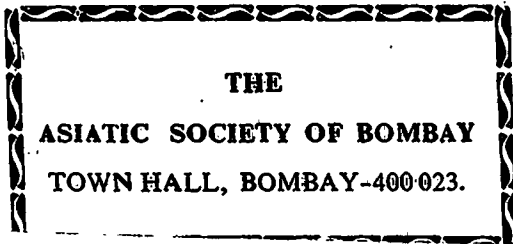




00081242



**THE**  
**ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY**  
**TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.**





HEATH'S

PICTURESQUE ANNUAL

FOR 1834.

81242

ae

S  
e  
s



LIBRARY  
OF THE  
BOMBAY  
BRANCH  
OF THE  
ASIANIC SOCIETY

*The Castle of St. George*  
By  
JAMES W. HILL



# TRAVELLING SKETCHES

ON THE SEA-COASTS OF FRANCE.

WITH BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,

FROM DRAWINGS

BY CLARKSON STANFIELD, Esq.

BY

LEITCH RITCHIE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "TURNER'S ANNUAL TOUR," "SCHINDERHANNES," "ROMANCE  
OF FRENCH HISTORY," &c.

LONDON :

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND  
LONGMAN.

PARIS: RITTNER AND GOUPILL. BERLIN: A. ASHER.

1834.

914.44  
R1+1780  
81242



00081242

LONDON:

PRINTED BY JOHN HADDON AND CO., IVY LANE.





LONDON  
BRANCH  
OF THE  
ASIATIC SOCIETY



Painted by J. G. ...

*Handwritten signature*

Engraved by ...

# PLATES,

FROM DRAWINGS BY CLARKSON STANFIELD, ESQ.

	Page
1. DIEPPE (Frontispiece) . . . . .	15
2. RAMPARTS OF SAINT-MALO (Vignette) . . . . .	216
3. CALAIS . . . . .	4
4. ABBEVILLE . . . . .	9
5. WATER-MILLS AT EU . . . . .	10
6. EU (looking towards Tréport) . . . . .	13
7. TREPORT . . . . .	13
8. CHATEAU OF DIEPPE . . . . .	21
9. FECAMP . . . . .	42
10. ROCKS OF ETRETAT . . . . .	54
11. VIEW NEAR HAVRE . . . . .	63
12. HONFLEUR . . . . .	91
13. CAEN . . . . .	116
14. DISTANT VIEW OF MONT-SAINT-MICHEL (from the heights of Avranches) . . . . .	179
15. DISTANT VIEW OF MONT-SAINT-MICHEL (from the sands) . . . . .	179
16. MONT-SAINT-MICHEL FROM THE NORTH-WEST . . . . .	191
17. MONT-SAINT-MICHEL WITHIN THE WALLS . . . . .	203
18. SEA VIEW OF SAINT-MALO . . . . .	213
19. SAINT-MALO . . . . .	214
20. HARBOUR OF SAINT-MALO . . . . .	225
21. SAINT-MALO . . . . .	227



# TRAVELLING SKETCHES

ON THE SEA-COASTS OF FRANCE.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### PICARDY.

It is commonly supposed that the local attachments of a mountaineer are stronger than those of a lowlander; and the cause is referred to the fact of the scenery in the midst of which they are born, being more remarkable and impressive in the one case than in the other. The emigrant highlander carries abroad with him, wherever he may wander, the indelible impressions, received in infancy and deepened by time, of that

“ Land of brown heath and shaggy wood—  
Land of the mountain and the flood,”

where his moral affections were unconsciously associated with objects not easily confounded with new ones.

The dweller of the plains, on the contrary, roams into other plains that resemble his own. The lines

of the picture on his memory, however deeply they may be impressed, are capable of being altered and adapted to new objects of nearly the same form ; and, in the course of time, the "land of his sires" becomes only a dream which scarcely awakens regret.

This speculation is too much in what is called the "spirit of the age" to please us entirely. The gigantic steps which the world has lately made in the philosophy of matter have brought mind into disrepute : our moral feelings are now merely physical impressions ; our quality of intellect arises from the accident of formation ; and our deadliest sins are the result of organic disease. This is mere weakness and presumption. The very suddenness and extent of those acquisitions by means of which man has become as a god, with power over the elements of external nature, should teach him humility while speculating on the moral attributes of his being. In our knowledge of these we are but children ; and all our philosophy has as yet taught us only to penetrate the outward crust of nature.

But, if there be even a portion of truth in the doctrine we have mentioned regarding local attachments, how strongly must *his* mind be wedded to early impressions whose first home was the sea-shore !

This cannot be called a local attachment, for it is not confined to place. Let the wanderer traverse a whole continent ; let there extend many hundred leagues between him and his father's house ;—still, when the ocean first meets his eye, there he sees

his home. However sad may have been his pilgrimage, however dreary the wilderness, however distant even now his comrades and countrymen—all is forgotten; for he looks upon his home. His knee is upon the earth, his eyes are filled with tears, for it is his home that lies before him, and his mother's voice that makes music in his ears.

These are our own feelings—subdued, of course into the world's *propriety*—as we set out on a ramble along the SEA-SHORE.

The trip from Dover to Calais is pleasant even to a landsman; for in three hours one has hardly time to be tired of the sea. When the Englishman, however, lands in France, he feels a sort of chill come over him as he finds himself all at once in the custody of a gendarme. The gendarme's business, which he executes with politeness, and without a fee, is simply to conduct him to the douane; and it is, therefore, the military dress of the officer, and nothing else, which offends our island prejudices.

It was, in the same manner, the military appearance, and nothing else, of the New Police, which rendered them at first unpopular in England; although the very fact of their being unpopular is sufficient to account for their now *deserving* the hatred of the people. The force will not answer the purpose of its originators—it never *can* keep down an insurrection of the people. Soldiers without *barracks* are in the situation of other citizens; and the very first act of a popular rising would be to massacre every man of the New Police—a

deed which would be done without mercy, and could be done with perfect ease.

There is very little in the appearance of Calais, except the walls and gates, to remind us that we have crossed the channel ; although the well-dressed young women, of all ages from girlhood to womanhood, playing unnoticed at battledoor and shuttlecock in the street, give us early notice of the sort of public life led by the French.

A favourable idea of the architecture is conveyed in the drawing, which is taken from a street behind the market-place, and comprehends a view of the hôtel de ville and light-tower.

In going from Calais to Boulogne, it is usual for the English who do not travel in private carriages to choose a great, heavy, lumbering machine, which progresses at about the same rate as the diligence. The reason is that it is called an *English stage-coach*.

The journey is in itself sufficiently agreeable, but would be still more so if the traveller had time to diverge a little to the right or left as occasion called. He might visit the village of St. Inglebert, where, in 1390, a very gallant pas d'armes was held for a month by three French knights against all comers ; and the quarries of Ferques, distinguished by the ruins of what is said to have been a Druidical temple. Should he inquire, however, in the neighbourhood about this monument, it is necessary to mention it as the Nupches, or the Noces ; for the people know nothing about Druids, and can tell



ROYAL MAIL  
BRANCH  
OF THE  
INDIAN  
OCEAN  
STEAMSHIP  
COMPANY



Drawn by C. Stanfield, R.M.A.

Engraved by A. J. Wilson

Calcutta



very circumstantially the origin of the circle of stones.

A marriage fête, say they, was once celebrated on this spot ; and the dance was formed, and the merry-makers at the height of their joy, when a troop of priests passed by, carrying the holy sacrament to a dying man. The dancers' hearts were hardened in their mirth, and the bride and bridegroom absorbed in their love : the music did not stop, the knees did not bend, the lips did not pray, and the incarnate deity passed by unhonoured. The chant of the indignant priests was turned into a prayer for vengeance ; they called upon Heaven to punish its contemners ; and, on the instant, the impious crew—we, of course, mean the dancers—were turned into stones where they stood.

Wimille, a village on the road, was the scene of a battle in 882 between the Boulonnais and the Normans, in which the former lost eight thousand men. In the churchyard are seen the tombs of Derosier and Romain, two early aeronauts, who lost their lives in the attempt to rise above the rest of the world.

The Column of the Bourbons is seen to the right of the road, and indicates the approaching termination of the short ride. It is about one hundred and fifty feet in height, and of considerable elegance in proportion. A stair in the interior conducts to a gallery near the top, from which a splendid view is obtained, extending to the coasts of England. The first stone was laid in 1804, and the last in

1821; in which a bronze medal was deposited containing the following inscription, giving us, in a few words, the history of the monument.

THIS COLUMN,  
RAISED BY THE ARMY ASSEMBLED AT BOULOGNE,  
WHERE IT THREATENED AN INVASION OF ENGLAND,  
WAS COMMENCED IN 1804.  
BECOME A MONUMENT OF PEACE  
BY THE RESTORATION OF THE THRONE OF THE BOURBONS,  
IT WAS FINISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES  
OF S. M. LOUIS XVIII.,  
AND CONSECRATED TO THE REMEMBRANCE, ALWAYS  
DEAR TO THE FRENCH,  
OF HIS HAPPY RETURN TO HIS STATES IN 1814.

In entering Boulogne on this side the traveller coasts round a lofty wall, which he imagines to belong to the prison of the town, and speedily finds himself rattling along a busy and populous street. The shops, as he gets lower down, present an appearance of opulence, and the inns and hotels indicate a great thoroughfare for coaches. It is, perhaps, the next morning before he discovers that all this time he is not in Boulogne proper, but in the lower town, or suburbs; and that the wall which he had looked upon as the inclosure of a prison forms, in reality, the fortifications of the place. In the approach from sea the two towns are visible at the same moment, and form an agreeable if not a magnificent picture.

The ancient or upper Boulogne is built on a

height, at the bottom of which runs the Liane. Here Quintus Pedius, by the orders of Cæsar, founded a town for the purpose of facilitating the communication with Britain, and gave it the name of his own native city, Bologna. By degrees, the buildings extended beyond the walls, and, reaching the sea at the embouchure of the Liane, formed the port of Boulogne.

There are hardly any remarkable buildings in the upper town, although abundance of historical recollections are called up by fragments and localities. We must except, however, one very illustrious edifice, specially pointed out to our admiration, by the author of the "Conducteur dans Boulogne," as the church to which Louis XVIII. came to say his prayers, and to do homage for his crown to the Virgin, on his disembarkation in 1814. This honoured building is the church of St. Joseph. The same judicious writer records an instance of impiety, connected also with the localities of Boulogne, which contrasts finely with the devotional feelings of Louis towards the Virgin. The offender was the Baron de Morvilliers, who, in some religious frenzy, (irreligious, *we* would say,) "caused the revered statue of Notre Dame de Boulogne to be thrown into the well of the chateau d'Houvault on the twenty-first day of October, in the year 1590." "In my 'History of Boulogne,'" continues our author, "I give the most circumstantial details on the elevation, the adversity, and the unhappy end of the Virgin."

One of the principal buildings in the lower town is the hospital, attended by twelve sisters of the order of St. Augustin. A portion of the establishment is consecrated to the reception of foundlings exposed here and at Calais ; but, unless some change in the arrangements has taken place of late, those of the latter town can be no great incumbrance. The little wretches, as soon as they are found (which is probably as soon as they are born), are given into the charge of a man who carts them to Boulogne in nine or ten hours. During this time, they, of course, have no sustenance or attendance whatever ; and, before they reach the hospital, must be quite willing and ready to leave a world so inhuman.

A library of twenty-five thousand volumes, and a museum of natural history and curiosities, afford the means of amusement or study to the residents of the place.

Boulogne may be called the capital of the English in France ; and, like other capitals, it is sufficiently dissipated. It is more the resort of the idle and the gay than the economical, and is therefore occasionally the haunt of the desperate and the needy. Upon the whole, it is an amusing enough station for a week, or a month, in a tour of pleasure ; comprehending all the usual *agrémens* of baths, billiards, dancing, and gaming.

As the sea-coast presents very little that is remarkable between this and Dieppe, we shall hurry on the reader as fast as may be, only pausing to take breath for a moment at Abbeville. There have



BRANCH  
OF THE  
ATLANTIC



Engraved by C. Stanford, A.R.S.A.

Engraved by R. Watts.



been many disputes respecting the antiquity of this town, the ancient name of which is said to have been *Britannia*;\* but there can be no doubt that at a very early period it was a place of considerable consequence. Gregory of Tours, for instance, mentions that, after the assassination of Childeric, *Landesic*, the mayor of the palace, took refuge in it with his treasures, and was only dislodged by stratagem.

In the neighbourhood there are some Roman antiquities; but the curious stranger will have much difficulty in finding any one to direct his industry. Like many other French towns of consequence, *Abbeville* is destitute even of the common guide-books, which furnish the traveller with at least a catalogue of what is to be seen. While talking on this subject with a bookseller, he gave me to understand that "such a work had been universally and urgently demanded by strangers for many years past, but —" and he shrugged his shoulders. We did not inquire into the *but*; but it too evidently meant that nobody had had the spirit to do what every body wanted and would have paid handsomely for having done.

The old cathedral, of which a back view is given in the engraving, is very fine. The front is rich in Gothic ornaments, and the whole appearance of the edifice venerable and imposing. The interior is divided, as usual, into three great aisles, each with an altar at the farther end, and chapels at the sides.

\* *Britannia, ou Recherches de l'Antiquité d' Abbeville.* Par N. Sansom.

In one of these chapels there is an image of our Saviour, which carries to extreme the horrible taste that disfigures so many of the beautiful temples of Catholicism. It imitates to the life (if this is not a bull) the corpse of a murdered man, laid out unwashed, the white winding-sheet contrasting frightfully with the clay-coloured face spotted with blood. Some old women were on their knees before the image, and ever and anon rose up, and, lifting the sheet, kissed the gory feet, and the welling sides.

Abbeville is a clean and well-built town, and the walk round the ramparts very good. The people, however, seem little accustomed to more than a passing glimpse of strangers on their way to or from Paris, and take no pains to make themselves agreeable.

We turn our steps again towards the sea-coast, from which Abbeville is at some distance, and the next place that claims our notice is the town of Eu, situated on the river Bresle, which separates Picardy and Normandy. It is not the actual appearance of the place, however, which attracts us, for this is as common as may be—notwithstanding the artful glimpse of the church we are offered by Stanfield between those old mills, and through those magnificent trees. There is only a church, very little distinguished from hundreds of other churches in France, and a great, massive, unadorned edifice, which, if set down in a street rather than in the midst of a park, would resemble hugely an English workhouse. But this

LIBRARY—ART  
OF THE  
ROYAL ANTIQUE SOCIETY  
OF GREAT  
BRITAIN



Engraved by J. W. P.

W. H. Wood, N. Y. A.

W. H. Wood, N. Y. A.



church is consecrated by fragments of the monuments of the ancient counts of Eu ; and this plain building is the chateau of Eu, the abode, in former times, of the fair and the brave, and the chosen seat of every thing great and noble in Norman chivalry.

Before the countship of Eu passed by the female line into the house of Lusignan, the fief (dating from the tenth century) was one of the richest in the kingdom ; and Count Robert, who followed his suzerain William to the conquest of England, displayed all the state of a monarch.

The wild Norman blood continued yet to boil, and the spirit was yet untamed that led their fathers forth from the woods of Scandinavia ; but this blood was now mingled with the gentler current of the daughters of the west, and the effervescence of this spirit directed, though not subdued, by the enthusiasm of honour and religion. The counts of Eu, like other gentlemen of the time, went forth in quest of adventures ; they wandered into Italy and Sicily, and planted their banners in the fields of Palestine ; till, gradually softening under the influence of warmer suns and milder eyes, the stern warriors of the north were metamorphosed into accomplished knights.

A higher destiny, however, awaited them (if higher can be!) than to strike for their ladies' love on obscure though honourable fields ; for the house of Lusignan gave kings to Jerusalem and Armenia, and that of Brienne, its successor, reigned in Judea and Athens.

The countship of Eu was confiscated by King John, and given afterwards to Jean d' Artois, a prince of the blood, whose son Philippe lost the famous battle of Nicopolis, and died in his dungeon. Charles d' Artois, the son and heir of this prince, was taken by the English at Azincourt; and, in honour of his services, Charles VII. converted his estates into a *comté-pairie*, which, however, reverted to the crown, on the death of the count without issue, in 1472. Three years after, the chateau and the town were burnt down by the order of Louis XI., who feared a descent of the English on the coast; and, since then, the place has never recovered its ancient splendour.

The fief fell next into the hands of Louis of Luxembourg, Count of Saint Paul, and then passed successively, by marriage, into the houses of Clèves and Lorraine. In the latter family, the famous (or infamous) Henri de Guise, surnamed le Balafré, not satisfied with his new acquisition, conceived the project of unseating the king, and mounting the throne of France; but Henri, to save his crown, resorted to the fashionable expedient of assassination, and Balafré, after being murdered, was consumed in quick lime, and scattered upon the winds of heaven.

His grandson, Henri II., Duc de Guise, was as handsome as the other princes of Lorraine, who, as la Maréchale de Retz said, "avaient si bonne mine qu' auprès eux les autres princes paraissent peuple." He was brave, gallant, and liberal; but, unfortunately, while travelling in Italy, he was seized with



BRANCH  
OF THE  
AMERICAN







BRANCH  
OF THE  
NATIONAL VOYAGE



Designed by J. F. Wallis

Engraved by C. Heathcote & J. H. B. R.

the desire to become King of Naples; and, putting himself at the head of the insurgent Neapolitans, he took and lost the capital in an instant. This disgusted him with glory, and he gave up the rest of his life to gallantry and excess.

Henri sold the countship of Eu to the princess of Orleans, the celebrated Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who presented it to her lover, the Duke de Lausun. He, in turn, after suffering five years' imprisonment for his ambitious gallantry, surrendered it to the Duke de Maine. The Duke de Penthière was the last possessor before the revolution; and, after his death, his daughter, the Duchess of Orleans, transmitted it to her son, the present King of the French. Although, as we have said, not a place very remarkable in appearance—at least, when examined in detail—there is a hill in the neighbourhood from which the town of Eu forms, with its adjacent scenery, a very beautiful picture. For this fact we refer to the opposite engraving.

The port of Eu is Tréport, formerly one of the most considerable in France. Some antiquaries suppose it to be the "ulterium portum," at which Cæsar tells us he embarked his cavalry for Britain. All we know is that Tréport to-day is an insignificant village, with some fragments reminding us of the olden time. In the spirited view annexed it is seen from the sea, which the river Bresles enters through a gorge between the hills.

## CHAPTER II.

### DIEPPE.

ABOUT a league before reaching Dieppe there is a place, a short distance to the right of the road, known by the name of the City of Limes, or the Camp of Cæsar. To a common observer it presents the appearance merely of confused mounds of earth ; but these, beneath the eye of the antiquary, rise into ramparts and fortifications. Some inquirers imagine that they see the remains of a Gaulic *oppidum*, and others, those of a Roman camp ; but the argument would not be interesting to the general reader.

Dieppe is situated at the embouchure of the little river Arques, and, as Voltaire says,

“ A travers deux rochers ou la mer mugissante  
Vient briser en courroux son onde blanchissante.”

These cliffs are *falaises*, by which word the French mean such steep walls of rock as guard this portion of the coasts of France, and in England the sea-borders of Kent. In entering the town by the harbour its peculiarity of situation is very striking,

and seems to mark, even to the ignorant of history, the origin and destiny of the place.

On the right hand a rude chateau, dominating the town, but commanded itself by the falaise, points to an epoch when, as yet, the invention of cannon had not changed the mode of warfare. On the left, the almost perpendicular mount is bare of every thing but the fruits of the earth ; and, between, rather a steep bank is surmounted behind by the now useless walls of the town. The idea of security is rather added to than otherwise by the narrow vista formed at the base of the left falaise by the Arques, along which the eye is carried, as you gradually approach, into a little harbour, where the masts of fishing vessels stand as thick as the trees of a shrubbery. In the engraving only the right hand portion of the view is given, comprehending the chateau and a part of the town.

If the wind, as you enter the port, is tolerably favourable for leaving it, you will probably meet with a long line of these fishing craft driving out of the embouchure into the sea. The men lie lazily along the beams, dressed in red caps, blue or brown jackets, and little petticoats resembling loose small-clothes ; while their vessel is dragged along by the women, singing in chorus, and keeping time with head and foot as they perform a kind of running march to the end of the pier. Here they throw the rope off their shoulders with a shrill shout, and stand for an instant to gaze after their husbands and brothers. These no sooner feel that they are

fairly launched than they start from their posture of lordly ease. It is then their turn. They fling out their immense mainsail to the wind, seize the trembling helm, and the little vessel, apparently empty even of ballast, goes dancing forth upon the waves.

The women are strongly made, clear-complexioned, and not rarely handsome. The same weather which turns the cheeks of the men brown turns theirs red; and, in their blue or red petticoats, and caps fitted close to the head, they form rather pleasing specimens of fishermen's wives. Nay, they are not only fishermen's wives, but fisherwomen. The sea is the men's province, and the sands theirs. When the tide is ebbing, they may be seen in ranks, with bare feet and legs, pursuing steadily the retreating waves, and filling their baskets with shell-fish. This occupation gives an air of independence to their gait and walk; and their habit of congregating in groups lets loose the female tongue, and the female gladness and buoyancy of heart. Their manner, therefore, is animated, and their interlocations dramatic.

Le Pollet is a faubourg of Dieppe, only separated by the river; yet a violent rivalry formerly existed between the two places. Customs and manners, however, are now gradually assimilating; and the only traces of the ancient distinctions are to be found in the dress of the inhabitants. The Polletais, in fact, are supposed still to have the advantage; and yet they cannot be without a certain feeling of humiliation when they remember the finery of

their grandfathers. This, we are told, consisted of a cap of black velvet ornamented with an aigrette of spun glass, a surcoat of dark blue cloth laced on the seams with a light blue tissue, a neckcloth with silver tassels, a waistcoat embroidered with flowers, laced small-clothes, silk stockings, and cloth shoes with silver buckles.

This splendour has passed away, but a certain peculiarity still remains. The Polletais pique themselves upon marrying only among themselves, wearing the wide blue petticoat in the fashion of a Dutchman's inexpressibles, and tying their surcoat with ribbons—for they have a soul above buttons. While the Dieppais, mixed with the strangers who congregate in the port, acquire gradually their manners, dress, language, and ideas, the Polletais are still *veritables hommes de mer*. They willingly accept the name of “sea-wolves,” and are proud of being reputed to live by, in, on, and under the water: the range of their minds is shut in by their profession; their vocabulary, therefore, is limited, and when they condescend to talk with a denizen of the earth, he marvels at the “sea-change” which the French language has undergone.

The following song, copied from a Dieppe publication (with the exception of some verses about a capuchin friar which destroy the living truth of the picture), is offered as a specimen at once of the poetry, language, and customs of the Polletais:—

O volt du bord de Dieppe  
Cinq o six mêlangueux

Cé fem' et cé fillettes  
 Chan vouz au-devant d'eux  
 Priant la bon' maraie  
 Que Dieu lenz a baillaie—  
 Chinq o six man' a l'home,  
 Qui chan vont démàquai.

Mais moi, ze feis ma ronde  
 En Poltais racourchi,  
 Et tout au bout du compte  
 Ze n'ai q'un mêlan onit.  
 A vos zeune fillette  
 Qui vent se mariai,  
 Quand un Polletais s'embarque  
 I faut lé vitaillai ;  
 Sa bontelle à la caode  
 Est pi chan cicotin :  
 La fricassé tout caode,  
 Et pi chan bont d' boudin.

But, as our readers are neither sea-men nor sea-women, we add a literal doing of the ditty into the language of terra firma.

On voit du bord de Dieppe  
 Cinq ou six bateaux qui reviennent de la pêche du merlan.  
 Ces femmes et ces fillettes  
 S'en vont au-devant d'eux,  
 Remerciant Dieu de la bonne marée  
 Qu'il leur a donné—  
 Cinq ou six paniers pour chaque homme du bateau.  
 Les femmes et les filles vont détacher le poisson des hameçons.

Mais moi, je fais ma ronde  
 En Poltais raccourci (pauvre bonhomme,)  
 Et tout au bout du compte  
 Je n'ai q'un merlan qui n'est pas frais.  
 A vous jenne fillette  
 Qui vent se marier,  
 Quand un Polletais s'embarque  
 Il faut l' approvisionner ;  
 Sa bontelle à l'eau-de-vie,  
 Et puis son tabac à chiquer ;  
 La fricassé toute chaude,  
 Et puis son bout du boudin.



Although at first a fishing-village, Dieppe in the natural process of events became a great maritime town ; and, when Francis I. visited the place, he was, no doubt, surprised to find himself entertained magnificently at the expense of a single individual. The national marine did not exist, and yet this host of a monarch swept the seas with his own ships, and treated as an equal with the other sea-kings of the time.

The Dieppais are even supposed to have been the pioneers of the discoveries of the moderns in Africa ; and, nearly a century before the expedition of Vasco de Gama to India, they had formed settlements in latitudes where no stranger-flag had waved since the days of the Phœnicians. At a later date, Anher and Verazan, two mariners of Dieppe, founded Quebec ; in 1520, the brothers Parmentier discovered the island of Fernambourg ; and the Dieppais captain, Ribaud, was the first Frenchman who landed in Florida.

The expedition of Ribaud was undertaken under the auspices of the Admiral Coligny ; who, perhaps, flattered himself that his new colonies might, one day, serve as cities of refuge for his Protestant brethren. Philip II. of Spain, however, recollecting that half a century before some Spaniards had disembarked in Florida, claimed the country as his own, sent a fleet to recover it, attacked and beat the colonists, and hung those whom the sword had spared. It may be supposed that this summary process gave a little umbrage to the French king :

not at all; for the Spaniards had taken care to inscribe on the gibbets of his subjects, "*Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics!*"

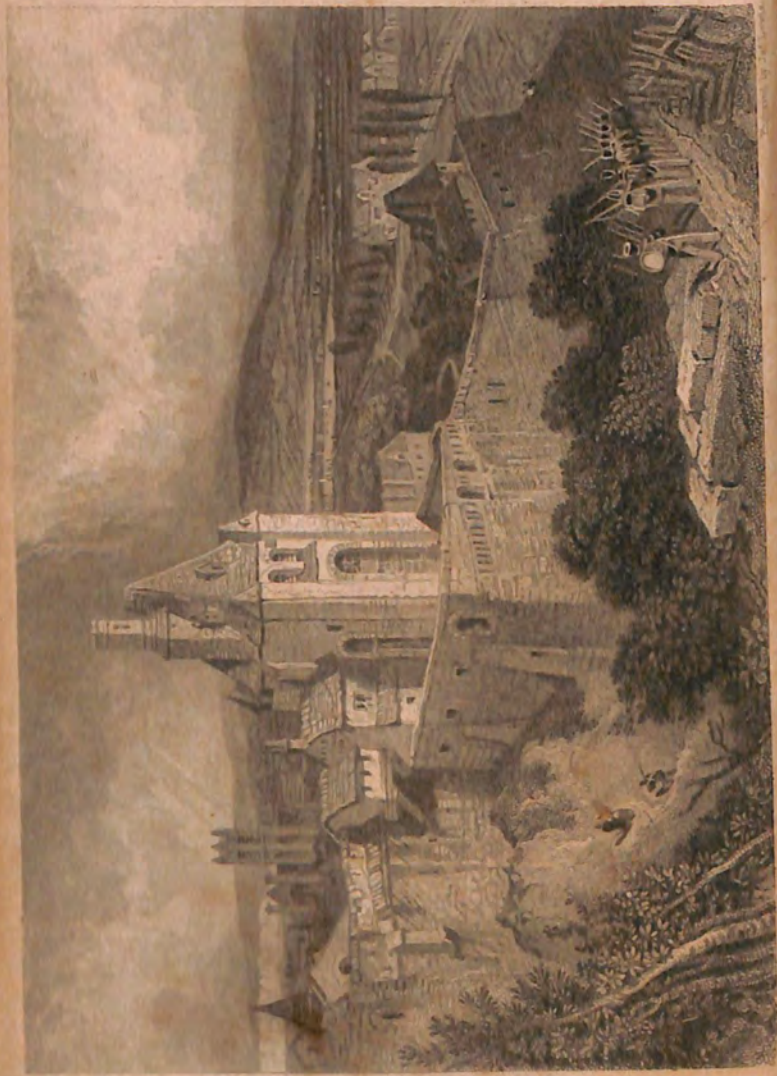
The affair, however, did not rest here. An individual called Dominique de Gourgues brooded over the outrage till his brain began to burn with the enthusiasm which is sometimes called frenzy, and sometimes heroism. He sold his possessions, made proselytes to the cause of vengeance, fitted out an expedition, sailed to Florida, and exterminated the new colonists—writing upon the gibbets of those who did not perish by the sword, "*Not as Spaniards, but as assassins!*" On his return to France, he had very nearly lost his head for this criminal audacity.

In the port of Dieppe there are still occasionally vessels of considerable burthen; but, with the exception now and then of a timber-ship from the north, or a brigantine or two from Newfoundland, there is in general nothing to be seen but small fishing-vessels, and a police-cutter of the royal marine.

The "*petite pêche*" is the grand reliance of the inhabitants; and it is divided methodically into its seasons throughout the year. In the beginning of August the Dieppais set out for the herring fishery, on the coast of England near Yarmouth; in the middle of October they continue the same occupation near the shores of their own country, from Havre to Boulogne; at Lent they return to the English side of the channel; and, towards the end of April, their cares are rewarded by abundance of mackerel.



ESTABLISHED  
1837  
BY  
S. B. LEECH  
OF  
NEW YORK



Soles, whiting, and some other fish, are taken at any season.

The "lions" of the town are not many. The old château, however, presents some points of picturesque effect—as will be seen from the splendid engraving annexed—and the Rue Royale is one of the most *characteristic* in France. The daubs of colour by which the principal effect is produced, together with the height and irregularity of the houses, make a strange impression upon the eye of an Englishman. He feels (perhaps for the first time, if he has come direct from Brighton) that the scene is *foreign*, and prepares himself unconsciously for new customs and manners, and the various excitements of foreign travel. The principal articles of trade displayed in the shops of the Rue Royale are little ornamental works in ivory, which travellers are accustomed to praise: we could see nothing remarkable in them.

The church of St. Jacques is a gloomy and venerable edifice, with a good deal to interest the local antiquary. This was, for many a day, the scene of a religious farce, which seems to have taken the place of the still more ancient mysteries. It was called the ceremony of the Confrérie de la mi-Août, and was performed every year on the fifteenth of that month. A young girl of the place—the prettiest and most demure, no doubt, in all Dieppe—sustained the character of the Holy Virgin, and was carried to the church, amidst the lamentations of the inhabitants, laid out in a bier. As the procession entered the door, and passed along the

nave, the service of the mass begun ; and, when this was about half-way, something was observed to stir on a glory which hung suspended from the vault of the choir, and which now seemed agitated by the lofty swell of the music proclaiming to the worshippers the actual presence of their God.

Two small, white, spectral forms detached themselves from the glory, which now swung free under the vault ; and, as they descended in that dim religious light, it was seen that they were angels—of pasteboard. They hovered above the tomb of the virgin, and straightway the virgin arose—not, alas the lovely Dieppais, who was scarcely yet fledged for heaven, but a *locum tenens* like herself, a shadow of a shade, formed of silk and paper, that was carried away into the bosom of celestial glory, and delivered into the arms of an old man with a white beard, the representation of God the Father.

At this period of the mystery, the expectation of the people seemed to be wrought up to the very highest. A loud and greedy murmur ran through the crowd, resembling the sound by which the refined audience of an English theatre express their desire that the music should commence. At length, another stir took place below ; and the holiness of the place and of the spectacle was not enough to repress the genuine plaudits with which was hailed the appearance of a being whose nature we know not, but whose name was *Grimpe-salais*. Awakened from the dead at the intercession of the Virgin, he sprang to his feet, and stared around. Then, as

the nature of the miracle broke upon his senses, delivering himself up to transports of joy, he leaped, danced, clapped his hands, and finally climbed up, by the ornaments of the choir, till he reached the glory at the top, where he jumped one moment upon the shoulders of the Eternal Father, and the next peeped down upon the people from between his legs. The holy rapture of the spectators was unbounded. They bellowed with admiration ; and the ceremony concluded with shouts of laughter, and cries of " Well done, Grimpe-salais !" This singular ceremony, it is said, continued to be performed till the bombardment of Dieppe by the English, in 1694, when the machinery of the piece was burnt.

