. His argument was reasonable enough. "If I were to allow my pictures to be affected by the many accidents to which property of all descriptions exposed in an auction-room is liable, the value of those which remain in my possession would be proportionally depreciated in public estimation." He recommended all his brother painters who could afford so to do, to adopt the same course. With his prolific pencil, and the prejudice which had been created against him by ignorant or jealous assailants, his pictures might not, but for this precaution, have commanded, on such occasions, their legitimate value.

Into the private history and habits of Mr. Turner, it would answer no useful purpose to enter minutely. He was of an avaricious temperament, as was his father before him, and his habits of life were not such as we might fairly have looked for in a man of exalted genius. Too much importance, however, has perhaps been attached to that later passage in his life which has given occasion for imputations on, at least, his discretion. We allude to his having lived, for some years, in a state of great seclusion under an assumed name,—that of an old housekeeper, who had had the management of his domestic affairs for nearly a quarter of a century. Dryden says, that—

"Great wit to madness oft is near allied,
And thin partitions do the bounds divide;"

and we cannot but think that in some things Turner was not at all times a responsible agent. Economical in his habits to a morbid excess, he would jeopardize the safety of pictures worth a king's ransom, to save the cost of a ton or two of coals during the winter. Although fully alive to the

market value of his art, he would, in his earlier days, pay a pot-house score (for bread and cheese and beer) with a drawing worth, even then, twenty times the amount, rather than part with coin; whilst even at a more recent period, he has been known to remunerate the services of a Margate boatman with a marine sketch, bearing a similar disproportion to value received. Who would attempt to reconcile such inconsistencies upon any other principle than that, shrewd as he generally seemed to be in matters of bargain, his caprices were sometimes wholly beyond his own control? But if such conduct be incomprehensible, how much more so was his retirement, under an assumed name, from the circle of his patrons, friends, and brother artists, to an obscure dwelling with an elderly female companion, who might, without any scandal, have managed his household affairs at his usual residence.

On the occasion of one of his visits to Margate,¹ a medical man was called in to prescribe for a gentleman of the name of Booth. After his patient was convalescent, and his professional visits had ceased, he was seen speaking to him in the street by a friend, who acquainted him with the real name of his patient; but, although he attended him on several occasions afterwards, he would never allow him to prescribe for him under any other name. Nay, to such an extent did he carry this monomania, that, having called in the same gentleman during his last illness, (at Chelsea,) he still allowed himself to be addressed as "Mr. Booth," and in the last prescription written for him he was so designated.

¹ Mr. Turner was very fond of Margate, and in the summer often went there on Saturday morning by the Magnet or King William steamer. Most of the time he hung over the stern, watching the effects of the sun and the boiling of the foam. About two o'clock he would open his wallet of cold meat in the cabin, and, nearing himself to one with whom he was in the habit of chatting, would beg a clean plate and a hot potato, and did not refuse one glass of wine, but would never accept two. It need hardly be added that he was no favorite with the waiters.

The origin of his assuming this name, and of his acquaintance with Mrs. Booth, has been thus accounted for. Wishing, at one period of his life, to find a suitable apartment which he could make his head-quarters during his sketching excursions along the coast of Kent and Sussex, he was directed to Mrs. Booth, who kept a lodging-house at Margate, with whose apartments and terms he was so well satisfied that he at once accepted them. The *Athenæum* gave the following version of the story:—Turner loved retirement, and entertained a peculiar dislike to having his lodging known—sharing with all his immense wealth the feeling of the poorest bankrupt. He saw lodgings to his liking, asked the price, found them cheap—and that was as much as he desired. But the landlady wanted a reference—"I will buy your house outright, my good woman," was the reply, somewhat angrily. Then, an agreement was wanted—met by an exhibition of bank notes and sovereigns and an offer to pay in advance,—an offer which proved of course perfectly satisfactory. The artist's difficulties were not, however, yet over. The landlady wanted her lodger's name—"in case any gentleman should call." This was a worse dilemma. "Name, name," he muttered to himself in his usual gruff manner, "What is *your* name?"—"My name is Booth."—"O," was the reply, "then I am Mr. Booth,"—and as a "Mr. Booth" Turner died at Chelsea.

The fact that latterly, at least, he lived in an obscure house at Chelsea with this same Mrs. Booth, and was prescribed for in her name during his last illness, is placed beyond a question.¹ How he should have escaped dis-

¹ This story went the round of the papers, as if it related to the taking of the house at Chelsea, but it must be restricted to Margate. Some years afterwards Mrs. Booth left Margate, and after a sojourn, it is said, at Deal, Turner took a small house for her at Chelsea. Here, as before, a difficulty

covery by his friends and brother artists it is difficult to conceive, excepting upon that principle of discretion on which an actor neither sees nor hears matters on the stage of which he is not expected to be cognizant. One or two of the more curious of his friends attempted occasionally to follow him, but he always managed to shake them off. Fully alive to the value of every moment, and of extremely reserved habits, his desire to escape to some place where he could pursue his avocations unmolested by those triflers and idlers who too often forget that the professional man's "time is his estate," is not surprising; but that he should have condescended to conceal his identity by assuming a name that did not belong to him, is irreconcilable with a healthy state of mind.

He died at Chelsea, on the 19th of December, 1851, at the age, it would appear, of 76, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, Tuesday, December 23d, near the grave of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The spot of his interment was selected by himself, permission having been granted by the Dean and Chapter, on the official request of the Royal Academy. His funeral was attended by nearly all his brother Academicians, as well as by numerous friends and admirers. Archdeacon Hale, and his friend, Dean Milman, the poet, assisted at his obsequies.

occurred as to the name, which he objected to give, answering gruffly, "What do you want with my name?" His objection to give it put off his taking the house for more than a week. Eventually he bought the lease in the name of Caroline Booth. It is on the water side, near Battersea bridge, and is the middle one of three small unpretending houses. One of the houses was at the time occupied by "Alexander, boat builder," whose name was conspicuously painted on the side wall. Turner enclosed part of the roof, which is flat, with a light iron railing, and used occasionally to sit there studying effects or sketching. Mrs. Booth, who continued to reside there some time after the painter's death, was not forgotten in Turner's will (appended). Mrs. Danby, too, the other housekeeper, who resided at the house in Queen Anne Street, was equally well provided for.

His executors are Mr. Jones, R.A., Mr. Hardwick, R.A., Mr. Charles Turner, A.R.A., Mr. Munro, of Hamilton Place, and Mr. Griffiths, of Norwood; and among the trustees of certain bequests are Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet, and Mr. Ruskin, the author of 'Modern Painters.' To each executor he left £19 19s. 6d., to avoid the legacy-duty, which is only levied on £20 and upwards.

During some three years Turner was associated in the production of the "RIVERS OF FRANCE" with Mr. Leitch Ritchie, the gentleman whose descriptions occupy the following sheets. They travelled, however, very little in company; their tastes in everything but art being exceedingly dissimilar. "I was curious," says Mr. Ritchie, "in observing what he made of the objects he selected for his sketches, and was frequently surprised to find what a forcible idea he conveyed of a place with scarcely a single correct detail. His exaggerations, when it suited his purpose to exaggerate, were wonderful, lifting up, for instance, by two or three stories, the steeple, or rather stunted cone, of a village church; and when I returned to London I never failed to roast him on this habit. He took my remarks in good part, sometimes, indeed, with great glee, never attempting to defend himself otherwise than by rolling back the war into the enemy's camp. In my account of the famous Gilles de Retz I had attempted to identify that prototype of 'Blue Beard' with the hero of the nursery story, by absurdly insisting that his beard was so intensely black that it seemed to have a shade of blue. This tickled the great painter hugely, and his only reply to my bantering was, his little sharp eyes glistening the while, 'Blue Beard! Blue Beard! Black beard.'"

His parsimony does not appear to have made him so careful of his money as is commonly supposed. On one

occasion, when Mr. Charles Heath was sitting beside him, he drew towards him listlessly a pile of papers which were lying on the table, asking him what he had got there: "Oh," replied Turner, "some old receipts and papers not wanted." Mr. Heath's attention had been attracted by a bill of exchange for £200, evidently unpaid, and due on that very day, of the existence of which Turner appeared to be wholly unconscious. This carelessness did not, however, extend to many of his transactions, for never was any one more rigorous in exacting the last farthing in a contract than he was, or more punctual in executing within the stipulated time whatever he undertook. Mr. Heath was wont to declare that in spite of his exactions, and the difficulty of bringing him to any reasonable terms, he had greater satisfaction in dealing with Turner than with any other artist. When once he had pledged his word as to time and quality, he might be implicitly relied on.

Mr. Ruskin ranks many of the subjects included in the present volume among Turner's most successful works of the class, and refers to them as helping very materially to illustrate the principles of his art. We transcribe a few of his remarks:

"'CHATEAU GAILLARD.' Black figures and boats; points of shade; sun touches on castle and wake of boat; of light. See how the eye rests on both, and observe how sharp and separate all the lights are, falling in spots edged by shadow, but not melting off into it.

"'ORLEANS.' The crowded figures supply both points of shade and light. Observe the delicate middle tint of both in the whole mass of buildings, and compare this with the blackness of Canaletto's shadows, against which neither figures nor anything else can ever tell as points of shade.

"'BLOIS.' White figures in boats, buttresses of bridge, dome of church on the right for light; woman on horse-

back, heads of boats, for shadow. Note especially the isolation of the light on the church dome.

“‘CHATEAU DE BLOIS.’ Torches and white figures for light, roof of chapel and monks’ dresses for shade.

“‘BEAGENCY.’ Sails and spire, opposed to buoy and boats. An exquisite instance of brilliant, sparkling, isolated, touches of morning light.

“‘AMBOISE.’ White sail and clouds; cypresses under castle.

“‘CHATEAU OF AMBOISE.’ The boat in the centre, with its reflections, needs no comment. Note the glancing lights under the bridge. This is a very glorious and perfect instance.

“‘ST. JULIEN, TOURS.’ Especially remarkable for its preservation of deep points of gloom, because the whole picture is one of extended shade.”

Mr. Ruskin enumerates, from the same series of plates, a few instances of chiaroscuro more especially deserving of study, namely: SCENE BETWEEN QUILLEBŒUF and VILLEQUIER. HONFLEUR. The scene between NANTES and VERNON. The LANTERN OF ST. CLOUD. Confluence of the SEINE and MARNE. TROYES.

He also instances the following:—

“‘JUMIEGES.’ The haze of sunlit rain of this most magnificent picture, the gradual retirement of the dark wood into its depth, and the sparkling and evanescent light which sends its variable flashes on the abbey, figures, foliage, and foam, require no comment. They speak home at once. But there is added to this noble composition an incident which may serve us at once for a further illustration of the nature and forms of cloud, and for a final proof how deeply and philosophically Turner has studied them. We have on the right of the picture the steam and the smoke of a passing steamboat. Now steam is nothing but an artificial cloud in the process of dissipation; it is as much a cloud

as those of the sky itself, that is, a quantity of moisture rendered visible in the air by imperfect solution. Accordingly, observe how exquisitely irregular and broken are its forms, how sharp and spray-like; but with the convex side to the wind, the sharp edge on that side, the other soft and lost. Smoke, on the contrary, is an actual substance, existing independently in the air, a solid opaque body, subject to no absorption but that of tenuity. Observe its volumes; there is no breaking up or disappearing here; the wind carries its elastic globes before it, but does not dissolve nor break them. Equally convex and void of angles on all sides, they are the exact representations of the clouds of the old masters, and serve at once to show the ignorance and falsehood of the latter, and the accuracy of study which has guided Turner to the truth."

Mr. Ruskin also instances the following subjects from the plates contained in the present volume as remarkable examples of the effects of light given by Turner: BAUGENCY, as representing the Sun half an hour risen, cloudless sky. LANTERN OF ST. CLOUD, midday, serene and bright, with streaky clouds. AMBOISE, sun setting, detached light, cerri and clear air. TROYES, sun setting, cloudless; new moon. CAUDEBEC, sun just set; sky covered with clouds; new moon setting. MONTJEAN; sun five minutes set, serene; new moon; CHATEAU DE BLOIS, sun a quarter of an hour set, cloudless; CLAIRMONT, sun half an hour set; light cerri. ST. JULIEN, TOURS, an hour after sunset; no moon; torchlight. NANTES, the same hour; moon rising. CALAIS, midnight; moonless, with lighthouses. He also refers for instances of a grand simplicity of treatment to HONLEUR, and the scene between CLAIRMONT and MAUVES, the latter more especially for its expression of the furrowing of the hills by descending water, the complete roundness and symmetry of their curves, and in the delicate and sharp

shadows which are cast in the undulating ravines. He cites CAUDEBEC as an example of the mode with which the height of the observer above the river is indicated by the loss of the reflection of its banks.

Mr. Peter Cunningham relates an anecdote illustrative of Turner's skill in bargain-making, on the authority of George Cooke, the engraver, which is characteristic enough. In an interview with Messrs. Hurst, Robinson, and Co., the booksellers, it was arranged, after some haggling, that he should make them a series of drawings for a topographical work at the rate of twenty-five *pounds* a piece, and he went away expressing his entire satisfaction with the arrangement. He came back, however, a few minutes afterwards, and thrusting his head in at the door of the room he had just left, ejaculated "guineas." "Guineas let it be," responded the publishers, and he once more retired. He soon returned, however, and added "my expenses." "Certainly," was the answer. This facility of disposition he seemed determined to test to the utmost, for he came back a third time to remind them that he must have in addition twenty-five proofs. This story was communicated to the writer, soon after the occurrence of the fact, by Mr. Robinson himself. It is due to the astute bargain-maker to add, that his bills for expenses on such excursions were exceedingly moderate, and confined to absolute necessities. We remember an item in one of these bills, however, that puzzled us a good deal at the time; "Boxing Harry, 2s. 6d.!" Our ignorance was, however, soon enlightened, when we found to our infinite amusement that it was the slang phrase on "the road" for making one meal answer the purpose of two, that one being tea with meat "fixings." Turner was an abstemious man, so far as creature comforts were concerned. He had, however, no objection to a glass of good wine, but considered that the best was

that which he drank at other people's expense. He was very liberal in his offers to visitors of a glass of wine, but was seldom known to produce it.

On the death of Sir Martin Archer Shee, Turner became the father of the Royal Academy, that is to say, he had survived the thirty-nine members who were his colleagues at the time of his election. He seems to have expected to be chosen President, and if genius were the sole qualification for such an office he had a paramount claim to the honour. "What" (he used to growl,) "have the Academy done for me? No one has knighted me, Callcott has been knighted, and Allan has been knighted, but no one has knighted me!" He was certainly better entitled to a knighthood than some of his predecessors.

With great but not exaggerated notions of his own pretensions as a painter, he was painfully alive to the ungainliness of his personal appearance, and the defects of his education; and if he was acquainted with the conventional courtesies of modern civilised society, he seldom condescended to practise them. He was an intolerant criticiser of the works of his brother artists, more especially of landscape painters, and liked to "check-mate" them (as he called it) whenever they presumed to attempt effects which he considered patent to himself. To amateur artists in general he had an invincible dislike, and warmly resented on the whole body some slight which had been offered him in early life by Sir George Beaumont, of whom he used to speak with hearty contempt for his affectation in carrying with him a picture of Claude wherever he went. It has been suggested, and with some show of reason, that Turner's early attempt to "check-mate" the Blind Fiddler of Wilkie, painted for Sir George, had its origin less in enmity to Wilkie than in a desire to mortify the dilettante baronet, who had shown so strange an indifference, nay even dislike, to his own art.

Sir George Beaumont was, in Turner's earlier day, a leader of the public taste, and few painters cared to provoke

“The deep damnation of his bah!”

Among the chief collectors of Mr. Turner's works were the following gentlemen, all of whom possessed fine specimens of his genius at its culminating point. Foremost in the list was Benjamin Godfrey Windus, Esq., of Tottenham Green, who had, as was believed, the largest and finest collection in the kingdom. Mr. Windus was a gentleman of highly-cultivated taste, and having been an admirer of Turner's pencil for many years, was enabled to collect a great number of the painter's finest productions. Willing to extend to others the gratification he himself enjoyed, he opened his house to a select portion of the public every Tuesday, and it may be said that the genius of the painter could nowhere be seen in greater perfection. Mr. Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, Yorkshire, also possesses a remarkably fine collection of Turner's works, especially of his earlier drawings, some of which are of Yorkshire Scenery. It is scarcely inferior to Mr. Windus's, and great liberality is exercised in permitting the inspection of it. He was the first great and liberal patron of Turner, and in the year 1819 exhibited his collection to the public, at his mansion in London, and printed a handsome catalogue of it for the convenience of visitors. The Earl of Ellesmere (at Bridgewater House) possesses his 'Boats going out to a Wreck,' and the 'Gale at Sea,' &c. Among the other admirers and known collectors of the great painter's works, were the Earl of Egremont, at Petworth; Sir John Soane, (the Soane Gallery, in Lincoln's Inn Fields;) Mr. Leader, (of Putney Hill;) John Sheepshanks, Esq., (Rutland Gate;) the Earl of Yarborough, (Isle of Wight;) Mr. Vernon, (Vernon Gallery;) Samuel Rogers,

Esq. (St. James's Place,) for whom Turner made the beautiful designs to his *Italy and Poems*; James Wadmore, Esq. (Clapton;) Mr. Allnutt, (Clapham;) Mr. H. A. J. Munro, (of Hamilton Place;) Mr. L. Powell; George IV., Greenwich Hospital; Mr. Bicknell, (of Herne Hill;) Lord de Tabley; Mr. Wynn Ellis; Sir John Swinburne; Mr. Stokes; Mr. Ruskin, (Denmark Hill,) the able author of '*Modern Painters*,' who had many fine specimens of his latest and finest drawings of Swiss Scenery, England and Wales, &c.; and there are also several good examples at Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham.

The pictures left to the nation (about 125 in number, exclusive of water-colour drawings and sketches) comprise many of Turner's finest works: '*Carthage*' and '*Crossing the Brook*,' the '*Snow Storm*,' '*Frosty Morning*,' '*Dido and Eneas*,' '*The Old Temeraire*,' '*Hail, Rain, and Steam*,' '*Hannibal*,' '*The Burial of Wilkie*,' '*The Death of Nelson*,' and other of his *chefs d'œuvre*. The only condition with which this bequest was associated is, that a room in the National Gallery should be set apart specially for their exhibition, within ten years of the painter's death.¹ Proof impressions of the plates from his works, which remained in his possession; many of his touched proofs; and the stock of his '*England and Wales*,' were, as stated in a previous page, sold by auction at Messrs. Christies, in 1873.

The following extracts, from an able biographical sketch in the *Literary Gazette*, are appended.

"The great secret of Turner's fame was his constant recourse to nature, and his wonderful activity and power of memory, coupled with great natural genius, and indifference to praise. His religious study of nature was such, that he would walk through portions of England, twenty to twenty-

¹ This subject is referred to in the Appendix.

five miles a day, with his little modicum of baggage at the end of a stick, sketching rapidly on his way all striking pieces of composition, and marking effects with a power that daguerreotyped them in his mind. There were few moving phenomena in clouds or shadows which he did not fix indelibly in his memory, though he might not call them into requisition for years afterwards.

“Turner was always on the alert for any remarkable effects. In 1792, when he was eighteen years of age, the Pantheon in Oxford Street was burnt down. It happened to be a hard frost at the time, and huge icicles were seen the next morning depending from different parts of the ruins. The young artist quickly repaired to the spot, and his picture, ‘The Pantheon on the Morning after the Fire,’ exhibited at the Royal Academy in the following May, witnessed the force with which the scene was impressed upon him. In like manner, the burning of the Houses of Parliament, forty years afterwards, was an event that could not escape the pictorial appetite of Turner. He repaired to the spot to make sketches of the fire at different points, and produced two pictures, one for the Academy, and another for the British Institution. Here was a glowing subject for his palette. Lord Hill on looking close to the latter picture, exclaimed, ‘What’s this? Call this painting? Nothing but dabs!’ But upon retiring and catching its magical effects, he added, ‘Painting! God bless me, so it is!’ The picture of ‘Hail, Rain, and Speed,’ with its wonderful interpretation of a night railway train, produced at a still later period of Turner’s life, was another instance in which the great artist’s attention had been caught by the hissing and puffing, and glowing fire of the locomotive.

“Turner’s faculty of observation was prodigious, and his mind was always intent upon the work of his profession.

He could not walk London streets without seeing effects of light and shade and composition, whether in the smoke issuing from a chimney-pot, or in the shadows upon a brick-wall, without storing them in his memory for use when needed. Frequently on looking at another artist's landscape, all the details of the scene would rise to his recollection, and he would good-humouredly criticise any exaggeration for effect. 'Now those trees,' he would say, 'are not in that corner—they are here.' He saw beauties in things and groups of things, that nobody else could see,—and painted successful pictures of them. He frequently started off to the continent—nobody knew when, and nobody knew where, until the result of his labours came forth to illustrate some costly book—now to France, now to Venice,—and not unfrequently he painted his views in oil on the spot. His pencil was always in requisition. An intimate friend, while travelling in the Jura, came to an inn where Turner had only just before entered his name in the visiting book. Anxious to be sure of his identity and to be in pursuit of him, he inquired of the host what sort of man his last visitor was. 'A rough clumsy man,' was the reply; 'and you may know him by his always having a pencil in his hand.' Nature was his inspiration in the fullest sense of the word. He never copied any one, except by way of experiment, and so original and unapproachable was his style, that no one could copy him. His 'Interior of a Blacksmith's Shop' was painted in imitation of Wilkie; and there are two pictures at Petworth painted by him in imitation of Watteau. He also exhibited a picture in 1828, 'Boccaccio relating the Tale of the Bird-cage,' in imitation of Stothard, for whose works he had the profoundest admiration. 'I only wish,' said Turner to one of the Academy Professors, 'he thought as much of my works as I think of his. I consider him the Giotto of the English School.'

“No artist ever applied himself more closely to his profession than Turner. He rose mostly with the sun, and entered little into society. He never allowed any one to go into his studio, not even his oldest friends and patrons, and when his pictures appeared on the walls of the Academy, no one knew, on account of his extreme reserve, when they had been painted. Few were intimate with him, and few even knew him. Once, upon being told that an eminent publisher had boasted of having obtained admission to his studio, ‘How could you be such a fool as to believe it?’ replied Turner, in his usual abrupt manner. And his reserve in this respect was responded to by a most faithful servant who had lived forty-two years with him, to the day of his death. Turner was, perhaps, most intimate with Chantrey,¹ from the circumstance of their having a kindred taste in sport as well as in art. They were both fond of fishing, and would angle together for hours. This was Turner’s chief source of relaxation. On the occasion of a professional visit to Petworth, it was remarked to Lord Egremont, ‘Turner is going to leave without having done anything; instead of painting, he does nothing but fish!’ To the surprise of his patron he produced, as he was on the point of leaving, two or three wonderful pictures, painted with the utmost reserve during early morning before the family were up.

“He never would tell his birthday. One who was a fellow-

¹ Chantrey’s early days were spent very much at Twickenham, where Lady Chantrey resided with her parents in a fine old house, afterwards known as Jones Burdett’s. Here Chantrey was allotted a room as a studio. His vicinity to Turner, and their mutual love of angling, brought them for some years into constant companionship. They used to hire a boat at Isleworth, and, after an early lunch, would angle out the day. In Turner’s villa at Twickenham there was a pretty little piece of sculpture, (Paul at Iconium, from the Cartoon, but with variations), supposed to have been given him by Chantrey. It was let into the wall over the dining-room chimney-piece.

student with him at the Academy, and his companion from boyhood, once said to him, 'William, your birthday can't be far off; when is it? I want to drink a glass of wine to my old friend.' 'Ah!' growled Turner, 'never mind that; leave your old friend alone.' He was never married, and had no recognised relations excepting two or three cousins.

"He wrote few letters, and these were, like his conversation, abrupt, and referred little to art. The following, accepting an invitation to dine with his valued friend and patron, Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, on the occasion of his birthday, is characteristic. 'My dear Sir,—*Yes*, with very great pleasure. I will be with you on the *B. D.* Many of them to yourself and Mrs. Windus; and, with the compliments of the season, believe me, yours faithfully,

J. M. W. TURNER.'

"Turner would never consent to have his likeness taken, except on one occasion, when, in 1800, he sat as a young man for a series of small-sized portraits of members of the Royal Academy. He was a short stout man, somewhat sailor-like, with a great deal of colour in his face; and seemed to think that a knowledge of his burly form and uncouth farmer-looking appearance would disturb the poetical impressions produced by his works. 'No one,' he said, 'would believe, upon seeing my likeness, that I painted those pictures.' Several portraits, however, have been taken of him clandestinely. Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, obtained a sketch of him. A very fair full-length sketch of Turner was published May 10th, 1845, in 'The Illustrated London News;' and a very characteristic one was made of him by Count D'Orsay, at an evening party at Mr. Bicknell's, of Herne Hill. The best and only finished portrait of him is, however, one of half-size, in

oil, by J. Linnell. It was the result of a plot, which may now be revealed without offence to the honoured victim. The Rev. Mr. Daniell, a gentleman who was extremely intimate with Turner, prevailed upon his eccentric friend occasionally to dine with him. Linnell, without exciting any suspicion of his object, was always one of the party, and by sketching on his thumb-nail, and, unobserved, on scraps of paper, he at length succeeded in transferring the portly bust and sparkling eye of the great artist to his canvass. The picture was finished, and passed in due time, at the price of two hundred guineas, into the possession of Mr. Birch, a gentleman residing near Birmingham. Turner never knew it. It is a beautiful work of art, and was thought, by all who saw it, to be very like him at the time it was taken.¹ There is yet another portrait to record: Mr. Charles Turner, A.R.A., the mezzotint engraver of his *Liber Studiorum*, and his oldest and most constant friend, was so desirous of securing a likeness of him, that he offered to pay Sir Thomas Lawrence, or any other artist that Turner should name, if he would only consent to sit, but he was not to be prevailed upon. Mr. C. Turner was, however, determined to have a likeness of him at all hazards, and availed himself, from time to time, of every opportunity of collecting memoranda for the purpose. He at length obtained a most characteristic portrait in oil, small half-size, in the act of sketching. The singularity of his dress and figure have been scrupulously attended to, and it has been pronounced an admirable and faithful likeness. The portrait was afterwards engraved by Mr. C. Turner. Posterity, therefore, may now obtain a faithful resemblance of the painter.

“Turner was cheerful and sociable, enjoyed a joke,

¹ It was engraved by Mr. C. W. Wass, and published by Messrs. Morris, now of the Strand.

and was fond of dining out. He gave, however, no dinners himself. No one ever visited him. This, coupled with the knowledge of his saving habits, and general love of money, led to his being considered a miser, but his will, which was made twenty years before his death, and is very much to his honour, shows that he amassed riches for a noble purpose.

“We have said that one element in Turner’s success was his indifference to praise. Though proud of his works, he was not a vain man. He never suffered from the disappointments arising out of a premature desire for fame. He did not appear to be pleased with Mr. Ruskin’s superlative eulogies. ‘He knows a great deal more about my pictures than I do,’ said Turner; ‘he puts things into my head, and points out meanings in them that I never intended.’ It was not easy to draw his attention to the admiration of his own pictures. A well-known collector, with whom the artist had long been intimate, once invited him to be present at the opening of a new gallery, which was hung round with his most beautiful drawings. To the disappointment of the connoisseur, Turner scarcely noticed them, but kept his eye fixed upon the ceiling. It was panelled and neatly grained in oak. ‘What are you looking at so intently?’ said the host. ‘At those boards,’ was the reply; ‘the fellow that did that must have known how to paint.’ And nothing would induce him to turn to the magnificent pictures that sparkled on the walls. He never talked about his own pictures, but would occasionally give hints to other artists; and when these were adopted, they were always certain improvements. We never heard of his saying anything, however, that would give pain, though he felt keenly the ignorant criticisms and ridicule with which his own pictures were sometimes treated.”

Will

OF

J. M. W. TURNER, ESQ., R.A.

(*Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.*)

In the Name of God, Amen. I JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A., of Queen Ann Street, Cavendish Square, in the county of Middlesex, Esquire, do make, publish, and declare this to be and contain my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say after payment of all my just debts, funeral expenses, and the costs and charges of proving this my Will, I give and bequeath unto my executors and trustees hereafter named, or the survivor of them, his executors or administrators, all the freehold and copyhold estates whatsoever and wheresoever situated, and also all my leasehold and personal estate and property of every kind whatsoever and wheresoever situate, of which I shall or may be possessed, or be entitled to or interested in at the time of my decease, to have and to hold the said freehold and copyhold estates unto my said executors, their heirs and assigns, to the use of them, their heirs and assigns for ever, and to have, hold, receive, and take all my said personal estate (except as hereinafter mentioned as to my pictures) unto them my said executors and administrators, nevertheless as to the said freehold and copyhold estates and the said personal estate upon trust that they, my said executors or the survivors or survivor of them, their heirs, executors, or administrators, do and shall, as soon after my decease as may be, sell and dispose of all my said freehold and copyhold estates, and such part of my said real and personal estate and effects (except as aforesaid) as shall not consist of money vested in the public stock funds, called Three pounds per Cent. Consolidated Annuities, or other funds transferable at the Bank of England, for the most money that can be had or obtained for the same, either by public auction or private sale, as shall be deemed best for the advantage and interest of my estate, to such person or persons as they may think fit. And I do hereby authorize and empower my said executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, and the heirs, executors, or administrators of such survivor, to sign, seal, and deliver good and sufficient conveyances, assignments, and assurances, to the purchasers thereof; and I declare that the receipt or receipts of my said executors, or the survivor of them, his heirs, executors, or administrators, shall from time to time be to the purchaser or purchasers of my said freehold, copyhold, and personal estate, and every part thereof, good and sufficient releases and discharges for so much of the purchase-money as shall in such receipt or receipts

be expressed to be received ; and such purchaser or purchasers shall not be bound to see to the application of such purchase-money, or be liable or accountable for the loss, misapplication, or nonapplication thereof. And upon further trust to lay out and invest the monies to arise from such sale or sales of my said freehold and copyhold and personal estates and effects in the purchase of like Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities in his or their names, so that the same may form one fund together with such sum as I shall be possessed of in the said Three pounds per Cent. Consolidated Annuities, or any other stocks or funds standing in my name at the time of my decease. And I direct that my said executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, his executors and administrators, shall stand possessed thereof upon the trusts and purposes hereafter mentioned, that is to say upon trust to pay the several legacies, annuities, and payments to the respective persons hereafter named, (that is to say), to Price Turner, Jonathan Turner, the present surviving brothers of my late father, William Turner, fifty pounds each ; to the eldest sons of Price, John, Joshua, Jonathan Turner, twenty-five pounds each ; to Hannah Dauby,¹ niece of John Danby, musician, fifty pounds a year for her natural life ; to Eveline and Georgiana, Georgiana J., the daughters of Sarah Danby, widow of John Danby, musician, fifty pounds a year each for their natural lives and aforesaid ; Sarah Danby, widow of John Dauby, musician, the sum of ten pounds a year for her natural life ; all which annuities and legacies I direct my executors, or the survivor of them, his executors or administrators, to pay and discharge out of the annual interest or dividends that shall become due and payable from time to time upon the Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities or any other stocks or funds which may be standing in my name at the Bank of England at my decease, or which may be purchased with the produce of my said freehold and copyhold and personal estates, so directed to be funded as aforesaid, the first quarterly payments of the said several annuities to commence and be paid at the expiration of six months from the day of my decease. And I direct my said executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, his executors or administrators, to set apart so much of the said Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities, or any other stocks or funds, as will be sufficient to pay the said several annuities. And I declare that upon the respective deaths of the said several annuitants the principal sum of stock from which their several annuities shall arise, be applied in the manner hereafter ordered, with regard to the residue of the said fund ; and I direct my executors, or the survivor of them, his executors or administrators, to pay the legacies within six months next after my decease. Also I give and bequeath unto the trustees and directors for the time being of a certain society or institution called the "National Gallery," the following pictures or paintings by myself, namely, Dido Building Carthage, and the picture formerly in the Tatley Collection. To hold the said pictures or paintings unto the said trustees and directors of the said society for the time being in trust for the said institution or society for ever subject, nevertheless, to, for, and upon the following reservations and restrictions only ; that is to say I direct that the said pictures or paintings shall be hung, kept, and placed, that is to say always between the two pictures painted by Claude, the Sea Port and Mill, and shall be from time to time properly cleaned, framed, preserved, repaired, and protected by the said society ; and in case the said pictures or paintings are not, within twelve months next after my decease, accepted and taken by the said society under and subject to the above regulations, restrictions, and directions, and placed as directed, that then I will and direct that they shall be taken to and form part of the fixed

¹ His housekeeper in Queen Anne Street, who had the charge of his pictures when he was not residing there, and for some time after his death.

property of the charity hereafter named, and to be formed for the maintenance and support of male decayed artists, and by the governors, trustees, directors, or other persons having the care and management thereof, placed in proper situations in the building or house to form such charitable institution, and who are to properly preserve and keep them in repair. And as to all the rest, residue, and remainder of the said Three pounds per Cent Consolidated Annuities, or any other stock or funds as shall not be required to pay the said several annuities; and also as to such part thereof as shall be set apart to pay the said annuities, as and when the said annuitant shall severally and respectively depart this life, I give and bequeath the same, and every part thereof, unto my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, his executors or administrators, shall and do apply, and dispose of the same, upon and for the following uses, trusts, intents and purposes; that is to say, it is my will, and I direct, that a charitable institution be founded for the maintenance and support of poor and decayed male artists, being born in England, and of English parents only, and lawful issue; and I direct that a proper and suitable building or residence be provided for that purpose, in such a situation as may be deemed eligible and advantageous by my executors and the trustees to the said charitable institution, and that the same be under the direction, guidance, and management of four trustees for the time being, for life, whereof my said executors, during their lives, shall be, provided they prove my will, and act in the trusts thereof, but not otherwise. And I declare that in case my said executors, and the said other trustees hereinafter nominated to act with them as to the said institution, or any of them, shall die, or become incapable of acting in the execution of the trusts hereby created as to the said charitable institution, that it shall and may be lawful to and for, and I direct that the survivors or survivor of my said executors and the said trustees, or the executors or administrators of such survivor, by any deed or writing, under their hands and seals, shall be bound with all convenient speed, after any of my said executors or trustees shall die, or become incapable of acting in the said trusts hereby created as to the said institution, to be signed, sealed, and delivered by them or him in the presence of, and attested by two or more credible persons, to appoint one or more person or persons, being a member or members of the Royal Academy of Arts, and two other persons not being members of the said Royal Academy, to act as trustee or trustees, or as to the said charitable institution in the stead and place of such of my said executors, or of the said trustees who shall so die or become incapable of acting in the execution of the trusts hereby created, so that the number of trustees shall always be seven, exclusive of my executors during their lives, who shall prove this my will, and act in the trusts thereof. And I direct that immediately upon such appointment the said trust, funds, and every part thereof, shall be transferred into the names of the surviving or continuing trustee or trustees, and the said new trustee or trustees jointly, so that the same be effectually vested in such surviving and continuing new trustees, and that all and every such new trustees or trustee shall and may from time to time act in the management, execution, and carrying on of the said trusts hereby created as the said charitable institution, jointly with the surviving or continuing trustee or trustees, in as full and ample a manner to all intents and purposes as if such new trustee or trustees had been originally appointed a trustee or trustees herein as to the said charitable institution. And I direct that the said charitable institution shall be governed, guided, managed, and directed by such rules, regulations, directions, restrictions, and management generally, as other public charitable institutions resembling this my present one are governed, managed, and directed. And I hereby appoint my executors, who shall act in the execution of the trusts hereof, and the survivors or survivor of them, together with

William Frederick Wells, of Miteham, Surrey; Rev. Henry Trimmer, of Heston; Samuel Rogers, of St. James's Place; George Jones, R.A.; Charles Turner, A.R.A., Esquires, to be trustee or trustees of the said charitable institution. And I direct that the number of trustees for the time being be five at all times, and that they shall be composed and formed of artists being members of the Royal Academy, together with two persons not being members of the said Royal Academy (except my executors during their lives). And I declare that they shall be at liberty, and have power, in case they shall think it necessary for the more effectually and better establishment of the charitable institution, to sell only part of the principal of the said stock for the purpose of building a proper and fit house for the reception of the objects of the said institution, or that the said trustees shall or may rent a proper house and offices for that purpose, as they shall think fit, and as shall be allowed by law, but so that there always remain a sufficient amount of stock to produce dividends and interest equal to the full maintenance and support of the respective individuals, and the houses or buildings and premises before mentioned, and which charitable institution I desire shall be called or designated "Turner's Gift," and shall at all times decidedly be an English institution, and the persons receiving the benefits thereof shall be English born subjects only, and of no other nation or country whatever. And I do authorise and empower the respective trustees for the time being from time to time to deduct, retain, and reimburse themselves and himself all such reasonable expenses as they shall be put unto in the execution and maintenance of the said institution, and the support and government thereof. And I do hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint William Frederick Wells, of Miteham, Surrey; the Rev. Henry Trimmer, of Heston, Middlesex; Samuel Rogers, of St. James's Place; George Jones, R.A., Duke Street, Portland Place; Charles Turner, A.R.A., Warren Street, executors and trustees of this my last will and testament. And I do hereby revoke, annul, and make void all former or other will or wills by me at any time heretofore made and executed, and do declare this alone to be and contain my last will and testament, written and contained in eight sheets of paper, to the seven first sheets of which I have set my hand, and to the eighth and last I have set and subscribed my hand and seal this Tenth day of June, in the year of our Lord ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE.


JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER. (L.S.)

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the within named Joseph Mallord William Turner, as and for his last will and testament in the presence of us, who, at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto.

GEO. COBB, *Clement's Inn.*

JOHN SAXON BRUTON, *Somerset.*

CHARLES TULL, *Winchester Street, London.*

 *The Will is written in a legal hand, and so are the second, third, and fourth Codicils, but not by one and the same person. The first Codicil is entirely in Turner's own handwriting.*

August 20th, 1832.

I direct that this may be taken as Codicil to my Will as regards a certain Charitable Institution, therein named and called "Turner's Gift," which I mean to be carried into effect by giving whatever sum or sums of

money may be standing in my name in the Three per Cent. Consols, Bank of England, for the erection of the gallery to hold my pictures, and places, houses, or apartments for one, two, three, or more persons, according to circumstances or means which my executors may find expedient, keeping in view the first objects I direct, namely, is to keep my pictures together, so that they may be seen, known, or found at the direction as to the mode. Now I beg may be viewed gratuitously I leave to my executors, and that the building may for their reception be respectable and worthy of the object, which is to keep and preserve my pictures as a collection of my works, and the money vested in my name in the reduced for the endowment of the same, and charitable part for decayed artists, as before mentioned, provided the other vested sum or sums in Navy Five per Cent. be equal to pay all demands and bequests before mentioned, or mentioned in any subsequent Codicil, in case only of there being any legal objection to the institution and carrying into effect my Will as to the said institution charity of Turner's Gift. But it is my express desire that the said institution, charity, or gift be formed and kept up in case it can legally be done without risk of the funds to be employed therein going into any other hands than for those purposes; but if it be found impossible to fully carry the same into effect within five years from my death, and then and in that case I revoke, annul, and make void that part of my said Will which relates to the formation of the said charitable institution, and the funds and property set apart, or to form a part thereof, shall then be taken as residue of my estate and effects; and I hereby give and bequeath the said residue of my estate and effects in manner and form following: that is to say, I direct my executors, or the survivors of them, or his executors or administrators, to keep all the pictures and property in Queen Ann Street, West, No. 47, held under lease of the Duke of Portland, entire and unsold, and I direct the rent for the said premises, held terms of years, together with all charges for repairs and covenants therein entered into, paid, and all necessary charges for keeping and taking care, insurance from fire, preservation, cleansing and holding the same as Turner's Gallery, out of the Three per Cent. Consols, and likewise for renewing from time to time the said lease after the present held term of years shall have expired, and renewing the same if requisite or necessary; I do direct my executors, administrators, or assigns, so to do out of the said stock vested in the Bank of England, and to consider and appoint Hannah Danby the custodian and keeper of the pictures, house, and premises, 47, Queen Ann Street, and one hundred a year for her services therein during her natural life, and fifty pounds for her assistance service which may be required to keep the said gallery in a viewable state at all times, concurring with the object of keeping my works together, and to be seen under certain restrictions which may be most reputable and advisable. To Georgina Danby, one hundred a year for her natural life, and to Evelina Danby, or Dupree, one hundred a year for her natural life. The residue of my property in the funds after said bequests are provided for, I give to the trustees of the Royal Academy, subject to their having every year, on the TWENTY-THIRD OF APRIL, (MY BIRTH-DAY), a dinner to the sum of £50 to all the members of the Academy, and £60 more will be left for a Professor in Landscape, to be read in the Royal Academy, elected from the Royal Academicians, or a medal called Turner's Medal, equal to the gold medal now given by the Academy, say £20 for the best Landscape every 2d year, and if the trustees and members of the Royal Academy do not accept of this offer of residue, I give the same to Georgia Danby, or her heirs, after causing a monument to be placed as near my remains as can be placed.

August, 1832.

J. M. W. TURNER.

This Codicil is not attested.

This is a Codicil to my Will, dated the Tenth day of June, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-One, and which I request to be taken as part of my Will, together with a Codicil dated the Twentieth day of August, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-Two, and a Codicil dated the Twenty-Ninth day of August, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Forty-Six, I revoke the following bequests made by my Will, namely, fifty pounds and fifty pounds to Price Turner and Jonathan Turner, and also the bequest of twenty-five pounds to the eldest sons of Price, John, Joshua, and Jonathan Turner. I revoke also the bequest of fifty pounds to Hannah Danby for her natural life. Also the bequest to Evelina and Georgiana of fifty pounds each for their natural lives. And I also revoke the legacy of ten pounds to Sarah Danby for her natural life. And as to my finished pictures, except the two mentioned in my Will, I give and bequeath the same unto the trustees of the National Gallery, provided that a room or rooms are added to the present National Gallery to be, when erected, called "Turner's Gallery," in which such pictures are to be constantly kept deposited and preserved; and it is my wish that until such room or rooms be so erected, that my said pictures remain in my present gallery and house in Queen Ann Street, under the sole control and management of the trustees and executors appointed hereby, and by my Will. And I direct my trustees to appoint Hannah Danby to reside in the said house, and to be the custodian of the said pictures, and to be paid one hundred and fifty pounds during her life, but in case she shall be such custodian, and receive the one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, then the one hundred and fifty pounds per annum given to her by the Codicil of the Twenty-Ninth day of August, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Forty-Six, shall cease. And I also direct that the rent of the said house, and the repairs, shall be paid out of my estate. Provided always, and I do express my Will and meaning to be, that the said pictures shall not be removed from my present house and gallery until and unless the said rooms are attached to the National Gallery in manner aforesaid; nor shall the trustees of the said National Gallery have any power whatever over the said pictures unless my wish, as before declared as to the said rooms, is fully carried out by them, it being my Will and meaning that either such pictures shall remain, and be called "Turner's Gallery," and be the property of the nation, or that they shall remain entire at my said house and gallery during the existence of the present lease; and if my wishes are not carried by the trustees of the National Gallery during the existence of such lease, then I direct my trustees, or the survivor of them, or the executors, administrators, or assigns of such survivor, to renew the lease thereof from time to time at the expense of my estate, to the intent and purposes that such pictures may always remain and be one entire gallery; and for the purpose of regulating such gallery, it is my wish that so many of the pictures as may be necessary shall be seen by the public gratuitously, so that from the number of them there may be a change of pictures either every one or two years, as my said trustees shall think right; and from and after the decease of the said Hannah Danby, my trustees shall have power to appoint any other custodian of the said gallery at a salary of sixty pounds a year; but in case my said trustees shall not be able to renew the lease of my said gallery, then I direct the said pictures to be sold. I nominate and appoint Thomas Griffiths, of Norwood, in the County of Surry, Esquire; John Ruskin the younger, of Denmark Hill, Camberwell, in the County of Surrey, Esquire; Philip Hardwicke, of Russell Square, in the County of Middlesex, Esquire; and Henry Harper, of Kennington Cross, Lambeth, in the County of Surrey, gentleman, to be trustees and executors of my Will, jointly with William Frederick Wells, Henry Trimmer, Samuel Rogers, George Jones, and Charles Turner, named in my Will as trustees and executors. And I give unto each of them that shall

act in the trusts of the execution of this my Will, the sum of nineteen pounds nineteen shillings for a ring. And whereas in my said Will there are many interlineations marked in the margin by me with my initials, and I do declare that all such interlineations were made in my said Will before I executed the same. In witness whereof I, the said Joseph Mallord William Turner, have to this a Codicil to my last Will and Testament, contained in two sheets of paper, set my hand to the first sheet hereof, and to this second and last sheet my hand and seal, this Second day of August, ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT.

J. M. W. TURNER. (L.S.)

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Joseph Mallord William Turner, as and for a Codicil to his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who, in his presence, at his request, and in the presence of each other, at the same time subscribed our names as Witnesses hereto.

JOSEPH TIBBS, } Clerks to Mr. Harpur, Ken-
THOMAS SCHROEDER, } nington Cross, Surrey.

This is also a Codicil to my within Will, and my meaning is that in case the National Gallery should not carry out the provisions contained in my within Codicil within the term of five years, on or before the expiration of the lease of my present gallery, then I do declare my bequest to the National Gallery is void; and in that case I direct my gallery to be contained upon the terms mentioned in my within Codicil. In witness whereof, I, the said Joseph Mallord William Turner, have to this Codicil to my last Will and Testament set my hand and seal, this Second day of August, ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT.

J. M. W. TURNER. (L.S.)

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Joseph Mallord William Turner, as and for a Codicil to his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us who, in his presence, at his request, and in the presence of each other, have, at the same time, subscribed our names as Witnesses hereto.

JOSEPH TIBBS,
THOMAS SCHROEDER.

This is a Codicil to my Will. Now I do hereby, as to the disposition of my finished pictures, limit the time for offering the same as a gift to the trustees of the National Gallery to the term of ten years after my decease, and if the said trustees of the said National Gallery shall not, within the said space of ten years, have provided and constructed a room or rooms to be added to the National Gallery, that part thereof to be called Turner's Gallery, then I declare the gift or offer of the said finished pictures to be null and void, and of none effect; and in that case I direct the said pictures to be exhibited gratuitously by my trustees and executors during the existence of the lease of my present house and gallery, except the last two years of the said term, and then the said finished pictures are to be sold by my trustees and executors. I do give and bequeath unto my trustees and executors the sum of one thousand pounds, and I direct them to lay out and expend the same in erecting a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral Church, London, where I desire to be buried among my brothers in art. I give and bequeath unto Hannah Danby, residing with me, and Sophia Caroline Booth,¹ late of Margate, one annuity of one

¹ This is the lady who lived with him at Chelsea, and in whose name he passed to the hour of his death.

hundred and fifty pounds each. And as to the produce of the said finished pictures when sold, I give thereout the sum of one thousand pounds to the pension fund of the Royal Academy, provided they give a medal for landscape painting, and marked with my name upon it as Turner's Medal, silver or gold in their discretion, five hundred pounds to the Artist's General Benevolent Fund, five hundred pounds to the Foundling Hospital, Lamb's Conduit Street, five hundred pounds to the London Orphan Fund, and the residue of the produce to fall into the residue of my estate for the benefit of the intended hospital in my Will mentioned. I give and bequeath unto Mrs. Wheeler and her two sisters, Emma and Laura, one hundred pounds each, free from legacy duty. I hereby nominate and appoint Hugh Johnson Munro, of North Britain, to be a trustee and executor, to act with the other trustees and executors appointed by my Will and Codicils. And I hereby expressly declare that the trustees and executors appointed by my Codicils shall have equal powers and be clothed with the same authorities, to all intents and purposes, as if they had been appointed by my original Will, instead of being appointed by any Codicil thereto. In witness whereof, I, the said Joseph Mallord William Turner, have to this, my third Codicil, (I having revoked my Codicil dated the Ninth day of August, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Forty-Six,) contained in two sheets of paper, set my hand and seal this sheet thereof, and to this second and last sheet my hand and seal, this first day of February, ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE.

J. M. W. TURNER. (L.S.)

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Joseph Mallord William Turner, as and for a Codicil to his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who, in his presence, at his request, and in the presence of each other, have at the same time subscribed our names as Witnesses hereto, the word "Will" having been first interlined in the first sheet hereof.

JOSEPH TIBBS, } *Clerks to Mr. Harpur, Ken-*
 THOMAS SCHROEDER, } *nington Cross, Surrey.*

Proved at London with four Codicils the 6th September, 1852, before the worshipful Thomas Spinks, Doctor of Laws and Surrogate by the Oaths of the Reverend Henry Scott Trimmer, Clerk (in the Will written The Reverend Henry Trimmer), George Jones, Esquire, and Charles Turner, Esquire, three of the surviving executors named in the said Will, and Philip Hardwick (in the second Codicil written Hardwicke), Esquire, and Henry Harpur, Esquire, two of the Executors named in the second Codicil, to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer, power reserved of making the like grant to Hugh Andrew Johnstone Munro (in the fourth Codicil written Hugh Johnston Munro), Esquire, the executor named in the fourth Codicil, when he shall apply for the same. Samuel Rogers, Esquire, the other surviving executor and one of the residuary legatees in trust named in the said Will, and Thomas Griffith (in the second Codicil written Griffiths), Esquire, and John Ruskin (in the second Codicil written John Ruskin the younger), Esquire, the other executors and residuary legatees in trust named in the said second Codicil having respectively renounced the probate and execution of the said Will and Codicils, and also letters of administration, with the same annexed of the goods of the said deceased, an interlocutory decree having been first made and interposed for the force and validity of the said Will.

CHARLES DYNELEY, } *Deputy*
 JOHN IGGULDEN, } *Registers.*
 W. F. GOSTLING, }

Sept., 1852.

APPENDIX.

A MORE striking instance of the inexpediency, not to say foolishness, of a man making his will without proper legal advice and assistance, could scarcely be adduced than in the case of the great painter, whose works form the subject of this volume. It may be assumed, perhaps, that Turner did employ some such aid, for the will, which is given *in extenso* in the immediate preceding pages, is written in various legal hands, except the first codicil; this is in the artist's own handwriting. The main points are, briefly, these: he first leaves to his executors and trustees all his freehold, leasehold, and personal estates, after payment of his just debts, and he enjoins them, immediately after his death, to sell all such property for the benefit of the estate, and directs that the money so obtained be added to that already invested by him in the Three per Cents. Then follow the various bequests; and then that all the rest of the funded property was to go to found a charity for "Male Decayed Artists" born in England, and of English parents only, and of lawful issue. The institution was to be called "Turner's Gift." In one of the codicils he revokes certain legacies, and leaves his finished pictures to the National Gallery, provided additional rooms are built for their reception. A reference to the will itself and its codicils will show what alterations and additional bequests were subsequently made.

Turner's property was sworn under £160,000; but the will itself was so full of confusions and interpolations, that it was disputed by the next of kin, who endeavoured to prove that the testator was of unsound mind. When the case came before the Vice-Chancellor's Court, one of the leading counsel speaks of him as having "left a great number of testamentary papers in all stages of alteration, erasure, and cancellation, and some in duplicate, but so mutilated as to be virtually destroyed, but generally executed. The will, however, was first proved, and it was then established

that the testator was capable of making a will, being of sound mind. The trustees and executors then filed a bill in Chancery, in April, 1852, praying that the Court would give its construction of the will, and for the administration of the estate. The next of kin, by their answer, contended that it was impossible to place any construction upon the will at all, and that it was therefore void: and further, that if the will could be carried out according to the intention of the testator, it was still void, as the bequests came within the statute of mortmain.

Four years were consumed in litigation; and, as Turner's biographer, the late Walter Thornbury, says in his memoir of the painter:—"There are tons' weight of documents of this four years' Chancery suit. The bills of costs in the matter alone would fill a butcher's cart. How Turner would have groaned to have seen the lawyers fattening themselves on his hard-earned savings." At the end of this term, that is, on the 19th of March, 1856, a compromise was effected between all the parties to the suit; and a decree was pronounced, by common consent, with the following result:—1st. The real estate to go to the heir-at-law. 2ndly. The pictures, drawings, &c., to go to the National Gallery. 3rdly. The sum of £1,000 to be paid for the erection of a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral. 4thly. The sum of £20,000 to be presented to the Royal Academy.* 5thly. The remainder to be divided among the next of kin.

It is quite evident that this disposition of the property, which has been called a "free-and-easy manner of carrying out the testamentary intentions of this great artist," did not meet with the approval of all who might be supposed capable of forming an opinion of the will in its legal aspect; for at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy in 1858, the venerable Lord St. Leonards, perhaps as astute a lawyer as ever sat on the woolsack, remarked that, "He had laboured long to construe Turner's will, and his labour had not been in vain; he had satisfied himself as a lawyer and a man, and would state it boldly anywhere, that, obscure as

* This is in lieu of the establishment of an institution for the benefit of decayed artists.

that instrument was, it was capable of being carried out according to its legal impost, and according to the testator's own intentions."

The great object for which Turner had accumulated his wealth, the founding and endowing an asylum for decayed artists was at once frustrated by the decree of the Vice-Chancellor; but so far as the country was affected by it, everything turned out according, it may be presumed, to his wish. The nation became possessed of the magnificent collection of pictures he had either reserved or repurchased for the express purpose of presenting them to the country; and certainly a more precious and more glorious gift of paintings, from the hand of a single artist, was never recorded in the annals of art—no similar act of munificence was ever known. Yet several years elapsed before the provisions of the will, so far as they relate to the pictures, were finally carried out, so as to enable the public to realise the full value of its acquisition; and in the meantime, the subject was fruitful of discussion in both Houses of Parliament on several occasions. He had limited the time for offering the works as a gift to the trustees of the National Gallery to the term of ten years after his decease; "and if the said trustees of the said National Gallery shall not, within the said space of ten years, have provided and constructed a room or rooms to be added to the National Gallery, that part thereof to be called 'Turner's Gallery;' then I declare the gift, or offer of the said finished pictures, to be null and void."

There was no difficulty in locating the two paintings, "Dido building Carthage," and "The Sun rising in a Mist," within a short time, comparatively, of Turner's death. He had directed, and it was a condition of the bequest, that they should be placed between two of Claude's finest works, and they were accordingly hung, towards the end of the year 1852, in juxta-position with two of the latter artist's most characteristic works—"The Seaport" and "The Mill." But it was not till nearly the end of 1856 that the next instalment—and it was a very small one, consisting of twenty examples only, of various dates, and exhibiting his different styles—came before the public; they were hung tem-

porarily in Marlborough House, and in rooms which, from being badly lighted for the display of pictures, very inadequately showed their worth. They were removed thither from Turner's house in Queen Anne Street, where the remainder of the bequest was still in the custody of those appointed to take charge of them. In 1857 another instalment of between sixty and seventy pictures, including many of his finest, was added to those in Marlborough House; and in the following year the whole found another temporary home in South Kensington Museum, where they were located till transferred to the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, in 1869.

The magnitude of the bequest is only equalled by its pictorial value. The will declared that all pictures, drawings, sketches, finished or unfinished by the hand of Turner, should belong to the nation; but the Court of Chancery decided that all engravings, and the pictures, drawings, and sketches not chosen by Sir C. Lock Eastlake, P.R.A., and Mr. J. Prescott Knight, who were appointed to select out of the entire number what they considered the country ought to possess, should go to the next of kin. The result was, that about 360 oil-pictures, finished or unfinished, became the property of the nation; and the total number of finished water-colour drawings "of the first class," as Mr. Ruskin, who catalogued them, designates them, amount to 135; the total number of those of the second class considered by him as "important," is 1,757; of the third class no stated number is given; but "they include, among other subjects, more or less complete, fifty* of the original drawings for the 'Liber Studiorum,' and many of the others are of large folio size." The drawings of the first class include forty-five drawings of the "Rivers of France," fifty-seven illustrating Rogers' poems, twenty-three of the "River Scenery," and "Harbours of England," &c., &c.

The total number of oil-paintings by Turner, now hung in the National Gallery, is 111; namely, 106 forming his bequest, and including the "Sun rising in a Mist," and "Dido building

* The catalogue of the National Gallery enumerates fifty-one of these drawings.

Carthage," which are in a different part of the gallery; four forming a part of the Vernon collection; and bequeathed by the late Mr. J. M. Parsons. Among the exhibited drawings and sketches are fifty-one, being the greater portion of the original drawings made for the "Liber Studiorum;" and about 163 sketches and drawings, arranged, as nearly as possible, in chronological order, and extending over a period of nearly sixty years. Besides these, it is understood the trustees of the National Gallery have upwards of 800 sketches of various kinds mounted, carefully kept in drawers, whence they are occasionally taken to be lent to provincial museums and schools of art. What an idea does all this vast accumulation convey of the great painter's life-work; and yet it fails to show the whole; for Mr. Ruskin says, that when engaged in arranging the Turner drawings for the nation, he found, "in the lower room of the National Gallery, upwards of 19,000 pieces of paper drawn upon by Turner in one way or another—many on both sides." Then to all this vast aggregate amount of artistic labour must be added the paintings, drawings, &c., in the hands of private individuals. Turner's pencil must have been ever at work either in the open air or in his studio; his art was, as it were, his life-blood.

For the first time, since Turner's pictures became the property of the country, they are now hung where they can be seen in a manner to enable one to form a just estimate of their merits. The recent enlargement of the National Gallery, and the consequent re-arrangement of its contents, have afforded the director and the keeper an opportunity of displaying the whole of the works entrusted to their charge to the best possible advantage; and good use have they made of the opportunity. The nation has reason to be proud of its acquisitions; and it is not too much to say, that no collection in any city of Europe surpasses that in Trafalgar Square in pictorial value, and in the admirable order and condition in which the paintings are shown to the public. Paris, Florence, and, perhaps, one or two other continental cities, may show more extensive collections; but nowhere is to be found one so unequivocally excellent throughout, so varied in its cha-

racter, and so complete and satisfactory in all its arrangements. To Englishmen, the rooms devoted to Turner's works, must be especially interesting; neither are they much less so to the educated foreigner, to whom our great landscape-painter may be sometimes unintelligible, as not unfrequently he is to his own countrymen; but always to be looked upon as an artist of stupendous, if eccentric, genius.

One of the clauses in Turner's will was, as already stated, that a sum of £1,000 was to be paid for a monument of him in St. Paul's Cathedral. The memorial took the form of a statue, for which a commission was given to the late P. Macdowell, R.A., by whom it was executed in marble. In 1862 it was placed on its pedestal on the south side of St. Paul's. It shows the painter in the vigour of manhood; his figure erect, and somewhat commanding; the face animated, and rather handsome, notwithstanding the unusual length and prominence of the nose, which, seen in profile—the point presenting the best view of the statue as a whole—looks unnaturally large, yet not more so than it actually was. Turner is represented as standing against, or rather half-seated on, a dwarfish piece of rock, apparently by the sea-side. With his palette in one hand, and a pencil in the other, he seems to be contemplating the scene before him. The statue combines truth with grace and power of expression. The late E. H. Bailey, R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1858, a model, in plaster of Turner, as he was in his later life. He is represented with his palette and pencil in his left hand, the right resting on some books placed on a pedestal; a loose gown hangs from the shoulders to the feet; the likeness is unmistakable: the statue, however, was never executed in marble.

T U R N E R ' S

R I V E R S O F F R A N C E .

O R L E A N S .

THE river Loire has peculiar attractions for the English traveller. It waters those famous countries of Touraine and Anjou, where the bones of his ancestors are still to be found. Its banks are connected with numberless associations, both of history and romance. Every ruin on its hills is celebrated in story,—every dash of its enchanted wave calls up spirits of the past.

Our first view of the Loire was productive of disappointment. The banks here are flat and tame, and the stream more like a haunt of Mercury, in his commercial character, than of the Muses. We became more reconciled to the scene, however, on approaching nearer. The river is broad, full, and rapid; and the city of ORLEANS, built on the water's edge, impresses the imagination even of those who are unacquainted with its historical associations. From the further end of the bridge which spans the stream with nine wide arches, more especially, its appearance is magnificent. The towers of the old cathedral, seen on the left, form the principal object, and terminate the view

with a venerable majesty which confers its own character upon all the other details.

From this spot, the town appears to be built upon a perfect flat; and there is about the whole scene a kind of repose which we never before witnessed in the crowded haunts of men. It is owing partly, no doubt, to the extreme sultriness of the weather, that the few inhabitants we see move so slowly and languidly about. The tap of a solitary hammer upon the shore is heard distinctly, as if there were no other sound among the thousands of human beings around it; the mariners recline at full length in their antique-looking vessels, whose white sails hang in utter lifelessness from the mast; and the fruit-women suffer their heads, that are turbaned with handkerchiefs of every bright and glowing colour, to nod over their forgotten stalls, while they dream of custom which would just now be accounted a nuisance.

This spirit of repose, however, receives its colour from the cathedral, which impresses upon the whole scene a character of conventual stillness united with Romish grandeur. Its silence resembles that of a ruined temple, crowded only by the phantoms of memory; and as we stand musing and solitary, with only the stilly murmur of the waters beneath in our ear, we are ready to believe that we behold a city of history conjured up from the grave of time, and peopled by shadows.

There is to some people—and we confess, ourselves, to belong to this class—an extraordinary pleasure in wandering, for the first time, through a foreign town, ignorant and uninquiring, without a plan and without a purpose—turning from street to street, from building to building, from group to group—mingling in crowds, gazing at windows, staring at faces, unknowing and unknown, a

foreign language in our ear, a new costume before our eye, new manners, new features, new character, in men, their business, pleasures, customs, habitations.

On entering the town, we found, instead of a plain of houses, as it had appeared, a series of streets rising on gentle eminences. In one place, indeed, the inequality of the ground is so great, that a street is thrown like a bridge over the valley in which other streets run below. The effect here, however, is not so great as the same circumstance produces on the more gigantic proportions of Edinburgh. Many of the streets are narrow, winding, irregular, and picturesque; but, in general, they are well built, and apparently intended for the accommodation of the *better* middle orders of society. The doors and windows, as we passed, were all open, gasping for air, and the interior of the houses distinctly visible. On the shady side of the street the inhabitants sat, working languidly on the comparatively cool stones of the pavement.

We at length arrived at the cathedral, and were thankful that we had done so; for there is not a more delightful refuge from the glare of the sun than a cathedral aisle. In the distance, a priest was standing at the high altar, with four boys, dressed in white, kneeling on the steps behind him. The enclosed area was lined on either side with a rank of kneeling priests, in highly picturesque costume; and the whole of these figures were so absolutely motionless, as to resemble statues more than living men. Before the rails there was a coffin, with a plain black pall, and near it a few mourners on their knees, the men at one side, and the women at the other. The rite, therefore, in which they were engaged, was the service for the dead. The profound silence of all, both priests and laymen, the clasped hands, the eyes fixed on the ground, the utter

lifelessness of the figures, together with the gorgeous dresses of the ecclesiastics, the black weeds of the mourners, and the solemn and antique grandeur of the temple above and around them, formed in their union one of the most remarkable pictures we had ever beheld.

Suddenly a low, mournful chant, deepened and mellowed by wind instruments, broke from the lips of the priests, and, resounding for a few moments through the temple, died slowly away. It was answered by a shrill but sweet strain, in the voices either of women or boys; and as the singers were invisible—concealed, probably, by an immense black drapery which overhung the space behind the altar, it seemed like a reply from heaven. The whole ceremony was inexpressibly touching, from its solemnity, and the contrast afforded by its earnestness to the busy scene without.

The cathedral, called the church of Sainte Croix, was founded in the thirteenth century, ruined by the Calvinists in the sixteenth, and rebuilt by Henri Quatre, who laid the corner-stone in person, in 1601. The ancient towers remained till about a century ago, when they were demolished to make room for their successors, which, with the portico, also a modern erection, are the finest parts of an edifice supposed to be one of the most beautiful specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in France.

A short distance from the Sainte Croix is the Mairie—a jumble of old houses, surrounding a court not vastly unlike an English farm-yard. If the reader imagines himself standing with his back to the gate, he will comprehend the position of the artist while sketching the annexed view. On the left is the theatre, with two lower buildings, appearing as wings, one of which is the Café de Loiret, and the other the Café de la Comédie. The cathedral then appears, with its fine Gothic towers overtopping the

other houses ; and the whole engraving gives as accurate an idea of the localities as it is possible for the pencil to convey. The living figures, the procession, the carriages—those adjuncts which the poetical imagination of Mr. Turner has so characteristically supplied—afford an admirable contrast to the still and silent scene from which we have just emerged.

Our attention was next attracted by a monument in the Place du Martroy—an irregular and somewhat awkward-looking square, although the best in the town. It represented a female figure, standing on a massive pedestal of white marble, with a sword in one hand, and a standard in the other. We saw nothing but mediocrity, or something less, in the workmanship ; but here, in the town of Orleans itself, was it possible to gaze without reverence on the statue of the heroic Maid ? In spite of the indecencies of Voltaire—the clever, snappish, impudent, heartless, petit maître of French philosophy—and the sneers of even more superficial inquirers, we look upon this admirable enthusiast to be one of the finest characters presented in the history of her country. The statue, however, is quite unworthy of her, and was probably a hasty erection, substituted for the more ancient monument destroyed in the revolutionary fever of 1792.

The church of St. Aignan, where Louis XII officiated as canon, and received the alms, is worth seeing ; the bridge is handsome and spacious—and this is absolutely all that the ancient capital presents in the way of public buildings or monuments.

Orleans is supposed to be the Genabum Carnatum mentioned in the Commentaries of Cæsar, which afterwards took the name of Aurilianum, or Auriliana Civitas ; whence the modern corruption, Orleans. It was besieged

and taken (supposing the identity established) by Cæsar himself, and, at a later period, a similar attempt was made by Attila. He was, however, driven away by the prayers of Saint Aignan, who was then bishop, assisted a little by the arms of the Romans, Visigoths, and Franks, who had joined forces.

Piganiol tells us that it is said proverbially, that “*la glose d’Orléans est pire que le texte;*” which means, according to his solution, that the Orléanais have the gift of raillery, inasmuch as such people are accustomed to add *notes*, as it were, to their facts, till the text is lost in the commentary. This, it must be allowed, is sufficiently far-fetched; but it scarcely equals in pleasantry the mode which a poet has taken of accounting for the number of hunchbacks which are seen in Orleans. This deformity, it seems, was unknown till the people complained to Fate of the hills and hillocks with which their country was at that time afflicted.

“ Oh ! oh ! leur répartit le Sort,
 Vous faites les mutins, et dans toutes les Gaules
 Je ne vois que vous seuls qui des monts vous plainiez;
 Puis donc qu’ils nuisent à vos pieds.
 Vous les aurez sur vos épaules !”

The traveller is usually invited by the Orléanais to visit the source of the Loiret, two leagues from the town, and the visit is pleasant enough to be worth the trouble. The river rises in what looks like an artificial pond, in the centre of which you see the water bubbling and whirling; and this is the birth of the Loiret.

Leaving behind the great woods extending in the distance—which were formerly so famous for murderers and their punishment, that one of them still rejoices in the name of the Bois des Pendus—we bade adieu to Orleans, and plunged



into the midst of the orchards and plantations on the right bank of the river, with the view of proceeding to Blois.

The village of Saint-Ay, three leagues from Orleans, was the first stage. It is situated amidst the vineyards which produce the famous Orleans wine, scarcely inferior to Burgundy itself; and commands a fine view of the river and its opposite banks. There the village of Notre Dame de Cléry, with its lofty church, is the principal object: the latter renowned as the grave of Louis XI. A league and a half farther, we passed through Mehan, a small town, where Jean Clopinel, one of the authors of the famous 'Romance of the Rose,' was born in 1280; and after a ride of the same distance, reached

BEAUGENCY.

There is something odd in the appearance of this place, which captivated our imagination at once. In vain we were told by our fellow-travellers that there was nothing to be seen; and in vain we recollected that De Villiers, the travelling postman,¹ passes it in a single sentence. We determined to judge for ourselves; and leaving the diligenee people changing horses and eating soup, we directed our steps to the town.

The bridge over the Loire is itself a curiosity, consisting of no fewer than thirty-nine arches; but the enormous square tower in the middle of the town was the principal object of attraction. This, we were told, is all that remains of an ancient fort, and, apparently, it must have been connected with other buildings of great strength. A fine range of lofty, old houses runs along the quay, and behind them stands a venerable church. The streets are narrow, dark, crooked, and without the slightest pretension to

¹ Itinéraire de la France, &c. Par Vaysse de Villiers, Inspecteur des Postes. &c.

regularity in the architecture. Sometimes they are connected by vaulted passages, dark, cold, and dreary; sometimes a canal in miniature runs along them in the middle, crossed by rude wooden bridges, or simply by a plank thrown from side to side. The water, after serving faithfully one street, is conducted to another by the shortest way, disappearing with a rumbling sound beneath the houses, and rushing through the interior.

The whole place, in short, afforded a substantial representation of the idea we had formed, from the study of old writers, of a town of the middle ages: nor were the manners, habits, and appearance of the people less of the old-world caste. The main road running past the town rather than through it, and the post-house being at a little distance beyond, few travellers are tempted to pause for the purpose of exploring a place which only dreamers like ourselves would think worthy of notice. The inhabitants therefore, are seldom favoured with the sight of a stranger; and when they are, they look upon the circumstance with an interest proportioned to its rarity. As we insinuated ourselves through the narrow streets, many a head was thrust out of the windows to stare at us as we passed; and one ancient lady, seated by the tiny canal, ducking a child, had nearly drowned the object of her care, forgetting, in her astonishment, to raise him from the depths, where he lay kicking and choking in her grasp. In general, the population may be seen at their doors, or sitting in the street at work; and thus each neighbourhood resembles a single family.

The left, or opposite bank of the Loire, seems here to be the more beautiful; but perhaps

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.”

The forests of Russy and Boulogne, however, form un-

doubted points of magnificence in the picture, as well as the celebrated CHATEAU OF CHAMBORD, with its park of seven leagues' circumference. This château, which was built in twelve years, by Francis I, with the aid of eighteen hundred workmen, is half a league from the river, and four leagues from Blois. When seen at a distance, the traveller takes it for a town rather than an individual edifice; and its innumerable towers and turrets, richly sculptured, and studded with small black stones, give the idea of extensive fortifications. In the interior may be mentioned the eight rooms of state, so vast and so lofty that they resemble the halls of giants. The second story is vaulted; and the double staircase by which you ascend is so constructed, that two persons may pass upwards or downwards without seeing each other. Chambord was long a favorite residence of the French kings, till it was presented by Louis XIV to Marshal Saxe, and afterwards by Napoleon to Berthier. A traveller remarks, with some vexation, that the writing of Francis I on the window of the closet next the chapel is no longer to be seen—

“ Souvent femme varie,
Mal habil qui s’y fie.”

For our part we are glad of it. Francis no doubt perpetrated this act of lèse-majesté against the sex in a moment of pique; yet, aware even then that repentance might soon follow, wrote the record on glass.

BLOIS,

eight leagues and a half from Beaugency, is a very magnificent feature in the landscape, but—keeping the château out of the question—nothing more. The streets are narrow, irregular, and ill-built, rising confusedly towards the cathedral on the right, and the château on the left. The

former stands on the loftiest point of the town; and its tower is a very beautiful structure. You ascend to it by passages which it would be unfair to dignify with the name of streets. Rarely can they admit of two vehicles passing; and sometimes they afford room only for the one-wheeled carriages, which it might seem invidious to name. Towards the cathedral the streets are laid out in broad, low steps, so that you approach the summit of the town by flights of stairs.

These peculiarities make the place tell well in an *outside* view, as will be seen by the accompanying engraving. The bridge is handsome, and, above all, substantial; and in the middle there is an obelisk, which gives you to understand, by an inscription, that it enjoys the distinction of having been the first public work commenced in the reign of Louis XV. The château, however, is the grand object of attraction, without which the town of Blois would be among the most uninteresting we have ever seen. This magnificent ruin—for it is little else than a ruin—exhibits a mixture of an earlier style with those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The south and east façades, constructed under Louis XII, are Gothic; the north presents a specimen of the more modern taste of the age of Francis I; and the west, perhaps the most beautiful, was built by Gaston d'Orleans, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, after the designs of the famous architect Mansard. As a whole, the château, of which an accurate idea is conveyed by the annexed view, strikes the spectator by its solidity and magnificence—all the more remarkable for the meanness of the houses surrounding it.

This castle plays a famous part in the wars of that ultra Catholic Association known in French history by the name of the League. It was here that the Duc de Guise was

assassinated, the grand agitator of the day; and it was here that the states were assembled which raised the cross against the sceptre. The legal murder of Mary Stuart had probably paved the way for the destruction of Balafre, as well as for many other atrocities, by inflaming the fury of the Catholics; but indeed the history of this fearful time—only a little while later than the *festival* of St. Bartholomew—is so filled with horrors that it is not easy to trace causes or effects.

The origin of Blois is lost in the shadows of antiquity. We only know that a subterranean aqueduct called the Arou, traverses the town from end to end, so wide and so lofty that several persons may walk in it abreast, and that this is the work of the Romans. Blois was the birth-place of Louis XII, one of the best of the French kings. All these, however, are far from our times; and its ancient reputation for purity of dialect is now also lost. At

AMBOISE,

the river here tumbles down with such rapidity that we wondered how the upward navigation could be carried on at all, unless by the assistance of steam. Numerous vessels, however, heavily laden, were seen crawling steadily onward against the tide by the assistance of a single immense oblong sail. The effect of this is very curious; and we do not remember to have witnessed the like on any other river. These vessels are long and narrow, with the stern cut sheer down to the keel; they are generally fastened two or three together, and their sails being beautifully white, they form a very attractive object in the picture. When the wind becomes weaker than the tide, they instantly drop anchor; and the voyage, in this manner, is a succession of rest and sleepy motion.

Sometimes, we were told, the transit from Nantes to Orleans takes two months!—but the mariners need not confine themselves the whole time to shipboard, as they run no risk of being left behind if they should pay a visit, turn about, to the land. The degree of wind, however, required to carry on their vessels is less than one would imagine. We have seen them continue to advance, however slowly, when we could hardly feel the breath upon our cheek. This, of course, is owing to the surface presented to the wind by the lofty sail being so much greater than that opposed to the tide by the pointed prow and flat bottom of the boats.

It is not known at what time the famous *Levée* of the Loire, on which we were now walking, was commenced. Some persons attribute the honour to Charlemagne ; but the edict of his son Louis le Débonnaire, in 819, does not mention the existence of any former works. The inhabitants of Touraine and Anjou had suffered so much from the floods of the river, which sometimes swept away an entire harvest, that they petitioned the king for assistance, who accordingly ordered a mole or levée to be built along the right bank, the southern frontier of his kingdom, and intrusted the superintendence of the works to his son Pepin. But the arts which seemed to have been conjured up for a moment from their Roman ruins by the genius of Charlemagne, had already begun to sink ; and all that were produced by the royal edict, were some narrow and insignificant dykes. A medal, however, was struck in honour of the exploit, with the somewhat prophetic inscription, *Vias tuas edoce me, Domine.*

At the beginning of the eleventh century the same kind of partial defence was erected between Saumur and Angers ; but it was not till the year 1160, under the reign of Henry

II, King of England and Earl of Anjou, that all these dykes were joined together, so as to form an unbroken barricade against the waters. Towards the end of the thirteenth century the idea was first conceived of carrying highways along the summit of the levée; and in the beginning of the fourteenth, under Philip of Valois, the works were enlarged, covered with coarse sand, and even paved in some places, so as to form a public road.

The Levée is about twenty-two feet high, sloping down precipitately on either side. A low parapet, next the river, is a very insufficient protection for carriages at night, but on the other side a line of poplars does more both for beauty and utility. This splendid road will continue to be taken by all travellers of taste, whose destination is Tours, Bourdeaux, Angers, or Nantes.

In spite of the approaching night, one hour of our ride onward was delightful. The ranks of tall poplars sentinelling the banks, added a charm to the picture which seemed quite original. On one side were the interminable vineyards of the Loire, already covered with the film of early twilight, stretching far into the distance; and on the other the river itself, as smooth as polished silver, glittered hazily in the last rays of sunset. The water was spread out in the form of a lake, and for some time steeped in those gorgeous but delicate hues with which Turner delights to glorify his landscapes. By degrees this began to fade. The glow grew colder, the light dimmer. A grey, hazy mantle, unfolding itself imperceptibly, flowed from east to west. The vineyards vanished; the river rolled in vapour; tint after tint faded in the sky; the poplars themselves grew black and indefinite; and in a little while the whole world was buried in gloom.

THE GARDEN OF FRANCE.

WE passed in the dark the two villages of Chousy and Veuves, between which, on the opposite side of the river, is the Château de Chaumont, where the "she-wolf of France," Catherine de Medicis, amused herself with astrology. Soon after passing Veuves, a wooden *terminus* informs the traveller that another step will lead him from the department of the Loire-et-Cher into that of the Indre-et-Loire, surnamed the Garden of France.

After a ride of nine leagues, we at length heard with satisfaction the stern *Qui vive?* of a sentry, and found that we were about to enter Amboise; and, rumbling through the dark streets of the town, were soon afterwards fairly landed in the port-coelière of a dilapidated inn: we were immediately ushered into the *salle*, which was a large, cold room, garnished with deal tables and forms. One of the tables, however, was covered with a cloth of the purest white, with plates of beautiful porcelain, and silver forks and spoons; and in a few minutes we were completely reassured by the appearance of a most amiable-looking chicken, a bottle of excellent wine, and abundance of cherries and strawberries. The room was of that class which we have often met with in ancient castles—large, lofty, and dreary, with narrow, curtainless windows. The paper, painted with scenes of history or romance, was not pasted upon the wall, as in England, but on a sort of cloth resembling minute network, suspended from the ceiling, and

which hung down in torn masses, like old tapestry. The town of Amboise consists of a heap of narrow and confused streets, built at the base of a hill, which sweeps down towards the river, terminating abruptly in perpendicular cliffs, both in front and at the sides. On the brow of this hill, next the Loire, stands

THE CHATEAU OF AMBOISE

flanked by two enormous towers, carried up from the base of the cliffs. The origin of the château is supposed to have been a fort built by Cæsar on the hill; and in collateral proof of this fact are shown some subterranean vaults by the side of the hill, near the ancient convent of Minimes, which appear to have been the granaries of the Roman troops.

The present château is a very elegant building, and the towers, constructed by Anne of Brittany, are exceedingly curious. By one of them you can mount on horseback to the summit of the rock; and in the other there is a convenient carriage-way, by means of which you are set down, without any very fatiguing ascent, in the castle-yard. The latter we perambulated ourselves; and as it is newly plastered in stucco, and well lighted, the walk was far from being disagreeable. Midway there are some doorways in the sides of the passage, which lead, as you are told, into the subterranean dungeons of Louis XI; but which, without a torch, it would neither be pleasant nor safe to explore.

On reaching the summit of the rock, you find it laid out in walks and gardens to some distance round the château. One of the most pleasing objects in these is a small chapel, covered with sculpture, which has been deprived of all the insignia of worship, except the colossal antlers of a stag—once the objects of every traveller's devotion, as the iden-

tical antlers of "the famous stag hunted and killed by Cæsar." M. de Villiers, when told the story by his guide, amused himself by pointing out the mark of the *bullet*, and, in his journal, by triumphing over M. Millin, who declares that the enormous antlers are no longer to be seen, and that, even if visible, they would not be worth looking at, being merely a *cento* of various horns united in inlaid work. "It is only the former half of this double assertion," says M. de Villiers, "that is true; for the stag's antlers *are* of inlaid work, and they are *not* invisible." Alas! how hard is our fate, which obliges us to contradict both these learned Thebans, and to say that the aforesaid antlers are still extant in the chapel, and that they are manufactured, not of inlaid pieces of horn, but of walnut wood.

The view from various parts of the walks is exceedingly fine, comprchending Blois on one side, and Tours on the other. Beyond the gardens the hill is one vast vineyard, divided only by footpaths; and descending by rude flights of stairs at the sides, you find yourself traversing a subterranean village, the houses of which are excavated from the solid rock.

Among the objects seen from the summit is a pagoda, about half a league to the south. This is all that remains of the magnificent castle of Chanteloup, which was bought in 1823 by some trading vandal, who wished to turn the penny by the old stones and timber. It was the place of exile of the Duc de Choiscul, who was sent there to meditate, by Louis XV, and who consoled himself by setting up the head of Voltaire as a weathercock, in order to be reminded perpetually of the adulations he had received from that discreet philosopher in the "Huron." From this castle, also, the Princess de Lamballe hurried for refuge to the capital, and found it on the guillotine. Close

by is the first "English garden" that was planted in France, and which exhibits a collection of foreign trees said to be unrivalled in Europe. From other points the view is not less interesting. The right bank of the Loire, covered with gardens and vineyards, appears, as the *opposite* bank usually does, the more agreeable of the two. The river, extending to the right and left, is only lost at Tours on the one hand, and at Blois on the other. Below, at your feet, is the Ile de St. Jean, formerly called the Ile d'Or, celebrated as the place of interview between Clovis I and Alaric the Visigoth.

The diligence, which does not cross the river at Amboise at all, follows the Levée, on the right bank, to Tours; and, for this reason, *we* chose to continue our wanderings on the left bank. The road runs almost at the water's edge, and, after a little while, is built in, as it were, by cliffs, in which numerous vaults, excavated in the rocks, serve as wine-cellars, or other store-houses. The islands, as we descend, become more numerous, and more gorgeously wooded. On the right bank, villas and villages, intermingled with groves and vineyards, enrich the picture; the houses are more trim and more tasteful; the people more cheerful and more gaily dressed; the river is broad and radiant, dimpling into smiles, and singing joyously as it flows; everything shows that we are really in this rich, this beautiful Touraine, which is styled the Garden of France.

The villages on the right bank are Négron, La Frillière, Vouvrai, with the château of Moncontour above, and Roche-Corbon; but at length the line of houses appears to be uninterrupted, and to form the suburbs of the city. Long before this, however, our eyes were fascinated by an object in the distance, rising tall and lonely in the midst of what appeared to be a dead plain. This was the tower, or rather

both towers, of a cathedral, the gigantic size of which was probably exaggerated by some atmospheric influence. Such a structure could not belong to the wilderness; it doubtless arose among one of the great congregations of the abodes of men; but no other building was near, and the trees that skirted the horizon looked like bushes beside it.

As we advanced, the towers seemed to rise, like the rigging of a ship at sea, when as yet the hull is beneath the circle. Soon the body of the edifice, appearing slowly, stood heavy and colossal before us; then some smaller towers and spires shot up around it; and at length a city filled the space which to our imagination had seemed the precincts of a solitary temple.

There is no city in France which presents a more splendid approach than

TOURS ;

more particularly when you enter by the right bank, crossing a bridge, which has been compared to our own majestic Waterloo—nothing can be grander than the effect.¹ The Rue Royale, a broad and elegant street, continuing the line of the bridge, traverses the town in its whole breadth; and at the end of the vista you see the avenue of Grammont, the commencement of the great road to Bourdeaux, issuing as if from the trees of the ramparts. The bridge is composed of fifteen flattened arches, each seventy-five feet wide, and is perfectly straight. In front, and commencing the Rue Royale, are the Hôtel de Ville on the

¹ "It is the handsomest bridge," says M. de Villiers, "not only in France, but in Europe; and the handsomest bridge in Europe must be the handsomest in the world." After seeing Waterloo Bridge, he adds, that he did not think it handsomer than that of Tours. This is all very natural.

right, and the Museum on the left—two very handsome buildings, the latter only just finished.

When you have traversed this straight line, however, from the river to the ramparts, you have seen nearly all of modern elegance that Tours can boast. The other streets, generally speaking, are dark and mean; and, with the exception of a few old buildings and ruins, magnificent in themselves, you must be satisfied with the associations of antiquity.

The peasants of Touraine, without being strikingly handsome, are less coarse and vulgar in their physiognomy than those of any other country we know. They seem pleased without being gay, and their frames are strong and well made, without being robust. The Count de Vigny, in his romance of "Cinq Mars," so celebrated on the continent, has drawn their character, both moral and physical, in a few masterly touches. "The good Tourangeaux," says he, "are mild, like the air they breathe, and strong, like the soil they cultivate. We see, in their sun-burnt faces, neither the cold immobility of the north, nor the lively grimace of the south. Their features, as well as their minds, exhibit something of the candour of the true people of Saint Louis; their long chesnut hair circles round the ears, like that of the statues of our ancient kings; their language is pure, without drawl, hurry, or peculiarity of accent; and their country is at once the cradle of the French tongue and of the French monarchy."

The ramparts extend round three sides of the town, the fourth being protected by the river. These were crowded with persons of the lower ranks of society, but, in general, well dressed, and not greatly different in appearance from the Sunday folks of London, except in the gorgeous lace caps worn by the women in lieu of bonnets. Some were

drinking eau sucrée, or lemonade, on the benches, or in a temporary café; others strolling in pairs or families through the wooded avenues; and others gazing into the gardens and vineyards on the outer side below the ramparts. There was no noise more dissonant than the music of a distant band, and no expression of merriment more boisterous than a good-humoured laugh. Beyond the city, the view was carried over fertile fields, luxurious groves and shining waters; and the setting sun now steeped this beautiful Touraine in his richest and yet tenderest radiance. As the shades of evening fell upon the scene, the company began to disperse, till at length there were seen only a few individuals gliding in pairs through the gloom; and instead of the buzz of conversation, we heard only a soft low whisper as we passed.

The next day being Sunday, we thought it could not be more appropriately spent than in wandering churchward.

St. Gatien was the first bishop of Tours; but his church, like those of Scripture, was composed of the people of God, and not of stone walls. The persecutions of the Pagans compelled him to perform his ministry in woods and caverns; and this, perhaps, was the origin of the curious excavations in the neighbourhood of the town, which we shall hereafter notice. His successor, St. Lidoire, found the times so much better that he was able to build a chapel in his own house; and here St. Martin was elected and consecrated, who afterwards enlarged the edifice, and transferred to it the body of the first bishop. This church of St. Martin having fallen into decay, in its turn, was rebuilt by St. Gregoire, who consecrated it in honour of the holy martyrs of the Theban legion; and about the middle of the twelfth century, being again in ruins, it was re-erected anew; but so slowly that it was not completed in its

present form till the beginning of the sixteenth century. The appearance of the church is venerable and majestic; and its two ancient towers being loftier than the other buildings, are the landmarks of the traveller from an immense distance.

In the accompanying view of the city, besides the towers of the metropolitan church, there are seen on the right two smaller monuments. These are all that remain of the church of St. Martin, which once ranked among the greatest and most magnificent in the kingdom. The nucleus of this edifice was a little chapel raised by St. Brice over the tomb of his predecessor, the former saint; and so numerous and generous were the devotees who crowded to pray within the precincts of the apostle's grave, that in the fifth century St. Perpete was able to convert the chapel into a magnificent temple. Several times burnt, and always rebuilt, it at length fairly fell to pieces in 1797, leaving only the clock-tower and the tower of Charlemagne to attest its ancient grandeur.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JULIAN.

is remarkable for little more than the "base uses" to which it has returned at last. In the annexed engraving, the spectator is supposed to stand in the court, or at the back windows of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, of which the desecrated temple forms the stables and coach-houses. The old church of Notre Dame la Riche we found falling into ruins. The silence, when we entered, was like that of the grave, and the only worshippers were some Sisters of Charity, who knelt as mute and motionless as statues. We felt that we were intruding; and as we hurried away, the tread of our feet echoing along the pavement, sounded like a profanation.

The château of Tours, an imperial palace under the Romans, is to-day a vast enclosure, containing stables and military barracks. The Tour de Guise, in which the son of Balafre was imprisoned in the wars of the League, still remains; but a few sculptured stones and broken columns are the only other testimonials of its ancient grandeur. At the introduction of Christianity into Touraine, the walls of the château still enclosed several pagan temples, the demolition of which is usually attributed to St. Martin, who warred not only with ideas, but stones.

The library placed in the buildings of the Prefecture is rich in old books and manuscripts; and the museum boasts a collection of very valuable pictures. Both these establishments are open to the public; but we fear it is not the fashion here to admire the arts, as we saw, on our several visits to the gallery, only a few individuals of the lower classes. The archiepiscopal palace is a beautiful modern building, and the Turonian bazaar an agreeable lounge; and this is all that need be said, in a sketch like ours, of the interior of the city.

The château of Plessis-les-Tours, formerly called the Montels, celebrated as the den of one of the most curious animals mentioned in natural history, stands among fields and gardens, a short walk westward of the town. This creature was the eleventh Louis of France. The château was surrounded by walls, entered only by a single wicket, and defended by iron spits pointed outwards, and a trellis of thick iron bars. Cross-bowmen were stationed day and night behind the walls, with orders to fire without ceremony on any one who might be seen approaching after a certain hour; and four hundred archers formed a perpetual guard and patrol. The trees round this formidable lair were decorated with dead bodies hanging by the neck; and, as

an old author writes, "les prisons et autres maisons circonvoisines étoient pleines de prisonniers, lesquels on oyoit bien souvent, de jour et de nuict, crier pour les tourmens qu'on leur faisoit."¹ To torment, however, and to hang, were occasionally troublesome, when the number of victims was great; and the worthy Tristan, therefore, the provost-marshal, was under the necessity of sometimes emptying the prisons at once, and drowning their denizens wholesale in the neighbouring river.

The Cardinal de la Balue had the merit of fabricating for Louis an iron cage, no doubt for the purpose of enabling him to hear the imprisoned birds "sing in anguish," as Gineus de Passamonte or his companions express it; and the monarch, considering wisely that the most proper person to experimentalise upon was the inventor himself, shut him up in it for fourteen years. The character of Louis, indeed, was made up of this kind of practical wit. He delighted in contrasts, surprises, and what may be called circumstantial puns. One day, on entering a church, he found a poor, ragged, miserable priest lying asleep before the gate, basking like a dog in the sun. He instantly awoke him, and presented him with a rich benefice, for the purpose of verifying the proverb, "A qui est heureux, le bonheur vient en dormant."

On another occasion, hearing a company of hogs making as much noise as if they were possessed by the devils of the Gergesenes, he ordered the Abbé de Baigne, who had a taste for music, to contrive an instrument by which these discordant materials might be made to produce harmony. The abbé accordingly collected an orchestra of such performers, from the thin, sucking treble of infancy, to the bassoon grunt of old age, and enclosed them in a line of

¹ Claude de Seyssel.

stalls under a pavilion. An instrument like a pianoforte stood before the entrance, its surface divided into musical keys, and each key connected with the stall of its proper pig. The concert then began. When the abbé struck the keys, a prong set in motion produced the required note, which was probably flat or sharp, according to the force of the blow; and, as Bouchet, the historian of Aquitaine, tells us, "made the performers squeak in such order and consonance as greatly to delight the king and his whole court."

Louis despised the outward splendours of his rank; and when he had occasion to meet another king, took more especial care to be meanly and clownishly dressed. This was a taste, not an affectation; for in the same way his feelings ran counter to those of other men, even on subjects that are supposed to be under the direction of Nature herself. He rejoiced openly at the death of his father; and instead of putting his courtiers into mourning, made them wear white and carnation. He murdered his brother, as several authors agree; and he disposed of his daughters in marriage, in the way he thought best calculated to secure them the greatest *quantum* of misery.

This prince was religious. He wore relics and little images constantly about his person; and when sick, apparently to death, sent for St. Francis de Paolo from Italy, to assist him with his prayers, and with flatteries and supplications, grovelled at his feet, and overwhelmed him with presents. He made other presents, however, of an odder nature. He executed a deed, entitled, "Transfer from Louis XI to the Virgin Mary of Boulogne, of the right and title of fief and homage for the county of Boulogne, to be delivered by his successors before the image of the said Lady." This, it must be confessed, was a pleasant sort of

generosity. "Was the king less Count of Boulogne," asks the Abbé de St. Real, "for having thus given away the county? Would the bailiffs, provosts, and other officers of the estate be less the bailiffs, &c., of the king, for being called the bailiffs of the Virgin?"

The closing scene at last came, when saints and gifts could be of no use; and the evening of this man's dreadful day set in in darkness and terror. He could not bear the name or the idea of death. At the terrible word, he hid himself under the bed-clothes, as if it had conjured up a phantom on which he dared not look.

"I am not so ill as you think," groaned he; "I shall still live—God will prolong my life!" He sent abroad, all over Europe, for strange animals wherewith to amuse his convalescence—to deceive the world, say the historians—to deceive himself, say we. He turned off a servant for having presumed to prevent him forcibly from throwing himself out of the window in a fit of delirium—"which shows that his love of power mastered even his fear of death," say his historians—which shows no such thing, say we. The servant would have been retained if there had been the smallest chance of such a service being required from him again; but Louis, we have not a doubt, took care to *bar* the windows, and could thus afford to play the tyrant without risk. The miserable wretch died at length in horror and despair.

The château of Plessis is to-day a plain brick house, like a great barn, although furnished with a square tower, resembling the chimney of a manufactory, rising from the side to about half the height of the building above the roof. The area within the precincts of this den of tyranny must have been extensive, as the fragments of the old wall remaining still testify. The wall, however, does not appear

to have been more than eleven or twelve feet high. The river Cher is at a short distance; but the banks, both here and elsewhere in the neighbourhood of Tours, are tame and uninteresting.

Nearly the same distance, at the opposite end of the town, and on the opposite side of the river, are the ruins of the celebrated abbey of Marmoutiers, the date of which is anterior to that of the commencement of the French monarchy. The staircase is all that now exists even in tolerable preservation, and this last remains of the magnificent monument is fast crumbling away.

THE SUBTERRANEANS.

AFTER breakfast the ensuing morning, we sallied forth to wander along the right bank of the river, walking against the stream; and, while crossing the bridge, were again struck with the extreme magnificence of this entrance of the town, where the eye is carried from barrier to barrier, through a vista of houses resembling the more elegant streets of Edinburgh. A continual interchange of telegraphic signals appears to be carried on between the Hôtel de Ville and the barriers; yet, notwithstanding this, and the care of the gendarmes at the gate, it would be the easiest thing in the world for any one to enter the town unnoticed.

The peasant women we met on the road were not exactly pretty; but remarkably fine eyes, and a certain air which the French call *enjoué* (which does not amount to our English *joyous*), predispose one in their favour, an expression of this kind being never found where the feelings are not naturally good. The only peculiarity we observed in their dress was, that they wore socks reaching to the ancles, and no stockings. What seemed odd, however, was, that they were all either young or old: in fact, we did not see a single middle-aged woman of this class in Touraine. The sex here has no twilight: all are young and reasonably fair; or old, haggard, and wrinkled. The latter go about in crowds of twenty or thirty, or more,

with faces that you would expect to find surmounting the cross of a crutch. Most of them, however, are still young, according to the computation of time: they do not lose their activity with their youthful looks, but are as healthy and sprightly as ever.

Remembering to have heard something of the inhabited rocks of Touraine; and with such data for our guidance, we were not slow in discovering, through the trees of the terraces, the doors and lower windows of these extraordinary dwellings. If the reader is well acquainted with German tradition; if, more especially, he has ever traversed as we have done (we hope in many cases *with us*), the Wisperthal on the Rhine, he will easily comprehend how exciting to the imagination is such a scene. To see a column of smoke rising from the mid-surface of a perpendicular rock, or a human head looking down upon you from a height which no human foot could reach, is sufficiently strange in itself: but to those on whom it acts like a spell, conjuring up the spirits of old romance—the fairy beauties of the Wisper or Sauerthal, and the goblin-miners of the Taunus, with the fantastic glories of their cavern-palaces—it forms an exhibition to which, in all after-life, the mind, wearied with the turmoil of the world, flees away for relaxation and delight.

At the spot where these combinations and contradictions are the wildest and most numerous, there rises, on the summit of the steep, a square tower of great height, popularly called the Lanterne. It is a fragment of some ancient fort, which must once have proudly dominated the river.

A still more curious monument remains at the entrance of the valley of Saint George, above Marmoutiers, mentioned at the end of the last chapter. It consists of a stair-

case of a hundred and twenty-two steps, in six flights, rising from a kind of court. The first two flights are dug out of the solid rock; the next two are flanked by a mass of masonry of astonishing strength, and lighted by windows of various size; and the others, coasting round the steep to the summit, are vaulted in cut stone, and must have been supported by the body of the edifice of which they formed a part. What that edifice was, no one knows. It is neither mentioned in history nor tradition; and the ruins of its gigantic staircase impress the mind only with a vague idea of power, and strength, and grandeur, turned into a show and a mockery.

As we advanced, the subterranean village appeared to be more populous. Small terrace-gardens decorated the front; sometimes an outside stair led to the entrance of an upper floor: occasionally the rock was whitewashed or painted, so as to give the space the form of a house: and everywhere there seemed to reign ease and comfort. The interior of the houses we found to be, in most cases, convenient, and the apartments not a series of caverns, but of well-shaped rooms. These, in one or two instances, were hung with paper; but, in general, the dampness of the walls—not nearly so great, however, as might have been expected—seemed to prevent the use of this luxury. The inhabitants, we were told, are singularly healthy, and altogether unacquainted with the colds and rheumatisms which one would think they must inherit with their habitations. The chimneys, which in general are carried to the summit, no doubt contribute to keep the rock dry; and they also serve as funnels of communication between the vine-dresser, or gardener above, and his family below.

Several little valleys open here towards the river, and the corner of one of them, which discharges a stream into

the Loire, is completely honeycombed with the excavations we have described. The rocks on this spot are more huge and fantastic than elsewhere, and, at a little distance, they might be taken with their walls and windows, for some enormous fortification.

TOURS.

TOURS, the capital city of the province, was formerly called Cæsarodunum, and afterwards Urbs-Turones. It was, according to Gregory of Tours, the first privileged town in France—a distinction which it owed to the veneration inspired by the tomb of Saint Martin. It was also the first town which sent deputies to Henri III after the famous day of the barricades; and, in consequence of this act of loyalty, that prince transferred to Tours, in 1589, his parliament and the other superior courts of Paris. The population, at one time upwards of sixty thousand, is now little more than twenty-three thousand. In 1828, the number of resident English, attracted by considerations of climate and economy, was fifteen hundred. We had no time to inquire into the condition of our countrymen; but they appeared to us to belong to the better class of English absentees, and to lounge about the streets with somewhat less of the bitterness and prejudice which distinguishes an expatriated John Bull.

Leaving behind us the faubourg Saint-Symphorien, on the right bank of the river, we pursued our way along the levée towards Saumur. The road runs close by the side of the river, and is flanked on the right hand by a line of calcareous cliffs like those above Tours, but not so much excavated. A series of vineyards, gardens, and summer-houses continues for more than a league, till we reach the

village of La Vallière ; but previously, we had crossed the river Choisille over the bridge of La Motte, between the two hamlets of the Maisons Blanches and La Guignière. Near the bridge, a road conducts to the village of Foudettes, about a league from the Loire, where are to be seen the remains of a Roman aqueduct, called, strangely enough, by the natives, the Arena.

Three leagues from Tours is the little town of Luynes, supposed by some, with little probability, to be the real *Cæsarodunum*, the ancient capital of the Turones. The aqueduct above mentioned, however, there is no doubt, conducted to it ; and other remains of Roman antiquities, within the town itself, attest its ancient importance. At present, the most remarkable object it boasts is the Château de Chatigné, formerly called the Château de Maillé, which stands upon a height before you enter, overlooking the windings of the river. The round pointed towers of this building, with the general elegance of its Gothic architecture, produce a very delightful effect in so conspicuous a situation, although this is in some measure interrupted by the oddity of the stones of the edifice being in different colours, white and red, and disposed in checquered work.

On the opposite bank the perspective is magnificent, leading the eye through seemingly interminable woods, and relieving it by fitful glimpses of the river as it winds in the distance. The road itself runs through a continued orchard of fruit-trees, heavy with cherries, apples, pears, and walnuts.

On the way to Langeais, a very remarkable monument presents itself, called the Pile Cinq Mars. This is a quadrangular brick tower, or pillar, eighty-four feet high, and each of its sides sixteen feet broad. It is surmounted by four small columns, (a fifth, in the middle, having been

blown down,) supposed to be about seven feet in height. The strange thing is, that no human being knows anything about the origin or purpose of so singular a structure. Some suppose it to be Celtic, some Gothic, some Roman; and one writer, M. Joanneau, determining its age at two thousand four hundred years, imagines that he can read in the disposition of the parts of the structure the whole astronomical system of the Celts. The twelve square compartments on the southern front are, according to him, the twelve houses of the sun; and the twenty-eight cut stones forming the cornice of the four fronts are the twenty-eight houses of the moon. The pile itself he imagines to have been an observatory; but on this point it is urged against him, with more than plausibility, that there neither is, nor was, a staircase, outside or in, for the astronomer to ascend, and that a ladder of eighty-four feet would have been rather a difficult and dangerous avenue to science. The most common opinion, originated, we believe, by M. Millin, is, that the building, whatever people were the architects, is a sepulchral monument, and that the five pillars on the summit denote its having been raised in honour of five persons. It is supposed that the mystery might be solved by subterranean researches; but, solid and massive as the monument is, this could scarcely be attempted without danger to the whole structure.

The village of Cinq Mars is particularly neat, and, with the ruins of its castle, consisting of two round towers and a rampart tower, forms an agreeable object in the picture. The valley of the Loire is here so wide, that one would think the *CHER* had not only added its stream, but its valley, to those of its greater neighbour. The two rivers, in fact, occupy but one valley, running almost parallel with each other for six leagues.

Langeais, anciently Angestum, or Alingavin, three leagues from Luynes, is a little town, with one street and an old castle. The castle was founded in the eleventh century by Foulques Nera, Count of Anjou, and reconstructed in the thirteenth by Pierre de Bronc, minister and favorite of Philip the Bold, who was hung for poisoning his master's son, and accusing the queen of the crime. In this chateau Charles VIII was married to Anne of Brittany, and the realm of Brittany, so often unfaithful, reunited in holy wedlock to that of France. The hall of the espousals is now a stable. The chateau, as it stands to-day, is, in the outside, almost entire, and is a very handsome but somewhat precise building, surrounded by mean houses, and forming the corner of the single street of Langeais.

The next relay is three leagues distant, at the Trois Volets, a hamlet by the side of the Levee, and only separated by it from the Loire; and three leagues farther is the more considerable bourg of Chouzé, set down in a perfect magazine of fruit and vegetables, grain and wine. Two leagues to the north of the latter place are the vineyards of Saint Nicolas de Bourgueil, which produce a red wine celebrated for its rich colour and stomachic qualities. Bourgueil itself, the chief lieu of the canton, is a little town of 2500 inhabitants, distinguished by the ruins of its ancient abbey of Benedictines, founded by Fier-à-bras, in the year 990.

A league beyond Chouzé, we leave the ancient Touraine, and pass into the ancient Anjou, now the department of the Maine-et-Loire. On the opposite side of the river, although not in sight, is the ci-devant abbey of Fontevrault, founded by Robert d'Arbrissel, in the year 1099. If this man had been canonised, he would have been worshipped by the women of all Christendom. He overturned the

salic law of convents, and brought his monks under the wholesome government of abbesses; and wisely believing that the fair sex must improve the other, under any and every circumstance, he shut up nuns and monks in the same cloister. There is an article on this subject in Bayle, containing, as usual, some good sense, much solemn sneering, and abundance of useless erudition. The abbey remained till the revolution; but even now its ruins are a sort of cloister, in which both sexes are confined. The difference is, that in former times the oaths were taken *by* the devotees, while now they are taken *against* them; and that, instead of being shut up, as before, from doing good, the more happy moderns are shut up from doing evil. The convent is a central prison for eleven departments, and is capable of accommodating fifteen hundred prisoners. Among the curiosities presented by this ancient building are the tombs of the kings and queens of England who were earls and countesses of Anjou. There are only four, however, remaining; those of Henry II, of Eléanor of Guienne, of the son of Cœur-de-Lion, and of Elizabeth, the queen of John Lackland.

Farther on, on the same side of the river, is the village of Dampierre, where Marguerite of Anjou, Queen of England, died and was buried. On the right bank, in rumbling through the village of Villebernier, we already catch a glimpse of the château of Saumur, on its majestic rock; and soon after, having completed four leagues and a half from Chouzé, reach the faubourg of Croix Verte.

SAUMUR

is situated in an angle formed by the junction of the Loire and the Thouet. The former river is crossed by two bridges, rendered necessary by the intervention of an island, and the latter by a smaller bridge of three arches. These are traversed, in a straight line, by the royal route from Bordeaux to Rouen; and thus the town may be said to be in the centre of a great thoroughfare, both by land and water. From the Pont Neuf, the largest bridge, the town, as the traveller enters it, presents quite a magnificent aspect. In front, there is a wide street well provided with hotels; and on the left hand a handsome theatre, with a public promenade beyond, and the dome of Notre-Dames-des-Ardilliers terminating the view. This, however, is only the *ground-plan* of the place; for, rising still to the left, on a colossal rock which dominates the whole town, are the towers of the château; and beyond these, in continual action, are many of those redoubtable giants which had the glory of overthrowing Don Quixote.

The château has a bare and threatening appearance. There is not a tree in its neighbourhood; and, from its great elevation, there are no other objects near to form a picture. The view from the heights is one of the richest and most extensive we ever saw. The country lies spread before you as in a map, and appears to be a single garden—like that garden “planted eastward in Eden,” with four rivers to water it, the Loire, the Thouet, the Vienne, and the Authion. There is nothing more remarkable in the interior of the château than a hundred thousand muskets which it is said to contain; for it is now a military arsenal, having formerly been a royal fortress, and then a state-prison.



St. Moritz

At the opposite side of the town is the Place d'Armes, an extensive area, one side of which is formed by the School of Cavalry, and the other by the stables, still unfinished. The school, in which are included the barraeks, resembles a royal palace, and is one of the most magnificent buildings of the kind in France. Lieutenants are drafted to this academy of war from regiments of the line, and after acting for a stated time as professors, go out with the rank of captains. The subalterns, in like manner, rise to the rank of lieutenants, and are drafted into various regiments; while the pupils, or common reeruits, become in their turn subalterns. There were two hundred officers there during our visit, and the scene presented by the Place d'Armes was very animated. The French attitude in riding, however, is more odd than graceful to the eyes of an Englishman. The horseman, instead of using the stirrups, as with us, and keeping a perpendicular seat, leans backwards, clinging with his legs to the saddle, and submitting patiently to the motion of the animal.

At a short walk beyond the Place d'Armes, in the same direction, we crossed the little river Thouet by means of a ferry-boat, and reached an immense building, apparently of modern construction, although in ruins. This is the abbey of Saint Florent, which was destroyed during the revolution, and afterwards repaired and converted into a senateire under Napoleon. Although now abandoned, the interior is in good preservation: the staircase is very beautiful, and some of the apartments might well lodge a monarch. Saint Florent is a small stragglng village on the heights; but the walks in the neighbourhood are beautiful and romantic in no ordinary degree.

The citizens of Saumur, disgusted by the assumptions of the convents of Saint Florent and Fontevrault, threw

themselves into the arms of the Calvinists at an early period of the reform; and this town was frequently the head-quarters of the party. Its prosperity at length received a fatal blow by the revocation of the edict of Nantes; and Louis XIV was able to inscribe on the cupola of Notre-Dame-des-Ardilliers, "Ludovicus XIV Franc. et Navar. rex, toto regno hæresim destruxit, ejusque fautores terrâ marique profligavit."

From Saumur to the bourg of Rosiers, the distance is four leagues, through a rich country of corn, fruit, and wine, dotted with hamlets and villages, and rendered interesting by some remains of Roman antiquities. The small town of Gennes, on the left bank, opposite Rosiers, forms one of the most beautiful pictures in the whole course of the Loire. Nearly the same kind of scenery continues for five leagues, till we get beyond the pretty village of Daguénière, where a pyramid indicates the spot on which the levée terminates, after its course of forty leagues. At Daguénière, the road forsakes the river, and proceeds, for two leagues and a half, in a straight line to ANGERS.

Before arriving at the faubourg of Angers, a building of rather a singular appearance is observed on the right. It is an octagon tower of considerable height, with numerous windows, and appears to the traveller to have been intended either for an observatory or a watch-tower. It was intended for both; but with a holier purpose than to observe the stars or watch the enemy. A young woman was torn from the arms of her father, not by violence, but by love. She was married, and conveyed to her new dwelling at some distance. The old man, although he did not oppose the separation, felt it bitterly; and, as the only consolation he could think of, built this tower, that he

might at least *see* from the summit the abode of his beloved daughter.

The capital of Anjou, let travellers say what they will, is nothing more than a dark, dirty, dismal town, with fine public walks, a magnificent cathedral, and a château that looks as if it had been built by giants.

The cathedral, dedicated to Saint Maurice, is in the form of a Latin cross. The lofty roof is unsupported by pillars, and the nave unbroken by chapels, which gives a character of vastness to the interior scarcely deserved by its true dimensions. Instead of the chapels which in most of the continental churches appear to form part of the nave, from which they are only separated by rails, there are two small doorways, one on each side of the church, which lead into distinct apartments containing several altars.

Advancing into the church, the two arms of the cross appear terminated by handsome altars, and the master-altar in front forms a very splendid piece of religious architecture, of marble and gilding. The gilded roof or baldaquin of this last is supported by six pillars of richly variegated marble of Saint Bertavin, of an exquisite polish. The effect of the whole is exceedingly fine; and not the less so, perhaps, that there are few pictures or other ornaments to distract the attention.

The ancient château of the Dukes of Anjou, at once their habitation and their citadel, is one of the most vast and massive piles of architecture we ever saw. The walls, of immense height, are flanked by eighteen round towers of colossal dimensions, which still give a formidable and imposing air to the edifice. A deep ditch surrounds the whole, which is only crossed on one spot by a drawbridge; and this being rarely raised, a narrow footway of planks

conducts to a small postern beside the gate. The buildings within the walls, consisting in front of a handsome chapel, are comparatively slight in appearance; but, as they are at present the depôt of powder and the prison of the town, the jealousy of the authorities, at this particular juncture, prevented our inspecting them.

This being fair time, we had an opportunity of observing the people of the entire district; and we can say with confidence, that a manifest improvement has taken place in female beauty since we last noticed it. The change, however, has not occurred suddenly. At Tours it was first perceptible; at Saumur strikingly evident; and here, in the capital of Anjou, we reckon the women to be among the prettiest in France.

The history of Anjou, under the dynasty of the sovereign counts, is neither interesting nor well authenticated; and, perhaps, till the confiscation of the French estates of John Lackland by Philip Augustus, it is hardly worth much attention. At that time it was reunited to the crown, and then passed, in appanage, to the children of the king. Saint Louis bestowed it upon his brother Charles; and this new house of Anjou ended under Philip le Bel, who erected the county into a duchy in the year 1297. In this form it was handed down to the sons or brothers of France till the time of Louis VI, shortly after which it was permanently united to the crown.

THE MAINE.

A few leagues to the north of Angers the Loir and the Sarthe, on their way to the Loire, join forces; and before entering the town are met by the Mayenne. The three rivers, then assuming the name of the Maine, run through Angers, and plunge in one stream into the waters of the great monopolist.

We left the ancient capital of Anjou by no means unwillingly; for it was hardly possible to breathe in it for the dust, which swept in whirlwinds through the narrow streets, and promised faithfully abundance of mud for wet weather. The Maine at first appeared to be a very uninteresting river; the banks consisting of a plain on either side, little elevated above the water. Soon, however, it makes a more romantic bend; and the old convent of Beaumette appears, rising on a ridge of rocks, which, with some assistance from human art, wall it round like a fortress. This was the beloved retreat of King René, whose memory is yet dear to the Angevines. He was an amiable but unfortunate man, with a feeble mind, and an excellent heart. He never formed a wish that was gratified, nor a project that did not fail. Titular Prince of Jerusalem, Naples, Sicily, Majorca, Lorraine, Bar, Anjou, and Provence—the last was all that remained to him for his death-bed.

The rocks soften down on the right, and the village of Bouchemain appears—a collection of poor and small, yet snug houses, with a little tapering spire in the midst; and soon after the hamlets of the Pointe announce that we have

gained the confluence of the two rivers, and that we are once more to wander on the bosom, or on the banks of the majestic Loire.

The bourg of Savenières on the right bank is worth a visit, on account of the ruins in its neighbourhood of the château of La Roche-au-Moine, which was built by the orders of Philip Augustus for the purpose of disputing the Loire with the château of Rochfort, on the opposite bank, in the hands of John Lackland. We now reach the island of Behuard, celebrated in the chronicles for its sanctity. It is said, that at the introduction of Christianity into these countries there was here a temple of Belus, which was destroyed by Saint Maurille, who raised an altar to the virgin on the spot. The site of the church of Nôtre Dame, however, resembles more one of the favorite haunts of Druidical superstition. An immense schistous rock elevates its brow in the middle of the island, surrounded by woods and groves; and on this rock, at least thirty feet high, the church is built, the sharp point of the cliff rising nearly two yards, in the interior, above the pavement. In the twelfth century this shrine of the virgin enjoyed a high reputation; nor was the goddess slow in making a proper return by means of signs and miracles. The trouble of these manifestations no doubt fell to the share of the monks of Saint Nicholas; but the holy fathers, it is to be hoped, rendered themselves justice by deducting a proper commission from the offerings of the pilgrims.

Rochfort is on the left, upon a height near a great plain chiefly of sand, where there appears an object which the traveller hardly knows what to make of at a distance. Let him by all means yield to the temptation which he feels to disembark; for a scene more striking in itself, and more interesting in its associations, can hardly be met with.

There is an aspect of sterility and desolation about the plain, which occurring in the very midst of the verdant fields and sunny slopes of the Loire, impresses the mind with a kind of awe. All is silence and solitude; and the very wind, as it sweeps over the desert, has something at once mournful and sullen in its sound.

In the middle of the plain there is an enormous rock, or rather a congregation of rocks, which would seem to have been placed there, like the mounds of stones we meet with in Spain, in memory of some fearful crime. Here, however, the monument must have been raised by giants, and the deed it covered or commemorated such as would make the Loire of to-day run blood. If you look towards it with your half-shut eyes, your fancy shapes out of the jagged rocks, notwithstanding the wilderness around, the turrets, domes, towers, and roofs of a city. And this is not a dream, but a memory; for there stood Dixai, founded by pirates, continued in victory, and ruined by fire and sword. Its two châteaux were formerly separated by a river that ran between, beneath which there was a subterranean passage communicating from one to the other. These were occupied by John Lackland, and the place utterly destroyed by the English in the fifteenth century.

Gliding down the river, we pass the Ile Neuve, the hamlet of Saint René, and the village of La Poissonière, situated amidst vineyards and orchards, and arrive at Chalennes. This place is said to be of earlier date than the fourth century, and is still inhabited by *unbelievers*. The origin of the soubriquet is described by M. Bodin as follows:

“Near the clock of Saint Maurille,” says the learned inquirer into the antiquities of Anjou, “there is a little

tower in the form of a pulpit; and from this tower the Gospel was announced by the monks to the heathen inhabitants of Chalennes. So long as the orators confined themselves to Christian morality, and the dogmas of the faith, the audience listened with great docility; but the moment a word was said about *tithes* they all dispersed. This continued so often, that at last the preachers, wearied of throwing away their eloquence, admitted the Chalonnaise into the body of the church, exempting them for ever from the payment of ecclesiastical tribute, but stamping them, by way of a punishment, with the name of *unbelievers*."

Following the course of the Loire,

MONTJAN,

on the left bank, is the next place worthy of observation; but of this the beautiful view annexed will convey a better idea than any description of ours. The object, however, is still more remarkable in nature than in the engraving, since it rises in that imposing manner from a dead level. There is also a fishing hamlet at the base concealed by the trees, which, contrasting with the magnificent ruins above, adds to their effect. The Marshal René of Montjan, who died in the sixteenth century, and whose tomb was seen in the fine sepulchral chapel till the revolution, when the whole building was destroyed by fire, was the last of his name. He was so proud a man, that while in the office of viceroy in Piemont, as Brantome tells us, he conducted his business by means of ambassadors, wishing to counterfeit the state of a king—"a thing which Francis I found very foolish."

From Montjan we crossed the Loire, for the purpose of visiting Chantocé, the village spire of which is all that is visible from the river. The village itself is a group of

small neat houses flanking the high way, and remarkable, notwithstanding their situation in a great thoroughfare, for an air of simplicity and seclusion. Near the houses there is a small lake, whose smooth bosom, reflecting the heights and trees that surround it, adds greatly to the idea of tranquillity; and above, overlooking the whole, are the ruins of an old castle, which fling *upon*, and *over* that tranquillity—if we can make ourselves understood—the shadow of their solemn and antique grandeur.

The château of the Sires de Laval, the lords of Retz, is still formidable in its ruins. The tower, cleft in twain from the summit to the base, seems to forbid threateningly the approach of the traveller; and through the crumbling walls that surround the building he sees its desolate courts overgrown with weeds—in the midst of which stands a solitary ew, like the image of meditation—and its roofless chambers resounding only to the hoot of the owl, and the wings of the hermit bat. Near the wall, half choked with docks and nettles, there are several wide black mouths gaping from the earth, into which the wanderer looks with a shudder, as a thousand stories of subterranean horrors connected with the times of feudality crowd upon his memory. In these gulfs the peasant even of our own day, who is hardy enough to venture in search of the treasures supposed to lie hidden in their recesses, finds only bones of women and children, broken fetters, and instruments of torture and death.

LOIRE INFÉRIEURE—INGRANDE.

FROM Chantocé to Ingrande the route presents all the finer characteristics of the Loire, such as we have hitherto seen it—here a vineyard, there a wooded eminence, and between, the proud river rolling majestically along in glory and in joy. The little town of Ingrande appears to be cut in twain by a narrow street; and when you cross this street you are no longer in the department of the Maine-et-Loire, but in that of the Loire Inférieure. This is nothing to-day; but in former times, when one territorial division was Anjou, and the other Brittany, the place must have frequently found itself in a very awkward predicament.

The only barriers which separated two distinct people—not seldom at loggerheads—were a couple of posts, each painted in stripes with the colours of its own duchy, and a huge stone, placed as a terminus by both parties in the middle of the town. Only think of the effect of a declaration of war between the Angevines and Bretons! Even in time of profound peace, however, this debateable town was not without its adventures arising from the peculiarity of its situation. The Bretons, for instance, paid at one time as a tax only two liards in the pound of salt, while the Angevines were charged by their rulers thirteen or fourteen sous. The consequence, of course, was, that it was no uncommon thing for a quiet citizen, on emerging from his porch in the evening, to be knocked down by a bag of this commodity, travelling, duty free, through the air from the opposite side of the lane. The

church also took its share, as usual, in fomenting disturbances ; and it was owing to an incongruity of tastes or opinions between the respective bishops of Anjou and Brittany that the two sides of the town came to blows over the quarrel that one party breakfasted on bacon, and the other on pilchards.

The view of Ingrande from the river gives you the idea of a city—one hardly knows why. As you approach nearer and nearer the illusion diminishes, and you are at last greatly amazed to find so magnificent an object degenerated into a snug and compact little town of twelve or thirteen hundred inhabitants.

The river has now wholly changed its character. The first decided indication was Montjan ; but this only strikes the voyager as a grand and solitary exception to the general rule. He is here undeceived. The rich and even magnificence of the scene is mingled with the wild and fantastic. The fertile plains of the Loire, no longer undulating into hills, are now studded with gigantic steeps, that fling their dark shadows upon the waters beneath. On the left bank, rising on one of these abrupt heights, there is a tower which fascinates irresistibly the traveller's attention. It commands the entire valley of the Loire ; and, from the nature of the country beyond, appears to dominate all La Vendée. This is

SAINT FLORENT-LE-VIEL,

or the Montglonne, on the site of which a temple was built by Charlemagne, and destroyed by the Normans. Its latter history is still more memorable ; for on this spot began the fatal war of La Vendée. Two hundred young men, assembled at the drawing of the militia, suddenly attacked the military, overcame them, obtained possession

of two field-pieces, and, flushed with the victory, gave the signal of insurrection to the country.

Near Saint Florent is the bourg of Marillais, celebrated in former times for its sanctity. It is not very easy to say exactly to what was owing a reputation which, in the middle ages, drew so vast a concourse of pilgrims that one hundred oxen were required for their daily nourishment. We rarely find, however, that causes are proportionate in magnitude to their effects; and, as the most absurd trifle will in our own time turn the tide of fashion to a particular watering-place, so it frequently happened, in the triumphant days of Catholicism, that a miracle, which would be reckoned poor and paltry in one's own parish, drew the devout, the penitent, and the idle of all Christendom to the spot. From the steepes of Saint Florent, and more especially from their culminating point, called the Cavalier, the finest views of the Loire, so far as we have yet wandered, are obtained.

On the right bank of the river, a little lower down, the small town of Varades offers also some good points of view, particularly from the porch of the Magdaleine, which borders the valley, crowned with the ruins of an old château. Varades is seated in a vast area of meadows and pastures, with trees in the distance behind, and the river in front, broken by islands covered with groves.

Three leagues and a half from Varades by land is Ancenis, a town of four thousand inhabitants, which merits some attention. In modern history, beginning with the wars of the Plantagenets, it is one of the most celebrated places on the Loire, having suffered almost incredible vicissitudes, till the year 1488, when it was fairly blown to pieces by Louis VI, and the inhabitants scattered over the face of the country. It was fortified anew at the com-

mencement of the sixteenth century, and again demolished by Henry IV; and in 1700 the château was restored from its ruins, but with only the shadow of its ancient strength.

Ancenis, however, has other associations more attractive to the romantic and imaginative. It is supposed to have been the abiding place of that famous colony of Samnitæ mentioned by Strabo, with circumstances so strange, and unworldly. The two sexes, it appears, lived separately, the women inhabiting an island on the Loire, and only meeting their husbands at appointed times on the continent. On the island, supposed by M. Travers to be that of Bouin, there was a temple dedicated to Bacchus, in the service of which deity the women passed most of their time. On a certain day in the year they were accustomed to uncover the temple, and replace the roof before sunset; when each of the devotees took an equal share in the task, and carried her own portion of the materials. If it chanced that any one slipped in the course of the labour, and allowed her load to fall, the rest immediately threw themselves upon her, with frightful cries, tore her in pieces, and carried the mangled remains into the temple as an offering to the god. Strabo adds, that a year never passed without some victim falling a sacrifice to this terrible superstition.

At Ancenis the voyager on the river falls in with a very strange adventure. A steam-boat, resembling his own, puts out from the antique-looking port, advances boldly, runs alongside, throws out her grappling-irons, and boards him yard-arm and yard-arm. In vain the engineer goes on with his duty, the paddles work, and the vessel cuts through the water—the pertinacious privateer holds on like death. The hapless traveller is despoiled in a twinkling of his luggage and effects, and finally, his person is seized, and he is transferred, a prisoner of war, to the deck of the

enemy. The prize is then cut adrift, and makes the best of her way back to Angers, while the victorious pirate, laden with booty and captives, proceeds to Nantes. The whole transaction does not take many minutes, and if one's head is not very cool, or one's ear not very well awake to a foreign language, it bears a most sinister, not to say alarming, aspect.

Nearly opposite Ancenis is the bourg of Liré, the birth-place of Du Bellay, surnamed by his contemporaries, the French Catullus. While residing at Rome, in what to him was a kind of banishment, this agreeable poet and amiable man composed a series of sonnets, recalling the charms and delights of his unforgotten Loire. The reader may not be displeased to see one of them.

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage .
 Où comme celui-là qui conquit la toison,
 Et puis est retourné, plein d'usage et raison,
 Vivre entre ses parents le rest de son âge !

Quand reverrai-je, hélas ! de mon petit village
 Fumer la cheminée, et en quelle saison
 Reverrai-je le clos de ma pauvre maison,
 Qui m'est une province, et beaucoup davantage ?

Plus me plait le séjour qu'un bâtit mes aïeux,
 Que des palais Romains le front audacieux ;
 Plus que le marbre dur me plait l'ardoise fine ;
 Plus mon Loire Gaulois que le Tibre Latin,
 Plus mon petit Liré que le Mont-Palatin,
 Et plus que l'air marin la douceur Angevinc.

Soon after leaving Ancenis, we glide insensibly into a new world. Everything here is heavy, massive, and colossal ; the broad river, blackened with the huge shadow of its banks, rolls sternly and majestically between ; a meaning silence seems to brood in the air ; and the excited

wanderer feels as if entering into some region of old enchantment.

But not the wanderer alone, who, like ourselves, floats nameless and unnoticed down the stream, or steals along those hoary ramparts of nature, listening to the mysterious music of the wind, as it mingles with the far and sullen plunge of the waters,—calling up, as with a name and a spell, the unwilling phantoms of history, and the spectral shadows of romance—and musing over forgotten graves and nameless ruins, till the present, with its outward and visible forms, vanishes from his eyes, and buried ages rise again from the gulf of time, and the antique world is renewed, both to soul and sense, not as a vision, but a reality. Not he alone who, with a weak and ineffectual voice, repeats the echoes of the Loire, syllabing his thought into faint sounds that rise upon the inattentive ear of the world, “like the remembrance of a dream;”—but they, too, the children of genius, whose names are as household words in the mouths of their fellow-men, to whom is given the power of reflecting, as in a magic glass, the forms of this deified nature, which others only worship—here must they pause and linger; the God stirs omnipotently within them; fast and thick rain their ideas upon the cartoon; and, wrought under their enchantments, the image destined for the world’s idolatry becomes, not a dead copy of external forms, but a true original, endowed with life, and redolent of poetry.