We have purposely kept out of view till now the establishment of baths, which gives the place altogether another character. Dieppe is not merely a fishing-town, such as we have described it, distinguished by an air of the rich simplicity of the olden time, which puts one in mind of the carving of a Gothic cornice, but also at the same moment a resort of amusement, frivolity, and dissipation. The town is not situated like Havre, or the other great sea-ports of France, at the confluence of a river, the waters of which are sufficient to soften at their meeting those of the ocean. Its shore receives the waves of the channel in all their original strength and bitterness ; and invalids flock to it at the proper season in the hope of imbibing a portion of their vigour.

The bathing establishment consists of a gallery,

three hundred feet long, with a pavilion at either end, one appropriated to each of the sexes. There is also a hotel, with hot baths, and, of course, dancing and gaming rooms. The English cut a principal figure among the frequenters of these places; and we are tempted to translate from a little book of travels a dialogue which took place last year in the dancing-rooms, between one of our fair country-women and the author. Our migratory habits are, in fact, a standing *quiz* with the French—and no wonder.

“ ‘ If I may judge, mademoiselle, by this little soireé, you pass the time here very agreeably.’

“ ‘ Yes; during the bathing season; but in winter Dieppe is verý dull.’

“ ‘ Then you have spent the winter here?’

“ ‘ Yes, with seventeen English families; and we were all dreadfully weary.’

“ ‘ Perhaps it is your usual place of abode?’

“ ‘ Excuse me, my sister and I were brought up at Paris.’

“ ‘ I should have judged so from your manner of speaking; but from Paris you came to Dieppe?’

“ ‘ Excuse me, we spent a year at Fontainebleau.’

“ ‘ Then it was from Fontainebleau—’

“ ‘ Excuse me, the next year we were at St. Germain.’

“ ‘ And now you are at length fixed on the coasts of la Manche.’

“ ‘ Not fixed. Next year we shall probably be in Touraine; from thence we may go to pass the



winter at Montpellier, or perhaps Nice; then to Italy, or Switzerland; we cannot yet say where.'

'“It appears, then, that the continent possesses many attractions for you, mademoiselle?’

“‘England is so little! one can hardly breathe in it!’” \*

The worst of it is that, of all the English who spend the best years of their life in traversing the continent from end to end, there is not one in a hundred who is the better for it. It used to be the custom for young men of fortune to travel under the charge of a tutor, whose duty it was to point out to them every thing worthy of observation; and this would be an excellent plan, if proper tutors could be found, or, rather, if the guardians of youth were capable of choosing. For our part, we would have no tutor understand either more or less of the learned languages than is necessary—and absolutely necessary—for a gentleman. An eruditissimus, although a respectable enough *homo* in himself, is a mere blockhead when brought into contact with the world; and his pupil will infallibly turn out either a pedant or an ignoramus.

The way to choose is to take hold of your man, and set him down at your dinner-table. If he can satisfy his hunger without attracting the attention of your servants, and imbibe his full share of wine without getting tipsy, or making mouths at it—this looks well. Then hear him talk; and if he knows what every body is saying, and has some tolerable

\* Voyage en Normandie. Par ad. Gondinet.

notions of his own on every subject, which he neither obtrudes nor conceals—then up with him to the drawing-room. If, among the ladies, he is neither a bear nor a puppy ; if he neither stares at your wife, nor broods skulkingly over his coffee-cup ; if his manner softens unconsciously ; if he speaks freely and yet delicately, and listens, when a woman talks, with unaffected attention, and a manly respect—he will almost certainly do. Then try him with the tongues. If he understands little of the vehicle, but much of what he has learned through its means—if he can cite thoughts or passages without remembering books or pages ; if he has a taste and a feeling for classical beauty ; if he remembers, with youthful delight, the time when antiquity opened a new existence to his soul, and is able to separate that era from the one in which he was flogged by Dr. Parr ; if, in fine, he looks upon travelling as a luxury for the heart and mind, rather than as a task for the memory—*that* is your man !

We remember we were greatly pleased with a passage in one of Mr. Bulwer's admirable novels—perhaps *Pelham*—in which he notices the effect produced upon such a body as the House of Commons by an apposite quotation from a classical author. Nothing can be better expressed, or more pleasing or natural in itself. The audience are all—or almost all—well-educated gentlemen ; and the words operate like a talisman in calling up the associations of the golden days of their existence. The admi-

ration which would have been wrested from them in their college days is bestowed unconsciously now that times and scenes are changed ; and they look upon the speaker for the moment as a brother and a comrade.

It is just in this way that a young man should travel. No walking library of dulness should be at his side to remind him ever and anon—"thus saith the historian on this point, and thus the poet singeth of such a place:" recollections should gush up involuntarily in the hearts of both.

But it is not only to compare the present world with the old that we travel, but to study customs and manners, to inquire into the composition of society, to look into the aspect of nature, and read the physiognomies of men. A companion, therefore, who is not in some respects a man of the world, is of no use.

The Cité de Limes, which we have mentioned, and the château d'Arques, are the only places in the immediate neighbourhood of Dieppe which strangers think themselves obliged to visit.

The château stands on a majestic height, from which the deep gorges of the hills, the woods, and wandering streams, and the ocean lost in the distance, combine to form a picture which the traveller does not readily forget. All around is silence and solitude, which the town of Dieppe, niched in a distant corner of the view, does not seem to interrupt ; and the crumbling ruins on which you

stand impress upon the scene a character of melancholy and desolation.

The area of these old walls is crowded with historical association. You hear from the subterranean depths of its dungeons the groan, half guilt, half physical suffering, of Osmond de Chaumont, the prisoner of our first Henry. The armed shadows of Philip Augustus, and Richard of the Lion Heart, stalk through the gloom; Warwick, Talbot, and the heroes of Charles VII., the heroic libertine reclaimed by love, pass in turn before your mind's eye;\* and last, not least, the waving plumes of Henri Quartre, the last of the knights, fan your glowing cheek as the shape strides past, pointing to the field of Arques, where he conquered thirty thousand men with half the number, and gave a mortal blow to that enormous hydra, the League.

At the beginning of the last century, the château was still formidable. The outer walls were of thick masonry, flanked by fourteen towers, some round and some square, but even those filled up by the ruins of the upper parapets. In the entrance from Dieppe, there were galleries carried through the interior of the battlemented walls. There were two

\* It is matter of doubt whether it was the queen or mistress of Charles who awoke him from his voluptuous lethargy. There is no doubt, however, that Agnes Sorrel loved him devotedly; and there may be room at least for suspicion that it was the fame of the handsome and profligate prince which first heated the imagination of the Maid of Orleans.

dungeons, separated by a wall five feet thick—or, rather, a single dungeon divided in this manner, and supporting, by its vault, a platform which commanded all the neighbouring heights. A stair of fifty-two steps led from the dungeon to subterranean prisons six feet high, and four wide; and, as these were immediately under the inner side of the ditch, escape was impossible. The ditch itself was wide, deep, and precipitous; and, being filled with water, formed a defence of the most formidable nature. The place, notwithstanding, was taken, time about, by Philip Augustus, and his rival, Richard Cœur-de-lion.

The château was built, in the eleventh century, by William, Count of Talon, the uncle of the conqueror. The town of Arques had been given to him as an apanage, under the title of a countship; and the son of the frail and beautiful Arlette, although his father was Duke of Normandy, had, of course, no legal claim. William, however, managed these matters without the aid of the courts. The pen with which he advocated his cause was, like those of recent invention, made of steel; and his parchment was the skin—not of sheep. To conquer Arques was but a trifle to the man who was destined to conquer England.

The château continued for many years in the situation we have described; but, at length, it was given up by the government to individuals who used it as a quarry to furnish stones for their houses. In 1780, an express authority was granted to carry

away "the few materials remaining of the *château* of Arques." There are still enough left, however, to serve as a point d'appui for the meditations of the traveller, and to plunge his soul into the past, as he stands musing, and alone among these mouldering walls. In the evening, more especially, this spot is "haunted ground." When you see the more distant features of the view becoming gradually more indistinct, till, one by one, they disappear; when the area of the misty deep narrows insensibly, but without destroying the idea of its immensity, and shore and sea mingle and waver, till both are 'lost; when the far town, with its spires, and shipping, and human population, is swallowed up, piece by piece; when, in fine, the circling flood of darkness closes sullen and silent around you, and the feeling of utter loneliness and isolation is complete—then is the time to dream.

What a world—what a universe is the mind of man! It has neither past nor future: it is all present; but its present comprehends both the future and the past. It is history—it is poetry—it is romance. It is filled with the things that have been—the things that be—and the things that never can be, and yet are. This is a riddle, and yet no contradiction; for the idea of the impossible has the very same existence in the mind as the idea of the possible. We recollect history, we imagine romance; and the ideas of both have exactly the same truth. Is it possible that the conceits of Berkeley can have any foundation in reason? But

hold :—If the mind *will* have its way, the pen, at least, is under our command ; and so one more look into the thick mist which broods over the ruins of Arques—one parting sigh, as an oblation to Abeona, and away.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DESPERADO OF FECAMP.

THE next place of any consequence, on the route along the coast, is Saint-Valery-en-Caux ; and there we paused, only to look at the harbour from which William the Conqueror set forth on his extraordinary adventure. His fleet consisted of nine hundred of what were then called large vessels, besides many smaller ones ; and these transported sixty thousand troops of his own Normans and Britons, with a numerous party of French knights and their vassals, who had flocked from all quarters to join, as volunteers, the standard consecrated by the Pope. The fleet was detained for a considerable time, by contrary winds, at another Saint-Valery, near the embouchure of the Somme.

Saint-Valery-en-Caux is now a small fishing-port, from which a few vessels are equipped for Newfoundland. In former times it was a dependency of the Abbey of Fecamp.



It was Sunday when we arrived ; and, in strolling along the wharf, although we saw no signs of sea-port business, we encountered successive groups of males and females laboriously engaged in what appeared to us rather an odd employment. The first group consisted of elderly men immersed in a game resembling that rude kind of skittles which is played at English fairs for halfpence or gingerbread ; the second of younger men, and the third of children,—all busily battering away at the same amusement. Farther on there was a group of old women driving their skittles like furies ; then appeared the maiden-crew, the pride of the village ; then the girlhood ; then the tottering infancy,—all skittling—skittling—skittling. The short stick which is thrown from the hand was adapted, in point of size and weight, to the age of the player ; and every one, from the oldest to the youngest, was furnished with an instrument of the kind, his own property. It was evident, therefore, that this was the standing game of the village—perhaps its only one.\*

There is a certain grace in all laborious employments that are prosecuted for pleasure ; and, although one can hardly very well tell how it came about, yet the damsels of Saint-Valery—clattering away with their wooden shoes, their short but ample petticoats, their waists up to the shoulders, and their white

\* This play was known in the 16th century. Gargantua, ch. 22. Les jeux, &c.

muslin caps, well nigh an ell in height—did actually present, both in the group and the individuals, an agreeable and even graceful picture.

Fécamp is a town of about nine thousand inhabitants, and presents an appearance of singular irregularity. It is situated in a gorge between the lofty falaises that border the sea and other heights equally bare. The lower town extends to the sea, and the houses are huddled about the port.

This, notwithstanding, was at one time a very important place, and the abbey-church is, to this day, a vast and imposing pile. The nave is one of the most spacious we have seen, and the choir paved with rich marble. The pictures, however, contrasting with the fine Gothic windows of stained glass, have an effect at once piteous and ludicrous, being such daubs as an out-of-doors artist would pay with for his lodgings at a village *hostelrie*. Some exception, notwithstanding, must be made in favour of those in a chapel dedicated to the Mother of Mercy.

The abbey, of which this was the church, is now converted in part into a cotton-spinning manufactory; yet its ruins are, in general, intelligible enough. It was originally built in the seventh century by Wanengue, Lord of Fécamp, and was consecrated by King Clothaire, Saint Vandrille, and Saint Ouen, in person. Being thrown down by the Normans, it was raised again from its ruins, at the end of the tenth century, by Duke Richard I., who desired, as a recompence, to be buried under the gutters of the

holy place. His monument is still extant in the choir, and is worthy of the rudeness of the iron age.

In 1035, the future Conqueror, while nearly eight years old, received here the oath of fidelity of the states, when his father, Robert the Devil, abdicated in his favour, in order to go and scourge himself in Jerusalem. The monastery was one of the best endowed in the country, possessing six baronies, and extending its jurisdiction over the ten parishes of the town, and sixteen others elsewhere in Normandy, as well as over its dependencies, the abbeys of Saint Taurin d' Evreux, Bernay, and Blangy. The abbot enjoyed all the rights of a feudal bishop. His living brought him in a hundred thousand livres of rent, and his temporal jurisdiction was omnipotent in the fiefs of his convent. Even till just before the revolution he had the power of naming the governor and lord lieutenant.

This rich benefice, however, was not entirely at the disposal of the abbot and his monks. They were required to educate, without charge, fifteen young gentlemen without fortune, and to receive, at free quarters, every poor traveller who chose to demand their hospitality. In those days, when there were no inns such as we see them now, the monasteries served as caravanserais, where travellers of all ranks halted on their journeys to seek shelter and protection. It is to this circumstance we are indebted for most of the materials of history ; for the chronicles of the monks are, in general, little more than abstracts of the conversation of their guests.

The refectory of so great an establishment as the abbey of Fécamp must frequently have presented a scene of stirring and even dramatic interest. Let us suppose a baron and his feudal retinue of squires and pages assembled in the hall, and the fathers, with eager curiosity, demanding in return for their good things the news of state: suddenly another knocking is heard at the gate, and a soldier of the Temple or of Jerusalem enters, with grave and haughty pace, to extend the circle of conversation, till it comprehends the whole of eastern Europe, and perhaps the confines of Asia.

His talk is of war and of the Cross—of murder and the Saviour—of vengeance and the Mother of Mercy; when, hark! a horn is heard swelling with its rich and melancholy tone without, and presently a wandering knight bows himself courteously into the room. He tells of jousts and tournaments, and of the *pas d'armes* he has come from holding, where he had stood for three entire days to break a spear with every passer-by in honour of the *doux yeux* of his love. He is interrupted by a sound of singing borne fitfully upon the ear by the breeze; and, as the air is recognized, the fathers get up joyfully to receive a band of pilgrims of the Cross, who enter next, with palm-branches in their hands, which they had cut in the Holy Land.

Such scenes, however, must be considered to have taken place at an early period; for in the sixteenth century the houses of public entertainment were already distinguished for their comfort according to

the age. They were licensed by the king, and the signs set forth,—Hostellerie, çabaret, or taverne, “par la permission du roi.” In Spain, at the same period, the traveller found nothing in the auberges but oil, vinegar, and salt, while in France a dinner or supper awaited the hungry wanderer, adapted to his rank or mode of travelling. A foot-tramper, for instance, was attracted by the intimation, written in large letters upon the door, “Dinée du voyageur à pied, six sols; couchée du voyageur à pied, huit sols;” while the horseman saw with equal satisfaction, “Dinée du voyageur à cheval, douze sols; couchée du voyageur à cheval, vingt sols.” The awkward thing, however, was, that a foot-traveller could not indulge himself like a horseman, however full might be his purse; and that a horseman could not be accommodated with a dinner of six halfpence, even if he had not twelve in the world. The law supposed that a man always travelled according to his means, and took care, therefore, that the poor should not spend more than they could afford, or the rich be less liberal on the road than their fortune allowed.

In addition to these two sorts of auberges, there were places called *repues*, where the guests were treated with articles of food to which habit had not yet reconciled the French, such as the flesh of ravens, serpents, and horses. The *gîtes*, or auberges for sleeping, answered probably to our hotels, and were magnificently furnished.

Taking leave of the venerable abbey, we strolled down to the port; and, while passing through one of

the narrow streets, our eyes were greeted with these well-known English words on one of the houses: "Boarding-school for young ladies." We had more than half a mind to go in—nay, one hand was actually on the knocker—but we hesitated; we remembered that the people, although of our own country, were *English*, and so we passed on.

Suppose we *had* gone in. Suppose we had said, "I am an Englishman—I could not deny myself the pleasure of speaking and hearing a few words in my own language as I passed by—how do you do?—how do you like Fécamp?—do you regret England?—are you happy?—good bye—God bless you!"—where would have been the harm? Why should they have been surprised? Why should they have looked (as they would have looked) surly, or distant, or displeased? Good heaven! what an agreeable world we might make this to one another if we chose!

The port, like all other ports of la Manche, is dry at low water; and, as the tide brings in vast quantities of sand, which it leaves as a legacy to the land, it would soon be completely filled up but for a very simple contrivance. A portion of the sea is taken prisoner, and detained in a dam provided with gates; and, when the tide has retired, the sluices are suddenly opened, and the liberated waters, as they rush shouting to their native depths, carry all obstructions away with them.

The commerce of Fécamp is chiefly confined to the Newfoundland fishery, in which it embarks

about a score of vessels ; but it has also some large boats, which throw their nets on both the English and French coasts. The former trade, which keeps up the supply of sailors, is wisely encouraged by the government, by whom all the salt is provided for preserving the fish, and also advances made to the speculators.

This would be good policy at any rate ; but it is more peculiarly the policy of France, where *all* sailors belong to the national marine. Their names are inscribed on the public list, and they can be claimed at a moment's notice for the service of the state.\* This, indeed, exempts them from the military conscription, and entitles them to an invalid pension ; but still it is the subject of much discontent. What is worse, it has the effect of crippling the merchant-service ; for the sailors, in constant dread of being put on board a man-of-war, where the discipline is much more severe than in trading-vessels, are apt to desert their ship on the first opportunity, and join the crews of other nations.

The march of the schoolmaster, too, adds to the inconvenience. Formerly the profession of the sea was as hereditary as if it had been so established by law ; but the children of "la nouvelle France" are becoming too knowing to enter voluntarily into a servitude which lasts for life, and in which they

\* This is not so bad as in the time of Louis XII., who, when in want of sailors in his war with the Duke of Burgundy and the Netherlands, sent off whole droves of peasants without ceremony to an element they knew nothing about.

cannot even have the satisfaction of choosing their master. As for the English custom of impressment, it is still worse—it is in fact only worthy of a nation of savages. This, however, touches upon its close. The revolution which has taken place in public opinion since the last war, although felt in the political system from top to bottom, is still unseen by our legislators. When the cross of St. George goes forth again upon the seas to battle, they will still authorize a suspension of the liberties of the subject ; sailors will be laid hold of like slaves on the coast of Guinea ; they will resist, and blood will be shed, and life lost ; they will be tried ; the evidence against them will be perfect ; and they will be *acquitted* by a brave, honest, and enlightened jury of their countrymen. The system of impress will then be abolished, and the government, thus forced into the measure by the people, will demand, and receive, universal homage for its enlightened patriotism.

A substitute, however, must be found for the impress ; and what is it to be ? The profession was once *almost* hereditary in this country : it is now so no longer. There is, in fact, not one intelligent shipmaster in the whole empire who would willingly bring up his son to the sea. And yet its advantages are in some respects greater than ever ; for there is now no aristocracy of shipmasters. Not a vast number of years ago the shipmasters were almost all gentlemen's sons ; at present the poorest boy, who washes the decks and brushes the captain's boots,



may look forward to the command. The profession, however, has fallen into disrepute; its hardships are greater, and its compensations fewer, than those of any other; and the sailors are no longer sea-monsters, but true amphibii, who can breathe and look about them on land as well as in water, and who know which is which.

Since we cannot diminish the hardships of a sea-life, we must increase its compensations. How does it happen that, although there is sometimes a want of common sailors in the navy, we have always plenty, and to spare, of admirals, captains, lieutenants, and even midshipmen? In the answer to this question lies the whole mystery. As common sailors advance in knowledge and education the navy must present a field for their ambition, or the navy must fall. Open this field, and you need have recourse to no violation of the constitution—no infringement on the liberty of the subject—no ruffian violence whatever to man your fleets. Open this field, and the profession, which is at present honourable only on the quarter-deck, will be honourable all over. Open this field—suspiciously and warily, and with due limitations of every kind except those of birth and fortune—and the British navy will receive a new lease of its glorious existence.

Our speculations were disturbed by the time we had reached the end of the wooden pier by an object which, to say the truth, was the sole cause of our morning's pilgrimage. This was one of those colossal steeps called falaises, which might have

seemed the wall of some fortress constructed by the giants when they went to war with the gods. The annexed view is, like all Stanfield's drawings, faithful at once to nature and to taste; and it will convey an accurate idea of a spot which, in more points than one—historical as well as scenic, is among the most remarkable on the sea-coasts of France.

This was the scene of the adventure of Boisrosée, recorded by Sully—so extravagant in daring, and so miraculous in success, that it almost exceeds belief. The wind sweeps to-day over the bald summit of the falaise, uninterrupted by any thing except a few irregular mounds of earth and a few heaps of moss-covered stones; but, in the time of Henri Quatre, the Leaguers had erected, almost at the very edge of the precipice, a strong fortress, where they laughed at all the attempts of the king-errant.

The falaise forms one of the ridges of rock between which the town is nestled, and is, therefore, steep on both sides; but, on the townward side, it is only enough so to prevent the easy access of an enemy. The inhabitants of Fécamp, however, being Leaguers, and every inch of the ground capable of defence, the capture of the fortress appeared impossible, even when attempted by the easiest approach.

How the idea first entered into Boisrosée's head one can hardly understand; but the fact is certain that, seeing the hopelessness of any attempt in the usual way, this wild desperado formed the plan of *scaling the seaward face of the steep*, and taking the

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE  
1884  
NOV 24 1884  
MONTREAL



Drawn by C. Smith, J.R.S.

*Scumb*



fortress by surprise! This he proposed to do by climbing up, by means of a thick rope, at the head of fifty of his comrades: and, having gained over a friend in the garrison, who engaged to draw up the rope by a cord at a certain signal, he set forth on his adventure.

Since the period we refer to a change has taken place in the physical aspect of the coast here, as well as in many other parts of Normandy. The adventure of Boisrosée was a sea-enterprize, which could only be performed by sailors in their boats; while, at present, we can walk, with dry feet, round the base of the cliff. At the moment when we stood upon the pier of Fécamp, a company of men and women, provided with little baskets and iron crooks, were pursuing the retreating tide on the very spot where the vessel of the desperado was moored, and capturing crabs and lobsters as they fled alarmed towards the deep on finding themselves suddenly deserted by the waves.

When Boisrosée had mustered fifty picked men they put to sea, provided with their enormous rope, or cable, knotted at regular spaces in such a manner as to make it serve more easily for a ladder. At night-fall they swung round, and steered boldly for the falaise. We must, however, let Boisrosée tell his own story, although in our own words.\*

\* This anecdote is extracted from "The Romance of French History." It was thought too remarkable to be omitted in an account of Fécamp; and the author thought that there would be still more appearance of affectation in trying to tell the

“The weather had for some time been dull and gloomy during the day, and squally as the night set in. It was early in the morn, and the sky was covered with clouds, which, although brittle and restless, allowed not a twinkle of starlight to appear. The shoreward sea rolled in heavy and almost unbroken masses, although the white foam was dimly visible in the offing. We embarked at a point half a league from the village; each man wearing a helmet and a coat of mail, with his offensive arms, consisting of a sword, dagger, and battle-axe, strapped round his body.” They reached the rock; and, having hoisted the signal-light, a cord was let down from the summit, by which the cable-ladder was drawn up, and one end made fast above, while the other was attached to the boat, moored by a heavy anchor. “All things went bravely on; we had hit our time to a minute; the sky was covered with a pall, the ends of which seemed to hang far over the horizon of the earth; the winds piped loud and wild, and the answering sea danced and shouted to the sound; there was not a twinkle of starlight above, and below there were only the white heads of the billows seen dim and far in the waste. It was now the dead watch, and deep middle of the night.”

Boisrosée harangued his men; “the winds, waves, and rocks, shouted their applause; and the sea, rising wildly around us, broke in a deluge over our heads.” They sprang upon the rope and began to story in a new way than even in quoting from one of his own works.

ascend, Boisrosée the last, with a knife between his teeth for the purpose of *cutting the rope* beneath him on the first sign of mutiny.

“ We had gained the middle, three hundred yards from the surface of the sea, and three hundred yards from the surface of the land. We were in total darkness; and the rope, notwithstanding our enormous weight, agitated by the rocking of the boat and the rushing of the storm, swung and swayed like a thread.

“ ‘ Hold fast ! ’ cried the lieutenant at that moment; but there was no need of the command. We had all stopped suddenly, as if we had been one man, and clung with a death-grip to the rope. We knew not whether the danger—imminent, mortal, and overwhelming—was above or below; but we felt as if we were lost. \* \* \* The next moment the motion of the rope, which had produced these ideas, was repeated, and a shudder seemed to run through it from end to end. It then swayed so wide and so high, being carried with the boat driving from her moorings on the top of an enormous wave, that it was with the utmost difficulty we kept our hold: and it then broke from its lashings with a report like that of a cannon, and we swung far and free in the storm.

“ Thrice we were flung with such violence against the cliff that many of our helmets cracked like nutshells; but, at last, by desperate and continued efforts, grasping at the nearest fissures of the rock, we contrived to keep the frail machine comparatively

steady. It was some time before we thought of resuming our progress ; and there we hung, in the dead middle of the night, suspended three hundred yards above the roaring sea, supported by nothing more than a rope fastened three hundred feet above our heads.

“ I at last became impatient, and passed the word to go on ; but the order was given in vain. Notwithstanding my threat of cutting the rope in case of mutiny, it seemed as if the very fact of the existence of a communication with the boat had had the effect of nerving the hearts of some of the men, which now failed them when that communication was cut off. André, the leader of the crew, he on whom I depended so much, sunk suddenly into a state of stupefaction and despair ; and, when I demanded furiously the cause of the delay, word was passed to me from mouth to mouth, that he had declared himself to be unable to proceed a step higher.

“ The situation was terrible. The faint tones in which some of the men spoke informed me that the contagion was spreading ; we should hang there, those who had nerve enough to preserve their hold, till day-light appeared ; and, when discovered by the garrison, we should be dropped down into the hissing hell of waters, with the deriding and exulting cries of the victors ringing, like the laughter of demons, in our ears !

“ ‘ Wretch !’ I exclaimed, ‘ It is better that one perish than all !’ and, passing the word to hold



fast, I climbed up the rope over the heads of my comrades. Each man, as I reached him, assured me, although some with faltering voices, that his resolution was unshaken; and that, if I only cleared the way, he would follow me to the death. But, when I arrived at André, he was insensible: his voice was fearfully calm while he told me that he felt it impossible to go on—that he would remain there and die.

“‘That you shall not;’ said I; ‘the lives of so many brave men shall not be sacrificed to the despair of a coward!’ and, grappling with him fiercely, I tore his feeble hands from their hold, and bent him down over the abyss. I know not what withheld my arm, as I was about to send him headlong into the sea, but \* \* \* I raised him up, and fixed his hands again upon the rope; and, with every execration that hate and scorn could teach the human lips, I stabbed him repeatedly, but not deeply, in the legs and back with my dagger. The sense of pain roused him to the sense of insult; and, at length, as I repeated my attack, his fear vanished, and, grasping the rope with one hand, he tugged at his sword with the other, to combat his enemy upon the spot.

“‘I will meet you on the ramparts,’ said I, sliding down the back of my comrades to my original post.

“‘On! on!’ cried they with one voice; ‘the day breaks!—on, or we are lost!’ and André rushed frantically up the ladder.

“ We at length gained the edge of the precipice, and crept, one by one, upon the ramparts.”

The astonishment and dismay of the garrison may be conceived when they found all on a sudden, in the midst of them, fifty men armed to the teeth. These mysterious visitors had not approached by the *only* accessible side of the cliff ; and the idea of their having come from the clouds in a balloon must have seemed just as probable as that of their having crept up the perpendicular steep which made a man's head giddy but to measure it with the eye. We need hardly add that the place was taken at a blow.

## CHAPTER IV.

### LAND AND WATER.

THE country between Fécamp and Havre is far from being picturesque, but it is highly cultivated, and the appearance of the shops in the villages attest the easy circumstances of the inhabitants. Fishing seems to be the worst trade in this part of France, if we may judge by the houses and dress of its followers; for, among the peasants, even the very poorest, all is gaiety and abundance.

The French villages which we see in the plains, or at the bottom of valleys, or on the banks of rivers, are all comparatively new; or, at least, they date their existence from the cessation of the feudal wars. Before, the villages were built upon the mountains, that their site might stand in lieu of fortifications. In Spain every little bourg has or had its walls and its ditches of defence; but in France this has not been the case since the time of Henri Quatre. A French author remarks, that in

a country where there are numerous villages there must be a high degree of civilization, because security and civilization go hand in hand ; that, for the same reason, the multiplicity of hamlets indicates a higher degree of civilization ; and that of farms, or isolated habitations, a still higher. The remark is just, but it applies only to comparatively level countries ; for the cottages and hamlets of Switzerland and the Tyrol, for instance, are the same to-day as they existed several centuries ago.

The peasants grumble a little of course, but they grow fat notwithstanding. The priests take infinite pains with their crops, and perambulate the fields most industriously, ringing bells and chanting prayers ; and for all this they accept of much less than their ancestors of the fifteenth century, who were not satisfied without a fourth share. In the sixteenth century the Norman peasants were so poor that they lived mostly on oats, like the Scotch of the present day ; the Bretons, according to Madame Sevigné, clothed themselves in skins instead of cloth ; in Perigaud and Limousin bread was a rarity, the common food being roots and greens ; in the Bordelais and Beaune they were satisfied with millet-cakes ; and in Lorraine, Forez, and Auvergne, they shared the habitations of their domestic animals, and regaled themselves, throughout the year, on salted goat's flesh and buck-wheat porridge.

At that time the leases of farms ran in general only to twenty-nine years, and the farmer was restrained from using his own discretion in sowing

and planting, it being against the law to grow vines on more than a third part of the land. What was perhaps just as vexatious in the imagination of the sufferer—he was prevented from adorning himself in a black coat when he chose, and also from wearing a cloak, however cold or wet might be the weather ; while his servants did not dare to shew themselves in blue, green, red, or grey ! These laws were still in force in the days of Henri Quatre, that benevolent sovereign whose words resounded throughout the whole kingdom—“ Je vœux, si Dieu me prête vie, que le plus pauvre paysan de mon royaume mette, au moins le dimanche, la poule au pot.”

The wishes of Henri are not realized exactly to the letter ; for the peasants, instead of putting the fowl in their pot, put the price in their pocket, and this they like better. The fowls of this part of the country are excellent, and are much esteemed by the bon vivants of the capital. We may add, on the subject of the state of the peasantry, that a day-labourer here receives two francs a day in summer—the established pay of the military workmen at Brest and Rennes—while nearer Paris his industry is valued only at a franc and a half.

The public carriage from Dieppe to Fécamp is one of the meanest in appearance, but one of the best hung in France, while that from Fécamp to Havre is, in every respect, execrable. We observe, however, every year an improvement in, at least, the external appearance of the French diligences. Before the end of the sixteenth century thé only mes-

sagerie was carried on by the *messagers* (messengers) of the universities, whose business it was to transport the scholars to their studies and home again. Then came the "messagers des bailliages," whose original task it was to carry to parliament the processes that were to be judged by appeal, and bring them back; and in the year 1576 both these messengers began to add to their emoluments by carrying the letters of the public. "Coches" were afterwards established that ran from town to town; and these paved the way for the public diligences. By these primitive coches a man might travel from Paris to Rouen for seventy sous, and from Paris to Orleans for seventy-five.

If the traveller desired a horse he was entrusted with one without scruple; and, on delivering a ticket, with which he was at the same time furnished, he obtained a relay. The horse was marked with the initial letter of the town. It is true our equestrian was forbidden to gallop on pain of a fine of thirty francs; but, as the horse was expected to perform from ten to fifteen leagues in the day, the rider would probably find it his best interest to comply with the regulations. The post never carried private letters; it was instituted for the transmission of the king's despatches, and would have thought itself dishonoured by becoming the vehicle of any meaner correspondence.

The same rich monotony of scenery continued till we reached Montivilliers, where travellers admire the abbey church without very well knowing why.

There are some ruins at the entrance of the town, which are said to be the remains of its fortifications of the fourteenth century. Even so early as that era, Montivilliers was so famous for its cloth manufacture that the other towns were prohibited by a royal decree from counterfeiting the stamp. This sort of trick, so well known in England to-day, is, it seems, of very ancient origin; and we still, like Montivilliers, claim the protection of the laws against it. Every blacking-maker puts his signature on the bottle, and warns the public that it is felony to imitate it; and the modern rivals of Castor and Pollux are ready to tear one another to pieces for turning people's hair from grey to purple under a false name.\*

Montivilliers is situated at the opening of a valley watered by the river Lézarde, which throws itself into the sea, or rather into the embouchure of the Seine, at Harfleur. The road crosses this serpentine stream, and we find ourselves very soon at Havre.

From Fécamp to Havre the voyage by sea is longer than one would suppose—Cape d'Antifer, surrounded by rocks, protruding to a considerable distance, and obliging the vessel to make a wide sweep into the channel. We might apply to this part of the coast the boast of the English song; for here indeed—

" *Gallia* needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;—"

\* Castor and Pollux changed the colour of Domitius's hair from brown to red; they are therefore the inventors and the gods of this art.

being guarded not only by lofty falaises, but by a series of sand-banks extending to the embouchure of the Seine.

The formation of this enormous quantity of sand, and of the less moveable masses which the French call *galet*, is evidently caused by the action of the tide upon the cliffs; and the point of land called cape d'Antifer, dividing the current of the channel, sends one half of these acquisitions towards the Seine, and scatters the remainder upon the shores of Picardy. We can very easily account, therefore, for the constant danger in which the harbour of Fécamp stands of being filled up with sand; but it is less easy to imagine how the sea, at the very moment when it is grinding the rocks to powder, should be in the act of retiring into its depths, and abandoning a part of its empire to the land. This can only be explained, we should think, by supposing that it gradually dams itself in by the spoils it wrests from the solid earth, and that, therefore, the shore at the base of the falaise of Fécamp is considerably higher than it was in the days of Boisrosée—a consideration which would increase our wonder at his daring.

The appearance of these rocks, exposed to the constant action of wind and water, is sometimes singularly wild; and one scene, more especially, near Etretat, could not possibly escape the eye of our gifted friend. There is something for a painter to look at, and for a poet to dream of! Gaze upon it through your half-shut lids, and you see the walls





*Beach of Etah.*



and towers of a fortress of the pre-Adamite world ; and are ready to think that the unfortunate vessel on her beam-ends has but met with her deserts for intruding near a spot still haunted by the spirits of an earlier and mightier race. At Etretat, on the Fécamp side of cape d'Antifer, there is a ruined fort, an object which suits well the wild and desolate situation in which it is placed. The rest of the voyage presents nothing remarkable till we reach the embouchure of the Seine.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE PORT OF FRANCE.

AT length we reach a town without ruins, and almost without recollections. Havre is yet in its youth, and in the hey-day of youthful prosperity. Situated at the embouchure of the Seine, it is the port of Paris, and therefore the great entrepôt of France ; and, if nature was not arrayed against it in perpetual hostility, it would hardly be possible for the imagination to set limits to the advance of its fortunes.

But this great river, to which it owes its existence, seems destined, like the Loire and the Gironde, to destroy eventually both itself and its offspring. The Seine, in the days of the Normans (that is to say, in the ninth century), was an open highway to Paris for sailing vessels of considerable burthen ; in the eighteenth, ships of more than three hundred tons could not reach Rouen ; and,

to-day, they would find it impossible to pass Quillebouef. The sand, swept down by the current, chokes up the navigation, and extends in vast banks so far across the embouchure, that, when standing at low water, on the quay of Honfleur, on the opposite point, we might be able to persuade ourselves that it would be possible to walk to Havre. This town, notwithstanding, is at the present moment a great and flourishing port, and enjoys, probably, not much less than a third part of the entire commerce of France.\*

Havre was founded, according to some writers, by Louis XII., although others give the honour to his successor, Francis I. It is certain, however, that at the time the latter built the tower which still goes by his name, in the year 1520, there were very few houses on the site of Havre; and, indeed, as only seven years intervened between the labours of the two monarchs, it is not reasonable to suppose that there could have been much progress made in the erection of a town.

The original name of the place appears to have been le Havre, which proves that it did exist as a

\* In the first half-year of 1829, there were five hundred and fifty French and foreign vessels (not including the French vessels bound for other parts of Europe) sent out from the ports of France; and of these the quota of Havre was one hundred and twenty-four. In the same period seven hundred and seven vessels arrived in France, of which two hundred and fifty-three entered the harbour of Havre.

port before Francis began to build, he having attempted to impose upon it the new name of Franciscopolis, in honour of himself. The people, however, were able to remember more easily a short and intelligible word, and the only portion of the town which now commemorates the royal benefactor by name is the Tower of Francis I.

Thirteen years after the erection of the town Francis resolved to signalize the new port by something which should attract the eyes of all France ; and for this purpose he constructed there a ship of hitherto unheard-of dimensions. She had on board a chapel, a forge moved by sea-water, a tennis-court, a windmill, and many apartments, and had room, besides, for two thousand tons. This vessel, called the Grande Françoise, was intended for the destruction of the Turks ; but, unfortunately, after she was completely finished, and ready for sea, it was found that there was no possibility of getting so enormous a mass into the water ; and she was eventually pulled to pieces, and new houses built with the fragments.

Francis, in fact, was somewhat unfortunate in naval matters ; for, having equipped at Havre, in 1544, a mighty fleet, for the purpose of sweeping the seas of the English, he was about to go on board a ship in which a magnificent fête had been prepared for him by the governor of Normandy ; when it suddenly took fire, and was burned to the water's edge before his eyes. The English avoided

a battle, and the plunder of the Isle of Wight was the only result of so great and expensive an enterprise.

Havre played an important part in the religious wars of France. The Prince de Condé, imitating the example of the opposite faction of the Guises, entered into independent negotiations with a foreign monarch, and, with the assistance of English gold and English troops, took possession of Havre. The town remained in the hands of Queen Elizabeth till next year, when it was besieged by Marshal Brissac, and starved into a surrender. Of all their French acquisitions the garrison only carried home with them a contagious disease, which, on being landed in England, destroyed twenty thousand persons.

In the time of Louis XIV. Havre was already a considerable port; but it was not till the epoch of the revolution that it promised to become what it is to-day. France revolutionized was for a long time thrown upon her own resources; and necessity became the mother of industry. The goods which could no longer be purchased abroad were manufactured at home; new energies were called forth in the people; and foreign arts took root in the soil.

When the ports were again opened to foreign trade, the country found itself in a new position. It was no longer necessary, for instance, to carry sugars to Nantes or Bourdeaux to be refined at Tours or Orleans; for Paris now possessed refineries of her own, and could receive the material

direct through the Seine. The departments of the east and north were filled with new industries, and sought naturally the same channel of transit ; while Normandy, as well as the interior of the kingdom, demanded an incessant supply of cotton, and other foreign productions, for their new manufactures. The port of the Seine, therefore, became the port of the kingdom ; and Bourdeaux, Marseilles, and Nantes, suddenly found themselves, as if by enchantment, degraded into an inferior class of shipping-towns.

These places, besides, had lost the affairs of St. Domingo and the Mauritius ; a new naval power—an infant Hercules—had arisen, in the United States, to contest with them the transport trade ; and the triumphant commerce of Great Britain, almost expelling theirs from India, the Mediterranean, and the north of Europe, completed their calamity. All this, however, took place within the last half century, when Havre was as yet, comparatively speaking, in its cradle ; and, of course, it could not feel the loss of what it never enjoyed. It derives, at this day, the benefit of the new industry of the country without being injured by the loss of its old commerce ; and it will probably continue to do so till the sand formations of the Seine change entirely the face of the country—when Havre will become another Harfleur, where fishermen wade through the water on which navies formerly rode.

The ratio of the increase of population is in general a good criterion by which to judge of the



prosperity of a town ; and on this subject it is only necessary to say that in the year 1730 the inhabitants of Havre amounted to seven thousand ; at the Restoration, to sixteen thousand ; in 1820, to twenty-one thousand ; and, at present, to about thirty thousand, including foreigners.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LIBRAIRE-EDITEUR-IMPRIMEUR.

HAVRE, being a city of commerce, is built upon a level with its docks and harbours ; but there is a steep of considerable height rising by its side, which is covered with houses, terrace above terrace. Here our countrymen, more especially, have fixed their abode ; and Ingouville is, in fact, what the French call it—an English colony.

This little city of exile is not absolutely formed of châteaux, as a French traveller says ; but the houses are in general handsome and commodious, and their commanding situation gives them an air altogether aristocratic. They look down disdainfully upon the busy world of trade at their feet ; they look up to the clear, blue, boundless sky above their heads ; and around upon the expanse of ocean—the gulf of the majestic Seine—the river losing itself in the distance—the opposite shores sparkling with villas—and hundreds of white sails gleaming





between. Ingouville is, indeed, perfect in point of situation ; commanding, at one moment, a view of the sea, of a great port of commerce, of the most beautiful river in France, and of one of the most picturesque landscapes in the world. Seen from the level of the water, the neighbouring heights are not less fertile in striking views ; and the opposite engraving presents one out of many which arrests the attention of the traveller, and which will indicate to the reader the general nature and aspect of the ground. What the precise character of the colonists may be we do not profess to know ; but we conjecture that the English of Havre, taking them in the aggregate, from a pretty fair medium between those of Boulogne and Caen, being less gay and dissipated than the former, and less quietly respectable than the latter.

In Havre itself there cannot be said to be more than one really good street, but this is one of the best in the provinces. It forms the entrance from Paris into the town, and intersects it in its whole breadth, running through the principal, if not the only Place, and past the great church and the exchange. One side of the Place is formed by a range of new buildings, including the theatre ; and the opposite one by an immense basin filled with ships.

The Place is still further interesting to us inasmuch as it contains the library of M. Chapelle, an intelligent bookseller, whose character led us to think of the change which is gradually taking place

in the profession in France, and still more of the difference between the booksellers of the two most literary countries in the world.

In England, if you inquire for a book, the master, the shopman, or even the apprentice is, generally speaking, well acquainted with its title, size, and price, or possesses the means of ascertaining what is requisite in an instant. If it is included in his stock, he can lay his hand upon it at once; and, if not, he can tell you the precise day and hour when it shall be sent to you. All this is admirable: but if the inquirer demands, further, what is the nature and literary value of the book,—what are the adversaries or adherents of the theory it contains,—what is the best course of study to be pursued on the subject,—he will find, in nineteen cases out of twenty, that he is addressing himself to a tradesman whose article of barter is not the literature, but the paper, print, and binding of the book.

In France, on the contrary, the bookseller, in nineteen cases out of twenty, either is, or affects to be, a literary man. He has not the book in question, it is true, nor does he know where to get it, nor, if he has it, can he readily discover where, nor, if uncertain, is he disposed, at the moment you speak to him, to take the trouble of searching. He cannot name the price, nor the size, nor the printer, nor the publisher—but then he is a literary man. That there are booksellers, both in France and England, who, like M. Chapelle, are both men of business and literary men we, of course, know very

well ; but this is their relative character en masse. Every thing, however, is on the movement. In England the booksellers, partaking insensibly of the spirit of the age, are daily becoming better informed ; while in France the general tide of knowledge has almost reached their standard, and the booksellers, less literary (since all things go by comparison), are mere men of business.

In France the professions of bookseller and printer were usually joined in one ; and the professor was recognised, even in the royal edicts, more as a savant than as a tradesman. Printers were specially exempted from the tax from the renewal of their license on the accession of a new monarch ; and both printers and booksellers enjoyed immunities denied to other classes of the mercantile world.

Even the strictness of the laws under which the trade was exercised must have rendered its followers of more importance. In the earlier part of the sixteenth century a bookseller who published a sheet, or even a print, without the permission of the king or his counsel was subject to be hung ; he was required to have two catalogues of his books, one, of those authorised by the church, and one of those not so authorised ; he could not print a religious book without submitting the manuscript to the censure of the faculty of theology ; he could not import such books from any country not of the Roman communion ; he could not import books even from a Catholic country without having the

packages opened in the presence of an ecclesiastical officer ; he could not dispose of his library by sale without having the catalogue inspected and approved by the same permission. No one could exercise the trade without the royal authority ; and at Paris there were only twelve printers named by the king out of a list of twenty-four presented to him by the parliament. These were forbidden to establish themselves beyond the bridges, or on the right bank of the Seine.

A trade hedged round in this manner by interdicts was more likely to be considered a mystery than a public craft ; and, accordingly, its very mechanics gave themselves airs of importance which would seem ludicrous to-day. The great anxiety of the journeymen was to prevent the extension of their numbers by means of apprentices ; and, in general, they would not consent to have more than one at a time in a single establishment. They enrolled themselves in companies, elected a captain, marched under a banner, and wrought at their composing-sticks with a paper cap on their heads and a sword by their sides. They insisted upon holidays, or "white days," without end ; subscribed to a public fund for the purpose of going to law ; and carried into court the portions of bread and wine allowed to them, as witnesses of the avarice and tyranny of their masters. At the famous cry of "*Tric!*" the type fell from the hands of the compositors, and the pressmen folded their arms ; and the sound, echoed from one printing-office to



another, suddenly stopped the press in the quarter, or even the town.

The grand seat of French printing was first Lyons, and then Paris; but, even after it had been transferred to the capital, the art had so far retrograded that syndics and jurors were appointed to inspect at once the types, the paper, and the press. Towards the end of the sixteenth century a journeyman's wages was fixed at twelve sous.

Printing and bookselling are now pretty nearly like other businesses. The art of printing is no longer a mystery, nor are its Parisian professors confined to twelve. The importance of the tradesman, therefore, has diminished, while the importance of the trade has increased. The journeymen may combine, like other mechanics, but they must do so in their paper caps, without their swords.

Havre boasts of its literary characters, and it has reason; but its earliest specimen boasted so much in his own behalf, that it will only be necessary to transcribe, as a proof of his talents, and of the estimation in which they were held by himself, the following lines:—

“ L'Europe m'a connu dans toutes ses provinces,

• • • • •

Et dans mille combats je sus tout hasarder

L'on me vit obeir, l'on me vit commander,

Et mon poil t<sup>o</sup> poudreux a blanchi sous les armes.

• • • • •

Il est peu de beaux arts où je ne sois instruit,

Eu prose comme en vers mon nom fit quelque bruit,

Et par plus q'un chemin je parvius à 'la gloire.”

The author of these heroic verses was Georges de Scudéri, a member of the French Academy—first a soldier, then a poet, and, as Voltaire impudently says, “a man better known than his works.”

His sister, Madeleine de Scudéri, born at Havre, in 1607, was the author of innumerable romances long since buried under their own verbosity and affectation. She was amiable and well-informed, but frightfully ugly—of which she was so sensible herself that, on Nanteuil, the painter, sending her a flattering copy of her charms, she wrote the following quatrain:—

“ Nanteuil, en faisant mon image,  
A de son art divin signalé le pouvoir.  
Je hais mes traits dans mon miroir  
Je les aime dans son ouvrage.”

The countess de la Fayette, the author of a romance called *Zaïde*, a little better than those of her townswoman; the abbé Duquemar, a natural historian; and the abbé Pleuvri, an unnatural historian of the place, are all among the literary names of Havre. Saint Pierre, however, the author of “*Paul and Virginia*,” was also a Havrais; \* and Casimir Delavigne, whose great poem (notwithstanding what he has done) is yet to write, and *will* be written if nature does not break one of her most unequivocal promises, received his inspiration on the heights of Ingouville. † If to these we add the name of Ancelet, the author of “*Marie de Brabant*,” a few

\* He was born in 1737, and died in 1814.

† He is now about thirty-five years of age.

years older than Delavigne, a rank in letters may be accorded to Havre sufficiently illustrious for a town which is yet, comparatively speaking, in its infancy.

While talking of the literature of Havre, we cannot help thinking, with some pleasure, of an ingenious morceau which appeared in the Havrais Almanack a few years ago. The poets have always had a fancy for tracing an analogy between the ages of man and the seasons of inanimate nature; but the author we allude to, whoever he may be, has carried the speculation to a degree of minuteness which leaves nothing to wish for. We republish the piece for the special benefit of verse makers.

## TABLEAU COMPARATIF,

*Des âges de l'homme avec les saisons de l'année et les époques du jour.*

Ages.	Temps de l'année	Parties du jour
Fœtus	Temps de glaces	Ténèbres
Enfance	Dégel	Point du jour
Pueritie	Germination	Aurore
Adolescence	Feuillaison	Soleil levant
Jeunesse	Floraison	Heure du premier repas
Age adulte	Maturité commen- çante	Avant midi
Age héroïque	Temps des fruits	Midi
Maturité	Moisson	Méridienne
Retour	Dissémination	Cène
Vétérân	Chute des feuilles	Soleil couchant
Vieillesse	Congélation	Crépuscule
Décrépitude	Solstice d'hiver	Nuit

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BLACK CHAPTER.

WE hesitated for some time before determining to write the Black Chapter; and even now we allow the sheets to go out of our hands with reluctance. The love of the horrible, which prevails in a younger civilization than ours, only exists at present among the lowest classes of the people; and persons of refinement, when they meet with any thing in literature shocking to their feelings, are apt to get up the cry of "bad taste!" The narrative, however, which we thus introduce, is neither the offspring of a morbid imagination nor of a depraved heart; it is a portion of the annals of the nineteenth century, which will furnish materials for the philosopher when the battle of Waterloo is forgotten by the historian. It covers the town of Havre with a disgrace which all the splendour of her prosperity is unable to conceal; it sickens the heart even while basking in the beauties of Ingouville; it converts

the gaze of admiration into a stare of horror, when we stand contemplating the merchant-navies of France in the port of the Seine.

Although, however, the transactions referred to could not possibly be omitted, by any impartial writer, in an account of Havre, we should, in a case like the present, have found our duty fulfilled by merely sending the reader for information to the already published authorities, if accident had not thrown in our way an original document. This document we consider highly valuable for its simplicity, and for the light it throws upon the human heart in circumstances that seem to baffle observation.

The *voyage* of the *Rodeur* from Havre is included in the *Journal des Voyages*, by Verneur, and will be found in the thirty-eighth cahier, page 313: the piece we allude to is a kind of irregular journal of the same voyage, intended for the eye of his mother, by a young lad who sailed as a passenger in the ship. The discrepancies between the two accounts are so very unimportant that it would not be worth while to inquire which is the more correct; and, in fact, the circumstances of the voyage were altogether so strange that it seems by a kind of miracle that we have any intelligible relation of them at all.

All that we know of the writer of the following journal is, that his name was J. B. Romaine; he could hardly have been older than fourteen years of age, and certainly not younger than eleven or twelve; he was in all probability the son, or other relation, of a planter in Guadaloupe; and was sent out from

Havre, as a passenger in the *Rodeur*, under the special care of the captain.

The *Rodeur*, a vessel of two hundred tons, cleared out from Havre for Guadaloupe on the thirteenth of January, 1819; and about the twentieth of the same month (for the boy cared nothing about dates) J. B. Romaine commenced his journal. It is written in a large, boyish hand, and on separate slips of paper, each formally dated "Ship *Rodeur*," but seldom with the month, and never with the day of the month.

We present to the reader only those portions that are requisite to carry on the narrative, omitting the rest.

THE JOURNAL OF J. B. ROMAIGNE,

At the request of his "dear *maman*."

I.

It is now just a week since we sailed; but, indeed, it is not my fault that I have not sooner sat down to write. The first two days I was sick, and the other seven\* were so stormy that I could not sit at the table without holding. Even now we are rolling like a great porpoise; and yet I can sit very well, and keep the pen steady. Since I am to send you what I do without copying it over again at the end of the voyage (that you may see what progress I make in small writing) I shall take what pains I can; but I hope, my dear *maman*, you will consider

\* These mistakes are frequent, but we give the piece as we find it.

that my fingers are grown hard and tarry with hauling all day at the ropes, the captain being determined, as he says, to make me a sailor. The captain is very fond of me, and is very good-tempered ; he drinks a great deal of brandy ; he is a fine, handsome man, and I am sure I shall like him very much.

## II.

I inquired of the captain to-day how long it would be before we should get to Guadaloupe, and he told me we had a great distance to go before we should steer that way at all. He asked how I should like to have a little black slave, and I said, very well—that I was to have plenty of them at Guadaloupe. He asked me what I would do with them. Feed them, said I. That is right, said the captain ; it will make them strong. But you will make them work, wont you ? added he. Yes, to be sure, said I. Then, I can tell you, you must flog them as well as feed them. I will, said I, it is what I intend ; but I must not hurt them very much. Of course, not maim them, returned he, for then they could not work ; but, if you do not make them feel to the marrow, you might as well throw them into the sea.

## III.

Since we have been at this place\* I have become more accustomed to the howling of these negroes.

\* Bony, in the river Calabar, on the coast of Africa, as is explained in one of the slips omitted.

At first it alarmed me, and I could not sleep. The captain says that, if they behave well, they will be much better off at Guadaloupe; and, I am sure, I wish the ignorant creatures would come quietly, and have it over. To-day one of the blacks, whom they were forcing into the hold, suddenly knocked down a sailor, and attempted to leap overboard. He was caught, however, by the leg by another of the crew; and the sailor, rising up in a passion, hamstrung him with his cutlass. The captain, seeing this, knocked the butcher flat upon the deck with a hand-spike. I will teach you to keep your temper, said he, with an oath; he was the best slave in the lot! I ran to the main chains, and looked over; for they had dropped the black into the sea, when they saw that he was useless. He continued to swim, even after he had sunk under water; for I saw the red track extending shoreward; but, by and by, it stopped, widened, faded, and I saw it no more.

## IV.

We are now fairly at sea again, and, I am sure, my dear maman, I am heartily glad of it. The captain is in the best temper in the world; he walks the deck, rubbing his hands, and humming a tune. He says he has six dozen slaves on board, men, women, and children, and all in prime, marketable condition. I have not seen them, however, since we set sail. Their cries are so terrible that I do not like to go and look down into the hold. At first I could not close an eye; the sound froze my



very blood ; and, one night, jumping up in horror, I ran to the captain's state room. The lamp shone upon his face ; it was as calm as marble ; he slept profoundly, and I did not like to disturb him.

## v.

To-day word was brought to the captain while we were at breakfast that two of the slaves were dead, suffocated, as was supposed, by the closeness of the hold ; and he immediately ordered that the rest should be brought up, gang by gang, to the forecabin, to give them the air. I ran upon deck to see them. They did not appear to me to be very unwell ; but these blacks (who are not distinguished from one another by dress) are so much alike that one can hardly tell. However, they had no sooner reached the ship's side than, first one—then another—then a third, sprang upon the gunwale, and darted into the sea, before the astonished sailors could tell what they were about. Many more made the attempt, but without success ; they were all knocked flat upon the deck, and the crew kept watch over them, with handspikes and cutlasses, till the captain's pleasure should be known with regard to this revolt.

The negroes, in the meantime, who had got off continued dancing about among the waves, yelling with all their might what seemed to me to be a song of triumph ; in the burthen of which they were joined by some of their companions on deck. Our ship speedily left the ignorant creatures

behind ; their voices came fainter and fainter upon the wind ; the black head, first of one, then of another, disappeared ; and then the sea was without a spot, and the air without a sound.

When the captain came upon deck (having finished his breakfast), and was told of the revolt, his face grew pale, and he gnashed his teeth. We must make an example, said he, or our labour will be lost. He then ordered the whole of the slaves in the ship to be tied together in gangs, and placed upon the fore-castle ; and, having selected six, who were known to have joined in the chorus of the revolt, and might thus be considered as the ring-leaders, he caused three of them to be shot, and the other three hanged, before the eyes of their comrades.

## VI.

Last night I could not sleep ; cold sweats broke over my body ; I thought the six negroes were passing to and fro through the cabin, and looking in at the door of the captain's state-room. The captain, I could hear, was sound asleep ; and this made me more afraid. At last I began to pray so loud that I awoke him, and he asked what was the matter. I am saying my prayers, said I. That is a good boy, replied he ; and in an instant he was as sound asleep as before.

## VII.

The negroes, ever since the revolt, were confined closely to the lower hold, and this has brought on a disease called ophthalmia, which produces blindness.

The sailors who sling down their provisions from the upper hold, report that the disease is spreading frightfully ; and to-day, at dinner, the captain and the surgeon held a conference on the subject. The surgeon declared that, from all he could learn, the cases were already so numerous as to be beyond his management ; but the captain insisted that every slave cured was worth his value, and that it was better to lose a part than all. The disease, it seems, although generally fatal to the sight, is not always so. The patient is at first blind, but some escape eventually with the loss of one eye, or with a mere dimness of vision. The result of the conversation was, that the infected slaves were to be transferred to the upper hold, and attended by the surgeon the same as if they were white men.

## VIII.

All the slaves, and some of the crew, are blind.

## IX.

The captain, the surgeon, and the mate, are blind. There are hardly enough of men left, out of our twenty-two, to work the ship. The captain preserves what order he can, and the surgeon still attempts to do his duty ; but our situation is frightful.

## X.

All the crew are blind but one man. The rest work under his orders like unconscious machines ;

the captain standing by with a thick rope, which he sometimes applies, when led to any recusant by the man who can see. My own eyes begin to be affected ; in a little while I shall see nothing but death. I asked the captain if he would not allow the blacks to come upon deck. He said it was of no use ; that the crew, who were always on deck, were as blind as they ; that, if brought up, they would only drown themselves ; whereas, if they remained where they were, there would, in all probability, be at least a portion of them saleable if we had ever the good fortune to reach Guadaloupe.

He is stone-blind, yet has hopes of recovering his sight, while most of the others are in despair. A guard is constantly placed, with drawn swords, at the store-room, to prevent the men from getting at the spirit-casks, and dying in the frenzy of intoxication. Some are cursing and swearing from morning till night ; some singing abominable songs ; some kissing the crucifix, and making vows to the blessed saints. A few lie all day long in their hammocks, apparently content to starve rather than come abroad for food. For my part, I snatch at any thing I can get to eat ; cookery is unthought of. I think myself fortunate when I am able to procure a cupful of water to soften a biscuit as dry and hard as a stone.

## XI.

Mother, your son was blind for ten days, although now so well as to be able to write. I can tell you hardly any thing of our history during that period.

Each of us lived in a little dark world of his own, peopled by shadows and phantasms. We did not see the ship, nor the heavens, nor the sea, nor the faces of our comrades. We rolled along on our dreadful path with no other steersman than fate; for the single individual of the crew who was our last hope and stay had added a thousand-fold to the calamity of his fellows by sharing in it himself.

You cannot comprehend our situation. It will not do to figure yourself tossing on the black and midnight deep, with not a star to cheer you, and not a hand to help; for even then you could *see*: you could see the glitter of the water, and the white crest of the wave, and half see, half conjecture, the forms of the objects around you. In the midst of all you would at least possess an absolute conviction that in a few hours more a new sun would rise out of the ocean, a new morning dawn upon the world.

Our night was not like the night of the sea, the darkness of which is mingled with a light like the faint memory of day, and relieved by the certainty of approaching morning. We were blind—stone blind, drifting like a wreck upon the ocean, and rolling like a cloud before the wind. Then there came a storm. No hand was upon the helm, not a reef upon the sails. On we flew, like the phantom ship of old, that cared not for wind or weather—our masts straining and cracking—our sails bursting from their bonds with a report like that of musketry—the furious sea, one moment, devouring us

up, stem and stern, and, the next, casting us forth again, as if with loathing and disgust. Even so did the whale cast forth the fated Jonah.

The wind at last died moaningly away ; and we found ourselves rocking, without progressive motion, on the sullen deep. We, at length, heard a sound upon the waters—unlike that of the smooth swell which remained after the storm,—and our hearts beat with a hope which was painful from its suddenness and intensity. We held our breath. The sound was continued ; it was like the plashing of a heavy body in smooth water ; and a simultaneous cry arose from every lip on deck, and was echoed by the men in their hammocks below, and by the slaves in the hold. Our cry was answered ! We shouted again, our voices broken by sobs, and our burning eyes deluged with tears. Our shout was still answered ; and for some minutes nothing was heard but an interchange of eager cries.

The captain was the first to recover his self-possession, and our voices sank into silence as we heard him speak the approaching vessel with the usual challenge—“ Ship ahoy !”

“ Ahoy !”

“ What ship ?”

“ The St. Leo, of Spain. Help us, for God’s sake !”

“ We want help ourselves !”

“ We are dying of hunger and thirst. Send us on board some provisions, and a few hands to work the ship, and name your own terms !”

“ We can give you food, but are in want of hands. Come on board of us, and we will exchange provisions with you for men !”

“ Dollars ! dollars ! we will pay you in money a thousand-fold !—but we cannot send. We have negroes on board ; they have infected us with ophthalmia ; and we are all stone blind !” \*

At the announcement of this horrible coincidence there was a silence among us for some moments like that of death. It was broken by a fit of laughter, in which I joined myself ; and, before our awful merriment was over, we could hear, by the sound of the curses which the Spaniard shouted against us, that the *St. Leo* had drifted away.†

## XII.

The man who preserved his sight the longest recovered it the soonest ; and to his exertions alone, under the providence of God and the mercy of the blessed saints, is it owing that we are now within a few leagues of Guadaloupe, this twenty-first of June, 1819. I am myself almost well. The surgeon and eleven more are irrecoverably blind ; the captain has

\* It is necessary here to remind the reader that he is not perusing a romance ; in which, we are aware, an incident so absurdly improbable would only disgust him. The narration of the boy Romaine differs in no material point whatever from that which has now become history.

† This vessel, in all probability, foundered at sea :—

“ We only know she sailed away,  
And ne'er was seen or heard of more !”

lost one eye ; four others have met with the same calamity ; and five are able to see, though dimly, with both. Among the slaves, thirty-nine are completely blind ; and the rest blind of one eye, or their sight otherwise injured.

## XIII.

This morning the captain called all hands on deck, negroes and all. The shores of Guadaloupe were in sight. I thought he was going to return God thanks publicly for our miraculous escape.

“Are you quite certain,” said the mate, “that the cargo is insured?”

“I am,” replied the captain ; “every slave that is lost must be made good by the underwriters. Besides, would you have *me* turn my ship into a hospital for the support of blind negroes ? They have cost us enough already. Do your duty.” The mate picked out the thirty-nine negroes who were completely blind, and, with the assistance of the rest of the crew, tied a piece of ballast to the legs of each. The miserable wretches were then thrown into the sea.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PASSAGE OF THE SEINE.

THE communication between Havre and Honfleur, the two opposite points of the embouchure of the Seine, depends upon the state of the tide. As soon as the vessel floats in the harbour of the former she may set out on the trip, and, barring accidents of weather, may depend upon having water enough to get alongside of the jettees of the other. The only passage-boat, from the middle of the sixteenth century till 1820, was a huge, gabart-like vessel, the property of the hospitals of both places, which carried the market-people, with their goods and cattle, as well as travellers. In 1820 steam-boats were established, which afford at present an elegant and commodious mode of conveyance at very little more than the fare of the gabart—half a franc. The latter still continues to ply, but solely for the benefit of those who have merchantable wares to transport with their persons.

As we make it a matter of conscience, wherever we go, to see as much of the peasantry as possible, we once performed the voyage (of four leagues) in the gabart, or *passager*, as it is called; but, upon the whole, we found it far from being pleasant. The people looked poor, almost squalid. There was no gallantry among the men, no *airs* among the women. They seemed to mingle no touch of pleasure with the business which sent them to sea—no busy and important look of *travel*, which so often makes the market-day a holiday. The very muslin of the lofty conical caps which some of the women wore, with scarfs of the same snowy stuff floating down from it to the waist, appeared coarser than usual.

These caps, in the Lieuvins,\* in which Honfleur is situated, are an actual cone, with a crown super-added resembling the top of the cotton bonnets worn by English children in summer. A ribbon binds the end of the cone, and is then drawn downwards, to form bows in front. The cap is entirely open behind, and the borders, both there and round the brow, richly fringed with lace. Sometimes a flap, or scarf, descends at either side, and hangs down over the shoulder. The stuff of the whole is white muslin arranged upon a shape of blue paste-board.

In the pays de Caux, which we have left behind,

\* The Lieuvins is the modern name of the Roman territory of the Lexioviens, the capital of which was Lisieux. The district comprehended the space between the rivers Rille and Touques.

the original cone is pretty nearly the same; but, instead of the crown, an ornament is superadded which we can only describe by saying that it resembles a large, stiff, double frill, tightened in the middle, and one half towering above the cap, the other expanding over the cone. From the middle of the upper frill one, and sometimes two veils descend behind, one half the length of the figure. These coëffures are very ancient, being merely modifications of the *henin* of the fourteenth century, described as an immense horn covered with white stuff, with a large scarf of the same colour hanging down to the fingers.