No one who possesses a feeling of art, or an eye for nature, after looking at the pieces which illustrate the present portion of the SCENERY OF THE LOIRE, will hesitate to confirm the application of this description to that gifted man, on whom destiny or whim has bestowed so unequal a companion.

Here TURNER was in his clement; he rioted in beauty and power; and if to the cold in soul and imagination his paintings may seem defective in mathematical accuracy, they will be identified at a single glance with the originals by all who can *feel* genius, and who are capable of seeing in nature something beyond its outward and tangible forms.

On the left bank, an imposing mass of mountains, crowded with ruins in the engraving, which are already among the things that were, rises majestically several hundred feet above the water's edge. Below, some antique arches, resembling the ruins of a bridge, throw themselves out into the river; and we wonder within ourselves at the hardness which could have conceived the idea of spanning, with a stone construction, so vast a body of water as the Loire forms at this place. The bridge, however, extended no farther than we see it to-day; and the river, now so much expanded, rolled, in all probability, at the time of its erection, in a much narrower channel. It was here that, in the early part of the thirteenth century, a famous robber had his stronghold. Inhabiting himself a castle, perched on the summit of the steep—from which it seemed to glare around, with a jealous and threatening aspect, upon the whole valley of the Loire—his vassals lay watching below in the shadow of the bridge for the passing mariner.

NANTES.

THE château of Chantoceau (in the plate, CHÂTEAU HAMELIN,) was at one time enclosed by double walls, and defended by a ditch. There is now only a heap of ruins to be seen on the spot. The people who crowded towards it for refuge and protection, founded within a short distance a town, containing, as we are told in history, "several churches and handsome buildings." Of these there remains to-day but the priory, converted into a farmhouse; and the inhabitants of a neighbouring village sow their grain upon the site of the vanished colony.

Nearly opposite is the little town of Oudon, with a very remarkable tower, which has given occasion for the speculations of numerous antiquaries. It is of an octagon shape, and rises to a considerable height, presenting a strikingly picturesque appearance when viewed from the river. Some writers ascribe its erection to the middle of the ninth century; but in the now received opinion it dates no farther back than the thirteenth. The fortress sustained a siege, both by John Lackland and Saint Louis: but it is better known as the abode of certain gentlemen-coiners, who, in the reign of Francis I, dissatisfied with the paltriness of the booty obtained by piracies on the river, adopted the expedient of *making* money — not metaphorically, but literally.

From the moment that taxes ceased to be received, when it so suited the convenience of the taxed, in kind—which in England occurred so early as the reign of Henry I—

money became the one thing needful. The kings cheated their subjects by debasing the material ; and their subjects cheated the kings, by clipping the good pieces when they found any, and imitating the bad so ingeniously, that people were often betrayed into allowing themselves to be swindled by private rather than royal coiners. The difference was, that the kings could not be prosecuted for the felony, while the people were fully exposed to all the pains and penalties of the law ; and thus, in England, hundreds of obscure rascals swung upon the gibbets, while Henry VIII transmuted, with royal impunity, a pound of silver, worth one pound seventeen shillings and sixpence, into seven pounds four shillings ; and James II, when in Ireland, issued fourpenny worth of metal to his loving subjects, in pieces representing ten pounds sterling !

A little lower down, on the same side of the river, we pass a very extensive fortress, apparently still more ancient than the tower of Oudon. It is one of those creations which in France and Scotland are termed *folies*. The term signifies anything odd and useless in architecture ; and in the present case is applied to a modern imitation of an ancient edifice. There is, perhaps, no harm in us, creatures of to-day, thus launching forth the anathemas of what we call taste against so paltry a deception ; but where, after all, is the real difference between the tower of Oudon and its modern rival ? In a little while they will both be a heap of ruins. The former will be traced by the yet unborn antiquary to the Franks or the Romans ; and the latter classed with those monuments of antiquity, whose origin is lost in the night of ages. Alas for human pride ! Is our noblest edifice anything else than a folly ?

The next remarkable object is the—

CHATEAU OF CLAIRMONT,

perched upon a steep which dominates for a considerable distance the course of the Loire. The castle is supposed to have been built in the fourteenth century, but very little is known on the subject. The styles of the proprietors in the year 1510, and under Louis XIV, are known; but there is not a single association either of history or romance recalled by its name. This is the more remarkable, as the edifice stands on one of the most picturesque and commanding sites in the whole country; being built on a mass of rock, which looks like the advanced guard of the magnificent Côteaux de Mauves.

A portion of the superb panorama presented by the banks of the river known under this name, is given in the annexed view. The village of Mauve itself, and that of Cellier, form a part of the picture; but Seilleraie is invisible from the river. The last is situated on the great road to Nantes, and near it is the château interesting to many persons as the abode of Madame de Sevigné. "I saw her apartment," writes a French author, "such as it was in her own time, together with her portrait as the huntress Diana, and an autograph letter, bearing all the character of originality peculiar to this celebrated woman. A gallery of pictures is still shown to amateurs—or rather, of portraits; among which are observed those of the Lebruns, the Mignards, and the Jouvenets. The chapel is remarkable for its dome, ornamented with paintings in fresco. The gardens of the château, planted by Lenotre, its vast park, and beautiful sheets of water, contribute, with its situation near the right bank of the Loire, to

render it a delightful residence, still more embellished by the hereditary hospitality of its owners."

"Why," exclaims the same writer, "are not all our châteaux inhabited like the

CHATEAU DE MAUVES ?

Why are they, in some cases, rendered inaccessible by the presence of the proprietors, and in others, the most numerous, abandoned to the care of a concierge, who in turn abandons them to the ravages of time? Formerly the châteaux were the ornaments of France. Are those which have been spared by the revolution destined to crumble away through carelessness?"

Passing the village of Barbechet and the bourg of Chapelle-basse-Mer, we arrive at Loroux-Bottereau, an ancient town of five thousand inhabitants.

Many parts of the canton of Loroux-Bottereaux are filled with ancient tombs; bones are turned up with every spadeful of earth; and the husbandmen make their livelihood, like sextons, by digging in graves. It is conjectured, from the etymology of the word Loroux, that the town was formerly one of those places set apart for lepers: and if this be correct, the origin of the bones may be conjectured which lie so thickly beneath the soil. The remains of a château of the middle ages are still visible near the house; and in a garden, at the foot of its mouldering wall, there is a subterranean passage which has never been explored.

The scenery of the river already softens down, as we approach one of the great congregations of the human kind. At the bourg of Thouaré, where we are not tempted to pause, fine meadows and cultivated fields sweep swelling away from the water's edge; and at Doulon everything begins to speak of the neighbourhood of a city.

By and bye, a cloud appears resting upon the earth in the distance ; and this is speedily seen to be overtopped by the tower of a cathedral, and a château as heavy and massive as that of Angers. On the left stretches out the district of Saint Sébastien, studded with country houses ; and presently we find ourselves voyaging almost in the track of the bark which was wont to approach the holy temple with an enormous wax taper instead of a mast.

NANTES, the chief lieu of the department of the Loire Inférieure, stands upon the right bank of the Loire, at the confluence of the Erdre and Sèvre, twelve leagues from the sea, and twenty-two leagues from Angers by the Paris road. It is a great and important city ; but we could discover very few of the handsome streets and squares of which French travellers boast. Some of the streets, however, are exceedingly interesting from their antique appearance ; and one in particular, occupied exclusively by dealers in cloth, resembles a dark grotto. The houses, built chiefly of wood, and in the most irregular of all possible forms, lean over towards each other till they nearly meet in a pointed arch at the top ; while the warehouses below resemble a series of caverns, into which no beam of daylight was ever able to penetrate.

The day being Sunday when we arrived, we had an opportunity of seeing the population in their gayest attire, and were particularly struck with the profusion of gold or gilded ornaments worn by the women even of the poorer classes. The young girls especially wore enormous earrings, set with stones that looked just as well as rubies and sapphires. Great golden crosses dangled from their necks ; and a small key, suspended from the waist, indicated either that they actually possessed a watch, or would be thought to do so. The doubt was suggested to our mind by the fact that most of their mammas really sported this proud

ornament. The wearers appeared to belong to the same class who in London may be seen going "a-pleasuring," with a large baby in one arm, and a basket of bread and cheese, or cold veal-pie, in the other; while the husband trudges after, dragging four or five "pledges" at his heels in a little coach. These pleasers go a step farther than is required in Scripture, earning their enjoyments, as well as their necessaries, by the sweat of their brow.

Some of the women wore a kerchief-turban of the gaudiest colours that could be selected; some a lofty pointed cap of plain muslin; and some a head-dress, which should also, we presume, be called a cap, laced and ribanded in all manner of zig-zags. The gown, in occasional instances, was an inch or two shorter than the petticoat; while neither reached beyond the middle of the leg; but the damsels so attired belonged, in all probability, to some other district, for, in general, the Nantaises are dressed with a decorum bordering upon prudery. This praise, however, if it be a praise, does not extend to their fashion of riding, which runs counter to all our notions of feminine propriety. On horseback, the two sexes have only one attitude between them; and you may see the farmer and his farmeress jogging to market, both astride on their respective steeds. The

CHATEAU DE NANTES,

as being the most remarkable building in the town—and the nearest, besides, to where we happened to lodge—demands our first attention. This was the ancient residence of the Dukes of Brittany; where Henri IV promulgated the famous Edict of Nantes, and at the sight of whose gigantic towers, the same monarch cried out—comparing it mentally, no doubt, with the humble abode

of his ancestors of Navarre—"Ventre-saint-gris! les Ducs de Bretagne n'étaient pas de petits compagnons!" It is built on the banks of the Loire, and is the principal object which attracts the attention of the traveller who arrives from the centre of the kingdom, and who disembarks almost under its walls.

The château is the sole remains of the old fortifications of the city. Even previous, however, to its construction, the defences of the place must have been of considerable strength; the Huns, in the year 453, having remained sixty days before its walls, from which they were only driven by the appearance of a seemingly unearthly procession issuing at midnight from the church of Saints Donatien-et-Rogatien. The château was built in the year 930, and after various fortunes, took fire in 1670, and was partly consumed. The portion destroyed, however, was reconstructed in the modern taste, and now serves for the residence of the governor. In 1800, one of the towers, which contained a large quantity of gunpowder, blew itself up of its own accord—for nobody could otherwise account for the accident. The huge building serves at present for an arsenal, which prevented us from inspecting the interior. It was formerly surrounded by ditches—which, indeed, still remain on the townward side, although their beds are laid out into little kitchen gardens: next to the river, a handsome quay occupies the place of the defences of war.

The other fortifications are the Bouffay and the Tour de Pirmil. The former served originally as the habitation of the Dukes of Brittany and the Counts of Nantes, and was built about the close of the tenth century. It is now a palace of justice and a prison. The Tour de Pirmil is a ruin of the fifteenth century.

The first church of Nantes was raised by Ennius, in the

fourth century, over the ashes of the martyred Saints Donatien and Rogatien. The exact spot, however, is unknown, and the church of Saint Peter, which serves for the cathedral, is reckoned the principal temple in the town. The date of this building goes back to the year 555, when it was constructed, with great magnificence, by the same Saint Felix who plays so disreputable a part in a preceding page. In the middle of the fifteenth century, however, it was almost entirely rebuilt, and assumed the appearance which it presents to-day. The front is composed of two square towers, one hundred and seventy feet high, and loaded with Gothic ornaments. The interior vault is handsome, and of a very hardy construction, the nave being one hundred and twelve feet in elevation.

Near the entrance to the sacristy, is the magnificent tomb of Francis II, which contained his body and those of his two wives, with the heart of the Duchess Anne, enclosed in a heart of gold, inscribed as follows :

“ EN : CE : PETIT : VAISSEAV :
 DE : FIN : OR : PVR : ET : MVNDE :
 REPOSE : VNG : FLVS : GRAND : CVEVR :
 QVE : ONQVE : DAME : EVT : AV : MVNDE :
 ANNE : FVT : LE : NOM : DELLE :
 EN : FRANCE : DEVX : FOIS : ROINE :
 DVCHESSE : DES : BRETONS :
 ROYALE : ET : SOVVERAINE :”

The other churches of Nantes are not remarkable.

The cours of Saint Pierre and Saint André form in their union a magnificent promenade. They extend between the Erdre and the Loire, terminating in the latter direction near the walls of the château. They are divided by a square, with a column and statue—which, however, looks like the grand centre-piece of the whole—and are planted with two alleys of elms and some linden

trees. At the end next the Erdre are the statues of Duguesclin and Olivier de Clisson; and near the Loire, those of Anne of Brittany and Arthur III. From the latter point is taken the annexed view, which exhibits, in front, the imposing mass of the château, and to the left the masts of some vessels, which indicate the proximity of the river.

With the exception of the Place Royale and the Place Graslin, the squares, amounting to thirty-three, are not worth the room which their names would occupy.

The ancient name of Nantes was *Condivicnum*, signifying, in Celtic etymology, the confluence of several rivers. It was the capital of the *Nannetes*, who eventually gave their own name to their metropolis, just as *Lutecia*, the capital of the Parisians, became Paris, and *Condate*, the capital of the *Rhedones*, Rennes. Nantes, according to some historians, was founded by *Nannes*, three hundred years after the deluge; but the truth is, the *Nannetes* appear to have been a people of comparatively little enterprise; and till the arrival of the Normans in 834, led on by one of the Counts of Nantes, whom his subjects had discarded, the city is little mentioned in history. On this occasion, the besieged retired to the cathedral, with their bishop *Gohart*, and were almost all massacred.

From this period the ravages of the Normans—who sometimes remained masters of the district for many years—were continued with little intermission till 931, when they sustained a total defeat by *Alain-Barbe-Torte*, some say in the meadows of *Mauves*, and others in the parish of *Saint-Aignan*. When *Alain* proceeded in triumph to the city, which had been in possession of the northern barbarians upwards of twenty years, he found the cathedral surrounded with thorns and brambles; through which he

was obliged to cut his way with his sword, before he could enter to return thanks for the victory. Twenty-three years after, Nantes was besieged and taken, for the last time, by the Normans.

The famous Edict of Nantes on the state of the reformed church was promulgated by Henri IV, at the château; but the city ought to be still more celebrated for a deed which it left undone. The massacre of Saint Bartholomew did *not* take place here. In vain the scoundrel governor, who was the Duke of Montpensier, addressed a letter to the authorities, commanding them to cut the throat of every Protestant, male or female, found in the city on the fatal day. The mayor, Le Loup Dubreil, indignantly refused obedience: he was supported by his colleagues; and in Nantes that day passed over unstained, which to this hour casts a shade of horror upon the French name.

The port of Nantes may be said to be Paimbœuf, a little town on the left bank of the Loire, eight leagues distant from the former, and near the sea. Here vessels of large tonnage are discharged, and the cargoes transported to Nantes in flat-bottomed barges of sixty, and sometimes even a hundred tons. A little lower down, on the opposite side of the river, is Donges; near which, on the banks of the Loire, is a singular stone, weighing at least twenty thousand pounds. No one knows anything about the origin or nature of this monument, which was formerly surmounted by a cross. At a little distance, a mount called the Butte de Cesme rises among the marshy lands of this district, and affords a superb view from its summit, embracing six towns and twenty-six parishes. At the base are the remains of a camp supposed to be Roman, and near them a number of Druidical stones.

The towns and villages on either bank are chiefly inhabited by mariners, and especially by pilots, who, although useful in most rivers, are altogether indispensable in the Loire, the navigation of which is rendered difficult and dangerous by the sand-banks, that threaten, in the course of another generation, to render this fine river altogether useless for the purposes of commerce.

The Loire, in Latin *Liger*, takes its source at Mont-Gerbier-le-Joux, in the department of Ardeche, in Languedoc; and from thence it wanders a course of two hundred and twenty leagues, till it falls into the ocean. During this journey it swallows up one hundred and twelve rivers, and confers its name upon six departments of France—the Haute-Loire, the Saône-et-Loire, the Loire, the Indre-et-Loire, the Maine-et-Loire, and the Loire-Inférieure. At Roanne, in the department of the Loire, it first becomes navigable for boats; and at Briare, in that of the Loiret, it communicates, by means of a canal, with the Seine. Indeed, in the usual meaning of the word, it can hardly be called navigable till it reaches the latter place; but even from this point its navigation extends one hundred and seventy-four leagues.

The Loire, which has been reckoned one of the principal rivers of France, threatens to become one of the meanest, acted upon by some strange principle of destruction that is mingled with its very being. The islands, which form so frequent and picturesque an object in its scenery, are in most cases nothing else than sand-banks; and the same kind of formations, which we see to-day in their earlier phenomena, rising near or above the surface, interrupt the stream so much, and introduce so many different currents, as frequently to baffle the skill of the navigator. Thus the river, overflowing the banks, in con-

sequence of the continual rising of its bed, loses in depth what it gains in breadth: and would appear to the unobservant spectator to be a much more important stream than it really is.

There is historical evidence to prove, that nineteen hundred years ago the tide rose to the country of the Andegaves, or into Anjou, where Brutus, by order of Cæsar, built a fleet for the purpose of combating the Veneti, who had pushed their conquests even to the Loire. It is known, also, that only one hundred years ago the tide mounted to Ancenis; while now it is scarcely felt at Mauves. In the island of Gloriette, a stratum of shells is found sixty feet below the surface of the earth; and the cellars of the houses, which were built formerly, as at present, beyond the reach of spring-tides, are now, on such occasions, totally submerged. In 1825, a chapel was excavated, the vault of which was four feet under the surface of the street. It was ascertained that this was a chapel of the Knights Templars, which had been built in the thirteenth century; and the calculation was made at the time, that the bed of the Loire must have risen from forty to fifty feet between the years 1200 and 1830. As the river approaches the sea, the sand-banks, as we have seen, are numerous and dangerous. To these it is owing that vessels of large burden must be discharged at Paimbœuf; and perhaps the time is not very far distant when Nantes itself may become, to all intents and purposes, an inland city.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that in a great commercial city like Nantes the above facts have excited universal attention; and that the ingenious are constantly devising new plans to remedy an evil already so great, or avert a threatened ruin so overwhelming. Among these, the most

popular are the project of a series of lateral canals, and that of a line of dikes confining the stream to a narrower channel. It is held by the adherents of the latter plan, that the greater energy imparted to the waters would of itself clear away the sand and deepen the river; but, for our part, we would suggest that the Loire already is barely navigable, to any profitable purpose, against the stream, and that the additional impetuosity which would sweep away sand-banks would also add a month to the voyage from Nantes to Orleans. In 1825, however, the scheme was tried, to a certain extent, between Chouzé and Candes, and is said to have answered the purpose so far as it went; although nothing certain can be deduced from an essay which was supported by only a fourth part of the funds calculated upon by the administrators.

The river produces in abundance salmon, lamprey, shad, carp, bream, and pike. Eels are also plentiful; and their spawn, while ascending the river from the sea in early spring, are caught in vast quantities, like white bait in England, and esteemed a great delicacy.

The lake of Grand-Lieu being only three leagues to the south of Nantes, perhaps the reader will accompany us there before we proceed on our homeward route, in an opposite direction from the Loire. This lake is celebrated, in the first place, for the victory of Alain Barbe-Torte over the Normans in the year 936, popularly supposed to have been obtained upon its banks. The story is, that the Bretons, wearied, but unconquered, and thirsty with heat and loss of blood, retired to the fountain of Faux-Choux to drink, where they lay down to rest for some hours. The Normans, in the meantime, remained where they were; and from this circumstance the affair must be considered to have been as yet a drawn battle. Refreshed, at length,

by the waters of the well—which is held in veneration to this day—Alain led on his troops again to the conflict; and gained so signal a victory, that the country was delivered for nearly twenty years from the visitations of those desperate and deadly pirates of the north, whose descendants are now seated peaceably beside the Bretons in an adjacent province, and are by far the more quiet and respectable people of the two. Beside the château of Saint-Aignan, a little town near which the battle is said to have been fought, there are the remains of entrenchments said to have been the camp of the Normans.

The lake of Grand-Lieu, however, (on the banks of which, next to Nantes, Saint-Aignan is situated,) is famed for something else.

There is a city called Herbauges, or Herbadilla, mentioned by the old Nantais writers as forming part of the bishopric of Nantes; and Albert le Grand informs us, that this city was founded soon after the conquest of Gaul by the Romans, and about the time when Cæsar turned his arms against the Veneti. The Nannetes, it seems, whose principal town was at that time on the south of the Loire, towards Pont-Rousseau and Rezé, assisted their neighbours against the powerful strangers; and Cæsar, in return, attacked them in their capital, which he carried by assault and razed to the ground. The inhabitants took refuge in the marshes a few leagues distant, where, from the nature of the ground, the Romans were unable to follow; and where, eventually, the former built a city, which they called Herbadilla.

Where is the famous Herbadilla to-day—the refuge of a people powerful enough to oppose the arms of Cæsar? Fifteen thousand acres of deep water stagnate on the place indicated by old writers as its site, not a vestige of it

remains, save some household utensils and pieces of carved wood that are occasionally disgorge by the fatal tide ; not a sound is audible of all the manifold and mighty voices that fill the atmosphere of a city—not a sound, save the ringing of its buried bells, that are still heard on a Christmas eve by the peasant who suffers himself to be caught in the shadows of twilight near the lonely lake.

M. Huet, in his “*Statistiques du département de la Loire Inférieure*,” adopts the opinion that Herbadilla was really engulfed ; but transfers the date of the event from the sixth century, the era of Saint Martin, to the eighth or ninth. Its occurrence at the former epoch would undoubtedly have attracted the attention of Gregory of Tours and Fortunatus, and have been mentioned by them ; whereas, at the latter, the ignorance which prevailed in Europe was so profound, that events of the most stupendous magnitude passed unchronicled or unobserved.

So early as the year 1459, it was proposed, in the council of the Duke Francis II, to drain the lake of Grand-Lieu, and bring the lands lying waste at the bottom under cultivation. There were even commissioners appointed to inquire into the practicability of the project ; but in the agitations arising from the wars which followed, it was laid aside and forgotten. In 1506, there was some question of turning the lake into a basin for the royal marine, by means of a contemplated canal from Bourgneuf ; but the inquirers found the plan impracticable. In 1559, Henri II issued orders to drain the lake, which were never executed ; and, in 1572, Charles IX renewed them, producing only an ineffectual attempt. In 1705, the question was still agitated ; and M. Ogée, the author of the Breton Dictionary, thinks the execution possible, and that the advantages to be derived would more than compensate for the expense.

While writing of the olden time, it may not be irrelevant to remark that the Cathedral of Nantes is built upon the ruins of a druidical temple, consecrated to a god called Boulianus, Boul-Janus, or Voldanus, adored in Armorican Gaul, whose symbolical representations appear to exhibit that knowledge of natural religion which has so often made philosophers deny the necessity for a supernatural revelation.

The Armoricans flocked to Nantes three times in the year to pray in the temple of Boul-Janus—or, according to etymology, Janus, ruler of the globe. This deity was represented with three heads enclosed in a triangle, with the Greek letters $\Delta.N.\Omega.$, which appear to signify the beginning, the middle, and the end. The globe was under his feet, and he darted thunder with his right hand, and directed the clouds with his left. One foot was on the land, and the other on the sea. The temple was situated in the country of the Nannetes; it was served by twelve priests, chosen by the people from the body of the Druids. This temple, according to the same authority, an ancient Latin manuscript, cited by Albert le Grand, was destroyed under the empire of Constantine the Great, while Eumelius occupied the see of Nantes, and Sextus Probus was the Roman governor of the city.

We must now leave the Loire behind, and pursue our wanderings through the heart of Brittany. On the west, or left hand, is the territory of Vannes, the country of the ancient Veneti, supposed by Strabo to be the ancestors of the Venetians; and extending to the east lies Anjou, which we have already traversed. Our line of march is between the two; being directed towards the capital of the Rhedones, vulgarly called Rennes.

If the reader fancies, however, that we shall put ourselves into a diligence, or a caleche, and make for the proposed object by the nearest route, he does not know us. The river Erdre, lying—not running—at some little distance on the east, seduces us, without much trouble, from the high road; and, contented with the idea that we are advancing towards Rennes, we deposit our person in the stern of a little boat, without calculating very minutely the rate or angle of our progress.

This river is worth seeing, on more accounts than one. There is an air of originality about it which is very remarkable—and yet it is anything but original, in the proper sense of the word. Its ancient bed was filled up by the same Pierre de Dreux who subdued the famous Pirate of the Loire; and the chaussée of Barbin—constructed, it is supposed, by the same Saint Felix who intromitted so improperly with the loves of his niece and Monsieur Pappolen—by retaining the waters, converts it from an insignificant stream into a magnificent river.

The Erdre resembles more a basin of the Loire than a river falling into it. Its motion is invisible, its current imperceptible. You glide in a canoe-like boat over its waters as calm as death, shut in by melancholy banks that look like the sides of a grave. The very mariners are silent, and their oars dip into the heavy element, as if they feared to disturb it. You fancy yourself, at length, on some lake over which you are transported by the mute ministers of enchantment, and look forward with curiosity to the end of your voyage, which seems to be near at hand. If in the meantime a trout should leap out of the water to look at you as you pass, you are carried instantly to the Arabian Nights and the Ebony Islands, and remember, with a pleasing shiver, the lady stepping out of

the kitchen-wall, and tapping the fish in the frying-pan with her magic rod, as she inquired—"Fish, fish, are you in your duty?"—to which the fish answered and said, with equal mystery, "If you are in your duty, we are in our duty; if you reckon, we reckon; if you fly, we overcome, and are content."

On reaching the end of the lake, however, and nearing the bank, just as you are preparing to disembark, the canoe shoots round the corner, and you find another lake before you, of nearly the same form, and precisely the same character. You are reminded of the changes of a pantomime, though this one is much more cleverly performed. Before it took place, the river around you looked like a plain of black marble, polished like a mirror, in which the stirless trees on the banks were reflected with magical precision. But at the instant of the shifting of the scene you are smitten—and the occurrence is not a rare one—by a blast of wind, which stops your breath, and almost upsets your frail bark. A sail would have been fatal. The blast whitens the black river where it passes, and some faint surges rise, as if unwillingly. But in another moment the foam disappears; the waters relapse into their enchanted slumber; and all is calm, and black, and mute, and lifeless as before.

On the opposite bank, in the meantime, the picture is different. It is steeped in sunshine, and radiant with the thousand hues of summer; the trees, although still, are full of life, and white villas gleam between the groves; you fancy you hear the singing of birds. O! that opposite bank—that emblem of futurity!—it is always bright, always beautiful!

At the very first setting out for the chaussée of Barbin the Erdre presents the appearance of a lake. It is here

bordered on either side by country houses, built on sloping eminences; and although the voyager is struck with the strangely black appearance of the river, an air of cheerfulness is conferred upon the scene by these constructions and their concomitants. At the first turning of the river, a circular wall presents itself upon the right, which encloses an image of the Virgin, the principal deity of the Catholics, and more especially the patroness of those whose bread is cast upon the waters. Sometimes an old man may be seen to cross his breast in token of reverence as he passes; but it is a rare thing with one of this unbelieving sex. The women, however, almost always make the holy sign; their lips move; occasionally they sink upon their knees, and bend their head. In the curve of a creek close by is the Houssinière, an antique-looking building, set down in a very romantic situation, and appropriated to the dignified leisure of the prefects of the department.

On the other side of the river is a rock without anything remarkable in its appearance, although the view from the top is fine. It is called, or rather miscalled, the Rocher d'Enfer. Towards the north of the Houssinière the little river Cens falls into the Erdre, and forms a bay, the surface of which is covered with aquatic plants, which in summer, having scarcely water enough to sustain them, exhale their complaints in the form of miasma. Beyond the bay, on the left bank of the river, are the ruins of a château, surrounded by lofty trees.

Let us now borrow for an instant the pen of a native of Nantes, whose book is frequently an agreeable companion.¹

“The imagination,” says he, “having nothing to excite it, we sink into a reverie made up more of sensations than ideas. Our impressions are all of a calm and even

¹ Voyage dans le département de la Loire Inférieure, par M. E. Richer.

melancholy nature, which is in keeping with the silence of those lovely banks, and with the shadows that fall far over the waters, and cover the whole passage as with a veil. The little noise which is heard in the midst of what may be termed the slumber of nature, is not sufficient to distract. It is composed of the sound of the wind dying among the rushes, the surge rising heavy and unbroken upon the rock, and the measured dash of some distant oar. * * * All is silence and repose in this peaceful scene, where even the voiceful element of water is mute.

“We never see on these shores the ridges of sand which, in almost all other rivers, are the debatable lines between the empire of the water and that of vegetation. The green turf approaches with confidence to the very edge of the borders, as if aware that these are never undermined by the rebellions of the waves which it is their province to confine. At the same time, if the geologist will remark the inclination of the two banks, and the interval between them, his thoughts will be carried back to a period earlier than history, in which the whole basin was filled by the water which now only covers its bottom. He will find traces of rapid motion written in ineffaceable characters; and instead of those gentle inflexions of the soil which now follow the course of the stream, a series of lofty banks opening and shutting with a stern abruptness. Peace in the meantime reigns in those regions where is seen the image of by-gone turbulence. The contrast between the immobility of the waters and the remote banks that enclose them is striking. It seems in some places as if a lake slept tranquilly in the heretofore bed of a torrent.”

The bay of La Verrière, beyond the Cens, exhibits, in its tracts of mud, and shallow and stagnant waters, a striking picture of the fertility of nature. These are



covered with vegetation, and present the botanist with a remarkable variety of curious plants. Near it, an ancient ruin, concealed among the thickets, and scarcely distinguishable from the rocks on which it is raised, recalls to our memory a character remarkable for the same rank growth, and which, although now forgotten—or buried in poetry and fable—excited at one time the interest of all inquirers into the mysteries of the human mind. These ruins are all that remain of the abode of Gilles de Retz, the veritable *Blue Beard*, the hero of the celebrated tale of Perrault. He was lord, also, no doubt, of Ingrande, Chantocé, Machecou, Bourgneuf, Pornicé, Princ, and many other places, each of which claimed the distinction of having been the principal theatre of his crimes; and it may be supposed, therefore, that we owe some explanation to the reader of our reasons for giving the preference to La Verrière, and laying the horrid scene on the banks of the Dead River. All we can do on the present occasion is to offer him a very slight historical account of the Maréchal Gilles de Retz, who flourished (if the Upas tree can be said to flourish) in the reign of Jean V, Duke of Brittany, in the early part of the fifteenth century.

Born of one of the most illustrious houses of Brittany, he found himself an orphan at twenty years of age, and the possessor of enormous wealth. He was, of course, immediately surrounded by parasites, who, by flattering the weaknesses and cherishing the evil passions of his nature, and introducing new ones, contrived to turn both his follies and crimes to their own advantage. He was a man of extraordinary bravery; and, while yet in his youth, acquired by his services in war, the honorable title of marshal. This, however, although high enough for his ambition, did not suffice for his vanity. He would be

known to the world, not only as a brave soldier, but as a man of illustrious birth, immense fortune, and boundless generosity. The world, he knew, can only distinguish characters by their outward manifestations; and he, therefore, assumed a state befitting the exalted personage whom he imagined himself to be.

When he went abroad, he was followed in marching order, by two hundred men of his house, well mounted and magnificently equipped; and on returning to the château, he was joined, at some distance from the house, by his almoner, attended by a dean, a chanter, two archdeacons, four vicars, a schoolmaster, twelve chaplains, and eight choristers, each handsomely mounted, and followed, like his body guard, by valets. The clothing of this ecclesiastical company was splendid in the extreme, consisting of scarlet robes trimmed with precious furs. In religious pomp, in fact, he was scarcely surpassed by the wealthiest churches. His travelling chapel dazzled every eye by the numbers it displayed of crosses, chandeliers, censers, vases of gold and silver, and other ornaments. The procession was closed by six organs, each carried by six men. All this state, however—which might have well satisfied a monarch—was vanity and vexation of spirit to Gilles de Retz, on account of one little desideratum. He wished that the priests of his chapel should have the privilege of wearing a bishop's mitre!—and this, in spite of his entreaties, his ambassadors, and his gifts, the Pope had the insolence to refuse.

The château in which he deigned to reside emulated the splendour of one of those fairy fabrics which cost a poor author only a page or two of words. The roofs were painted in imitation of azure skies sprinkled with stars; the gilded cornices were carved so as to resemble foliage;

and the walls were tapestried with cloth of gold, which cost six hundred francs the ell.

Often, however, he forsook this palace of the genii, in order to dazzle the wondering citizens. Accompanied by a train of flatterers, dancing and singing boys, musicians, and stage-players, he betook himself to some great town, where he not only treated the people to gratis representations of mysteries—the only sort of drama then known—but distributed refreshments to all who were polite enough to look on.

It is hardly necessary to say, that a very few years were sufficient to exhaust a fortune subject to such demands, and pillaged at the same time by the owner's friends. Gilles was by no means alarmed at this consummation. His estates were so numerous that he could hardly repeat their names without book; and he looked upon them as possessing the same kind of inexhaustibility which he had attributed to his vanished millions.¹ He began to sell. First went one lordship, and then another; till at last his relations, taking the alarm, petitioned the king to forbid the farther alienation of the family property; which was done in due form, and the proclamation published by sound of trumpet.

This was a blow which almost upset the brain of Gilles de Retz, enfeebled by continual debauchery. Was he to sink at once into the station of a private individual, and drag through an ignominious life, the remembrance of his past glories converted into present shame? Money, it seemed, was the one thing needful—this bauble which he was accustomed to play with and throw away. Were there not other ways of obtaining it than by the sale of estates? Could it not be dragged from the mine or the deep by

¹ French money, of course, supposed.

other methods than the employment of capital and the working of machinery? His thoughts darted themselves into every hole and corner of human and superhuman speculation, and he gave to things possible and impossible the same eager and devout attention. The following is the result, as it is related by a Breton historian.

“God not having listened to the impious desires of the marshal, this warrior resolved to obtain, by other ways, the power and riches of which he was ambitious. He had heard that there existed on the earth men who, for certain considerations, and by means of great intrepidity, had been able to overstep the bounds of the known world, and to tear away the veil which separates finite beings from forms of incorporeal air; and that the spirits subjected to their power were compelled to minister to their smallest wishes. On the instant his emissaries set out to traverse Italy and Germany, to penetrate into distant solitudes, and the depths of primeval forests, and to sound the gloomy caverns, where report had placed the servants of the Prince of Darkness. Soon malefactors, rogues, and vagabonds of all orders, formed the court of Gilles de Retz. He saw apparitions, he heard voices; sounds of terrible import were muttered from the bosom of the earth; and in a little while the subterranean vaults of the château resounded to the cries of his victims.

“The most odious ideas that ever entered into the depraved brain of the alchemist were put into practice, to effect the transmutation of metals, and obtain that philosopher’s stone, which was to confer on them riches and immortality. Mysterious furnaces were burning night and day; but the real treasures which disappeared in them were not sufficient to satisfy the cupidity of the adepts by whom he was surrounded. They presented to him at

length an Indian sage, who, as they informed him, had travelled over the whole earth, and from whom nature had been unable to preserve a single secret.

“An imposing and severe countenance, eyes that dazzled those on whom they shone, and a beard as white as snow, distinguished the man of the east; while his simple, but elegant manners, announced that he had lived habitually with the great ones of the earth. Nothing appeared new or strange to him—no name, no person, no event. He was almost always buried in profound silence; but when he did condescend to speak, his discourse was of things so extraordinary, so wonderful, or so terrible, and all occurring in his own presence, that Gilles de Retz became fascinated while he listened, and delivered himself up, with all the remains of his fortune, to this remarkable stranger.

“It was then that the dungeons of his château echoed with groans, and were watered with tears. It became necessary to call up the prince of the fallen angels, the contemner of God, the devil, Satan himself; and the only cuirass which could preserve the invoker from the first effects of his indignation must be cemented with human blood. Nay, the marshal himself must plunge the poniard into the heart of his victim, and count the quick convulsions that preceded and accompanied the instant of death.

“At a short distance from the château there was a forest as ancient as the world; in the centre of which a little spring, bursting from a rock, was absorbed and disappeared in the ground. A thousand fearful tales were told of this solitary spot: phantoms glided shrieking through the trees; and if any of the neighbours, attracted either by pity or curiosity, approached the unhallowed precincts, they were never more seen. Their bodies, it

was supposed, were buried round the spring. It was here that the Indian proposed to subdue the rebel angels, and to bring the most powerful among them under the dominion of the marshal.

“One night, at the mid-hour, the sage proceeded to this spot, armed at all points, protected by the cuirass cemented by human blood, and furnished with the seal of Gilles de Retz, who followed him alone. He first dug a grave, round which he traced various circles, and these he intermingled with strange figures, in which he deposited some odd or hideous objects. He then built an altar with the earth taken out of the grave and some flat stones that he had set carefully apart, placing upon it, when ready, the bones of the victims buried round the spring.

“A new crime was then committed. The blood of an infant flowed into the grave; and responding to its death-cries the voice of an owl was heard, which the stranger a few days before had set at liberty in the forest. Up to this moment, the theatre of the dreadful sacrifices had received no light, except from some rays of the moon darting fitfully through the foliage; but when the Indian had pronounced certain barbarous and impious words, a thick smoke appeared round the altar, and was followed by a bluish light, so brilliant that the eye could scarcely endure it. The magician then struck fiercely on a buckler, which resounded to the blow; and in the midst of a terrific noise which filled the forest, a being resembling an enormous leopard, whose horrible form was long imprinted on the imagination of the marshal, advanced slowly, with seemingly articulate roars, which the Indian explained in a low and troubled voice to his wretched employer.

“‘It is Satan,’ said he: ‘he accepts your homage. But, curses on my soul! I have forgotten the most important

part of the incantation. He cannot speak to you! Why did I not think of this sooner?’

“‘Can we not begin again?’ cried the marshal, trembling with hope and fear.

“‘Peace, in the devil’s name!’ whispered the Indian, appearing to listen. ‘At Florence,’ continued he. ‘Yes, in the depth of that cellar—Do you then consent to the death of ——’

“‘Just heaven!’ shouted the marshal in a fury. ‘May the great God confound you!—have I not already promised?’ But at the holy name of the Father of Mercies, the vision vanished, the echoes of the forest repeated a thousand wild and mournful cries, and the dazzling light expired in thick darkness.

“‘I recommended silence to you,’ said the magician, after acceding an instant to human weakness; ‘but the name which escaped from your lips has lost to you forever the power you were on the eve of acquiring over the spirit. He said enough, however, to enable me to render you the possessor of all the treasures buried in the bosom of the earth. The talisman by means of which this must be effected is at the bottom of an urn in a tomb near Florence; and behold!’ continued he, stooping and picking up a plate of gold which the marshal had not observed,—‘behold the sign which will introduce me into places however deeply hidden.’

“The marshal returned to his château, placed in the hands of the Indian the whole amount he was able to raise, saw him set out on his journey to Florence, and, with a heart full of rage for having lost by his own fault the immense advantages he had expected, waited with anxiety the expiration of the year, which the impostor had marked as the period of his return.”

Disappointed in his search after the philosopher's stone, and in his longings for dominion over the powers of the air, Gilles de Retz sought in marriage a means of replenishing his coffers. The dowry of his wife was soon exhausted—or her charms palled upon his senses—and she disappeared. A second supplied her place—a third—even to the seventh wife! The cry of blood at length rose to heaven; and Jean V, duke of Brittany, determined to arrest this gigantic criminal. After some difficulty he was taken—not in his own château, which was too well defended, but by means of an ambuscade—and thrown into the dungeons of Nantes.

The Indian was next seized, who proved to be a Florentine called Prelati. He was put to the torture, and confessed everything. Gilles himself could not stand unmoved the appearance of the rack; but, forgetting the resolution he seemed to have taken to die in silence, poured forth a declaration of his crimes which filled his judges with horror. Even in the midst of such revelations, however, he endeavoured to relieve himself of a part of the blame, by complaining of a bad education, and of the arts of Prelati and his accomplices; who, working upon his infatuated predilections for forbidden studies, led him on insensibly from horror to horror, till at length his mind became seared to the sense of guilt. It is remarkable that the audience, at this period of the trial, forgot the horror which such a monster ought to have inspired, and melted into tears of compassion.

Gilles de Retz was then condemned to be dragged in chains to the meadow of the Magdelaine, near Nantes, and there to be bound to a post, raised on a pile of faggots, and burned alive. The fathers and mothers of families who witnessed the trial, fasted for three days after, according to

the custom of the period, in order to obtain a hearing for their prayers in behalf of his soul. They at the same time scourged their children with great severity, to impress upon their memory the awful lesson they had received.

The marshal was conducted to the place of punishment in the midst of a vast procession, formed of the monastic orders, and the clergy and secular congregation of the city. He was much cast down, and seemed to dread the sufferings he was about to undergo; but these, through the interest of his friends, were in part commuted; and when the flames rose, he was strangled, and, with comparatively little pain, yielded forth his spirit to the latter judgment.

The ruins of the château of Verrière, and the whole scene around them, have an air of melancholy and desolation that disposes the mind to reverie. A stair cut in the rock leads to a little hall tapestried with ivy; and round this are planted seven funereal trees, as monuments to the names of the seven murdered wives. At some distance from the château, there were found, in 1810, a number of slate coffins. Near the Verrière, the ruins of an old bridge are seen under the surface of the Erdre; but the date of this construction is altogether unknown. "None of those associations," says M. Richer, "which connect the epochs of history, are attached to the banks of the Erdre. This tranquil river is the image of oblivion; and on its shores, as on those of Lethe, we seem to lose the memory of the past."

Farther on, the basin of La Déneric, with its picturesque cottages and poplar groves, presents a character of scenery more cheerful and more beautiful than any we have seen since leaving Nantes. The château is too bare to be pleasing—it wants drapery. The old château of La

Gâcheric, beyond, with its feudal belfry, is much finer; and the plain near it is terminated by a splendid mass of forest. In 1537, Marguerite de Valois, the celebrated Queen of Navarre, spent some months in this retreat; and as she was accustomed to amuse herself with writing in her journeys, the banks of the Erdre, in all probability, inspired some of her tales.

After passing several country houses, we get a glimpse of the bourg of Sucé, a place as ancient as the days of Barbe-Torte, the conqueror of the Normans. It is situated in the manner of a sea-port, at the bottom of a creek, the sides of which are lofty, and covered with a thick foliage. On the opposite, or left bank of the Erdre, are the remains of an ancient seignorial château, which served as a country residence of the bishops. The principal gate is still preserved entire; and, standing on the summit of a conical rock, it presents a very picturesque appearance.

At Mazerolles the scene changes. The river widens, and the low banks, covered with mist, are faintly seen in the distance. In the twilight, when the shore is only half visible or altogether escapes the eye, one might imagine himself upon the ocean. The plain of waters appears illimitable; the silence is intense; and the river so black, so heavy, so stirless, that you may fancy it the Dead Sea. In the midst of this noiseless solitude, there are two islands—the only islands in the whole course of the river. One of these is thickly wooded, and covered with the vine of Saint Denis. There was found in it, below the surface of the ground, a canoe formed of the trunk of a single tree, in the manner of savages. The second island boasts of one tree—but this is an old oak, whose branches sustain an image of the Holy Virgin. Many pilgrimages are made to the spot by persons suffering from fevers produced by the miasma of

the neighbouring marshes that in summer appear above the surface of the water, which, at other seasons, covers them. This apparently limitless sea is strangely contrasted in extent, in such times of drought. The surface is then formed, in great part, of immense plains, covered with verdure.

Passing some villages and a château of little interest, the river at length narrows in earnest, and, losing the character of a lake or Dead Sea, takes that of an inconsiderable stream. The current begins to be felt, but it flows without noise, and without rapidity. The meadows, which border the canal, are no longer floating islands, but tracts of marshy ground, and we soon reach the point where the river ceases altogether to be navigable, and find ourselves at the little town of Nort.

RENNES.

CROSSING the country to the town of Nozay, we found ourselves on the high road to Rennes. This part of Brittany resembles a vast forest, although when you look closer you find corn-fields under the trees. Ten leagues from Nantes the road crosses the Don, and we enjoy a peep of this beautiful river. It is here characterised by deep and narrow valleys, offering, at every turn, delicious views; among which the most charming is that of the Fairies' Lake.

Dervel, a little town farther on, is distinguished by the ruins of a château, formerly looked upon as one of the most considerable fortresses in Brittany. It was flanked by nine towers, surrounded by ditches always full of water, and could not be entered without crossing two draw-bridges. In 1373 it was besieged by the famous Bertrand Duguesclin, who, after much trouble, compelled the defenders to sue for an armistice and give hostages. When the term expired, the Duke of Anjou summoned the castle to surrender, by a herald; but the garrison, having by this time repaired their fortifications, were in no mood to comply. They were then informed that, if they held out an instant longer, their hostages would be put to death before their eyes; and this having no effect, the threat was actually executed, and six men decapitated before the castle walls. The bloody deed was immediately avenged. A scaffold was soon erected along the loftiest window; on

which the prisoners taken in the course of the siege were led out one by one. The duke was dismayed when he saw the heads of his friends drop into the ditch, and immediately sounded a retreat.

The town of Rennes, seated on the Vilaine, has an imposing appearance when viewed at a distance; but this imposing appearance is an imposition. In reality, it is a dull-looking, disagreeable place, although boasting a splendid Palace of Justice and Hôtel de Ville.

From Rennes the scenery undergoes little alteration until you approach the sea.

On reaching St. Malo, however, the monotony of the prospect disappears. The woods begin to clear, and are seen only numerous and thick enough to give variety to the picture; the vast plain undulates in hills and valleys, the air is keener and freer, and everything proclaims the influence of the adjacent ocean. The sea at length—the glorious sea—bursts on the picture, and after casting a delighted eye over its expanse, our attention is fascinated by a huge and magnificent fortress which it surrounds, and by which it appears to be defied and controlled.

THE SEINE.

THE EMBOUCHURE OF THE SEINE.

THAT man is to be pitied who has never sailed from Southampton to Havre-de-Grace! On setting out, the mind is filled with proud and pleasant feelings, as we see gliding gracefully away from us the beautiful land to which we are bound by the ties of kindred and country. Its most radiant aspect is there presented to us; and we turn away from the Garden of England¹ as we part from a fair mistress who bids adieu to her lover with a smile. In some moods, the huge cliffs of Dover, and the naked shores of Brighton, may excite sensations grateful to the mind from their harmony; but at all times the view on leaving Southampton is delightful. It rejoices the gay, soothes the melancholy, and even warms the indifferent.

Our feelings do not subside, and hardly change, even when in mid-channel the vast sea is spread out before, behind, and around us—without beginning and without end—when the heavens and the waters are only separated by the line of the visible horizon, which describes a circle, whercof we ourselves are the centre. Even there we know that in another hour the land will appear again like a film on the edge of the sea, till, waxing by degrees, it shall acquire form, and colour, and consistence, before our eyes, and elevate its mountains above our head, and open its bays to receive us in their bosom. The sea-birds sail over

¹ The Isle of Wight.

our ship, hailing us with a hoarse scream as they pass—some bound for the coast of England, and some for that of France; but all bearing steadily on, like mariners who know their way.

By and bye, the distant horizon seems clouded and uneven, although the rest of the expanse, both of sea and sky, is without a spot, and glows in all the radiance of a summer afternoon. A kind of film gathers on that part of the rim of the ocean; but as it sometimes shifts its place, and sometimes disappears, when we look steadily, it is attributed rather to an imperfection in our own eyes than to any reality in the scene. In the course of a few turns more upon the deck, the film has changed into a cloud—dusky, lowering, and mysterious; which gradually extends along the line of the sea, and sometimes overflows, as it were, and enters within the charmed circle. Soon the seeming cloud forms, settles, and becomes steady; its edges are more definite; its masses are divided into height and hollow; a daub of colour here and there begins to give effect to the unfinished picture; and when at length the sun-light is able to pierce the shades of distance, or rather when our own eyes have power to follow it, we see palpably before us the coast of France.

On nearing the land, we observe two lines of coast, to the right and left, separated by a gulf of water four or five leagues broad. This is the embouchure of the Seine; on the right bank of which, at the entrance, stands HAVRE, and on the left,

HONFLEUR.

The river is studded, but not impeded (for here it seems not a river, but the sea,) by immense sand-banks, along which the eye is carried towards Quillebœuf, a distance

of nearly six leagues ; where the expanse of water appears to terminate, forming in the whole an immense oblong lake.

It was already the commencement of evening when we landed at Havre ; and the crowd on the pier, the lights here and there in the windows, and the noises of the busy streets, gave indication of a great and populous town. There is something, in fact, altogether Parisian in the aspect of this place, which is in reality the port of Paris ; and while wandering through its lofty and dusky thoroughfares, more especially at night, the traveller might easily be able to persuade himself that he traversed one of the quarters of the huge metropolis. The Rue de Paris, more especially, would be considered a handsome street in any capital ; but it is not of mere beauty we talk, but of character—and this is altogether French and Parisian.

In order to obtain an idea of

HAVRE,

however, in its distinct individual character, it is necessary to view the town in its sea-port aspect ; and the splendid engraving which accompanies this page will enable the reader to do so as well as if he stood upon the pier itself. A steam-boat is just about to leave the quay, probably for Southampton—no, for Honfleur—which will account for the unusual crowd.

Havre is, comparatively, an infant city, dating only from the beginning of the sixteenth century, when its foundation was laid by Francis I ; although the honour of the idea at least, if nothing more, is due to his predecessor, Louis XII. It is not wonderful that the French kings should have formed a strong predilection for a port situated at the mouth of the Seine—the river of Paris—the river

of France; but even their efforts would have been insufficient to have compelled towards its newly-born harbour the great stream of commerce, but for the fortuitous aid of circumstances. Havre owes its prosperity, as it did its origin, to the calamities of its neighbours. The destruction of Harfleur by the moving sands of the river called it into existence; the revolution, so prolific of ruin, was its nurse; and the trade which deserted the other ports of France came in full flow to the embouchure of the Seine.

The construction of this city of harbours, called *Le Havre* (harbour), *par excellence*, was a Herculean task. A town built upon the site of the few fishermen's huts which once stood upon these solitary shores, would have been useless as a sea-port; and it was necessary, therefore, to wrest a territory from the sea itself for its foundation. Eleven years after, on the night of the 15th of January, 1525, when the inhabitants of the new city were asleep in their lofty houses, dreaming of further conquests, and smiling at the roar of that stormy ocean which was now their slave, a sound of terror awoke them. It *was* the roar of the sea, wasting its fury no longer against the stone walls of its masters, but riding in triumph over them, and sweeping away every obstacle to its progress. The whole town was at length covered by this inundation, known to the people of the district by the name of the *Male-Marée*, a great proportion of the inhabitants drowned, and twenty-eight fishing-vessels floated over the fields into the ditches of the Château de Greville. After recovering from their consternation, the survivors, with a spirit worthy even of the Dutch, set themselves to repair their walls, and drive back the great enemy into his prison-depths. In a very little time, Havre raised its head anew, crowned with the spoils of Neptune; when

another inundation carried terror, and almost despair, into the hearts of its builders. This new inroad of the sea was called the *Coup de Vent de Saint-Félix*, and a procession was instituted in honour of the unlucky saint, which, no doubt, was effectual,—as a similar disaster, at least to any considerable extent, never again occurred.

Scarcely a score of years after the first inundation, however, a fleet issued from this port, so considerable as to awe the English into peace; and in the reign of Charles IX, Havre had become so important that it was given up to our Queen Elizabeth by the Protestants, as a guarantee for the assistance which she promised to send them. The Earl of Warwick, accordingly, with six thousand English, took possession of the place. They retained it in their hands for some time, and only capitulated after a long and gallant defence.

The public buildings of Havre are not remarkable; but the old

TOWER OF FRANCIS I,

on the northern jetty, still draws the attention of travellers, on account of a deed of arms, altogether original, which was performed there towards the close of the sixteenth century.

All that is known to history with regard to this exploit is, that it was undertaken as a means of momentary escape from military punishment for some trivial offence; and with regard to its hero, that he was a native of Caen, and that his name was Aignan Lecomte.

HARFLEUR.

VIEW FROM THE PIER.

THE view from the principal pier at Havre is, perhaps, one of the finest in the world obtained so near the level of the sea. The vast lake of the Seine, which we have described as terminating at Quillebœuf, is seen, in all its beautiful and magnificent details, to the left; directly opposite, HONFLEUR, surmounted by the hill of Notre Dame de Grace, is niched in the wooded shore; and on the right the eye loses itself in the immensity of the ocean.

After enjoying this spectacle, let the traveller proceed to the promontory of the Hève, where two light towers were constructed by Louis XV, to correspond with those of Ailley and Barfleur. After climbing the rock, he will reach the summit of one of the towers by means of a stair of more than a hundred steps; and from this elevation—three hundred and eighty-five feet above the level of the sea—he will contemplate the scene, from which he has so lately withdrawn his eye, with changed feelings. The view has expanded to an extent which at once delights and oppresses the soul. The Seine is no longer a lake, but a mighty river, whose windings are lost in the distance; and the eye wanders beyond the hills of Honfleur (which before shut in the prospect), tracing the line of the Norman coast to a distance of fifty miles as the crow flies, where at length the *falaise* of Barfleur rests like a film on the horizon.

There landed our English Edward (of fatal memory for

France), to dispute the throne with Phillippe de Valois on his own ground, and overthrow the French army at l'Ecluse. There, if you withdraw your eye slowly along the line of coast, is the Hogue, where, landing again, he led his victorious islanders to the field of Cressy. Nearer still is the spire of Formigny, where Charles VII—he who was saved by the enthusiasm of one woman, and regenerated by the love of another—struck the decisive blow at the dominion of the English in Normandy. Now commences the long line of the Rocks of Calvados, with a gulf between them and the land, where one of the ships of the famous Armada perished in what is called to this day the Grave of Spain. There is the bay of Coleville, where a single Norman, on a foggy night, routed two invading squadrons of English with the sound of an old drum.¹ Now comes the embouchure of the Dive, where the banner of the Three Leopards went forth on its career of conquest.² And, finally, our eyes rest on the great sand-banks of Honfleur, which seem destined to destroy eventually one of the finest rivers in the world.

From the heights of Ingouville, where the English colonists principally reside, the view also is admirable; and there M. Casimir Delavigne, a native of the place, was betrayed by his enthusiasm into the exclamation—

“Après Constantinople, il n'est rien de plus beau !”

For our part, we know nothing as yet about Constantinople; and we are not inclined to take the word of a poet that it presents anything half so beautiful as the embouchure of the Seine.

¹ See the History of Monsieur Cabieux, in 'Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1834.

² The ensign of Normandy, raised by William the Conqueror at the entrance of this little river, when he embarked on his wonderful enterprise.

Leaving Havre behind us, we leave behind the triumph of honour, genius, and industry, and enter a domain where nature asserts a fatal sovereignty.

The village of Eure to the east of the fortifications, seated among fertile fields and clumps of trees, looks like the abode of ease and content; but the bloodless faces and languid motions of the inhabitants tell another tale. The sea and the south-west wind are the masters of this portion of the coast to the Point of the Hoc; and they still threaten to destroy even the vestiges of the works of man.

The opposite engraving conveys a good idea of this unwholesome but beautiful flat. The view is taken from the heights of

GRAVILLE,

near the road to Harfleur; and the buildings on the left comprise the remains of the old church and monastery erected over the bones of the virgin-martyr St. Honoria. This holy person was disturbed from her repose in the monastery of Conflans by the appearance of the Norman pirates in the Seine. The monks fled with everything they considered likely to tempt the cupidity of the wild men of the north, and among other precious property, very prudently carried off the bones of St. Honoria.

Pausing to take breath at GRAVILLE, they were at length induced to deposit permanently there the sacred treasure; and the consequence was, that the spot very soon became the rendezvous of a crowd of pilgrims, attracted by the miracles wrought continually by the relics. The martyr having preserved so miraculously her own bones from captivity, was naturally disposed to take a warmer interest in captives than in sufferers of any other description; and,

accordingly, it was only necessary for a prisoner of war to invoke her name, in order to break his fetters.

The great popularity of the saint, however, ended in attracting the envy of the diocese of Paris, which, after a lapse of several centuries, had the cruelty and injustice to demand that the bones which had found so hospitable an asylum should be returned to their care. It was in vain to argue. The residence of St. Honoria at Graville, according to the rapacious Parisians, was nothing more than a visit; the Normans had given up war and pillage, and taken to the trade of grazing cattle and brewing cider; and, since the exigency of the time had passed by, it was only proper that the saint should return to her natural diocese.

The people of GRAVILLE consented with a heavy heart; but, behold, a new miracle was operated in their favour. The saint, although absent in the bones, remained present in the spirit; prayers, and, above all, gifts, were still offered to the empty sarcophagus; and at length the family of Mallett of Graville established a troop of canons in the temple, who remained there till the revolution. The saint, on her part, was grateful for the gratitude of her adorers; and when prisoners of war were scarce, did not scruple to employ herself in curing deafness. The pilgrim who was troubled with this malady, merely inserted his head through a circular hole in the wall, and looking down into the sarcophagus, straightway heard a noise resembling the murmur of the sea, and was instantaneously cured. The curé of Graville latterly caused this aperture to be filled up,—probably because the disease had been wholly eradicated.

In the ninth century, the sea, forming a fine bay, rose to the front of the hill, entirely covering the plain represented in the view. Although the bay is now a tract of fertile

land, it is said that great iron rings have been seen in some ruined walls near Gravelle, which were used some centuries ago for mooring vessels. The ruins are the remains of a very ancient fortress, which protected the barks of the Scandinavians, and which was not entirely demolished sixty years ago.

One of the above-mentioned family of Mallet lost his head for espousing the cause of Charles the Bad, king of Navarre, against King John of France; and his son is the hero of an adventure related with great *naïveté* by Froissart. This William of Gravelle, in order to avenge his father's death, determined to deliver into the hands of the adherents of Navarre the château of Evreux, then an important point; and the method he took displayed equal patience and boldness.

The governor, Oudart, was a man of a cold, phlegmatic disposition, who was never, by any accident, off his post, rarely quitting the exterior wicket of the fortress. He one day observed from the walls a gentleman lounging lazily on the esplanade, and looked at him for a moment; the next day his attention was attracted in the same manner; and the next, and the next; till at length, Oudart, a man made up of habit, would have felt a positive inconvenience from missing a sight of the stranger. Sometimes this idler would make a remark as he lounged along; and sometimes the governor himself would speak first: till, in process of time, attracted as if by some chemical affinity, they began to fancy themselves acquainted.

One day, as the stranger passed, the governor stood at the outer wicket, and they pulled off their hats to one another with great civility. The stranger soon began to talk of the news of the country; and the governor, who rarely heard anything, listened with something like interest.

His attention, however, was still more strongly excited by a remark which fell accidentally from his gossiping companion: "And by the same token," said he, "when my friend sent me this news, he sent me along with it the most capital chess-board in the world." Now, chess happened just to be the thing that Oudart liked best upon earth. He inquired eagerly as to the form of the chess-board, and argued stoutly on the details of the game; till, at length, the stranger—an enthusiast like himself—proposed that they should send for the materials, and try their skill forthwith.

His servant happened to be within call, and was accordingly despatched into the town close by, with the governor's hearty consent; and the stranger, in the meantime, suggested that they should go in and prepare the scene for the engagement. Oudart was very willing; and his companion, out of good breeding, complied with his polite desire, by entering first. He then turned round, and seeing the governor stoop his head as he passed under the wicket, William de Graville—for it was he—struck him with a small hatchet, "*tellement qu'il le pourfendit jusques aux dents, et l'abattit mort à ses pieds.*" The chess-men then made their appearance in the form of Navarrian warriors, and took the castle at one move.

At the port of Eure, where there now stands a farmhouse, there was formerly a chapel, built in the year 1294, on the edge of the sea, and dedicated to Notre Dame des Neiges. The anchorage at the bottom of the walls was chiefly frequented by small vessels loaded with glass, the feudal duty on which was exacted in rather an odd manner. The merchant was required to present one of the largest of his glasses to the provost, who in turn filled it with wine, which he gave him to drink. If the custom-payer was able

to swallow the beverage without drawing breath, it was all very well—he returned the empty glass, and the affair was over; but if unfortunately he paused in the draught, either to enjoy its flavour or to digest his disgust, he was obliged to pay *two* glasses. It is said that mariners in general consented at once to pay the second glass rather than drink the provost's wine.

This antique port is now filled up by the sands washed continually by the action of the tide from the Point of the Hoc. It was here that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, a seventy-gun ship called the 'Rouen' was lost in the quicksands. There are persons now living, who remember seeing the end of one of her masts above the surface of the water.

The chapel of Notre Dame des Neiges stood formerly on an island, although there is now not the slightest trace of any separation from the rest of the land; but when the traveller has reached the further side of the Point, the changes that have taken place in the aspect of the coast are on a scale so great as to strike him with awe. While wandering along the embouchure of the little river Lézarde, in vain he endeavours to discover the roads where the navy of our Henry V once floated in triumph. He ascends the beautiful and quiet stream, in search of the place which Monstrelet calls "le souverain port de Normandie," and arrives at length at a small, neat *inland* town, without harbour, without fortifications, and surrounded with rich pastures instead of basins, filled with grazing cattle instead of ships. This is Harfleur.

Harfleur was once the Havre of the Seine. The merchant-ships of Spain and Portugal delivered there their cargoes free of duty; and, besides being a great *entrepôt* of commerce, its home manufactures, particularly of cloth, were

held in great estimation. So late as the beginning of the sixteenth century the ships of Harfleur sailed beyond the tropics!

At the beginning of the fifteenth century the decline of Harfleur began to take place. In the year 1415, Henry V of England disembarked close to its walls, and besieged the town during forty days; when food and ammunition failing the garrison, at one moment it surrendered to an army of thirty thousand men. Henry, transported with this success, vowed to erect a temple to God on the site of the humble church of Harfleur, worthy of his name; and, in the meantime, pillaging of their property sixteen hundred families of the inhabitants, he sent them prisoners to Calais. The temple was erected—

“ C'est le clocher d'Harfleur, debout pour nous apprendre
Que l'Anglais l'a bâti, mais ne l'a su défendre !”

Twenty years after, a body of one hundred and four of the citizens, rising suddenly, massacred the English garrison, and retook the town. In memory of this deed, it was long the custom at Harfleur—now forgotten—to strike one hundred and four blows on the great bell of the church every morning at daybreak, the hour of the attack.

In 1440, this unhappy town again fell into the hands of the “natural enemies” of France; and nine years after was again retaken, by Charles VII in person, “sa salade sur la tête,” as Monstrelet says, “et son pavois en main.” By this time it was no longer of importance as a maritime town. Its ships, denied access to their parent port by the sands, carried their wealth elsewhere; by and by Havre arose almost by its side; the religious wars of 1562 paralysed its remaining industry; and in 1685, the revocation of the

Edict of Nantes, by scattering abroad the only part of the population worth retaining, completed a calamity from which it has never recovered to this day. In the opposite view the reader will see

HARFLEUR

as it now stands, with its little river hardly able to float a fishing-wherry, and its tall white spire looking like a monument to its departed glory.

Taking leave of the *ci-devant* port of Harfleur, we pursue our solitary walk along the banks of the Seine. The first object which attracts our attention, on approaching again the water's edge, is the Château d'Orcher, perched on the summit of a steep *falaise*. It is a heavy and clumsy pile of building, erected on the spot where an ancient fortress once commanded the entrance of the river. From its lofty situation it is a very remarkable object at sea, and serves as a beacon to vessels coming to anchor in the roads of Havre for the purpose of waiting the tide. After enjoying a prospect which must be thought remarkable by those who have never stood on the heights of Ingouville, or on the light-towers of the Hève, we wind our way down the steep, through rocks and trees, and, arrived near the bottom, examine with some curiosity a spring said to possess the virtue—or rather the vice—of petrifying any object immersed in its waters. In this case, however, the report goes beyond the truth; for, although sufficiently curious, the spring does not petrify, but merely incrusts with a kind of marl the substance exposed to its action, so as to give it the appearance of stone. In some places the moss through which the water trickles sustains a similar operation, and presents a specimen of filigree-work more beautiful and

delicate than was ever produced by the workmanship of man.

Pursuing the line of falaises, which hitherto border almost uniformly the banks of the river, we traverse the lands of Oudales, the vineyards of which were in considerable repute at the time when the Pays du Caux was a wine country, and arrive at a spot which presents a spectacle so remarkable as to detain our steps for a considerable time.

From the summit of a rock, called the Pierre Géante, we see the whole course of the river, from Honfleur on the right to Caudebec on the left; but our eye retires from the majestic spectacle to rest on a single object at our feet.

The remains of the ancient

CHATEAU OF TANCARVILLE

rank among the most striking monuments of the feudal ages in France. In fact, while gazing at the shadow of bygone magnificence, we are apt to think that all history must be a dream, and that, instead of the rude barons of the middle ages, the lords of such a structure must have been the true knights of romance. The local point of these fortresses seems to have been chosen on a general principle; for the description of that of Tancarville will apply to almost all those situated on the banks of a river. In the 'Histoire des Français des divers Etats,' while reading of the feudal château of Montbason, we have only to substitute the Seine for the Indre, in order to obtain a complete idea of the picture now before us.

"Represent to yourself, in the first place," says M. Monteil, "a superb position—a steep hill, bristled with rocks, and furrowed with ravines and precipices: there

stands the château. The little houses near it increase its magnitude by comparison; the Indre seems to swerve in its course out of respect, and makes a wide semicircle at its feet."

The ditches of Tancarville are now without water, and the courts covered with grass, and the cavern-like windows broken in fragments; but we see enough to recall the idea of Saint Pierre, suggested by a neighbouring manor: "When I recollect that this structure was formerly the abode of petty tyrants, who there exercised their bandit-trade not only on their own vassals but on travellers, *I think I see the carcass and bones of some huge wild beast.*"

The château of Tancarville belonged to the chamberlains of the Duke of Normandy; but it occupies no space in the political chronicles of the time. The great names of French chivalry are sometimes mentioned in connection with its walls; but they pass by like a troop of shadows. Of these are Melun, Montgommeri, Dunois, Longueville, and Montmorenci. Raoul de Tancarville was governor to William the Conqueror; and one of the counts of the name was taken prisoner at Poitiers, and died at Azincourt. So much for history; but its legends of chivalry and religion are not so scanty.

Some particulars of a private war between the Chamberlain de Tancarville and the Sire de Harcourt are given in the 'Croniques de Normandie,' and, although often quoted by the French writers, throw so curious a light upon the manners of the times, that we shall venture to translate the passage.

"In the time of King Philip le Bel, after the Knight of the Green Lion had conquered the King of Arragon, there arose a fierce dissention between two great barons of Normandy, that is to say, the Sire de Harcourt and the

Chamberlain de Tancarville, on the subject of a mill, the property of which they disputed with each other. The Tort de Harcourt (so called on account of a natural deformity) fell upon the people of the said chamberlain, wounded and defeated them, and took possession of the mill by force. Whereupon the chamberlain immediately summoned his men, and, at the head of a company three hundred strong, arrived at Lillebonne, where were the Sire de Harcourt and the Tort, his brother. The chamberlain shouted against them reproaches and defiance, to which the Sire de Harcourt, in his turn, gave the lie; and having gone forth to the barriers with all his men, he gave them battle stoutly, and some were slain on both sides.

“When the king heard of this disorder, he sent the Messire Enguerrand de Marigny to summon them to appear before him; but on the way to court, it happened that the Sire de Harcourt met the chamberlain, and, falling upon him unawares, struck out his left eye with the finger of his gauntlet, and so returned home. When the chamberlain was cured, he went to the king, and demanded battle against the said Lord of Harcourt; which coming to the ears of Monsieur Charles de Valois, the king’s brother, who loved much the Sire de Harcourt, he pledged his faith to him, and hastened to court. Messire Enguerrand de Marigny, grand-counsellor of the king, declared that the Sire de Harcourt had been guilty of treachery; Monsieur Charles said, nay; and Messire Enguerrand gave Monsieur Charles the lie: for the which he paid so dear that he was thereupon hung, notwithstanding his quality.

“The battle was decreed, and the Sire de Harcourt came into the field armed with fleurs de lys; and the two barons fought very proudly. The King of England and the King of Navarre, who were then present, at length

begged the King of France to put an end to the combat ; saying it was pity two such valiant men should destroy one another. Whereupon the King of France cried ‘Ho!’ and both parties being satisfied, peace was made between them by the said king, about the year thirteen hundred.”

The right of private wars, so universally assumed by the nobles, was *legal* in the true sense of the word. It commenced in the decline of the empire of Charlemagne ; and when the great barons tacitly submitted to a new dynasty, begun in the person of Hugh Capet, they did not for a moment dream of abandoning one of their privileges. They attached, indeed, so little importance to the title or office of king, that the principal cause of their submission was indifference : they did not a whit the less consider themselves the equal of the new monarch ; and one day, when Hugh sent in anger to one of his rebellious lords, with the demand, “Who made thee a count?” he received the counter-question, “Who made thee a king?”

These wars were at first of infinite disadvantage to the state ; for a baron, who considered that his own individual interest should take precedence of everything, did not scruple to pursue his private quarrels even when summoned to the field by his prince. In the course of time, however, there were rules adopted which at least lessened the mischiefs of the system. A general war, for instance, extinguished, during its continuance, the private wars ; and the relations of the family, before implicated to the seventh degree, were only obliged to take a part in the feud to the third degree. In the case of the Lords of Harcourt and Tancarville, both parties ran to arms without the smallest form of preliminary ; but a century later, a declaration of war would have been necessary, and after that a delay of fifteen days, to afford time for concession.

LILLEBONNE.

THE next morning found us at Lillebonne, formerly the chief city of the Caletes, or inhabitants of what is now called the Pays de Caux. Its Roman name was Juliobona, imposed in honour of the dynasty of the Cæsars. The ancient importance of this capital may be conjectured, not only from the ruins of its theatre, but from the Roman roads radiating from it in every direction. One of these, as the 'Itinerary' of Antonine informs us, went to Dreux, another to Evreux, and another to Caudebec, Rouen, and Paris. The last mentioned is still the highway between Rouen and Caudebec. The map of Peutinger also exhibits a Roman way leading from Juliobona towards Boulogne.

The medals of all the early emperors were found in the ruins of the theatre; and in another place a collection of five hundred, omitting the more ancient, and proceeding, with little interruption, from Otho to Probus. This is undoubtedly a curious circumstance; and it derives still greater interest from a fact which we have not seen noticed conjunctively, that, about the time of Probus, or immediately after, Juliobona must have fallen from the rank of cities. This is proved by its never having been the see of a bishop.

Near the place where this numismatic hoard was found, there was discovered, in the ruins of a Roman house, a small bronze statue of Hercules, in perfect preservation. On the banks of the little river Lillebonne, and near the gate of the town, the remains of an extensive building were

also excavated, the court of which, paved in rustic mosaic, is precious in the eyes of antiquaries. It was on the banks of this river that the stone was quarried which served for the construction of the public buildings of the city. In its natural state below the earth it appears to be soft and moist, and may be taken out in enormous masses; but by a very few hours' exposure to the sun, it becomes as hard as adamant.

The left bank of the Bolbec, which forms the western limit of the town, was also rich in vestiges of the arts and of domestic architecture. At the southern entrance, from the number of funeral vases discovered, it is supposed that on that spot there must have been a Roman cemetery.

The valley, however, through which the Roman road winds, is more peculiarly holy ground to the explorer of the antique world. There stands the *new* château, broken down with the weight of many hundred years, and built upon the ruins of the Roman Acropolis; the baths, erected probably in the first centuries of the Christian era; and the theatre, the most remarkable monument of the masters of the world in the north of France.

The Roman fortress has perished, with the exception of part of a military wall, at the bottom of which swords of formidable dimensions, and sculptures, apparently anterior to the introduction of Christianity, have been found. The stones are in some cases finely cut; but M. Gaillard has detected an artifice, which at least diminished the labour, if it does not detract from the skill of the Gaulic artists.¹ They chose, it seems, such stones as were most spungy and defective, and, of course, most easily cut; and, when their work was finished, dented and roughened the surface with

¹ The Gauls, under the instruction of their masters, became expert sculptors.

the chisel, and then applied a coating of some kind of cement, occasionally red, but often white and brilliant.

The apartments of the baths are small and oblong, the largest being only thirty feet by eighteen. In one of them a female statue was found as large as life, and cut in the beautiful marble of Paros. It is thought to represent the wife of the Emperor Antoninus Pius, which would, in some measure, fix the date of the balnearium in the second century.¹ Some of the apartments are ornamented with paintings in fresco, and paved with black and grey schistus. The establishment appears to have contained baths for the women as well as for the men; and it has been noticed as something worthy of remark, (although we consider it a circumstance of mere accident, from which no conclusion can be drawn,) that in the *balnea virilia* there was found a medal of William Rufus, king of England.

Directly facing the hill of the Acropolis, the sides of which are covered with these monuments, and the summit with the château of the middle ages, there is another eminence, on which stands the Roman theatre. The façade of this edifice, which is now wholly destroyed, must have been three hundred and thirty feet long; and the inner circumference of the building, formed by a circular corridor, six hundred and twenty-five feet. One half of the theatre stands in the valley, and the other on the sides of the eminence; but the former part is so far below the level of the modern houses, and of the Roman road, which runs

¹ A wall similar to those erected by the Romans at Narbonne, Périgueux, Bordeaux, and elsewhere, separates the façade from the body of the edifice; whence it is argued that the balnearium must have been more ancient than the fourth century, the date of such erections. If the statue mentioned in the text, however, is really that of Constantine's empress, we have ourselves no doubt (for ignorance is always presumptuous) that the baths were in ruins before the wall was built.

past the façade, that it looks like a vast excavation. It would be needless, however, to look for the sites of Roman buildings on the same level with the roads, the latter being, in most cases, built up like a lofty rampart; and in the course of seventeen or eighteen hundred years, it is not wonderful if we should find the ancient soil raised to a great height by vegetable earth alone. In the ruins of the comparatively recent constructions of the middle ages, we are generally obliged to descend as into a vault; the threshold of the doorway being considerably below the surface which belongs to the present denizens of the earth.

Near the theatre a figure of gilded bronze, six feet high, was found in 1823, "apparently," says M. Rever, "a statue of the god Bacchus. It is completely naked; its hair, divided in the middle of the brow, borders the temples, and unites in a knot behind."

The ducal palace of William the Conqueror exists in little more than conjecture; its ruins having been re-erected, towards the twelfth century, into a feudal château, the property of the house of Harecourt, whose feud with that of Tanearville we have noticed above. Here William organised, in 1066, the invasion of England; and here he frequently resided from inclination before his will or destiny called him to a throne.

The constructions within the extensive enclosure are evidently of different epochs; one square tower being of the thirteenth century, and a round tower as late as the fifteenth. The drawbridge, by means of which the latter is attained, is thirty-three feet broad, and thrown over a very deep ditch; the walls are thirteen feet thick, and divided into three stages.

"There," says the author of the 'Studies of Nature,' "arise lofty battlemented towers, with trees growing from

the summit like a head-dress. Gothic windows, resembling the entrances of caverns, open at intervals through the ivy. No living thing is seen in this desolate abode, save buzzards flying in silence round the walls; or, if you chance to hear the voice of a bird, it is that of some owl who builds here its hermit nest. When I remember, in viewing this manor, that it was formerly the abode of petty tyrants, who there exercised their bandit-trade not only on their own vassals but on travellers, I think I see the carcass and bones of some huge wild beast."

"Alas!" exclaims M. Licquet, "who would recognise here the abode of the most formidable prince of his time? Roofless, floorless, nothing but fragments and ruins! Fern, nettles, and ivy, have usurped the palace of the Norman kings!"

To this Turner adds nothing in words; but behold how eloquent he is! Here is a Study of Nature which would have been worthy the pencil of Saint Pierre himself.





SCENERY AND SENTIMENT.

MENIL-SOUS-LILLEBONNE.

RETURNING to the river-side, from which Lillebonne is distant nearly a league, we wandered on, "thorough brake, thorough brier," for a considerable distance, without meeting with anything worthy of note, excepting almost at every step, an enchanting peep of the water.

After passing through the village of Menil-sous-Lillebonne, we arrive at the ruined church of Notre Dame de Gravenchon, an edifice of the fifteenth century, well worth a visit. On the northern side of the nave there is a stone sunk in the wall containing a sculpture in bas-relief, representing a naked figure, which is supposed by M. Langlois to be of Gaulic workmanship. The path leads to Norville, avoiding a turn which the Seine makes here; and from Norville, along the water's edge, to Villequier.

Seen either by land or water, this is a delicious little place. From the river it is one of the gayest-looking villages we ever saw. The houses seem not only neat and clean, but are painted of every gaudy colour you can imagine. A rude breast-work runs along, separating the single line of cottages from the Seine; and to this the boats of the inhabitants are moored, at all times within reach of the owners, like the gondolas of Venice. The château dominating the village is the property of the first president of the Cour Royale at Rouen.

From Villequier to Caudebec the same kind of scenery continues; but, on arriving within nearer view of the latter, the beauty of the landscape increases to a degree of magnificence of which it is not easy to give any adequate idea. In the accompanying illustration, sketched from an eminence above the road, Turner has done all that the pencil could in so small a space; yet it comprehends only half the view from

CAUDEBEC.

There is a spot upon the quay of the little town which Vernet the French painter instanced as presenting one of the finest pictures in France. It is too extensive, however, to be delineated with any chance of success; and the traveller, therefore, who is able to see it with his own eyes, is doubly happy. The Seine describes a parallel ellipsis on either hand, marked by the uniform rising of the ground; but in front, owing to the flatness of the country beyond, the broad river is almost the only object which could come into the piece.

In the town itself there is the same gaiety of colour which we noticed at Villequier. Houses blue, white, yellow, and red, imbedded in the dark green of the foliage, look at a distance like a parterre of flowers. The quay is planted with trees; cottages and summer-houses surround and dot the sides of the hill; and paths, winding upward among the trees, lose themselves in the distance. From many of these walks you may enjoy a finer view than that admired so much by Vernet. The opposite bank gradually rises, till an immense amphitheatre is formed, terminated in the middle by a chain of hills crowned by the hoary woods of the forest of Brotonne.

The church of Caudebec, which Henri IV., on account of

its being without a transept, declared to be "the most beautiful *chapel* he had ever seen," is a very fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The great gate is especially admired for its tasteful delicacy. A balustrade runs round the building, which was formerly resplendent with gilding; and on the wall, or entablature, some portions of the *Salva Regina*, *Magnificat*, *Benedictus*, and *Tota pulchra es*, are inscribed in letters three feet long. The interior has lost a great deal of its splendour; but the chapel of the Virgin, where the body of the principal architect reposes, is still highly worthy of the traveller's attention. His name, we learn from the epitaph which describes his share of the task, was Le Tellier; and, after having been thirty years employed in the work, he died in the year 1484 (*l'an mil iiii^e quatre-vingt et quatre*), leaving to the church a rent of *seven sols and six deniers*.¹

Caudebec possessed a port so early as 853, since Charles-le-Chauve, by a charter dated that year, presents it, with its *port*, &c., to the monks of Fontenelle. It was not, however, a place of any importance, or the Normans in their frequent visits to the monastery would not have overlooked its dependency. It was probably not a town till the latter part of the eleventh century; for its church is mentioned by William, in a charter dated Lillebonne, shortly after the conquest of England. At the beginning of the fifteenth century it was surrounded by walls and ditches, and protected by towers, and was in a condition to disregard the summons of Henri V, after the capture of Rouen. It was besieged by Warwick and Talbot, and taken, after an entrenchment of six months. Talbot became the governor, and held it for England till 1449, when all Normandy was united to the French crown by Charles VII. Caudebec is

¹ About threepence three farthings.

well known also in the wars of the League ; having had the honour of wounding the Duke of Parma in the arm when he besieged it. Before this time it had several manufactories, particularly one of gloves made of goat-skins, and so fine that a pair could be contained in a walnut. Its hats were also famous, under the name of Caudebees ; but the revocation under the Edict of Nantes scattered its artizans, and consequently its arts, over the face of the earth. To make up for the loss of real advantages, the government overwhelmed the town with those fatal gifts bestowed before the revolution upon the places which the king delighted to honour. Caudebec was the seat of the bailliage of Caux, and at the head of six sergenteries. It possessed, besides, innumerable courts and offices, such as présidial, provôté, maîtrise, amirauté, élection, grenier à sel, haute justice seigneuriale, recette des tailles, ferme générale, direction des aides, bureau des traites, bureau des domains, &c. The consequence, it is said, is felt to this day, in the absurd importanc attached by the inhabitants to official titles, and the consequent disdain of commercial employment. Travellers who do not advert to the above causes, express their astonishment “que l’industrie ait si peu d’activité dans une ville qui offre tant des chances et des avantages à son développement.”

Near the town is the holy well of Saint Onuphre, a sort of puddle celebrated for the cure of all cutaneous diseases from ringworm to leprosy. On a particular day in the year the unclean patients resort to the waters in crowds, to drink, and bathe, and wallow in the marsh. Each of them, at the commencement of the exercises, gathers a branch in a neighbouring wood, which he deposits in some central spot ; and in the evening, the faggot so formed is set fire to by the parish priest, who comes forth to the expectant

flock dressed in his sacerdotal robes, and marching to the tune of an anthem. When the smoke is at the thickest, he flings a white dove into the cloud, and as the liberated bird rises from amidst into the air, the patients fall upon their knees, exclaiming "It is the Holy Ghost!" On this signal a lame man starts up, throws his crutches into the fire, and is straightway cured. The ceremony concludes with copious draughts of cider, which the patients, we have no doubt, find a more pleasant, if not a more medicinal, beverage than the foul waters of St. Onuphre. 2 G

THE BAR OF THE SEINE.

OPPOSITE Caudebec there was formerly an island called Belcinne, inhabited by some monks, who had built there a little convent. It belonged, as well as the seigneurie of Caudebec itself, to the celebrated monastery of Fontenelle; but the little convent was so much eclipsed by its splendid superior, that few visitors sought the solitary shore, except now and then a pious fisherman, who went to return thanks to God and the Virgin for his escape from the perils of the Seine. One day, however, the Lord of Caudebec bethought himself suddenly, that he had never paid his vows at the humble shrine; and, seized with a fit of devotion, he stepped into his barge, and was soon at the foot of the altar.

The extreme poverty of the place, however, the nakedness of the altar, and the mortified looks of the holy brethren, hardened his heart; and, gazing around him for a moment, as if he had merely come out of curiosity, he turned away, and regained his barge. The water was rough; and the poor priests, instead of resenting his haughtiness, besought him to take care lest his vessel, which was heavily loaded, should sink.

“Do you threaten me?” said the Lord of Caudebec, conscious that he deserved no kindness.

“God forbid!” said the poor priests; “we trust you will live long enough to be fit for death: it is only the righteous who can afford to die suddenly; and to them death is the

highest boon even Heaven can bestow on this side of eternity."

"Pull away, my men!" cried the seigneur, abruptly. "As soon shall their solid island sink in the Seine as this trim vessel of ours."

"Sooner, we pray God," replied the monk; "sooner;—sooner!"

The next morning, the Lord of Caudebec, while looking out of the window of his château, rubbed his eyes, and blessed himself. The island had disappeared, the convent, the monks—all had been swallowed up, and sunk in the river! The effect of this awful lesson may be imagined. The seigneur retired into the monastery of Fontenelle, where he lived a holy life long enough to understand that death may be looked upon by the righteous as a boon.

This event must have occurred after the year 853, the seigneurie of Caudebec not being till then the property of the monks of Fontenelle, who in that year received it as a gift (as we have before noted) from Charles-le-Chauve. In the year 1641, however, the island suddenly reappeared; and the inhabitants of Caudebec saw, with superstitious wonder the broken walls of the convent, which by that time was only a memory of "the oldest inhabitant."

Still it did not remain long the object of their gaze. The waters of the Seine, as if conscious of the presence or approach of some terrible phenomenon, shuddered visibly. A low moaning sound was heard along the river; and presently a white line appeared in the distance, extending from shore to shore. The noise increased, till it resembled first the bellowing of a herd of wild beasts, and then the roar of a cataract. The white line appeared to be a wave of boiling foam rushing against the stream, and revolving as it rushed on its own axis. Sometimes it broke upon the prow of a

vessel steering down to the sea; and sometimes it lifted her up, and dashed her headlong upon a sand-bank, formed at the instant as if for her destruction. Occasionally it overflowed the terrace-banks of the Seine, sweeping away cattle, huts, and men, at one blow; but immediately recalling its forces, it held on its wild career,—shouting the louder as it flew, and increasing in magnitude till it resembled a hill of foam. On reaching the point of

QUILLEBŒUF,

nearly opposite Lillebonne, straitened by the immense sand-banks which there almost choke up the river, its fury seemed to reach its climax. This was only in appearance, however. Carrying everything before it, it continued its deadly course, more calm but not less fatal, along the narrowed stream, till, rolling past Caudebec, and swallowing up the island of Belcinne, with its convent walls, at a mouthful, it appeared to spend its rage, and gradually subside in the distance.

Some readers will think that we are drawing our traveller's bow with a vengeance; yet the scene which we have endeavoured to describe without exaggeration did actually occur, and the island of Belcinne, so strangely vomited forth by the waters, was actually swallowed up again in the fracas, and never more reappeared. And, moreover, the same watery phenomenon—which is the famous bar of the Seine—occurs still, with a greater or less degree of violence, once every month, at the full of the moon, and more especially during the equinoxes.

Saint Pierre, who briefly describes it in the 'Studies of Nature,' was not merely a witness, but had almost become a victim. He rose up in astonishment to gaze upon the

“montagne d'eau” rolling upon him so unexpectedly; when the leap of the vessel, as she was struck by the bar, threw him overboard, and he was nearly drowned.

The river, in fact, from Quillebœuf downwards, is not at any time very safe for mariners; the ever-new formations of sand changing its surface so constantly, that the vessel which gets down in safety in the morning will hardly know her way back in the afternoon. But if this circumstance injures the commerce of the little ports of the Seine, it serves to produce employment for great numbers of the inhabitants. At Quillebœuf alone there are seventy pilots and their assistants, constantly occupied in exploring the river, and ascertaining the changes that take place each tide in the sand-banks. Notwithstanding this, however, accidents are very frequent; more especially, as a French author asserts, among the English vessels,—the pride of that nation not permitting them to be beholden to French pilots! Nor are the inhabitants themselves always secure. Few seasons pass without some calamity or other occurring; and, a short time ago, not fewer than seventeen persons were drowned by the bar at one sweep. They were the feasters at a wedding party, who had taken the freak of carrying out the bride and bridegroom into the Seine, in order to vary the enjoyments of a day usually so delightful to all parties. They gained the middle of the river, when they were suddenly alarmed by the roar of the approaching bar. They endeavoured to gain the shore; but the wind was contrary. They were thrown back into the stream. The virgin-wife was seen throwing her arms round her husband's neck, and burying her face in his bosom. The next instant the bar swept wildly over their heads. Eight days after, three bodies were thrown upon the shore: the rest of the seventeen were never more seen.

The bar is rarely formidable after it passes Villequier, or at least Caudebec; although its influence is said to be felt as high up as Pont-de-l'Arche, beyond Rouen.

The monastery of Fontenelle, to which the submerged island belonged, is only a little way from Caudebec; and thither we directed our pilgrim-steps, after many a long gaze at the bosom of the Seine, in search of the broken walls of the convent.

Always ruins, nothing but ruins, in this "country of castles and cathedrals," the paradise of poets and painters! We have come to visit the famous monastery of Fontenelle, founded by the descendant of King Pepin, and the nurse of the learning of its age. Where is it? Where are its towers and spires?—where its sculptured and painted windows? its rich cornices? its columns, and statues, and monuments? We see only a desert of long, rank grass, and here and there, in the midst, a ruined wall, or the shaft of a pillar, with its broken capital by its side; and, of all the glories of Fontenelle, the only record we meet is an inscription on some prostrate tumulary stone, indicating an abbot's name, and the date of his consecration and death.

The abbey was founded in the seventh century, by Saint Vandrille, by whose name it is better known in our day than by that of Fontenelle. The great archbishop Saint Ouen devoted much attention to it, and under his care it became the most famous school of learning of the period. In the following century the monks built their church of Saint Michel, with stones carried from the ruins of Lillebonne—"de Juliobona castro quondam nobilissimo ac formissimo," which is the reason why we see so few remains of the proconsulate palace.

The invasion of the Normans in 841 was the first check received by the growing fortunes of a shrine which the

faithful vied with each other in enriching. On this occasion, however, the marauders were bought off by a ransom; but returning twenty years after, they preferred sounding the depth of the holy coffers with their own hands. A second church was built in 1033, and was destroyed by fire two centuries after. A third arose in the sixteenth century; but the central tower fell down, and destroyed the whole edifice. The monks built no more. A Voice had gone forth—a curse was upon the spot, the deserted pile withered away stone by stone beneath the breath of heaven; and in a few years more, the traveller, less fortunate even than we, will search in vain for the ruins of Fontenelle.

SAINT VANDRILLE—CHATEAU DE MAILLERAIE—
FOREST OF BROTONNE—AGNES SOREL.

SAINT VANDRILLE is near the high road from Caudebec to Rouen ; but after the traveller has meditated for a while among its tombs, let him turn again to the path which leads along the river-side. He will find himself shut in by a line of hills and woods from a view of the country on his left hand ; but this will be amply compensated for by the panorama of the opposite bank of the Seine, gliding past him as the stream runs.

Among the principal objects, he will observe, before he has walked an hour, the château of La Mailleraie, with its hills rising gently behind it, covered with groves and gardens ; and, standing still, he will lose some moments in a dream of the lovely La Vallière, and his lips will unconsciously repeat the description of the elegant Saint Pierre. Then comes the dark forest of Brotonne, covering an area of twelve thousand three hundred acres ; and then commences the abrupt and magnificent sweep of the river, which forms a peninsula (on which he stands), one of the most celebrated spots in the “country of castles and cathedrals.”

On the opposite bank of the Seine, the form of the land changes instantaneously. A rampart of black hills, crowned with trees, circles round the peninsula, with the river between, like the inner ditch of some fortress of giants. This singular rampart is flanked by a series of *buttresses*,

which, only for their enormous size, we would set down at once as artificial fortifications. They are ridges, diverging at regular intervals from the hill to the water's edge, and pointing towards the rounded end of the peninsula.

The peninsula itself, which nature seems to honour in so remarkable a manner, is almost a flat; and in the midst we see, rising from above its trees, the towers of an edifice that appears well worthy of such fortifications.

Always ruins, however,—still ruins! On approaching nearer, we perceive only a mass of roofless walls, and broken turrets,—wild-flowers in the windows, and nettles in the hall, ivy instead of tapestry, and carpets of the long grass that grows upon graves. It is the once famous abbey of

JUMIEGES,

whose remains thus stand like a monument to itself. The annexed view is taken from a different point; but the idea it conveys of the mouldering edifice is excellent. The human figures in the piece add to the effect; they seem hastening away from a spot sacred to solitude and desolation.

In all points of local situation commend us to the taste of the monks! Some writers describe the spot before us as having been originally a wild and unwholesome plain, covered with woods and marshes, and indebted eventually to the industry of the holy brethren for its fertility. Their only warrant, however, for this assumption is some obscure etymology, which traces the Latin name Gemmeticus to the Celtic *wen* or *guen*, a marsh; and their collateral proof is sought in the marshy nature of the other lands in the neighbourhood. It is far more likely, however, that the monks would have chosen for their resting-place an oasis in the desert, than a marsh among marshes; and, besides, the

old chroniclers are unanimous in describing Jumièges as a spot full of all manner of delights, and especially as a favorite abode of the vine. This plant, however, it must be said, was neither a rarity in Normandy, as M. Jouy supposes, in arguing on the subject, nor is its disappearance to be attributed to the monks; but to the check which its cultivation received from royal edicts, and the consequent introduction of cider as the common beverage of the country.

The abbey was founded, as some relate, by Dagobert; but, according to others, about forty years later, that is to say, in the middle of the seventh century, by Saint Bathilde, the queen of Clovis II, and Saint Philibert, who became the first abbot. This saint, who had only seventy monks under him, made such good use of his time, that his successor counted nine hundred. Four hundred of these holy men, however, were translated to heaven on the same day with the abbot, and thus only five hundred were left to run away from the Normans, who totally ruined the monastery in 851. It was reconstructed by degrees, and in the eleventh century attained the zenith of its splendour. It fell anew, but more gradually. At the revolution the work of destruction was completed; and now the principal objects that once adorned this remarkable pile are to be found in *England*—who bought with gold, in order to preserve them, the relics which the modern Vandals of France would have destroyed.

The ruins, as they now stand, are among the most imposing we have seen. Although the whole of the roof has disappeared from the nave, yet the walls, still standing, convey perhaps even an exaggerated idea of the scale and grandeur of the building. The western towers also are almost entire, at least in the outline; and the view from the summit is one of the most striking that can be imagined.

The peninsular form of the land is beautifully developed. Looking towards the stately Seine, which sweeps round you in front, you observe the natural rampart we have described, with its strange buttresses fortifying the opposite banks; on the right is the black forest of Brotonne; on the left, the forest of Mauny; and behind, the woods and precipices of Duclair.

In the midst of all this, the vast ruins at your feet confer a solemn and almost awful character upon the picture. Too far from the surface of the earth to hear the intelligible voices of its inhabitants, you imagine that a preternatural stillness reigns over the scene,—a stillness not interrupted, but rather pointed out in a more startling manner, by the sound of the wind, as it wails among the broken monuments of the past. Among the spectral forms with which you people the nave below, you descry, as they gleam for a moment, and disappear beneath the arches of the lateral vaults (like the shadows of the haunted slumbers of Macbeth), King Dagobert, the second Clovis, his consort Bathilde, Saint Philibert, the Scandinavian Rollo, William Longue-Épée, and Charles VII, the royal protégé of the Maid of Orleans.

But who is she, this lady of the past, who, gliding away from the ruins, seems to take the path towards the little château of Menil in the neighbourhood? Flowers spring up beneath her feet—sweet phantom-flowers, which fade when she has gone by; the air around her is rich with fragrance; the very shrubs, as they wave back their branches to let her pass, appear conscious of the queenly step of beauty. It is Agnes Sorel, the noble, the high-hearted—ay, the honorable, ay, the virtuous Agnes Sorel, the *mistress* of Charles VII. This admirable woman, unambitious of acting the part of a heroine herself, was satisfied with making her lover a hero. “If honour,” said she,

“cannot lead you from love, love at least shall lead you to honour!” There is something akin to this sentiment in that glorious stanza of one of our old poets :

“Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more !”

Agnes Sorel is described by the chroniclers of the time as “*la plus belle des belles*”—the loveliest of the lovely, and of a sweet, gentle, meek, and holy disposition. She was charitable to excess, kind, generous, and forgiving. Her heart was peculiarly open to religious impressions ; and, when summoned by the angel of death in her mid career—in the flush of prosperity, the pride of place, the full glow of a beauty without rival and without comparison—the single error of her life presented itself in the aspect of a mortal sin, and she wept tears of remorse for that heroic love to which, perhaps, her country owed its freedom. In vain had the blood of the Maid of Orleans flowed in the field—in vain had her godlike spirit ascended to heaven, had not Agnes remained, the guardian angel of her royal friend, to inspire him with honour through the vehicle of passion, and infuse the enthusiasm of kingly virtue into his soul.

Great pains is taken by the courtly historian Chartier to disprove what he calls the scandal that was abroad respecting Agnes and the king ; and he even mentions a list of persons—all honorable men—who had inquired formally into the proofs, and declared themselves satisfied of the innocence of the parties. The magnificence of her apparel, and the royal state in which she lived and moved, he attributes to the generosity of her mistress the queen, who took delight in decking out this creature, so surpassingly fair and good, in all the splendour of the time. Agnes, however, subsequently left the service of her kind mistress, and

attached herself to the Queen of Sicily ; yet no observable difference took place in her appearance or resources.

The time at last came when this radiant being was to vanish from the eyes of her royal worshipper. When Charles was at Jumièges, after the capture of Rouen, Agnes inhabited the little manor of Menil, at a short distance from the abbey ; and the path may yet be seen—or conjectured—by which he threaded his way through the wood to his mistress's house. Here she was struck by a mortal sickness, almost in the arms of her lover, and in the midst of that career of glory which she had incited him to pursue. Some say that she died in childbirth ; others that she fell a victim to the jealousy of the queen : the question matters not ; her high mission was fulfilled, her destiny completed, and she died.

Her heart was buried in the chapel of the Virgin at Jumièges, beneath a lofty and magnificent mausoleum of black marble. Agnes herself was represented kneeling on both knees, and offering a heart to the Mother of Mercy. At the foot of the tomb was another heart in white marble. All this has vanished ; but the tabular piece which covered the mausoleum may still be seen at Rouen, inserted in the wall of a house in the Rue Saint Maur, fauxbourg Cauchoise. Part of the inscription remains in a legible state ; and the whole may be collected from the account of her tomb at Loches, in Touraine, where the rest of her body was buried, and where the monument seems to have been a fac-simile of the one at Jumièges.

CY GIST

NOBLE DAMOISELLE AGNÈS DE SOREL,
 EN SON VIVANT DAME DE BEAUTE,
 ROCHERIE, ETC.
 PITEUSE ENVERS TOUTES GENS,
 ET QUI LARGEMENT DONNOIT SON BIEN
 AUX ÉGLISES ET AUX PAUVRES.

LAQUELLE TRÉPASSA LE NEUVIEME JOUR
DE FÉVRIER 1449.
PRIEZ DIEU POUR LE REPOS DE L'ÂME D'ELLE.
AMEN!¹

The monks of Loches, whom she had largely endowed with her wealth, received her remains with respect and gratitude; but Charles VII was no sooner dead (twelve years after), than, in the true monachal spirit, they were seized with religious scruples about having given harbour in their holy ground to the mistress of a *defunct* king. The successor, Louis XI, they knew, besides, had been his father's bitterest enemy, and openly in arms against him; and no doubt he had already given proofs of that ardent devotion which afterwards loaded even his hat-band with medals of the saints. They, therefore, petitioned with one voice for liberty to remove the contamination to some less sanctified grave.

It is hard to say what were the real thoughts of Louis XI upon this application—of the friend and crony of Tristan l'Hermite, of him who cut off the heads of his nobles, or shut them up in iron cages, and who hung his less distinguished subjects, like acorns, upon the trees of Plessis. Louis was, perhaps, a man in some parts of his nature, just as he was an excellent king in almost everything but his attachment to the use of the rope and the axe. At all events, the reply was, that the desire of the said monks was only devout and reasonable; and that, *on giving up the property bequeathed to them by the deceased*, they were at liberty to do what they chose with her body. A new light broke upon the holy men at this answer. A woman who had given two thousand crowns of gold to the Abbey of

¹ Agnes was dame de Beauté-sur-Marne; whence she was usually styled, with a gallant and pardonable double-meaning, the Lady of Beauty.

Loches, could not have been so *very* wicked as people said; and to this donation poor Agnes had added tapestries—and not only tapestries, but pictures—and not only pictures, but jewels. Wicked! Why she was positively a saint! What devil could have put it into their heads to think of removing her ashes? They determined, however, to make up for the error by redoubling their tender and respectful cares; and accordingly the Lady of Beauty lay undisturbed for more than three hundred years, when the revolution burst forth, and almost made up for its Vandalism in destroying the monuments, by scattering the monks who guarded them over the face of the earth.

The chapel of the Virgin, in which her heart was buried, forms a considerable part of the ruins, in the midst of which we are now wandering,

“Alone, unfriended, melancholy, slow.”

We entered it through the Salle des Gardes, a naked and gloomy vault, which once echoed to the armed tread of the knights of Charles VII. The glimpse from this place of the more spacious portions of the edifice is full of grandeur; and the effect heightened in a remarkable manner by the light streaming through the open roof upon the broken and mouldering ruins. We enter the church with a superstitious thrill, in the midst of moving shadows, and alternate sunbeams, gliding, phantom-like, along the walls. In a windowed niche before us we saw a stone, by which we learned that there was buried the once warm and noble heart of Agnes Sorel.

“O could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep, as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished scene!”

But no, the time has gone by—although not long—the

time when, cap in hand, and knee to earth, we should have saluted, with a full heart and quivering lip, the grave of Agnes Sorel. As it was, we bestowed a long and silent gaze upon the spot, while recalling her high and heroic spirit, her glorious beauty, and her devoted love. And yet we do not pretend to aver, that it was without some swelling in the throat, some watery sensation in the eyes, we at length read this line :

“Hic jacet in tumba mitis simplexque columba.”

Here rests in the tomb a sweet and gentle dove !

These are feelings which we do not wish to live long enough to get over. Nay, Mr. Dibdin himself had some qualms of sentiment on this spot, although, it is true, he was eating his dinner all the while. His pictorial friend, he tells us, with great *naïveté*, went away to take views, while he, affected by some mysterious sympathy, lingered near the fragments of the tomb and of the meal. There are several things which Solomon frankly owned he did not understand ; and, after such an example of humility, we can have no hesitation in making the same avowal. Among the few questions that puzzle us is this—How any man could possibly eat cold fowl on the grave of Agnes Sorel ?

In another compartment of this vast building is seen the monument of the *Énergés*. If the reader asks who the *énergés* were, we would fain tell him, after certain writers, that they were the two sons of Clovis II, who rebelled against their father—for thereby hangs a tale. Unfortunately, however, there are other writers, still more worthy of credit, who inform us, without the least remorse, that the said Clovis died at the age of twenty-two ; and that therefore his progeny could not have reached that age of discretion when sons become undutiful. The statues on

the monument, besides, which consist of two male figures lying side by side on their backs, are supposed to indicate, by their style and costume, the age of Saint Louis, which is not less than seven hundred years later. The tradition, however, is, that the sons of Clovis, on being taken by their father in open rebellion, were *énervés* by his order; that is to say, the sinews of their arms were severed, so as to render them incapable of any action requiring muscular force. They were then placed in a small skiff without rudder or sails, and sent adrift upon the Seine. Guided by Heaven, the vessel stranded on the territory of the monks of Jumièges; and, being found by Saint Philibert, the wandering princes were received into the convent, where they adopted the monastic rules, and died in the odour of sanctity.

THE HEIGHTS OF CANTELEU.

It was a project of the Marshal de Vauban—and we rather think its execution was actually commenced—to dig a canal across the neck of the peninsula of Jumièges, and thus abridge the navigation of the Seine by five leagues. Had this been accomplished, however, it would not have changed our route; and we should not the less have traced the line of the land till we arrived, after walking nearly a league, towards an obscure, modest-looking château, shaded by mysterious woods, and retiring consciously, but not awkwardly, from the gaze of the world.

The little Manor of Menil is not by any means remarkable in its appearance; and the traveller, unacquainted with its associations, would in all probability pass by without even asking its name. Let him enter, however, at our invitation; and, after wandering through the long corridor which intersects the interior of the house, proceed with uncovered head into the small chapel he will find at the end. There, beneath the Gothic window, is the tribune of the châtelaine—the very bench where she sat, on silken cushions, listening to the holy word, which she disobeyed, perhaps, in fewer points of importance than most women of her day and generation. If the traveller is a Protestant, let him bend his head reverentially, in honour and memory of virtue—alas! *human* virtue; if a Catholic, let him whisper a prayer for the soul of Agnes Sorel.

Lounging lazily along the deserted banks of the river,

we at length left the peninsula of Jumièges behind us, and plunged into the high road leading into Duclair. On one side everybody was at work in his fields and orchards; and on the water some fishing-boats, with rods and nets, kept up the animation of the scene. It was like coming out of a tomb into the business of the world.

Duclair is a little town built upon the water's edge. It is protected behind by lofty steepes, while on the opposite side of the Seine there seems to be a continuous marsh. This alternation of heights and plains—one bank falling as the other rises—has continued almost all along, and forms a peculiarity of the Seine which we have not noticed in the same degree in any other river. It adds greatly to the extent and variety of the prospects. In the annexed view near Duclair, the land is seen swelling again to a formidable height, soon after you pass the town. The singularly shaped rock is called by tradition

LA CHAISE DE GARGANTUA,

in honour of which personage, no doubt, the lightning is playing.

The line of falaises continues for some distance beyond Duclair, and their summits repay the difficulty of the access by a series of superb views. In some places these rocks are excavated into cellars, and even houses, similar to those noticed in the earlier part of this work on the banks of the Loire near Tours. The opposite bank, in the meantime, presents a still more singular appearance. It is a complete marsh, but apparently a very fertile one; and at this moment we see extensive and luxuriant pastures, with only the blades of grass above the water. These are intersected by rows of fruit-trees; and on every little spot

of comparatively dry land, there is a thatched cottage, half visible through the foliage which surrounds it.

At the hamlet of Fontaine there are the ruins of an ancient building called the Chapel of Saint Anne, the history of which, so far as we could learn, is altogether unknown.

We are now within a short walk of Rouen; but the Seine chooses to make a coquettish sweep of eight or nine leagues before touching the ancient capital of Neustria, and, what is worse, without offering anything on our side of the water much worth the journey. We shall therefore, for the present, bid adieu to the river; and, after paying our vows at the shrine of Saint Georges de Bocheville, ascend the heights of Canteleu, from which we can swoop down upon the city.

The ruined abbey of Saint Georges, otherwise Saint Martin de Bocheville, stands near the entrance of the forest of Roumare, about two leagues from Rouen. It is considered to afford some of the finest specimens of Norman architecture extant. The church and the hall of the chapter belong to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and are loaded with all the magnificence of those periods. The founder was Raoul de Tancarville, the ancestor of the rude baron whose feud with the house of Harcourt we have described, and governor and chamberlain to William the Conqueror. This canonry was erected into an abbey by his son, in 1114; and nearly six centuries after, a new dormitory was added by the last direct descendant of the hero Dunois, and the house of Tancarville.¹ The columns of the *salle capitulaire* are ornamented at the capitals with

¹ The last Count de Tancarville was Jean II, Viscount de Melun, who was killed in 1415 at the battle of Azincourt. His daughter carried the countship as her dowry into the house of Harcourt, and her daughter married Dunois.

groups of scriptural figures, extremely valuable as specimens of the sculpture of the age. M. A. Deville, however, has published a complete account of the abbey, under the title of an 'Essai Historique et Descriptif;' and to this we refer the reader, rather than run the risk of giving him too much at once on the subject of monastic antiquities. Yet we ourselves may be excused for a partiality which the monks very well deserve. The convents were the cradle of modern learning, and the monkish chronicles are the sources of modern history. Moreover, it was long the custom of some of the ancient abbeys—for instance, of Jumièges—to devote one day in the year to prayer and meditation "*pro illis qui dederunt et fecerunt libros,*"—a class of persons who grievously require the good offices of the faithful.

Wandering through the forest of Roumare, we speedily began to ascend the line of hills which was probably the boundary between the country of the Velocasses and that of the Caletes. The former people inhabited the district which is now the Vexin, and spread themselves over the rich plains that lie between Pontoise and Rouen, their capital. The territory of the Caletes commenced at the hills where we are now pausing to take breath as we ascend, and extended to the sea-shore, embracing the line of coast from Havre to Eu, or its dependency Triport. Their chief city was the Juliobona of the Romans, or the modern Lillebonne.

On the left bank of the Seine were six small states, the capitals of which were Evreux, Lisieux, Bayeux, Coutances, Sées, and Avranches;¹ all of which, according to the Commentaries of Cæsar, had the right of sending representatives

¹ Civitas Ebuovicum, Civitas Lexoviorum, Civitas Baiocassium, Constantia Castra, Civitas Sesuviorum, and Ingenua Abricanorum.

to the general council. The whole tract of country on both sides of the river was named by this literary general the Second Lyonnese; it afterwards took the name of Neustria, when it passed from under the Roman domination; and then became Normandy, in honour of the Nordmann pirate Rollo and his comrades. This last name is still sometimes heard in conversation; but the broad surface of Normandy is now only distinguished by its departmental divisions—those of the Eure, the Seine Inférieur, Calvados, the Orne, and La Manche.

We have now reached the summit of Canteleu, and the Norman capital is before our eyes,—the principal object in a scene which, for aught we know, may be equalled, but certainly cannot be surpassed, in Europe. In making this assertion we run no risk, for we have never heard any difference of opinion on the subject. Mr. Dibdin's burst of enthusiasm is so natural, that we could almost forgive him for eating cold fowl on the grave of Agnes Sorel. Besides, he has added a pictorial illustration, which, although not perfectly correct in the relation of some objects, gives a very excellent idea of the truly magical effect of the picture.

The view which attracts the reader's admiration on the opposite page is taken from quite a different point, and is inferior in magnificence only to the scene itself. It is

ROUEN ;

and the vast pile near the centre of the city is that gorgeous cathedral of which Mr. Turner will presently exhibit a nearer view.

The sky was serene, and, although early in the season, the air balmy as well as bracing; there was a delicious silence over the whole scene—a silence which seems so strange, so almost preternatural, when within view of one

of the great and ever-restless congregations of the human kind. He who can gaze from such an elevation on a picture like this without an inflation of the breast, a tingling in the blood, a perceptible waxing of the principle of animal life throughout his frame, a disposition to *shout* as he was wont in the brave joy of boyhood,—let him descend at once into the valley. Go delve in the mine, go barter in the streets, go hoard in the closet—but presume not to insult the *genius loci* with a dull eye and a cold spirit!

Rouen is not mentioned by any writer earlier than Ptolemy, who flourished in the first part of the second century. By him we are informed that its name was Rothomagus, but that it was the capital of the Velocasses. During the domination of the Romans, it was simply a garrison town, but nothing more; and from their expulsion till the appearance of the Normans, we hear few details respecting it except the names of its bishops. From this epoch, 841, to the surrender of Neustria to Rollo in 912, Rouen was a scene of confusion, of burning, and massacre, from which the student of history turns away with horror and disgust. With the advent of Rollo, therefore, may be said to commence the interest which the general reader feels in exploring the annals of the city.

The river, which we now see sweeping before us so regular and harmonious, reached at that time to the Ruc des Bonnetiers, close by the cathedral. It was broken by numerous islands, on all, or almost all, of which a church was built. Many of these were suppressed at the revolution; but Saint Eloi still stands, at some distance in the town, to awaken the wonder of the spectator, when he remembers that the time was when it could only be approached by means of boats. The operation of uniting these islands to the main, and building streets and quays on what once

was the bed of the Seine, was performed by Rollo and his son William Longue-Epée—not, of course, for the purpose of forming new lands in a country where the great want was population ; but in order to render the river more navigable by damming it up in a narrower bed. We do not know what was the condition of the opposite bank at that time ; but at present it is a marshy, and generally unwholesome flat ; and in all probability it was then covered, to a considerable extent, with the waters of the Seine.

The Normans were led to this improvement by the habits of their country and vocation. They were mariners from the cradle, and pirates by trade ; and the first thing they thought of, on settling in the country, was to render the river near their capital navigable for their boats.

It is not the least singular circumstance in the history of this singular people, that no man can name with certainty the country from which they came, although their incursions, from their first appearance to their final settlement, occupy a space of at least seventy years. According to some authors, they were Norwegians ; according to others, Danes ; and according to others, Swedes. Eginhard makes the *Nordmanni* consist of the Danes and Swedes, together ; but, after all, we are forced to be satisfied with the vague explanation of William of Jumièges, who says simply, that they were Men of the North.¹

Their name of *Bigoths*, it is said, was bestowed upon the occasion of Rollo swearing in his language, “By Got!” When invited, for instance, to kiss the foot of Charles the Simple, in token of his homage, he exclaimed, abruptly, “Ne se, by Got!” which was the cause of much laughter among the courtiers. From this comes our word *bigot*,

¹ “Nortmanni dicuntur quia, linguâ eorum, Boreas *North* vocatur, Homo verò *Man* ; id est, Homines Boreales per denominationem nuncupantur.”



THE CASTLE OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

which expresses at the present day, as it did in that of Charles the Simple, a person who is at once impious and absurd.

Rollo is called by different writers, Rolf, Roull, Harould, Raoul, and Rou. The last name has a singular affinity to that of *Rouen*; but let it pass. He is said to have been of an illustrious and powerful family; but this is only a dream. Even the Norman writers tell us, that the chiefs of these wandering pirates were chosen without reference to anything but their personal prowess and hardihood; and that, when the battle was over, the general sank into the station of a private individual. Rollo was simply a MAN OF GENIUS, in addition to being "the bravest of the brave;" and this is a far more legitimate title to the ducal crown than most princes of his day could boast of.

Rollo, there is good reason to believe, was a banished man, an outlaw, expatriated for his political crimes—or virtues. He passed first into England, where he might easily have founded a throne; but our time was not yet come; and, directed by a dream, according to William of Jumièges he crossed the channel, and penetrated by the Seine into the heart of Neustria.

Rouen had been sacked and burnt by his countrymen thirty-five years before; and, on this occasion, as some writers tell us, it sustained a siege very valiantly. Others, however, say that, on the conqueror's arrival at Jumièges, he received a deputation from the citizens, offering to recognise him as their lord; and that this submission was made, not to his power, but to his greatness of character. It matters not a straw which was the case. Rollo became master of Rouen, and soon after of the whole of Neustria. His path, like that of other conquerors, was traced in blood and ashes. His ranks, thinned in battle, were constantly

reinforced by new hordes of his barbarous countrymen, and by the outlawed, the disaffected, and the desperate of the land which he traversed like a destroying angel. The weak Charles, at length, determining to glut since he could not conquer him, bestowed upon the fortunate pirate the whole province, which was thenceforth called Normandy, and the hand of his daughter Giselle. Rollo immediately became a Christian!

We now see him in a new point of view. Become a Christian, a duke, and a husband, the domestic arrangements of this fierce and relentless warrior are sharply criticised by historians. He was, it seems, but a faithless lord to poor Giselle, preferring the smiles of a damsel he had captured, with other baggage, at Bayeux, to those of his lawful wife. He was, however, a great captain, firm, far-sighted, and religious—in presents to the church. He recalled the ruined citizen to his warehouse, the frightened peasant to his fields, and placed his outlawed comrades among them like quiet burgesses. “Set a thief”—but the proverb is somewhat musty. So strict were his laws, and so strictly enforced that, we are told, a golden bracelet which he had hung accidentally on the branch of a tree in the forest of Roumare, remained there three years without any one being tempted to put forth his hand upon the enticing fruit.

Rollo at length, growing old, abdicated in favour of his son William Longue-Épée, and died in the year 932.

Shall we be blamed for this sketch, with Rouen at our feet, and the venerable pile rising like a temple of giants in the midst, wherein we are about to see the tombs of the mighty dead? Normandy is not only interesting as a “country of castles and cathedrals,” it is renowned both in arts and arms; its sons were the bravest of the brave

in the Holy Land; it founded the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; the proud Lion of England crouched beneath its banner.

“The Normans are an excellent people,” said William the Conqueror, “when subjected to severe and impartial discipline.”¹

“They are cunning, revengeful, covetous, hypocritical,” says Malaterra, a Sicilian monk of the twelfth century, “and preserve a certain mean between extravagance and avarice. They know how to flatter; they are eloquent; and, except when held in by a tight bridle, are wilful and violent.”

“If we would describe the Normans in a single word,” says an anonymous Norman of the present day, “we would say, that this province is the country, *par excellence*, of that faculty so rare elsewhere, and so precious everywhere—good sense.”

“A people,” says M. Dubois, “at once brave, industrious, intellectual, wise, and learned—a people who have furnished France with her earliest poets and greatest writers.”

The unfavorable part of the picture has been given a hundred times as the character of our dear countrymen the Scotch. The reverse of the medal is inscribed with the legend “Caledonia” by Beattie, whose stanza will be admired on the north side of the Tweed long after Burns is forgotten :

“A nation famed for song and beauty’s charms,
Zealous yet modest, innocent though free ;
Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms !”

¹ This is, in a few words, the sense of the passage. Orderic Vital, apud Duchesne, p. 656.

Descending into the rich and industrious valley of Bapaume, we rejoin the great road, which conducts us towards the city by the avenue of Mont Ribaudet, planted on either side with a double row of elms. As we approach the imposing mass of habitations, the first thing that fixes our eye is the noble river covered with boats, and lined on one side by a range of houses which remind us of Paris.

While proceeding along the Quai du Havre, which continues the line of the Avenue du Mont Ribaudet, we pause suddenly; for the city is presented from this spot in its most magnificent aspect—as may easily be supposed by any one who looks at the opposite engraving. On the left, the superb mass of building rising above the rest, surmounted by towers and spires, is

ROUEN CATHEDRAL;

beyond is the stunted and shapeless tower of Saint Maclou, destroyed by tempests and revolutions; and, still farther, that of Saint Ouen, tall, graceful, and beautiful, the ornament of the most ancient abbey in Normandy. In the distance is a small portion of the hill of Saint Catherine; and in withdrawing the eye along the course of the river, we meet first the new stone bridge; then the bridge of boats close by, and almost lost in the reflection of the other in the water; and, finally, the busy crowd of boats and human beings, which give a perpetual animation to the river.

At the invasion of the Normans there was no bridge at Rouen, as M. Licquet proves, by the fact of Charles-le-Chauve being obliged to transport his army across in boats. The great breadth of the river, however, is proof enough in itself; for it is not likely that even the idea of a bridge could have suggested itself till the stream was reduced to a much narrower compass. The first bridge, however, was consider-

ably longer than the present breadth of the water, since the wall of the ancient quay has been discovered in the foundation of some houses near the Rue Grand Pont.

It is not long since the vestiges of this bridge were seen at low water, near the bridge of boats. It is supposed to have been constructed by the Empress Matilda, the daughter of Henry I, and mother of Henry II, of England. This must have taken place about the middle of the twelfth century; but in the latter part of the sixteenth, it was already in so bad a state that it was necessary to cross the river in boats. In 1626, the idea was conceived of making these boats stationary—and hence the present bridge of this kind, which extends across the river a little higher up than the site of the old one. It is composed of fifteen vessels, rising and falling with the tide. It was found, however, to be expensive and troublesome; and in 1810, a new stone bridge, still higher up, was decreed, and, in 1829, opened to the public. The trees seen beyond it, in Turner's drawing, belong to the island Lacroix, which serves as the foundation of the middle part, or rather the work consists of two bridges meeting on this island.

We do not care about antiquity for its own sake; and yet we can admire a town of old and gloomy houses, and narrow and irregular streets, which does not resemble Paris. Rouen made a stronger impression upon our imagination than any city we have yet seen. To us it seemed still under the sway of the old Dukes of Normandy; and on emerging from the Rue du Bac, we were surprised to find that they had constructed a bridge of boats over the Seine, where even Henri Quatre, that man of yesterday, was obliged to be rowed across. Rouen is unquestionably the most interesting city in France to an Englishman; it is the city of Rollo; it is the capital of Normandy. We therefore propose to describe

it more methodically than our erratic habits would seem to warrant ; and we shall take care to give such local names and notions, *chemin faisant*, as will enable the reader to find his way without the assistance of a *valet de place*.

There is nothing to hinder us from commencing on the very spot where we now stand, on the Quai du Havre : nay, this is the best starting-place we could select ; for, in all probability, the traveller will lodge in one or other of the hotels that face the river.

A little way lower than the bridge of boats is the Rue Grand Pont, to which the old stone bridge, now destroyed, extended. At the corner of this street stands the Théâtre des Arts, which needs not detain us long. It is, in fact, not worthy of the town.

The next street on the quay is the Rue Nationale, with the Tribunal of Commerce, commonly called the Consuls, at the corner—a large building decorated with some pictures and several Latin inscriptions. Proceeding still along the quay, we turn the corner of the Douane, and, ascending the Rue de Vicomte, arrive at the church of St. Vincent, on the right hand of the street. This was formerly called Saint Vincent-sur-Rive, because it stood upon the bank of the river ; where it served as a sort of custom-house, at which vessels laden with salt deposited a certain quantity for the use of the parish. The painted windows of the church are greatly admired by the curious in the art. One of them represents the miracle of the mule, performed at Toulouse by Saint Anthony of Padua. A heretic of the former city had, it seems, the hardiness to doubt the doctrine of transubstantiation, and declared he would not believe it, unless the fact were confirmed by a miracle. The miracle he demanded was nothing less than that the mule on which he rode, on being presented with oats and hay after a famine of three days,

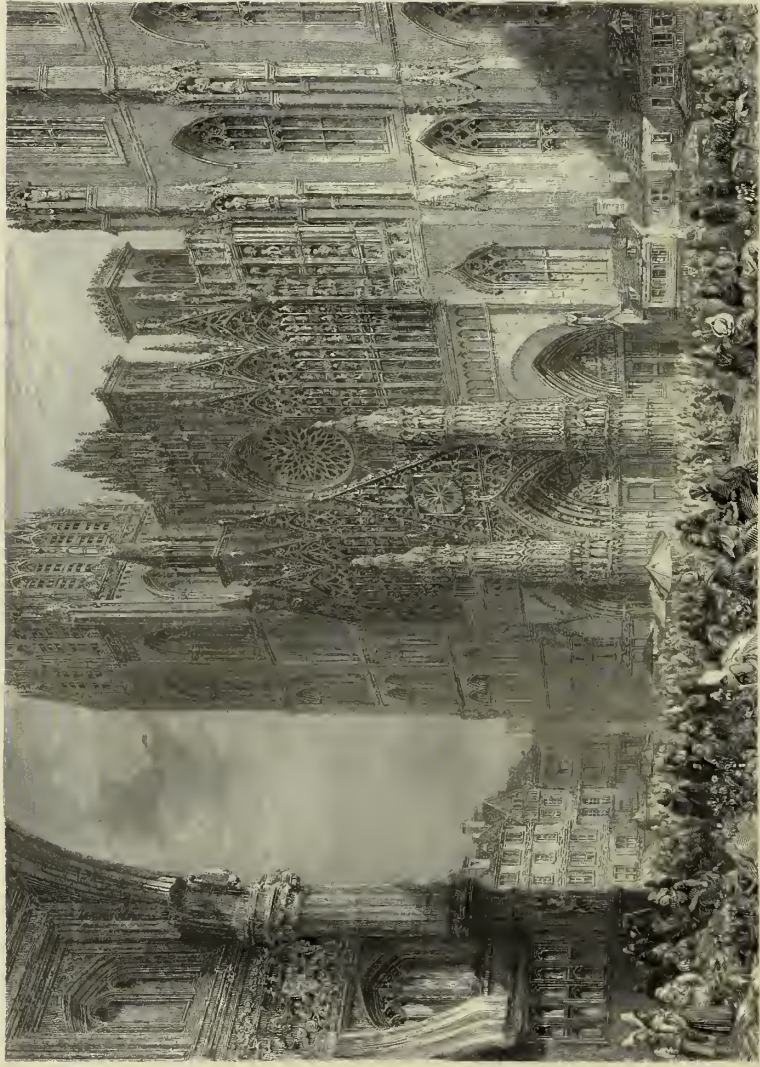
would neglect its breakfast for the purpose of adoring the sacred host. The saint agreed to grant his desire. The mule was starved for the stipulated time; and instead of falling upon the food which was offered, it turned suddenly away on perceiving the holy sacrament in the hands of Saint Anthony, and dropped down on its knees before it!

Passing the church of Saint Vincent, we take the first turning to the right, which is the Rue aux Ours, and then the first to the left, which leads us to the antique Tour de la Grosse Horloge. This is a construction of the fifteenth century, the bell of which is called the *silver bell*—a name which refers, perhaps, in poetical fashion, to its sound. It rings for a quarter of an hour every evening at nine o'clock, and thus answers to the English curfew of William the Conqueror.

In the Grand Rue, of which this tower forms a part, there are two antique wooden houses—Nos. 115 and 129—which will attract the stranger's attention, notwithstanding the display of merchandise in a street where almost every house is a shop. Turning up a short avenue, however, almost opposite the tower, he arrives at the Palais de Justice and the Salle des Procureurs,—not one building, as might be imagined, for the former was built by Louis XII, in 1499, and the latter by the town of Rouen, in 1493. Before the latter date the merchants used to congregate in the cathedral, thus making the temple, if not “a den of thieves,” yet a rendezvous for buyers and sellers; and the Salle was at last built by the scandalized authorities at the public expense. It is a vaulted apartment, sixty feet long and fifty broad, the roof unsupported by pillars, and the whole executed in a taste at once chaste and bold. Another apartment, contiguous, which serves as the Court of Assize, is very beautiful, although almost all the ornamental work has

disappeared. Its ceiling is of oak, grown black with age.

The façade of the Palais de Justice gives a good idea of the peculiar taste of the period at which it was constructed. It is loaded with ornaments, mostly incongruous, but still producing in the whole an agreeable and striking effect. The Rue aux Juifs runs along the Salle we have mentioned; and, without knowing the mercantile purpose for which this hall was built, one would be surprised to find the persecuted remnant of Israel in such a neighbourhood.