White seems to have been, at an early period, a colour exclusively given up to the peasants; and, three centuries ago, if a gentleman chose to appear in such a dress, it was necessary that it should be of velvet, with white boots, in order to distinguish his rank. Both men and women were further distinguished by the quality and stuff of their dress; only the clergy, nobles, and noblewomen, being permitted to wear silk; and only prelates and the higher nobility wearing silk over silk. If a lady chose to go abroad in a cloth hood it was necessary to have it bordered with silk, lest she should be mistaken for a bourgeoisie; and, in some parts of France, the latter class of females were forbidden to allow any part of their hair to appear under the hood. The number and disposition of the jewels were also guarantees of the female rank—and even the chaplets which they used in their prayers; a noblewoman

only condescending to tell beads of gold or enamel, while a bourgeoisie was contented with silver or chrystal. As for the peasants, their chaplets were of iron and glass ; and the very poorest were fain to pray to God with the fingers he gave them. A lady of the court, we may add, or other lady of distinction, was rarely seen without the sort of trowsers which are now revived in France, and have lately become general in England.

The colour, however, was the grand distinction of dress even among the male sex. A minstrel, for instance, wore blue and green ; a bourgeoisie black ; and a noble, or high dignitary of the church, scarlet. A red cap was also a sign of nobility—a velvet covering on the sheath of the sword—a plume of feathers—or a gold chain. Sometimes the *grands seigneurs* did not choose to take the trouble of carrying their own swords, and had them borne after them by a page ; but this was thought at last to be carrying the joke rather too far, and a decree of the parliament of the nineteenth of July, 1623, obliged every man to be his own sword-bearer.

Enough of fashions, however, old and new ; let us now come to persons.

The steam-boat travellers are, in general, a happier if not a better class of people than those of the passenger. In our present tour—for we have now been talking of older experience—we had the good fortune to fall in with a marriage-party proceeding to Honfleur to spend the white day of their lives. They were of a class higher than the

peasantry, but lower than the gentry, although dressed—at least, the females—with absolute extravagance. This, however, is nothing uncommon in Normandy, where a servant-girl frequently carries the whole of her earnings in the form of lace upon her head.

It would have been impossible for us to have discovered, among the three lovely and most radiant faces before us, that of the bride, had we not remarked the different species of homage which she received from her attendant. The oblations offered to the other young women were a mixture of politeness, gallantry, and even love; which they accepted with a proud consciousness, mingled with a playful and graceful coquetry. On *her* part there was a grave, calm, earnest fondness in the look which she fixed upon her betrothed; and, when she did not look, we could see a shade upon her brow, and a cloud in her eye, as if her young spirit was already busy with that unknown future to which she had given herself up. The feelings of the bridegroom seemed to be divided between love and pride; his arm was round her waist as one having authority; every word, every glance, every gesture, seemed to say, “She is *mine!*”

We were soon midway—where the great ocean-stream sweeps in to meet the waters of the Seine—and our vessel began to roll, and plunge, and stagger. Presently the fair face of the bride became pale—she looked distressed; and we watched, with intense curiosity, the effect which the catastrophe

we saw was coming would have on her lover. The Frenchman was as true as steel ; he held her head while she leaned over the vessel's side ; and the first thing she did when she got up again, with white cheeks and tearful eyes, was to thank him for his kindness with a kiss ! In France this is nothing.

Arrived at Honfleur, the first thing we did was to order a porter to carry our baggage to the inn (which is close by) for the small sum we thought the service was worth. At Honfleur this stipulation saves the traveller from more than a pecuniary loss—the loss of temper ; for the porters here are the most insolent and impudent vagabonds in France ; and the people at the inn are accomplices in their dishonesty, by refusing the smallest countenance to the traveller in resisting the overcharge.

You enter the Cheval Blanc through the kitchen, where you may inspect the larder as you pass, or even wait to see the dish you have chosen dressed before your eyes. This is strange to an Englishman, but even to him it looks *comfortable*. The French, in fact, so far as the humbler sort of cookery is concerned, though they may not have the word in their language, have the thing in their kitchens. An English *pauvre diable* gnaws his hard crust and his bare bone like a dog ; a Frenchman converts them scientifically into a rich soup. He adds vegetables gathered from the hedge, perhaps a slice of pumpkin, a little milk begged for the love of God, a bit of butter if the saints are propitious—any thing, in short—every thing he can get ; and even

without the assistance of the bone, or of butcher's meat of any kind, he dines like a prince.

The first thing the French of the lower and lowest classes do, on getting up in the morning, is to prepare dinner. . As for breakfast, a luncheon of bread, with or without a bunch of grapes, is all that is absolutely necessary. Dinner is the grand affair ; and this they set about by putting on the *pôt au feu* instanter. The pot is a brown earthen vessel, which may be bought for a few sous, and which must be attended, we presume, by some kind of prestige, as we have known a Norman servant, in even a respectable English family, refuse to make ready the soup in a tin or iron saucepan. Well: the *pôt au feu* contains, to begin with, the fragments of yesterday's meal—even of the cabbage-stalks and other coarse vegetables. To this is added, supposing the feasters are able to go to market at all for their dinner, a morsel of the shin of beef, which consists entirely of bone and sinews, and in England is reckoned the least valuable part of the animal, although chosen by preference by the wiser gourmands of the continent. The stock is thus prepared : but to enumerate the substances, both animal and vegetable (obtained in general without money and without price) which are substituted by the lowest classes for the beef, or superadded to it, is more than we have room for.\* Nothing comes too

\* Among the good things which our own country produces are *snails*—the common garden and field snails. The Continental emigrants now in England dine luxuriously on these

late ; for the pot simmers from an early hour in the morning till dinner time : to do more than make it simmer would be culpable extravagance, besides spoiling the flavour of the soup.

Heaven knows how it is that the French, high and low, rich and poor, have always been blessed with a genius for cookery, and a taste and connoisseurship in good things ! In England, except in the case of a few standard articles, we know nothing about what with them is an established science—the geography of the larder. There is not a province, not a town, hardly a village, in France, where nature or art has not brought to perfection some peculiar article. Centuries ago the beef of Limousin was acknowledged to be next in flavour to that of Champagne ; and a cook would prefer the mutton of Berry to all other mutton but that of Rouërgnes. Then there were the goats of Auvergne, and those of Poitou, at the head of the list ; the fowls of Caussade and Mans ; the geese of Beaune, Gascogne, and the Lyonnais ; the tripe of Paris ; the hams of Lyons and Bayonne ; the smoked tongues of Langres and Auvergne ; the oysters of Saintonge, Angoulême, Médoc, and Havre ; the cheeses of Brie, Dauphiné, Languedoc, Provence, Roquefort, &c., &c. Three centuries ago, and perhaps earlier, animals not blessed with any flavour of geographical celebrity were educated for the spit in

creatures boiled in milk and water, and laugh the while at the ignorance and stupidity of the English, who shudder at the meal.



what may be termed hot-house fashion, speaking of them analogously, with vegetables. Fowls were imprisoned in cages as dark as night, and fed on wheat and barley flour; capons were fattened in boxes in which they could neither turn nor stir; pigeons were brought up on the crumbs of bread steeped in wine; lambs were suckled by two nurses at a time, and eaten before they had themselves used their ruminators; pigs were fed with parsnips—Alas! why do we thus wilfully set our imagination on fire, and melt our teeth into water? We are at present only in the Cheval Blanc of Honfleur, the most miserable town of its size in all Normandy.

By turning his eyes upon the page opposite to this, the reader will obtain as perfect an idea as the pencil can give of the appearance of Honfleur. We do not know, indeed, that we have ever met with any thing more accurate in the representation of town architecture. The Cheval Blanc is in the range of houses on the right; in front is the quay where the passenger begins or terminates her voyage; and the archway on the left is a narrow passage that forms the lower communication between the two portions of the town, and leads to the pier close by, at which the traveller lands from the steam-boat.

Yet this is Honfleur in its best aspect; for, with the exception of some newer streets on the left of the archway, the town looks like the haunt of ruin and misery. And it looks like what it is. The traveller who lands from the steam-boat, and sees

the porters crowding like vultures around him, the bustle in the kitchen of the Cheval Blanc, and the hurry and confusion attending the departure of the diligence for Caen or Rouen, writes down in his journal that all is well—that Honfleur is crowded with inhabitants, and encumbered with trade and industry. Let him penetrate, however, into the interior of the place, where the houses are falling into ruins from mere neglect; let him enter into the houses themselves, and look at the inhabitants—crowded, sometimes, two families in one chamber, only separated by a curtain, from mere poverty; let him wander through the streets, and see even the fishermen standing listlessly at the corners, with their hands in their empty pockets; and he will write *erratum* in his hasty journal, and perhaps even take the trouble of inquiring into the meaning of what he beholds.

Before the revolution Honfleur was nearly on a par with Havre, both in its crimes and industry; for twenty-five vessels left its harbour to catch men on the coast of Africa, and sixty to catch cod-fish on the coast of Newfoundland, besides a considerable number for the colonies and the salt trade, and a host of smaller craft to spread their herring-nets round the neighbourhood. The trade in men, however, is no more; Havre monopolises, for the reasons we have already given, the produce of foreign markets; and the very herrings have disappeared from these guilty and devoted shores: so that the fishermen are now fain to sail ten leagues to obtain a trifling com-

LIBRARY OF THE  
MUSEUM OF  
COMMERCE  
NEW YORK



Harbour



penetration in turbot, skates, soles, mackerel, and other denizens of the deep. A little coal from England, a little timber from the north, a few netfuls from the deep sea-fishing, a few shell-fish from the rocks—and this is all that remains of the trade of Honfleur. Its port, in the meantime, is daily filling up with mud and sand, which the funds of the town are unable to oppose.

Honfleur is said to have been in existence before Julius Cæsar; at all events it attained to some importance before the building of Havre; and, in 1503, Binot Paulmier, a mariner employed by some mercantile houses of the town, was the first Frenchman who doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Driven from his course by a tempest, he discovered and landed in New Holland,\* and carried home with him the king's son, whom he promised to restore in twenty moons. On his return to Honfleur, however, he could find no one to go back with him on so far and dangerous a voyage; and, as the only compensation he could make to the youth, he instituted him his sole heir, and left him both his name and fortune. A descendant of this New Holland prince was a canon of Lisieux, who, in 1663, published a work with the following title:—"Mémoire touchant l'établissement d'une mission Chrétienne dans la troisième monde autrement appelé la terre australe méridionale antarctique et inconnue: dédié à notre saint père le pape Alexander VII. par un ecclésiastique originaire de cette même terre australe."

\* We are not ignorant that the honour of this discovery is claimed also by the Dutch.

In 1382 the English were beaten before Honfleur by the inhabitants of the town reinforced by the Dieppais, and their commander, Hugh Spencer, taken prisoner ; but, in 1457, on the other hand, the town was taken by the same adversaries, and garrisoned by them for ten years, when it was recovered by the celebrated Dunois. In the religious wars Honfleur was almost wholly destroyed, and its fortifications battered to pieces.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE NORMAN LANGUAGE.

HONFLEUR is shut in, half by the sea and the Seine, and half by a range of hills more or less steep. The elevation immediately behind the town reaches the character of a precipice of great height, and is in every point of view a magnificent object. On the plateau of the steep, in a grove of ancient elms, is situated the chapel of our Lady of Grace, a holy fane where every traveller, of whatever religious denomination, should pay his vows.

Our Lady of Grace is more particularly the patroness of those who go down to the sea in ships; and, while sailing past the headland, we have more than once observed the mariners stop suddenly in their avocation to raise their bonnets from their brows and make the sign of the cross. When a vessel takes her departure from the neighbouring ports, some anxious mother, or some pale mistress, may be seen approaching the altar of the Virgin

with a carved or painted representation of the bark in which her hopes are now floating on the stormy seas : or, in the midst of the tempest, the mariner himself—when the jaws of the vast deep uncloseto devour their prey, or the noise of the breakers on the dread lee-shore is in his ear—abandoning all trust in the skill of man, turns for aid and protection to the Mother of Mercy—he vows that, if she deigns to preserve his life, he will hang up in the chapel of grace, in token of his homage, a picture of the scene.

These votive offerings are altogether destitute of taste or skill ; and to us they are therefore more beautiful and affecting. But it is not the seamen alone ; and those who are bound to them by the sympathies of love or kindred, who pay their vows in the chapel of grace. You may there see little waxen representations of an infant hand or foot, recovered from contortion or disease by the all-pitying Virgin ; or the early flowers of spring ; or a bunch of young grapes ; or a handful of waving grain, the first-fruits of the harvest. Labourers, husbandmen, and mariners, all kneel in common fellowship round the altar ; for here they are all of one family, and acknowledge one mother.

Although Normandy is not a wine country, the reader need not be surprised to find in the above enumeration a bunch of grapes ; for this fruit is in reality an important article of consumption. We have already mentioned that it forms the breakfast, at the proper season, of the lower classes, with the



addition of bread; and with all classes it is an indispensable portion of the dessert. The Norman grape, in fact, is in many districts so large, so sweet, and so juicy that we cannot help thinking it might be easily turned into excellent wine.

Till the middle of the sixteenth century, Normandy was a wine country; and the cause of the prohibition, mentioned in the fourth chapter, against more than a third part of the land being stocked with vines, was a scarcity of food in the year 1566, attributed to the excessive cultivation of this plant. It is true that the wine of Colinhon, in the pays de Caux, was so villanously sour that an old song advises—

" Du Colinhon ne beuvez pas,  
Car il meine l'homme au trépas:"

but, having ourselves eaten grapes not very far from the spot scarcely inferior to those of the south, we cannot help suspecting that some alteration may have taken place in the climate in the course of the last three centuries.

After the restriction on vine-growing, however, the farmers do not seem to have thought it worth their while to continue the manufacture of wine; and, by degrees, the attention of the Normans was turned towards a very ancient drink which had fallen into disuse. This drink was cider. It was not, however, till the reign of Henri III., the successor, of the promulgator of the restriction,\* that cider came again into general use; and even

\* The stupid and ferocious monster, Charles IX.

then its consumption seems to have been confined to Normandy. Its introduction to the capital was in the form of a medicine; for a knowing Norman, called Paulmier de Grantemesmil, physician to the Duke of Anjou, mixing a little senna with it, presented it to the Parisians as an invaluable laxative. "He became rich," says Guy-Patin, "in a very short time. There was, no doubt, a little quackery in his mode of acquiring a fortune; but you know, as well as I, that a man who is at once a *Norman* and a *doctor* has two powerful means of becoming a charlatan."

From that period the apple continued to flourish in Normandy, and they thought no more of making wine. Cider is at this day the usual drink at meals, and the solace of the lower classes in the cabarets. It is not so sweet, nor in any way so agreeable, as the Devonshire cider; but it is stronger, and, as we think, more wholesome. The only harm it does is to the teeth; and this perhaps is caused by its being drunk immediately before and after the hot soups, which form an indispensable part of the dinner of all classes. The cider-brandy, which is consumed in large quantities in Normandy, bears hardly any resemblance to wine-brandy, and would hardly be drunk as medicine even in England, where they swallow all sorts of horrors under the name. The worst of it is, this *eau-de-vie de cidre* is used to adulterate the *eau-de-vie de vin*, and to such an extent that, except in the first *hôtels*, you cannot be sure of getting good brandy in the country.

The cultivation of the apple is as difficult and delicate a process as that of the grape. The trees are divided into species, which appear to be all alike to the traveller, but are accurately distinguished by the farmer; and each kind produces a cider of a different flavour. Let us conclude this accidental ramble into the orchard with the following stanzas in praise of cider from an odd and scarce poem:—

Le petit sidre est un breuvage  
Merveilleusement en usage,  
Qui ne dégoûte nullement;  
Aussi vant-il mieux au malade  
Que la ptisane assurément  
Et la meilleure limonade.

Il amortit le trop de flammes,  
Il maintient l'embonpoint aux dames,  
Par lui leurs teints sont embellis !  
Car comme en un beau jardinage  
L'air et l'eau nourrissent les lis,  
Il nourrit ceux de leur visage.

Le gros sidre met la couleur  
Parmi la trop grande blancheur ;  
C'est lui qui fait naître les roses  
Et pour rendre nos yeux contents,  
Humide et chaud il fait les choses  
Que fait aux jardins les printemps.\*

The view from the plateau on which the chapel stands is one of the finest imaginable; but it corresponds too closely with the one from the heights of Ingouville to require elaborate description. The sea is the principal object, and the imagination is lost in its immensity. On turning away, however,

\* From a poem called "Pont l'Evêque," by the Sieur Le Cordier, Paris, 1662.

and beginning to descend by a different avenue, a scene bursts upon our view for which we were not prepared, and which produced a startling effect upon our nerves. This was the town of Honfleur, lying at our feet in such a manner that we imagined we could leap into the middle of the houses. Owing to the unequal height of the buildings, we saw, at one glance, the thousand gaudy hues of the sides ; and these, in conjunction with the dark roofs, gave the whole picture a strange and striking appearance. Our sensations, we remember, were pretty nearly the same when we saw, for the first time, the panorama of London in the Colosseum—certainly the most extraordinary of the metropolitan sights ; and we doubted for a moment, as we did then, whether the scene before us was natural or artificial. As we wound our way down the steep, the phases of the picture changed like the scenery in a theatre ; the objects grew longer and more distinct ; the various details of meanness and misery, that were hidden above as if by a veil of poetry, came into view ; and, by and by, we found ourselves in a dirty, poverty-stricken town.

In some places near the harbour our eye was caught by the words, painted on a sign-board, "*Ici on fait la chaudière ;*" and the answer to our question informed us of a custom at once so simple and so social that we were greatly taken with it. The chaudière, it seems, is a huge cauldron destined for the manufacture of a kind of republican soup, in which every body is a sharer

who contributes his portion of the meat. The mariners, more especially, repair to the chaudière in the morning, and, depositing therein a small piece of beef, take no farther thought of what they shall eat till the hour of cause. At one o'clock they return to this common kitchen, and find that their meat has cooked itself into soup and bouilli; to which they help themselves and one another with the frankness and liberality of sailors. This is far better than the *clubs* of London, where every man eats his soup in his own corner, and stares at his neighbour as if he was a wild beast who wanted a share.

In the same amiable reunions you find the words *Eau-de-vie*, or *cidre à dépoteyer*; a phrase quite as unintelligible as that relating to the chaudière. The explanation is that the liqueurs mentioned are sold there in small quantities; but this you will not understand unless you are aware that in general these articles are sold by the *pot*, containing about two quarts. *Dépoteyer* is, therefore, an elegant expression invented for the eschewing of tautology.

The language of the Lieuvain is not the least curious of the Norman dialects; and, at Honfleur, the stranger is sometimes greatly puzzled, till he breaks up the sentences, and takes the words, like the *eau-de-vie*, *à dépoteyer*. The Norman, besides, like the Scotchman, has the habit of deafness; although his perpetual *quy 'ou plait ?\** can no more be charged with stupidity than the *what's your*

\* Plait-il ?

*will* ? of our canny countrymen. Unlike the Scotchman, however, who professes to speak better English than the English, and is filled with wrath if you dispute the fact—he is quite willing that you should call his parts of speech by any name you please. In England we are hurt on being detected even in a provincial accent; in France we have heard a respectable-looking person, questioned by a countryman of his own, “*Quelle language parlez vous ?*” reply at once, “*Le patois d’Auvergne.*”

Perhaps on this subject we shall be forgiven if we present the reader with the following letter, exhibiting the most common peculiarities of the Norman language, and more especially of that of the Lieuvin. It is extracted from the “*Lettres d’un voyageur a l’embouchure de la Seine.*”

“*Premier que vous fussiez parti du Havre, mon cher monsieur, j’étais déjà en mer ; mais ayant oublié à l’enrai<sup>1</sup> des papiers importants que m’avait confiés mon armateur, j’ai en peine de redoubler.<sup>2</sup> Vous devez penser combien cela m’a elugè,<sup>3</sup> car à dire vrai, après la longue course que je viens de faire, j’avais de la mer à suffire ;<sup>4</sup> aussi je compte arrêter ici un porc.<sup>5</sup> Depuis huit jours que je suis de retour je me suis déjà tellement apiégé<sup>6</sup> aux soins de ma femme et de mes efans,<sup>7</sup> que je ne me sens pas paré<sup>8</sup> a repartir de sitot.*

1. Dans l’endroit.

2. J’ai été obligé de retourner.

3. Ennuyé.

4. J’étais fatigué de la mer.

5. Rester ici quelque temps.

6. Habitué.

7. Enfants.

8. Prêt.

“ Je voulais aller, *anuy*,<sup>1</sup> vous *quérir*<sup>2</sup> moi-même dans mon *embarcation* ;<sup>3</sup> mais voilà trop long-temps que j'ai quitté Quillebœuf, je ne connais plus la *passé de chenal*,<sup>4</sup> je risquerais de 'm *adirer*,<sup>5</sup> en voulant *éluyer*<sup>6</sup> ma route.

“ J'ai d'ailleurs malheureusement un motif qui me retient ici. Mon ouvrier de confiance, qui s'était gravement blessé en *grillant*,<sup>7</sup> l'hiver dernier, à l'époque du *remcuil*,<sup>8</sup> vient de rouvrir sa blessure à la tête, en se laissant *aborder*<sup>9</sup> par une branche d'un cerisier qu'il était en train de *locher*.<sup>10</sup> Depuis ce jour ce pauvre homme est comme *demeuré*,<sup>11</sup> et *défini*<sup>12</sup> de plus en plus. A cela, joignez d'autres petits tracas domestiques, et vous jugez qu'il m'est impossible de m' éloigner de chez moi. Venez donc, puisque la chaleur n'est pas aussi *enrivable*<sup>13</sup> que l'an dernier ; si vous attendiez encore un *miet*,<sup>14</sup> vous risquerez d'en être *abalé*,<sup>15</sup> à moins de choisir un jour où le soleil serait *muché*.<sup>16</sup>

“ Votre fermier doit être assez *étoré*<sup>17</sup> de chevaux, pour vous en *bâiller*<sup>18</sup> un ; cela ne peut l' *étriver*,<sup>19</sup> car il est sans doute, comme les autres cultivateurs, occupé à *touser*<sup>20</sup> ses moutons.

1. Dans la journée-avant la nuit.

2. Chercher.

3. Petit bateau.

4. The channel of the river is perpetually shifting, owing to the shifting of the sands.

5. Egarer.

6. Choisir.

7. Glissant.

8. Dégel.

9. Frapper.

10. Secouer.

11. Aliéné.

12. Tombe en lueur.

13. Hâtive.

14. Un peu.

15. Abattu.

16. Caché.

17. Fourni.

18. Prêter.

19. Vexer.

20. Tendre.

“ Vous prendrez en venant le chemin du Marais-Vernier ; c’est le plus court, mais, comme tout le terrain qui environne Quillebœuf est devenu tres *mucre*<sup>1</sup> par suite du dernier orage ou après un temps des plus *affouches*<sup>2</sup> une *crétaine*<sup>3</sup> considerable s’est répandue dans la champagne, je vous consielle de bien tenir au main votre *bidet d’allure*,<sup>4</sup> si vous ne voulez pas qu’il vous *envoie bouler*,<sup>5</sup> en qu’il vous *emmole*<sup>6</sup> jusqu’au genou.

“ Adieu, mon cher monsieur, vous me *repalariez*,<sup>7</sup> si vous ne m’otiez l’espoir que j’ai de vous posseder *illo* ;<sup>8</sup> ne m’obligez pas à vous *réforcer*.<sup>9</sup>

“ Recevez les temoignages, etc.

P.S. Je me permit de vous offrir un saumon et une trentaine de beaux *épelans*<sup>10</sup> qui ont été pêchés ce matin ; vous serez assez bon pour me rapporter le *moucheux*,<sup>11</sup> dans qui qu’ils sont enveloppés, *est pas ?*”<sup>12</sup>

- |                             |                                      |                    |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Humide.                  | 2. Affourchie.                       | 3. Crue.           |
| 4. Cheval qui va l’amble. . |                                      | 5. Jeter au loin.  |
| 6. Embouche.                | 7. Vous me ferez de la peine.        |                    |
| 8. Ici.                     | 9. Determiner à force d’invitations. |                    |
| 10. Eperlans.               | 11. Mouchoir.                        | 12. N’est-ce pas ? |



## CHAPTER X.

### CAEN.

THE traveller, on leaving Honfleur, is under the necessity of diverging from the sea-coast, which, even if the route were easy, offers nothing of interest for a considerable space. Pont-Lévêque, the first town on the Caen road, is the theme of the singular poem by Le Cordier from which we have quoted; but it is not remarkable in outward appearance. The rich meadows which surround it fatigue the eye, because they do not excite the imagination.

From this the road to Caen conducts through a few insignificant villages; one of which, Beaumont, on the right after you leave Pont-Lévêque, was the birth-place of Laplace. The father of this great man was himself a very remarkable person, although the powers of his mind were exercised for the benefit only of the little circle of his village. He acted as a kind of moral judge in the countryside, and made his house a court of equity, where such of his

neighbours as preferred reason to its antipode law resorted for justice.

The traveller, however, who is not pressed for time, will do well to go on from Pont-Lévêque to Lisieux before turning his steps direct to Caen. The road runs the whole distance near the banks of the Toucques, a river which almost intersects Normandy. The ground is very uneven, and affords many picturesque views; but, as you journey for the greater part of the way through an avenue of trees, you derive less gratification from the beauty of the country than might be expected. Every where you see villages in the distance, and lands in the highest state of cultivation; but, if you wish to examine the villages closer, or make observations on the mode of agriculture, you find the adventure perilous, and in some cases impracticable. The bourgs and villages in the neighbourhood contribute their quota, as a matter of course, to the repairs of the great road, but it would be thought foolish extravagance to provide themselves with roads of communication. Nay, the sight is not unfrequent of a waggon of empty tuns, lying in the highway, waiting to be filled gradually with cider brought from the manufactory in small barrels.

This unaccountable folly is more common among the prudent and industrious Normans than in the more unenlightened parts of France. Even in the immediate neighbourhood of the city of Caen, where the country is intersected by some of the finest roads in Europe, the villages are almost

inaccessible. It would be curious to calculate the surplus expense which this difficulty of transit heaps upon a farm, and the profit which would arise from the farmers joining in the construction of a good and substantial road from their village to the highway. Of the amount of this the reader will be enabled to form some idea, when he learns that, in such cider-loadings as we have mentioned above, the operation, which might be performed in a few hours, sometimes takes several days.

Lisieux was supposed, from its situation, to be the Noviomagus Lexoviorum; but nothing in the town itself supported the opinions of the advocates of such high and honourable antiquity. No fragments, no ruins, whispered of the Romans; even the cathedral dates only from the twelfth century; and the beautiful chapel of the Virgin is still later, being an expiatory monument of Pierre Cauchen, Bishop of Lisieux, for the part he took in the condemnation of the Maid of Orleans. While digging, however, at the entrance of the town, in the construction of the road to Caen, the workmen stumbled accidentally on proofs which the earth had covered for fifteen centuries. The ruins of the ancient city were discovered buried, not by a convulsion of nature, but by the hand of man, and comprehending an extent of ground four times larger than the present town. That this event should have left no trace in history is not remarkable if the character of the savage Saxons is considered. Unable to write themselves, they interdicted

writing in others; and, uncivilized, were such enemies to civilization that, not satisfied with destroying its works by fire and sword, they covered them over with earth, and thus buried even their memory.

At Lisieux, however, we cannot talk long of graves, and worms, and epitaphs, with such faces around us. If it is Saxon blood which circulates beneath that beautiful skin—even here, on the grave of the Noviomagus Lexoviorum—we forgive the Saxons. The women of Lisieux are, in our opinion, the handsomest in Normandy; and some of the young girls, more especially in the gorgeous white caps of the *Lieuvin*, and the white dresses, worn first by the peasantry as a legal distinction, and continued from choice or habit, add a touch of the fantastic to their beauty which affects powerfully the imagination. Their features possess a delicacy which you rarely meet with in the daughters of labour. They have the bright skin and fair hair of the Norman; the blue eyes of the Saxon; the aquiline nose of the Roman, slightly effeminated; and, over all, the piquant air of a modern Frenchwoman.

But, has this description given you a single definite idea of the beauty we mean? No. Your thoughts are busy with memories; you imagine you are gazing on some new face, but in reality are recalling an old one. It is in vain to paint with the pen: its touch may summon before the eye the vanished spirits of the past; but it has no power to

create new forms, except out of the fragments of memory. All the features of the portrait may not belong to an individual object of our admiration; but they come, one by one, from old graves, and far-off places: the brow is the brow we worshipped when our own was clear and fair; the lips those we hung upon when ours were pure and true; the eyes the same that rained showers of light upon our youthful existence.

The mode of describing a beauty is now reduced to a system; and we do not see why rules should not be laid down as accurate as those of any other science. The comparative mode, for instance, may be divided into three, embracing the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdom. In the first, which is the richest, we catalogue our mistress's charms as if we were making out a jeweller's bill: namely,

1. A pair of diamond eyes.
2. One thick and one thin ruby or coral lip.
3. A double row of pearl teeth.
4. A quantity of golden hair.
5. A complete set of silver tones.

In the vegetable fashion, the complexion is of roses and lilies; the eyes are violets or sloes; the hair chesnut; the lips carnations; the teeth snow-drops. In the animal, or zoological style, our mistress's hair becomes an eagle's or a raven's plume; her eyes are those of the dove or the antelope; and her teeth a flock of sheep.

All this, however, is wide of our present purpose;

and we may as well fly from the dangerous neighbourhood of Lisieux, and progress towards Caen.

After leaving Lisieux the road wanders for some time through a series of fertile plains, at length intercepted by the deep valley of Auge, which contains some of the richest pasture-lands in France. In descending here the rapid cote of Saint Laurent the orchards of Estrées disclose themselves, extending to the right and left; and, in the distance, we see the wealthy plains of Caen; and, in fine weather, can distinguish even the towers of Saint-Etienne. At Croissanville is the field of battle, honourable for Normandy, which was disputed with Louis IV., surnamed d'Outre-mer, king of France.

Louis, who was in a great measure indebted for his crown to the chivalrous generosity of William I., duke of Normandy, no sooner found that his benefactor was dead than he cast eyes of desire on the rich inheritance of his infant son, afterwards Richard Sans-peur. He caused himself to be appointed one of the tutors of the boy, and kindly invited him and his governor, Osmond de Cent-Villes, into France, where he shut up the orphan-prince as a captive at Laon. By the contrivance of Osmond, however, young Richard escaped; he was carried off from Laon concealed in a bundle of straw, and delivered up to his devoted Normans.

Louis immediately took to the field, and determined to conquer by force of arms what he could not obtain by treachery. The Normans called to their assistance Harold, king of Denmark, who, like

the French monarch, had been indebted for his crown to the father of the young heir; and the Dane obeyed the call. He disembarked with an army at Dives, ready either to fight or to mediate; and for some time it was thought that the affair might be terminated without the effusion of blood. The two kings met at Croissanville, each with an escort, and their respective armies drawn up at a little distance.

But, in the ranks of the French, there was one whose appearance in such a cause struck the Normans with horror. This was a third prince, who owed his crown and life to the father of the heir, and for whose sake that admirable hero lost both life and crown. It was Hellouin of Montreuil, whom he had saved from the Count of Flanders; by whom the deliverer was assassinated after he had forced him into a treaty at the point of the sword.

“Hellouin of Montreuil!—thou here!—disloyal villain!” cried a cavalier of the old, hot Norman blood; and in an instant he smote him to the ground with his battle-axe. This unexpected deed was the signal of unexpected battle. Both French and Normans sprung at each other’s throats; some cried treason; all struck right and left at their neighbour. The troops behind saw the disturbance, and ran up, shouting their war-cries, to join in the *mêlée*. After a bloody struggle the French were beaten, and their caitiff-king taken prisoner, who swore upon the bones of the saints to respect for evermore the rights of the orphan.