Strasbourg Cathedral

1840

TURNER'S
RIVERS OF FRANCE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN RUSKIN

AND

STEEL ENGRAVINGS

SELECTED FROM THE ORIGINALS OF

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

DESCRIBED BY LEITCH RITCHIE

THE COMPANION OF TURNER DURING HIS TOUR THROUGH FRANCE

WITH A BIOGRAPHY OF THE ARTIST

By ALARIC A. WATTS

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TURNER'S RIVERS OF FRANCE.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

RETURNING to the Grande Rue, and passing the Tour de la Grosse Horloge, we reach presently the Place de la Pucelle.

The area of this spot, filled at once with ennobling and humiliating associations, is small. A well and a statue—the latter inferior even to that at Orleans itself—marks the place where the heroic girl died. Some hackney-coachmen sleep on their boxes close by; the population of the city floats along, without turning the head—without raising the eyes.

The Protestant church of Saint Eloi, close beside the hotel, merits little attention. It stood formerly upon an island, which afterwards formed part of the *terres neuves* that, in the eleventh century, were the fauxbourgs of Rouen.

From the Place Saint Eloi a few steps take us into the Rue du Vieux Palais, along which we proceed to its end further from the river. Here, on the left, is a narrow street, or rather lane, called the Rue de Pie, into which we entreat the reader to follow us. We stop at a certain door, and contemplate respectfully a bust which ornaments it, neither in bronze nor marble, but in common plaster. Is our companion surprised? Let him cast his eyes a little higher up, and read on the slab fixed in the wall,

PIERRE CORNEILLE
EST NÉ DANS CETTE MAISON
EN 1606.

The house, of late years, has been *beautified*, as our churchwardens say, and has lost almost all traces of antiquity. The anniversary of this father of the French Drama is celebrated every year at the theatre with great magnificence.

Turning to the right, after traversing the Rue de Pie, we find ourselves presently in a broad street, terminated at some distance by the extensive buildings of the Hôtel Dieu. This is a work of the last century, constructed in consequence of the dangerous state of the ancient Hôpital de Sainte Madeleine, near the cathedral. The charity is reserved for the inhabitants of the town alone, and only for cases that appear to be curable. After a treatment of six months here, without fortunate results, the patient is declared incurable, and sent to the Hospice Générale. The patients are attended not only by the proper medical officers, but by the religious ladies of the order of Saint Augustin, who are unwearied in their assiduity.

This beautiful and affecting species of beneficence is very ancient in France ; but the rules under which even the lay-brothers and sisters of the hospital voluntarily placed themselves were so austere, that one is surprised to find in the number those who had still anything left to attach them to the world. In the fourteenth century, a man dedicating himself to the service of the Hôtel Dieu of Paris, became to all intents and purposes a monk, although without taking the vows. He cut off his hair, wore a black dress, with long white trousers, assisted at all the offices of religion, abstained from meat four days in the week, ate at a common table, lay down to sleep without undressing, and came under an oath of poverty and chastity.

The sisters, of whatever rank, wore a gown of black serge ; a kind of cloak, black also, and furred with lambskin ; a white apron, and a linen cap with large wings which con-

cealed the face. They were under the direction of a matron, who punished the slightest fault by public penance, a diet of bread and water, and even the scourge.

The first thing a patient did on entering the Maison-Dieu was to confess and communicate. He was then master of the house, and the brothers and sisters were his servants. Nothing was refused which a sick fancy could desire. Meats were daily sent from the daintiest tables for their use; and it was not unknown for a sum of money to be left to the establishment with which to gratify, on the anniversary of the testator's death, every whim of the sick, at any expense. One legacy was destined to buy them soup; another, fruit and confections. Louis IX, it is known, was often on the point of becoming a brother of the hospital; and the Hungarian queen of Louis X left the Hôtel Dieu the bed on which she died. This kind of donation was first begun by the canons of Notre Dame, and soon became general among all classes.

The elegant modern church of the Madeleine is connected with the buildings of the Hôtel Dieu. Behind the master-altar is the chapel of the dames of Saint Augustin, the ministering angels of the hospital; and before the great gate there is a magnificent avenue planted with trees, which leads us along the Champ de Foire into the Avenue de la Ribaudet.

We have now made a tour long enough for a morning's walk; and, on turning to the left, are not sorry to see the shipping and the bridges before us, which point out the position of our hôtel. In passing, however, the entrance of the Boulevard Cauchoise, we pause for a while to gaze upon the site where once stood the ancient palae built by our Henry V. A thick tower was the commencement of the edifice, which received the significant name of Mal-s'y-frotte,

and was finished by Henry VI, five years before the celebrated siege of Rouen. The governor of the fortress lodged in this tower, the walls of which were fifteen feet thick. The whole edifice was protected on the south by the Seine, and everywhere else by wide and deep ditches.

This palace, of which we do not now see a stone, was inhabited by Talbot, the general of the English, in 1449.

On the site of the Halles there stood a palace built by Richard I, the grandson of Rollo; and by its side a tower was afterwards elevated, which served as a state prison, and was distinguished from more modern constructions by the name of the *Vielle Tour*. The monument we have mentioned is supposed to be the remains of the building which is pointed out by historians as the place where John Lackland assassinated his young nephew with his own hands.

The Halles, or market-halls, are themselves ancient, dating from the thirteenth century; and it is to them a stranger must still betake himself who would obtain an accurate idea of the wealth, industry, and animation of the Norman capital. A hall is set apart for each of the staple kinds of merchandise; and the scene of bustle presented in them all is hardly surpassed either in England or the Netherlands. The whole population of the country, as well as of the town, seems congregated in one spot. There is the place to study costume and physiognomy; and there you find the descendant of the Norman pirates truly at home—behind his counter.

The Rue Malpalu, behind the Halles, leads us to the church of Maclou, a structure of the fifteenth century, possessing a beautiful Gothic staircase, and the memory of an elegant spire. Near this is the cathedral, to which no direction is required.

It is impossible to contemplate the façade of this re-

markable edifice without wonder, and to describe it is altogether out of the question. The innumerable details of Gothic architecture, individually insignificant, yet grand and harmonious in their union, are here lavished with a profusion which confuses both the eye and the brain. To view it *quietly*, you would require to stand far enough off for the ornaments to lose their individuality, yet near enough for them to retain their effect. But this golden mean, unhappily, is not to be attained. At Rouen, as elsewhere, these gorgeous monuments of the olden time are obscured by a mass of paltry habitations crowding round their base, like the vulgar parasites that infest the ante-chamber of a king. Perhaps in the fine study of Turner annexed, the reader will see the

CATHEDRAL OF ROUEN

better than if he stood at the fountain of Notre Dame.

The gorgeous façade we have mentioned was constructed in about twenty years, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, by the first Cardinal d'Amboise. The bas-reliefs above the doors, although much injured in the religious war of 1562, are highly curious. The middle one contains the genealogical tree of Jesse, which is a grand scriptural support of the Catholics in their adoration of the Virgin. It seems to us, however, to be the genealogy, not of Mary, but of her earthly husband. The bas-relief on the left contains the history of the decapitation of Saint John. The daughter of Herodias is represented dancing before the king *on her hands*; and the executioner is seen ready to strike off the martyr's head, which is thrust through a window for that purpose.

The northern tower of the façade was constructed at different epochs, but its base is thought to be the most

ancient part of the whole edifice. The southern is called the Tour de Beurre, to commemorate its origin. It was built by a fund collected by the archbishop, from the proceeds of a sale of permissions to eat butter during Lent. The indulgence was obtained from Innocent VIII. The Cardinal d'Amboise, desiring that so superb and holy a tower should possess "the handsomest bell in the kingdom," presented to the chapter four thousand livres for the purpose of founding one. A bell was accordingly put up, whose clapper weighed seven hundred and ten pounds—the bell declaring, in an inscription, its own weight :

JE SUIS NOMMEE GEORGE D'AMBOISE,
 QUI BIEN TRENTE SIX MILLE POISE,
 ET CIL QUI BIEN ME POISERA
 QUARANTE MILLE Y TROUVERA.

Two hundred and thirty years afterwards, the clapper broke loose and came thundering down. It was replaced by one four feet nine inches in circumference. The decree, however, had gone forth. The bell cracked in 1786, at the sight of the fated king, Louis XVI. He did not take warning! Seven years afterwards, his head rolled on the scaffold, and the bell was pulled down and cast into cannon. Nay, the congeniality in their destiny continued even after this double work of destruction was completed; for the outrages heaped upon the remains of the king were perpetuated on those of his monitor. Medals were struck from some fragments that remained, bearing this insulting inscription :

MONUMENT DE VANITE
 DETRUIT POUR L'UTILITE
 L'AN DEUX DE L'EGALITE.

The Portail des Libraires, on the north of the transept, was so called on account of the number of booksellers at each side of the court, which was formerly a

cemetery. The sculptures on this part of the church are very odd, and some not very delicate. One of them represents the figure of a man with a pig's head reclining negligently on his elbow, and leaning his head in his hand.

The interior of the church, besides the grandeur of its proportions, is remarkable for its painted windows and its tombs. One of the most interesting of the latter is in the chapel du Petit Saint Romain. It is the tomb of Rollo! The following inscription is on a marble table above the arcade :

HIC POSITUS EST
 ROLLO.
 NORMANNIÆ A SE TERRITÆ, VASTATÆ,
 RESTITUTÆ
 PRIMUS DUX, CONDITOR, PATER,
 A FRANCONÆ ARCHIEP. ROTOM.
 BAPTISATUS ANNO DCCCCXII.
 OBIT ANNO DCCCCXVII.
 OSSA IPSIUS IN VETERI SANCTUARIO
 NUNC CAPITE NAVIS PRIMUM
 CONDITA
 TRANSLATO ALTARI, COLLOCATA
 SUNTA B. MAURILIO, ARCHIEP. ROTOM.
 AN. MLXIII.

The most curious thing in the inscription is, that the date of Rollo's death is wrong by fifteen years! M. Dubois, and almost all other writers, fix upon 932 as the proper epoch.

Another of the twenty-five chapels which surround the interior of this vast temple is that of Sainte Anne, which contains the remains of William Longue-Épée, the son of Rollo, with an inscription to nearly the same effect as the preceding. The choir of the cathedral, which, if we are to believe history, is rich in heroic dust, presents only three inscriptions, and they are modern.¹

¹ Among others, the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion was buried on the right of the grand altar.

The chapel of the Virgin is of course filled with sepulchral pomp. The mausoleum of De Brezé is a very magnificent specimen of the arts in the sixteenth century. It was raised to him by his *faithful* spouse Diana of Poitiers, the mistress of Henri II.

“Indivulsa tibi quondam et fidissima conjux,
Ut fuit in thalamo, sic erit in tumulo!”

One of the least lying inscriptions we ever read upon a monument; for the chaste Diana was just as much *indivulsa* and *fidissima* to the grave of her husband, as she had been to his bed—directing her body to be interred in the Château d’Anet, presented to her by her royal lover.

Above the altar is the Adoration of the Shepherds, a picture by Philippe de Champagne, much, and we think justly, admired.

On leaving the cathedral, we pause for a moment in the Rue Saint Romain, which runs along its north side, to contemplate an ancient house which forms No. 80 of the street; and then proceed into the Rue des Carmes, commencing at the corner of the Place from which we entered the church. In this street the ancient Chambre des Comptes is worth looking at; but the next turning to the right leads to the desecrated abbey of Saint Amand, which is still more so.

This monastery, founded in the eleventh century, and richly endowed by the French kings, is now let out in mean lodgings! A wooden building, however, covered with sculptures, and some other pageants, still demands the traveller’s attention. In 1800, while they were demolishing the church of the abbey, a leaden coffin was found in one of the vaults, and on being opened disclosed a human body in the most perfect state of preservation. It was the body of the abbess

Anne de Souvré, who had died one hundred and fifty years before.

A little way to the north of Saint Armand, and easily distinguished by its graceful spire, is the church of Saint Ouen, which belonged to the most ancient abbey in Rouen and in Normandy. It was founded in the year 533, destroyed by the Normans in 841, and rebuilt by Rollo. A curious and not unpleasing trait of ancient manners is related in evidence of the early celebrity of the monastery. The Emperor Otho, it is said, when besieging Rouen, demanded of its defender, Richard Sans Peur, permission to enter the town, in order to pay his vows at the holy shrine. A passport was accordingly granted; the chivalrous emperor entered, without fear and without risk, into the stronghold of his enemy; and, having finished his devotions, coolly returned and gave orders for an assault on the city.

In 1006 the whole edifice then subsisting was demolished, to make room for a new basilica; and after a labour of eighty years, the latter was at length completed, when an accidental fire burnt it to the ground. In 1318 the first stone was laid of the present building, although it was not till the commencement of the sixteenth century that this great work was completed, which is to-day the boast of Rouen, and the admiration of all strangers.

Among the monuments in the chapels is one to Alexandre de Berneval, one of the architects of the church, to which an improbable, or at all events an untrue, story is attached, although quoted frequently on the authority of Don Pommeraye, the grave historian of the abbey. The two roses of the great window, as the learned Benedictine tells us, were constructed in the year 1439, one by Alexandre Berneval, and one by his apprentice. The latter, unfortunately

for all parties, was the most beautiful ; the connoisseurs were never weary of admiring it, while they treated with comparative neglect the work of the master. This preyed so deeply upon the mind of Berneval, that at last a jealous frenzy took possession of his soul, and he murdered his pupil. He was tried for the crime, found guilty, and executed ; but in consideration of the benefits which his art had rendered the church, the holy fathers of Saint Ouen made interest with public justice to obtain the body of the criminal, which they interred in the second chapel, with as much honour as if he had died the death of the righteous.

The present Hôtel de Ville (formerly the dormitory of the monks) adjoins the south side of the church, and contains, in its second floor, the library and museum of the city. The Library, which boasted at first two hundred and fifty thousand volumes, counts at present only thirty thousand, with eleven hundred manuscripts. One of the latter weighs seventy-three pounds, and kept the laborious author in occupation thirty years.

Going out of the Place Saint Ouen by the same passage by which we entered, and proceeding along the Rue de Robec, we turn, by and by, to the right, and arrive at the prison commonly called the Bicêtre. Opposite this building, towards the east, is the Hospice Générale, which we have mentioned in speaking of the Hôtel Dieu. Its most interesting feature is the reception it affords to foundlings. These poor little creatures, to the number of seven or eight hundred every year, are put into a box in the wall, which, when the bell is rung, turns towards the interior. The prize thus found by the hospital is sent either to Neufchâtel or the Bourg Achard, to be nursed.

Rejoining the line of road carried along the edge of the river, and called the Quai de Paris, below the bridge, and

the Cours Dauphin above it, we find ourselves again within sight of our hôtel, but yet not much fatigued with a walk that has exercised the mind more than the body. We are tempted by an idle boat lying on the beach, and whose owner is willing to earn a few sous, to launch upon the same waters where the fleet of Rollo once rode in triumph, and to land upon the Ile de la Croix, the island which serves as a support for the new stone bridge. Our spirit of adventure increasing by indulgence, we now cross to the opposite *terra firma*, and there we are fully repaid for the perils we have run. Rouen is before us in a new aspect. The same towers of Notre Dame, the same tower of Saint Ouen, the same shapeless mass of Saint Maelou, are painted against the sky; but each assumes a new form, and is impressed with a new character. On this spot Turner stood. Why can we not exchange our pen for a pencil?

Following the Grand Cours, we recross the river by the bridge, and find ourselves again on the Quai de Paris, and again at the door of our hôtel.

MONT SAINTE CATHERINE.

THE few remaining objects which can come into so brief a summary as ours are too distant and too far between, and, indeed, comparatively speaking, too unimportant, to admit of being arranged in a separate tour. Should the stranger, notwithstanding, have time for a longer and less productive walk, let him by all means ascend the line of street commencing on the quay with the Rue Grant Pont, till he almost completely intersects the town. He will find at last the Rue Beffroi on the left, behind which is the church of Saint Godard, where that archbishop was buried in a subterranean chapel in the year 533. The stained windows are very beautiful; and among the subjects, it is hoped he will regard with peculiar interest the adventure of Saint Romain with our friend Gargouille.

The tomb of Saint Godard was removed to the church of Saint Romain (at some distance to the north, beyond the boulevards), where it still remains, and in a very singular situation—forming, in fact, the master-altar in the choir, being surmounted only by the tabular piece. There the painted windows are still more numerous, if not more valuable, than in the former church; and among the representations we find again the combat of Gargouille, together with the procession of the Fierte.

Near the church of Saint Godard, in the garden of Ursuline dames, in the Rue Morand, there is an old tower, the only fragment existing of a spacious fortress built by

Philippe Auguste on the demolition of the *Vielle Tour* described above. It was in a tower, long since demolished, of this *château*, that the heroic Maid of Orleans was imprisoned before her execution.

Another old tower close by, at the side of the boulevards, called the *Tour Bigot*, is worth seeing. So also is the church of *Saint Patrice*, which is within sight, on account of its painted windows. In the fourteenth century, a brotherhood of the Passion of our Lord was instituted here, who walked in procession every year, on Good Friday, with children in the character of angels carrying the cross, the nails, the sponge, and other instruments of the Passion. Two centuries afterwards, a great improvement was made upon this show. The holy lists were thrown open to the poets, and the above articles, when done with, were bestowed in prizes upon the best makers of verses on the Passion of our Lord. There was, however, a little malice in the distribution. He who set him down in the epic throne was honoured with a crown of thorns; a rod was bestowed upon the ballad-monger; and the small sonneteer received—a sponge.

The first turning from the *Rue Saint Patrice* is the *Rue Etoupée*, where there is an antique house that claims a passing glance: the second leads to the *Rue des Bons Enfants*, where a marble table in the wall of No. 134 informs us that there *Fontenelle* entered into one of his plurality of worlds.

The church of *Saint Gervais* is at the farthest point of the suburbs in this direction—or rather altogether beyond them. Here, in the crypt beneath the choir, the first two archbishops of *Rouen* were buried; here, according to some authors, *William the Conqueror* was carried to die; and here some small, and now subterranean, remains of

the Roman road are seen, which connected Juliobona and the ancient Rothomagus—the only traces visible in this city of the “masters of the world.”

Our street wanderings are now finished on the south bank of the river. It is necessary, however, to devote a few minutes to the opposite faubourg of Saint Sever—and a very few will suffice.

The infantry barracks, near the south end of the bridge of boats, are not remarkable in themselves; but the esplanade before them is a locality which should not be altogether forgotten. On this spot there stood a small fort, the origin of which is unknown, surrounded by the waters of the Seine; and on its ruins our Henry V constructed an edifice called indifferently the Petit Château and the Barbican, the name of its predecessor. When the old stone bridge, which it protected, was falling into decay, the same prince ordered the château to be demolished, and the materials, together with the ground on which it stood, to be given to the magistrates of the town, on condition of their repairing the bridge. The gift, however, was not accepted; the bridge at length disappeared; and the château was not destroyed till late in the last century, when its walls were levelled, its ditches filled up, and its site planted with trees.

From the esplanade a street leads to the church of Saint Sever, which is only remarkable on account of the oddity of its origin. Saint Sever was the bishop of Avranches, at the other extremity of Normandy, and a person of such sanctity that his tomb was the frequent resort of pilgrims. Among others, there went to the holy place two priests of Rouen, who were seized all on a sudden with the desire of stealing the body of the saint. They were at first prevented by the guardians of the dead; but returning to Rouen, and ob-

taining the sanction of Duke Richard I to the robbery, they presented themselves again at Avranches, and, notwithstanding the resistance and lamentations of the inhabitants, succeeded in carrying off the booty. Every now and then, however, on the road, the holy bones became so heavy that all their exertions to raise the shrine were vain, till they had made a vow to erect a chapel on the spot. The same miracle took place for the last time at the bourg of Emendreville, where a church was accordingly erected, which, as well as the town, received from that day the name of Saint Sever.

From this church the Rue du Pre conducts to the Caserne de Bonne Nouvelle, which is the cavalry barracks of Rouen. It stands upon the site of an ancient priory, said to have been founded by Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror, when she heard the "good news" of the victory of Hastings, which made her a queen.

Returning to the church of Saint Sever, a road conducts us to the hospital of Saint Yon; the church of which was built by the brotherhood of the Christian school founded by Laval, without the assistance either of architects or workmen. It is now a lunatic asylum, said to be conducted upon admirable principles both of science and humanity.

This is all, perhaps, which the town of Rouen and its fauxbourgs afford of real interest to the stranger; but the walks in the neighbourhood, so far as the prospects are concerned, are among the finest in France. The city is surrounded to the east, south, and west, by a chain of hills, of which the superb Mont Sainte Catherine, advancing like a promontory into the vast valley of the Seine, is the chief and monarch.

On the Sunday morning before we left Rouen, to follow, on the opposite bank, the course of the river to the sea, we

wandered to the top of this remarkable steep. The plateau is intersected in different directions by great mounds of earth, the artificial appearance of which impresses the spectator with the idea that he is treading upon the ruins of distant ages. There is hardly a stone visible, however, except in one spot, where a narrow fragment of wall, completely isolated, stands tall and threatening. The silence and solitude of the place, the desolation that reigns around, the loftiness of the mount, where the atmosphere already is thin and chill, while the world below is fainting with heat—in fine, the air of *mystery* which hangs over the scene—all conspire to lead back our thoughts to the age of the Druids, when every forest contained an altar, and every mountain-top was a temple.

But the indications we find of this terrible superstition are rather moral than physical. The phenomena we observe belong to the era of the Redeemer; for here stood, at different epochs, the abbey of the Holy Trinity, and the priory of St. Michael; and here was the fort in which the Marquis de Villars withstood the assaults of Henri Quatre. All are now vanished; the very stones are buried in the earth of a new age—all, except a tottering fragment, which, in a few years, perhaps in a few months, we shall look for in vain.

The destruction of Fort Saint Catherine was demanded by the citizens themselves, whom it had formerly annoyed more severely than it did their enemies; and Henri Quatre, in complying, remarked, “I want no other ramparts than the affections of my subjects.” It is here that Catherine de Medicis, surrounded by her maids of honour, was an eye-witness of the siege of Rouen by Charles IX, and an actor in the barbarities to which it led. But it was here also that the Catholic leader, Guise,

put in practice one of the rarest virtues of the age—forgiveness.

“I wish to show you,” said he, (as Montaigne reports,) addressing himself to a Protestant gentleman, who had intended to assassinate him; “I wish to show you how much more merciful is my religion than the one you profess: yours counselled you to kill me—mine commands me to pardon you.”

At the front of the mount, the picture of the magnificent valley of the Seine develops itself at our feet. The river spotted with islands, on which are houses, gardens, and pastures, forms an immense peninsula, which appears to be a dead and dreary flat, with marshes at the edges, and the forest of Rouvray in the middle. This peninsula is shut in, amphitheatrically, by loftier ground, some portions of which are flanked by the same curious kind of ridges which we noticed at Jumièges. On the right bank, enclosed by a semicircle of hills, stands the city of Rouen.

The only prominent towers or spires are those of Notre Dame and Saint Ouen; and thus there is one great adjunct wanting in the magnificence of a city; yet it is rarely we meet with a more splendid picture. Here and there are those daubs of colour which give so much character to a French town; but, owing to the height of our position, the dark roofs of the houses fill up a considerable portion of the space; and thus a sombre shade prevails over the scene. This is increased by the gloomy mass of the cathedral, towering in priestly pomp above the whole; and, gazing as we do now from this lofty and lonely spot, surrounded by the relics of bygone ages, we feel an impression of awe stealing over our meditations.

The denizens of the city, stirring like ants below us, add

to this impression ; for we cannot see the vulgar details of their occupations, or hear their tiny voices. Our imagination feels itself at liberty—our very lungs play more boldly and freely than usual in this bright and boundless atmosphere. The associations of history begin to mingle even with our outward perceptions, till at length we hardly know which is the object of our gaze—the past or the present.

The fauxbourg of Saint Sever has disappeared, and marshes and waste lands extend towards the interior of the peninsula, where they are lost in the hoary forest of Ronmare. A single bridge of massive stone spans the river, and is guarded on the opposite bank by the stern fortress of the Barbican. Instead of the broad and shady alleys of the boulevards, a thick wall encompasses the city, flanked by a deep ditch. At the commencement of the further end of the wall, at the river's edge, there is the tower of Mal-s'y-frotte ; nearer us, on the same line, the Vicille Tour of Richard the fearless ; and at the northern extremity of the walls, the Vieux Château of Philip Augustus. It is a city of war we see before us. It is the Rouen of the middle ages, surrounded by the fortifications which befit a stronghold of feudal power.

But in another moment the illusion vanishes ; towers, walls, and ditches disappear ; and the clang of innumerable church-bells comes tumultuously on the breeze. It is the Sabbath ; and these solemn sounds invite the faithful to prayer. But, hark ! There is also, mingling with the mezzuin calls of the temple, the roll of the drum, the braying of the hoarse trumpet, and the fierce shouts of human voices. It is the Sabbath ; and these announcements proclaim that the various spectacles are about to open, and particularly that a great fight is just commencing in the fauxbourg Saint Sever, of bulls, dogs, bears, and men.

Nor are the Sunday strollers absent even here ; but the air is cold, the place remote, and even solemn ; and our companions, therefore, are few. Some we can see walking in pairs (*solus cum solá*) through the ditches of the buried fortress ; the happy lover every now and then finding an apology in the abrupt inequalities of the path for passing his arm round his mistress's waist. Turning away at length, we gaze frowningly for a moment on a little, ugly, incongruous, brick erection, on the very highest spot of the plateau—the nature and no-meaning of which we cannot divine—and then descend the mount in another direction, in order to return townward by the great road.

The villages are all animation. Crowds of gaily dressed men, women, and children, of the lower rank, are hastening from the town, and vanishing into the numerous taverns and cabarets that line the road. The windows of these open ; and we hear the sound of laughter and music within, mingled ever and anon with the gush of cider, the pistol-like report of beer, and the more soberly alluring report of wine-corks. As we get nearer the town, the crowd increases, till the scene resembles a fair. The road is bordered with stalls, provided with wheels-of-fortune, at which the Norman lass boldly ventures her solid sous for empty hopes. Chivalrous sex ! ever losing, yet ever risking. Sometimes it is the lover who deposits the stake. His ungrateful mistress will not thank him if she is unfortunate ; but no matter, it is not the last of his money that will be spent in the purchase of disappointment. Among the rest, beggars throng the road, chanting their ceaseless litanies ; and many a sol, dropped into the extended hat for the love of God, purchases permission of the donor's conscience to go to the devil for the evening.

We at length traverse the Cours Dauphin, passing the

Champ de Mars and the Jardin des Plantes. On the Quai de Paris various *affiches* on the walls flaunt before our eyes the programmes of the play and the exhibitions. Among the rest is that glorious fight of bulls, dogs, bears, and men! The scene of action is only at the other end of the bridge; the trumpet is braying in our ears. We step quickly from the trottoir into the street—but the sudden clang of a church-bell arrests us, like a twinge of remorse. “It is only a step,” whispers Sathanas in our ear. “Consider! bulls—dogs—bears—and men!”

Did we yield? Guess!

THE LEFT BANK OF THE SEINE.

HAVING completed our wanderings on the right bank of the Seine, from its embouchure to Rouen, we set out the next morning to walk back again, on the left bank, from Rouen to its embouchure. We crossed the river, traversed the fauxbourg of Saint Sever, and, having thus suddenly emerged from the middle of a crowd composed of a hundred thousand of our fellows, we found ourselves wending, solitary and museful, towards the forest of Rouvray.

Often did this ancient forest resound to the halloo of the early dukes of Normandy. Under these shades, perhaps, the idea of the conquest of England was first conceived; for here William paused, in the midst of the chase, to learn from a messenger that King Edward was dead. In 1160, Henry the Second of England built a residence near the edge of the wood, where the successor of Rollo had erected palisades for an enclosure, or preserve, for game. Soon afterwards it became a léprosière, for the reception of noble lepers; the king, as an old historian informs us, having “une inclination grandement naturelle pour les pauvres lépreux.” After various fortunes, the whole building was destroyed at the commencement of the revolution, with the exception of the church, which is still extant, though greatly injured.

Passing through two villages, the Petit and Grand Couronne, we arrive at a ruin, of which the origin and history are alike unknown. It is situated on one of the lofty conical hills so frequent on this bank, and which rises here in

absolute isolation from the rest of the world. Some traces of ditches around; some fragments of enormous walls; a deep subterranean opening, vaulted with savage art,—and these are all. Formless and indefinite, it baffles conjecture; but when standing among the huge and shapeless ruins, gazing around from this proud eminence on the forests and villages beneath, and the Seine on the left flowing like the sea, we feel—we are *sure*—that some high, though lost or forgotten history must be connected with the soil.

If you inquire of the peasant who coasts carefully round the solitary hill at night-fall, he will tell you boldly, that these broken walls, which show so strange and ghastly against the sky, belonged to the château of *Robert the Devil*. This personage, he will say, is still seen in our own time, wandering in his grave-clothes through the environs of the château, and visiting, above all, the site of its cemetery.

The old chroniclers of Normandy relate, that this Robert was the son of a certain Aubert, “the first duke,” and that he was surnamed the Devil, “pour les grans cruaultés et mauvaiseties dont il fut plein.” The first duke of history, however, was Rollo,—not in the reign of King Pepin, like the above, but a hundred and fifty years later; and the first Robert was the lover of Arlette. The latter, therefore, was, of course, discovered to be the true Robert the Devil.

He began his career by revolting against his brother. He was taken at the siege of Exmes, sword in hand, and pardoned by the generous Richard; whom, in token of gratitude, he soon after poisoned. He became, first the enemy, and then the friend of his dissolute uncle, the archbishop of Rouen; and, having conquered another holy churchman in battle, the bishop of Bayeux, he obliged him to ask pardon in his shirt, his feet naked, and a saddle on his back. He was never at rest, but always from war to war, from battle

to battle ; and at his battles no quarter was given—his wars were wars of extermination. He, at last, repenting of his crimes, set out on a pilgrimage to Palestine, to scourge himself at the foot of the holy sepulchre. When returning, he was poisoned by his own servants ; or, as others say, attacked by a fever, and died in Nicea.

Traversing a long alley of poplars, we reach the village of La Bouille, from which passage-boats set out several times in the day for Rouen, for the accomodation of travellers from Pontaudemer and the department of Calvados. Near La Bouille is Caumont, celebrated for its quarries, which afford a beautiful and hard white stone. The quarry called Jacqueline is especially worthy the traveller's notice, being wrought in vast subterranean cavities, encrusted with crystals and stalactites.

From Caumont we pass the end of the forest of Mauny, and proceed to Lendin, without being tempted to follow the sweep of the river. At Lendin we pause for a while to examine the curious ridges of the hill which impressed our imagination so vividly when at Jumièges, and to gaze upon the ruins of that famous abbey on the opposite bank. Crossing, at length, a portion of the vast forest of Brotonne, we arrive at La Mailleraie.

The delicious view of the

CHATEAU OF LA MAILLERAIE.

annexed, exhibits the appearance of this château from the river, with its groves and gardens. It is said that the beautiful La Vallière spent here some years of her early life ; but no historical associations are connected with the spot,—unless we reckon as one, its having had the honour of giving breakfast one morning to the Duchess de Berri.

A marble column was raised (which unfortunately does not enter into our friend's drawing) in memory of the stupendous event.

At Vatteville, on the banks of the river, it is said the French kings of the Merovingian race had a palace. We could discover no ruins, however, nor any indication in the form of the ground, to enable us even to hazard a conjecture with regard to its site.

Beyond this, the famous bar of the Seine is seldom dangerous in our time; but, as we get farther down, we find that a complete and sudden change takes place in the character of the river. The waters widen, and great sand-banks present themselves in the distance, seeming to shut up the navigation altogether. Still lower, these banks stretch along and across the river in every direction, forming numerous narrow channels, that change almost every tide. Once a month a kind of general revolution takes place. The bar carries in with it immense quantities of sand, ground from the falaises that border the coast, by the ceaseless action of the sea; and this, forming a common stock with the deposits of the Seine, creates new accumulations. Over these the tide sweeps wildly in, presenting a mass of boiling waters twenty feet high; and in the course of a few hours the whole aspect of the river is changed.

After this phenomenon, and even after the common daily tides, the pilots may be seen threading the mazes of the stream, sounding at every step, and exerting their utmost sagacity to discover the safest path for vessels. Their number amounts exactly to ninety-nine,—never reaching a hundred! In the same manner there used to be ninety-nine canons at Tours; and, at the moment in which we write, there are ninety-nine cows grazing in a field in Somers

Town, one of the suburbs of London, which the owner, it is said, has in vain endeavoured to increase to a hundred! In this last case, the very instant the hundredth cow is bought, another dies, or walks off in some way or other, to make room for it.

A hundred projects have been, and are on foot, for remedying the evils of the navigation of the Seine. Some have proposed that a canal should be dug from Villequier to Havre; but the nature of the ground seems to set this out of the question. The canal in some places would have to be dug through solid rock, and, if brought near the river, would be destroyed in the course of time by the current washing away its foundations.

Another canal has been projected, to commence on the left bank, at the spot where the influence of the bar ceases to be mischievous, and to be carried thence to Vieux Port, across the hill of Saint Leonard, at Quillebœuf, through the marshes of Vernier, over the lofty ground of Laroque, and along the borders of Berville and Fiquefleur to Harfleur. This canal would be twenty feet broad, and its estimated cost has been calculated at sixteen millions of francs.

But, even supposing the latter scheme to be practicable, say other projectors, it would accomplish comparatively only a very small object. Rouen is but the *entrepôt*. Paris is the ultimate centre to which we wish our goods to be conveyed, and our navies to float. The Seine, which from Rouen to Paris is impracticable for boats in the dry weather of summer, imperfect as it is, may be converted into a creek of the sea, which will make Paris a second London. The manner in which this consummation is to be effected, discloses one of the most magnificent projects that can be conceived. The author, an engineer of Caen, proposes that a strong dyke should be built at the embouchure, extending

from one bank to the other ; by which means the bed of the river will always preserve its level—the bar will be unfelt—the sand-banks, and therefore the channel, will become permanent—and the force of the stream will be so far paralysed as to prevent new accumulations.

QUILLEBŒUF.

LEAVING behind us the dark forest of Brotonne, we at length arrived at two little hamlets, placed near each other on the banks of the river—Aiziers and Vieux Port. The latter forms the subject of the annexed view, taken from the river; but although the beauty of the scene is enhanced by the vessels, whose reflections are seen so strikingly contrasted in the calm wave, yet the moral effect of *our* Vieux Port is absent. In fact, the impression made upon the spectator by almost any scene in nature, depends entirely upon accidental and evanescent circumstances. An author may write “here stands a church, there a castle, and yonder a grove;” and his description, if correct, will be acknowledged to be so; but if he endeavours, at the same time, to convey a moral picture, which shall determine the character of the view, either his fidelity or his taste will be questioned by every succeeding visitor. The residence that is the most cheerful in summer—the most animate with all the sights and sounds of that bountiful season—the verdure of the woods, the song of birds, and the quietly musical voices of cattle—is, in precisely the same ratio, gloomy and desolate in winter. But, without seeking an extreme case, we need only refer to the one before us.

Vieux Port presented itself to our eyes without a single sail near it; its small neat cottages were only seen at intervals through the foliage. A young girl, lying asleep under a tree, was the only living object in the picture—

all was silence, simplicity, and peace. It seemed to be a spot where a man, when wearied with the world, might retire to rest and to dream. On the opposite bank there are a few houses scattered here and there, but all at some distance from the river.

The inhabitants of these two hamlets derive their subsistence chiefly from fishing, and it is therefore needless to add that they are poor. This thankless occupation is still less productive in the little ports of the Seine than elsewhere in France. The nets commonly used in the river are made in the form of a bag, the opening of which is attached to two poles planted in the water, one at each side. As the bag hangs down perpendicularly by its own weight, it is very seldom that any fish find their way into it till the coming in of the tide. When this occurs, the stream, rushing rapidly upwards, places the net in a horizontal position, its mouth opening to swallow the rushing waters, with which it devours, at the same time, the victims whose evil destiny has thrown them in the way. When the returning tide rushes *down* the river, the contrary action, withstood by the weight of the fish contained in the bag, naturally shuts the mouth, and thus the captives are held fast, till they find that they have passed “out of the frying-pan into the fire;” which, in their case, means out of the water into the frying-pan.

The fish taken in this manner are chiefly small, and of little value, but sometimes a salmon rejoices the heart of the poor fisherman. When he has succeeded in saving a sufficient fund,—and, since the river supplies the animal food, and the garden and hedges the vegetable food of the family, this is not impossible,—he enters into a league with two or three neighbours as opulent as himself, and they embark their whole fortune in the purchase of a boat and tackle,



Southey

which cost four hundred francs, or sixteen pounds. The partners, or *personniers*, as they call themselves, are now in a large way of business. They almost live in their boat; and, day and night, in calm and storm, they brave the vicissitudes of the seasons in pursuing their hazardous trade. It is calculated that a produce yielding four francs a day will enable the associates to exist; but, alas! even this sum is not always the result of their labours. They rarely, indeed, make less than ten sous, but as rarely more than five francs; and thus they go on, from day to day, from month to month, of their painful existence, happy if the earnings of one period enable them almost to pay the debts of the former.

The fishermen of France are by far the poorest of the peasantry, and we fear it is so also in England. There is, besides, a certain peculiarity of taste in the fishing districts, which make the people poorer than they need be. On the banks of the Seine, for instance, the fishermen are compelled to eat the John Dorys themselves, or else to throw them away; for this fish, so excellent and so wholesome, is not admitted to the tables of the *genteel*, and therefore fetches only a few centimes in the market. In England we understand good eating better, at least in this respect, and very properly place the vulgar John Dory upon a par with the aristocratical turbot. We should not forget to add, that in some parts of Ireland—for instance, in the county of Sligo, with which we are best acquainted—the skate is reckoned unfit for human food. The starving peasant turns away from it with contempt, and, when taken accidentally, either by the rich or poor, it is thrown back into the sea. The same insane prejudice prevails to a certain extent in Scotland; while in London we meet with portions of the elsewhere proscribed, and really excellent fish, at the daintiest tables.

The right of fishing in the Seine was formerly vested in the proprietors of lands on the banks. The monks of Jumièges, for instance, enjoyed the property of the river from Melleraye to Duclair till the revolution. This they farmed out to their vassals, who were bound to reserve for their feudal lords the sturgeons, the finest salmons, and other tid-bits of the fishery. They were obliged every year, as M. Deshayes records in his '*Terre Gémétique*,' to present themselves at the abbey, with the insignia of their trade, and, with a white wand in their hand, to walk three times round a dovecote in the court. At the third time they knocked at the door, and made a reverence. Those who failed in this ceremony were guilty of a breach of the feudal discipline, and condemned to pay a fine.

On leaving Vieux Port we followed the course of the stream till we had gained the extremity of a tongue of land, which forms one of the sinuosities of this truly serpentine river. A single glance suffices to convince the spectator that this must have been a point of high importance at the time when the Seine was open to navigation; and he is only surprised not to see on the long narrow rock which terminates the land, at least the ruins of a fortress. Below the point the river looks like an arm of the sea; and there is nothing to intercept the view, carried over the vast waters of the channel, but the imperfection of the human vision. Above it narrows suddenly, (soon to become still more narrow,) and commences the strange involutions which make the land look like a series of peninsulas.

On this long narrow rock, however, there are only a few streets of small and ill-built, but gaily painted, houses, which contain a population of about fifteen hundred souls, furnishing the greater number of the pilots of the Seine. The rest of the male inhabitants of Quillebœuf are fishermen;

while the women sit all day long knitting lace at their doors or windows, or grouped on little stools at some favorite corner of the street.

Quillebœuf is the capital of the Roumois, one of the old subdivisions of Upper Normandy, extending to Elbeuf inclusive. Till the time of Henri Quatre it consisted only of a few fishermen's huts; but this prince observing, and perhaps even exaggerating, the importance of the position—regarding it as the key of Normandy—fortified the port, constructed additional buildings, and endowed it with such privileges as he thought were likely to attract a population. The fortress, under the command of Roger de Bellegarde, the friend of Henri till he became his rival with the beautiful Gabrielle, soon rose into note; and when the troops of the Duke de Mayenne presented themselves before the *ei-devant* fishing hamlet, they were beaten in gallant style, and put to flight.

Two years after the death of Henri IV, the fortifications had been razed by the order of Maria de Medici; but Concini, in his dilemma, bethinking himself that the “key of Normandy” would by and by be of some use, were it only to look himself in, began with all speed to build them anew. The date of Concini's re-creations at Quillebœuf was 1616; the parliament interfered; and in 1622, there was not one stone on the top of another.

A few years ago, the vessels passing up or down the river went close in by the quay of Quillebœuf; but there is now a sand-bank stretching far across the river, after having filled up a channel near the point of twenty feet of water. These banks are not only dangerous to navigation, but in some places they infect the air, producing fever and dropsy among the inhabitants on the shore. This is the case, for instance, at Tancarville, of which a fine

view is enjoyed from Quillebœuf. The denizens of the hamlet below the château are livid and sickly.

Quillebœuf, although thus defended from enemies by sand-banks, instead of fortifications, is still a place of some importance, inasmuch as almost all vessels are under the necessity of coming to anchor near its harbour. When ascending the river, indeed, it is possible to get as far as

VILLEQUIER

in a single tide, if the wind is favorable; but when coming down, as they cannot pass Aizier and Vieux Port except at full water, they do not reach Quillebœuf till the state of the tide constrains them to stop.

This little town, built on a rock, as we have said, at the extremity of a point of land—with no neighbours but the hamlet of Vieux Port at some distance on one hand, and that of Laroque on the other, with the river, interrupted by sand-banks, in front—and shut in behind from the rest of the world by an immense marsh, which we are about to visit,—presents, as might be expected, not a few peculiarities of manners and customs.

The Quillebois is a rough and unpolite animal, and his language is without refinement, and not so completely French as a stranger would desire. The Quilleboise, however, is, in general, tall, handsome, and not destitute of a certain wild grace. Her cap is neither the lofty cone of the Lieuvain, nor the lace helmet of the Pays de Caux, but rather a plain set-out, round which is thrown loosely a piece of white muslin bordered with lace. Her dress is made to fit the shape from the chin to the waist; but, on gala occasions, this is ornamented by a thickly-wreathed frill down the front, across the neck, and over the shoulders, like an epaulette.

The young men do not look abroad for a wife ; marriages are contracted entirely among themselves ; and thus the whole village resembles a single family. When a death takes place, the misfortune affects, in a greater or less degree, every one of the community ; for all have lost either a kinsman or a connexion. In the same way, every marriage, every baptism, every fête, is a public transaction ; the affairs of each inhabitant are as well known to his neighbour as to himself ; his losses occasion universal sympathy, and his successes universal joy. This, however, must be taken *cum grano salis*, or Quillebœuf would be a terrestrial paradise. There are, no doubt, here, as elsewhere, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness ; though not perhaps to the same extent. Habit effects wonders. A family composed of individuals the most dissimilar in character generally contrive to get through the world without many squabbles. One's brothers and sisters are a part of one's-self ; and although we may long sometimes to thrash them all heartily, yet, somehow or other, the *esprit de corps* (which is at bottom nothing else than selfishness) sets every thing right again.

Before quitting Quillebœuf, we present our readers, on the opposite page, with a glimpse of the town, and of the formidable bar so frequently mentioned in these wanderings. On the further side are a number of vessels, which are fortunate in finding themselves safely at anchor. They have been known to amount in number to one hundred.

THE MARAIS VERNIER.

ON leaving Quillebœuf, the next place we reached was the village of the Marais Vernier, the capital, so to speak, of a tract of country altogether singular.

The Marais Vernier is an immense marsh, in shape of a horse-shoe, the base of which is formed by the Seine, and the rounded part by a line of hills, on which are situated—stationed, we might say,—about half a dozen villages, at almost regular distances.¹ In the middle of this vast meadow, which is sometimes comparatively dry, there is a lake called the Grand'mare, the deep black waters of which never subside. It covers about a twentieth part of the whole area, and, at almost all seasons of the year is darkened by clouds of water-fowl.

Gardens, or fields of kitchen vegetables, which the inhabitants call *courtills*, occupy a space of nearly a twelfth part of the whole marsh, and their fertility may be characterised truly by the adjective prodigious. Turnips as thick as a man's leg, and more than two feet long, with carrots in proportion, are among the monstrous births of the soil;² while the cabbages which do not weigh from

¹ The whole surface of the marsh contains two thousand four hundred and seventy hectares.

² It may be necessary to say, that the Norman turnips are oblong instead of round as we have them in England, while the carrots would resemble our English turnip, if they did not terminate in a short and sudden cone.

twenty-five to thirty pounds are reckoned under the standard. M. de Nagu, the lord of the village of Marais Vernier, once gained a bet which he had made to send six cabbages to Paris weighing three hundred pounds. One of this illustrious half-dozen alone weighed sixty-eight! The strange thing is, that these enormous vegetables preserve no analogy with the animal kingdom under such circumstances, but keep their proper flavour amidst all their excess of growth. The potato, however, is an exception to this rule. It grows, like the rest, to a colossal size; but, in a soil so different from that of its natural hard and stony bed, it contracts a taste of *soap*.

The agricultural implements used in the marsh are very unlike, as we may suppose, those of other districts. The spade, for instance, which is employed in turning over earth that presents no resistance, is almost as large in proportion as the fruits of the soil. The beds are generally intersected at every fifteen feet of width by ditches, or drains, of six feet.

But while the principle of vegetable life develops itself so vigorously, that of human life declines. The miasma of the marsh is fatal; and in autumn more especially, or in the intense heats of summer, the victims are numerous. The disease produced is a slow fever, which varies in malignity with the state of the atmosphere, but for which there is no hope in medicine. Doctors, notwithstanding, are called as usual; drugs are swallowed; and the patient descends into the tomb *secundum artem*. The fresh tints of the women of Quillebœuf are here unknown. Sallow complexions, spiritless eyes, and feeble limbs, demonstrate the deadly influence of the marsh. Almost every girl you meet is an orphan—every woman a widow. The human affections themselves are under the control

of the spirit of the place. Mourning for the dead is here a brief and empty form. The widow and the widower enter into a new connexion without loss of time, and

“the funeral baked meats
Do coldly furnish forth the wedding table.”

It is by no means uncommon for one individual, of either sex, to have been married four or five times; and the conflicting interests of so many families produce, as a matter of course, eternal quarrels, heartburnings, and suits at law.

The village of Marais Vernier does not resemble so much a village, as a confused multitude of detached cottages, each at some distance from the rest, and surrounded by gardens and orchards. The spirit of union, therefore, so visible at Quillebœuf, is here absent; the generous selfishness which embraces a whole town, because it is one's *own* town, is unknown; and the inhabitants of the marsh, quite as insulated in their position as the Quillebois, have nothing of that social sympathy which endears solitude to the solitary, and desolation to the desolate.

The marsh is said to have formerly been the site of a forest; but the same thing is said of every marsh in France, and for precisely the same reason—that trunks of trees, and entire trees, have been found beneath the surface of the earth. The most extraordinary locality we know of, in which this has been observed, is the vast *grève* of St. Michel, where the sands of the ocean descend to such a depth, that a ship sinks in them, and disappears, till even her tall masts leave no trace behind. The truth, we suspect, is, that the greater part of the lowlands, not only of France, but of all Europe, were at one time covered with woods, and that, wherever there are traces of any considerable revolution on

the earth's surface, their remains will be found. The trees dug up from such abysses as the Marais Vernier, where the fluidity prevents any geological cue from being attained through the measurement of the accumulation of vegetable earth, are probably much older than has been supposed.

The project of reclaiming the lands of this great marsh has been frequently entertained; but the difficulties are numerous. In the first place, the bank of the river has been sensibly elevated by the ceaseless deposits of the tide; so that the most distant part of the marsh has become the deepest. The water, therefore, never finds its way into the Seine, except when it is above its usual level. An artificial canal, indeed, exists; but this is found to be of little use, partly, no doubt, from the nature of the ground, but chiefly we presume, from its not being carried sufficiently deep. In this more distant part is the lake of the Grand'mare, which operates strongly against the efforts of man. It is, in fact, the grand receptacle of the waters of the marsh, which at one moment it borrows, and at another repays with interest.

The villages which surround the Marais are poor and ill-constructed; but their situation, and the view they afford, are very striking. Placed on the sides of a semicircular chain of hills, they overlook the vast plain intersected by canals of water as black as night, with its dead lake in the middle. The ceaseless lowing of cattle feeding on the outskirts, and on some meadows that extend into the interior, as it swells wildly and mournfully on the heavy air, sounds like the voice of Pestilence; and the shrill scream of the sea-birds that hover in thousands over the lake conveys a kind of superstitious thrill to the heart of the stranger.

The Château du Marais attracts notice only by its common-place character, on a spot where we look for something

more than usually striking ; but at no great distance to the south, and still nearer the lake, there were to be seen, till lately, some vestiges of a more ancient and remarkable edifice. This was called the Château du Grand'mare ; and on the opposite side of the marsh, near the modern village of Sainte Opportune, it was confronted by another of a similar character, every stone of which has now disappeared. The latter was called the Vieux Château ; but both names, we apprehend, were bestowed upon them by the peasantry after the buildings had fallen into ruin.

THE ABBEY OF GRESTAIN.

AFTER leaving the Marais Vernier, which is at a little distance from the river, we directed again our steps towards the banks, and arrived at the small village of La Roque. The fertility of the marsh, it appears, still continues; for a pear-tree here has the reputation of producing four hundred gallons of perry in the year! Proceeding towards the rocky promontory, called the Pointe de la Roque, we fell in with a cavern, inscribed with the names of numerous travellers, who had taken this ingenious method of immortalising themselves. This cavern was, it seems, the refuge of a certain Geremer, or Berenger, the abbot of Pentalle, whose monks had conspired against his life. These holy men had expected to be governed by one chosen from their own body, and, in order to get rid of the stranger, fixed a sharp blade perpendicularly in his bed, expecting that, as he lay down to rest, it would spit him through and through. Geremer, however, "inspired by Heaven," as the chronicle says, discovered the steel-trap that was laid for him, and retiring to the church, passed the rest of the night in prayer.

In the morning he called the monks into the monastery, and throwing himself at their feet, besought them to choose an abbot from among themselves, and permit him to take up his abode in a cavern, a dependency of the convent. They of course complied, desiring nothing better; and Geremer betook himself to the den now before us, where he

passed his days in fasting, and his nights in weeping and praying. The renown of his sanctity at length reached the ears of Saint Ouen, who besought him to return to the spiritual government of Pentalle; and Geremer, tired, perhaps, of the cavern, was about to comply. He was still further induced to this step by the apparent repentance of his monks, who waited on him in procession to solicit his return. A day was accordingly appointed; but on the preceding night, Geremer was translated to Heaven! The monks cried, "A miracle!" and so did the people. The fortunate abbot had ascended like Elijah, leaving only his gown behind, which was found by the fishermen floating in the Seine.

The view from the summit of La Roque is remarkably fine. The opposite bank of the river seems to be formed of white cliffs, descending abruptly to the water's edge. On the right hand the picture is terminated by Lillebonne, seen beyond the point of Quillebœuf; on the left, the eye ranges unimpeded over the ocean.

The promontory is composed of a perpendicular rock, or rather mass of rocks, one hundred and fifty feet high. On the west it forms the angle of a deep bay, almost filled up by an enormous bank, and into which the little river Rille discharges itself. This bank, covered in many places with grass, was formerly a league in diameter, but is now much less extensive. Its name is the Banc du Nord.

The next village on the banks is Berville, situated at the opposite angle of the bay. Of this village we find the following memorandum in our note-book, written while sailing up the Seine in a steam-boat: "At the fishing hamlet of Berville, the land sinks: the vegetable world assumes a more delicate green; and the whole place looks like a little paradise." And this is indeed the aspect it would present

in a picture ; but the literary artist is obliged to look closer. If the voyage of life were like the steam-boat voyage of the Seine, the prospect of heaven would lose its value ; but, alas ! we have many a creek to enter on the way, and many a sand-bank to touch upon ; and both the man and the author often find that the object which looks most beautiful at a distance, is the most destitute of attraction when exposed to a nearer view. Berville is a miserable hamlet, inhabited by poor fishermen who are just able to live on the produce of their nets and their labour in the fields. The fish caught here are in general small, and some possess a flavour of the most fearful description. We should like to see an amateur angler sit down to a dish of these delicacies of his own catching, rather than give a few sous to the fisherman for his dinner. They are commonly used (except by mistake) for fattening fowls ; but unless care is taken to feed the animals on other diet for some weeks afterwards, even hunger is scared from the board.

Among the other fish caught at Berville are crabs, eels, flounders—and whales. Some years ago, there was one hooked of the last-mentioned species, which measured five feet in diameter. A French author, however, mentions, that such kind of trouts have of late years “ become scarce.” Herons, swans, curlews, and a great many other birds of migratory habits, are found on the coast in autumn, and captured by the fishermen, whose dominion includes both the air and the water. One of these, a sort of duck, called the *tadorne*, immediately on landing proceeds to the nearest rabbit-burrow, and turning out the inhabitants, establishes himself in their *cosy* corner. The rabbits, however, are speedily avenged ; for the fishermen watch patiently at the hole till he comes out again, and arrest him for the burglary.

The next commune to Berville inland is Conteville, possessed originally by Hellouin, a Norman gentleman, who married Arlette, the mistress of Robert the Devil, and mother of William the Conqueror. After becoming Countess of Conteville, she presented her lord with two sons—Odon, afterwards the famous Bishop of Bayeux, and Robert, the Count of Mortain; both of whom, accompanied by their father, followed the banner of William into England.

When William at last was carried from the siege of Mantes, to die in the monastery near Rouen, now the church of Saint Gervaise, Hellouin, who had faithfully followed his fortunes, was still beside him.

“The body of the king,” says Thierry, “was left forsaken for some hours; but at last the priests and monks arranged a procession. Neither his son, nor his brother, nor any of his relations, were near; not one offered to undertake his obsequies; and it was a private knight called Helloin who took upon him the trouble and expense. He transported the body in a hearse, attended by mourners, to the bank of the Seine, and thence down the river in a boat, and by sea to the city of Caen.”

Pursuing our wanderings from Berville, we climb a hill called Mont Courel, from which Havre is seen to great advantage. There is here an excavation called the *Fosse Glame*, which has occasioned some speculation. The name is supposed to be a corruption of Guillaume; and the Conqueror is said to have posted above the cave one of his corps of observation, at the time he left the Dives for England. Descending Mont Courel on the other side, we find ourselves at the village of Grestain.

The site of the ancient abbey of this name is still distinguished; and as the remains of the beautiful Arlette, the mother of William the Conqueror, are beneath, it must be

interesting ground both to the English and the Normans. A chapel was erected here by Hellouin, mentioned above, who afterwards married this frail and famous lady. This good deed was performed in consequence of a vow made to the Virgin in sickness; and when Hellouin found that he actually did recover from a very disagreeable disease, (said by some to have been leprosy,) he resolved to be still better than his word. He founded an abbey on the spot, which was destined to occupy some space in the history of monachal refinement.

In the year 1090 the decay of the original monastery began to take place, through the rapacity of Henry Beauclerc of England; and in 1122 it was burnt almost to the ground by an accidental fire. It was soon reconstructed, however, and at length reached such a pitch of prosperity, that at one time it counted two hundred monks. In 1364 the English destroyed, and half a century afterwards rebuilt it. But its success was over; and in the middle of the fifteenth century, only twenty-three remained of the crowd of holy men whom its princely revenues had fattened for heaven.

The abbey, which possessed not only revenues in France, but considerable property in the city of London, enjoyed latterly only six thousand francs of rent; and when the revolution impiously compelled the monks to work for their subsistence like other men, the buildings were bought by a retired merchant of Honfleur, who constructed with the materials a dwelling-house upon the spot. Only a score of years before this, however, there was enough remaining to testify the care which the holy fathers took of the outward man. In an oblong apartment, so constructed that a constant current of air ran through it, were still seen the hooks on which the monks hung their provisions. At the bottom of this larder there was a well, extending the

whole length of the apartment, where fresh-water fish were fattened for the table; and near it, another of salt water, in which the denizens of the ocean were kept alive till they were wanted. A village near the walls of the abbey, called Saint Ouen de Grestain, shared its fate. It was formerly a considerable place, and was reckoned among the "gros bourgs" of Normandy; but was destroyed, first by fire, and then by water. A small portion of its church is still seen; and at low water, some vestiges of its habitations may be discovered among the sands of the river.

Odon, the first abbot of Grestain, was a very remarkable churchman. He was the son of Hellouin, count de Conteville, as we have already said, and possessing, it seems, a natural turn for ecclesiastical affairs, was made Bishop of Bayeux at seventeen. He followed his brother, the Conqueror, to England at thirty-two, and celebrated mass before the army on the morning of the victory of Hastings. After mass, he mounted a scaffold, and preached a sermon, in which he advised them to make a vow never to eat meat on that day of the week, provided the God of battles would fight on their side. The Normans willingly took the vow; and the high priest, descending from his pulpit, buckled a hauberk over his gown, threw down the mass-book, and took up a lance, and, springing upon a white steed, dashed into the *mêlée*. When the bloody business of the day was over, he became the churchman again in the twinkling of an eye, and sang a funeral mass for the victims of his valour. The town of Dover fell to the share of this priestly soldier, and, turning out the inhabitants, he established his dependants in their houses and lands.

When William was firmly enough fixed in his new throne to make an excursion to Normandy, (which occurred in six months!) he left Odon behind as his lieutenant.

The ecclesiastic, however, was fond of money—and his exactions were levied with so little address, that even the people of England, who had bent their heads like steers to the yoke, became crusty. William had only put his foot upon their necks; Odon put his hand into their pockets—and this is quite another thing. But the rapacious priest was not dismayed. He suppressed the tumult; and having nothing else to think of, began to consider what should hinder him from becoming pope. He hired some Italian priests to spread abroad the report that he was to succeed Gregory VII, purchased a palace in Rome, sent presents to the cardinals, and, above all things, assembling a band around him of stout Norman knights, set forth to storm the papacy.

He was probably aware that his brother would think this was carrying matters too far, for he did not await his return. Unfortunately, however, they met near the Isle of Wight, William hastening back to put a stop to the operations of the bishop; and all having landed on the island, the king accused him, before his assembled Normans, of divers political offences.

“Advise me, I pray you,” said William, in concluding his address, “how to act towards such a brother.” Not a tongue hazarded a reply.

“Seize him!” shouted the king. Not a hand stirred.

“Then I shall!” And he caught hold of the bishop.

“I am a priest!” cried Odon; “I am the minister of the Lord; and the Pope alone has the power to judge me.”

“It is not a priest whom I judge,” said William, without relaxing his gripe, “but a servant whom I arrest!” And he immediately handed him over to his guards, sent him a prisoner to Normandy, and shut him up there in a fortress, where he remained till his brother’s death.

Restored at length to liberty, he retired into his abbey of Grestain, and became so exceedingly holy, that all men thought his adventures were ended in the world. Shortly afterwards, however, he dashed over to England to join in the war against William Rufus; and, shutting himself up in the town of Rochester, was besieged, and forced to capitulate. He was allowed, notwithstanding, to march out with arms and baggage; much to the dissatisfaction of the soldiery, who were very anxious to have the pleasure of hanging him. He again retired to the abbey of Grestain; but popped out almost instantly to marry the King of France to Bertrade of Anjou, a lady whom Philip had carried off from her husband. At last, imagining that his peccadilloes were numerous enough to demand an excursion to Jerusalem, and fearing that it might be dangerous to delay it longer, he set out for the Holy Land. It will be felt, however, that Odon was not a likely man to don the weeds of a pilgrim. On the contrary, he clothed himself in helm and hauberk, hung his shield round his neck, and sallied forth, with lance in hand, to join the crusade of Peter the Hermit. But the infidels were happily saved from the meditated visit. He was attacked by illness in Sicily, and closed his turbulent career at Palermo, in 1098.

In the reign of Louis XV the abbot of Grestain was M. de Boismont, who, although a member of the Academy, would not deserve mention here but for a pleasant anecdote connected with his name. M. Boismont, it seems, was a very rich man, but did not like to pay his debts; and one day a creditor from a distance, coming in person to demand his money, called by mistake upon the Abbot of Voisnon, at Belleville. The abbot was not at home; but on receiving the message, addressed the following note to his visitor;

“I am sorry, sir, you did not see me ; for you would have discovered the difference between the Abbot of Boismont and me. He is young, and I am old ; he is strong and healthy, and I am weak and ailing ; he preaches, and I have need of being preached to ; he has a large and rich abbey, and mine is very little ; he is in the Academy without knowing why, and everybody asks why I am not. In fine, he owes you a pension, and I have only the desire to be your debtor. I am, &c.”

The last monk of this famous abbey was an Irishman, called Albiac, who died in 1814, near Honfleur, at the age of ninety.

CHATEAU GAILLARD
AND THE VALLEY OF ANDELI.

THE town of Grand Andeli, a small, antique-looking place, is situated at the foot of several steep and stony hills, about a mile from the Seine, which shuts in the entrance of the valley. It originated in a convent of nuns, built there in the year 511, by Saint Clotilde, the wife of Clovis, which became so celebrated that Bede classes it with the famous abbeys of Chelles and Faremoutier. During the first race of the Gallic kings it continued to flourish, being a favorite place of education for the high-born damsels of England; and in 884 it still subsisted, although greatly shorn of its beams by the piratical tribes of the north, who honoured the shrine with a visit on their way to the siege of Paris.

At the beginning of the twelfth century, Andeli seems to have been a place of considerable importance, and to have been fortified by walls. It was then, with the rest of the Norman Vexin, in the hands of our Henry I, a cruel and politic prince, who shut up one of his brothers in a dungeon for life, mounted the throne of the other, and even cut off his own beautiful hair, for the sake of his interest. It is true that, before making this last sacrifice, his vanity held out for more than eight years. In 1104, Serlon, bishop of Séez, preaching before him at Carentan, denounced with extraordinary vehemence the exceeding sinfulness of Henry's exuberance of hair. He had not, indeed, the indelicacy to allude to his crimes of ambition and blood; but he invoked

the vengeance of Heaven on those lost and infatuated beings who wore long hair. The king and his whole court immediately caused their heads to be shorn.

Neither Henry's personal heroism, nor that of his rival, Louis, was exhibited to much advantage in a meeting which took place betwixt them near Gisors, a frontier strength, similar to Andeli, in the hands of the English prince. The two armies met at the Epte, with only a narrow and tottering bridge between them, which it was almost dangerous for a heavily-armed warrior to cross, even without hostile purpose. They both halted, eyeing one another attentively, and each expecting the other to begin the fray, when, in the midst of the pause, a private soldier stepped out from the ranks, and cried with a loud voice,—

“Let the two kings fight it out themselves on the tottering bridge: the affair is their own!”