On entering the city of Caen, the first thing the English stranger does is to find out Mr. Armstrong. Who is Mr. Armstrong? One man will tell you that he is the American consul; another, that he is a banker; a third, that he is a grocer; a fourth, that he is an extensive importer of wines; a fifth, that he is the proprietor of a salon literaire: in short, if you ask a score of people, every one will mention some different profession in which he himself has solicited and obtained the services of Mr. Armstrong. All are right, and yet all are wrong; for Mr. Armstrong is in fact a consul, a banker, a wine-merchant, &c., &c., and yet twenty other things at the same moment.

Mr. Armstrong is one of those talented and ambitious men who are not contented to lie wherever fortune chooses to throw them. He began his Caen career with a single profession, but, by means of the natural shrewdness and versatility of his mind, very speedily made himself acquainted with every other. His countrymen residing, or intending to reside, in that part of Normandy, were not slow in discovering that they had a friend among them, whose knowledge of business, and acquaintance with the manners and customs of the place, might be of infinite use to them in their transactions with a foreign people; and speedily Mr. Armstrong's shop in the rue Saint-Jean was crowded with English. At first he merely obeyed the dictates of a kindly and generous heart in rendering every service in his power to the claimants; but, by degrees, he



discovered that, while serving his countrymen as a friend, he might serve himself as a man of business: and the result is, that Mr. Armstrong to-day is *every thing*.

It would have been very doubtful, however, whether the talents and industry even of this enterprising individual would have insured his success, but for a certain peculiarity in the character of the Normans, which renders it difficult and disagreeable for a stranger to treat with them in matters of business. The custom of asking more than the real price of the article is here almost universal, and the most trifling bargain cannot be concluded without a regular disputation. When a bold, blunt John Bull, therefore, appeared on the stage, demanding what he knew to be merely a remunerating profit on his goods, and treating as a kind of insult the proposal to give less, it may be supposed that the French were astonished, and the English overjoyed. We are far from wishing to depreciate the real merit of Mr. Armstrong, but this is at least a part of the secret of his success.

Having thus given the reader an introduction so necessary in case of need, let us now walk forth and take a brief survey—for it is all we can afford—of the city of William the Conqueror.

Caen is supposed, by some antiquarians, to be built on or near the site of a Roman city, destroyed by the Saxons. The *Civitas Viducassium*, say they (to-day Vieux), was the capital of the country, the seat of government, and the emporium at once of

the arts and arms of the conquerors. In the course of the fourth century it was razed to its foundation by the locust swarms of barbarians who destroyed the empire of the Cæsars, and a new city of hovels reared over its fragments, called Cat-hem, or Cat-hom (whence Caen)—*anglicé*, “the seat of counsel, government, or war.”

All this, however, is nothing more than conjecture; but about the middle of the tenth century, after the cession of the country to the Normans, history begins to speak of Caen as a considerable town. William the Conqueror founded the abbeys of Saint-Etienne, and the Sainte-Trinité, which are still the most beautiful monuments in the city. In the former of these noble piles he was buried, under circumstances so extraordinary that, while writing of Caen, we think we shall be forgiven for recalling them to the recollection of the reader. We translate the anecdote from a Caen publication.

“He died at Fécamp,” says M. Louis Dubois, “on the ninth of September, 1087, in the sixtieth year of his age. His death was the signal for the most scandalous confusion. His officers and servants rifled the house, and left the dead body naked and alone. After some strange delay it was at length transported to Caen, and buried in the church of the abbey of Saint-Etienne, which he had founded.

“This powerful monarch, whose life had been a continued series of extraordinary events, occasioned another before descending into the grave. His last asylum was contested by a citizen of Caen, whose

name has been preserved by history : he was called Asselin. At the solemn moment of the royal obsequies the citizen advanced sturdily.

“ ‘ The spot,’ said he, ‘ in which you are about to bury the king does not belong to you : it is mine. William wronged my father out of the property ; and, if you do not pay me the price, I shall oppose this sepulture, which is nothing else than a usurpation.’ Prince Henri, one of the sons of William, who assisted at the ceremony, did justice to the demands of the courageous Asselin ; and the ceremony was recommenced—when a new occurrence took place.

“ Every thing was extraordinary in this prince, and in the events of this day. The dead body, enormous in itself, and probably in an advanced state of putrefaction, burst asunder, and spread through the church an insupportable odour ; on which all the assistants, with the exception of a few priests, took to flight. These hastily finished the ceremony, and at length succeeded in burying under the earth one who had so long ravaged its surface.”

But the remains of the mighty dead were not destined to remain in quiet. Five centuries afterwards they were disinterred in the wars of the League ; and, after being again consigned to the earth, were again taken up at the Revolution. They are now restored—dust to dust—for the fourth time. Requiescant in pace !

Caen is exceedingly rich in ecclesiastical architecture, which we have no room to describe ; but we

give up a part of the task into the hands of Mr. Stanfield, who executes the commission with his usual grace and fidelity, on the opposite page. A bas-relief in the church of Saint-Etienne-le-Vieux ; the dome of the Gloriette ; the château ; the exquisite spire of Saint-Pierre ; the Grand-Cours ; the façade of the Hôtel de la Préfecture—all are objects which claim the attention of the traveller.

Caen is the permanent abode of a great many English, who are in general persons of honour and respectability. They have a place of worship of their own, and confine themselves a good deal to the society of their own countrymen. It would give us pleasure to notice the literary societies, the library, and other valuable institutions of the town ; but these we must defer till another opportunity—if we shall ever have one. Caen does not, strictly speaking, come within our present plan ; and we must hasten back to the sea-shore.

1852  
1853  
1854  
1855  
1856  
1857  
1858  
1859  
1860  
1861  
1862  
1863  
1864  
1865  
1866  
1867  
1868  
1869  
1870  
1871  
1872  
1873  
1874  
1875  
1876  
1877  
1878  
1879  
1880  
1881  
1882  
1883  
1884  
1885  
1886  
1887  
1888  
1889  
1890  
1891  
1892  
1893  
1894  
1895  
1896  
1897  
1898  
1899  
1900



Engraved by W. B. Wood

Brantford



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE COAST GUARD.

WHAT might not Caen be if the Orne were as useful as it is beautiful! Even so early as the time of Francis I. it was proposed to render the river navigable for large vessels, and to open a communication between it and the Loire by means of the Sarthe; in 1679 the project was entertained by Vauban; and, about a century ago, it was demonstrated by surveyors that it might be carried into execution with ease, and at comparatively little expense.

But to render the Orne navigable, without clearing away the dangerous sandbanks at its embouchure, would be doing nothing; and, this being manifestly impossible, it was proposed to *change the embouchure*, opening a new one between Colleville and Oyesterham. However fantastic the scheme may appear, it is said to be practicable. A sea-port of the first class could thus be erected in the bay of

Colleville—and at present there is no place of refuge for ships between the Hogue and Havre ; while the interior navigation would establish easy and economical communication with the whole of the north and west of France.

Between Honfleur and the embouchure of the Orne, the coast, as we have said, presents nothing remarkable. First appears the mouth of the Touques, then that of the Dives, and then the point of Merville, at the entrance of the Orne. A little way beyond the opposite point are Oyesterham and the bay of Colleville.

While wandering along the shores of this fine bay we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain ; and, having submitted heroically to be drenched to the skin, we then, as is usual in such cases, began to look out for a place of shelter. The change in the atmosphere had given the whole scene an aspect of the dismal, such as we persuaded ourselves at the moment we had rarely witnessed. There was not a breath of wind ; the rain fell vertically to the ground in large drops ; and the masses of dark vapour from which it issued, dragged down, as it appeared, by the weight of water, hung low over the earth. The sea rose in slow, unbroken waves upon the shore, and filled the air with a sullen but not unmusical sound, which, with the ceaseless plashing of the rain-drops, had at once a saddening and tranquilizing effect upon the mind.

We at length perceived a wooden shed, which appeared to serve as a kind of rude tent to protect



the fishermen from the weather while mending their nets; but our first impulse to dart into its shelter was somewhat checked by observing a man posted at the entrance in the manner of a sentry. One moment he would walk a quick march a little way beyond, the rain breaking in spray upon his oil-skin hat, and cascading from the back or front as he moved his head; the next, he would turn upon his heel, and retire into the tent; and again, issuing forth, post himself full in front, as if for the especial pleasure of the shower-bath. On approaching nearer, we perceived that the shed was empty—that there was, in reality, nothing to guard; and, concluding that our neighbour's eccentric motions proceeded from some aberration of mind, we entered without ceremony.

He was a fine-looking young man of four or five-and-twenty, and from his dress and appearance we should have guessed him to be the "capitaine en second," which the unpolite English call the *mate*, of a trading-vessel.\* There was nothing like

\* The chief officers even of a trading-vessel are not eligible to such appointments till they have passed successfully an examination with regard to their knowledge of seamanship, which includes, of course, some branches of the mathematics. This is absolutely necessary in France, because the common sailors are, in general, ignorant even of reading and writing, and quite unfit to take the post of master in case of need. It is said, but we know not with what truth, that their merchant-ships, in consequence of these regulations, are better manned than those of England. In addition to the capitaine en chef and the capitaine en second, there is also a chef d'équipage, or captain of the

insanity in his manly brow and quick dark eye; and we watched him with increasing curiosity. He at length turned his gaze upon *us*, and, suddenly raising his hat in the slight sailor-fashion, "Bon jour, monsieur," said he; "here's a devil of a plump! Perhaps you don't like a wet jacket? Come, and I will show you where you may get a dry berth, and a mug of cider into the bargain. There, do you see yonder chimney-top rising among the trees?"

"I see a church-spire in the distance."

"English, by the mass! Pshaw! Can't you turn your head over your shoulder, if it *is* impossible to slew round on your moorings? You English always look straight before you, which is the reason why you see so little, though you travel so much. Just clap your eye upon that little wooden bridge;—have you nicked it?—now raise the visy, edging off about the length of a handspike to larboard—there! you have it now!"

"Have it, indeed! Why, it is a good half league off, and the village is comparatively close by."

"Oh, it is, is it? You wouldn't go into a dirty auberge, would you, Monsieur Anglais, when there is a handsome farm-house waiting for you, with a blazing log on the fire, and a tankard of the best cider in Normandy sparkling on the table?"

crew, answering to the second mate of the English. It was formerly the law that in trading-vessels at least two-thirds of the crew should be French; but, owing to the scarcity of sailors, which we have elsewhere noticed, the government has been obliged, since 1828, to trust to the discretion of the ship owners.

"It is of no consequence to me where I lodge for the moment; but I confess I am curious to know what interest you have in the matter."

"Curious! well, I like that! We had an Englishman on board us who never asked a question but what's o'clock? all the way from Bourdeaux to the Brazils. There was once a man sentenced to receive a cool dozen for neglect of duty, caused by his minding the orders of this lord of the ocean more than his own captain's. Well, do you see, the execution was to take place at mid-day; and we were all standing round, half an hour before, thinking it a confounded hard case—when up comes the Englishman. The capitaine turns round quite friendly, and we could hardly keep in the cry of 'Vive Monsieur Anglais!' till we should hear the success of his application for mercy. He spoke!—what do you think he said?—why, 'What's o'clock?' Sacré! what's o'clock! Then you won't go to the farm-house?"

"That depends upon your reason for desiring it."

"That is just what I am coming to. There is a young woman, do you see, in the house whom I wish to speak to; and I just want you to step up, since I can find no better messenger, and whisper in her ear that Victoire is waiting for her in the shed."

The amazing impudence of this request can hardly be appreciated by any one who has never been out in a deluge of rain. We stared, first at the weather, and then at the capitaine en second, in profound admiration.

“So you won’t?” said the sailor, looking an oath. “Why you are as much afraid of a little salt water as your countrymen were, on this very spot, of the sound of my ancestor Cabieux’s voice!”

“Cabieux!” repeated we—“some faint recollection—”

“Oh, a very faint one, no doubt! You don’t remember, not you, that my ancestor, Cabieux, in the time of Louis XV., beat off two squadrons of English on this ground with his own tongue!”

“My dear Sir!” exclaimed we, “is it possible that you are a descendant of the renowned Cabieux?”

“Yes, it is very possible; and it happens, too, that at this moment I am in pretty nearly the same circumstances.”

“That is nonsense, my good man; there is no enemy now on the shore, and no English fleet in the bay. I cannot boast of being a descendant of the magnanimous Cabieux, but I know his history as well as you.”

“What will you bet on that score? What you know is the history of France; what I know is the history of Monsieur Cabieux.”

“Then, my dear fellow, tell me the history of Monsieur Cabieux, and I will do your errand, if it should rain old wives and marlin-spikes!”

This is somewhat of a long introduction to a short story; but we like to tell things as they come to pass. The story, besides, we ourselves think of some importance; and perhaps there are few of our readers who will be displeased to possess some

particulars of the private life of a man whose exploit is one of the most remarkable in the history of that or perhaps of any other war. We translate the words or meaning of the sailor just as it happens to suit us.

THE HISTORY OF MONSIEUR CABIEUX.

In the year of grace one thousand seven hundred and sixty-two, the inhabitants of our village (as well as, in due course, the inhabitants of the Tuilleries) were greatly astounded, one morning, at the appearance of an English fleet riding quietly at their moorings in this bay of Colleville. The minister, in his wisdom, had armed to the very teeth every great town on the sea-side from Marseilles to Calais ; but he forgot, or did not know, that in this Bay of Colleville there was as pretty a landing-place as you shall see on the coast of France. There is, besides, close by, the river Orne, which, they say, by means of a little money and labour, might be made to float a squadron of ships of war into the very heart of the country—but that is neither here nor there.

The villagers, you may be sure, were a little confused, Frenchmen though they were ; but a council of war was held, at which it was unanimously resolved that the most prudent as well as dutiful course would be to send off an express to the King. Some little time was lost in finding a horse that would trot, and a little more in making a bargain with his owner—for a Norman would not receive the sacrament from a priest on his death-bed without haggling about the price ; but, at length, all

was arranged ; and, as the courier left the village at a fierce trot, in boots that reached to the hip-joint, and weighed thirty-five pounds, a shout accompanied him that must have terrified the souls of the English in the bay.

This respectable person, however, although he executed his mission with great pains and fidelity, was more circumspect than could have been desired. The errand was an important one, and the message fraught with life and death ; it was therefore not to be entrusted lightly to every body. The honour of a courier, besides, he knew to consist in secrecy ; and he therefore determined that what he had to say should be said into the ear of the minister at war. Perhaps, also, like a true Norman, he looked for some reward at his journey's end, and was unwilling to put it into the power of any one to anticipate him—which, I do suppose, might easily have been done, the horse not being able to make much head-way while carrying, in boots and man, well nigh to fourteen stone. However this may be, instead of raising the country, as it might have been desirable that his sense of honour or interest had permitted him to do, on he trotted through field and town as silent as death. Every body ran to their doors and windows to see him pass, clambering and clanking through the streets ; a thousand conjectures were afloat as to the nature of his business ; but no human being ever suspected that he was a courier sent to announce to the French nation that an enemy's fleet was at anchor in the bay of Colleville.

Now, do you see, the villagers all this time were not so comfortable as they could have wished. The whole world seemed to have deserted them. There was not even a strolling beggar took them on his way from a pilgrimage of speculation to Notre Dame de la Delivrande. The English fleet sat grimly quiet on the water, each ship showing her rows of teeth, as she was hove round with the tide, like a shark turning about to bite. But day after day the same spectacle presented itself—the same rows of teeth, the same grim quiet ; and, at last, the object was a matter of such custom, that if the fleet had disappeared as suddenly as it came, the villagers, perhaps, would have felt it as a deprivation. Nevertheless, they kept on the alert like brave men ; a coast-guard was organised, which watched day and night, and a drum—God knows how they came by it !—was beaten at intervals to show the enemy that they knew what war was as well as they.

One night the coast-guard were, as usual, on their watch on this very spot, when the discourse turned upon such subjects as might be expected in their situation.

“ Suppose they do land ? ” said one of them, pursuing the conversation.

“ Why then we would beat the drum— ”

“ I would beat the drum ! ” interrupted Tambour.

“ And we should, of course, retire upon Bayeux. ”

“ No !—upon Caen. ”

“ What say you, serjeant Cabieux ? ” demanded several voices.

“We should retire,” said the serjeant coolly, “when beaten ; but not till then.”

“To oppose such a force would be to *consent* to be beaten. I could not take it upon my conscience to bring this disgrace upon the French arms—besides, we might have to answer it with our heads.”

“Or heels,” said Cabieux. The sneer produced a laugh, and Cabieux went on.

“For what are we here ?” said he ; “is it to guard the coast, or run away from the danger ? What is the use of our staring at the enemy, if we do nothing more ? Could they not land their troops without our looking on ? For shame, comrades ; consider that the eyes of all France,—nay, of all Europe, are upon you ; think of your country, think of your honour, think of your—your—”

“Mistress !” suggested one. Cabieux blushed to the tips of his ears.

“My mistress,” said he, “is glory !”

“Indeed ! I thought it had been Isabelle !” A laugh at the serjeant’s expense changed the discourse ; and, soon after, Monsieur Cabieux left the guard-house to stroll alone, as was his wont, along the shore.

Isabelle was a sore point with Monsieur Cabieux. He had loved her when he was a child ; he had loved her when he was a boy ; and now he loved her, with all the energies of his stout heart and noble spirit, when he was a man. Nor was Isabelle indifferent to him. She was grateful for his love ; she admired his fine qualities ; and habit had



reconciled her to his athletic but somewhat ungainly form, and coarse though honest physiognomy. In proof of her sentiments, she had offered him her own fair hand, in the absolute conviction that her heart was in it ; and any man in France but Monsieur Cabieux would have felt himself in the ninth heaven.

My ancestor, however, had a fund of sensibility, perhaps of a morbid nature, concealed beneath his rough exterior ; and, for some time past, he had been tormented by a kind of misgiving which sickened his heart. How it arose I cannot say ; but he imagined that Isabelle deceived herself when she supposed that in offering her hand she included her heart. Perhaps this fancy may have been caused by the unconscious comparison he must have frequently drawn between their personal appearance ; for Isabelle was so beautiful that, although the gentlest and most timid of human beings, the young men of the village were terrified to approach her. Cabieux himself, but for the accidental circumstance of their having been brought up together, would, in all probability, have worshipped her at a distance like a star.

Perhaps, too, the difference in their education may have added to his uneasiness ; for Isabelle had been living for three years with a relation at Bayeux, only returning occasionally to visit her parents in the village. In that ancient city she had learnt some things that Cabieux knew nothing about, and, for my part, I cannot pretend to say what they

were; but certain it is that her lover sometimes could hardly comprehend her. On these occasions she sighed, and, not seldom, started and became pale; while Cabieux, knitting his brows till his plainness acquired a character of ferocity, drew his hat over his eyes, and rushed from her presence to wander along the shore, and deliver himself up to the night-mare that haunted his imagination.

Still the marriage project went on, and that it was not sooner consummated was attributed to the hostility of Isabelle's mother, a foolish old lady, who had certain notions of gentility to which it seems Cabieux, although comparatively a man of fortune, did not altogether come up.

The arrival of the enemy's fleet, however, had a singular effect upon the lover. His spirits seemed to rise in proportion as those of his comrades fell. His cheek flushed; his eye brightened; his manner was absent and pre-occupied; his words few and almost fierce; he looked like a man whose spirit was big with some great and hazardous project not yet sufficiently formed to allow his brow to grow smooth and pale, and the excitement of enthusiasm to sink into the cold, rigid, iron tranquillity of resolve. I have no doubt that he determined to gain his mistress by a coup de main—to overbalance her superiority in knowledge and refinement by his daring and its success—to drown the rough outline of his features in the halo that encircles the brow of a hero—or to perish, the martyr at once of honour and of love. This is evident, partly from his

manner, partly from the extreme anxiety he manifested to obtain the dangerous post of serjeant of the coast-guard, and partly from the violent and desperate counsels he gave in that capacity.

On the night I have mentioned, Monsieur Cabieux parted company with his comrades full of shame and indignation. To his conscious imagination their harmless taunts seemed to advert with strange significance to his situation. He overlooked the fact that his approaching union with Isabelle was known to the whole village, and that he was now in that enviable yet ludicrous plight in which a person is placed in such rude societies who, by the very fact of thus contemplating marriage, makes a public confession of his love.

He had not even seen Isabelle for many days; he had almost resolved never to see her again till the blow was struck which should determine his fate: but the raillery of his comrades had the effect which may be expected on a proud and determined spirit like his. A weaker man would have shrunk from his mistress with tenfold sensitiveness: Cabieux, after a few turns on the beach, walked straight to her house.

The dwelling of Isabelle was situated near the rocks which terminate yonder point of the bay. The road to it was wild and dreary; there was no moon visible in the heavens; and Cabieux stumbled on in the dark, his heart weighed down with a sadness which he could not control. Sometimes he turned a wistful glance upon the ships in the offing,

and for a moment the blood would rush dancing through his veins, and his heart beat proud and high ; but soon these signals of reaction disappeared, his chest fell with a heavy sigh, and he stole forward in his path like a doomed and accursed thing.

On reaching the house he passed the window of the parlour, and by the glance which an involuntary, almost convulsive, motion of the head enabled him to take, he saw that Madame Leblanc was alone. Had Isabelle retired to bed? It was almost late enough for the supposition. He walked on, however, to the hall-door, and raised the latch with a slow and trembling hand. He allowed it, however, to fall again without noise, and, in obedience to a new impulse, went forward to his mistress's window. The curtains were undrawn, and there was a light in the chamber. She had intended to retire, then, for the night, but had returned, no doubt, to the parlour for something she had forgotten. He flew back to the parlour-window as swift and noiseless as a shadow. Isabelle was not there ; her mother had gathered up her things, and replaced her lofty conical cap with one of humbler composition and manufacture : she was about to withdraw to her room. Cabieux paused in a consternation which he felt to be absurd, yet could not control.

He, at length, returned to Isabelle's window, and looked in with a curiosity which partook of alarm. The bed was undisturbed ; not a chair was moved from its place ; yet the wick of the candle betrayed

that it had been unattended to for at least an hour! Cabieux's first impulse was to run to the door, and knock loud enough to alarm the dead; but his second, which he obeyed, was to walk on, he knew not wherefore, to the next window, and then to the next; and then he found himself at the end of the house.

Here a sound stole upon his ear, which he persuaded himself was only the sighing of the night-wind among the trees of the orchard; and yet he trembled from head to foot. The sound became more distinct; it was mingled with another, lower and hoarser: one was the voice of Isabelle, the other of a stranger—and a man! Cabieux stalked suddenly forward, and a faint shriek of alarm escaped from the lips of his mistress. He stood still—his limbs felt as if petrified; yet his heart beat audibly. He was behind a tree; he was within two paces of the spot of their mystic rendezvous, and could hear even the breathing of Isabelle.

“Did you not hear a step?” whispered she. “Fly!—in this place you stand upon a grave!”

“I stand by your side, sweet Isabelle!” replied the unknown. “I am neither of a nation nor a trade to fear danger; and you know I have come here to-night through perils which only a word from your dear lips, and a touch of your beautiful hand, could adequately reward.”

“Alas, alas! that ever you should have heard that voice, or touched that hand—that voice which should have shrieked, ‘treason! France!’ that hand

which should have plunged a dagger into your heart! Why, desperate and dreadful man, why have you broken in upon *my* solitude of heart?— why have you awakened *me* from the sleep of my soul? I sought you not; I called you not; I dreamed not of your face; I knew not your nation save in hatred and in fear. Why came you to *me* like a bird of evil omen from the farther side of the ocean? What brought you to *my* window, to wither my young life with your gentle eye, and whisper despair into my ear with your seraph's tongue? ”

“ Isabelle, we have met because it was our fate! I came here to woo another mistress, and court another love—honour! glory! I was the enemy of your country; I sought distinction; and—and—I perilled my life for the prize!”

“ In what manner? What was your purpose? ” demanded Isabelle, in a hasty and choaked voice. The stranger was silent.

“ Speak !” continued she: “ you came as a spy—”  
“ As a foe.”

“ You came as a spoiler to seek out your prey—and you pitched upon a harmless maiden to be your accomplice in the destruction of her country !”

“ You wrong me, Isabelle; God knows you wrong me! My designs, although hostile to France, were ever friendly to you. I saw you by accident—or destiny—as I stole past your window; I was, at first, smitten with your beauty; and, when I knew you better, I was won for ever by the graceful dignity and guileless frankness of your mind.”

“But you still persist—”

“Hark! was not that a gun? I must not linger another moment.”

“Answer me, Sir! I do not remember all our conversation. I was not on my guard—and perhaps I may have been too frank. But, if you are an enemy and a spy, I am a Frenchwoman, and no traitress! Tell me, what *are* your designs?” The stranger was silent.

“Speak!” continued she: “we part not thus!” And her voice, which had risen gradually from a whisper, now rang through the grove: “Tell me—in a word, what is it you are about to do?”

“Isabelle,” replied the stranger, half sorrowfully half sternly, “I must do my duty.”

“And I mine!” and, at the word, she seized him by the collar. “You are the prisoner of France!” continued the dauntless girl. “You may kill me at a blow; but even my death-cry will summon my mother’s servants, who are not yet in bed; and it is impossible that you can reach your boat alive!” The captive seemed for some moments shaken by an emotion which, in other circumstances, might have been taken for fear.

“Isabelle,” said he at last, in a faltering voice, “my noble Isabelle! to die by your hand would be happiness! Call your retainers. I hear them at this moment: their voices, their footsteps approach. Say to them, ‘Here is one who loves me, and wars against France; I give him up as a blood-offering to my country!’” Isabelle’s head fell upon the

clasped hands on his shoulder, and she sobbed convulsively.

“Fly!” said she at length. “Fly, if you love me! Fly, and return no more! They are coming—hark! it is the coast-guard!—led on, O God, by my affianced husband!”

“Your affianced husband!”

“The good, the noble, the generous, the brave—”

“Isabelle!”

“Man, will you not leave me!”

“Not till—”

“Till you are dragged away in chains! Fly, infatuated!”

“I go, then; but we meet again?”

“Never!”

“By all that is holy—”

“Never! never! never!—oh, never more!” and Isabelle staggered back from his arms.

Cabieux stood the while like a man who has come abroad in his sleep, plunged in a frightful dream. Her gown waved against him as she passed; her smothered sobs were audible in his ear; but he remained as motionless as a statue, and in the pre-occupation of her heart she did not observe him. When she at length passed into the house, he sprang like a wakened tiger from his lair, and rushed through the orchard. The figure of the unknown was visible in the distance against the gloomy sky. Cabieux set his teeth, and curved his fingers as he flew; while every muscle in his body acquired the tension of steel. He gained the rocks; the space of another



bound only was between him and his foe ; and his lips had already unclosed to shout the challenge which should be the death-signal of one or both,—when he saw that the fugitive was no longer alone. The Englishman had reached the water-side, where several of his comrades were waiting for him in the boat.

Cabieux unslung his carbine, and took aim. The action, under the circumstances, was that of a patriot and a lover. By destroying the spy he would at once defeat the enemy, and break the fatal charm which bound the young life of Isabelle. She did not—could not love this fearful desperado ! It was a dream, or an insanity of the moment. Had she not spoken of *him*—of her affianced husband—with an enthusiasm of admiration which should satisfy, even to fulness, even to overflow, his heart of hearts ? He paused. The enemy were adjusting the oars of their skiff. He examined the priming, and tried the trigger ; he leaned steadily against the rock which concealed him, and on which the carbine rested ; he then slowly brought his eye to the level of the piece. The bullet must do its duty, for there would be no second chance.

The victim was standing on the edge of the rock ready to step into the boat ; and the heart of Cabieux sickened as he gazed upon the outline of his proud and beautiful form. Was it possible that Isabelle did love him ? Was this suspicion his real motive for the—*murder* ! Cabieux shook from head to foot. Did his country demand the blood of the

spy?—of the spy whose designs had been discovered, and might easily, therefore, be turned to his own destruction, and that of the rest of the invaders? Cabieux's head sunk upon the rock; and he did not raise it when the sound of the muffled oars informed him that the skiff had shoved off.

Some minutes after, the roll of the drum broke upon his ear, and he knew that his comrades were changing guard. He started from his trance, and set out, with rapid strides, to rejoin them.

## CHAPTER XII.

### SEQUEL OF THE HISTORY OF MONSIEUR CABIEUX.

“ You are just in time, Monsieur Cabieux,” said Tambour ; “ I thought you would hear my drum, were you a league off, and come trotting up to it like a calf at the lowing of its mother !”

“ What of the night ?” demanded another, in the midst of the laugh which the drummer’s sally occasioned. “ You have been to the rocks ?”

“ All’s well,” replied Monsieur Cabieux.

The tone in which he spoke was neither over nor under the usual pitch of his voice, and neither slower nor quicker than usual ; but there was a something in the sound which caused his comrades to turn their eyes upon him simultaneously. The result of their observation was unsatisfactory. The serjeant’s physiognomy was naturally grave ; which is the reason why the plainness of his features was never lost sight of—for one forgets the ugliness of a good-humoured face. On the present occasion he

was not more grave than usual, but his gravity seemed to have changed its character. There was a tension about the lip, and a hardness in the eye, which they did not usually exhibit ; and his men felt, for the first time, that he was not their comrade, but their chief. No one, however, had discovered any thing which should give rise to this idea, and all turned away their eyes in a kind of embarrassment. The guard was relieved in silence ; and Monsieur Cabieux marched away at the head of his party like a general officer—or a captain of banditti.

On the following day his gravity had deepened into gloom, and the hardness of his eye acquired a character almost of ferocity. His plain face looked still plainer, for it was as pale as death ; and yet, about the corners of the rigid mouth there was a kind of smile which partook at once of triumph and cruelty. The men of the coast-guard whispered one to another that their serjeant knew more than he told—that his lonely wanderings on the shore had not been in vain ; and the brave began straightway to look anxious, the irresolute to grow faint of heart, and all to gaze eagerly in the direction of Caen or Bayeux. No one, however, presumed to question Monsieur Cabieux.

That afternoon Isabelle and her mother were sitting alone in their parlour ; the old lady busy knitting, and the young one leaning her elbow on the table, and her brow upon her hand, as she pored intently over a book which was turned upside down.

“ Bless me !” cried Madame suddenly, “ I wonder what has become, for this week past, of Monsieur Cabieux !” Isabelle started so violently at the name, that her mother almost shrieked.

“ Holy saints !” said she, “ what is the matter ? If you can stand the face of Monsieur Cabieux, what is there in his name to frighten you ?”

“ Nothing, Madame,” said Isabelle ; “ I was not frightened ; it was only a—a— ”

“ Then it was a spasm. My dear child, there is something wrong with you ?”

“ Yes,” replied Isabelle, mechanically, “ there is something wrong with me !” and her voice was so sad, and her look so wild while she said so, that her mother got up in alarm. But at that moment the latch was lifted, and Monsieur Cabieux, exercising the privilege of an old friend, walked unceremoniously into the room.

“ Speak of the devil— ” muttered Madame, looking as cross as two sticks ; but, presently, recovering her equanimity, she curtsied with dignity, and offered her cheek to the visitor.

“ Isabelle and I were remarking, Monsieur,” said she, “ that ever since the appearance of these English in the bay you have thought proper to make yourself scarce. To be sure it would have been some consolation for two poor lone women at such a time to have had a friend to speak to ; but, doubtless, your attention was engaged with more important affairs.”

“ No affair, Madame,” replied Monsieur Cabieux,

gravely, "could be more important than that of watching over the safety of you and Mademoiselle; and this I did not neglect. In my capacity as serjeant of the coast-guard I have had this part of the bay especially in view; and often when, perhaps, you thought me distant, I have been hovering within the sound even of your voice." Isabelle started as violently as before; and turned a quick and terrified glance upon her betrothed. Grave, calm, and apparently unconscious, he met her look without any sign of emotion; and the young lady, blushing deeply, cast down her eyes.

"This girl is unwell," said Madame; "and, when you came in, I was just about to send her to bed." You observe how she starts at the least word, and how wild and wan she looks. The terror of these odious English has had such an effect upon her nerves that she can neither rest nor eat. Last night she shrieked in her sleep; and, when I ran to her room in alarm, she cried, 'Murder! murder!' 'Awake, love!' said I, kissing her. 'Fly!' she screamed: 'fly, or they will stab you in my arms!' 'Awake,' said I again, 'and we shall fly together; you must come with me wherever I go!' 'Oh, never, never!' she muttered, moaning and sobbing—"Oh, never—never—never more!"