The royal champions on this occasion, however, did not fight, but talked a great deal; and at last—since neither could, for shame's sake, give the order for the armies to engage—a kind of chance-medley fray was got up, in which the French had the advantage.

Although the domain of Andeli was under the government of Henry, it belonged to the church of Rouen; and one year (1119), the governor, Ascelin, not having paid his personal dues, the archbishop took possession of the lands without ceremony. Ascelin, dreading, perhaps, that the vengeance of Henry might be turned against himself for this insult, immediately flew, in a transport of rage and fear, to the French king, and offered to deliver the place into his hands. Louis accordingly sent some men-at-arms with him, whom he introduced into the town. The next day the enemy's army was seen before the place, and the bourgeois ran in consternation to the château, which, however, was

entered at the same time by the French men-at-arms. A fierce struggle then took place; but the garrison were unable to contend against treachery and open force at the same time. The place was captured; and it is a trait in the manners of the age worth notice, that the principal officers, having taken refuge in the church of Nôtre Dame, after they had been driven from the château, were spared by the conqueror, and allowed to retire unmolested, out of respect to their place of sanctuary.

Louis, eager to follow up his success, appeared suddenly before Henry, who was then at Nojeon-sur-Andelle, employed, as historians tell us, in gathering in the harvest; and the latter, nothing loath to meet his enemy, led his forces into the plains of Brenneville, where these two powerful kings engaged in a bloody and gallant fight, with from four to five hundred men each. Here was no "tottering bridge" to give them pause. The plain was as pretty a piece of *terra firma* as heart could wish; and, accordingly, the rival princes, who had been satisfied with bawling to one another across the Epte, came to close quarters. They fought as furiously as any soldier on the field. Henry had his casque cloven by Guillaume Crespin, the ancestor of a powerful family; but, in return, the king clove casque and skull together. The French at length gave way; the standard was captured; and Louis himself was in the grasp of an English soldier.

"The king is taken!" shouted the victor, overjoyed at the value of his prize.

"Rascal!" cried the monarch, struggling with his captor, and at the same instant splitting his head with his battle-axe; "get thee to hell with thy boast! At chess the king is never taken!" He then darted into the neighbouring forest, and reached Andeli in safety. Still another trait of

the times: the day after the battle, Henry returned his rival's horse, accoutred as it had been taken on the field.

Andeli, soon after the conflict noticed above, was given up by treaty, and in 1161 retaken and burnt by Louis. It is needless to pursue its history further; for the construction, towards the close of the century, of the CHÂTEAU GAILLARD at the mouth of the valley, and the consequent erection, by the side of the fortress, of Petit Andeli, relieved the former town altogether from the dangerous character of a frontier strength.

Andeli had also the honour of receiving the last sighs of the Pantagruel of Rabelais—Antoine de Bourbon, king of Navarre, who was mortally wounded, while little thinking about the matter, at the siege of Rouen. This prince seemed to be born for the sole purpose of making the world laugh. The manner of his death was as absurd as can well be imagined, and it is impossible to read his epitaph without a smile. Unfortunately, the verses are a little too coarse for that portion of our readers whose smiles we are the most ambitious of obtaining.

Leaving Grand Andeli, we walked down to the entrance of the valley, which is closed by the town of Petit Andeli and the Seine. This little place is only remarkable by its situation, which we shall notice presently, and by an hospital, attended by the Sisters of Charity, which is perhaps the largest and finest that any town of its size in Europe can boast. It was founded in the latter part of the last century, by the Duke de Penthièvre, who endowed it with a yearly rental of twelve thousand francs, which it still enjoys.

Among the celebrities who were natives of Petit Andeli may be enumerated Blanchard Aeleronaut, and Nicholas Poussin, the painter.

THE CHATEAU GAILLARD

was erected by Richard Cœur de Lion, and presented, according to its historian, M. Achille Deville, in its original form, one of the most extraordinary specimens of military architecture in Europe. Its present condition, as represented by the accompanying vignette, affords but a slender notion of its original strength. The church spire in the distance is that of the church of Petit Andeli.

Richard commenced his operations by erecting an octagonal fort on an island of the Seine opposite the town. This fort was flanked by towers, and protected by a ditch and a lofty palisade. The walls are still entire, except at the top, and traces of the ditch are still to be seen. He then carried a wooden bridge across from both sides; thus connecting the island with the town and the great peninsula of the Seine before it. The town of Petit Andeli, of which, perhaps, only the rudiments then existed, now began to rise. It was protected by the river and fortified island before, by a lake behind, and, at either side, by a deep stream issuing from the lake, and discharging itself into the river.

The lake has now disappeared, either from natural causes, or dried up by the ingenuity of man. It lay between the two towns of Grand and Petit Andeli; and the road which runs along the meadow once filled by its waters is still called the *Chaussée*. Besides deepening the streams, which thus answered the purpose of ditches, Richard defended the town with a wall flanked with towers of wood and stone, furnished with parapets and loop-holes. He then continued the line of fortifications on the mountain-rock.

The rock, as we have said, was connected with the hills beyond only by a narrow tongue of land. Had it been

possible to destroy this connection, the fortress, perhaps, would have been impregnable till the invention of cannon ; but Richard, unable to remove the only avenue existing, contented himself with deepening and rendering more frightful the gulfs which everywhere else isolated the rock from the rest of the earth. He then commenced his fortifications at the avenue.

The avant-corps was of a triangular form, the angles terminating in strong and lofty towers, and the sides defended by smaller towers. This enclosure was a hundred and forty feet long, and a hundred feet at the base of the triangle. The apex pointed to the avenue ; and the tower at the extremity, being the head and front of the fortress, was constructed with extraordinary care. The courtine walls,¹ as well as those of the towers, were from ten to fourteen feet thick. The whole triangle was surrounded by a ditch thirty feet wide at the bottom, dug in the solid rock. The counterscarp (or side of the ditch opposite the rampart,) was perpendicular ; but on the other side the rock sloped backward, and thus the fortress appeared rising from a depth of at least fifty feet, in an attitude of extraordinary power and solidity.²

Opposite the base of the triangle, a rampart nearly corresponding with it in appearance, being strengthened at the angles with two large towers, commenced the second enclosure, which embraced the whole of the rest of the rock. Within this line John Sans-Terre afterwards built a strong edifice, containing a chapel and magazines ; and here, also, was the well of the fortress, descending, it is said, to the level of the Seine.

¹ The walls running from tower to tower.

² The ditch is still forty feet deep in one place, notwithstanding the fragments of the walls, which are heaped upon one another at the bottom.

Then came a ditch, dug in the living rock, nearly twenty feet wide; and within this, crowning the crest of the cliff, the ramparts of the citadel, resembling a multitude of round towers, with their segments connected together by a couterne wall of about two feet. This rampart was defended at the extreme point of the cliff by a tower and two bastions; and, being carried along the edge of the precipice, had no need of other defence. Within the enclosure was the dwelling-house of the governor, communicating with the external world by a staircase cut through the rock from its summit to its base. Here, also, the ruins of a series of crypts, or subterranean vaults, astonish the traveller. They follow the line of the rampart for about eighty feet, and were entered from the ditch of the citadel. The enormous pillars which support their vaulted roofs are fashioned with a care that is truly extraordinary; and their dark and narrow passages—never yet explored—excite the imagination to such a pitch that it willingly lends itself to the wildest traditions of the place.

But there was still another fortification—the Donjon Tower. This massive fort, the last retreat of the garrison, raised its walls (from twelve to twenty feet thick,) on the loftiest pinnacle of the rock within the citadel, in two, or perhaps three stages. This was the heart of the mystery—the single spot round which so many defences of nature and art had been thrown; and it was, in all probability, standing on its ramparts, that the lion-hearted king uttered the exclamation of pride and delight—“*Qu’elle est belle ma fille d’un an!*”

To obtain even a faint idea of this remarkable place, it is necessary to pursue laboriously the traces of vanished towers, and even to conjecture, by analogy, the course of walls, the ruins of which are now entirely covered by the successive

deposits of the soil. Standing on the loftier hill behind, the scene of mingled grandeur and desolation is inconceivably fine. It is from this point that Turner has taken his view. The principal portion of the ruins in front consists of the walls of the citadel; and, within this circle, those of the donjon tower. On the right, below, is the town of Petit Andeli, and the course of the Seine; while, on the left, a similar sweep of the river assists in forming the peninsula of Bernieres.

The château was known at first merely by the name of the Rock of Andeli; although Richard and his brother, John Sans-Terre, sometimes called it in their charters, the New Château of the Rock, and the Beautiful Château of the Rock. Richard, however, had unwittingly given it a name which was destined to cling to it, and, in the course of time, to render the others obsolete. The first public deed in which it is mentioned as the *Château Gaillard*, M. Deville imagines to be one proceeding from Saint Louis, in 1270: but this cognomen, pertinaciously adhered to by the people, had long been recorded by the historians contemporary with the founder. The word had been caught from one of the exulting exclamations of Cœur de Lion, as he contemplated the fierce, proud, daring beauty of his "daughter of a year:"—"C'est un château gaillard!" cried he; and the name, repeated from soldier to soldier, from serf to serf, took inextricable hold of their memory. There is no corresponding word in English to this, ("quod sonat in Gallico," as William the Breton tells us, "*petulentiam*,") but we come, perhaps, as near the meaning as may be, in naming the fortress, in our own language, CASTLE INSOLENT.

The erection of the CHATEAU GAILLARD, in violation of the treaty of peace, entered into between Richard Cœur de

Lion and Philippe Auguste, was, of course, the occasion of a new war; but the latter, contenting himself with stooping at meaner prey, took good care to keep far aloof from the château. During the life of Richard, his "daughter of a year" never opened her gates to French soldiers, except when they were loaded with fetters; but no sooner was the Lion of England chained once more, and by the hand of death, than the scene altogether changed.

"God hath visited his people of France!" cries the chaplain of Philippe, in a transport of joy,—“King Richard is dead!”

“Solvitur in mortem REX INVICTISSIMUS!” says the same author, of his dead enemy.

“Statim eo mortuo,” writes William the Breton, unconscious of the burning satire, “Philippus Magnanimus capit Eburovicum:” “Richard dead—Philippe the Magnanimous immediately takes Evreux!”

Philippe the Magnanimous soon afterwards marched upon the Château Gaillard; and his army was seen from the turrets covering the peninsula of Bernieres. John Sans-Terre, in the meantime, whose hand was more apt at the use of the dagger than of the sword, not daring to show himself in a fair field of war, left the result to fortune. The deserted garrison, therefore, had only their own resources to look to; while the most powerful army in Christendom was before their walls, led on in person by the most skilful strategist of his age. Roger de Lacy, however, was the governor—the *magnanimus*, the *bellicosus*, the *audacissimus*, the *armipotens*, as he is called by contemporary historians; his comrades were a chosen band of the bravest knights of the time; and, confident in their own valour, and in the prestige which encompassed the towers of their lion-king, they saw—

“ With the stern joy which warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

the standards of the French army floating proudly over the plain below.

Philippe commenced operations by throwing a bridge of boats across the river, over which the greater part of his forces passed to the right bank, and pitched their tents under the walls of Petit Andeli. The rest, together with the machines of war, remained on the other side, in a camp defended by entrenchments; and it was owing, soon after, to these wise arrangements, as much as to good fortune, that the whole army was not cut off at a blow.

John Sans-Terre, waking from his lethargy, sent a strong force, under the Earl of Pembroke, to take advantage of the disunited state of the French army. They were to attack the peninsular camp by land; while a numerous fleet, carrying upwards of three thousand men, commanded by the pirate Alanus, bore down upon the beleaguered island for the purpose of throwing in supplies. The approaches of Pembroke were to be made as stealthily as possible, and in the middle of the night; and he was strictly forbidden to commence the attack till the signal was given of the arrival of the fleet.

The English general was so far successful. He reached the confines of the enemy's camp without discovery; the night was intensely dark, and the autumnal wind, blowing in fitful gusts towards him, conveyed to his ear the sounds of the city of war, without carrying back the alarm in return. On the right, the towers of the Château Gaillard were hardly distinguishable from the black and heavy sky behind; before, a few flashing lights, spotting the gloom, pointed out the enemy's entrenchments, the beleaguered island, and the course of the Seine, with the camp beyond,

spread under the walls of Petit Andeli. Between the entrenchments and the English forces some confused and heterogeneous sounds denoted the lair of that hyæna-crowd, who follow the footsteps of war to gorge upon the leavings of its prey.

Pembroke and his comrades had sufficient time to mark the details of this shadowy scene. Hour after hour passed away, and no signal from the river told of the arrival of their friends. The soldiers grew impatient; and more especially three companies among them of those terrible mercenaries whose trade was blood, could not be persuaded to forsake the scent of the quarry. It was at last determined to wait no longer. Every trumpet in the host brayed forth its ominous voice at the same instant; a thousand war-cries rose simultaneously upon the night, and the English rushed, amidst the din, into the crowd of wretches sleeping like dogs before the entrenchments of the camp. The terrific noise that ensued of shrieks, curses, groans, and shouts, mingling with the ceaseless clang of the trumpet, struck the French with such astonishment and dismay, that, without thinking of defence, they fled in a body to the bridge of boats—which gave way under the tumultuous mass. This was the very consummation of the enemy's plan, and yet the enterprise failed.

The entrenchments of the camp, undefended though they were, were not easily surmounted in the midst of such confusion, and in utter darkness. The English, therefore, reached the flying foe only individually, or in small detached parties; the time lost by them was gained by the French; thousands of torches blazed up into the night, and seemed tens of thousands reflected in the dark mirror of the Seine, The nature and extent of the danger was thus discovered; the fugitives, ashamed of their terrors, turned to bay;

while the bridge being promptly repaired, battalion after battalion pressed across the river to their support in a continuous flood. 'The English, in fine, were driven back, put to flight, and followed with great slaughter.

The defeat of the fleet, which arrived soon afterwards, was as signal, and the scene still more picturesque ; and, in consequence, the hideous Latin verses of the author of the 'Philippidos' rise, in the description, almost to poetry. Alain, detained by accidental circumstances, was yet unwilling to abandon the enterprise ; uncertain as he was of the proceedings and fate of the land forces. He pressed steadily on ; and even when, on nearer approach, he saw both banks of the river lined with enemies, and the bridge and its towers crowded with crossbow-men and engineers, he determined to attempt to execute his mission.

Keeping the middle of the stream, and thus in some measure safe from the deadly force of the stones and arrows showered upon him from either bank, he advanced to the bridge, and his two largest vessels grappled with the foundation-boats with singular audacity, while the rest crowded round to support them. Some of his comrades climbed up, and engaged their enemies sword in hand ; others coolly set to work with the hatchet, hewing in pieces the ropes which connected the boats, and the cables which moored them ; and, in the meantime, sustaining a frightful shower of heavy stones, logs of wood, masses of iron, globes of fire, and boiling oil and pitch. The gallant Anglo-Normans, notwithstanding their terrific reception, continued to keep hold of the bridge, which promised speedily to yield to their efforts : but, at length, the fall of an enormous log of oak upon the two leading vessels detached their fastenings ; when the rest of the fleet, seeing them drift, took to their oars without waiting for another

look, and, in an instant, the whole cortège was seen tumbling and whirling down the river.

It may be conceived that the garrison of the little fortified island witnessed these events with profound interest. Their own time of trial was now come. The French troops on the bridge, and more particularly on its wooden towers, opened upon them so brisk a fire of stones, arrows, and other machines of war, that the place would, perhaps, have been taken at once, but for a strong palisade which ran round the walls and interrupted the missiles in their flight. This palisade, however, was set fire to by a daring swimmer; the flames caught the wooden work of the fort itself, and the defenders, after an attempt to escape, were under the necessity of surrendering. The fire used by the swimmer was conveyed in pots, covered in such a manner as to be impervious to the water. This fire was simply *braise ardente*, according to the translation of Guillaume Guiart,

“Cil mist brese ardent toute pure.”

Philippe was now in full possession of the river; and the fears of the inhabitants of Petit Andeli soon delivered the town into his hands. They were seized, it seems, with a panic, on witnessing, from their ramparts, the fall of the island-fortress; and men, women, and children, to the number of sixteen or seventeen hundred, fled up the steep to the Château Gaillard. They were received without scruple by the governor; and Philippe, astonished, no doubt, at the easiness of his conquest, quartered in the deserted town his mercenary troops, and called in from the neighbourhood a new population, willing to risk something for free houses and strong walls.

Still he seemed loath to commence the siege of the



View of the River from the Boat

1840

Château Gaillard. Tall, grim, and threatening, it appeared to look down upon him from its inaccessible rock with a frown of scorn and defiance. Philippe gazed and pondered; but though his eye kindled with wistfulness, his sword remained in the scabbard. He at length suddenly withdrew the greater part of his troops, to make easier conquests in the neighbourhood; and, having effected these, he returned as suddenly to gaze upon the Château Gaillard.

During his brief absence, the chivalrous game had been going on which, in those days, made the space between a beleaguered castle and the enemy's line a field of honour and adventure. The French knights remaining in Petit Andeli could not scale the precipice to meet their antagonists in the stern lists of war; and, besides, there was no room upon the rock for a formal combat: the English, therefore, clambered down, day after day, to measure swords in the plain; and those who returned alive had no reason to complain of the lack either of courtesy or courage on the part of their hosts. The return of Philippe put an end to this species of amusement, so characteristic of the time; and the cautious prince, after much deliberation and many circuits of observation round the fortress, at length fixed upon his plan of attack. He resolved to take the place neither by stratagem, nor escalade, nor open storm—but by hunger.

He began by drawing lines of circumvallation and countervallation round the fortress. A double ditch was dug in the mountain behind, and descended on one side to the Seine, and on the other to the lake of Petit Andeli. The lines were strengthened by fourteen wooden forts, garrisoned by the élite of his soldiers; while the rest of the army, extending from fort to fort, established themselves per-

manently on the spot, by building above their heads such rude dwellings as might be formed by branches of trees, turf, and thatch. The winter then set in; and Philippe-Auguste returned home, leaving his army thus encamped in blockade round the walls of the castle.

It was not without some inquietude that the governor, Roger de Lacy, saw from his ramparts the operations of the French. He now repented having received from Petit Andeli so many useless mouths, to devour the provisions which soon or late, must come to an end; and, after the necessary calculations, he selected five hundred of both sexes, the oldest and feeblest, and sent them out of the gates. Nor did he reckon falsely on the courtesy or humanity of the French; for they permitted the helpless wretches to pass their lines unmolested. A second time, in renewed fears at the rapid consumption of his stores, he sent out the same number, and the ranks of the enemy once more opened at their approach. Upwards of four hundred of the inhabitants of Petit Andeli still remained—men, women, and little children; and the governor, having ascertained that, if delivered from the burden of their support, the fortress could stand a blockade of twelve months, turned them all out at once.

In the mean time, however, an order had been received from Philippe, bitterly reproaching his generals with their ill-timed humanity, and commanding that, for the future, neither man, woman, nor child, should be permitted to pass the line. The outcasts of the castle, therefore, who ran gaily towards the enemy's ranks—the young children screaming with delight at having escaped from prison, and the eyes of the women glistening as they looked towards the chimneys of their homes in the valley below—were received with a shower of arrows. Amazed and terrified, they flew

back to the castle—but the gates were shut. The commands of the garrison to keep back were followed by threats, and then by stones and arrows; and the outcasts, rejected alike by friend and foe, retired to an equal distance between both, and sat down upon the cliff in their desolation and despair.

The night came down upon them dark, damp and bitterly cold. Another—another—another! A week—a month—a quarter of a year! They burrowed in the interstices of the rock; they devoured the blades of vegetation; they dug up the roots and lichens with their long lean fingers; they hunted the clammy worm into his winter retreat. The lover was glad when his mistress died of want, for he inherited her clothes; the mother held the corpse of her child to her shivering bosom only so long as some warmth remained.

At length the dogs of the garrison were turned out, not in merey to the outcasts, but to save provisions. What a joy! What a providence! Hark to the halloo of the famished hunters! Some throw themselves on their prey, and attempt to strangle them by main force. Miscalculating their strength, and received with howl for howl, they can only clasp the victim with a death-grip; and, locked in the fatal embrace, tearing and torn, they roll over the rock, till dog and man are dashed down the precipice together.

To these succeeded extremities of suffering even more appalling, and attended by circumstances too revolting for detail on the present occasion, all of which appear to have taken place within sight of both armies. When half the number of the outcasts had died of cold and hunger, Philippe Auguste had the credit of giving the pleasanter death of repletion to the remainder. He commanded them

to be fed ; and, feeding with the frantic eagerness of starvation, most of them died of the meal.

When the blockade had continued seven months, Philippe determined to combine with this mode of siege more active operations. With great labour and loss of men, he constructed, on the tongue of land which we have described as the only avenue to the fortress, a covered way, through which he conveyed, to the brink of the ditch, the necessary materials for constructing a "beffroi." This was a lofty tower, constructed, in several stages, of rough wood, and moving upon wheels. It was covered over with damp leather, to prevent fire ; and when drawn near the walls, and manned with crossbow-men, it created a formidable diversion in favour of the miners, or others, below. In the present case it was so well served with crossbows, that the besieged could hardly hold their footing for an instant on the ramparts ; and the engineers beneath were able, with little interruption, to proceed with their grand object of filling up the ditch, that a passage might be made to the walls for the miners.

This was at last so far accomplished, that, with the aid of ladders to descend the counterscarp, and get up the opposite slope to the mason-work of the tower, a sufficient force crossed the ditch, and began to dig, with pickaxe and crowbar, into the foundations of the wall. While thus occupied, stones and arrows fell in a continuous shower from the ramparts, and resounded against the targets with which their heads were covered, in that order which the military art of the day very expressively called the "tortoise." They succeeded, notwithstanding, in making a breach of considerable extent, the roof of which they propped up with posts of wood, as they cut deeper into the interior. They were now able to work, completely sheltered from annoyance ;

and the consequence was, that in a brief space of time they had entirely undermined the ramparts. It was time, therefore, to retire; and setting fire hastily to the stanchions, which were now the only support of the wall, they fled across the ditch covered with their bucklers.

A moment of suspense ensued; but as the posts blackened, shrunk, and crackled under the action of the fire, the wall began to totter, and at length fell with a shock like that of an earthquake. The French rushed into the breach with all the impetuosity of their nation, before the cloud of dust and smoke had dissipated; and here they were met, with equal desperation, by a portion of the English, while the rest were occupied in setting fire to the buildings within the enclosure. The whole of the besieged then retreated from the avant-corps into what may be called the main body of the fortress. Thus was the first enclosure lost and won.

THE FALL OF CHATEAU GAILLARD.

THE French and the English now stood looking at one another from their opposite walls. The space between was inconsiderable ; but a deep ditch defended the ramparts of the château : and Philippe, in spite of all his kingly impatience, must construct anew his covered way, raise painfully the several stages of his beffroi-tower, fill up gradually the chasm which separated him from his enemies, and undermine again, with lever and pickaxe, the obstinate walls. In the present case, his operations would be still more difficult than in the other ; for the courtine wall before him, running between its two corner towers, presented a deadly array upon the ramparts, whence his slightest motion could be observed, and where the whole garrison of the fortress might fight at one moment.

In the mean time, a young French knight busied himself in prying about the ditch, and the king had hardly determined on his operations, when the intruder discovered a small window at the bottom of the rampart, a little way above the talus, or slope of the rock on which the wall was raised.

This window was not in the courtine wall against which the operations of the siege were to be directed, but in the side-wall which ran along the precipice, where there was no room for an attack. It gave light to the lower part of those buildings which we have mentioned were constructed by John Sans-Terre; and which contained the chapel and cellars.

The knight no sooner saw the little window, than his curiosity was excited to know what was contained within. He mentioned the affair to four of his comrades—wild, thoughtless, harum-scarum, desperadoes; and it was soon known in the French Army that these young fellows were about to take the Château Gaillard by surprise! Some soldiers followed him in this forlorn hope; and stealing along the brink of the ditch to a place so well defended by the precipice that precautions had been thought almost useless, and where in consequence the counterscarp was neither so steep nor so deep as elsewhere—they glided to the bottom. To climb the talus, or slope of the rock on which the fortress was built, was more difficult, but this also they effected; and at length they stood clinging to the cliff, under the little window.

Here, however, they found that they had committed a mistake. They had measured the height of the aperture from the rock rather with their hopes than their eyes; and they now found that it was far beyond arm's length. But our hero was not a man to be daunted by trifling difficulties—or great ones; and, getting one of his comrades to stand upright, and hold as firmly to the rock as circumstances permitted, he climbed upon his shoulders, and so entered the window. He then let down a cord to the others, and the whole party speedily found themselves in the cellars of the fortress.

The question was now what further they were to do. The cellars, being meant for securing stores, were of course well locked and barred. Under these circumstances they resolved to make a noise, if they could make nothing else; and, thumping upon the cellar-door with the hilts of their swords, and shouting at the same time all manner of war-cries, they raised so frightful a din, that the English

imagined they had the whole French army under lock and key. The governor, well knowing that neither door nor walls could hold out long before so formidable a force, immediately gave orders to set fire to the buildings in the enclosure, and to retreat into the citadel. Piles of faggots, which lay ready for such a necessity, were accordingly placed against the doors, windows, and walls; the smoke rose in clouds to the heavens; the flames caught with amazing rapidity; and, in a few minutes, cellar, chapel, et cæteras and all, were wrapped in a mantle of fire.

The retreat of the garrison into the citadel was conducted with equal speed; for, in fact, no human being could live in the heated atmosphere. The buildings at length came tumbling down one after another; the whole area was a scene of ruin and desolation, blackness and burning—and yet no trace of the cause of this sudden catastrophe could be seen! The French, less puzzled, were still more exasperated than the English. Some of their most desperate vagabonds had been burnt alive—and to no purpose. The walls were still standing, as secure as ever; the drawbridge which afforded access to them, was still up; their covered way and beffroi must still be constructed, and their entrance gained at the creeping pace of the engineers, just as if nothing had happened.

Roger de Lacy, in the meantime, perceiving his error, although hardly yet aware of the manner in which he had been deceived, was already occupied in withdrawing his men again from the citadel; when, rising up from under the earth, some armed figures stood before him, like demons in the midst of the smoke and flame. To spring over the burning ruins, to throw open the gate and fling down the drawbridge, were but the work of an instant for the knight and his comrades. At this sight a shout from

the besiegers rent the air ; they poured in a resistless flood into the fortress, and swept the Anglo-Normans into the citadel, as with a besom.

The escape of the Knight from the flames, and his ascent from under the earth, will only be understood by those readers who remember our former description of the fortress. When he and his companions had been smoked and baked to their entire satisfaction, they naturally sought an exit from the infernal oven : but, whether owing to their being unable to find their way back to the window in the darkness and confusion, or to their determination to follow out the desperate adventure, they explored in the agony of heat—and perhaps of terror—other parts of the building. In the course of this research they stumbled upon one of the entrances to the subterranean vaults ; and in these mysterious recesses they remained, in comparative comfort, till the atmosphere of the upper world became fit for reception into the lungs of living men.

The English garrison was reduced to one hundred and eighty men !—yet, so far from despairing, they were now more obstinate than ever. The ramparts of the citadel were composed of a series of towers, chained, as it were, together, and presenting, even in their ruins of to-day, a spectacle which strikes the traveller with astonishment. This enclosure was carried, like a diadem, round the crest of the rock ; on three sides it overlooked abysses inaccessible even to the hardiest foot ; and on the fourth, its bosselated walls were defended, like the former enclosures, by a ditch cut in the living rock.

The only gate to this almost perfect fortress did not communicate directly with the other fortifications, now in the hands of the French. Richard Cœur de Lion, by a refinement of policy, had placed the access on the north-east

side, where there was room only for a very small body of besiegers between the ditch and the precipice. The precaution was, no doubt, admirable; but it was neutralised in its effect by the substitution of a permanent, though narrow, bridge, for a drawbridge. Here, therefore, Philippe determined, notwithstanding the confined nature of the ground, to make his advances; and having plenty of soldiers to spare, whose lives he valued no more than they did themselves, he sent on party after party, as if he had intended to fill up the ditch with their dead bodies.

The miners advanced under cover of a machine called a *cat*, which they moved themselves; and set to work beneath the stone frame of the gate. The bridge, however, was so narrow, that only two men could use the pickaxe at a time; and the operation, it may be conceived, went slowly on, while the workmen fell fast under the missiles of the English above. Roger de Laey saw that everything depended upon the success of the French in this point; and he immediately set himself to countermine. Some say that he carried his subterranean gallery into the heart of the bridge itself, which he thus caused to swallow up the enemy; but, at all events, the ardour of Philippe now brought on the crisis with the suddenness of an earthquake.

On the 6th of March, 1204, he brought forward a *cabalus*, which seems to have been a sort of gigantic *perrière*, or machine for throwing stones; and, hurling against the wall, already shaken by the mine, immense pieces of rock, he speedily forced a passage for his troops. Roger de Lacy, at the head of his surviving knights and men, met the enemy in the breach, and a furious but brief struggle ensued. The French entered in torrents, till they filled the whole area of the citadel; and when at length the governor shouted

to his friends to retire, and make their last stand in the donjon-tower, they found it impossible to penetrate the crowd, but were surrounded and overwhelmed.

So fell the Château Gaillard, after a siege, in some respects, one of the most memorable on record. When John Sans-Terre heard the result, in his chapel at Chinon, he rushed, blaspheming, up to the altar, and struck the crucifix. Guiart, who relates the circumstance, adds, that blood flowed from the sacred symbol after the blow.

It may be proper to add, that Roger de Lacy was treated by Philippe Auguste with great courtesy; and that, according to some authors, (contradicted, however, by others,) he was sent home to England without ransom.

The Château Gaillard was the scene of many other deeds of arms, which we have not space to relate; and it received within its walls, from time to time, many of the most illustrious persons of the age.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Château Gaillard was still entire, and was then considered the most complete, as well as the most magnificent specimen of military architecture in Europe. When at length the fiat for its destruction had gone forth, it took more than a dozen years to demolish the "filie d'un an" of Richard Cœur de Lion.

The work of destruction was commenced by Henri Quatre, in 1603, from the dread that it might fall into the hands of some enemy powerful enough to set him at defiance in such a stronghold. In the same year, he allowed the capuchins of Grand Andeli to repair their convent with the stones, wood, and tiles of the fortress; and in 1610 granted letters-patent of the same kind to the Penitents of the order of Saint Francis in Petit Andeli. Louis XIII followed in the steps of Henri Quatre in this respect, if in no other; and the two congregations we have mentioned not only made

use of these noble materials at home, but sold them to others.

Notwithstanding all, however, the Château, threatening in its very ruin, remained still an object of wonder and dread. It resembled a wild beast mortally wounded by the hunters, and yet fascinating them with terror by the glare of its dying eye. In 1616, Louis XIII, in a transport of alarm, sent off *lettres de cachet* to the Duke de Montbazon, commanding him to complete the destruction of this renowned fortress!

“Since this epoch,” says M. Deville, “the ruins of the Château Gaillard, deserted and abandoned, seem hardly to have felt the ravages of years. The battlements, the tower, the walls, which lie in fragments upon the rock, accuse only the hand of man : time has spared everything which remained after the work of human destruction. From whatever point these noble ruins are beheld—whether you scale the hill to the east, on which the tent of Philippe-Auguste was pitched, or descend to the south, even to the banks of the Seine—the view is imposing and majestic. It is even difficult (and this feeling I have myself experienced) to avoid a certain sensation of fear, when the sun, rising over the ruins, still erect, of the citadel, flings over you their gigantic shadow.

“All is now solitude and desolation on this rock, once the witness of so many events, once crowded with so many warring squadrons. To the battle-cries of the soldiers, the voices of the knights, the noise of the engines, the groans of the wounded, have succeeded silence and tranquillity ; yet a silence and tranquillity not without terrors of their own. Hardly is this stillness disturbed by the hoarse scream of the falcon, descending upon these ancient ramparts, which he alone has not abandoned, or by the

footsteps of the shepherdboy, who gathers wild carnations on their summit, the flowers of Château Gaillard.”

It only remains for us to mention a considerable excavation in the side of the rock opposite the Seine, and some distance below the walls of the fortress, the origin and nature of which remain in obscurity. It is commonly said to have been the chapel; but no one would have thought of constructing a chapel without the walls, and in a place so difficult of access. It bears, however, a strong general resemblance to a place of Catholic worship, and the niches in the walls were evidently intended for statues of the saints. Our own opinion is, that it was in early times, perhaps, anterior to the erection of the Château, the cell of a hermit.

There lived lately in this singular grotto an aged woman, who inspired the simple inhabitants of Petit Andeli both with fear and reverence. No living man remembered the period of her advent. The children grew up in awe of her, and the old people knew that she had been there when they were children. She was so completely identified with the place, that they only knew her by the name of *Mother Gaillard*; and at last it was supposed that she was co-existent with the château, and would live as long as one stone of the ruins remained upon another. This desolate old woman, however, whatever might be her origin and history, submitted at length to the fate of mortality. Mother Gaillard died; and we found her place occupied by a wandering Pole, who, driven from the homes of his race, had sought there an asylum, amidst the recollections of the great and brave of other times.

VERNON.

HAVING spent much time among the ruins of the fortress of Cœur de Lion, we at length retraced our steps to Grand Andeli, and there mounted a country vehicle just starting for Vernon. In commencing this route we did not cross the Seine, but, circling round the peninsula of Bernieres, pursued the line of the river.

We have rarely enjoyed a more agreeable ride. The scenery was diversified by hill and dale, rock and forest, although seldom adorned by even a peep of the river, which was concealed by the foliage. The earth seemed rich to prodigality; and the shrubs and waving grain wore a deep, warm tint, which one would have imagined to be peculiar to the place rather than the season. The apple trees were painfully loaded with fruit, their lower branches being in general bent down to the ground, and ready to break under the weight. They reminded us of the lover of the Côte des Deux Amans, on the opposite side of the peninsula, who, in the act of carrying his mistress up the hill, sank under the sweet burden.

After a ride of a few hours we arrived at Vernonnet, the fauxbourg of Sernon. Just before crossing the Veine, we passed, on the right hand, an old castellated mansion, whose round towers and warlike appearance prepared us to enter into the associations of history. This, however, proved to be nothing more than a deserted mill. On the bridge there are some other manufactories, which take

advantage of the stream of water, and, when viewed at a little distance, add much to the picturesque appearance of the Seine. Of this fact the reader is enabled to judge, by the annexed view. The spectator is supposed to stand looking up the river; and on the left hand, at the corner, he catches a glimpse of the castellated mill, while on the right appear the spires of the small town of

VERNON.

The bridge is worth notice; but we could not learn to what era its construction is referred. In the south of France, they owed their bridges as well as their cathedrals to the monks. Saint Benedict instituted the order of *Fratres Ponti*, whose business of building bridges formed a part of their religious duties. They wore a white gown, with a bridge embroidered on it in coloured worsted. In the more northern parts of the country, it was sometimes the Jews who performed this good work, or at least their confiscated estates paid for it.

On entering the town we find little to admire, except its boulevards with double rows of trees. These give an aristocratic air to the place—more especially in the evening, when groups of ladies are sauntering through the walks, to listen to the military music in the *place d'armes*. The streets, however, are narrow and shapeless; and the most interesting monument of the town—a portion of its ancient *château*, called the *Tour aux Archives*, is shut up from approach by lofty walls. This consists of a single square tower, apparently of great strength; although the building, if our memory serves us well, never acted any conspicuous part in the troubled history of the middle ages. It was purchased by Philippe-Auguste from our Richard, and united to the crown of France.

THE CHATEAU AND THE SHOP.

AT Vernon we already find ourselves half-way to Paris; but, before proceeding further in the same direction, it is necessary to trace backwards to Rouen the sinuosities of the Seine, which escaped us in our anxiety to see the famous château of Andeli.

On making our exit from the town, we leave to the left an avenue, bordered with a double row of elms which conducts to a country-house built on the site of the château de Biszy, formerly one of the most beautiful in France. The stables of the ancient building, the park, and the wall, are still left; but the edifice itself has vanished—ruined neither by time nor war, but by the avarice or stupidity of modern speculators. Many other châteaux crown the eminences on both banks of the river, along which the road leads, and heighten the effect of a picture, that, even without these adjuncts, would be reckoned beautiful.

An avenue of walnut-trees leads into the bourg of Gaillon, in ancient times the frontier town of Normandy. The view from this place, embracing on the north-north-east the Château Gaillard, is varied and extensive; but, with the exception of the remains of a beautiful chartreuse, converted into a country-house, there is nothing worthy of remark but the prison.

This stands on the site, and embraces a small portion of a magnificent palace, built in 1505 by the Cardinal Georges d'Amboise. The walls of this edifice—some fragments of

which were removed to the Museum of the Augustins at Paris—were covered with the most exquisite arabesques, rich medalions, and every kind of precious sculpture. The chapel was supported by jasper columns, and ornamented with statues of the most elaborate workmanship. All this vanished at the Revolution, when the orangery was converted into a cotton manufactory, and a vast prison raised its sombre walls on the site of the palace itself.

But long before the time of this splendid cardinal, an important château occupied the spot. This was destroyed by the Duke of Bedford, in 1423; and about a century afterwards, its gaunt ruins afforded materials for realising the ambitious conceptions of Georges d'Amboise. This castle was probably erected for the express purpose of guarding the frontiers, as its situation presents little analogy with that of the other fortresses of the period.

The superb sites of the ancient châteaux would have given an imposing aspect to almost any building, if viewed at a little distance; but the vast piles which the taste of the middle ages constructed in such situations, were so admirably in consonance with the scene, that their ruins appear to this day like original portions of the rock itself.

A château, in the days when all châteaux were fortresses, was, in general, built either on the slope of a steep hill, or on the brink of a precipice. It was surrounded by lofty walls flanked with towers, and the turreted gate, sculptured in every direction with the arms of the family, was surmounted by a lofty *corps-de-garde*. Sometimes so many as three fences and three ditches were still before you, and three drawbridges still to pass before you entered the grand square, the sides of which were formed by the buildings of the château. Beneath were the cellars and dungeons; above, the apartments, the stores, the larders, the arsenals.

The roofs were bordered all round with machecoulis and parapets, and studded with sentry-boxes. You were still, however, by no means at the heart of the mystery. In the centre of the square stood an enormous tower, the loftiest and most important part of the fortress. This was the donjon, which contained the records, the treasury, and the halls of state. It was surrounded by a wall half its own height; and if you desired to enter, it was first necessary to pass a deep and wide moat, by a bridge let down on purpose for you to cross, and withdrawn the moment your feet had quitted the planks. In fine, when, with beating heart and thickened breath, you begged leave to retire from this abode of terror, you were perhaps hurried through a subterranean passage, till, having lost all recollection in darkness and dismay, you found yourself again in the open air—and in the open country, with the distant château painted like a cloud upon the sky.

You, no doubt, had time, however, to collect some details of the picture presented by the interior. You noted the vaulted chambers, and their ogive windows (for this was in the fourteenth century), affording a dim, religious light through innumerable small panes of painted glass. The floors were paved with square tiles of different colours. Among the furniture you saw immense candlesticks, covered with bas reliefs; wardrobes sculptured to represent a church window, and almost as large; mirrors of glass or metal, nearly foot square,—an enormous size at that period; arm-chairs covered with tapestry, and ornamented with fringes; benches twenty feet long, with trailing drapery; and beds of a dozen feet or more wide.

Many of the state apartments were hung with stored tapestry, and received their names from the prevailing colours—such as the red, blue, or green chamber. In

others, the pillars which supported the joists were encrusted with tin ornaments, which looked like silver; and in others the walls were adorned with portraits of the saints or heroes, (painted on the plaster,) who held a roll of parchment in their hands or mouths, inscribed with some moral sentence for the amusement and edification of the visitors.

In time of peace the life of the château was sufficiently agreeable. The square, or court, was the grand scene of amusement for the early part of the day; and there the younger portion of the community exercised their horses with leaping, and themselves in the feats of war, till mid-day, the hour of dinner. After dinner, quoits, nine-pins, pitching the bar, and shooting at the popinjay, with the assistance of a cunning ape, or the family buffoon, wiled away the time till the evening. Then came the dance, the oft-repeated story, the tricks of the jongleur, the concert of trumpets, flutes, pipes, drums, lutes, harps, cymbals, and rebecks.

Besides the numerous garrison of the château, there were always coming and going relatives, connections, allies, neighbours, travellers, pilgrims; and every new arrival made a holiday. The buffet stood always, loaded with its plate, in the middle of the hall. Wine and provisions were served without stint and without measure. The kitchen-chimney, it may be supposed, was of no modern magnitude: in decent châteaux, it was in fact twelve feet wide; and you might have seen and heard, twirling and hissing, at the same fire, for the same meal, several calves and sheep at the same moment.

To keep up this abundant housekeeping, the tenants were of course proportionably racked. Their taxes, always great, were doubled on the occasion of their lord being dubbed a knight—of his being taken in war—of his setting

out on a crusade—and of the marriage of his eldest daughter. When seated on the Table of Stone receiving his dues, the earth before him was covered with fowls, hams, butter, eggs, wax, honey, corn, fruits, vegetables, capons, bouquets, and garlands. Sometimes, indeed, a grimace, a song, or a caper, acquitted the tenant; some had their ears pulled by the major-domo; some came forward to kiss the bolt of their lord's gate.

Thefts, quarrels, blows, insults—all were punished by fines; and almost all fines were paid in kind. Every pig that was sold presented three *déniers* to the baron; every ox or cow that was killed left him, as a legacy, its tongue and feet; every field that remained fallow for more than three years he seized upon, and cultivated for his own behoof. The tenants were obliged to rise in arms at the sound of his trumpet, and go forth to beat the enemy; they were obliged to rise, too, with batons, to beat the ditches of the *château*, if the frogs made too much noise at night. The crime of disobedience was punished by the delinquent having a cord passed under his arms, and being thus let down into a subterranean dungeon. Sometimes the cord was passed round his neck, and he was thus hoisted up to the gibbet of the *fief*.

A serf was in every respect the property of his lord, and could be sold like an ox. It is mentioned by M. Marchangy, that Hugues de Chamfleury desiring to possess a beautiful horse, that he might make his entrance into his bishopric with more *éclat*, exchanged for one *five serfs* of his estate. Thus we arrive at the value of a man in that age, which was just the fifth part of that of a horse.

But let us turn from these shadowy recollections—the musings inspired by the place—and pursue our wanderings. We have already left the valley of the Seine, or rather the

river has left us, to make one of those sudden turnings, as regular in form as the folds of a serpent, which give so frequently a peninsular character to the land. Between Gaillon and Louviers, the traveller sees apple-trees take the place of the vines to which his eye was accustomed, with a suddenness which makes him think he has entered another country. Wine grows dear; cider becomes the common drink of the people; and the hardy Norman appears to thrive on the change.

Louviers, beautifully situated on, in, and around the river Eure, is a thriving town devoted to manufactures. In the time of Froissart, it was already celebrated for its trade in cloths; and Arthur Young describes it as containing the first woollen manufactory in the world. The inhabitants consist chiefly of manufacturers and their workmen; and the swarms of the latter that buzz along the streets give a very peculiar character to the place. No one is idle; the children are as busy as their fathers; and every drop of the waters of the Eure, as they run through the town to plunge into the Seine, is made to pay toll, in the shape of personal service, before being permitted to pass.

The history of the Trades, if it is ever written, will be one of the most curious and interesting books in existence. In France, it must commence with the fourteenth century, for there are few earlier materials. Having little to do in Louvain, we amused ourselves, as we wandered out of it, with recalling a few facts, which may perhaps be of some use as *mémoires pour servir*.

The Armourer of the fourteenth century was not only an important personage because of the importance of his manufacture, but he was, in the highest sense of the word, an artist. His trade comprehended that of the smith, the cutler, the furber, the goldsmith, the carver and gilder,

and the painter. In France, the arms of Toulouse and Poitiers were the best; but Milan carried off the palm from all Europe.

The Turner was in greater demand than to-day; wooden porringers, dishes, plates, spoons, &c., being in constant use among the people. He usually kept his workshop on the borders of forests, especially of those where beeches, willows, and alders, grew in greatest plenty.

The Butcher, whose art seems an exceedingly simple one, was hedged round with such innumerable interdicts and regulations, that he had hardly room for the sweep of his arm in knocking down a bullock. The law cautioned him so severely, that every sheep he bought appeared to his terrified eyes to have the leprosy; and the cleaning of his abattoir was a labour as hard as that of the stable of Augeas. He was forbidden to buy cattle except in the public market; pigs fed by barbers or oil-makers were an abomination which he dared not touch; he could not kill animals less than fifteen days old; he could not sell at all on the evening of maigre days. He could not kill by candlelight; and he could not keep his meat longer than two days in winter, and thirty-six hours in summer.

Baking was a mystery, as it is to this day, when the bread of no two towns is alike, and when the bread of France (generally speaking) is nauseous to the taste, and unsightly to the eye. The baker went through the gradations of winnow, sifter, kneader, and foreman; and then, on paying a certain duty to the king, he was permitted to exercise the profession on his own account, although as yet he was not received into the corporation of the trade. Four years elapsed before he could enjoy this honour; and at the end of the probation he repaired publicly to the house of the master of the bakers, and

presenting him with a new pot filled with walnuts, addressed him in these words :—" Master, I have fulfilled and accomplished my four years—behold my pot is full!" Whereupon the master, having ascertained that he had spoken the truth, returned him the pot, which the aspirant forthwith smashed against the wall, and so became, to all intents and purposes, a baker.

Fine bread in England is called French bread ; in France it is called English bread. In France the " staff of life" was formerly measured by the ell-wand, not weighed by the pound ; and at the present day the common four-pound loaf of Paris and the environs is as nearly as possible a yard long.

The different kinds of bread in the fourteenth century were these :

Pain ordinaire ; made of meal, cold water, salt, and leaven.

Pain échaudé ; the dough made with hot water.

Pain broyé ; made of flour, long and well beaten with clubs.

Pain mollet ; lightly baked, and made of the finest flour.

Pain de mouton ; kneaded with butter, and sprinkled with grains of wheat.

Pain de Noel ; flour, eggs, and milk.

Pain d'épice ; rye-flour, kneaded with spices, honey, and sugar.

We may add, that it was customary to send flour to the baker to be made into bread ; and that sometimes he was required to go for the materials, and prepare them before the eyes of his customer. This ought to be done at the present day in England, as well as France. At any rate, all those who value their health should grind their own

flour, and send it to the baker. The difference it makes in the general health would not be believed by those who have not tried.

Brewers at the same period were in great request, one half of France drinking beer, and the other wine. It is to be hoped that they were not so chary of their malt as at present. The beer of these last days is fine in colour, strong in effervescence, and good—for nothing.

The Candlemaker was always in request in France, his manufacture being indispensable in the offices of religion. At Candelmas it was necessary to pray by the light of a taper at least as thick as the arm. Candles were all dipped, whether in wax or tallow; and sometimes the cunning artist changed the liquid into a finer when he came to the last dip. They were sold by measure instead of weight; and whenever night came on, the candle-maker went abroad, crying “Chandelle! chandelle!”

The Confectioners were deprived of some customers whom their descendants found very good ones. Monks, nuns, and clerks of all kinds, were forbidden by law to intromit in any way whatever with confections. They were, notwithstanding, introduced habitually at the end of dinner; and being sold in general by the grocers, the expression was “*Servez les épices.*”

All we have to say of the Cooks is to notice with deserved reprobation the conduct of a Cordelier, who took it into his head that what was pleasing to the palate must be hurtful to the soul. In cooking for his convent, accordingly, he cooked in such a way as would have made Mrs. Glasse’s hair stand on end. A chapter was of course immediately held, and the indignant brethren adjudged fifty stripes to the sinner.

Needles and Pins were sold in packets of six thousand.

The common people, at least those of the country, used thorns.

The Furrer was the greatest of all tradesmen. An outfit for a nobleman, if rich and complete, cost a fortune. It consisted of a large cloak—the robe of ceremony—the night-gown—the cloche—the close surcoat—the open surcoat—the chaperon. All these together required the skins of between eight and nine thousand of the little animals whose spoils were worn by the chivalry of the time.

The Cheeses of Brie and Roquefort were the most esteemed; as to-day they are the most popular. Roquefort resembles very much our English Stilton; yet the district whence it derives its name is a lofty, dry, and stony country.

Gloves varied in price from four deniers to the enormous sum of nine livres, or about eighteen pounds sterling.¹ The expensive kinds, richly furred, embroidered, and ornamented, were worn for the purpose of holding the sparrowhawk, falcon, &c., and were considered as much an article of luxury and magnificence as the birds themselves.

The Oublier was the manufacturer and peripatetic vender of little cakes called oubliés. According to the statutes of the trade, no one could be a master-oublier who was unable to manufacture one thousand in the day. They were so numerous that they were forbidden to establish their stalls in the market within thirteen feet of each other.

The Oyer, so called because he at first dealt exclusively in roasted *oies* (geese), was a restaurant. He was forbidden

¹ The price of the pound of bread was at that time one denier, and in nine francs (or livres) there are two thousand one hundred and sixty deniers. This quantity of bread would cost in London at the present day about eighteen pounds sterling.

by law to roast old geese, or to "warm up" cold meat more than once.

The Bookbinder, as well as the Bookseller, the Book-writer, the Parchment-maker, and the Illuminator, were exempted from the duty of guarding the town. Books (which were sometimes four feet long and three wide) were usually bound in wood covered with leather or silk, and occasionally enriched with plates of sculptured ivory or copper, and even of gold and silver, set with precious stones.

Tailors were punished for a misfit by being obliged to pay the price of the cloth to the disappointed customer.

The first Glass manufactory in France was established in 1333, by permission of Philippe de Valois, granted to Philippe de Caqueray. This new art was supposed to be so much superior to all the others, that persons of good family were able to pursue the calling without derogating from their gentility. The government itself confirmed the popular opinion, by designating, in public deeds, the fabricators of glass as "gentlemen of the art and science of glass-making;" and the privilege of forming one of these establishments was conferred upon an individual near Lyons, expressly as a reward for military services rendered at the battle of Azincourt.

The glass manufactured at that period was used only for windows. It was in round plates, with a *boudine*, or eye, in the middle; and affording, at the utmost, a square of six or eight inches. The colour was yellowish, disturbed here and there with bubbles; and it is supposed that it was in order to conceal these deformities that the small squares, framed in lead, which formed the church windows, were painted. Fern was first used in the manufactory; then ashes washed in lye; then the sea-weed of

Cherbourg, and afterwards that of Fécamp, with a great deal of sand and but little ashes.¹ At this period, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, the substance became half white; and in the following century, when they used the ashes of Sicily and Alicant, a still greater refinement took place. At length the use of ashes was abandoned altogether; sand alone was employed, and the glass ran forth as clear as crystal.

After a league and a half of nearly the same description of scenery, we enter the forest of Pont de l'Arche, and having climbed the hill which it clothes, descend again to the banks of the Seine. The forest, the town, the remarkable bridge, and the neighbourhood of Pont de l'Arche, are so well described in their general appearance by Turner, that we have nothing left for us to do.

PONT DE L'ARCHE

is memorable in history as the first place which declared for Henri Quatre after the murder of Henri III. To-day it is remarkable as the first place where the traveller from Paris obtains a distinct view of the Côte des Deux Amans. Looking to the right, after passing the bridge, he sees, in the midst of a fine picturesque country, two hills near the banks of the Seine, which rise abruptly, like the avant-corps of a large range behind. This is the Côte des Deux Amans.

A country-house rises on the site of the priory of the two lovers, which was built by the cruel father in expiation

¹ Potash is still manufactured from sea-weed at Fécamp; but in general, since the later discoveries in chemistry, this tribute of the ocean is gathered only for its virtue as manure.

of his fault. Not one stone of the original building remains ; but the story lives in the pages of a hundred authors. We have read somewhere that an electuary which the young girl took with her to sustain her lover's strength, spilling on the ground in the midst of her grief and terror, gave its virtue to a balsamic plant, which is gathered to this day on the spot.

The next place to Pont de l'Arche is the village of Igouville, near the point of meeting of the department of the Eure and Seine Inférieure. A steep hill succeeds, from which a view is obtained of the valley of the Seine, richer, perhaps, and more extensive than any other on the route. Islands, villages, and hamlets, now appear in rapid and beautiful succession. The road follows the course of the river, with a steep bank to the right, excavated in some places, like the borders of the Loire. In this range rises the rock St. Adrien, where the love-maniac Nina, whose story has been repeated in a well-known opera, came for so many years to watch in vain for her lover. M. de Villiers increases the melancholy, but without diminishing, as he supposes, the romance of the circumstance, by stating that he has often seen poor Nina, unregarding and unregarded, wandering about the streets of Rouen in a state of destitution and imbecility.

From this point the houses become so numerous, that we may already consider ourselves in the fauxbourgs of Rouen ; and, after a few minutes' rapid descent, we see spread out before us the splendid picture presented by the ancient capital of Normandy.

LA ROCHE GUYON AND ROSNY.

THE roads, in early times, were in general long beds of flint and gravel, varying in depth, bordered with ditches and rough blocks of stone, and planted along the sides with fruit- or forest-trees. Those near Paris, and other great towns, were constructed in imitation of the *viæ ferratæ* of the Romans—a foundation being made, *en dos d'âne*, with sand, gravel, and pebbles, and a cemented pavement of solid blocks of granite laid over all. The *levées* on the banks of rivers, which served both for dike and road, were elevated like ramparts, and their sides bound either with turf or stones, forming (as we have seen in our Wanderings by the Loire,) a magnificent terrace, carried along the water-side.

The road beyond Vernon is carried for three leagues, without interruption, almost on the brink of the Seine. It forms a magnificent alley of ash- and walnut-trees; and the branches of the latter, loaded with fruit, overhang the outside traveller with a temptation which is not always resisted. About two miles from the town, a stream runs beneath the road, which a poteau informs us is the limit between the departments of the Eure and the Seine-et-Oise, and which was formerly the frontier line of France and Normandy. On the other side of the river we see the embouchure of the rapid Epte.

Port-Villez, at the bottom of a sterile hill, is the first village on the route. It boasts of a camp of Cæsar, sur-

rounded by deep ditches, where medals of Antoninus Pius have been found; and of an ancient oak, which grows green the first in the forest, and "qui donne aux promeneurs cinq ares vingt-cinq centiares d'ombrages." The next is Jeufosse, equally miserable in appearance, yet possessing also its lion. This is the church of Notre Dame de la Mère, where pilgrims come all the way from Rouen to put their mites into a box at the foot of the cross. We then arrive at the bourg of Bonnières, remarkable for nothing at all; although Mesnil-Regnard (now a paltry hamlet), of which it was formerly a dependant, exhibits the ruins of a tower of the tenth century, surrounded by deep ditches.

The Seine here throws out one of its sudden serpentine folds; and the curious traveller, instead of following the road, which avoids the sinuosity, should by all means make the circuit, and by water, if the weather invites. In the course of this little tour, he will arrive at a castle thus described in old French, translated from the older Latin of Suger: "Sor le rivage de Seine est uns tertre mervelox, sor quoi fut jadis fermez uns chastiau trop fort et très orgueilleux, et est apelez La Roche-Guion; si est si haut encroez et fermez que à peines puet on veoir jusques ou sommet dou tertre."

The Château of La Roche-Guyon was built in the tenth century, by a lord named Guy, on a conical rock rising from the banks of the Seine. The tower which surmounts the present edifice, perched on the lofty and apparently inaccessible peak of the cone, is probably all that remains of the original fortress; but a portion of the main buildings below boasts a considerable antiquity. A bed-chamber, once occupied by Henri Quatre, is among the curiosities of the château. The same bed, the same curtains, the same arm-chair, remain in the room to this day; and we are also

shown another arm-chair which had the honour of receiving the bulkier weight of Louis Quatorze. The chapel, dug in the solid rock, where Saint Nicaise celebrated the holy mysteries; the cavern beyond, containing the graves of the family, which never opens its solemn gate but to receive the dead; the subterranean gallery, traversed by the light of torches; and the reservoir to which it leads, sunk in the body of the cliff, and containing more than two thousand hogshcads of water—all are objects which must excite the interest of persons capable of abstracting themselves from the world of to-day, in order to plunge into the ages of the past.

La Roche-Guyon was the scene of the assassination of Guy, its lord, in 1122, by his father-in-law—a crime which was avenged by the troops of Louis VI in the terrible spirit of the age. The account of the murder, and of the heroic grief of the lady of the Rock, is nobly translated from the Latin chronicle of Suger, in the *Annales Manuscrites de France*.

La Roche-Guyon was frequently visited by Henri Quatre when he resided at Mantes; and it is the scene of that fine reply of the beautiful Duchess of Guerchevillè to the amorous monarch: “No, sire, never! I am not well enough born to be your wife; but I am too well born to be your mistress!” The château belonged, at an early period, to the house of La Rochefoucauld; and, after changing hands several times, it is now in possession of the head of the same family, the present duke. It is said that the manuscript of some poems by the author of the “Maximes” has been found in the library, and that these pieces are altogether unworthy of his fame.

After winding round the sweep of the Seine, we arrived at Rolleboise, on the direct road; between which and

Bonnières, the place we last noticed on the highway, there is nothing worthy of observation. Rolleboise stands against a ridge of the hill, down which the steep line of its single street is carried. Some stones of the tower and some dungeon-cells still remain of its château, which, in 1364, sustained gallantly a siege by Bertrand Du Guesclin, although it fell at last under the arms of the hero. A subterranean stair descended from the château through the body of the hill to the banks of the river.

A galiote, or coche d'eau, leaves Rolleboise for Poissy; in which the curious traveller, who condescends to travel in so cheap and tedious a way, may have an opportunity of seeing the manners of the humbler riverains of the Seine. These we shall attempt to describe anon; but, for the present, we pursue the route of *terra firma*.

The road continues still picturesque, bordered by hills sometimes covered with vines, and ever and anon affording an enchanting view of the valley of the Seine. The village and château of Rosny are the first objects among the works of man which attract the traveller's attention. They are situated in the midst of immense woods, where the wild boar and the wolf still linger in the ancient retreats of their ancestors. The village is perhaps the neatest and cleanest we have as yet met with on the route; and the château, although not more striking in appearance than many gentlemen's houses in England, has yet a certain air of grandeur, the effect of the manifest presence of wealth and power.

The Château de Rosny passed by marriage, in the year 1529, into the family of Bethune, in the person of the grandfather of the famous Marquis de Rosny, Duke de Sully, who was born within its walls. It was near this château that the famous interview took place between Henri Quatre and his faithful minister, after Sully had proved himself to be not



Street in the town

less valiant in the field than skilful in the cabinet. There is no doubt something interesting, nay affecting, in the interview; although we are not disposed to exclaim, with the excellent historian of Mantes, (whose book we shall notice presently with the praise it deserves,) “Il n’y a rien qui approche dans les vies de Plutarque!” On the contrary, whether owing or not to a natural levity of character, we found it impossible to repress a smile at the processional pomp with which the wounded minister approached his sovereign.

Carried on a litter of green branches, which was covered with the black velvet cloaks of his prisoners, embroidered in silver with numberless crowns of Lorraine, Sully descended the heights of Beuron, reclining under his laurels. He was preceded by two grooms leading two of his war-horses: and these by two pages leading the grey courser which had carried him into his first battle. This superb animal had his right side and shoulder laid open for three feet by the stroke of a lance, which, at the same time, had carried away the boot of its master, and a portion of the calf of his leg. The pages carried his cuirass, his brassards, the standard taken from the enemy, and his shattered casque supported on the end of his broken spear. On one side of the litter came Maignan, his esquire, with his head bandaged, and his arm in a sling; and, on the other, Moreines, his valet-de-chambre, bearing the orange velvet cloak of the hero, embroidered with silver lace, and the fragments of his sword and of his plume of feathers. Behind marched his three prisoners, and all that the battle had spared of his gendarmes and arquebusiers.

In 1709 the estate of Rosny passed into the family of the Count de Sénozan, in which it descended to a lady who became the wife of the present Duke de Talleyrand.

Her son, the Duke de Dino, sold it, in 1817, to a Parisian merchant, who resold it in the following year to the Duchess de Berri. It became the property of Mr. Stone, a London banker, whom it cost (as we were told) five million francs.

THE RIVERAINS OF THE SEINE.

FROM Rosny to Mantes the Seine is invisible, although close at hand. The latter place stands on the side of a gentle eminence, sloping to the water's edge. In the engraving, the town, with the towers of Notre Dame, and the tower of Saint Maclou, are seen rising in an imposing manner from the left bank of the river. The bridge conducts to an island, whence another is thrown to the bourg of Limai on the right bank, which may be considered the fauxbourg of

MANTES.

This town has received the epithet of "la jolie," which makes some travellers smile, and induces others of the graver class to inquire seriously into the origin of a term which seems so inapplicable. The truth appears to us to be, that at the time the name was given the town in all probability deserved it. Its streets, indeed, were then, as they are now, neither straight nor broad; but if in cleanliness, neatness of architecture, and a certain air of opulence, they resembled those of the present day, the implied praise could hardly have been undeserved.

The building with two towers which dominates the town, is the church of Notre Dame, an object descried by the traveller at nine leagues' distance. The vault of the nave is singularly lofty; and with us it lost nothing of its

effect, from the circumstance of there being several men, when we entered, swinging in barrels near the roof, like so many spiders. These men were whistling, hallooing, and singing jovial songs, with all their might, while engaged in whitewashing the vault; and it was some time before we discovered whence those anomalous and distant sounds proceeded.

To whitewash a church is, in our eyes, a profanity; but Notre Dame has besides been the victim of a similar crime, amounting in degree to sacrilege. When its windows lost their ancient stained glass, through which only a dim, religious light was admitted into the temple, the full glare of day was found to be unsuitable to its character. A coloured glass, therefore, was substituted, of all possible shades of *yellow*, which it was supposed—probably from some autumnal associations—would produce an effect consistent with the awful solemnity of the place. The effect is indeed awful, and melancholy to boot. The church looks as gay and gaudy as a summer-house in a garden; while the lady-worshippers resemble a crowd of ghastly phantoms, condemned to revisit, for their sins, the haunts of their unhallowed joys.

The abodes of the poorer classes inhabiting this district of the Seine, consist frequently of a hut comprising only a single apartment; in which husband, wife, and children, eat and sleep. This, when the circumstances of the family are a little better, is divided into two unequal parts by a partition, generally of boards. In addition, they have a cellar, sometimes dug in the rock, a pig-house, a poultry-house, and occasionally a cow-house and a stable—at least for asses, and almost always a little court in front, and a little garden behind. Advancing in riches, another floor is added to this for the sleeping apartments; the roof is

covered with tiles or slates, instead of thatch ; the walls of the rez-de-chaussée are papered ; the rude mantel-pieces are changed into marble ; and, above all things, a large mirror reflects the image of comparative wealth and prosperity.