During this recital Isabelle became pale and red several times alternately, and sat crushing her fingers within one another as if in agony. When it was ended, she looked up hesitatingly in the face of Monsieur Cabieux, but all there was as calm as

before; his features were like those of a statue, or rather of a petrefaction.

"You should not have disturbed me, my dear mother," said she; "for the body rests in sleep even when the mind is agitated by dreams. But to-night I shall bolt the door of my room, and the idea of security which it will give will perhaps calm my spirits. Adieu, my friend!" and she extended her hand to her lover.

"Bolt your window, too, Isabelle," said Monsieur Cabieux. Her hand trembled in his grasp, and she raised her eyes to his face for the third time. All, however, seemed well; her secret was safe; and she left the room with a sigh that seemed composed, in equal measure, of trouble and relief.

When Isabelle had bade her mother good night, she bolted her door, as she had determined, but neglected the advice of Monsieur Cabieux, and did *not* bolt her window. She threw herself on the bed without undressing, and lay, for some hours, as still as if she was, not only asleep, but dead. At length, a gentle tap on one of the panes of glass made her jump up almost with a scream; her heart beat wildly; the pulses of her temple throbbed as if they would burst the artery; and she stood for some moments in the middle of the floor, trembling from head to foot. All this was the effect of a circumstance which she had expected—which she felt, and knew was to take place: but Isabelle's nerves were out of order. She at length opened the casement.

“ I break my resolution,” said she, speaking quickly, “ in order to save your life. I do this on the supposition—God knows if it be correct—that you come here only to see me. If I thought you came as a spy, and an enemy, I would suffer you to perish, were my heart-strings interwoven with yours ! The serjeant of the coast-guard, my affianced lover, was here to-day : he watches, even now, about these premises ; and his comrades would answer to his call, as if summoned by magic. Fly !—if, indeed, it be yet in your power. Disembark from your ships in the light of day, since it must be so ; and fight or fall with an uncovered face. I would not have you murdered in the dark !” She shut the casement as she concluded ; but not before the quick enemy had inserted his hand between. How many women are lost because they cannot find it in their heart to hurt a man’s finger !

“ Isabelle,” said the stranger, “ this is the last time we meet together in secrecy ; perhaps the last time we meet upon the earth ! The danger you apprehend is only on this spot, since here only is there any thing to guard. Come with me to the end of the orchard, and let us speak together once more in friendship and confidence. I have something to impart which concerns you nearly.”

“ Speak it here, and in a word, and then begone.”

“ I cannot speak it in a word ; and to linger here, as you have yourself told me, would be fatal.” Isabelle hesitated. She knew that she must unconsciously, in their previous interviews, have given the



stranger much information valuable to an enemy, regarding the state of the coast and its means of defence; and the idea recurred to her, that, by extracting, and treasuring, similar hints from him, she might be enabled at once to baffle the designs of the English, and to secure the safety of her new lover, of her betrothed, and of her country. She stepped lightly upon the ledge of the window, and, rejecting the assistance of her visitor, leaped to the ground.

They walked on, rapidly and in silence, Isabelle leading the way.

“Now!” said she, at length, stopping and facing about.

“A little further,” said the stranger; and they went on.

Now!” repeated Isabelle. “Speak, and let us part.”

“A few paces further,” said the stranger; “these trees would confuse the sounds it may concern my life to hear distinctly; and, in this misty September night, I shall have difficulty enough to see the approach of an enemy, even in open ground.” They were at length beyond the orchard; and Isabelle refused, with some haughtiness, mingled with some alarm, to proceed a step further.

A faint spot of light in the sky pointed out the place of the young and feeble moon; but her eye for some time could distinguish nothing else, through the mist, except the cloudier grey which marked the site of the orchard, and the indefinite, spectre-like form of her companion. At length, either

owing to the partial clearing of the vapour, or to her sight becoming more accustomed to its vehicle, she was able to separate, though indistinctly, the boundaries of the land and the water, and to discover the tall, filmy masts of the English fleet in the offing.

“Isabelle,” said the stranger, after a long pause, “you know the errand of yonder fleet to the coasts of France. That it has not as yet been performed was owing to what might seem, to one unacquainted with military tactics, to be the very reason which should have hastened the attempt—the strange, unaccountable silence and solitude of the bay. With the exception of the unskilful peasants of the coast-guard, and their miserable drum, we have as yet met with neither the sights nor sounds of war; and, for that reason, we concluded that an ambush was prepared which, if we attempted to land, would destroy us at a blow.”

“It matters not how I have made myself acquainted with the real state of the case; but the information I carry this night to the admiral will bring him to a decision. I cannot say, even if I would, on what day the disembarkation of the troops will take place; for that rests not with me: but disembark they will; the peasant-guard will take to flight, beating their drum as they fly; the village will be sacked, and the women — O, Isabelle! trust yourself to me, rather than to a brutal and ferocious soldiery; rely upon the untarnished honour of a gentleman; confide in my friendship, my admiration, and my love!”

What mean you, sir? Unhand me!"—and Isabelle shook as with an ague.

"The boat is ready; come with me to my floating home; your mother's age, as well as my arm, will be her protection. I swear, by all that is great and holy, that, when the struggle is over, you shall be your own mistress, either to accept or reject the hand which I shall offer you on my knees!"

"Unhand me, I say—Villain, would you take advantage of your power?" The stranger stepped back.

"You misunderstand me," said he, in an agitated voice; "you are as free as if I knelt at your feet, surrounded by the armies of France. Farewell, since it must be so:—farewell, vision of delight! I might have known you were too blissful to be more than a dream. Isabelle, only say that you will not think of me with bitterness?"

"Farewell!—farewell!" Their hands met; her head sunk upon his shoulder.

"Farewell!—farewell!" continued she, her voice broken by sobs and tears. The stranger's breast heaved convulsively as he strained her in his arms, but his lips permitted not a sound to escape.

"Farewell!—farewell!" She tore herself from his arms, and staggered back into the orchard, weeping bitterly.

The Englishman, in the meantime, walked slowly and heavily to the rocks, looking back ever and anon, although he knew, from the increasing thick-

ness of the fog, that a very few paces must have veiled his mistress from his view, perhaps for ever. Once, indeed—so strongly was her idea impressed upon his fancy—he stood still, believing that he saw her form through the vapour, and even heard her footsteps following him in the silence of the night. The sound ceased, however, when he stopped; the spectral shape disappeared; and he tore himself away from the haunted spot.

A low whistle, resembling in intonation the boatswain's call, directed him to the place where his skiff lay, undulating on the sleepy waters; and, as he reached the brink, he was challenged by his comrades.

“What cheer?” said they, in a low voice.

“All's well,” was the reply.

“What news?” continued they, in the same tone, as he stepped into the skiff. “Will the mounseers show fight?”

“We have been too cautious. The coast is clear—God knows why or how—all but a few peasants and an infernal drum. I shall advise that the troops land in the morning, as soon as the mist disappears.”

“And why not to-night, *before* it disappears?”  
“Why not take advantage of the obscurity?”

“For the very reason I have given—that there is no one to oppose us. Why should we run any useless risk, by landing in the dark? Ha! what is that? Are we all on board?”

“ All—all !”

“ By heaven, then, we are watched !—I saw a man’s head. Hold fast, till I jump ashore.”

“ No, you are already tired ; let me go—”

“ Or me—”

“ Or me—” and a kind of scuffle ensued as each of the volunteers attempted to leave the boat ; while heavy footsteps were distinctly heard, not retreating from the brink, but winding along the water’s edge.

“ So far, so well,” said the eaves-dropper, between his teeth, as he loosened his sword in the scabbard ; but, for fear of accidents, to-morrow I would fain—” The steps of a pursuer were close at his side before he could finish the sentence.

“ This for honour !—this for France !—this for Isabelle !” —cried Monsieur Cabieux, cutting and thrusting alternately with a Frenchman’s skill. The invader struck at random, and his blows fell upon the sword of the other as if he was hammering an anvil ; till, at length, growing impatient, he threw away the useless steel, and sprang at the throat of his enemy. Monsieur Cabieux at the instant shortened his sword, and plunged it in his breast to the hilt.

“ Dog of a peasant !” cried the victim—“ that I must die such a death ! Comrades, I have enough ! —but I still hold him ! Quick !—quick !” The skiff cut through the water, while the coast-guardman in vain endeavoured to release his throat from the grasp of the dying man. At length

death accomplished what his strength could not. The hands suddenly relaxed ; the head fell back ; and Monsieur Cabieux, as he hurled the body over the rock with an execration, was able to see, by the total difference of the form, that it was a stranger he had slain, and not the lover of Isabelle.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF MONSIEUR CABIEUX.

WHEN Monsieur Cabieux returned to the guard-room, it was easy to see that something had happened. There was a cloud of discontent upon his features, mingled with an air of impatient ferocity, which surprised his comrades; the serjeant being in general immoveable in his grave tranquillity. He looked like an avenger.

“ My friends,” said he, sententiously; “ you must rest to-night, for there will be work for you to-morrow. Away, every man of you, to bed ; and sleep as if you were to be paid a louis-d’or per minute. Tambour, beat the retreat.”

“ Row-de-row-dow !” said the drum.

“ Quick march !” The coast-guard obeyed with alacrity ; and the serjeant, after listening for some time to the echoes of the drum, which sounded strangely in the thick fog, entered the guard-room,

and trimmed the lamp, and then, throwing himself moodily on the ground, set himself earnestly to the task of falling asleep.

His very anxiety to sleep, however, defeated his purpose. In vain he closed his eyes, and composed his limbs; a thousand fierce and busy thoughts tugged, like devils, at his weary heart, and crept in between his eye-lids. At length the "curtain of repose" fell slow and heavy round his senses, leaving the mind as much awake as before; and the serjeant lay, for some time, motionless in the limbs, yet full of action in the brain; now groaning, and now muttering an oath; his lips moving, his eyebrows gathered into huge wrinkles; and sometimes a smile, such as murder may wear, passing across his dark and massive features. The thoughts of his sleep, however, were either vague and formless in themselves, or, at least, they left no impress on the mind by which they might afterwards be recognised; and he was only conscious of a sound resembling a splash in the water as he started suddenly upon his feet.

The lamp had gone out; the mist was thicker than ever; all was silence and darkness; and Monsieur Cabieux, drawing his cloak still closer round him, lay down again to his unrest, and delivered up his spirit once more to the demons of the night.

This time the phantoms that haunted him were more definite; and he was oppressed with a regular night-mare. He thought the English had landed,



and that he had singled out his foe from among them all, when suddenly Isabelle stepped in between, and fixed her eyes upon him with a look which unnerved his arm. In vain he made a circuit to get at his enemy—the protecting Shape was still before him; in vain he attempted to strike over her shoulder, or past her side—the very atmosphere that environed her possessed a power of resistance which blunted and repelled his weapon. He menaced her with his sword, he cursed her with his tongue, but all in vain. At length, his fury and disappointment burst the bonds of sleep, and he awoke.

A light shone full upon his eyes, which dazzled and blinded him; but he received, nevertheless, a distinct impression that the phantom of his sleep was palpably before him. He did not re-open his eyes for some moments; but when at length he did so, and beheld the form of Isabelle standing beside him—her face as colourless as her white raiment, and her hair hanging in wild confusion over her back and shoulders—the perspiration froze upon his brow, and the heart of the stout Cabieux quaked with fear.

“In the name of the blessed Virgin,” said he, “speak! I will do thy bidding, be thou alive or dead!”

“Awake, my friend,” said Isabelle; “collect your thoughts, and listen with an undivided mind to what I have to say; for it is no woman’s gossip you are about to hear! It matters not where or how

I have derived my information, but I know—mark me, I *know*—that the English troops will disembark this night !” .

“ This night ! Impossible ! To-morrow, I was aware—”

“ You also were aware !” And she bent upon him one of those terrified glances with which she had searched his countenance in the afternoon.

“ Isabelle,” said her lover, “ I know that you are not accustomed to speak at random ; but tell me what reason you have to suppose that the disembarkation will take place this night ?”

“ For two hours past,” replied she, “ I have been kneeling on the beach, with my ear to the surface of the water ; and such sounds were at length conveyed to me along the smooth and polished line of the sea as left no doubt upon my mind. I then knew what was my duty (here her voice became unsteady) as a daughter of the land—as a French girl—as—as *your friend* ; and, being afraid to trust the message to another, I resolved to seek you out myself. I called at the cottage of Tambour on the way, and he will speedily be here ; but so much time has been lost, owing to the difficulty I had in finding my path through the mist, that I fear there will be no time to assemble the coast-guard.”

“ Of that,” said Cabieux, “ I shall presently be able to judge. You have done *your duty*—nobly—greatly, my high-hearted Isabelle ! and I must now proceed to mine. But if there was yet time—if I could snatch *one* minute for my country—I would

ask, Isabelle—” and his voice became choked with emotion—“ I would ask—”

“ Speak !”

Cabieux covered his face with his hands, and said in a hoarse voice, “ If I fall, Isabelle, will you weep for me ?”

“ Weep for you !—my friend—my brother !” and, seizing his hand, she covered it with tears and kisses.

“ It is enough. And if I live—”

Isabelle’s hands fell lifeless by her side ; her head sunk upon her breast ; and for some moments she stood so pale and still that she resembled a statue of white marble more than a living woman. At last her chest rose, her hands met slowly, and she appeared to wring them in each other, like one who would control some strong feeling by the counter-action of physical pain. She endeavoured more than once to speak ; and at length succeeded in uttering these words in a broken and mournful voice—

“ Why do you ask ? Is not my word passed ?”

“ If I live—”

“ I am yours !”

“ It is enough !” and Monsieur Cabieux raised her cold hand gravely and respectfully to his lips.

“ Well, here I am, Mademoiselle,” said Tambour, entering at the moment. “ The serjeant has allowed us but little time for sleep—Hollo ! are we alone ? That is right ; it shows Monsieur Cabieux has a genius for war, since he knows that the drum and the chief are the main points in an army.”

“At present,” said Monsieur Cabieux, “the drummer and the serjeant are the army. The English are landing.”

“Then you want me to beat the retreat?”

“No—the charge.”

“Excuse me, comrade; but if you command, and I beat the drum, who is to obey? Will Mademoiselle charge?”

“No—no—no—no!” said Isabelle shuddering.

“Then, in my humble opinion, the better way would be for me to beat the alarum, and assemble the coast-guard; and we could then hold a council of war.”

“Isabelle,” said Monsieur Cabieux, “return to your mother’s house. Whatever happens, you will there have a better chance of safety than elsewhere, since it is clear of the village, and therefore out of the way of the strife. Tambour, you follow me:” and he strode out of the guard-house without turning another look upon his mistress.

“Shall I beat the drum?” said Tambour.

“Not for your life!”

They went on for some time through the fog without exchanging another word; but, when they had nearly reached a little wooden bridge which serves as the communication between the sea-shore and the cultivated lands beyond, Serjeant Cabieux halted suddenly. He knelt down, and put his ear to the ground, in the manner of the American savages when they wish to catch some low or distant sound, and then whispered to his companion—

“The moment is come!”

At these ominous words the drumsticks of Tambour fell instinctively upon the drum ; but, scarcely aided by the hands of the bearer, only drew forth a low grumble. At the sound, however, the noise, whatever it might be, which had caught the ear of Monsieur Cabieux suddenly ceased ; and a kind of mutter, resembling that which is made by the wind at night among the trees, swept from right to left till it was lost in the gurgle of the waters that rose lazily upon the shore. This was *not* the rippling of the stream before them : and the two comrades flung back their hair from their ears, and, bending forward their heads, listened for nearly a minute without drawing breath.

A military word of command, although scarcely louder than a whisper, at length interrupted the deep silence as efficiently as if it had been a burst of thunder. Acted upon by this spell, the muttering sound, which was now renewed, divided itself into its component parts in the ears of the listeners ; and the moving of many feet, the grating of the sand, even the heaving of a multitude of chests, filled the air for a space extending in front to the sea, and right and left to an indefinite distance. The English, then, had landed their troops, and, in fact, completed the disembarkation, since there was not a single splash in the water to be heard among all the muffled noises of the moment.

“Camarade,” whispered Monsieur Cabieux, “beat me that murmur again. Do you hear ? You tremble !”

"I am f—f—frozen to death!" chattered Tambour.

"Then give me the drum. Do you return to the guard-room, and, if Isabelle is still there, carry her home to her mother, if you can only do it by main force. Then proceed to the village, and give the signal for flight. Away!" Tambour crept backward several paces, but suddenly returned.

"And you, Monsieur Cabieux," said he, "will you fight alone?"

"Or fall; what signifies it? Get thee gone, friend; thou hast nothing to fight for but a life. If I die," continued he, muttering to himself as he turned away, "she will weep for me; if I live—"

"Live!" repeated Tambour, overhearing the words. "Follow me, madman, or, if you had as many lives as a thousand cats, they are lost in another instant."

"Get thee gone!" said Cabieux, sternly.

"Not without you," replied Tambour, seizing his arm, "since you *must* be treated like a child or a fool."

"Qui vive?" shouted the serjeant in a voice of thunder, breaking away from the startled drummer, whose footsteps, as he fired himself off, were heard for one moment, and, the next, lost in the distance. "Qui vive?" repeated he, discharging his piece, which he instantly reloaded. Then, springing to another point, and then another, and another, he shouted anew the challenge, and discharged his carbine; till, in the thick darkness of the fog, it

might have been supposed by any one, even a very few yards off, that the ground to a considerable distance was occupied by numerous posts, whose sentinels were thus performing their duty.

These manœuvres completed, Monsieur Cabieux, without taking breath, bounded away to the little wooden bridge, which he knew the enemy must have been groping for in the dark.

“Advance!” shouted he, “double-quick time—ho!—halt—dress!” and he pattered heavily upon the ground with his feet, to imitate the rapid steps of a body of men, and beat the charge upon the drum till the shores rang again. “Make ready!” shouted he anew—“Present!—Fire!” and he discharged his single carbine at the invaders. A shriek at the moment from some wounded wretch was the signal of flight! The English, confused by the darkness, unable to find the bridge, and half-circled, as they supposed, by a host of enemies, wheeled about, officers and men, and made for the boats as fast as the crowded state of their ranks would permit. The unavoidable noise of their flight—their footsteps on the pebbles of the beach—the clattering of their arms—their cries and curses—and even the shouts of the officers, endeavouring to preserve order and impose silence—all aided the stratagem of Cabieux.

The serjeant, in the meantime, continued loading and firing as fast as his fingers could ram down the cartridge and pull the trigger, shouting the while till his voice was hoarse, and ever and anon relaxing

in the massacre to fright the souls of his adversaries with the wild roll of the drum. In the midst of all he heard a voice, which he had not ceased to watch for and expect, even in the excitement of such a scene.

“Dastards!” cried the English lover of Isabelle, who was apparently attempting to force his way through the rushing tide of his countrymen: “you fly from a handful of peasants! Had you waited, as I advised, till the morning, these shadows that now appal you would have melted into air. Make way, and I will cover your flight with my single arm! Oh, that the banner of St. George should thus be trailed on the soil of France!”

Monsieur Cabieux replied to these exclamations with a yell resembling the war-whoop of an Indian.

“Come on!” cried he: “the peasant awaits thee!” The two enemies were thus led to a meeting by the sound of one another’s voice; and, as the stranger emerged at last from the rolling crowd, his sword clashed on the weapon of his rival.

“Thank God!” muttered he between his clenched teeth, as his passage was now effectually barred: “this at last is the clank of French steel! For England!” and he smote his adversary a tremendous blow, in the undisguised even-down fashion of his country.

“For France!” returned the Frenchman grimly, as the blade of his opponent glided from hilt to point of his sword, and then spent the rest of its force on the air, missing his shoulder by a hair’s breadth.

“For Isabelle!” continued he, replying in kind



by a thrust which, although intended for the body, only spitted the stranger's arm. The two enemies then grappled; the one with an arm, and the other with a sword *hors de combat*, the latter having stuck fast in the muscles of the former.

The last exclamation of Monsieur Cabieux seemed to have infused a double portion of strength into the frame of his opponent. As the word "Isabelle" escaped his lips, he felt that the Englishman leaped as if operated upon by a galvanic battery; and this motion, in all probability, served to delay the termination of the combat a little longer. The vigour of the stranger, however, was fast ebbing with the blood which oozed from his wound, and the pain he received from the enlargement of the lacerations in the deadly struggle. Cabieux perceived his advantage; and, craftily facilitating an attempt of his enemy to shorten his sword by bending backwards, suddenly rushed in upon him closer than ever, and threw him with a heavy fall upon the ground.

"Yield!" cried the conqueror, "or thou diest!"

"I die, but do not yield."

"Death or surrender!" shouted Cabieux furiously.

"Death!"

"What holds me?" muttered Monsieur Cabieux.

"He is in my power; my sword is at his throat! But, dream though it be, she would perhaps weep at its dissolution, and curse the rude and sudden awakener. Oh that I had slain him in the struggle!—but to slay him now would be murder. Sir, you are my prisoner!" The stranger did not answer.

“Get up—we must be gone.” The stranger did not stir; and Monsieur Cabieux found that he had fainted.

“No matter,” growled he, “we cannot wait;” and, taking up the inanimate body, he threw it upon his shoulder, and marched away, thus loaded, to the cottage of Isabelle.

He laid down his burthen at the door, and entered alone.

“Well, only think—he is not killed!” cried Madame. “Look up, Isabelle!”

“By the holy Virgin, there is magic in that drum!” exclaimed Tambour. “Here is your bridegroom, mademoiselle!”

Isabelle was sitting, leaning her elbows on the table, her face buried in her hands. She looked up, with a bewildered gaze, hardly seeming to comprehend what had been said to her; but, at the first glimpse of Monsieur Cabieux, she uttered a scream of joy and astonishment, and, starting up, flew into his arms.

“Is it possible?” cried she, looking eagerly into his face, while her own was glowing with admiration and delight. “Welcome, my own soldier!—my gallant Frenchman!—my great, my noble, my heroic friend!”

Cabieux seemed as if he was about to press his mistress in his arms; but suddenly controlling the impulse—“I have a prisoner with me,” said he; “suffer me to bring him in.”

Isabelle grew as pale as death. There was a breathless silence in the room for some moments.

At last the serjeant re-entered with the body of the Englishman, just returning to life, in his arms, and laid it down at the feet of his mistress.

Isabelle did *not* scream at this sight. She sunk slowly down upon her knees, and raised the head of the wounded man, and gazed long and wildly in his face. He opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" said he, looking up bewildered. "Tell me, lovely vision, am I in heaven, or are you, indeed, my own dearest Isabelle?" She attempted to speak, but in vain.

"Let me get up," continued he; "this is nothing; I am only hurt in the arm. Will you assist me?" and he attempted to embrace her waist.

"You shall have assistance," said Isabelle, in a voice scarcely audible. "Mother"—and some large, bright drops were seen raining upon the stranger's face. She surrendered her charge to her mother; and then attempted, but in vain, to rise from her knees. Monsieur Cabieux did not stir; but at length Tambour stepped up to her assistance, and she stood once more upon her feet.

Isabelle passed her hand across her brow. She was not only pale but white. She looked towards her betrothed, but without raising her eyes to his face, and then tottered rather than walked to where he stood. Her lips unclosed like one gasping for air. She attempted to speak, but in vain.

"I live!" said Monsieur Cabieux suddenly, and in a voice like the raven's. "I claim your promise!" Isabelle bowed in token of submission.

“Speak!” said he; “I must have words.”

“I am at your disposal.” The voice was low but steady; and she held out her hand to him as she spoke.

Monsieur Cabieux received the fair, small, delicate hand within his. He gazed at it till a mist seemed to come before his eyes. His chest heaved; his lips trembled; he hemmed hoarsely several times. He led her towards the Englishman, who was now once more upon his feet, and stood looking in silence, but no doubt with a sickening heart, upon a scene which he comprehended too well.

“You are at my disposal,” said Monsieur Cabieux, abruptly. “Well, I thus dispose of you!” and he put the cold hand of Isabelle into that of the stranger. He then turned round, and strode to the door.

“Noble heart!” exclaimed the fortunate rival; “and can I only be happy by ——” The object of his apostrophe had almost disappeared.

“Camarade!” said Tambour, clearing his eyes from the mist, and trying to cough away the hoarseness of his voice.

“Monsieur Cabieux!” sobbed Madame.

“My friend!” cried Isabelle, almost with a shriek; “my generous, admirable friend!” She ran after him, threw herself upon her knees, clung to his raiment, and covered his hand with kisses. He broke away from her roughly, and disappeared in the fog.

“Monsieur Cabieux!” cried she, weeping bitterly.

“Monsieur Cabieux!” said the stranger following, “let us shake hands before we part!”

“Monsieur Cabieux!” screamed Madame; “this is true gentility!”

“Monsieur Cabieux!” repeated Tambour, sobbing. “By the holy saints, my heart feels as if that man was a drum!”

Monsieur Cabieux returned no more. He entered the army, obtained honour and promotion, and, no doubt, loved again, for *I* am his lineal descendant. The English stranger lingered long, an invalid, under the care of Isabelle, in her mother’s cottage. At the peace he removed this flower of our village to his own island soil, where his grandsons and grand-daughters, I have no doubt, flourish to this hour—brave, beautiful, and true.

There was something in the narrative of the capitaine en second which moved us, “we know not how, and care not wherefore.” As the interest of a story however, depends, in general, not so much on the incidents as on the manner of telling it, the reader perhaps may have some difficulty in hitting upon the sources of our sympathy. No matter. The story is a good one, whatever the critics may say, because it contains some passages of the private life of Serjeant Cabieux. These, we think, may be depended on, because the account of his battle with the English, extraordinary and extravagant as it may appear, tallies exactly with history.\*

\* The shortest account we have at hand is that of M. Jony in “l’Hermite en Province;” and this we are tempted to

By the time the story was concluded the rain had almost ceased; and it was, therefore, without any sacrifice of our personal comfort, that we kept our word to the narrator. The young woman at the farm, a pretty, and rather interesting girl of eighteen, very readily understood the hint conveyed in our

translate from sheer diffidence as to the extent of our own credit.

“It is still remembered that, in 1762, the English contrived to turn against us the advantages presented by the Bay of Colleville, by stationing a squadron there for nearly six weeks. They even attempted a descent upon the coast; and it is not forgotten that two detachments in the service were repulsed by the artifice and intrepidity of a serjeant of the coast-guard, called Cabieux. This gallant fellow, accompanied by a drummer, who soon abandoned him, resolved, under favour of the night, and of a thick mist, to offer head to the enemy. On his first approach, he saluted them with a *qui vive*, emphatically pronounced, and followed by a discharge of his musket, like a sentinel; and then repeating the same manœuvre in different places, so as to convey the idea that the ground was occupied by numerous military posts, he at length took his station at a little wooden bridge, and assumed the tone of an officer giving orders to a whole battalion to fire in platoon. At this signal the English fell flat upon the earth, and the serjeant, catching up the drum of the fugitive drummer, beat the charge, and at the same moment imitated by the rapid motion of his feet, the tread of a party about to defile over the bridge. The enemy, surrounded by profound darkness, became dupes to the stratagem, and thought it prudent to take to flight, leaving an officer on the ground severely wounded. Cabieux discovered him, as soon as it was light, extended inanimate on the field of battle; but, as generous in victory as he was bold in battle, he carried his prisoner home with him, and succeeded by the tenderest cares in restoring him to life.”

whisper. She told us on her return, that the mystery was in consequence of a *vow*, but of what nature we could not for our life make out ; and, in satisfaction of our auctorial questions, she answered almost in the words of the knife-grinder,—

“Story ! Lord bless you, I have none to tell, Sir !”

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BARFLEUR AND CHERBOURG.

LYON is a little village, frequented occasionally by the citizens of Caen for the sake of its salt-water baths ; and there the traveller may place his headquarters when desirous of visiting the embouchure of the Orne, the Bay of Colleville, and the chapel of Notre Dame de la Delivrande. The chapel is like that of Notre Dame de Grace, filled with the *ex voto* offerings of mariners and their friends. You see from its neighbourhood the long line of the Rock of Calvados, which gives its name to the departement ; and between these and the shore the bay called the Fosse d' Espagne. On these rocks one of the ships of the famous armada of Philip II. was dashed, and, drifting into the bay, foundered in the "grave of Spain."

Bayeux is in some sort the rival of Caen ; and there is, indeed, a kind of jealousy between the two places. This is mostly confined, however, to the antiquaries ; those of Bayeux looking down with contempt on the mushroom growth of their neighbour. The early history of both, notwithstanding,



appears to be pretty nearly the same to such unlearned persons as ourselves, who cannot distinguish objects very accurately at more than a few thousand years distance. A college of Druids is supposed to have held its seat on Mount Phaunus ; but the temples and theatres of the splendid Romans are still more evident to the—imagination. Then come the works of the Saxons, and, finally, those of the Normans.

Bayeux was the apanage of Odo, the famous bishop who followed the Conqueror to the English war ; but who, respecting the Christian maxim, “*Ecclesia abhorret á sanguine,*” armed himself only with a club, and strode through the ranks of battle, felling his enemies like oxen. A portion, still in existence, of the cathedral dates from the holy bishop ; but the rest is the usual jumble of styles and orders of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. An antique coffer in the treasury of the cathedral contains an oriental inscription, which was translated thus : “*An nom de Dieu ! Quelque honneur que nous rendions à Dieu, nous ne pouvons pas l’honorer autant qu’il le mérite, mais nous l’honorons par son saint nom.*” This, after a time, however, was found unsatisfactory : it was too *long* ; and the precious relic was put into the hands of another eruditissimus, whose oracle gave out as follows : “*An nom de Dieu clement et miséricordieux ! sa justice est parfaite et sa grace est vaste.*” If the Bayeusains cannot choose *between* these two interpretations, they must be very unreasonable.

The tapestry of Queen Matilda is another lion of Bayeux, and is in reality a curious and valuable monument of the age of the conquest, giving the arms, costumes, and manners of the time with great minuteness. It is not, however, tapestry such as we understand it, but rather a sort of embroidery, in which only the outline of the objects is sketched.

Bayeux was the birth-place of Alain Chartier, whose ugly mouth was kissed by Margaret, of Scotland, for the beautiful things it had uttered. Here, also, the lovely Georges was born in 1787; and here, in 1820, after she had acquired a fame that extended throughout Europe, she played Merope in a barn to her admiring fellow-townsmen.

The country between Bayeux and Isigny is, perhaps, the most charming in Normandy. The soil is rich and highly cultivated, and the peasantry, even the poorest, comfortable and happy. The women are not the least attractive of the objects that are to be met with on the way, although they do not enjoy the reputation of those of Bayeux. Isigny is a little port, the last in the great plain of Normandy, the Peninsula commencing immediately after we get beyond it on the road to Carentan. The communication between these two portions of the country is by the bridge of Vey, a magnificent work constructed in solid granite.

Carentan is a little fortified town situated on the Douve, in a marshy and unwholesome plain. Beyond it, however, the country recovers, in some measure, the aspect which so much pleased us

between Bayeux and Isigny. The road is so straight that, at one place, you can see three leagues straight before you. The vista is terminated by the spire of Montebourg.

Valognes is the shadow of a town which once was reckoned the Versailles of the Cotentin. Grass grows in the courts of its spacious hotels; and the streets, which once trembled to the roar of carriages, are silent and deserted. This little city of the Norman noblesse lost its caste in the revolution; and, owing to local circumstances, has not derived a compensating benefit in the increase of trade and industry. Even the hospital is almost in ruins; at the very time when its services are most required. This institution, however, is illustrious from its origin. In the middle of the seventeenth century a poor servant, on his death-bed, bethinking himself that no charity of the kind existed in Valognes, left his mite to found a house for the sick and destitute. The bequest amounted to twenty halfpence per annum! Yet the benevolent purpose of the founder was answered: his score of sous served as a nucleus, around which the gifts of the wealthy, shamed into generosity, speedily accumulated, and the General Hospital of Valognes was the result.

From Valognes to Saint-Waast the road, to say the least of it, is agreeable; and this is no mean praise in this part of the peninsula of Normandy. At the little town itself the view, both of land and sea, is magnificent; but that from Mont Pernelle, in the neighbourhood, is altogether unrivalled in this quarter

of France. The barren plateau of the hill is occupied by the church of Pernelle, and the huts of Custos and la Bonne Sœur ; but below are displayed the whole bay of the Cotentin—the island of Tahihon—Saint-Waast—la Hogue—the isles of Saint Marcouf, like dark spots in the distant sea—and, on the left, the fortified point of Reville, and, further still, the spires of Barfleur, and the light-house of Gatteville, painted in filmy lines upon the sky in the distance.

Barfleur was formerly a port of some consequence ; although its superiority in the middle ages has been indignantly denied by the advocates of Cherbourg. The too-celebrated shipwreck of the *Blanche-Néf*, however, in 1120, proves that it was actually a place chosen for embarkation by the dukes of Normandy.

The catastrophe is, in all its relations, one of the most striking in history.

Henry I., surnamed Beau-clerc, on account of his love of letters, inherited much of the talent, but no part of the territories, of the Conqueror, of whom he was the third and last son. At the death of his father he found himself rich in gold, but with only the power over men's spirits which gold can purchase ; while his elder brother reigned in Normandy, and the other sat on the throne of England.

The landless prince, however, possessed a keen eye, as well as a bold heart. His brothers were quarrelling about their respective heritages, and

Robert of Normandy (surnamed Courte-heuse) was glad to obtain an ally by selling Henry the Cotentin. Here he sat down, gazing eagerly at the rest of this noble inheritance, which his mess of pottage had been unable to purchase. Robert, in the meantime, carried an army into England, and his rival-brother ran to meet him with thirty thousand men. The Norman prince was beaten; and, two years after, his visit was returned by William the Red, who wrested from him the country of Caux, and obtained by treaty some of the most important places in Normandy—among others, Mont-St.-Michel and Cherbourg, in the territory which had been sold to Henry. In those days it was necessary to take by force what was ceded by policy; and the Duke and the King, uniting their armies, marched against their brother. Henry held out stoutly in the fortress of Mont-St.-Michel; but at last surrendered, after being so much distressed by thirst, that he sent to ask a drink of water from his brother Robert, who complied with the request.

Robert then carried an army into Asia to fight the Infidel. He performed prodigies of valour, led the forlorn hope at the assault of Jerusalem, and refused the crown of the new kingdom which was offered to him. On his return to Europe, affairs had changed. The Red King was dead, and his younger brother, and vassal, Henry, by one of those sudden changes in the great drama of history which look like the fantastic tricks of the stage, sat upon his throne. Robert would have flown to assert his rights of

primogeniture, but was detained for some time on his way by the dark eyes of an Italian damsel called Sybilla, whom he married. Then came a literal wound of a more deadly nature. He was struck by a poisoned arrow, and lay at the point of death, there being no possibility of cure except by the sacrifice of another life, as the poison could only be extracted by being sucked out of the wound by the lips. Sybilla seized the moment when her husband was asleep to perform an act of holy and beautiful devotion. She sucked the wound, and died—or, according to the Chronicle of Normandy, lived. We would take the word of the Chronicle of Normandy for a thousand pounds!

Robert at length reached his duchy; and, finding his subjects still faithful, raised an army, and landed at Portsmouth. Henry, as crafty as he was brave, flew to the rendezvous, prepared to receive his brother either with a sharp sword or a wheedling tongue. He chose the latter instrument. An interview was brought about; and the result was, that the crown of England and the Cotentin in Normandy were secured by treaty to Henry, while Robert returned to his dismembered dominions with a pension of three thousand marks.

It was inconvenient, however, to *pay* this pension; and Robert, about a year after, paying a visit to his brother with his usual gallant thoughtlessness, was laid hold of, and condemned to give up either his money or his freedom. He returned to Normandy, which he found in the midst of a civil war, kindled,

no doubt, by the agents of Henry. Henry himself appeared in the scene as a *pacificator*. He conquered Normandy, and entered Rouen in triumph, with his dethroned brother at his heels. He then put out the eyes of his victim, in order to destroy effectually the duke without committing fratricide, and sent him to Cardiff in Wales, where he died in his prison.

Behold, then, this youngest son, this landless prince, on the throne of England and Normandy, and one of the most powerful kings in Europe! He married his daughter Matilda to the Emperor Henri V.; and, after sustaining victoriously on the continent a war with the King of France, contracted a marriage between his son William and the daughter of the Count of Anjou, and proposed to return to England.

On this William, his only legitimate son, the hopes of Henry rested. Breathing at last, after so many years of turmoil, he saw himself in imagination the continuer of the proud race of the Conqueror, and the father of a line of kings. The blood he had shed was not too much for this. His treacheries, his cruelties might be pardoned with such a goal in view. The Red King was no more; Robert was languishing in blindness and solitude in a dungeon; his great enemy France had become his friend, and her stoutest partizan his son-in-law; his daughter shared the throne of an emperor! Henry prepared, with a swelling heart, for the embarkation of his court, consisting of the flower of English and

Norman chivalry, and of this precious son, who was the key-stone of his wonderful fortunes.

The weather was calm ; there was not a cloud in the whole expanse of the heavens, and not a ripple on the vast bosom of the channel. The proud barge of the king, in the midst of cheers that seemed to rend the very sky, left the harbour of Barfleur ; and, as the monarch looked back to see the princess's vessel follow in his wake, the idea, no doubt, occurred to his mind, that the very elements of nature were now his friend.

“ Another cup !” cried the gallant lords on the pier : “ Shame to see our king thus leave the shores of his own Cotentin !” And, as a deep health was drank, another shout arose from the multitude, which rolled like thunder among the cliffs of Barfleur.

“ Drink, mariners, drink with us ! for we are brothers of the sea.” And the mariners drank.

“ And now a goblet for the prince !”

“ No : for the bride !”

“ One for the bride, and another for the prince !”

“ A third for them both !” cried the jolly captain ; “ for they two are one.”

“ And now, here is a good voyage !” And when the last toast was drank, and the last shout shouted, the rowers took their places, and the youthful bride nestled close by her youthful husband in the stern, and the *Blanche-Nef* darted like an arrow from the land. ..

Songs and laughter filled the air as the joyous party glided along the crystal sea. The hearts of



some were merry with wine, and those of others intoxicated with love. The rocks of the raz de Catte\* lay to the right in the still waters like wild beasts sleeping in the sun. In the distance the royal bark appeared like a speck in the horizon. The vessel flew along the deep with undiminished force.

“Beware of the raz de Catte!” cried a voice of alarm. The caution was received with a laugh of derision; for the reef was still distant. The next moment the rushing bark struck against a sunken rock, which tore her from prow to stern. It is said that the shriek which arose was heard by the king.

The shock was so violent that the crew and passengers were thrown here and there, one upon the other, without the slightest power of directing their own motions. The young prince found himself, as if by a special interference of Providence, in the little skiff which had been attached to the vessel. Instead of making for the land, however, he remained gazing frantickly on the drowning crowd. In the midst a female head rose above the water. *Whose?* With the hereditary daring of his race, he seized the oar, and plunged his skiff among the gasping wretches. The result may be imagined. The frail vessel was literally torn down into the deep; and in another moment three heads only, out of more than two hundred, were seen above the surface. One of the survivors was the captain of

\* Now the raz de Gatteville; where there is a dangerous reef of rocks. This headland is sometimes called the Cape of Barfleur.

the *Blanche-Nef*. He had been dragged under the water by the crowd, but, familiar with the element, rose again like a cork.

“Where is the prince?” said he, looking round upon the desert-sea.

“He is drowned!” replied the swimmers, as they made for the land.

“*Malheur à moi!*” cried the captain; and he sunk once more, and disappeared for ever.\*

It is said by historians that a smile was never more seen on the face of the king of England.

The view of Cherbourg, on the approach from Valognes, is singularly fine. An enormous granite-rock, bare, rugged, and precipitate, fills the right of the picture; while, on the left, a hill, rising amphitheatrically, richly clothed with vegetation, and studded with villas and cottages, forms a contrast wonderfully fine. The road runs at the bottom of the valley formed by three opposite eminences, and, making a curve as it almost touches the base of the rock, leads the eye to the town, flanked on one side by its commercial, and on the other by its naval port, with the sea losing itself beyond in the distance.

The situation and peculiarities of Cherbourg resemble, in rather a remarkable manner, those of

\* Of the two survivors one was a butcher of Rouen, perhaps the most obscure of all the passengers; and the other the Comte de Perche, who, in fulfilment of a vow which he made at the moment of danger, founded the celebrated abbey of la Trappe. Besides the passengers, one hundred and fifty soldiers, fifty sailors, and three pilots perished.

Civita Vecchia, as has been pointed out in a paper, communicated to the *Annuaire du département de la Manche*, by an inhabitant of the former place. The following is the substance of the passage, in one of the letters of Pliny, containing the description to which he refers.

“Civita Vecchia stands on the borders of the sea, with its port running up into the town. On the left is a fortification solidly constructed, and on the right another is in progress. Before the port an artificial island breaks the shock of the sea, and renders navigation safe and commodious. This island has been constructed with admirable art, by means of rocks transported in an enormous ponton.\* The rocks remain where they are sunk, immovable from their own weight, and form, in the course of time, a solid mass. The dyke thus produced appears already above the surface, and opposes an invincible barrier to the fury of the waves. \* \* \* This port will be a refuge for ships, so much the more necessary as, in a long line of coast, there is no other shelter whatever.”

This would seem to be a description of Cherbourg as it stands to-day. The fortifications are fort d'Artois on one hand, and fort Royal on the other; and the artificial island is a dyke extending from near the island Pelée to near the point of Querqueville, a distance of two leagues. At each extreme point of the dyke there is a pass of entrance or exit for ships, commanded at one side by the cannon of fort Royal

\* Ponton, a transport-ship.

and the Central fort, and at the other by the fort d' Artois and the fort of Querqueville. The dyke is scarcely visible, except by a white line on the dark green waters; but if we take into account the masses of rock of which it is composed, and the difficulty of raising such a construction in the open sea, it must be considered the most stupendous work ever attempted in France.

At the bottom of the secure and splendid road thus formed for ships is the great naval port of France, intended to rival that of Portsmouth; but it would be impossible in a space like ours to give any intelligible description of it.

In 1353 Cherbourg was ceded to Charles the Bad, who, far from his other estates, was under the necessity of raising considerable fortifications around him. To secure the affections of the citizens he had recourse to an expedient, perhaps the only one of its kind mentioned in history. He made them all barons. Of course the whole country soon swarmed with nobility; for there was not a farmeress in the district who, when in the way in which ladies wish to be who love their lords, did not hasten to Cherbourg, that she might have the honour of giving birth to a little baron.

The western coast of the peninsula we are obliged, for want of room, to omit; and, at any rate, it presents very little that could interest the reader. We hurry on, then, to Avranches.





## CHAPTER XV.

### A PILGRIMAGE TO MONT-SAINT-MICHEL.

WHILE ascending the lofty hill on the plateau of which Avranches is situated, we halt for a moment, struck with astonishment and admiration—and behold the view which fascinates our gaze! That conical pile in the distance, near the horizon of the sea, is the famous fortress of Mont-St.-Michel, and, near it, to the right, the rocks of Tombelaine. The extent of country lying at our feet differs in its physical appearance from any thing we have ever seen before. The rivers, straggling through the trees, lose themselves—not in the sea, but in a vast plain, which seems to belong neither to the land nor the ocean. Every where, throughout its extent of many leagues, we see the glitter of waters in the setting sun; and yet it is not a plain of waters. This is the immense grève of St. Michel, celebrated in history, and surpassing the wildest conceptions of romance.

The town of Avranches, which commands this extraordinary country, by no means answers our expectation. It possesses one street tolerably good, but the rest of its thoroughfares are mean and narrow. The principal hôtel—the hôtel de France, where the diligences stop, is, in accommodation, attendance, and furniture, about the worst inn we have seen in France. Yet here there is a considerable number of English families, who are greatly to be commended for their taste, in choosing a site so superb in defiance of the inconveniences of a very ordinary town.

The origin of Avranches has altogether defied the researches of the antiquarians. A thousand absurd conjectures, each delivered with the air of a fact, are of course afloat among the learned, founded on the etymology of its name; but till the time of Henry II., who did penance here for the murder of Thomas-a-Becket, it takes no part in general history.

In spite of the views round Avranches, which are no doubt the most magnificent in Normandy, a few hours were sufficient for the town; and we anxiously prepared for a pilgrimage to Mont-St.-Michel. Little time, however, need be spent in consideration. Unless the traveller chooses to go round by Pontorson, he must either wade, or ride on horseback; for the hill is too steep, or the road too wretched, for a carriage. In descending, an occasional glimpse is caught through the trees of the spectacle presented in the last view, becoming gradually more distinct as we approach the grève;



but, till we are actually on the margin of this waste of mingled sand and water, no adequate idea can be obtained of the situation of Mont-Saint-Michel.

Imagine a desert of sand, consisting of eight square leagues of surface, traversed by several rivers, the waters of which in some places spread themselves out in the form of a lake. Carry your eye beyond this desert of sand to a still mightier desert of sea, which you will know by its deeper colour; and, just before arriving at the margin (not easily ascertained) of the latter, build up a granite rock crowned with towers, on a base of a quarter of a league in circumference, to the height of five hundred feet. This is Mont-Saint-Michel at the reflux of the tide. Then fancy that the desert of sand was but a dream, and that the great ocean fills the whole area indicated by the form of the land as its natural territory; and rear, in the midst of this waste of waters, the same granite monument. This is Mont-Saint-Michel four days before and after the new and full moon. The towns which surround, at a greater or less distance, this wonder of nature and art, are, Granville on the north, Avranches on the north-east, Pontorson and Dol on the south, and Cancale on the south-west. The open sea extends its apparently interminable length to the west.

Mont-Saint-Michel was originally called Mont Belenus, if we are to believe the antiquarians—who are your true poets,—and this name, which the Druids gave to the sun, is the Baal of Scripture, and the Belus of the Assyrians. It is, at all events,

a remarkable etymological coincidence that, on the same grèves, within half a league of Saint-Michel, there is a rock (also a very singular object) called formerly Tumba, now Tumbeleine—*Tumba Beleni*!

The Druids reigned at Mont-Belenus till the era of Augustus, or perhaps till the times of Tiberius or Claudius; and the shell-collars, that are sold to-day at Mont-Saint-Michel, are referred to customs connected with their rites. When the granite altars of the Druids were finally destroyed, the rock received the name of Mont-jon, or Mons Jovis, and a temple of Jupiter was raised upon its pinnacles; but, in the year 313, after the edict of Constantine was promulgated, by which every man was allowed to worship his own God, it was inhabited by some Christian hermits, who built a monastery called *Monasterium ad duas Tumbas*\*—the neighbouring rock being included in the same district.

In 708 St. Aubert, the twelfth bishop of Avranches, built a church on the spot, with some cells round it, consecrating the holy ground to Saint Michel; but it appears that it was not till the archangel—the chief of the knights of heaven—struck the negligent priest a blow upon the forehead with his finger that he executed the will of God. The skull of St. Aubert may be seen to this day, or was so lately, in the church of St. Gervais at Avranches, with the impress of the angelic thumb on the frontal bone.

Under the dominion of the Christians the holy

\* Tumba, from tumulus, a tomb, or simply an elevation.

mount sustained a variety of fortunes ; but we content ourselves with citing the following brief account of a siege it sustained in 1423, to show the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of its capture by open force, and the importance that was attached to its possession. The English were then masters of the rest of Normandy, and they turned their arms against Saint-Michel.

Their army, to the number of fifteen thousand men, were encamped in the various parishes on the east of the fortress ; on the north they occupied Tumbleine, and on the west the sea was covered with their ships. They commenced with escalades on the east and south sides, but were always defeated, and thrown down from the rock. They then, taking advantage of the eight days in the month at which the mount is deserted by the sea, brought up their artillery, of which two pieces were of such enormous calibre as to carry granite bullets of fifteen inches in diameter.

With these machines they effected several breaches in the walls of the town, which is built on the lower part of the mount ; but beyond this it was impossible to hoist their cumbrous artillery. From the height of the château above, the besieged rolled down upon them huge pieces of rock ; and, following themselves in the midst of the confusion, attacked them, sword in hand, and drove them from the town into the grève. As the evening came on, the sea came in ; and, if the English had not promptly retreated to the main land, it is hardly probable that

a single man would have survived to tell the tale of their defeat. The two pieces of cannon we have mentioned remained as a trophy in the hands of the garrison, and are seen to this day at the gate of Mont-Saint-Michel. They are eleven feet long, and constructed of iron bars two inches thick bound with hoops of the same metal.

This chosen sanctuary of the archangel soon became so famous, that Louis XI., when he found himself at Avranches after beating the Bretons in 1469, instituted the order of the Knights of Saint-Michel. The preamble of the statute of the order is very curious.

“ We, to the glory of God, our Almighty Creator, and in reverence of the glorious Virgin Mary, and in honour of Monseigneur Saint-Michel the Archangel, the first knight, who cast down from heaven the enemy of God and of the human race, and who has always in a peculiar manner kept, preserved, and defended, without permitting it to be taken, subdued, or put into the hands of the ancient enemies of our kingdom, his place and oratory, Mont-Saint Michel ; and, to the end that all good and noble courage be excited and especially moved to every virtuous work, on the first day of August, in the year 1469, we have created, instituted, and ordained, and by these presents we do create, institute, and ordain, an order of fraternity, or friendly company of a certain number of knights, amounting to thirty-six, which we desire to be called of the order of Saint-Michel.”

RECEIVED  
BY THE  
LIBRARY  
OF THE  
MUSEUM  
OF  
COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY  
AND ANATOMY  
OCT 10 1884



Engraved by H. W. ...

*Distant view of Mont. St. Michel*

Drawn by C. ... A. B. 4



It may be supposed with what interest we set out on a pilgrimage to so famous a shrine ; but we feel ourselves wholly inadequate to the task of describing intelligibly either the place or its situation. Some scenes have a moral peculiarity about them which it is impossible to impart to a verbal description ; and Mont-Saint-Michel is one of these. While wandering along the sands we were conscious of an idea of *vastness* which we had never received even on the boundless ocean ; the reason of which may perhaps be found in the weakness of the human faculties. The mind, like the eye, requires the assistance of determinate objects, or colours, in measuring distance ; and, in the grève of Saint-Michel, these are found in the outlines of the wilderness of white sand, terminating, afar off, in the deeper shades of the land and water.

The fortress raised in the midst of this vast desert is worthy of its situation. There is an air of the fantastic about it, without which it would be out of place. You feel, on leaving the habitable earth, that you are entering a new world, more wild and extraordinary than any your imagination ever shaped out of the golden clouds of sunset ; and an ordinary building, however beautiful or majestic, on that lonely rock, would shock you by its incongruity. The annexed view conveys as perfect an idea of the scene as can be conveyed in so small a space ; but it requires a fine imagination to carry out the thought with which the mind of the painter was labouring. This, in fact, is the very region of fancy. It is

neither the earth nor the sea ; but a debateable land, haunted only by those outlaws of the mind which disclaim the control of sober reason.\*

It is maintained by some antiquaries that Saint-Michel was once situated in the middle of a vast forest, submerged by successive irruptions of the sea in the sixth century. The best proof they offer is a map, constructed by a canon of Coutances, in which the road is carried through the forests of Sissy and Chesay to Valognes, leaving Saint-Michel to the *right*, at some distance from the sea. The trees, also, that are constantly found among the sands, with their roots and branches entire, are supposed to strengthen the testimony.

However this may be, the sea, there is no doubt, has at various times made frightful ravages in this part of the coast of France. The commune of Bourgneuf was submerged in the fifteenth cen-

\* When Mr. Stanfield returned he told the author that he could not rest by night or day for thinking of this wonderful scene. His mind was somewhat composed after being safely delivered of the drawings which adorn this volume ; but still he saw that it was necessary fully to wreak

“ His thought upon expression ”

before he could hope for entire tranquillity. He, therefore, proposed that the author should write a drama, founded on one of the thousand traditions of Saint-Michel, that he might have an opportunity of getting rid of a series of dioramic scenes with which his imagination was haunted. We agreed to this proposal, altogether manifestly against our own interest ; for who will attach any importance to the literary part of a drama adorned by such scenery, from such a pencil ?



tury ; and those of Saint-Louis, Mauni de la Feillette, and Saint-Etienne de Pamel, met at different periods the same fate. The ruins of the last-mentioned place were discovered in a storm in 1735, and the streets of the town, and foundations of the houses, plainly distinguished. For the purpose of opposing these terrific visitations, there is a dike, five leagues long, which protects a superficies of ten square leagues from inundation ; but, notwithstanding all the efforts of man, the sea sometimes bursts its limits. On the sixth of March, 1817, at the spring tide of the equinox, it overflowed the low lands of the country to a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles from the dike, carrying with it whole herds of cattle that were grazing peacefully on the pastures where they had been born.

Some idea of these awful sands may be formed from the following facts.

In 1780 a ship ran aground near Saint-Michel, and sunk so fast that her whole hull disappeared before any goods could be saved. Workmen, however, were despatched, who cleared their way, and succeeded in drawing out some packages from her hold. The sea, in the meantime, returned unobserved through the treacherous sands, and swallowed up both men, goods, and ship. Her very masts disappeared, so that no traces were left to indicate the place where the disaster occurred.

The owner of the vessel, before giving up all hopes of recovering his property, tried an experiment

on the substance of the grève, by placing upon it, near the solid land, a stone of three hundred pounds weight, secured to a rope of considerable length. In a single night the stone disappeared, and could never afterwards be recovered.

Not many years ago, when the great marsh lands of Dol were threatened with an inundation, the project was conceived of turning away the river Coësnon from the dike by digging a canal, through which it was to pass from Pontorson towards the east of Saint-Michel. The two départements of Ille et Vilaine and La Manche united in this great undertaking; and a thousand convicts were set to work, under the eye of several brigades of gendarmerie. All went on very well till they began to dig in the white grèves; but here the labour was so great that no human fortitude could endure it. The moving sands seemed to take a pleasure in annoying them; and when, at length, a certain portion of the Herculean task was accomplished, the sea walked in deliberately, and in an instant filled up the canal. When the workmen returned to resume their labours, they wandered along the apparently solid sands, looking in vain for the spot where they had left off. Not a trace of the canal was ever seen from that day!

There are still some instances of fatal accidents occurring on the sands; but the regular guides, who are to be met with in the hamlets on the coast, are so well acquainted with the geography of the grève,

and the state of the tide, that the traveller need be under no apprehension when under their charge. Indeed, the direct route from Pontorson is so clearly defined, so long as the sand is safe, by the wheels of carriages and the footsteps of men and horses, that he may venture without a guide at all if well informed as to the hour of the tide. Proceeding from Avranches, however, it would be dangerous to venture alone at any hour, the intervening space being intersected by numerous rivers, of which the principal are the Seé, the Selune, and the Coësnon.

It was our misfortune (or folly) to entrust the care of our person to the first man we saw at work on the shore, without inquiring into his qualifications ; and he, tempted by a few francs, was nothing loath to risk the lives of both in the adventure. We had not proceeded far before discovering that the blind was leading the blind ; and, in fact, our new friend dashed on in a straight line, as if with the purpose of taking the fortress by storm. He speedily found, however, that this would not do. We arrived at a river too deep to be forded, and were constrained to wind along its margin.

A considerable space was lost in this manner ; and, in the meantime, the wind began to howl most ominously along the bosom of the desert. Mont-Saint-Michel was neither nearer nor further off in appearance than when we set out ; for, on this plain, white surface, it is impossible, at least for an unpractised eye, to form the smallest idea of distance. The wild and moaning noise of the wind resembled that

of the storm (described in the first volume of this work) which we encountered on the summit of the Alps.

Presently the river began to enlarge ; and, by and by, all was fluid in front, or appeared to be so, to the very edge of the visible horizon. We stood still in surprise, not yet amounting to terror ; but when the next moment we clearly saw that the water of this equivocal river was *coming in*, and that our foot sank gradually down into the sand where we stood, it may be supposed that a somewhat uncomfortable sensation passed across our hearts—yea, across our heart of hearts.

“Is it the tide?” said we, in a whisper. The guide was stupefied. He grew as pale as death, and his knees seemed to bend under him. We looked round : we appeared to be ‘mid-way between Saint-Michel and the coast. If this was actually the tide, the fleetest courser that ever ran could not distance it : but the thing was impossible. We had ascertained, before quitting the shore, that there were fully two hours to spare before the flowing of the sea ; and, in spite of our circuitous route, that space of time could not nearly be elapsed.

“Wait,” said we : “I shall ascertain in a moment whether this is a river or the sea ;” and we were about to step into the water to try (but without any doubt of the event) whether the quicksands were in motion.

“Sir,” cried the guide, suddenly starting from his trance, and seizing our arm, “I engaged to conduct

BRITISH  
LIBRARY  
LONDON  
1847



View of the Citadel



you in safety, and dry shod, to Saint-Michel; and, if it be the will of God, I shall do it. Stir not an inch, except to keep your feet from sinking, until I return;" and so saying he dashed gallantly into the water. We at first, in the consciousness that there was no real danger, permitted ourselves to smile at the grave enthusiasm of the Frenchman; but presently the unworthy feeling gave place to admiration of his sense of honour, which could subdue so instantaneously the fear of death. He found the sand firm; and the supposed tide proved to be nothing else than the waters of the river spread out in this strange manner over the surface of the grève by the violence of the wind. We at length approached the fortified rock near enough to see that the path was dry to the very gates, although still at a considerable distance; and, viewed from this situation, it presents the aspect so strikingly portrayed in the opposite engraving.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### DEEDS OF ARMS.

PERHAPS the little "personal narrative" given in the last chapter will enable the reader to form a proper idea of the nature of one of the most daring exploits recorded in history.

In the year 1577, while the war of the league was raging, a Protestant gentleman called Dutouchet conceived the idea of possessing himself of the Mount—heaven knows for what purpose! He was able to muster a band of only fifty men; and it is not likely, therefore, that he could have hoped to retain so important a place in his hands, at a time, more especially, when the Catholic party was triumphant on this coast. The probability is that he was merely tempted by the treasury of the monks, and that he fell in—perhaps at the midnight debauch—with men as wild and desperate as himself, who would have leagued themselves with Boisrosée himself for the purpose of robbing a crow's nest.

---



However this may be, one day, when the garrison had sallied forth to pursue a band of robbers which infested the lands of the abbey on the main, a body of pilgrims were observed crossing the sands, and singing their holy canticles as they walked. Arrived at the rock, they were received joyfully by the monks, who anticipated a rich harvest from the offerings of so large a company. To search for arms, as the laws of the place required, under the gown of a pilgrim, would have been a kind of sacrilege ; and, besides, the holy fathers were impatient to get their guests to the altar, that they might see what heaven had sent them.

Arrived in the church, the pilgrims sung their songs, and prayed their prayers ; and, when it was time to exhibit the presents which they intended for " Monseigneur Saint-Michel," they produced an article admirably well adapted for an offering to " the first knight." Each man drew his naked sword from under his cloak, and flashed it in the eyes of the astonished monks. The false devotees then shut up their hosts in their cells, and, fastening the gates of the château (in the midst of which is the church), proceeded to pillage the treasury.

Unfortunately this holy work absorbed their attention so much, that they never thought of posting sentinels in the towers, to give notice of the return of the garrison ; and the first hint they received of this mischance was the noise which the *Sieur Devicq*, the governor of the fortress, made in demanding admittance at the gates. The desperadoes, however,

were undaunted ; and, although the force of Devicq was increased every moment by the adherents of the abbey from the main, they had as yet no means either of forcing the gates or attempting an escalade.

At last, when matters became serious, and the ex-garrison were in a condition to regain the château by force, Captain Dutouchet informed them with his usual imperturbability that the first blow struck upon the gates, or the first ladder planted against the walls, would be a signal which would cause the massacre of the monks, and the firing of the whole pile—château and abbey together ! Devicq knew the men he had to deal with, and prudently preferred allowing them to march out with the honours of war ; only stipulating that they should leave behind them the pillage of the town and monastery, which they had occupied for two days.

Fourteen years after another attempt was made to surprise the garrison of Saint-Michel. Our readers may remember the story of the brave Count de Montgomeri, who was forced into playing at lances with the king. The royal knight determined to take a part in the tourney ; and, moreover, to break a spear with the renowned Montgomeri, who was considered one of the best soldiers and bravest men of the time. Their weapons, as was usual in the more successful of these mimic encounters, were shattered against each other's cuirasses ; but the staff of Montgomeri's lance, as he was borne away by his steed, went through the vizor of the king's helmet accidentally, and inflicted a wound in the eye of

majesty, of which he died in a few days. The count thereupon was pursued as an assassin by Catharine de Medicis, and threw himself for refuge into the arms of the Protestants. He was taken prisoner at Domfront, and the "she-wolf of France" condemned him to lose his head upon the scaffold.

It was a son of this Montgomeri who figured in the attempt we allude to on the fortress of Saint-Michel.

On the north side of the rock there was a small opening, like a trap-door, to which the monks hoisted certain provisions—perhaps forbidden luxuries, such as brandy. The aperture was so small that it was hardly reckoned among the weak points of the fortification; and, accordingly, a single soldier was intrusted with the safeguard of the spot. This soldier was known to the Count de Montgomeri. Certain passages had taken place between them, which, notwithstanding the silence of history, we may venture to say were enough to warrant the confidence of both. Besides, the treason contemplated had nothing of the stigma attached to it which in ordinary cases brands the traitor with the name of villain. The religious convictions of men were at this period the directors of the court of honour; and even murder was something holy if perpetrated under the authority of a text of scripture.

Montgomeri, in the silence of the night, crept along the desert sands with his adherents, and at length stood under the trap-door. A signal-light

was in due time exhibited above, which told that his ally was true; and in a little while the tackle of the monks came slowly down, swinging to and fro in the night-wind. It at length reached the sands; and the bravest man of the band, who was to form the forlorn hope, clasping his legs round the iron cleeks, bade adieu to his comrades. The friend above no sooner felt the weight upon his line than he drew in the end as a fisher does in similar circumstances; and Montgomeri and his men saw their companion mount into the air—waver—lessen—and disappear—with intense anxiety.

The moments of suspense they might have counted by the beating of their hearts, each man's bosom ticking like a clock; but at length the descending rope became visible amid the shadows of the night, and, as the cleeks rattled upon the ground, a half-smothered cry of joy arose from the group.

The second man ascended—the third—the fourth—the twentieth—the fiftieth—the eightieth!—and yet there was no noise of war—no shot of the terrified sentry—no roll of the alarm drum!—and still the rope descended, and the cleeks rattled on the ground. Montgomeri began to quake.

“Here is a spar of timber,” said one of the men, “as large as a ship's mast. We have a block and plenty of cord. Do you raise it against the rock; and I shall ascertain in five minutes what has been the fate of our comrades.” So said, so done. The block was fastened to the top of the spar, the cord rove into the block, and the machine raised perpen-

dicularly against the cliff. The volunteer then fixed himself to the end of the rope, and was hoisted up by his companions.

He kept himself steady for some time by means of the spar ; but when near the top, either confused by the darkness and the novelty of his situation, or compelled by the wind, which blew in fierce blasts from the sea, he let go his hold, and clung only to the rope. He was dashed repeatedly against the cliff, while still continuing to rise ; but at length his eyes were blinded by a sudden blaze of light, and he caught instinctively at an opening of the rock with such force that his companions below made haste, in the nautical phrase, to "belay."

The spectacle which met the eyes of the volunteer appeared, for several minutes, to have the effect of enchantment, both upon his heart and limbs. He hung there, helpless and alone, without a single idea either of advance or retreat entering his mind. In fact, a kind of stupefaction came over him ; and, at one time, he seriously believed that he was in a dream. By the light of a torch within, he saw that the narrow stair-like place into which he looked was discharging a stream of blood into an abyss below ; where he could distinguish, in the midst of the obscurity, an irregular mound formed of human heads and headless bodies. Opposite to him stood a man with arms bare to the shoulder, whose ferocious yet stupid glare, fixed upon an immense sword which he wielded in both hands, made his skin creep. The silence of the place, only inter-

raptured by the plashing of the blood, as it fell from step to step—the red and wavering light, which gave a phantasmagoric appearance to the whole scene—and the terrific form of the headsman, who looked like a demon—all had such an effect upon the imagination of the adventurer that, when three other figures appeared, with the suddenness and silence of spirits, he was convinced, for a moment, that he beheld only the creations of a disordered brain.