The inhabitant of the cottage gets up at the sound of the angélus, at four o'clock in summer, when he begins the day by breakfasting on bread and cheese. At eight o'clock another meal of the same kind, perhaps with the addition of a bunch of grapes, or an apple, if these are in season, keeps up the system. At midday he dines, generally on soup made of vegetables, with a little cheese or fruit ; at four or five o'clock comes a luncheon of bread and cheese ; and at seven, eight, nine, or ten o'clock, according to the time of the year, the soup left at dinner is reproduced for supper, with the addition of a salad dressed with oil and vinegar. It is not on the fire, however—extinguished long ago—that they seek the soup-kettle for their last meal ; but in the *bed*, where, covered up with the pillow, it has preserved a kind of memory of the chimney. Eggs, milk, or herrings, serve as an occasional variety in the above fare ; and more frequently beans, lentils, cabbages, turnips, and potatoes.

As for butcher-meat, our riverain eats it when he is sick, by way of a delicacy ; or on the fête-day of his village, by way of a feast. Pork is the most within his reach, as he fattens a pig himself ; but mutton, too, is come-at-able in the month of November, when the farmers are getting rid of their old sheep. On high family festivals a fricasseed rabbit smokes upon the board, and fills the atmosphere for half-a-mile round with the seducing odour of garlic. To this is added a salad, garnished with hard eggs, and seasoned with cream, fried bacon, sausages, pudding, and flour-cakes. The bread is brown, and made of rye and

barley, wheat and rye, or all three together. Before the Revolution it was either of barley alone, or of barley mixed with wheat.

He seldom drinks the simple element. When cider is beyond his reach, he manufactures a "boisson" of apples, pears, sloes, or the refuse of grapes, which he puts into a barrel of water. Wine he drinks, just as he eats beef, when he is sick, or when he wishes to do especial honour to a guest, or a fête-day.

A riverain of this arondissement is rarely known either by his family or baptismal name. His neighbours at an early period confer upon him a sobriquet which sticks to him through life; and at length his original name becomes nothing more than a tradition preserved by the curious. A soldier was lately billeted on an individual called Michel Pierre; but after a whole day's search, no such person could be found. Had the soldier inquired for *Burlurette*, every man, woman, and child in the commune would have pointed him out. The worst of this is, that it is a system more likely to spread than to diminish. Nobody but affected persons likes to be singular; and sobriquets, more especially, are a species of compliment which one feels bound in honour to return.

Whether the women come in for their share individually we do not know; whether a girl marries a sobriquet, is in like manner, a subject of doubt: we cannot take upon us to state, with an absolute conviction of the fact, that there exists at this moment a Madame *Burlurette*.

When a damsel has consented to "change her name," the fortunate lover leads her to church on the next Sunday, *aux accords*. This is a beautiful custom. The youthful pair, who have exchanged their plighted faith, renew and sanctify the compact by kneeling side by side at the same

altar. This marriage is considered binding. The lover presents to his affiancée, a chain, a cross of gold, or a silver cup, as the "corbeille de mariage," and the wedding-day is fixed.

In some places, when the wedding-party are assembled in the house of the parents, and are just ready to set out for the church, the bride is reminded of a ceremony which she has to perform. It is no ceremony to her. She is about to tear away, at one wrench, all the ties that have hitherto bound her young life to the world; to forsake father and mother, brother and sister, and to cling for evermore to the fortunes of one who is comparatively a stranger. This she would, perhaps, have forgotten, in the agitation of the moment, or in the enthusiasm of early love; but the customs of her native village force it upon her recollection. She falls upon her knees before her father and mother, in the midst of the assembled company; kisses, with quivering lips, their hands; and in a passion of tears, implores their pardon for all the faults she has committed since her infancy. The parents, with choked voices, forgive and bless their child; while the rest of the family stand round them weeping.

In certain villages, when the nuptial procession comes out of the church, the bride is presented with a basin of soup and a spoon drilled with holes; an emblem, perhaps, of the disappointments and vexations of life, and a hint that patience, temperance, and fortitude, are the virtues more particularly demanded in her new situation. In the same spirit of a wise and grave philosophy, the bride is married in a *mourning gown*. The girl is dead, and all her happy, heedless dreams departed. It is the woman who now comes upon the scene, mourning for the past, and looking forward in fear or faith to the future; it is the heiress of the curse

of Eve, who, lovely in her grief, and smiling through her tears, now enters upon her fatal inheritance.

It would not be proper, while on the subject of marriages, to omit mentioning a custom which exists in some communes. The morning after the nuptials, the bride is carried on the shoulders of the young men of the village to the nearest cross, and there she is compelled to swear anew fidelity to her husband. The lay-priest then approaches her with a solemn air, and the assembled multitude are as still as death, while he delivers, in awe-inspiring tones, the following command :

“Stretch forth your hand, madame, and promise, in the presence of God, never to go after your husband to the public-house.” She swears—Perjured wife !

Years flow by ; and for the holy bonds of nature, which were at least loosened by marriage, others are substituted that bind her by the very heart-strings to the hearth. The wife is a mother ; and her breast is agitated by all a mother’s hopes and fears. Her child is ill, or well—joyful, or unhappy ; and the mother smiles, or watches, or weeps. He is absent : he has been called to the battles of his country ; her fair-haired boy is tossing on the vasty deep : and the mother, looking wildly around, through the tears that blind her vision, demands of all things, in nature and out of nature, tidings of her son.

She prepares a cake—this mother of the banks of the beautiful Seine—and having lighted the Chandelle des Rois,¹ divides it into as many parts as there are persons present, leaving three additional, one for the Bon-Dieu,² another for the Bonne-Vierge, and the third for the absent

¹ On the Fête des Rois.

² This is the second, not the first person in the Trinity. The crucifix is called, in common parlance, the Bon-Dieu.

child. The youngest of the company then, after reciting the "Benedicite," delivers to each his part, beginning with the Saviour and the Virgin, and ending with the father of the family, saying always, as he takes up the pieces individually, "*Phœbe, domine, pour qui?*"¹ The morning after this ceremony the portions of the Bon-Dieu and the Bonne-Vierge are given to the poor: that of the absent child has been already locked up by the mother in her safest and most secret recess.

This is a talisman by which her heart is warned of the fortunes of her wandering boy. She examines it every day. If it begins to decay, he is unwell; if it resumes its freshness, he is recovering; if it moulders away, he is dead. The mother's talisman is made holy by a mother's love; and the angels of God themselves descend to whisper a reply to the ceaseless question of her unquiet bosom—"My son? my son?"

¹ "For whom, O Lord Phœbus?" or Apollo, the sun. This is highly curious. M. Cassan, however, thinks "*Fabæ, domine, pour qui?*" "O Lord for whom the *beans?*" more "vraisemblable." Why so, M. Cassan?

THE BOURG OF LIMAY.

THE road from Mantes leads across its two bridges to the right bank of the Seine, when we find ourselves in the ancient bourg of Limay. The origin of this place is carried by some authors as far back as the time of the Celts; but, at any rate, its name occurs in historical documents from the tenth to the fourteenth century. In 1376, Charles V founded here the convent of the Célestins, which, at a later date, became more famous for wine than for devotion. The holy brethren, at the sacrifice of much money, labour, and ingenuity, at length arrived at the pitch of equalling the finest produce of Burgundy; and their total disinterestedness is proved by the fact, that the wine grown on their own hill-sides, owing to the expensive process of manufacturing it, cost them quite as much as Burgundy itself. The poet Regnard, in his 'Voyage de Normandie,' celebrates this capital wine, and cries out in ecstasy:

"Que sur le clos Célestin
Tombe à jamais la rosée!"

"These poor Célestins," says he, "made a vow, I know not for what reason, to drink the wine that grew in their own fields; and at length, out of obedience and mortification of the flesh, they contrive to swallow it without grimacing. God grant the patience requisite to enable them to bear such a penance!"

The hermitage of Saint Sauveur is also in this neighbourhood, dug out of the rock, to which a pilgrimage is made twice a year.

On our right hand is the Seine, with a considerable extent of view beyond it; and on our left a line of hills, dotted here and there with châteaux and their dependent villages and hamlets. The first is the very handsome château of Issou; then appears that of Hanencourt, which belonged, till the fatal coup d'état, to M. Casimir Périer; and then the château of Juziers, with its village and ancient church.

We pass the château and village of Mezy next, and then arrive at

MEULAN,

a little town upon the Seine, partly built on an island called the Fort, which withstood successfully the arms of Mayenne in the wars of the League. The principal business here is tannery; but the current of the river running with great force under the arches of the bridge, many of the poorer classes obtain employment in assisting their four-legged compeers to drag heavy barges against the stream. Opposite Meulan is the Ile-Belle, where Louis XV was accustomed to visit his librarian, Bignon. "Is the abbé on the island?" said his majesty to the boatman, as he came alone one day to the ferry. "*The abbé!*" replied the indignant Charon,—"*Monsieur l'abbé, methinks, would become one of your appearance better!*"

Following the route, we pass the village of Vaux, in a commanding and beautiful situation; and then the bourg of Triel, where the traveller, if he arrive at the proper season, may have the satisfaction of eating delicious apricots. Between this and Poissy, the birth-place of Saint Louis, there is nothing remarkable; and the latter town is so only by its historical associations. So early as 868, Charles-le-

Chaue held there an assembly of the nobles and prelates of the kingdom ; and it was till comparatively late times the Saint Germain of the French kings.

The château, however, disappeared long ago, and Philippe-le-Hardi replaced it by a church, the position of which differs from that of almost all other Catholic temples. The rule is to place the altar to the east ; but the royal founder of the church of Poissy determined that it should stand in the identical spot where Saint Louis was brought forth.

The situation of the town is fine ; and from its old bridge, and the chaussée beside it, the richest views are obtained of the banks and islands of the Seine. But all this natural beauty is destroyed by the mean and dirty appearance of the town, and by a cattle-market which is held here for the supply of Paris.

The river here makes another circular sweep ; but as we found nothing of particular interest on the way we shall conduct the reader by the highway, across the neck of the peninsula, to Saint Germain. Before entering this famous place, however, we must take a retrospective peep as far as Mantes. The road by which we have travelled follows, as nearly as may be, with the exception of the last sweep, the windings of the river ; but there is another, almost in a straight line from Mantes to Saint Germain, which will be preferred by those travellers who patronise short cuts ; and which, moreover, will be found not inferior to the other in beauty and variety.

The first village after leaving Mantes, is Mézières, a village of an origin at least as early as the sixteenth century. The church was repaired by Francis I, and contains, to this day, some beautiful stained glass. In the neighbourhood, near the wood of Mézerolles, are the remains of a commandery of Templars. Farther on is Epône, a village

prettily situated on the slope of a hill. This place, as well as Mézières, was frequently visited by Saint Germain; and here he performed the miracle of reducing a dislocation of the jaw-bone. Lest it should be said, however, that this could have been done as well by any old woman of the hamlet, it is necessary to mention another feat of the saint—performed after his death. When they were transporting the body for interment, it stopped at every prison it came to; and no human force or art could prevail upon it to proceed, till the prisoners were set at liberty.

Near Epône is a field called the Trou aux Anglais, the scene of a bloody battle between the French and English. This took place at the commencement of the fifteenth century, when the little village of to-day was a fortified town. It sustained gallantly many sieges of our countrymen, who at last carried it by assault. Besides several monuments of the middle ages, this commune, less explored, perhaps, than it deserves, presents numerous antiquities both of the Celtic and Gallo-Romanic epochs.

The route crosses the little river Maudre, when we leave to the right the château of La Falaise, sung by Delille and Roucher. The village of Aubergenville then appears, and next that of Flins, both with their châteaux, and neither worthy of remark. Through orchards of cherry-trees we are conducted by the hamlet of Chambourcy to Saint Germain; having found this direct route to involve a saving of about two leagues.

Somewhere on the road we observed an old tower rising from the summit of a hill; and although a village and a country-seat were close by, its incongruity with the rest of the scene gave it an appearance of strange isolation. The châteaux we had passed were, in general, trim and cosy abodes; the middle ages seemed to have gone out of

fashion ; and we amused our imagination with thinking that the Genius of Chivalry had retired to make his last stand in that little lonely tower.

At a much earlier period, however, the physical monuments of the knightly age were all which remained. Even in the fourteenth century, chivalry in France was little better than a memory. Many of the forms, it is true, remained, but the substance was gone. Even a prince of the royal house, till he had received the accolade, could not wear gold on his vestments ; and his wife, besides being under the same restriction, was addressed only as “ Mademoiselle.” Such were the honours paid to an institution which might already be said, in all its essentials, to have passed away. Chivalry existed only in show ; in the splendid tourney, with its circle of ladies radiant in their beauty, their golden cinctures, their jewels, their scarfs, their waving plumes ; and its crowd of gallant knights, glittering in steel, and glorious in all the pride of strength and all the vanity of youth.

It existed, also, in the errant knight, the relic of a former age, who still vowed his vow—to eat only with one side of his mouth, and see only with one eye, till the accomplishment of his enterprise. When he sounded the horn at the gate, the trumpet of the warder made haste to answer ; for in case of delay, the knight was bound to turn his horse, and seek adventures elsewhere. When his advent was announced, the old ladies, agitated with a thousand heart-stirring recollections, arrayed themselves in the gown, stiff with gold, which had been the pride of the heroines of their race for more than a century ; and the young ladies, with eyes sparkling with curiosity, bosoms swelling with expectation, and cheeks full and flushed with suppressed mirth, awaited anxiously his approach.

A noise is heard, resembling a hundred pieces of metal jingling and ringing against one another; and knight and esquire at length bow themselves into the room, covered from head to heel with plates of brass. The Wanderer flings himself at the feet of the fair, and swears an eternal love to all and each of them, young and old; he tells of his enterprise and his vow, and begs them to observe his left eye covered with a patch of cloth corresponding in colour with his doublet. He laments his fate in being thrown under the influence of eyes which even armour like his cannot resist; and laments it the more that his unhappy destiny compels him to tear himself instantly away from a beauty which must all his after-life haunt him like an enchantment. Having finished his speech, the ringing and jingling recommences; the knight-errant bows himself out, and the delighted ladies enter into a fierce debate as to whether they should admire most his person, his manners, or his brass.

While indulging in these recollections, the merry tones of a violin—neither from a cabaret nor a barn—but from an open field by the side of the road, called our attention to a more interesting scene. The rustics of the village had retired hither to *dance*. We English have no idea of what this means. Dancing in France is not so much an amusement as a business; not so much a luxury as a necessary. The faces before us exhibit nothing of the excitement of mirth or joy; but an air of entire satisfaction tranquillises the features and regulates the motions. There is no shouting, no running, no leaping, no flinging up, in and out, of toes and heels,—all is done gently, gracefully. When the peasants of England dance, it is something altogether out of the usual routine of their lives; they feel a kind of boisterous intoxication; they dance with passion: the French dance with sentiment.

The dance in France is not a mere re-union of the sexes ; it is an essential *per se*. The damsels of the Seine dance with one another when they cannot get male partners ; but as for returning home on a Sunday evening without having danced at all, it is a calamity which plunges them in gloom for the whole week. What had they been toiling for during the six days ? why for the Sunday dance. It is the object and reward of their labour, the aim and attainment of their lives. It is associated even in the common speech of the villageoise with all that is all-important in her avocations. When, pursued by an unhappy fatality, she returns home disappointed, in tears and agitation, her pitying friends perceive at once—that SHE HAS NOT SOLD HER BUTTER !

The history of French dancing proves that the fine arts are not to be repressed by the tyranny of the laws. Dancing was discouraged in France by various kings and states-general ; but the enthusiasm of its professors only rose the higher. It was expressly forbidden by the ordonnances of Orléans and of Blois, in 1560 and 1579 ; and the parliament of Provence, in 1542, menaced with the scourge such zealots as presumed to teach or to dance the pilher or the voulte. All was unavailing. The brave dancing-masters continued to teach fiercely ; and the people to a man, or a woman, kept dancing, dancing. The pilgrims danced in the procession at Rheims ; the mourners round the bier of Cardinal Birague danced weeping ; Henri III himself danced in the archiepiscopal palace and at the hour of matins. At the moment in which we write, Louis-Philippe, in order to celebrate the anniversary of the Three Days, has stationed bands of music in sundry places of the metropolis, that his faithful subjects may dance gratis.

It may be supposed that where there was so much practice, theory was not neglected. Signs of dancing were

invented like the signs of music ; and a friend in town sent to his friend in the country the last new dance, as well as the last new air, or the last new novel. These signs were formed of the letters of the alphabet—the simple and familiar being always the engines of really philosophical minds. The right hand step, for instance, was represented by *a a* ; the left, by *b b* ; a spring with joined feet, by *c c* ; the adieu, by *e* ; the return, by *r*. The honour of this invention is due to the sixteenth century. The inventor, Thoinot-Arbeau, established for ever his own right by the publication of his immortal ‘Orchésographie.’ Two thousand years ago, if Anacharsis be as veracious as other travellers, the signs of music were invented. Two thousand years more were required to produce the signs of dancing.

The *voulte*, or *volte*, persecuted as we have said above, by the parliament of Provence, was a dance in which the gentleman caught up the lady in his arms, and danced away with her. It was not the parliament of Provence, however, which had the power to put down so pleasant a proceeding. The fact is, the women of the present day are *heavier* than those of former times ; and it has now become an impossibility to carry off a lady otherwise than by means of a post-chaise and four. As for the dances that permitted, or rather enjoined, a kiss upon the cheek at stated intervals, they have become obsolete : at least they are not danced in public.

These may be called the dances of reality, for there was no make-believe about them ; but the dances of imitation were more curious. In the *branle des lavandières*, the dancers imitated with their hands and feet the sound of washing or beating linen ; in the *branle des chevaux*, you heard the pawing and prancing of horses ; in the *branle des*

mathématiques, you saw Euclid problematising on compasses; in the branle des ermites, three recluses were tempted and tormented almost out of their sanctity, by as many incarnate fiends in the forms of pretty girls. But the courante was the most dramatic of these dances. Three lovers danced in with their mistresses. The latter are coy; they retire; they adjust their toilet, their laces, their ruffs, still dancing, and keeping time with each other with hand and foot. They return; the young men meet them; all bow, and pirouette, and languish, and despair; but at length the fair ones soften, melt, are reconciled, and all is joy and briskness—in the feet.

On these banks of the Seine we recognised a dance familiar to us in Scotland. It is performed by the young girls when the scarcity of cavaliers throws them upon their own resources. They form a ring by joining hands, and dance round one of their companions whom they have placed in the middle. In Scotland this simple movement is accompanied by as simple an air, which the dancers sing in chorus. Often have we sat at the window in the evening, listening to it for hours together; and the concluding words, or rather their general sound, for we are not sure of the articulation, haunts our ear to this day—*Mary Matanzy!*

The French *bal*, however,—but the word is unintelligible to the English,—“ball,” like most literal translations, is wide of the meaning. The latter is full of evil communications: it comes off the tongue with a sonorous twang, like that of the string of a violoncello;—it breathes of hot skins and unwholesome atmosphere. *Bal*, on the other hand, is as innocent, in itself, as a butterfly. Its locality is not described by the word room; for it is independent of place, and heated air, and candle-light, and almost of music.

It simply implies a reunion, no matter when or where, of men and women, lads and lasses, youths and girls, in which the harmonious vivacity of the soul manifests itself in the feet.

But the *bal*, we say, however innocent in itself, occasions frequently the loss, not only of hearts, but lives. It often takes place under a thin canopy, and the tired *danseuse* sits down to look on at the others, unconscious of her danger. If the scene has been a room, she lingers in the cold air on coming out, to bid good night. We have often ourselves seen a company of young girls crouching under a canvass roof, loath to be driven away by a shower, receiving the rain-drops as they fell upon their glowing bosoms with a playful scream, and inhaling, with the unconsciousness of lambs in the steaming den of the butcher, that damp, chill, heavy atmosphere, in which the germs of consumption were as thick as motes in the sunbeam!

In the arrondissement of Mantes alone three hundred and seventeen unmarried girls, from the age of sixteen to twenty-two, die every year, and two hundred and forty young married women, from the age of twenty to thirty-two! These, with comparatively few exceptions, are the victims of the *bal*!

“C'est alors que souvent la danseuse ingénue
Sentit, en frissonnant, sur son épaule nue
Glisser le souffle de matin.

Quels tristes lendemains laisse le bal folâtre !
Adieu parure, et danse, et rires enfantins !
Aux chansons succédait la toux opiniâtre ;
Aux plaisirs, rose et frais, la fièvre au teint bleuâtre,
Aux yeux brillans les yeux éteints.

* * * * *

Elle est morte. A quinze ans, belle, heureuse, adorée !

* * * * *

THE BAL.

Joyeuse, et d'une main ravie,
Elle allait moissonnant les roses de la vie,
Beauté, plaisir, jeunesse, amour !

La pauvre enfant, de fête en fête proménée
De ce bouquet charmant arrangeait les couleurs !
Mais qu'elle a passée vite ; hélas ! l'infortunée,
Ainsi qu'Ophelia, par le fleuve entraînée,
Elle est morte en cueillant des fleurs !"

It is hardly necessary to affix the name of Victor Hugo to these exquisitely graceful and pathetic lines.

SAINT GERMAIN.

THE view from the terrace of Saint Germain is one of the finest in France. In the annexed engraving, the spectator is supposed to stand upon the terrace, a small portion of which is seen, but only a very small portion; this superb promenade being seven thousand two hundred feet long, and ninety broad. Below the wall are rich vineyards, sloping down a steep bank till they join the meadows of the valley; and beyond these is the graceful Seine, waving in picturesque folds round one of its innumerable peninsulas. On the left, far beyond the range taken in by the engraved view, the landscape is shut in by the vine-covered hills behind the fine château of the Maisons, and on the right by the wooded heights of Marly. Before, the eye traversing immeasurable plains, loses itself in the distance. The vast metropolis itself is only a small and indistinct portion of the expanse. To persons acquainted with the localities, a filmy object rises afar off, which they recognise as the magnificent barrier of the city, the triumphal arch of L'Etoile; beyond that, some see the tower of Saint Denis and the heights of Montmartre; while others are able to point out, or imagine they do, the dome of the Invalides or of Saint Geneviève.

This view, and a shady walk in the forest behind, are the only attractions of Saint Germain; for the old palace of the kings of France presents the appearance of nothing more than a huge, irregular, unsightly, brick building. It

is true, a great portion of the walls is of cut stone ; but this is the idea which the whole conveys to the spectator. The edifice stands on the site of a château built by Louis-le-Gros, which, having been burnt down by the English, was thus raised anew from its ruins. Charles V, François I, Henry IV, Louis XIII, and Louis XIV, all exercised their taste upon it, and all added to its general deformity.

Near this, Henri Quatre built another château, which fell into ruins forty or fifty years ago. These ruins were altogether effaced by Charles X, who had formed the project of raising another structure upon the spot, entirely his own. The project, however, failed, like that of the coup d'état ; but this is of no consequence. The Neuf Château *exists* in various books of travels, written by eye-witnesses, quite as palpably as the enormous bulk of the Vieux Château. It is a true Château en Espagne.

Among the sights to be seen in the palace is the chamber of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and the trap-door by which she was visited by Louis Quatorze. There are also the chamber and oratory of our James II ; for the reader is aware, that—

“C'est ici que Jacques Second,
Sans ministres et sans maîtresse,
Le matin allait à la messe,
Et le soir allait au sermon.”

But so much ridicule has already been thrown upon this unhappy king, that a Scot may be pardoned—were it only for the sake of variety—for citing here one of his few wise speeches, and that the last.

“If ever,” said he, addressing his son from his death-bed ; “if ever you ascend the throne of your ancestors, pardon all my enemies, love your people, preserve the Catholic religion, and prefer always the hope of eternal

happiness to a perishable kingdom !” James died at Saint Germain, on the 16th September, 1701.

The forest of Saint Germain is seven leagues in circumference, pierced in every direction by roads and paths, and containing various edifices that were used as hunting-lodges—the Château du Val, the Pavillon de la Meute, and the Monastère des Logis, formerly a convent of Augustins, and now a chapel of ease of the royal house of Saint Denis. This vast wood affords no view, except along the seemingly interminable path in which the spectator stands, the vista of which, carried on with mathematical regularity, terminates in a point. This is the case with all the great forests of France which we have visited, except that of Fontainebleau, where Nature is sometimes seen in her most picturesque form. In the more remote and unfrequented parts of Saint Germain, the wild boar still makes his savage lair ; and still the loiterer, in these lengthened alleys, is startled by a roe-buck or a deer springing across the path.

The forest is frequented by three classes of persons : invalids, duellists, and suicides. It is said that there are more old men, of eighty, ninety, and even a hundred years, to be met with here than elsewhere in France. A suicide took place here in 1812, which presents some points of rather unusual interest. The hero and heroine were a young couple who had resolved to die together, since destiny, and the will of their parents, had forbidden them to live together. They came to the forest of Saint Germain, armed each with a pistol, which, while embracing, they presented at each other’s head. The youth shot his mistress dead ; but the unsteady hand of the young girl having failed in its object, he hung himself upon a tree beside her, with a handkerchief which he took for the purpose from her beloved bosom.

The ceaseless crowd of carriages passing to and from Paris keeps the main street of the town in a perpetual bustle; but, except on the market-days, everywhere else there is the stillness of slumber. The brilliant days of Saint Germain are over—when the throng of nobility could hardly find accommodation. The numerous creations of this privileged body, although only fairly commenced in the fifteenth century, went on so rapidly that at length the whole country was covered with noblesse.

The cost of a common patent in the fifteenth century was at one time only a hundred livres; but at that early period there were many disagreeable things subsequent to the payment of this sum. When the influence used by the aspirant had at length prevailed upon the king to pocket the hundred livres, his letters, in order to be valid, must be registered by the Chamber of Accounts. The chamber, before registering, demanded cause to be shown why such an honour should be extended. A man must prove that he had performed some valiant or meritorious action; a woman that she had become famous by her virtue. The fortune and estate of the applicant were then strictly investigated, his parentage and number of children; and, finally, the inhabitants of his neighbourhood were required to come forward to state whether they knew of anything which ought to prevent his being ennobled.

But when this new ordeal was past, the new noble found that his privileges were not all imaginary. He was entitled to dress himself in red. In processions and communal assemblies he walked, or spoke, after the clergy, and before the *tiers état*. He was exempted from certain taxes and subsidies. In crossing a ferry he did not pay. He was not called upon guard like the other citizens. He was exempted from feudal services and feudal gifts. In a law

process, he applied at once to the royal judge, without going through the inferior courts. If he came under mutual bond with a bourgeois, the latter was imprisoned in case of failure—the noble was not. His furniture might be seized by his creditors, but not his horse. If he committed a crime in conjunction with a bourgeois, the latter in some towns suffered corporal punishment, while the noble was only fined. If condemned to death in similar society, the bourgeois was hanged, while the noble lost his head by the axe.

Before these creations came into fashion, it may easily be imagined that the decline of the French nobility had commenced. There were then eighteen dukes instead of three; and the additional number of counts, viscounts, and barons, was in proportion. The proud mottos of the feudal lords only existed on their shields. In vain the house of Rohan declared in its heraldic device—“Duc je ne daigne; roi je ne puis; Rohan je suis.” In vain the legend of Montmorenci still ran—“Dieu aide au premier baron Chrétien!”—the decline had commenced, and the period became inevitable, however distant, when a patent of nobility would no longer be worth even a hundred francs.

Independently of the noble satellites attached to the court, the infinite number of official persons made its removal to Saint Germain, or the other royal seats, seem like the emigration of a whole people. Forty-nine physicians, thirty-eight surgeons, six apothecaries, thirteen preachers, one hundred and forty *maîtres d'hôtel*, ninety ladies of honour to the queen, in the sixteenth century! There were also an usher of the kitchen, a *courier de vin*, (who took the charge of carrying provisions for the king when he went to the chase,) a sutler of the court, a conductor of the sumpter-horse, a lackey of the chariot, a

captain of the mules, an overseer of roasts, a chair-bearer, a palmer, (to provide ananches for Easter,) a valet of the firewood, a paillassier of the Scotch guard, a yeoman of the mouth, and a hundred more for whose offices we have no names in English.

The grand maître d'hôtel was the chief officer of the court. The royal orders came through him; he regulated the expenses; and was, in short, to the rest of the functionaries, what the general is to the army. The maître des requêtes was at the head of civil justice; the prévôt de l'hôtel at the head of criminal justice.

When the migratory court arrived at the town where it was the pleasure of majesty to reside, and where there was a royal residence, the first thing to be done was to secure lodgings, the château being incapable of holding all. This was a simple business. The fourrier, or harbinger, went round the streets marking such doors as found favour in his sight, with white chalk, if destined for the people of the king, with yellow chalk if for those of the princes. At this sign of power the lodgers instantly decamped, and the courtly travellers established themselves in their places. At former and ruder periods of the monarchy, certain houses possessed brevets of exception; but at the time we write of, all indiscriminately were at the mercy of the fourrier and his chalk. If any one, however, usurped the functions of this officer, and took the liberty of marking a door for himself, his audacious hand was cut off; while the same punishment awaited the wretch who effaced the chalk-marks of the fourrier.

For these lodgings the lords of the court paid three sous a day, and for each horse one sous; and persons of inferior quality two sous for themselves, and six deniers for their horses. No matter what the previous lodgers had

paid, what the landlord was accustomed to expect, or what was the relative value of the different houses—this was the established rule.

The next thing was to provide food—for your travellers are always hungry ; and here again much trouble of haggling and chaffering was saved by the intervention of a little wholesome authority. The prévôt de l'hôtel merely went round the markets, proclaiming—such is the price of a pound of bread ! of a pound of beef, mutton, bacon, and so forth ! And thus the dealers knew at once the real value of their goods, and the purchasers what price they were to pay. If any individual, however, presumed to cook his own dinner at home, it was considered, as the regulation says, (1st January, 1585,) “pour estre chose trop des-honnête et indigne du respect que l'on doit porter à sa majesté ;” and the offender was justly punished for his want of sociality by expulsion from the court,—“la honte d'estre délogé du dit chasteau.”

When the courtiers presented themselves at the château, some in chariots, some on horseback, with their wives mounted behind them, (the ladies all masked,) they were subjected to the scrutiny of the captain of the gate. The greater number he compelled to dismount ; but the princes and princesses, and a select few who had brevets of entrance, were permitted to ride within the walls.

At court the men wore sword and dagger ; but to be found with a gun or pistol in the palace, or even in the town, subjected them to a sentence of death. To wear a casque or cuirass was punished with imprisonment. The laws of politeness were equally strict. If one man used insulting words to another, the offence was construed as being given to the king ; and the offender was obliged to solicit pardon of his majesty. If one threatened another

by clapping his hand to the hilt of his sword, he was to be *assommé* according to the ordonnance; which may either mean knocked down, or soundly mauled—or the two together. If two men came to blows, they were both *assommé*. A still more serious breach of politeness, however, was the importunity of petitioners. The king would not hear, any more than God, for much speaking; and Francis II at length erected a gallows *in terrorem*, as high, we take it, as that of Haman, it being higher than the tower of the parish-church.

Since the reign of Henry II everybody was uncovered in the presence of the king; but in other respects a falling-off was observable in point of courtly magnificence. At dinner, for instance, the beak and claws of grey partridges were not plated with silver, nor those of red partridges with gold; nor were birds of all kinds stuffed, as formerly, with musk, amber, and other perfumes. The dress of the courtiers, however, could not well be richer at any period. The men, indeed, *mounted* on their shoes *à cric*, with ruffs round their necks spread out on plates of wood or tin, and their powdered hair frizzled in small curls, may have looked a little queer; but the ladies!—with a petticoat of silver tissue, swoln out like a balloon, and confined at the waist by their whalebone boddice covered with cloth of gold, and the train of their gown supported by one lackey in the middle and another at the end—nothing could have been *finer*—no, nothing! Fancy one of these gorgeous creatures so attended, sweeping into the room, like a procession, and plunging upon her knees before the king to ask a favour!

When the king hunted he was accompanied by a hundred pages, two hundred esquires, and often four or five hundred gentlemen; sometimes by the queen and princesses,

with their hundreds of ladies and maids of honour, mounted on palfreys saddled with black velvet.

When the king *died*, (“Did you think I was immortal?” said Louis XIV.) the body was exposed in state, and then embalmed and placed in a leaden coffin. The mighty monarch being thus shut up, played the remainder of his part in *effigy*. A figure, composed of wax and white lead, modelled from the body, was placed in the grand hall of feasting, and served with dinner and supper, at the usual hours, for forty days! This custom—the very sublime of proud imbecility—was also observed with the queen, and in at least one other instance with a lady of inferior rank.

This lady was the beautiful Gabrielle. She lay in state at the deanery of Saint Germain-l’Auxerrois, dressed in a mantle of white satin. The bed, draperied and covered with crimson velvet, was surrounded by six immense tapers, planted at regular distances, and eight priests singing psalms without intermission. When at length placed in the coffin, her effigy was served by a gentleman-waiter with dinner and supper for three days, with all the forms which she would have exacted if living. The meal was blessed by the almoner; the meat was carved as usual, wine filled out and presented at the times when she had been accustomed to drink; and, finally, thanks were returned, and the repast concluded with washing hands.

When the king had been thus feasted in effigy for the prescribed time, the coffin was carried to the church of Notre Dame, and thence to Saint Denis. This last procession was magnificently mournful. The streets through which it passed were hung with black, and before every house was planted a lighted torch of white wax. First came the capuchins, with their coarse mantles girdled with ropes, and bearing the immense wooden cross of their

order, nearly a foot thick, and crowned with a chaplet of thorns. Then five hundred poor, marshalled by their bailiff, all in mourning; then the magistrates and the courts of justice; then the parliament clothed with rich furs; then the high clergy, in purple and gold; and then the funeral car, drawn by horses, covered with black velvet crossed with white satin, and followed by the long train of officers of the household.

Onward flowed the mighty procession, voiceless, breathless; while ever and anon a wild and melancholy swell of music arose from the royal band, whose instruments were hung with black crape. Arrived at the church of Saint Denis, which blazed with the light of innumerable lamps and tapers, the bier was set down in the middle of the choir, and a service commenced which lasted for several days. At the end of this time the body was let down into the vault, and Normandy, the most ancient king of arms, summoned, with a loud voice, the high dignitaries of the state to deposit therein their ensigns and truncheons of command. When this was done, and when at length the banner of France had been laid down upon the coffin, the king of arms cried three times, while the tones echoed wailingly through the recesses of the vault—"The king is dead! The king is dead! The king is dead!"

After a pause of deep and awful silence, the same voice proclaimed—"Long live the king!" and all the other heralds repeated—"Long live the king!" The ceremony was finished.

The queen could not stir out of the chamber in which she received the intelligence of the king's death for an entire year. During the first six weeks of this time she was not permitted to see the light of day; funereal lamps burnt dimly around her, and reminded her of the darkness of the grave.

APPROACH TO THE CAPITAL.

THE distance from Saint Germain to Paris, by the direct road, is only five or six leagues ; but it is our business to follow the eccentric windings of the Seine, which become more extravagant as we approach the capital.

We leave Marly at some distance to the right. The road leading to it is bordered with genteel houses ; and the view, opening at every step, is so varied and so beautiful, that the traveller thinks for a moment he is really approaching the paradise of Louis XIV, and prepares to exclaim with Delille—

“C'est le palais d'Armide !
C'est le jardin d'Alcine !”

“What detestable spirit of avarice,” demands M. de Villiers, “brought down the hammer of destruction upon this enchanted palace? What Vandal dared to attack these twelve magnificent pavilions—these twelve temples of trees, by which they were separated—this multitude of statues, bowers, terraces, cascades—and all those *chefs-d'œuvres* of painting and sculpture which adorned this abode of delight? The speculator, I am informed, who committed such a sacrilege, unmindful of the memory of the greatest of kings, while thus heaping ruin upon ruin, at length ruined himself. O that it would please God to inflict a similar vengeance on every demolisher of our days!” By the “greatest of kings,” M. de Villiers probably means the

“most splendid of kings.” However, he would have been just as eloquent, in the fulness of his legitimacy, on the baby-houses and play-grounds of the “Children of France”—for so he loves to call the little shoots of French royalty.

Next to Marly, as we go along, and at the same distance from the river, is Lucienne, where a delicious retreat was built for Dubarry, which is now, although stripped of most of its magnificence, the property of M. Lafitte the banker. Then comes Bougival, near which is one of the innumerable châteaux pointed out by tradition as the residence of Gabrielle d’Estrées; and this leads us to Malmaison, the abode in her married widowhood of the amiable Josephine.

“Placed in the midst of contending parties,” says M. Jouy, “yet conciliating all; and called by destiny to temper rather than partake a despotic power, she was never cursed by the reproaches of the people. History will describe her agony, when, with generous devotion, she sacrificed her affections and her crown to the ambition of that prodigious man whose happiness was dearer to her than her own. It will show the star of this inconceivable being growing pale, from the day on which he tore asunder the ties which bound him to so angelic a woman; and it will present her dying at the same moment when his madness dashed him from the throne—like those tutelary genii who abandon the objects of their protection when, unfaithful to their inspiration, and deaf to their counsels, they forsake the path of duty and virtue. History, also, will remark, that at the epoch at which the idols of twenty years—once basely adored—were broken to pieces with an ignoble rage, the memory of Josephine was still respected, and her tomb was a sanctuary which the fury of parties dared not penetrate.”

On the left, as we sweep round the turning of the river,

at unequal distances from the banks, are the villages of Montessou and the Carrières-Saint-Denis—the latter famous for its stone quarries, and for an ancient fortress which does *not* exist. We then reach Besons, where the kings of the first race had a mint, and Argenteuil, where we still see a portion of the walls with which it was surrounded by Francis I. This was the retreat of Heloise, which she only left to become abbess of the Paraclet, in the diocese of Troyes.

In this stretch of the river we have passed Nanterre, surrounded by fields of roses, where Saint Geneviève, the holy patroness of Paris, once fed her sheep. The well which supplied her family with water still possesses certain miraculous attributes, which conducted thither Louis XIII. Here the traveller is offered cakes and bouquets, by hands which destroy whatever romantic charm might have possessed his imagination. Through plantations of vines and roses, we reach Courbevoie, and regard, for a moment, the magnificent barracks of Louis XV; but aware of the utter impossibility of giving more, in a work like this, than a mere catalogue of names sufficient to point out the line of route through the crowded environs of the capital, we press forward. La Guarenne comes next; and then Colombes, seated under her own vine and her own fig-tree, where Henrietta of England, daughter of Henry IV, died in 1660; and then Genevilliers leads us towards the end of the present stretch of the river, the water of which sometimes inundates its fields.

Crossing again to the right bank of the Seine, we find ourselves at Epinay, where the kings of the first race had a palace, in which Dagobert died. Farther on, in the hamlet of La Briche, there is another of the châteaux of Gabrielle d'Estrées; and immediately after, we enter—

SAINT DENIS,

a view of which, from the opposite bank, is presented to the reader.

The abbot Saint Denis, as we are informed by a chronicler of the ninth century, having been decapitated on Montmartre, took up his head in his hands, and walked off with it, accompanied by a train of angels singing a duet, composed of the *Gloria tibi Domine*, and the response *Alleluia*. The saint stopped at a village called Catolicam, where a basilicon was raised on the spot, commenced, it is said, by Saint Geneviève; and the place itself, in process of time, was called Saint Denis. Dagobert has the credit, among the early historians, of elevating the chapel built by the holy shepherdess into a great temple; and when he died, in 638, his body was deposited therein. The example was followed on behalf of his successors; and the place remains the tomb of the French kings to this day.

The church was thrown down and rebuilt several times, from the epoch of Pepin-le-Bref to that of Saint Louis. It was at one time fortified, and surrounded with walls and ditches by the monks, to defend themselves from the English; and a portion of the ancient battlements is yet seen on the two towers. Several of its abbots play a conspicuous part in the political history of their time, and particularly Suger, the famous minister of Louis-le-Gros and Louis-le-Jeune. It was in the time of this prelate that the Oriflamme was displayed at the head of the French armies, instead of the more ancient standard—the cope of Saint Denis.

A place like this, consecrated by the bones of martyrs, and filled with the dust of royalty, could not escape the

terrors of the Revolution. In the year 1793, the fiat went forth from the Convention for the destruction of the tombs of Saint Denis; and in three days the remains of sixty kings were torn from their graves, and thrown in a mass into one pit. The body of Henri Quatre was found almost entire; and even in such times of republican fanaticism, there were those who preserved, with religious veneration, hairs plucked from the moustaches and from the grey beard of the people's king.

The church was afterwards converted into a storehouse; but by degrees its leaden roof, its stained glass, and every thing else of value, vanished; and it would probably have fallen into utter ruin, but for that contradiction in the character of Napoleon which every one calls so strange, and which every one knows and feels to be so common. The emperor, who had stepped to his throne on the ruins of legitimacy and the bleeding trunks of princes, was yet the perfect slave of all the prestiges of hereditary royalty. Among his other fancies, he desired that the ashes of the Bonapartes should descend into the same soil which had received, for so many ages, those of the Merovingian, the Carovingian, and the Capetian kings. For this purpose he ordered the vault of the Bourbons to be re-opened, and the whole church to be repaired; but the events of 1814 transferred the completion of the task to other hands.

The vault of the Bourbons is situated beneath the master-altar, in a subterranean gallery, to which access is obtained by two openings shut by means of iron gratings. In the last chapter, we alluded to the funeral rites with which the royal bodies were consigned to their ancestral asylum. One, however, still remains at the door, a candidate for entrance, at the foot of the ladder which leads to this dark, still, and dreadful abode. It is the corpse of Louis XVIII,

which, according to transmitted custom, must remain on that spot till its successor comes to relieve its silent watch at the gate. The scene, when it takes place, will be curious.

The abbey is now occupied by the "Maison royale de Saint Denis," an institution founded by Napoleon for educating five hundred girls, daughters of the members of the Legion of Honour.

The direct road from Saint Denis to Paris leads to Montmartre, and there, perhaps, is obtained the finest view of this magnificent capital. We must ourselves, however, keep close to the Seine, although we cannot refrain from pausing here for a moment to notice a very extraordinary circumstance connected with the neighbourhood of Montmartre. This is the existence, on the very skirts of the metropolis, of a most daring, united, and unclean horde of depredators, amounting, at Montfauçon, alone, to more than a hundred thousand. The following is the substance of a report which was drawn up by a public commission.

These reptiles dig subterranean galleries, in such a manner as to bring down every building raised in the neighbourhood; and it is only by means of particular precautions, such as strengthening and defending their foundations, that a small house near the Clos d'Equarrissage¹ has been kept standing. All the neighbouring eminences, the Buttes de Belleville, have been undermined by them to such a degree that the earth shakes under the foot of the passers-by; while the steeper parts have entirely fallen into the plain, leaving open to view innumerable galleries conducting to their secret abodes. They are so voracious, that if the carcass of a slaughtered horse is left for a single night in the Equarrissage, it is found next morning stripped of skin and flesh to the bone. During the winter, when work has

¹ Where horses are slaughtered.



been suspended on account of the cold, a horse is sometimes left where he fell, till the next thaw ; and the workmen, when they return, on raising the skin of the animal, find nothing beneath but a skeleton, better stripped and prepared than if it had been in the hands of the most skilful anatomists.¹

Following the Seine from Saint Denis, we pass through Saint Ouen, and then the ancient village of Clichy-la-Garenne, only separated from Anières by the river ; and arriving at Neuilly, linger for a moment on the magnificent bridge built over the spot where Henry IV, and his queen were nearly drowned in crossing the ferry. At this bridge may be said to commence the finest avenue of Paris. The road leads in a straight line to the centre of the palace of the Tuileries. Nearly midway is the grand arch of l'Etoile, forming one of the gates of the city, where the eye, carried through a long descending vista of trees, passes successively, at the bottom, the Egyptian monument in the Place Louis Seize, and the gardens and palace of the French kings, and rests at length upon the dark roofs and towers and domes of the metropolis.

The line of the Seine, however, makes a wide and distant sweep round the Bois de Boulogne ; and, wandering along its banks, instead of progressing towards Paris, we find ourselves getting farther off at every pace. It must be remembered that we are now ascending the stream ; for this truly French river, when approaching the city, rolls down in an almost unbroken line, as if in haste to reach its destination. It is only when it leaves these beloved precincts, forced on by an irresistible destiny, that its unwilling waters describe a thousand serpentine turns before directing their course in earnest towards the ocean.

On the right hand the fortress of Mont Valerien is

¹ About 10,000 were destroyed in 1850 by one contractor.

crowned by the conventual house of Calvaire.¹ A single carriage-road winds laboriously up the steep ascent, on which is placed, at every turning, a little chapel, exhibiting, in groups of statues, some circumstances of the Passion. On the summit, the mass of building is by no means worth the trouble of climbing, but it contains an accurate representation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the dismal vault lighted by gilded lamps. The view, however, is the principal attraction of the spot; for the days are gone by when Charles X used to crawl upon his face, like some unclean thing, from idol to idol.

A little further on, the annexed view presents itself, containing

THE BRIDGES OF ST. CLOUD AND SEVRES.

Saint Cloud is said to have derived its name from a son of Clodomir, who founded a monastery there; but it occupies hardly any space in history till the time of Henri III, who was assassinated on the spot. It was afterwards the personal property of Marie Antoinette; and in the orangery, built by the Duke of Orléans as a tennis-court, the famous meeting of the Conseil des Anciens and the Cinq-Cents took place in 1799, which suppressed the Directory, and elevated Napoleon to the Consulate. The château is by no means equal to that of Versailles, either inside or out; but the park and wood, occupying a surface of four leagues, afford the finest promenade in the neighbourhood of Paris.

Basins and jets d'eau, groves, bowers, and grottos, from some of the details of the scene, while the long shady vistas through the wood, broken here and there by the inequalities

¹ The face of the Mont Valerien has been altogether transformed by having been converted into a strong fortification.

of the ground, are picturesque, even in their rectangular monotony. These very irregularities were thought, no doubt, an obstacle which nature had interposed in the way of the operations of taste; but Lenotre, regarding them with the eye of genius, only saw in them a still richer scope for the exercise of an art which the French writers delight to characterise by the word "magique."

On the loftiest part of the park, on an eminence dominating the valley of the Seine, there is an obelisk constructed in imitation of the monument of Lysicratus at Athens, and called the Lanterne de Démosthène. It is here where the citizens resort in the greatest crowds, to eat, drink, and sing, to loll on the grass, to whisper tales of love, and, in short, to enjoy those to them inestimable blessings of fine weather and open air.

In the month of September, when all the fountains are set playing in honour of the annual fair, the crowd of promenaders is immense. Then is the time to see the metropolitans in their glory. In our epoch, when every day is a fair in every street, these periodical assemblages preserve little of the character which formerly distinguished them. Pleasure is the grand pursuit, not business. Toys, trinkets, sweatments, are the staple commodities; and the country lass who walks in from her farm at half a dozen leagues' distance, instead of sitting down weary and anxious in the market, stands up fresh, vigorous, and buoyant, at the *bal*. It is here where we have often witnessed such scenes as that presented in the engraving facing the next page.

THE LANTERNE OF ST. CLOUD ;

and where, wandering like a spirit, lonely and silent, through the throng, we have often wished that we could exchange the taciturn, meditative manner of our country for the restless happy buoyancy of the Parisian.

When France had fairly awakened from the lethargy of her iron age, the security and extension of commerce occupied a high place in the speculations of every man capable of thought. Fairs were supposed to be the grand panacea for all the evils of the country ; and they were then the only important channels for the circulation of money and merchandise. The kingdom, however, had been drained of its gold by the crusades, and the legal interest of silver, fifteen per cent., was far below its real value. The want of a plentiful medium, therefore, was severely felt ; and the more so that almost every province had its own money, which was unknown elsewhere. The infinite variety of weights and measures, also, was an endless source of annoyance and confusion which they attempted frequently, but in vain, to remove, by the introduction of a standard. The baronial rights of the forty, or fifty, or sixty thousand lords who divided the kingdom¹ served as another great check ; and the great monopolies enjoyed by certain towns, although a vast evil of itself, by no means completed the list of grievances.

The roads were barely passable, and so unsafe that the travelling merchant was obliged to journey to the fair with his ell-wand in one hand and his sword in the other. If

¹ In the fourteenth century, there were forty thousand communes, or parishes, in France. The minimum of the number of lords must therefore have been forty thousand.

rifled, it was often by the connivance, or actual agency, of the baron through whose territory he passed; and his only recourse was to a ruinous lawsuit. The guides, established for his advantage, to lead him across the mountains, or wildernesses, which separated one province from another, were sometimes less guides than robbers; and, in many cases, he might think himself happy if he reached the rendezvous without the loss of blood as well as money.

These evils were partly checked by the establishment of leagues of protection, or defence, among neighbouring burghs, in imitation of the great combination of the Hanse towns; and answering, although on a larger scale, to what were called bonds of manrent in Scotland. They existed in Paris and the other principal towns of the north, and Montpellier (at that time the Paris of the south), and the other principal towns of the south. The church, besides, going foremost, as usual, in good as well as bad, caused the fair to take place on days of religious festival; and thus all the three great motives of piety, pleasure, and gain, wrought together in attracting a crowd to the spot. The confluence of foreign merchants was, above all things, a desideratum; and to obtain this, innumerable privileges and immunities were showered upon strangers. By way of showing the manners and spirit of the age, we may be permitted to mention that, among other inducements held forth, gallantry was legalised, by the removal of the customary fine!

The fair, in some places, was opened by the prior and monks, mounted on great horses. In Champagne, more especially, the regulations were carried to what was supposed to be a degree of perfection. No workman there was allowed to expose his manufactures till they had first appeared at the fair. Each kind of merchandise had its

own day of exposition ; and the last was appropriated to the show of horses, which were not permitted to enter upon the scene till all the stalls had been removed. Officers were appointed to inspect the goods exposed, that no faulty or fraudulent article might bring discredit upon the fair. Forty notaries attended, at each of the seventeen principal towns of the province, to write the contract between buyer and seller, without which ceremony the bargain was void. A tribunal sat upon the spot, for the purpose of settling, on the instant, every dispute that might arise ; and a hundred sergeants were in readiness to carry its directions into execution, and to preserve the peace of the fair. The merchants were admitted without fine or charge, and all persons were called upon to lend them aid and assistance. These regulations ensured such reputation to the fairs of this province, that they were resorted to by dealers from all parts of Europe ; and for a long time the silver mark of Champagne was a standard and universal coin.

At other great fairs, although each species of goods had not its own day, yet each possessed its own place in the market. The money-changers, whose merchandise represented all the rest, commonly held the post of honour. Linens, woollens, silks, laces, all had their separate avenues. The wines of the different provinces held carouse together ; hams, bacons, herrings, cheeses, sat at the same table ; dishes rung and clattered together ; glasses hobnobbed ; and the dried fruits, genteel and exclusive, formed their own dessert.

When the necessity for periodical fairs had been done away with by the general diffusion of commerce incident to the construction of good roads, the establishment of an efficient police, the introduction of a national currency, and the other improvements which accompany the progress of

civilization,—the heavier description of goods no longer thought it worth while to travel. The people, however, although they might now buy in the town, or even in the single street of their own village, could not consent to lose the traffic of pleasure, or that amiable and natural enjoyment which human beings take in gazing at crowds of their own species. The fairs, in parting with real and important business, soon lost also their religious character; but the lottery still remained, in which sous might be ventured for a china cup, or liards for a cake,—the whirligig, where, seated in the clasp of her lover, the happy paysanne might feel her soul and senses grow giddy at the same time,—and the *bal*, that happy concentration of all human enjoyments, in which every partiele of the frame partakes, in which head and heels, mind and body, dance, dance!

The next place, pursuing the line of the river, is

SEVRES,

so well known to English visitors by its manufacture of porcelain. The bridge here was gallantly defended by the inhabitants in 1815, against the Prussians, who revenged their loss by pillaging the bourg for three days. Looking baek towards Saint Cloud, the view is singularly fine—and yet not more so than looking forwards. The river, clustered with islands, makes a magnificent sweep round the bottom of the hills on which stands the Château de Meudon. The next village is Issy; then Vaugirard; and we enter the suburbs of Paris.

On our left hand, in the meantime, ever since passing Neuilly, we have had the Bois de Boulogne, with its villages of Boulogne, Auteuil, Passy; the last, which should be called a town rather than a village, extending to the walls of Paris.

In the wood itself, there is nothing more remarkable than the endless vistas of trees, which we have noticed at Saint Germain. The Bois de Boulogne, from its contiguity to the capital, is a favorite Sunday haunt of the Parisians; and it is even more renowned than the other for its duels.

M. De Villiers tells a very remarkable story of a debtor of his own, who shot himself in this wood with his mistress. He went to the unhappy man's house, and found there *another* mistress tearing her hair, and bitterly reproaching the memory of her lover.

"It was with me," she exclaimed, "he should have done this! It was with me he swore to end his life—and yet the traitor loved another, and died with another!"

"How!" said M. De Villiers; "had you, also, formed a similar design?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "*qu'est-ce que la vie?* we were weary of existence; we resolved to enjoy all that remained of it; to go to the play, the ball, the concert, the promenade; and then, when our money was spent—to die, as we had lived, loved, and enjoyed, together!" Bruant, the object of this attachment, had neither talent nor education; he was far from being handsome; and he was naturally of a pusillanimous character.

Who can fathom the heart of woman?

PARIS.

HAVING reached the BARRIERE DE PASSY, we enter Paris by the banks of the Seine. The view of the city, as will be seen by the opposite engraving, comprehends little more than the towers and domes of the loftier buildings, with the hill of Montmartre behind; yet the general effect—assisted prodigiously, no doubt, by the broad and beautiful river—is grand and imposing. Our own progress through this wilderness of men must be as swift as that of the river itself; and a glanee on either bank is all we can bestow upon the wonders of the metropolis, as we breast the current of the Seine.

At present, we feel only a kind of dim consequence that we have entered Paris; for as yet there are few houses, and nothing at all of the bustle of a great city. Before us, in the distance, are two square towers, which it is impossible not to recognise as those of Notre Dame. On the right hand side of the river appear the domes, no doubt, of the Invalides and the Pantheon, and the towers of Saint Sulpice; and on the left, an immense and massive pile of building, which, if there be any truth in pictorial representations, must be the Tuileries and the Louvre, connected together like the Siamese twins.

On our right hand is the river; on our left, for a considerable distance, a plantation of small trees stuck in the bare earth, which, destitute of a single blade of vegetation, has been trampled as hard as the court-yard of an inn.

This is the Elysian Fields! In the time of Louis XIV the whole of this space was under cultivation, except the Cours-la-Reine, which had already been planted by Marie de Medicis. At the end of these shady, though not very agreeable walks, we find an extensive area, denominated, according to the fancy of individuals, the Place Louis XV—Louis XVI—de la Revolution—de la Concorde.

Standing in the middle of this Place, the spectator beholds Paris in its most agreeable and imposing attitude. Looking towards the river, he sees before him the Pont de la Concorde, covered with colossal statues of the great men of France, and leading to the Chambre des Députés. In the opposite direction, where every house seems a palace the view terminates with the beautiful church of the Madeleine. On his right are the gardens of the Tuileries, with the palace at the bottom of their majestic walks; on his left, the ascending line of the Avenue de Neuilly, carried through the Elysian Fields, and terminating in the triumphal arch of l'Etoile. If you fill up the vacuities and background of this picture with the steep roofs, and towers, and domes of the city, your imagination will have achieved a view of Paris only inferior to the original.

On this Place de la Concorde there perished, in the year 1770, three hundred individuals of an immense crowd, attracted thither to witness the rejoicings on the marriage of Louis XVI. Twenty-three years afterwards Louis was still the hero of the scene: he appeared before his still rejoicing people on a stage erected on the same spot, and his head fell under the axe of the guillotine, amidst the plaudits of the spectators. The area about this time was called the Place de la Revolution; and a statue of Louis XV, which had adorned it was overthrown, and replaced by a colossal image of Liberty. When Napoleon fairly

entered upon the scene, he wished to celebrate the triumphs of freedom by erecting triumphal columns. He was curious, however, about the site of these monuments; and the statues of Liberty were removed to make way for the trophies of success.

The garden of the Tuileries should be permitted to remain as it is—a very fine specimen of obsolete taste, in which

“Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother.”

At the time it was laid out, the study of the picturesque in gardening had not come into fashion; and we have ourselves some doubt whether the garden of a king's palace *should* imitate nature. These mathematical ponds, these symmetrical avenues, these parallel trees, these equidistant statues, seem to us to be consistent with the genius of the place. A king's guard is not composed of an irregular crowd, but of a body of well-disciplined automata; and a king's garden, in like manner, should be drilled on the principles of etiquette: Nature should stand upon ceremony, and never present herself but in a court dress. A knot of courtiers coming out in full costume from one of the balls of Louis Philippe, would look like very fine gentlemen in the rectangular walks of the Tuileries; but if the unfortunate persons were detected sauntering through that imitative wilderness known on the continent by the name of an English garden, the incongruity of their appearance would be hailed with a shout of laughter. Besides, let modern taste say what it will, there is something grave, and grand, and stately, in those disciplined troops of trees, and ponds, and statues. In a country residence, however, they would be out of place; and on a small scale—as we see them on the road-side box of a London citizen or a Dutch burgomaster—they are always ridiculous.

As we proceed along the river-side, the Tuileries and the Louvre, connected by the long picture-gallery, look like a single palace. The buildings on both banks, however, are so well known, that it would only be a waste of space even to name them ; and we proceed without pause, till the

PONT NEUF,

and its island city, interpose, like the defences of a fortress. These dark and lofty buildings in the middle of the view, with the two towers of Notre Dame rising behind, and the turrets of the Concierge on the left, are the heart of the city of Paris. The island on which they are built is the ancient Lutetia, the capital of the Parisii, and the nucleus round which has been gradually gathered the gigantic metropolis of France. Comparatively small as it is at present, it was still smaller before the construction of the Pont Neuf, which involved the addition of two little islands to the original parent of the capital. One of these, the Ile aux Juifs, was the spot on which the grand-master and other officers of the Knights Templars were burnt alive by Philippe-le-Bel—history knows not why.

The Pont Neuf, commenced under Henri III, was finished by Henri IV, and the two islets alluded to, the Ile aux Juifs and the Ile de Bucy, thus added to the island called, *par excellence*, the Cité. This island, before Clovis declared it the capital city of his dominions, was called the Island of the Palace ; and, in fact, the palatial residence of the kings both of the first and second race stood on the site of the present Palais de Justice.

During the invasions of the Normans, the new capital became, as a matter of course, the place of refuge for all the surrounding country ; and the priests in particular carried

thither those valuable relics, which, all-powerful as they were in the destinies of others, had little influence over their own. Those were received with respectful hospitality by the Parisians, but never found their way back again. In those times, and in regard to such goods, possession was *more* than nine tenths of the law; for, believing, as the people did, in the preternatural might of the relics, the possessor *de facto* was always supposed to be the possessor *de jure*. But, to deposit them all in one church would have been almost as bad as to heap together in one shrine the legs and arms, noses and lips, of the crowd of male and female saints; and the zealous hosts were therefore under the necessity of building temples for their guests individually. Thus the narrow area of the Cité became holy ground. The inhabitants lived in darkness, because of the shadow of the temples that arose around them; and from morn till even-song they heard little else than the ringing of bells and the chanting of priests.

PARIS.

We must still linger on this little island, the origin and nucleus of the great city. If the reader will only look well enough at the engraving, he will observe us standing among the crowd in the

MARCHE-AUX-FLEURS,

cheapening a bouquet, and looking the while so curiously in the face of the vender, that he may be in some doubt as to whether we covet the roses on her lips or those in her hand. In the right-hand corner of the fore-ground is a small portion of the Pont Notre Dame; the next bridge is the Pont au Change; and the furthest the Pont Neuf. The edifices beyond, on the other side of the river, are the Louvre and the Tuileries, which we quitted in the preceding chapter to come into the island Cité by the last-mentioned bridge.

What strange contrasts are presented by a town! The old towers on the left, overlooking the flower-market, belong to the Palace of Justice and the Conciergerie! A friend, high in the ranks of literature, once said to us, in talking of the subject of a tale—"Who can feel interest in a felon?" We might have replied by the counter-question—"Who does *not* feel interest in a felon?" All history—all romance—are filled with the crimes of men; and as we read, we gloat, in spite of ourselves, upon details which at the same moment sicken our heart. If we are asked, Why? we answer, It is our nature. Perhaps the philosopher may tell you, that we feel within ourselves a

terrible fellowship with guilt ; or that, while the fearful page unfolds itself, we reflect unconsciously how trivial and fortuitous were the circumstances which preserved *our* habits and character from the evil bent ! As for us, we listen to such explanations ; and still, whenever the question occurs, we answer briefly, and in a kind of awe—It is our nature !

The history of the penal laws of France is exceedingly curious, and even amusing. The very gravest crimes, under the feudal régime, were sometimes punished by pecuniary fines ; and when the communes came to legislate for themselves, they carried the system to a ludicrous pitch of extravagance.

Even after feudality began to be broken up by the liberation of the serfs and the formation of communes, its spirit continued to exist in the new institutions to which the change gave birth. A commune, in fact, was a little feudal kingdom in itself, in which all the gradations of vassalage were visible.

The mode of preserving order in the mass of independent confréries, animated by different, and often jarring interests, was by the infliction of fines, graduated with the most singular minuteness, and embracing every possible variety of offence. These regulations were frequently contained in the charters of the towns, although sometimes the towns had the right of forming their own scale. The amount, however, was always divided between the king and the commune. It was in vain for an offender to say that if he had given a blow he had received one ; for this was only striking a balance in the private account. The fines varied in the different provinces ; but the following tariff will give a tolerably correct idea of the whole.

	Livres.	Sous.	Déniers.
An insulting expression	0	2	6
Taking hold of a person by the throat with one hand	0	5	0
" " with two hands	0	14	0
Throwing a stone, and missing your man	0	0	6
Throwing a stone, and hitting	0	3	0
A push	0	5	0
Fisticuffs, per dozen	1	2	0
A kick	0	5	0
Spitting in the face	0	5	0
Pulling a nose	0	5	0
Flooring	0	10	0
A sword-thrust, without hitting	0	10	0
" with blood	1	0	0
Continuing the row after the provost interfered	10	0	0
Running away with a girl	3	5	0
Throwing slops from the window upon a town-counsellor	10	0	0

It was hardly possible to commit the above, or similar offences, without detection; for a crowd of officers, called sergeants, had no other means of existence than that of playing the spy. If the prisoner lost his temper and exclaimed against the decision of the mayor, his house was pulled down, or the owner was permitted to redeem it at its value.

A buyer who accused a shopkeeper of dishonesty in charging too much for his wares, was obliged, on the following Sunday, to take himself by the nose before the whole town, and confess that he had lied.

A person committing a petty theft in a garden or field, if too poor to pay a fine, gave up one of his teeth in lieu thereof.

Every family in the town was obliged to be present at an execution; and the bourgeois cast lots to determine which of them should officiate as hangman.

Raising a false alarm of theft, fire, &c., whether intentionally or not, was punished by a fine; and a person who

looked on at the pursuit of a fugitive offender without assisting, was prosecuted as an accomplice.

The punishment of blasphemous swearing differed greatly in the course of the fourteenth century. Philippe-Auguste condemned offenders to pay four sous to the poor, and in default, to be ducked in the river, whether in summer or winter. Saint Louis, in lieu of the ducking, exposed them on a scaffold for one hour, and then shut them up in prison to fast for eight days on bread and water. Children under fourteen years of age were simply scourged in public. Philippe-le-Hardi continued these regulations; but Philippe-de-Valois (he who lost the battle of Crécy) found them too lenient. With him, the pillory for nine hours, with mud and filth at the discretion of the by-standers, was the punishment for the first offence; for the second, the upper lip of the swearer was cloven; for the third, the lower lip was cloven also, so as to give the mouth the appearance of a cross; for the fourth, the upper lip was cut off; for the fifth, the lower lip was cut off; and for the sixth, the blaspheming tongue was cut out.

In the following century, we find a curious difference in the treatment of the sexes by the police laws. If a man was so unpolite as to call a woman an *ugly slut*, he got off with a fine of five sous; but if a woman insulted a man with the corresponding epithet, no number of sous could make her peace. On the following Sunday she was compelled to march before all the people, carrying a stone of fifty pounds weight under her arm. The men, alas! were always the lawmakers.

The municipal administration of Paris was for a long time in the hands of the provost of the merchants, in conjunction with the sheriffs; and their sittings were held in different places, termed the "parlouers aux bourgeois." In

1532, however, they began to meet habitually in a house which they had purchased in the Place de Grève, and here at length the Hôtel de Ville was built—the Mansion-House of Paris. A view of a portion of this edifice, with the Pont d'Arcole leading to the Cité, will be found on the adjoining page.

HOTEL DE VILLE AND THE PONT D'ARCOLE.

The prisons for evil-doers, to pursue the subject, even those for the untried, formed in themselves fearful punishments. The ancient tower of the Louvre, till the time of Francis I, was the privileged place of durance for the nobility; and its successor, the Bastille Saint-Antoine, was distinguished by the iron cage which Louis XI constructed for the reception of the Bishop of Verdun. But the prison of the Conciergerie, in the Palace of the Cité, was still more famous; and the concierge himself enjoyed the title and the power of *bailli*, judge, or seneschal of the palace. Besides these, the provost of the merchants had his own prison: the bishop had *two*—one for laymen, and one for ecclesiastics; and every abbey and monastery which possessed the privilege of haute justice, had theirs.

It is supposed, that in the early part of the fourteenth century there were about a hundred thousand seigneurial prisons in France, most of which were dug under ground. These subterranean dens continued in fashion for nearly three centuries after, till the time of Charles IX, when an edict of the States at Orléans prohibited the construction of any prison of haute justice lower than the ground-floor. After this reform they were sometimes placed in the first story of the donjon; and that part of the château being generally in the middle of the court (as we see to-day at

Vincennes, they conferred an air of feudal sovereignty upon the whole edifice. The donjon may be described as the citadel of the castle. It contained the state apartments, and the grand hall of banquetting or audience; and there the garrison retired, when the surrounding defences were carried. The prison, at length, probably by way of a genteel and delicate periphrasis, was called the donjon; whence our word, which, notwithstanding its etymology, sounds like a groan—*dungeon*.

These prisons were not only penal abodes, but receptacles for the accused. All were allowed bread, but nothing else; although, in general, they were pretty well provided by the piety or charity of the rich. The women were separated from the men, as at present, and criminals from their accomplices. Creditors paid an allowance to their imprisoned debtors of six *déniers* per day; which, calculating by the difference in the price of bread, was equal to about a shilling in England at the time we write.

In the following century the rules were not relaxed. A prisoner attempting to escape was presumed to be guilty, and punished accordingly. He was not allowed to be seen by his friends; and if the favour of writing implements was granted, his letters were read by the judge before being forwarded.

The fees were graduated according to the rank of the parties. A count, a countess, a baron, or a baroness, paid ten livres; a knight-bannet or his lady, one livre; an esquire or a *demoiselle*, twelve *déniers*; a Jew, two sous; and all others, eight *deniers*. The apartments were of course allotted according to these rates; but as each bed was supposed to be capable of holding three prisoners, any one desiring to sleep alone paid six *déniers* per night in addition. When a prisoner was executed, his dress from

the waist upwards belonged to the jailer; from the waist downwards to the hangman.

In the sixteenth century, subterranean dungeons had entirely disappeared in the country, thanks to the edict of Orléans which we have mentioned; but in most of the towns the prisoners continued still to be lodged in barred caverns in the depths of the fortifications, whence, every now and then, an epidemic disease came forth to devour the population. The rules remained nearly the same, except as regarded the jailers, whose office appears to have been looked upon by the law-makers with much jealousy. If a prisoner escaped through negligence on the part of the keepers, the jailer immediately took his place, and remained there, locked up with his own keys, to await the pleasure of the judge. His intercourse with the female captives was also strictly observed; and sometimes a simple intrigue, unattended by official persuasion, involved the punishment of death.

When the report of a crime was carried to the authorities, a warrant was first obtained, and then, on the answers of the accused, a precognition, or information, as it was called, taken on the localities of the deed. If the facts were slight, he retained his liberty, was allowed to employ an advocate, and was adjudged to be tried by ordinary process; but, if the evidence assumed a graver character as the plea proceeded, all this was overturned. He was shut up in prison, and deprived of a defender; the witnesses were examined and confronted in private; and the trial was now by extraordinary process.

In every criminal trial there were (and are) two to one against the prisoner—the public party and the civil party. The former pleaded for punishment, the latter for damages. If a man is murdered, for instance, it is the duty and inte-

rest of the community to demand blood for blood ; but this is no compensation to the widow or orphan deprived of the services of the deceased : they must have money as well as revenge.

In the trial we have supposed, our accused is condemned by the inferior court. In many cases he might have bought off the civil party ; and although the public party would have still prosecuted, it would have been with a diminished chance of conviction. He has neglected this, however, or found it impossible ; he is condemned ; and he appeals to the parliament.

If he now attempt a composition, the civil party will seldom be inflexible ; for the parliament never confirms more than a fourth part of the sentences of the lower court. The civil party has yielded ; and the trial returns at once to ordinary process. The witnesses are examined publicly ; and the sentence is at length about to be pronounced. The accused kneels at the bar, if in Paris, loaded with irons —if in the cities beyond the Loire, confined with bands of stuff or linen, and is declared not guilty.

But, hold—we are mistaken, although only in one word, and that a very little one. *Dele* “not.” He is guilty ; he is on the scaffold ; and the executioner respectfully demands a *Salve* or a *Pater* from the assembled crowd. All drop upon their knees, and nothing is heard but the murmur of their voices, till the hangman raises his arm to strike the fatal blow at the machinery, and—withdraws it again.

The friends of the delinquent, it seems, have been busy at court ; they have obtained letters of grace from the king ; and instead of fixing the rope round our friend’s neck, they pass it under his shoulders, and give him a swing. The people laugh ; but a thousand laughs are easier to endure than the more common sort of commutation of punishment,

in which he would have been publicly scourged in the courtyard of the prison, with a cat-o'-nine tails tipped with lead. At the same time, he would have liked better, no doubt, a free pardon, when he would have got clear off by simply kneeling before the judges while they were registering his letters of grace.

Even if, instigated by a bad conscience, or a dread of the lawyers, the delinquent had fled at the outset, the ends of public justice would not have been defeated. Another person would have been laid hold of in his stead, and scourged, hanged, or broken on the wheel, as the case might seem to deserve. This person, to be sure, would only have been a man of straw, covered with pasteboard, and marked and dressed so as to resemble the fugitive. Still a great moral lesson would have been taught, and that is everything.

In the comparatively civilised period of the sixteenth century, the torture by fire was rarely used for eliciting the confession of criminals. When actually brought into practice, however, it consisted generally in the accused being bound down before a furnace, and the soles of his feet presented to the heat for a prescribed time. The cord, water, and wedges, were the usual engines of torture.

When the cord was in question, the accused was drawn up, by means of a pulley, by a rope fixed to his hands, joined behind his back, while a weight of a hundred pounds was suspended to his feet, also tied together. This was varied by drawing his hands and legs separately, in such a way as to require a surgeon to reduce the dislocations.

In the torture by water, the accused was drawn up by his arms joined above his head, while his feet, also fastened together, were made fast to the pavement. In this position, with his head hanging back, a horn was introduced into his

mouth, from which water fell, drop by drop, into his throat. A gallon was usually ordered by the judge; but the unhappy sufferer seldom required more than a quart to induce him to confess everything and anything. This torture was sometimes applied in conjunction with that of the cord.

The other species of torture consisted in putting the legs of the accused each between two planks, binding them together with a cord, and then driving with a hammer as many wedges of wood between them as were necessary to extort confession.

The office of inspecting torturer, called the "Tourmenteur du roi, notre sire," it may be supposed, was a very important one. Independently of his salary, he made considerable benefit by selling to the wretches who came under the hands of his assistants certain recipes and nostrums for moderating the pain of the torture.

The form of criminal law in France having undergone, since this period, almost as many changes as ours in England, perhaps the reader will not be displeased to have thus had an opportunity of comparing the existing process with that of the sixteenth century.

THE LATIN COUNTRY.

FROM central Paris, or the island of the Cité, we cross to the left bank of the river, where another city, altogether distinct in its history, manners, and even physical characteristics, demands our survey. Although without the aid of Turner, in this chapter, we shall not permit ourselves to be tempted to describe objects so much better and minutely painted than we could do it in at least a dozen native guide-books. We shall limit our task, as before, to touching slightly upon the distinctive features of the place, and to endeavouring to convey some general idea of those moral and historical associations which it ought to call up in the mind of the intellectual traveller.

The schools which Charlemagne, though ignorant of the mystery of the alphabetical signs himself, had attached to the monasteries, arose, in some cases, to considerable celebrity in the eleventh century. The episcopal school, in particular, was presided over by eminent professors; and among its pupils it included the children of the king himself, Louis VI. But there were other establishments, founded by private individuals, which owed all their fame to the learning and talents of the professor himself; and that of Abelard, in particular, attracted eventually to Paris, from almost all parts of Europe, such a multitude of students as exceeded the inhabitants in number.

The lover of Heloise was not only learned in all the little learning of the times, but he possessed that daring and

speculative spirit which so frequently elevates men of even ordinary talent to the celebrity of persecution. From Melun he fled to Corbeil, from Corbeil to Paris, from Paris back to Melun, to Saint Ayoul de Provins, to Nogent-sur-Seine, where he founded the famous abbey of the Paraclet, and finally to Saint Gildas de Ruis in Brittany, where he found the monks, as authors relate, more ready to cut his throat than to listen to his lectures. But wherever he went he transported his *camp* (in his own words) along with him. His school followed his wanderings, like a fugitive yet still compact army; and from its ranks, in the course of time, arose bishops, cardinals, and even a pope.

While at Paris, Abelard taught in a house in the Place Notre Dame, in the Cité; but sometimes his lectures, like those of other professors of the time, were delivered in the open air, the scholars sitting down upon heaps of straw spread out in the street. The great ambition of learning in those days was to acquire the *trivium* and *quadrivium*: the former, the rudiments of grammar, logic, and rhetoric; and the latter, the elements of arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, and music. Still, as these were the highest attainments of human knowledge, the possessors were looked upon with corresponding reverence by the multitude. Paris! Paris! became the cry. The young, the poor, the ambitious, the idle, all flocked to this new alma mater. Some carried with them a sword, their only property, and some a cudgel; these fought and plundered their way, while others, as earnest, but more timid, begged for food as they passed on, for the love of God and the Virgin.

The Cité was then Paris; and the Cité could not contain one third of their number. A new Paris, therefore, arose on the left bank of the river—a town which was one vast school, and whose inhabitants were scholars.

In the time of Philippe-Auguste, this concourse of the aspirants of the muses increased rather than diminished; and the king, flattered by the extension of his capital, bestowed a premium upon the importation. The citizens, by an ordonnance of the year 1200, were ordered to protect a scholar from outrage, even at the risk of their lives. A simple accusation made by this powerful stranger was sufficient to condemn; and the condemned had not the right of appealing even to the decision of heaven, in the usual trials by battle, fire, or boiling water. A student, in fine, was safe from arrest, whether civil or criminal, and was subject only to the laws of his own establishment. The consequence of all this may be easily foreseen. The scholars became as dissolute and ignorant as the monks themselves; and at last earned the following character in the work 'De Arte Predicationis:—“They are more given to gluttony than to study; they run after money more than learning; they prefer the beauties of young girls to the beauties of Cicero. Science is debased; instruction languishes; books are sealed.”

Saint Louis, by establishing the famous corporation of schools called the University, raised to the highest possible pitch the insolence of the students. They now quarreled and fought in large bodies with the confréries of the trades, the city archers, and even the mass of the citizens themselves. When the scholars conquered, no redress could be obtained; when they were beaten, the University threatened—and rarely threatened in vain—to suspend its functions till the victors were imprisoned or hung. At one time the learned body actually left Paris in dudgeon, and did not speedily return. This was on the occasion of the scholars being routed in a general engagement with the archers and citizens, who opposed them in a premeditated

attack they made upon a tavern, where they had quarreled with the host about the reckoning. The University threatened as usual, but being so flagrantly in the wrong, obtained no redress; and hence the metropolis was deprived of the blessings of scholarship for two years. The particulars of many more *rows* of the kind are given in Dulaure's History of Paris; and the reader will be glad at last to arrive at one in consequence of which the Pope excommunicated professors, monks, and scholars together.

Two centuries afterwards, the scholars continued to enjoy the most extraordinary privileges, of which Rebuffe, in his treatise '*De Scholasticorum Privilegiis*,' enumerates one hundred and eighty.

A scholar was noble by his profession, in testimony of which he wore the sword. He had a legal right to the title of messire, and his wife to that of madame; although they were usually addressed monsieur and mademoiselle.

In travelling, if a scholar found all the lodgings occupied in the town where he chose to halt for the night, the inhabitants were bound to make room for him by turning out somebody else; he, on the contrary, never stirred for anybody.

If he found his studies interrupted by the noise or smell arising from any trade carried on in his neighbourhood, he could cite the offender before the judge, and compel him to remove the nuisance.

If, tempted by his neighbour's fowl approaching too near his study, he killed and ate the intruder, confession, and restitution of the value, absolved him from the pains of law.

The scholar was free of the town by the fact of his studying there. He paid no rate of octroi, and was subject

to no local tax. The officer who attempted to invade such privilege might be punished corporally, or even banished.

The arms of the King and University, affixed to his house, protected it from seizure.

On becoming a scholar, he escaped at once from all liability for debts previously contracted. For debts contracted during his scholarship, he was summoned three different times before being obliged to plead.

When he was himself the creditor of another, his claims took precedence of all the rest.

His books could not be seized in any case whatever.

He could not be arrested within the liberties of his college.

His father could not be cited before a court of law, while he visited his son at the University.

His servants shared in their master's privileges, and sometimes demanded no other wages.

When condemned to death, he was reprieved if he could plead reputation in any particular branch of learning. So much for the rights of literature!

The college of the Sorbonne, the most ancient in France, was founded by Saint Louis, in 1252; but this, as well as the numerous institutions which arose afterwards, was confined to bursaries and the education of ecclesiastics. In the fifteenth century, however, many of them were thrown open; and in the sixteenth, the wells of learning being patent to all, the French became a lettered nation. At the University of Paris alone there were thirty thousand students, and in the other sixteen towns, a proportionate number. The streets swarmed with their sable figures, attired in long gown, leathern girdle, and round cap. The sum paid by these seekers after wisdom was small, but still it was something; and to this, as well as to their superiority in the



Engraved by M. W. Brown, F. A.

1844

mode of teaching, may be attributed the sudden and rapid rise of the Jesuits, who gave their instruction, in imitation of Him from whom their society derived its name, without money and without price.

Besides the cost of the letters of scholarship, which obtained entrance for the student, he paid two sous per month as the teacher's fee, and a proportion of the expense of benches, candles, and other school-room necessaries. Books could not have been dear, even taking into account the relative value of money, since we know that Virgil was purchased for three sous, Cicero de Amicitîa for one sous, and the Categories of Aristotle for half a sous.

The vast buildings of the ancient University, with its forty-two colleges, have now disappeared, but the seat of learning is still on the same spot. The whole of the district is called the Pays Latin, and here reside the Students of Paris. The name, however, is at present applied only to those who are engaged in the study of law and medicine; but even of them, there are seven or eight thousand come every year from the provinces and foreign countries, to take the place of an equal number, who carry home the learning, or the follies, of the great metropolis.

THE COURT-END OF PARIS.

THERE is yet a third city, absolutely distinct from the other two, which we have to allude to before leaving Paris. This is the abode of the court, and of the people in business, situated on the right bank of the Seine. It was no inadvertence our passing along its distinguished buildings—the Tuileries and the Louvre—without entering at once into the subject of the present chapter. The Island was the first Paris, and demanded our first attention, as the early seat of power and religion; Learning came next, and called us to the left bank of the river; and now we are at leisure to visit the “court-end of the town,” and the warehouses of the merchants who minister to its luxuries and necessities.

At present, indeed, the two sides of the river are not much more different in character than London and Southwark; but the time has been when the traveller might imagine, in passing from one to the other, that he had entered a new kingdom. In costume, for instance, on one side of the river his eyes were dazzled by every gay and splendid colour; on the other, almost every human being he met was habited in funereal black. The difference, however, it must be confessed, was merely external; for the same ferocious and blackguard air was observable in both. The irregularities of both, in fact, were fostered, if not produced by the other; for they were natural enemies. The nobles, with whom church preferment in former times

exclusively rested, had been for a long time so deeply sunk in ignorance and barbarity that they were become absolutely ineligible. To this was chiefly owing the rise and encouragement of these scholastic *clerks* (for all the students were ecclesiastical aspirants); and to this the perpetual broils of the Court and University.

At the commencement of the third race, the nobles were professed robbers, and the bishops were nobles; but about the fourteenth century, it was thought ungentle for a man of rank to go upon the highway in person. Such individuals were called in ridicule "knights of prey;" while those who had more regard for the dignity of their *order*, sent "coureurs" to prowl about the roads, and make travellers stand and deliver. This was in imitation of the state kept by the kings, who had "chevaucheurs," or riders, to seize the spoil in their masters' behoof. When the royal cortège entered Paris, these officers rode through the streets, went into the houses, and carried off without ceremony anything they thought proper. This was not a disorder of the moment: it was a royal privilege, which was exercised for a considerable time. As for the later frolics of the nobility, when the *Rentiers* and *Ecorcheurs* went about the country pillaging and cutting throats, they originated in sheer necessity. One of the famines of this period—the fifteenth century—carried off a third of the population of Paris.

The Parisians, at nearly the same epoch, were as gay and light-hearted a populace as could be found in Europe. At the fêtes of the church, the streets were illuminated, and all was music and mirth in the great metropolis. When the kings or queens entered the city in state, or when honour was to be done to other royal visitors, all Paris was in the street. Nobody thought of dining in-doors. The tables and chairs were spread upon the causeway; the toast of one

party was cheered by the next ; and every song was at least a quartetto. On these occasions, the public fountains ran milk, wine, or scented water ; and the city gates were flanked with scaffolds, hung with silk and rich tapestry, where mysteries and other shows were exhibited, which in some cases would have done much better for private view.

The criers of wine went about the streets every day till twelve o'clock, and they jostled with the pilgrims, who made their rounds singing the mysteries of the Old and New Testaments. The night-guard of the town was composed of the bourgeois in their trades or confréries ; and their principal stations were at the two Châtelets—strong towers at the end of the bridges which connected the island Cité with the two banks of the river. They were posted also at the prisons, and before the relics of the Sainte Chapelle, and at many of the churches. When they made their rounds, however, they were not permitted to assume the appearance of a military body, but carried their arms concealed in a bag.

At midnight the slumbering city was awakened by the clang of bells ; the lamps and tapers in the churches were suddenly relighted ; and dark figures were seen gliding along the streets. Then the voice of singing, mingled with the swell of the organ, rose wildly upon the night-wind ; and the weary Parisian, muttering a drowsy prayer, turned his head upon the pillow, and departed again to the land of dreams. At this period, the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century, the inhabitants of the metropolis are represented by contemporary writers as being equally fanatical and licentious, great lovers of exhibitions of all kinds, and of a mutinous and unruly spirit. At the general procession of Saint Innocent, there walked a hundred thousand Parisians with bare feet ; but the same individuals

were notoriously lax in conjugal morality. In some of the provinces, the husbands possessed the legal right of beating their wives as soundly as they chose. The bare proposal of such a law would have raised a rebellion among the women of Paris; who claimed—and who dare assert they were wrong?—to do exactly what they liked.

Notwithstanding the splendid accounts which some French writers give us of Paris in the middle ages, it was in reality a confused heap of dark, narrow, and dirty streets, of which those of Saint Denis and Saint Martin were the richest. They were only lighted by a lamp here and there burning before the images of the saints, and by the flambeaux and lanterns of the beau monde when they ventured out at night. But darkness was not the only inconvenience of the streets of Paris: they swarmed with thieves and rogues of all descriptions: who, when detected in committing a crime, took refuge in the courts of great houses, where the police dared not enter. The principal disturbers of the peace, however, seem to have been the valets, who were looked upon with great suspicion by the authorities.

In the fifteenth century, the provost of Paris issued a proclamation, forbidding all “varlets, laequais, and serviteurs,” to carry sword or baton. They were also prohibited from playing at the common games in the streets; and finally, all “varlets, serviteurs, laequais, et autres *mal conditionnés*” out of place, were ordered to quit the city and faubourgs, if they could not instantly find masters, or others willing to answer for their conduct.

In some places, a valet could be confined under lock and key by his master on his own authority; and according to the Coutumes of Perigord, it was provided that a valet who seduced his master's daughter should be hung without mercy.

The streets being alike impassable in carriages and on foot at the above period, all the world was on horseback. Visits were paid on horseback ; the judge went to the courts on horseback ; monks preached on horseback : and men about to be executed rode up to the scaffold on horseback.

The whole city, or rather the whole of the three cities, was surrounded by walls and ditches, except at the places where they were intersected by the Seine entering or quitting the guarded precincts ; and there a heavy iron chain extended from bank to bank. The ditches were supplied with a living stream of water by the river, and the fish they contained were valuable enough to be farmed.

In great houses at that time there were five repasts : the breakfast ; the ten o'clock meal, or *décimheure*, by way of shortness *décimer*, whence *diner* ; the second dinner ; the supper, so called from soup only being eaten in earlier times ; the collation. At court, the quantity of meat allowed to each guest was proportioned not to his appetite, but to his rank. In Dauphiny, for instance, the barons of the court were allowed just half the portion of the Dauphin ; the knights a quarter ; and the esquires and chaplains an eighth. Wine was doled out in the same way ; and the two sexes being treated alike, a young and delicate baroness occasionally found herself with four quarts of wine standing before her, while the burly squire lower down bent a rueful glance upon his solitary flagon. The history of Dauphiny enables us to convey some idea of the treatment at the royal table, by describing the Dauphin's dinner portion on an ordinary occasion, by which may be calculated those of the other guests : A quantity of rice, leek, or cabbage soup ; a piece of beef ; a piece of salt pork ; six fowls, or twelve chickens ; a piece of roast pork ; cheese ; and fruit.

This was very well for such "barbarous ages" as the

fourteenth or fifteenth centuries ; but a little later, a prodigious advance was made in the art of the table, and we now invite the reader to a dinner of the sixteenth century.

The premier mets, otherwise called the “entrées,” consisted of fruit and salads. This course was meant to open, as it were, the appetite, to tickle and excite it gently, and set at least its curiosity on the qui-vive for what was to come. Cherries, and even lemons, were used among other fruits for this purpose ; the learned gastronomes being aware that the business now was to sharpen and brighten those divine faculties which had been blunted and dulled by an abstinence of perhaps several hours.

The second mets consisted of soups, pastes of macerated lobster, fowl, almonds, &c., and *brouets*, which are much the same sort of dish, only dressed in a different way, and mixed with bouillon. The soups were of rice, millet, wheat, fennel, or mustard ; and of macaroni, macerated meat, or tripe ; and of apples, pears, or quinces. But it was not only the palate which was consulted ; the eye also must be gratified, or the artist would have lost his pains. Each soup was tinged with a colour nicely adapted to its nature ; and the whole was arranged upon the table, on a similar principle to that which guided the inventor of eye-music. Thus the optics of the diner, after dwelling for a moment tenderly and dewily upon the yellow soup, received a happy attraction from the white ; from the celestial blue they sunk (children of earth !) to the soft and gentle green, the livery of spring ; from the red, blushing with conscious richness and heavy with fragrance, they wandered, languid with enjoyment, to rest upon the golden.

The troisième mets consisted of roast meat à la sauce. The sauces were made of cinnamon, mustard, or nutmeg ; of garlic, or other vegetables ; of cherries, plums, mulber-

ries, or grapes; of the tender sprigs of broom, or other bushes: of roses, and other flowers. There was also the hell-sauce, composed of pepper. These sauces, like the soups, were all tinged of a different hue: but sometimes the artist, in pride or whim, or in the mere wantonness of genius, would mingle, without blending, a dozen different dyes in one dish, and astonish the applauding guests with the view of a parti-coloured sauce.

The quatrième mets, called also the "second rôti," consisted of roast game. The articles for this course were all boiled to a certain point before being put upon the spit; and to know when this point had been attained formed the grand difficulty, and was the very shibboleth of an accomplished cook. The lard used for basting was first spiced and perfumed, till it acquired an aromatic flavour as well as taste, and was then in every respect qualified for its delicate, and, so to speak, affectionate duty.

The cinquième mets consisted of pastry, particularly tarts—of herbs, rose-leaves, rice, gourd, cherries, chestnuts, oats, &c.; and the repast terminated with creams, confections, honeyed wine, and hypocras, a compound of wine and sugar spiced and perfumed with cinnamon and cloves. A dessert of fruits was also included in this course, although frequently they remained, during the whole repast, ornamenting the table, and hanging on boughs suspended from the ceiling.

But all this refinement was confined to a single art. Paris, as a town, was still in a state of barbarism; and even the sign-boards containing portraits of the saints, and the niches at the shop-doors filled with their statues, were no protection in the streets. Only one door, however, was allowed to each house, in order more effectually to prevent the escape of thieves; and sometimes one of the family was

compelled to remain at the window all night to give the alarm in case of need. On seeing any deed of violence going on in the street below, he sprung a rattle, which was replied to in like manner by his neighbours, and thus the whole district was roused almost at one moment. The very appearance of a human figure walking along was sufficient to excite terror or suspicion; and therefore every true man was compelled, for the sake of his own safety or respectability, as well as by law, to carry a lantern. Rogues, however, took care to appear as seldom as possible alone. They roamed the town in confréries of their several trades of plunder, which were called *compagnies des guilleris, des plumets, des rougets, des grisons, des tirelaines, and des tire-soies*, the last named condescending to transact business only with persons of quality. At this time there are said to have been in the whole of France,

Two hundred thousand nobles,

Fifty thousand officers of justice,

Thirty-six thousand advocates, and other practitioners of law,

Thirty thousand serjeants,

Six thousand tax-gatherers, and

Two hundred thousand beggars.

The following century, the seventeenth, was distinguished by its swarms of *false* beggars, who haunted some dismal dens where the police rarely ventured to follow them. These places were called *Cours des Miracles*; because there the lame resumed their legs, and the blind their sight, in the twinkling of an eye. The most celebrated was entered from the Rue Neuve Saint Sauveur, between the *no thoroughfare* (we dare not mention to ears polite the horrid French word) de l'Etoile, and the Rues de Damiette and des Forges. Others were in the Rue Saint Denis, Nos. 328

and 313 ; the Rue du Bac, No. 36 ; the Rue de Reuilly, No. 81 ; and the Rue des Tournelles, No. 26.

In some respects these haunts of misery and crime, where the men were robbers and the women prostitutes, answered to the Alsatia of London. The inhabitants, amounting at one time to forty thousand, had their own language, called *Argot*, and a supreme chief, styled, like the king of the French gipsies, *Coësre*. It was the duty of the *cajoux*, or principal officers, to teach young aspirants the art of fabricating fictitious wounds, and, above all things, of cutting purses. The latter was a very lucrative branch of trade: for even under Louis XIV it was the custom to carry the purse openly suspended at the girdle. The mode fallen upon at last to break up these abominable communities, is not the least curious part of their history. To convert them to virtue was out of the question ; but in 1667 the lieutenant-general of police (an office just then created) hit upon the expedient of bribing them to a kind of vice less hateful to the public. He organized a stupendous system of espionage, and took the thieves, robbers, and prostitutes of the Cours des Miracles into his pay. He then placed two lamps, one at the entrance, and one in the middle of their dismal passages, and the ex-vagabonds became all on a sudden agents of the government, and inquisitors into the foibles and vices of society.

Here we might take leave of this third quarter of Paris, and allow the reader to form and enjoy, at his own pleasure, the contrast between past and present times. Mr. Turner, however, is determined to take up the word, or rather the line, in his turn—and behold one of the fashionable Boulevards of to day !

THE BOULEVART ITALIEN.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

TRAVELLERS who are progressing in the direction of the source of the Seine, and who determine, on account of its historical celebrity, to see the ancient town of Troyes, if they should miss every other, save an immense circuit by going by the road to Provins and Nogent, at which latter place they rejoin the river. The route hence, till you reach Provins, is completely uninteresting. Vast fields, occasionally some miles in area, stretch away in the distance till they are only bounded by the dim edge of the horizon. Here and there their surface is dotted with an orchard, a grove of poplars, and, more rarely, a farmhouse; but in general the effect is monotonous and wearisome.

At Provins, indeed, a change comes over the character of the scene. On the left hand, crowning a picturesque steep, an old château with its ruined tower, a beautiful church, and the remains of walls and broken ramparts, arrest the wearied eye as if by a spell. Here Charlemagne coined money in the year 768: and within these castellated precincts the ancient Counts of Champagne held their state, and might have seen from their donjon, if the human vision could carry so far, one half their dominions.

At the foot of the steep is the lower town, a place tolerably well built, which is much frequented in summer on account of its mineral waters. It contains an old convent

of Cordeliers, where Henri Quatre at one time established his head-quarters; but affords nothing else worthy of remark.

From Provins, the scenery is varied by hills and valleys, till, arriving at the town of Nogent, we meet again with the Seine.

This, we say, is the route for hasty travellers; but the idle wanderer will do well to embark in the steam-boat on the river, and proceed by this conveyance at least as far as Melun. The scenery, indeed, is not very striking for some distance after leaving Paris; but there is one point worthy of all observation—where the broad Marne mingles its waters with those of the Seine in so imposing a volume, that the spectator is at a loss to know why the united streams should take their name from the latter river.

But we must not look only with the eyes of the senses; for here there is much matter for the study of human nature. Owing to the *gentility* of the accommodation on one hand, and the cheapness of the fare on the other, the steam-boat is the resort of all classes, from the peasant girl who has visited the capital to lay out her year's earnings in a new cap, to the city-bred dame who comes forth once a year to fright the Dryades with the ghastly features of town dissipation. Among the lower middle classes, or perhaps *middle middle* classes on board, we are again struck with a peculiarity we have perhaps mentioned before—the sort of familiarity which exists between female servants and their mistresses. They chat together, and laugh together like friends; and the servants, enjoying themselves with the constant companion of their wanderings, a huge loaf, make no scruple of talking to their ladies with their mouths as full of bread as of words. One would absolutely think that these two classes of society, so distinct

in manners, dress, and station, belonged to the very same species!

The most interesting objects for speculation, however, are a young wife and an old husband, who seem to belong to a class a little higher than that of the other passengers. The lady is a mere girl—perhaps not more than sixteen—and they appear to be newly married. She is beautiful, and conscious of her beauty. She looks at the old man like a queen regarding her slave; and rather endures his services as matter of course than condescends to command them. Sometimes, however, his anxious unwearied assiduity produces a sudden change in her manner. She looks at him kindly, and thanks him sweetly and earnestly: but by and by her thoughts flit away; a shade of care descends upon her bright brow; she looks back unconsciously along the wake of the vessel—her heart, young though it be, is busy with memories! Look *forward*, poor girl!—to look back is death. Learn to endure what you cannot avoid; and know that, soon or late, time will bring round the revenges of nature.

At some distance from the

CONFLUENCE OF THE SEINE AND MARNE,

there is a handsome village on the right bank, where, in 1682, a princess of the house of Orléans built a château which qualified the name of the place, Choisy Mademoiselle. This was bought, however, by Louis XV, who spent vast sums of money in reconstructing it, when the village took the name of Choisy-le-Roi, which it still retains, although the keepers' lodges are all that remain of the royal dwelling.

Corbeil, an ancient but common-place-looking town, is

built on both sides of the Seine, the two parts being connected by a very handsome bridge, beneath the arches of which we pass. This was a station fortified by Charles-le-Gros in the ninth century, to arrest the downward progress of the Normans towards the capital. Abelard came hither from Paris, followed by his camp of scholars; and, in later times, Laharpe found an asylum here after his proscription.

After this, the banks of the Seine become more picturesque, diversified by hills, and dales, and woods; but there is nothing which particularly demands the traveller's attention till he arrives at

MELUN,

where we invite him to leave the steam-boat, for the purpose of viewing more closely the place which is the subject of the opposite engraving.

It is no wonder that authors differ so fiercely as they do on abstract questions, when they cannot agree even on those subjected to the evidence of the outward senses. M. de Villiers, whose book we so often take up, in deference, perhaps, to the travelling authority of his title—Inspector of Posts—remarks thus of Melun: “For our part, this town appears to us to take its place so naturally among those of which one says nothing, that we cannot imagine how we have been able to detain our readers here even so long as we have done.” Now, to *us*, Melun, in addition to being rich in historical associations, appeared to be one of the best built, most substantial, and most respectable-looking towns in France!

It certainly is one of the most ancient, and in situation presents some analogy with Paris, being built on an island in the Seine, and on the two opposite banks. At the end

of the island there is still pointed out, we know not with what correctness, a portion of a building said to be the remains of a temple of Isis. The vestiges, also, of its ancient château are still in existence, where Saint Louis lived, and where Robert and Philip I died. Amyot was born at Melun; and Law received there his second birth, being converted to Catholicism preparatively to becoming grand financier.

We have not time to tell how this town was taken first by the Normans, and then by the English; or how the latter people, being unable to capture it by open force, reduced it by famine; and how, after garrisoning it for ten years, they were at last driven forth by the inhabitants.

On leaving Melun, instead of pursuing our journey by the Seine, we put ourselves into the voiture for Fontainebleau, and crossing the river from the right bank, soon plunged into the shade of the forest. This immense wood, which is twelve leagues in circumference, with a surface of nearly to thirty-three thousand acres, owing to the natural inequalities of the ground, is still picturesque, and sometimes grand, notwithstanding that it has been subjected to the operation of the same taste for mathematical lines which has metamorphosed almost all the other forests of France into fashionable drives and lounges for nursemaids and children. "It is fearfully beautiful," says a French author; "those ancient oaks—those crumbling rocks, dark and shapeless—those blocks of granite, heaped upon one another as if by accident—those immense beeches, towering in the air, or lying prone upon the earth, blasted by thunder, or ready to fall into ruin upon our heads." Even in the immediate neighbourhood of the château, where the vestiges of the presence of man are more numerous than elsewhere, the scene retains a character of wildness amounting almost

to the sublime. Looking down from a lofty eminence, you see on one hand the palace and town embosomed in dark masses of trees, which extend on all sides to the verge of the horizon ; on the other, you may fancy that you behold Solitude herself cradled in a deep glen, surrounded by granite cliffs, piled on one another in all the rudeness of primeval nature.

Fontainebleau is a paltry-looking town, with one wide street ; and the palace a collection of houses, imposing from the magnitude of the picture they present, but without character in any other way that we could discover. This royal abode has been the scene of so many important historical events, and all of them so well known, that perhaps we ought to pass by without touching upon them at all. The interview between Henri IV, however, and Biron, may be alluded to, as a trait of individual character rather than of history. It was here that Henri, for nearly two days, employed himself in endeavouring to soften the obduracy of his old comrade in arms, in order to obtain disclosures from him respecting the conspiracy, which would justify a pardon. All was in vain. The marshal remained obstinate to the last ; a reluctant warrant was granted by the king ; and he was carried in the middle of the night to Paris, and hung by torch-light in the court of the Bastille.

In the year 1642 a strange cortége presented itself at the gates of the castle. This was a moveable chamber, carried by eighteen gardes-du-corps, marching with uncovered heads, and followed by another party ready to take their turn time about. This immense machine was built of wood, richly ornamented, and covered externally with crimson damask. In the course of its journey, rocks had been levelled, and walls thrown down, to allow it to pass ; and when at length it reached its destination, among a con-

course of curious spectators, it was found to contain no less valuable a treasure than—Cardinal Richelieu. He had been seized with illness in Dauphiné, and, unable to endure the jolting of an ordinary carriage, had caused himself to be transported in this manner over the greater part of France. It was at least going to his grave by as easy a mode of travelling as could be devised. From Fontainebleau the chamber resumed its travels, and landed the cardinal finally at Paris, where he died.

If Fontainebleau was famous for nothing else than the murder of Monaldeschi, the secretary to Christina of Sweden, while she resided here, this extraordinary event would be sufficient in itself to make it one of the most remarkable places in Europe. Christina was no longer a queen, and Monaldeschi no longer a subject. He was her private secretary, her friend—her lover, as some suppose; perhaps a deceitful friend, perhaps a faithless lover. She received, apparently, proofs of his guilt in his own hand-writing; and, in the presence of Father Lebel, whom she had brought hither on purpose, and of three others, gentlemen of her suite, she dared him to deny his signature. The scene was curious. It took place in the Galerie des Cerfs, where Christina stood in the middle of the floor with her false friend or faithless lover. In the back-ground were her three officers, all armed; and the wondering ecclesiastic, as he entered the room, in obedience to the ex-royal summons, struck with the singularity of the picture, became alarmed, he knew not why.

She called him *traitor*; Monaldeschi threw himself at her feet; and the three men drew their swords. But Christina did not give the signal. She listened calmly to what he had to say; allowed him, with imperturbable patience, to draw her aside to a corner of the room, that he

might deliver his explanation unheard by the rest; and, turning to Father Lebel, requested him to observe that she was in no haste to condemn. Her passion had been concentrated in the single word *traitor!* and this having escaped, her heart was still as death. After an hour's conference with the victim, she turned again to Lebel, and addressed him in a grave but moderate tone.

"Father," said she, "I now retire, and leave you in charge of this man's soul. Teach him how to die!" The princess then left the apartment, slowly and loftily: the door shut behind her, and the executioners advanced. Monaldeschi threw himself on his knees before the ecclesiastic, not to confess, but to implore his intercession. The armed men themselves were moved; and one of them went out to try whether their mistress had not yet relented. His blank visage, when he returned, declared the ill success of his errand; and at length Father Lebel, in desperation, sought the queen himself, and first with supplication, then indignantly, demanded that she should stay her hand from so unheard-of a murder.

He threw himself on his knees, and implored her, by the memory of the wounds and sorrows of Jesus Christ, to have mercy on the victim. Christina expressed no impatience at the interference; she heard him calmly and graciously; merely replying, that she neither would nor ought to pardon a crime which, instead of simple death, deserved the wheel. The father then desired her to remember that she was not now in her own palace; that she was a guest in the house of Louis XIV; and that, whatever her own views might be, it was necessary, before taking so extraordinary a step, to inquire how far it might correspond with the ideas of justice of the King of France. To this Christina replied, that she was a guest, indeed, but not a

captive; that she should ever claim the liberty of doing justice in her own household family as she thought proper; and that as for the propriety or impropriety of her course of action, for that she was answerable to God alone.

When Father Lebel returned, and informed the victim of the result of his intercession, the unhappy man at length commenced the duties of the dying; but in such confusion of mind that he mingled several different languages in his recital. When he had finished, the almoner of the queen entered the room; and Monaldeschi, without waiting for absolution, sprang from his knees, and rushed towards him. They remained for some time in earnest conference; and at length some farther hope seemed to arise, for the almoner and the chief of the three armed men went out. The latter, however, soon after returned alone.

“Marquis,” said he, “demand pardon of God, for there is no mercy below!” and pressing him up into a corner, he made a plunge at the victim’s breast with his sword. Monaldeschi, in the agony of mortal terror, seized hold of the blade with his hand, and three of his fingers were severed; but the point of the weapon snapped upon a cuirass which he wore beneath his clothes. Seeing this, another of the assassins aimed at his face, with more effect; and the unhappy wretch, perceiving now that he must die, begged that they would permit him to receive absolution. This done, he threw himself upon the floor, and received while falling, from one of the executioners, a tremendous blow upon the skull. He was as tenacious of life, however, as of hope. He did not die; and they attempted, by repeated strokes, to sever his head from his body: but the coat of mail, and the collar of the doublet above it, interrupting the blows, they only mangled without slaying him.

At this moment the almoner re-entered the room; and

Monaldeschi, maimed, bleeding, and mangled as he was, crawled towards him. But there was no reprieve. The almoner only confessed and absolved him over again; and the chief of the assassins, plunging his sword into his neck, silenced his lips for ever, although he did not cease to breathe for a quarter of an hour.

Perhaps it may be said that this anecdote is too well known to demand even the above slight abridgement from the minute detail given by Father Lebel himself.

CHAMPAGNE.

WE set out for the nearest point on the Seine, by a little country voiture, one of the most primitive-looking carriages we have yet seen, but the only public conveyance to the place where passengers sailing down the river, and whose destination is Fontainebleau, land from the steam-boat.

On resuming our voyage up the river, we found that a considerable improvement had taken place in the character of the scenery. Indeed, there is perhaps no portion of the Seine in the course of which a greater multitude of sites of greater beauty are to be found. The banks are bold and picturesque; the hills on either side are covered with wood, and numerous seats and villages appear as we pass, with gardens arranged in terraces on the steep slopes above them. By degrees, however, as we proceed, the land begins to sink, and continues to grow tamer and tamer. The banks by and by are so flat, and their line so indefinite, obstructed perpetually by stones and sand-banks, that we can hardly believe we are really travelling on a great water-road. At length we reach Montereau, at the confluence of the Seine and the Yonne, where the former river retains little else than the name to remind us of our associations of grace and beauty.

This is a compact little town, with so much bustle in its principal street, that the traveller guesses its population at much more than the reality—somewhere about three thousand. It possesses nothing, however, worth remark, except, perhaps, a Gothic church, in which is preserved the sword

of Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, who was assassinated here in the year 1419, in the presence of the Dauphin of France, afterwards Charles VII. The scene of this murder was one of the bridges of the town, long since destroyed and replaced.

During a portion of the year, a small steam-boat performs the voyage between Montereau and Nogent; but the water was at this time so low, on account of the extreme heat of the weather, that her operations were entirely suspended. We therefore set out in a voiture for the little town of Bray, which is about half way, trusting to Providence for the remainder of the journey, as no public carriage runs upon the road, and private ones, we heard, were sometimes difficult to be had.

The scenery improved a little as we proceeded, but only enough to avoid remark one way or other. Our fellow-passengers (who were neither lords nor peasants) had not a word to say for themselves; the conducteur was a solemn lump of humanity, and as empty as solemn people usually are; the horses were a pair of grave, grey, elderly brutes, who would not even wag their tails in the way of companionship. The banks, somehow, seemed to slide from beneath the vehicle; the trees looked dim and shadowy, now here and now there; sometimes we were hissing along in the middle of the river, and sometimes under it; but more frequently we were riding backwards to Montereau. All on a sudden we were thrown into the arms of a neighbour by the stoppage of the voiture, and a discordant voice croaked at the same moment in our ear—"Nous sommes arrivés!"

Although Bray and the next place on the route, Nogent, are both thriving towns—the former with a population of two thousand, and a considerable trade in grain, there is

no public vehicle whatever on the five leagues of road between them. The steam-boat for two or three months in the year, is all the inhabitants have to trust to, except their own waggons, for the interchange of goods, if any takes place. As for postchaises and cabriolets, it is possible that such things existed in the town—and even horses to draw them; but on this day such an article as a postilion, either sober or otherwise, was not to be had. It was necessary, therefore, either to remain at Bray till the people had slept off the excitation of the conscription, or walk five leagues on one of the most broiling days of a broiling season.

In vain we ransacked the church, crossed the bridge, and prowled about the neighbourhood. There was nothing to be seen, nothing to be done.

This is the country of poplars. Groves and alleys of these graceful trees lined the road the whole distance. Sometimes the Seine was seen scaling among them, and sometimes the prospect opened, and displayed ranges of low hills in the distance. The little place we have just left was a frontier-town of the Brie Champenois, a portion of the ancient province of Champagne; but the vast plains from which it took its name are not visible here. The department of the Aube, however, which we are about to enter, and its neighbour, the Marne, has much of this monotonous character; and the country between Lezanne and Vitry, from its chalky, gravelly soil, has obtained the name—which the reader need not translate aloud—of Champagne Pouilleuse.

A considerable number of vines are seen on the low hills of the Brie; but the department of the Marne, however uninteresting to the lover of the picturesque, is the richest in this produce. There grow the white wines of Aï, Pierry, Epernay, Mareuil, Sillery, Dizy, and Antvillers;

and there the red wines of Aï, Epernay, Versenay, Bonzy, Taisy, Cumières, Verzy, Mailly, Saint Bâsle, and Saint Thierry.

There are many jokes against the Champenois, which we have the less scruple in alluding to, as, at the present day, they are mere jokes. They are accused of possessing a simplicity of character which degenerates into absolute folly. "They are as silly," say these mauvais plaisanteurs, "as their own sheep;" and a story is then quoted from Cæsar, which the reader will look for in vain in the Commentaries to support the assertion. From this it appears, that when the Roman general conquered Gaul, he imposed a tax upon all the tricasses¹ who possessed a flock of a hundred sheep. This was doubtless a great hardship, and the cunning Champenois, for the purpose of eluding it, immediately resorted to the expedient of dividing their charges into droves of ninety-nine. This, however, would not do. The fiscal officer counted the shepherd with his flock, reckoning that ninety-nine sheep and one Tricassis made out a hundred beasts!

To this day the Dijonnais call their neighbours, the Langrois, *fools of Langres*; and we should not omit to mention that, in the days when such things were in fashion at the French court, Troyes enjoyed the exclusive honour and privilege of furnishing the king with fools. In our time the Champenois retains nothing of his original character, except a certain goodness and amiability of disposition which are supposed, in this wicked world, to be component parts of folly. He sings and dances—no one dances more; and his heart is as light and merry as his own sparkling, flashing wine. As for the Troyen, although we have not yet reached his ancient city, we think it our duty, by way of a *per contra*,

¹ The inhabitants of the country of Troyes in Champagne.

to present the reader with his eulogium drawn up by one of his own townsmen.

“The true Troyen is frank, earnest, determined in his opinion, obstinate in his tastes and purposes. His spirit, more ingenuous than fine, less brilliant than solid, is capable of any thing demanding application. Naïf, easy, without stiffness in his commerce with society, he loves pleasantry, raillery, and noisy pleasures. Although frequently open to the defects and absurdities of his neighbours, he is only offended by foppery. Despising compliments, which to him appear the sure sign of falsehood, and detesting in the same degree pride and meanness, he suffers constraint with impatience. He is little adapted for servitude, and little skilled in gallantry and small-talk. An obliging friend, an amiable enemy, he is the first to seek reconciliation. Careful, attentive to his interests, he knows how to ally magnificence with economy. Capable of work, of care, of attention, of details, he yet dreads continued labour; he flies it from a certain softness of mind which sometimes leads him to indolence. In general, he is less capable of acquiring than of preserving. Attached to his country, his town, his fireside, he yet gives himself up to strangers, who occasionally make him their dupe. If ambition, interest, or views of gain, obtain the mastery over his mind, which, however, is rarely the case, he becomes laborious, active, indefatigable; he learns to flatter and insinuate; one would take him for a Gascon, if his speech did not betray him. For the rest, the circumstance is very rare, of a Troyen quitting his province with the firm purpose of making a fortune and not fulfilling that purpose.”

NOGENT-SUR-SEINE.

Just before entering Nogent, we obtained a very beautiful peep of the Seine stealing along between its rows of poplars. We then entered a busy bustling town, very well pleased with our journey, and the reflections it had given rise to.

Nogent-sur-Seine is nearly twice as large as Bray, and this is nearly all that it is necessary to say about it. It, however, notwithstanding the want of ready communication with the latter town, is considered to be the entrepôt of commerce for the whole department of the Aube; and in earlier times was a place of still more importance. The principal hôtel is very miserable, and as dirty as hôtel need be; and altogether, it was with considerable satisfaction we found ourselves the next morning walking briskly away from it across the fields, at the same moment that the lark began his matins.

The walks by the river side are very agreeable at both ends of the town, but more especially so in the direction we are now taking. The Seine is speedily to lose its character of a navigable river; and already its low green banks shelving over the water, or a bed between of sand and gravel, give it an appearance wholly different from any it has yet assumed. After a pleasant stroll of two leagues and a half, just sufficient to stretch the limbs before breakfast, we reached, to our great surprise, at Pont-sur-Seine, a very neat and entirely new suspension-bridge. The purpose of our present walk was to see this little town, and the ruins of a

remarkable château mentioned by Richard, after which we intended to rejoin the great road and wait for the diligence.

The contrast between the village of Pont-sur-Seine—for there must be some strange blunder in Richard's "petite ville sur la Seine, au confluent de cette rivière avec l'Aube—population deux milles,"—the contrast, we say, between the village and its bridge is one of the most curious imaginable. The former is a village of the middle ages, preserved even to this moment in uncontaminated antiquity; and the latter a trim, self-sufficient, mathematical specimen, in body and spirit, of the nineteenth century.

Where all the men were, Heaven knows, for we did not see a single face masculine except that of the toll-keeper of the bridge; and he, poor man! was followed from his den by his wife, and at least a dozen female children, to gape at the unaccustomed traveller. The inhabitants were women, with complexions of the deepest Asiatic hue, and all, we believe, without exception, considerably beyond the three score and ten years of human life. They sat at work, in parties of some half-dozen, not at their doors, but in the middle of the street, a fact which proves that the invention of wheeled carriages had not yet been adopted in Pont-sur-Seine.

After insinuating our way as gallantly as possible through those antiquities, we prepared to view, in the ruins of the ancient château, a monument as venerable as themselves. Alas! these ruins exist only in the book of M. Richard. They have now vanished, and on their site has arisen a great, glaring house, built in exceedingly bad taste. The view, however, after we regained the road, which we found on the top of a hill overlooking the village, was sufficient to compensate for the trouble of a much longer walk, and the rather that it afforded almost the only prospect worth noting till we reached—

TROYES.

The approach to this ancient capital of Champagne would be fine at any rate, but coming in as a relief to the monotony of the route, one unconsciously exaggerates its beauty. Seated in the midst of a plain, however, covered with rich plantations, through which the Seine, dividing into numerous branches, rushes with energy, and surrounded by ditches and ramparts, above which appear the dark roofs and spires of the city, Troyes certainly breaks upon the traveller's view in a very imposing attitude.

It is all imposition. We no sooner enter the gates than we find ourselves in a mean and miserable town, without even that character of the picturesque which almost always belongs to antiquity. The houses, old without dignity, are chiefly built of wood, and the streets are narrow, without the grotesque irregularity which, in the ancient part of Rouen, for instance, so amply compensates for inconvenience. The only thing which can make the city tolerable at all as a place of residence is the walk round the ramparts; and even there, solitude is the principal charm. The ditch is in some places extravagantly wide, and considerable trees grow even at the bottom; while beyond, interminable groves and alleys shut in the view abruptly. Looking one way, you may fancy yourself in a wood; but you no sooner turn your head than the walls and roofs of houses, to which even those seen from the ramparts of Calais are palaces, produce a disagreeable conviction that you stand within the precincts of a city.

The cathedral is the edifice most worthy of notice. It is of vast extent; the vaults are more than commonly bold; and there is much grandeur in the general proportions.

Among other curiosities which it contained is one which it contains no longer. This was the statue of a bishop in the act of performing the ceremony of marriage, who received from the people the name of Saint Eternon. Certain old women, who went piously through their *neuvaines*, or nine days' devotion, at length acquired so much influence with the saint as to whisper in his ear with unfailing effect, the names of the young people who had a vocation for matrimony, and who were willing to pay for such interference. Whether this gave scandal to the authorities or not, we cannot say; but the statue was removed to a house in the neighbourhood, and from that unlucky day the number of marriageable, but unmarried, girls at Troyes "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

In the church of Saint Jean, the memorable marriage took place of our Henry V with Madame Catharine of France, daughter of Charles VII. On the 21st of May, (1420, according to the *Art de vérifier les Dates*.) the contract was drawn up "soubz des conditions extresment inhumaines," and published at the crossways of the town. On the 30th, the marriage was performed in the parish church; and, for the offering, the happy pair gave each three nobles, with two hundred nobles to the church, "et feurent les soupes au vin faictes en la magniere accoustumée et le lit béni." The English, add the chroniclers, were on that day so richly arrayed in cloth of gold and silk, loaded with precious stones, that the French and Burgundians wondered where so much wealth could have come from. Besides the above-mentioned liberality, Henry presented to the church the crown in which he was married, and his mantle of brocade, sprinkled with gold flowers and eagles. The crown, of gilded copper, ornamented with gold, still exists as portion of a reliquary of the True Cross.

In the church of Saint Etienne are the tombs of the Counts, of which the most worthy of notice is that of Count Henri, surnamed the Liberal. A story of this prince's liberality is told by Joinville with exquisite quaintness. It appears he was one day going up the steps of Saint Etienne, accompanied by Ertaut de Nogent, a bourgeois, whom he treated as a friend, and who had made a large fortune in his service. His path was obstructed by a poor knight kneeling on the steps, who addressed his prince, according to a usage of the time, in these words:—

“Sir, I beg of you, for the love of God, to give me wherewith to marry my two daughters, whom you see here!”

“Sir Knight!” cried Ertaut, interposing; “this is un-courteous. My lord has already given so much that he has nothing more to give.”

“Sir Villein!” said Count Henri the Liberal, turning sternly to his dependant, “you have spoken falsely in asserting that I have nothing more to give—for I have *you!* Here, Sir Knight; I bestow this man upon you, and warrant him your bondsman!” The knight, it may be supposed, sprang upon his prize like a tiger; and the historian adds, that he did not loose his hold till Ertaut had bought himself off with a fine of five hundred livres.

The church of Saint Jacques-aux-Nonnains depended formerly upon the abbey of Notre-Dame-aux-Nonnains, the abode of a nun, whose sudden desire to become a hermitess drew from Saint Bernard one of the most admirable letters ever written.

At the church of Saint Loup, the canons were accustomed to carry in the processions of the Rogations a great winged dragon, who opened his eyes and jaws, and flapped his wings by means of springs moved by cords. The

children of the town were of course greatly delighted with the spectacle, and amused themselves with throwing cakes into the monster's mouth. At the first procession, *la Chair Salée*, for such was his name, appeared adorned with garlands, and was betrothed; on the second day, decked with ribands and trinkets, he was married; and on the third, stripped of all his finery, he died, and was carried into the church tail foremost. This custom, which was not peculiar to Troyes, lasted there till the year 1728, when the curé shut the doors against the hideous absurdity.

Besides its ecclesiastical antiquities, there are in Troyes the remains of some ancient baths, on the arm of the Seine at the western angle of the town, which ought to receive the attention of the traveller. The baths, &c., lay between one of the streets and the river; and appear to have consisted of five vaulted apartments on the ground floor containing the baths, and other conveniences for the bathers above. A wide gallery ran along the building in all its length on the river-ward side. These, however, were only the baths of the men; those of the women, about a gunshot lower down, were destroyed by fire, and even their ruins subsequently removed.

Early in the sixteenth century, the use of linen became general, and frequent bathing was not so imperatively demanded as before, either for the purposes of cleanliness or health. From this period, therefore, the public baths began to vanish; but up to that time they were established in every town in France. They were frequented, however, not only by bathers, but by idlers of all kinds. Some went to wash themselves in water, and some in steam; but many more to talk over the news of the day in an atmosphere more pleasing in point of temperature than the open air. The baths at length became altogether a place

of amusement and debauchery; and a synodal statute at Avignon, published in 1441, prohibited ecclesiastics from entering them, "quod dictæ stupræ sunt prostibulosæ, et in eis meretricia prostibularia publicè ac manifestè committuntur."

But in the more northern parts of the kingdom, the rules of decency and propriety were observed probably to the last; and a man who presumed to enter the baths of the females, would not only have been punished by the ecclesiastical law, but would have incurred the popular infamy which attached to Clodius on a similar interference with the mystic rites of women. It was, perhaps, thought at the time an interdict still more necessary, which forbade the Jews and Jewesses to pollute the waters with their touch. "When will ye go into the baths to wash yourselves?" became the periphrasis made use of by the preachers in inviting into the true fold the strayed sheep of Israel.

The abundance of water at Troyes, and the rushing noise of the various branches of the river, as they perform cheerfully their mechanical duties in the service of millers, paper-makers, and other manufacturers, would lead the traveller to imagine that the Seine was increasing in volume rather than diminishing. We are approaching, however, surely, although slowly, to the point where this river—so beautiful and so majestic—might serve for the sport of a boy to leap over it with closed feet.

The next place worthy of any notice on the route is the little town of Bar-sur-Seine. This was the scene of many a dreadful struggle between the Catholics and Calvinists. Bar-sur-Seine appears to have been the chosen arena. It was taken, retaken, sacked, burnt; and the annals of this little town exhibit, perhaps, more traits of

atrocities than those of any other place in France before the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. At one time the Troyens pursued a large body of Calvinists, with their wives and children, to Bar-sur-Seine, and put the whole to the sword, with the exception of ten or twelve whom they took prisoners. One of these, an unhappy man called Pierre Clément, lord of Pouilly, was condemned to be hung; but maintaining his faith to the last, against the persuasion of two priests who tried to convert him on the scaffold, he was torn down alive by the infuriated populace. The soles of his feet were roasted at a fire; his eyes were torn out;—but the pen refuses to pursue the sickening detail. The miserable wretch was at length thrown over the bridge into the river.

The promenade on the banks of the Seine is delightful; and a little chapel, dedicated to Our Lady, which we meet on a hill, as we proceed on our journey, surrounded by woods and groves, is a shrine which the pilgrim of nature should not pass without visiting. The next place is a small town, or rather village, called Mussy-sur-Seine; and immediately after we enter into the department of the Côte d'Or, a portion of ancient Burgundy.

When the Pope, or anti-Pope, Benedict XIII resided at Avignon, Philippe-le-Hardi was deputed to endeavour to shake the resolution of the pontiff, who had resolved to remain there with his court. Among other presents, however, he unfortunately gave twenty *queues* of Beaune to the cardinals; and this, if we are to believe Petrarch, frustrated his views. "In Italy," says the lover of Laura, "there is no vin de Beaune; and our prelates, after once tasting it, could not enjoy life without a beverage which is to them the fifth element."

This was in 1395, so that the wines of Burgundy boast a

reputation of some antiquity. The strange thing is, that the ecclesiastics had not only the reputation of being passionately fond of good wine, but were, in fact, the best brewers of that fifth element. When the monks of Dijon sent a proclamation through the streets, by sound of trumpet, that they had wine to sell, not a merchant in the city could sell a drop till their stock was exhausted. The trumpeter, on these occasions, appeared in the garb of a priest, clothed with a surplice.

The best wines of Burgundy are not on this side of the capital, Dijon, but beyond it, on the ranges of hills, or eminences, called the Côte de Nuits, and the Côte Beaunoise. The former produce the famous wines of la Romanée, the Clos de Vangeot, Chambertin, Richebourg, la Tâche, Nuits, and Chambolle; the latter those of Vollenay, Pomard, Beaune, and Lapeyrière, and the excellent white wines of Montrachet and Meursault. It is said, however, that in the course of the last half-century a degeneration has been going on in the wines of Burgundy, accounted for by the avarice of the growers, who prefer the most fruitful plants without regard to their quality, and who force vines by means of manure, on lands where nature never intended them to grow.

The wines of the Côte d'Or, when genuine, are the best and most wholesome in France; for this reason, that they neither require, nor will bear, the *doctoring* which is absolutely necessary to most others. They possess in themselves all the high qualities which constitute a good wine, and are destroyed by the slightest adulteration or admixture,—like those Venetian glasses which are said to have burst in pieces at the touch of poison. The white Burgundy mousseux, lately produced in imitation of Champagne, has not the rich flavour of the latter, but

is more agreeable to some palates. Partaking also of the generous nature of the red wines of this district, it is much stronger; and he who is in the habit of drinking Champagne in the *draughts* customary at English tables, will find it a dangerous substitute.

In the arrondissement of Beaune, a table of observation was kept for thirty-seven years, which presents some results that are highly curious:

1. In those thirty-seven years, the vintage took place twenty years in September, and seventeen years in October.

2. Of the twenty September crops, eleven were good, and nine bad or middling; while those of October were all inferior or middling.

3. Of the whole thirty-seven vintages, four were extraordinary in point of abundance, thirteen good, and twenty middling, bad, or entire failures.

The next town to Bar is Chatillon-sur-Seine; and here the aspect of the country is altogether changed. Surrounded by mountain, heath, and woods, we might imagine ourselves in Scotland. The Seine receives here the little river Douix, and its stream becomes narrower and narrower above the confluence. Chatillon was a residence of the dukes of Burgundy of the first race; and in 1814, a conference held here between the ambassadors of Napoleon and the allied sovereigns attracted again the attention of Europe to the spot.

Our task now begins to narrow like the river; and we are becoming as barren as the rude country through which we are journeying, because their subject—denuded of the historical and pictorial interest which has hitherto redeemed them—would require to be—ourselves. We pass through a few little villages, and see two or three little streams lend their waters to swell the pigmy current of

the Seine. Chanceaux comes last ; and a little way beyond, with hills, and rocks, and forests, around us, darkness above, and barrenness below, we arrive at the termination of our journey.

THE END.



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