One of the three figures, however, was a comrade of his own, whom he had seen but a few minutes before drawn up into this den of blood by the traitor whom Montgomeri had imagined to be his friend. His arms were pinioned, and his mouth gagged. When they reached the executioner, his two conductors bent him down, without a word, upon a block of stone, and, in an instant, his head bounded down the steps. Another victim was brought in, in the same manner, and shared the same fate—another—and another. This was the last of those who had ascended—the eightieth man! A cry burst from the heart and lips of the witness, which startled even the group of assassins; and his comrades below let him down with the speed of lightning.

As Montgomeri retired, with the remainder of his party, in rage and dismay, they heard a shout of hoarse laughter from the ramparts, mingling with the sound of the night-wind, as it moaned along the waste.

The governor of Saint-Michel, whose name was Boissuzé, no doubt received great praise for his skilful conduct on this occasion; but, four years after, falling into disgrace with the Duke de Mercœur, he was dismissed from his office. He immediately threw himself into the Protestant party; and, determining on revenge, assembled a considerable body in the environs of Pontorson, on the twenty-seventh of September, 1595, and set out to surprise the fortress. He was, to a certain extent, successful. The unfortunate town, always a sufferer on these occasions, was pillaged from top to bottom; but the château, which had been Boissuzé's object, defied his power.

Another attempt was made by the Marquis de Belle-Isle. This nobleman had left the party of the League, and attached himself to the king, in the hope of obtaining the baton of a marshal of France. To the application of his friends, however, Henri IV. answered coldly: "Let him be satisfied with my good graces; I owe nothing to those who bring me nothing." Belle-Isle, who was as brave as he was unprincipled, understood the reply, and determined that his first gift to the king should be the famous fortress of Saint-Michel, then governed by Latouche de Kerolent, an old friend and comrade of his own.

Accompanied by a band of resolute men, with arms concealed beneath their cloaks, he crossed the grève, with the ostensible purpose of paying his devotions in the church, and visiting his friend the governor. They were admitted within the walls

without hesitation, and the last gate of the château opened for his reception; but some demur took place when it was found that the visiter required his whole suite to be allowed to enter with him. Belle-Isle insisted; the guard was firm; and, at length, the former, exclaiming loudly against their want of respect, drew his sword, and killed the serjeant and corporal on duty. The post was forced at a single blow, and the assailants rushed into the middle of the abbey.

Here they were opposed by some soldiers and servants, who had been alarmed by the clash of weapons, and who were every moment reinforced by fresh assistance from various parts of the building. The assailants, however, were numerous, and flushed with their first triumph; and they succeeded, although every inch of ground was gallantly contested, in driving the defenders from post to post. Kero-lent, the governor, fought like a madman; but it was not so much for his fortress as for revenge on his false friend. He flung himself repeatedly into the mêlée, with no thought but of reaching the traitor's heart; and, at last, when all was hopeless, and he himself covered with wounds, he determined to die in the effort. He rushed once more into the midst of the combatants; succeeded in clearing a way to his enemy; and the two quondam comrades engaged hand to hand. Belle-Isle was slain; and his party, panic-struck on finding themselves without a chief, took to flight.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### TOMBELAINE.

BESIDES being the theatre of such deeds of war, Mont-Saint-Michel was long one of the high places of Catholic devotion. Pilgrims came to the shrine from all parts of Europe, in bodies of two or three hundred at a time. When a devotee conceived the project of paying his obeisance to the Archangel, he made known his purpose through the province or country ; and a body of pilgrims was speedily collected, who formed themselves into a kind of caravan. The spectacle of several hundred men riding in line, with their flags and banners, and their almoner at their head, must have had a prodigiously fine effect on the desert sands of the grève.

After their devotions were paid, and their vows accomplished, the pilgrims, before departing, elected a king of the journey, and placed on his hat a crown of gilded lead. Some other officers of inferior rank were then appointed to particular charges ; and the cortège moved on, each person decorated with

plumes, medals, and the famous shell-scarfs of Saint-Michel.\* On entering a town or village they displayed their flags and banners, and paraded through the streets singing a psalm. The king paid no part of the expense of the journey; but on their return, he was expected to give his subjects a grand repast; at which the pilgrims ate, drank, and sung, and made love to one another's daughters. Various marriages were the result of this love-feast; for no maiden could find it in her heart to refuse a man who had returned from the pilgrimage of Saint-Michel.

The rock is almost encircled by walls, flanked with towers and bastions. At the gate we saw on each side the antique cannons taken from the English, one with a stone bullet in its mouth; and, having gazed, with as much humiliation as we could muster, at these trophies, we passed into a court, where there is a guard-house, in which strangers are usually searched and disarmed. This ceremony, however, was omitted with regard to us; the pen, we suppose (although in reality a much more pow-

\* This is an ornament which dates from the time of the Druids. The Druidesses were accustomed to sell to mariners an arrow which had the power of calming a tempest when shot into the sea. On the safe return of the vessel, one of the sailors was sent to the holy women with presents from the crew, and at his departure the old ladies bound upon his shoulders a scarf covered with shells. They are sold to this day in Saint Michel for the use of pilgrims, who, in decorating themselves with the heathen ornament, suppose that they are doing honour to the Archangel.



Red circular stamp with illegible text, likely a library or collection mark.



Printed by C. Hooper, & Co. S. 4.

Engraved by W. B. ...

*Mont St. Michel*  
Pendant de la Guerre

erful weapon than the sword), not being ranked in the list of offensive arms. On going through another gate, we were in the town of Saint-Michel—and a more dirty and wretched society of hovels we never saw.

In the kitchen of the inn, which looked like a large chimney, we were treated with a bottle of wine that well merited the distich we have elsewhere quoted, touching the wine of the pays de Caux; but, finding that our hostess—a most Druidical-looking person—threatened us with a cup of coffee to boot, we left our guide to enjoy himself with these indulgences, and made a hasty retreat.

Following the line of the steep and crooked street, we gradually rose above the tops of the houses, and began to approach the château and the abbey, of which an admirable view is contained in the engraving.

We regret our inability to describe, from personal observation, the whole of the building, as we were not permitted to see more than a comparatively inconsiderable part. Even this we were hurried through, on account, we presume, of a riot which appeared to have taken place among the prisoners. The most frightful screams we ever heard were echoing through the vaulted passages; and several times we were left alone by the corporal who accompanied us, who ran to see how things were going on.

The subterranean excavations are the most curious of the sights which the place affords. They consist

of cellars and powder-magazines; the vault in which are the wheel and cable used for weighing heavy goods from the sands below; the prisons under this vault; and the *oubliettes*, those frightful dungeons, the way to which is narrow and labyrinthine, and which are entered by means of a trap-door.

But the truth is, we saw nothing within which equalled the view without. The buildings rise, vault after vault, far above the rock; and the church stands in great part on pillars constructed to serve for its foundation. The view from the platform before its portal comprehends the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, the road of Cancale, and the towns of Avranches, Dol, and Pontorson, with the vast sands of the grève on one hand, and the open sea on the other. Above these, on the clock tower, is the *promenade des petits fous*; and, twenty-two feet still higher, the *promenade des grand fous*; signifying by their names the relative degrees of sanity of those who choose them for their walk. On the summit of all is a telegraph; but the gilded statue of Saint-Michel, mentioned, by M. de Thou, as forming the pinnacle of the temple, exists only in history. Every where in this extensive fort the amazing nastiness of the French is conspicuous; and, at every step, your wonder is excited at the rare union they exhibit of the intellectual power of the houynhnhum, and the filthy habits of the yahoo.

The few hundred inhabitants of the town are divided into three classes: the cultivators, who derive their subsistence from the main land; the

aubergistes and shopkeepers, who deal in a kind of enormity they sacrilegiously call wine, and in medals and scarfs for the pilgrims ; and fishermen and women, who betray certain turbot, soles, salmon, and flounders, from the sea. Sometimes, and more especially at the equinoxes, when the tide mounts higher than usual, an odd fish is left upon the grèves. One of these, called a sea-devil, and the only specimen seen upon this coast, resembles exactly, in the description, an animal we once saw lying dead upon the shores of the Frith of Clyde. The grèves are also fertile in cockles, which the French call *coques* ; and they form a standard article of consumption among the inhabitants of the rock and neighbourhood. The fishing population, men, women, and children, traverse the sands, at all seasons of the year, with naked feet and legs ; and at the ebbing of the tide follow the retreating waters over the slippery and treacherous bed with surprising intrepidity. Sometimes a sudden fog descends upon the grève, and separates the adventurous company. No situation can be conceived of greater terror to the imagination. If the wanderers of that inhospitable desert stand still, the returning tide may drown them in the quicksands ; if they move, it may only be to anticipate their doom. Soon, however, a chapel bell is heard to sound from one of the communes on the shore—and then another—and another ; the fog has been observed, and this means employed to let them know their relative position.

The rock of Tombelaine is half a league north of

Mont-Saint-Michel, and situated on the same grèves. Its character is altogether different; for, although occupying more ground than its neighbour, it is, by comparison, so slightly elevated as to present but little mark to the eye on a distant view. When the traveller approaches nearer, however, he finds this insignificant rock to be in reality a very remarkable object. It looks like an island in a still and lonely lake. Its colour is as black as night; its vegetation consists of thorns, brambles, and nettles; its habitations are ruins almost level with the surface. We never, indeed, beheld a scene so altogether desolate as that which is presented by the rock of Tombelaine, when viewed with our back towards its gorgeous and fantastic neighbour.

The access is so difficult, owing to the congregated waters of different rivers which intersect the grève, that few travellers are tempted to visit the gloomy spot. Nothing is lost, however; for the view at half a league or a league's distance is all that is really valuable.

The early history of this place is founded on conjecture, or rather imagination; and it is not till the year 1135 that any authentic mention is made of it. In that year the then abbot of Saint-Michel, struck with the advantages it offered for religious meditation, constructed an oratory and some cells upon the naked rock; to which he retired occasionally with the more ascetic of his monks. But this excess of devotion defeated its own purpose; for the people of the neighbouring communes on the



main soon resorted to the spot as one of peculiar sanctity. Those of Genets, more especially, where there was no church, made it habitually their place of worship, and constructed a Calvary on the grève, in the direction of their route, to serve at once as a beacon and a refuge in case of need. Many, notwithstanding, were lost in the quicksands; the Calvary itself disappeared; and, at length, a church was built at Genets, and the popularity of Tombe-laine declined.

Philip Augustus, foreseeing the use it might be turned to by the nautical enemies of his kingdom, constructed a fort upon this lonely rock; but the English, notwithstanding, made themselves masters of the place, and kept possession of it, as a point d'appui for their expeditions against Saint-Michel, till the time of Charles V. Having then lost it, they recovered possession again towards the close of the reign of Charles VI.; but, in a few years after, were expelled for ever. The fortifications were destroyed by the order of Louis XIV.; the inhabitants abandoned the ill-omened spot; and since then, its only tenants were smugglers—who, in their turn, have deserted a place which seems to be forbidden ground to the sons of men.

Having completed our survey of this extraordinary desert, we returned to the main shore, under Avranches, not a little anxious to examine a range of cliffs, as white as snow, and of a conical form, which bordered the sands at regular distances from each other, and contrasted curiously with the dark green

of the hills behind. These we found were not cliffs, but immense heaps of white sand, formed by the refuse of various little salt manufactories, thrown out of the trough after the more precious matter is extracted.

We watched the details of this chemical operation, carried on in rude huts by the very poorest of the peasants, with great interest. The sand is scraped from the surface of the salt grève, and placed in a trough at the top of the conical heaps. Fresh water is then poured upon it, which, sinking through the grated bottom of the trough, carries off the saline particles. The liquor, thus prepared, runs through a narrow channel into a hut two or three hundred paces distant ; where it falls into a vat, or large tub, and is baled from thence into small metal pans placed over wood fires. On entering one of these huts, the scene presented was very extraordinary. The ministering agents of the process were women, who looked, half visible in the light of the small fires, and half concealed by the wreaths of smoke which encircled them, like priestesses of some old and terrible superstition. Heaps of white salt were gleaming here and there in the obscurity of this mystic place ; the silence of which was only interrupted by the ceaseless trickling of the water as it fell into the vat. We do not know whether there was any scientific objection to the light of day ; but the only apertures we could see in the building were the small door-way, and a hole in the roof, where the smoke of the various fires, after exploring every

corner of the hut, united amicably at last in forcing an exit.

Taking leave of Avranches, with its magnificent views, we proceeded towards Brittany, and speedily arrived at the last frontier town of Normandy. Pontorson, now a little town of a single street, was fortified by Robert the Devil; but, in the time of Louis XIII., when it belonged to the great Protestant house of Montgomeri, the ramparts were destroyed by the Catholic party. It was here the gallant Duguesclin, the true mirror of chivalry, began his career of glory, by entering the service of Charles-le-Sage, as governor of the town (of which he was the feudal proprietor) and captain of a band of a hundred lances.

Here he married the beautiful Thiéphanne Rague-  
nel; and, in the midst of the nuptials, ran off to  
beat the English, who had landed in the Cotentin.  
The quality of heroic courage seems to have been in  
the female as well as the male line of his family, as  
the following anecdote testifies:—An Englishman  
called Felleton had insulted the Bretons by a pro-  
posal to arrange a duel between five Englishmen  
and twenty Frenchmen, and received the chastise-  
ment due to his arrogance by having his squadron  
routed, and himself taken prisoner. In the house  
of Duguesclin he was bound only by his parole, and  
had abundance of opportunity to make himself ac-  
quainted with the strong and weak parts of the  
fortress. The result of his observations was, that,  
in two days after he had bought his ransom, taking

advantage of the absence of his quondam host, he returned to attack his house in the middle of the night.

Felleton and his men arrived undiscovered under the windows. All was silent. The men-at-arms were absent with their chief; and almost the only guardians of the fortress were Julienne Duguesclin, the knight's sister, and his wife Thiéphane, who were asleep together in the same bed.

The noise made by the besiegers, cautious as they were, awoke Julienne, and she started up. The enemy had crossed the ditch, planted their scaling ladder against the walls, and three men were within reach of her own window. Julienne—a woman and a nun—without a moment's irresolution, caught up one of her brother's swords, threw open the case-ment, attacked the besiegers, and precipitated the three into the ditch, where they died of the fall. The next day Duguesclin, while returning home, fell in with Felleton and his discomfited troop; and, without knowing what had happened, engaged them, and took the captain prisoner for the second time. When presented anew to his hostess, the lady politely condoled with him on the mishaps he had met with from both brother and sister; and Duguesclin, when he learned the circumstances, was highly amused. He reminded the Englishman, laughing, that it was not the part of a loyal and gallant knight to disturb ladies in their sleep.

This place was the scene of a battle between the republicans and the royal army after the siege of Granville. The combatants fought till night.

“ I arrived in a carriage about nine,” says Madame de la Rochejaquelin “ just as the battle was over. A femme de chambre was with me, who carried my poor little girl, and also M. Durivault and the chevalier de Beauvolliers, both wounded. We passed every now and then over the slain ; and on these occasions the jolting of the carriage, and the sound of human bones breaking under the wheels, made a hideous impression upon our minds. In alighting, a dead body was lying under the steps, on which I was just about to put my foot, when they drew it away.”

On the road to Dol, the first Breton town, a lofty hill near the plain is seen from a great distance. This is Mont-Dol, situated between the town and the sea, and celebrated, like Mont-Saint-Michel, as one of the high places of the Druids. This hill also was visited by “ the first knight,” as is proved incontestibly by the print of his angelic foot, which remains upon the rock to this day. At the summit, where the college of Druids is supposed to have stood, there was formerly a stone, such as was used in their sacrifices ; but this monument was removed to Rennes since the revolution. A telegraph now crowns the rock instead of a temple of superstition ; and the view from the gallery on which it is raised is one of the most remarkable for richness and extent in Brittany.

The town of Dol is situated among marshes, and possesses nothing remarkable but a very large and not inelegant Gothic cathedral. This building

contains the mausoleum of Saint Samson, whose intercession is said to be all-powerful in cases of madness. A stranger, however, has no chance: he may be as mad as a March hare—the saint will not stir. But when a genuine Dolais—as soon as he gets himself into the predicament of a straight waistcoat—is shut up in a niche near the master-altar, he very soon acquires sense enough to walk out again of his own accord.

Soon after leaving Dol the road begins to wind along the Bay of Cancale. On the banks of the sea are the ruins of the château Richers, which belonged to the hero Duguesclin. From its platform, the view extending over the ocean, and comprehending the shores of Normandy, with Mont-Saint-Michel, as well as the fertile marshes of Dol, is very magnificent. Here commences the long dike we have mentioned, constructed for the purpose of protecting the country from the inroads of the sea.

The town of Cancale is situated on a height near the further extremity of the bay, with its port, the village of la Hoalle, at its foot. There is nothing to detain the traveller but the views and oysters, which are both delicious of their kind. The whole country since we left Dol abounds with châteaux; but the ruins of that of le Temple, or la Merveille, to the right of the road to Saint-Malo, are the most striking. This was formerly a vast and sumptuous edifice, the property of the Knights Templars after their vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience, had been broken. Some portions of the abbey are still



BRITISH MUSEUM  
LIBRARY  
NO. 100  
1850





in existence, and some huge trees mark the place which was once the park ; but all is silence and desolation around the spot.

We now, as we approach Saint-Malo, enter upon a character of scenery altogether different from any thing we have yet met with on the route ; and the annexed view of the Point des Moulins will give the reader some idea of the new portion of our panorama, to which we would direct his attention.

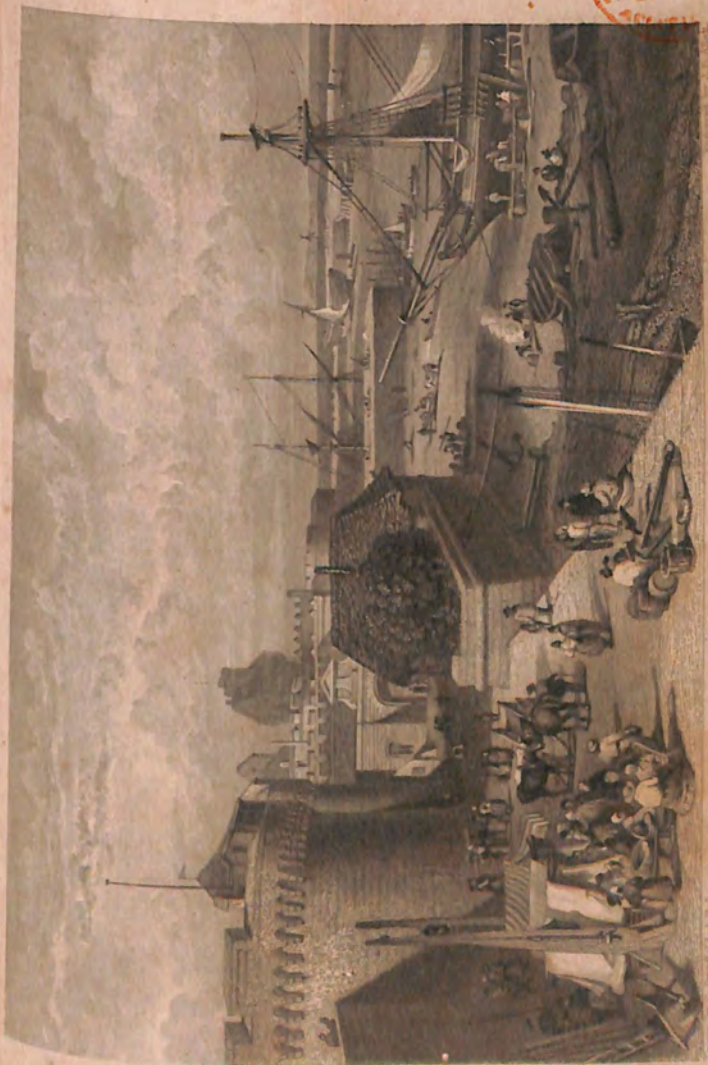
## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SAINT-MALO.

THERE can be nothing so odd, and, at the same time, so stern and warlike, as the appearance presented by Saint-Malo. It is a rock bristled over with walls and fortifications, which, when the tide is in, are connected with the main only by a long and narrow neck of land. A tree growing from the ramparts (and we think there is not more than one) is the sole link which associates it in idea with the earth to which we are accustomed. All the rest is stone, hewn and unhewn ; and a more bare, threatening, and military tout ensemble, it is not possible to conceive.

Driven from terra firma by the incursions of the Normans, the inhabitants of this part of Brittany took refuge, like the Lombards in similar circumstances, on rocks of the sea ; and, even before they had inclosed themselves with proper fortifications, they were enabled to afford an asylum to a fugitive prince—the earl of Richmond,—who afterwards

REPRODUCED FROM THE  
PUBLISHED BY THE  
BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.



11/11/11



wore the crown of England. At the time of the League they had become so independent as to stand aloof from both parties ; and, at length, haughtily declared that they would do without a master till the states-general of the kingdom, assembled in due form of law, should elect a king.

The governor of the château, however, the Count de Fontaine, was of more accommodating sentiments ; and the garrison and the citizens formed two hostile parties within the walls. The dispute was settled by fifty fine young men scaling the château by night, by means of a cord attached to a culverin on the ramparts. The garrison gave in ; and the Malouins governed themselves till the year 1594, when they thought proper to recognize the authority of Henri Quatre.

One would almost think that the mind is, in some degree, impressed with the character of the objects which the eyes have been accustomed to look upon from infancy ; for the Malouins have always preserved the stern, unaccommodating spirit which is the moral feature, if we may so express ourselves, of their native rock. The English, and their allies, the Dutch, tried in vain to reduce the fortress by bombardment ; and once the former—it was in 1693—enraged at their want of success, sent against this proud pigny of the sea a newly-invented fire-ship, which, turned aside by the wind, struck upon a rock, blew up its inventor and assistants, and broke several panes of glass in Saint-Malo. The privateers fitted out from the place have always been

distinguished for their audacity and success ; and, in short, to give the naval character of the people in a word, we have only to say that, when hailed at sea, their ships did not answer, " We are French ;" but, " We are Malouin !"

In the years 1708, 1714, and 1721, the Malouins built, at their own expense, the fortifications and ramparts which still enclose the town ; and of the appearance of them the reader will be able to form a very accurate judgment from the vignette in the engraved title-page of this volume, and the view hereto annexed. At the time when these great works were undertaken the coffers were filled from Mexico and Peru : to-day, the cod-fish of Newfoundland, and the traffic with Jersey and Guernsey—almost the only commerce they have left—do little more than defray the expense of repairs. We must not forget, in this place, to say that the Malouin spirit of independence makes the people the most disagreeable shopkeepers in Europe.

The churches are well arranged, but not remarkable as buildings ; and the principal hôtel (we think the hôtel de France, but are not sure of the name) is comfortable and agreeable. The hostess, moreover, is a pretty and agreeable English woman. The communale well is worth notice, it being supplied with fresh water by means of subterranean aqueducts carried under the sea.

Opposite Saint-Malo, on the mainland (since Saint-Malo is *almost* an island) is the town of Saint-

Servan, formerly its suburb. In fact, it is to the existence of the town on the spot it occupies that Saint-Malo owes its insular character ; for no one thinks of going round by the neck of land to the fortified rock in the sea, when he can find boats every instant of the day to waft him across for the sum of a halfpenny. At ebb-tide, however, he can walk across, eschewing even this trifling expense ; and the ground is so firm that the diligence sometimes performs the feat, even when the water has begun to overflow the sands.

Saint-Servan is sufficiently humble in appearance ; but in the neighbourhood are numerous detached houses of a more aristocratic exterior—the abode of English families, and the country-houses of Malouin merchants. We confess, however, that, on this point, we speak from little better authority than a view of the walls which surround them ; for these residences are, in general, situated in narrow lanes, with lofty and solid inclosures, in which now and then a small door conducts into some conventual dwelling, of which one's good breeding allows him to enjoy only a momentary peep. The country around, however, is varied and picturesque ; and we do not know that a summer would be ill-bestowed in the neighbourhood of Saint-Malo.

The customs and manners of the people, a little way out of the town, are very striking ; and we cannot travel a sabbath-day's journey without witnessing most of the peculiarities of the Bas-Bretons.

The marriage ceremonies of the peasantry are absolutely poetical. The compliments which are discharged at one another by the two go-betweens (who are not women, as in ancient Greece, but men) remind one of the eulogium of bards. The agent of the fair one, after being driven from point to point in the palaver, is, at last, fain to avow that he has no better reason for refusal than that the maiden has devoted her virgin life to God. Even this fortification, however, is at length abandoned, and the advocate of the lover obtains permission to enter the cottage, and search in person for the damsel. A wife, a widow, and a child, are in turns presented to him; but all these he declines with a compliment and a jest; and when, at length, the object of his search appears, all parties sit down to the wine or the cider, and converse reasonably on the subject.

On the marriage-day the bride and bridegroom hold a taper in their hands; and the light which is first extinguished announces to the superstitious Bretons the one who is to die first. On the evening of the marriage a car, yoked with oxen, arrives to carry to her new home the property of the bride; but it is not without blows on both sides, severe though amicable, that this is effected. On the same night the lady is hidden by her bride-maidens, and a severe fight takes place among the young men. The struggles of the party of the "happy man," however, are in vain; for, by immutable rule, the first day of a marriage belongs to God, and the



second to the virgin, and it is not till the third that the wife is delivered to her husband.

A thousand odd superstitions still prevail among the Bas-Bretons. When a sick man is about to die, a funeral car is sure to be seen approaching the house, covered with a white cloth, and driven by skeletons; or, if the cortège is not *seen*, the wheels, at least, are *heard*, and the terrified listeners hide their faces in their hands till the unearthly show has passed by. Certain dwarfs, one foot high, are supposed to inhabit the earth under the château Morlaix, for the purpose of guarding the treasures it contains. A man who has the good fortune to set eyes on these riches may fill his hands if he please, but wo betide him if he puts any in his pocket! "John and his father" form a kind of Will o' the Wisp, who carries a light on each of his five fingers, and twirls round with them like a dervish. The belated hind is sometimes startled, at the edges of the woods, with the sound of dancing; and, if he dares to turn his eyes to the spot, he is sure to be seized by the unearthly revellers, and compelled to join in their gambols till the crowing of the cock. The *laveuses de nuit* are seen washing in the streams; and they invite the passer-by to help them to wring their clothes. The job continues all night, and perhaps the assistant at last gets his arm broken for his pains.

In some places they would not for the world sweep the floor after sun-set, for fear of hurting the dead, who are then making their invisible rounds.

When they wish to find the body of a drowned person, they fix a burning taper in a loaf of bread, and send it afloat upon the water, confidently expecting that the light will be extinguished above the spot where the dead man lies. The crow of the cock before midnight, continued an odd number of times, announces the death of a man; an even number of times, that of a woman. The song of a bird foretells, by its intonation, the date of their marriage and death. On Christmas-night the cows, and other ruminating animals, lie awake, conversing on what is to happen to their masters, who take care, on these occasions, to supply them with a good supper. The howling of a dog in the night time presages death; and in the howling of a storm are heard the voices of the unburied dead.

These, and many more simliar superstitions, are not, as might be supposed, the wisdom of their ancestors: they form the popular faith of to-day, and belong as much to the year 1833 as to any year in the thirteenth century. The manners and opinions described in "Tristan le Voyageur," have descended unimpaired through a hundred cycles; and, when the rest of civilized Europe has forgotten, or is forgetting, the follies of the old world, the Bas-Bretons still cling to them with a zeal unchilled by the lapse of time, or the lessons of modern experience.

It is curious to observe the difference of habits and feelings which exists between the inhabitants of two provinces owning "one king, one law, and one

God," and separated by no natural boundaries. The peasants of the department of the Orne, which we have lately left, differ as widely from those of Lower Brittany as they do from the Chinese. Their marriages, for instance, are wholly destitute of the kind of rude romance which distinguishes those of the Bretons; and are, in fact, nothing more than an affair of trade, celebrated at its conclusion with the joy that is natural with people who think they have made a good bargain.

The poetry of the go-betweens is limited to giving in a false estimate of the fortune and personal advantages of those for whom they are employed. When an authorized interview at last takes place between the lovers, the scene is a cabaret, where the gentleman stands treat. If all things go well, he also treats the father and other relatives, and is finally admitted into his mistress's house. Here the cattle-market begins.

"Allons!" says the young pretender, addressing his future parents in law: "Allons! you must give me something more. She is ugly, that daughter of yours. Bonne-dà! elle n'est guère de débit, voyez vous! Come, I must have more. I must have so much, and not a penny less. If you do not come in to my terms the bargain is off!"

In reply to these compliments, the friends of the lady extol her perfections, in order to balance the deficiency of dowry.

"She works well," say they; "she is *not* ugly; she is well conducted. Thank God, she is neither

given to argument, nor babbling, nor extravagance; nor does she incline to lend an ear to the fellows. In one word as well as in a hundred, she is a *golden girl* (*fille d'or*):" and, by way of a practical finish to the eulogium, they put a spade into her hand, and take her out to the garden to show what she can do.

On the evening of the nuptials the *kit* of the bride, however small it may be, is transported to her new home on a car drawn by oxen or horses adorned with ribbons, and preceded by a bride-maiden and a violin. It is the duty of the bride-maiden to present some pins to those around her; and all, both men and women, who receive the gift are entitled to embrace the donor. The dinner is furnished by the guests, who are received with a distinction proportioned to the value of what they bring; and the bridegroom always makes a point of assisting the cook in his duties. After dinner they begin to dance, the cook leading off with the bride; and then they continue to eat and dance alternately the whole night.\*

The prejudice is very strong both in Normandy and Brittany against marrying in the month of May; and, indeed, it is by no means wholly eradicated in England. It is from the Romans we derive this idea, who at one time commenced the year with the

\* We have ourselves been witnesses of Norman marriages; but the above description is taken in substance from a paper by M. Louis Dubois, himself an inhabitant of the département of the Orne, and therefore more likely to be a favourable than an unfavourable witness.

summer solstice, when May, in consequence, was the last month of the twelve—the symbol of old age and decrepitude.

On the rock of Saint-Malo, the peculiarities we have touched upon are scarcely visible; for the country people content themselves with a very short visit to a place which has more the aspect of an immense prison than of a town. As for the Malouins themselves, they are in general merchants or seafaring persons, although the town has, at different times, produced men of eminence in almost all professions. Among its mariners—and first though not earliest in the list—is the celebrated Dugay Trouin, whose life was an epic poem. At eighteen years of age this young hero commanded a vessel which was the property of his family; and, landing in Ireland, carried a fortress by assault, and burnt two vessels. He was at length taken by the enemy, thrown into an English prison, and delivered, as all heroes are (or ought to be), by a woman. A Scotch girl, smitten with his bravery and beauty, set the captive free. He died in 1736.

Among the literary names is that of La Mettrie, a philosopher, who discovered that he had no soul, and straightway communicated the melancholy fact to the world. The Dutch, among whom this "Homme Machine"\* resided, were scandalized; and, if he had not taken to flight, would probably have convinced him that he was mistaken, by separating his soul from his body. He took refuge in Berlin;

\* The title of one of his works.

and Frederick the Great, who did not care whether people had souls or not, made him his physician.

Maupertuis, the great geometrician, was also a native of Saint-Malo, and became president of the Prussian academy ; so, also, was the abbé Trublet, whom Madame Geoffrin, wittier than Voltaire on the same subject, called "*un sot frotté de l'esprit.*"

La Chalotais, although not born in Saint-Malo, is so closely identified with its history, that we cannot omit his name. He was an intrepid enemy of the Jesuits, and contributed in a great degree to their expulsion from the kingdom. His life was in consequence a series of struggles and persecutions. But the Duke d' Aiguillon, governor of Brittany, and the instrument of this body, powerful even in its ruin, had soon a personal cause of enmity against La Chalotais, who headed the opposition, on the liberal side of politics, with so much spirit and perseverance that the duke could hardly turn without meeting his enemy in the face. Then came the descent of the English at Saint-Cast, and the expedition to oppose them, commanded by the gallant governor in person, who hid himself in a mill. He returned from the wars—"covered with glory!" said one of his parasites. "*No, with flour,*" amended La Chalotais ; and this bon mot sent him to the dungeons of Saint-Malo.

By the influence of d' Aiguillon he was arrested as a traitor, and condemned to death. In prison they took care that no means of writing should be within his reach ; but the determined spirit which had conducted him through life did not desert him

THE  
HONGKONG  
BRANCH  
OPTICAL  
DEPT.



Harbour of Peking





in this extremity. His enemies might destroy his body, but he was resolved that his fame should live proud and untarnished after him. A toothpick sufficed him for a pen ; the envelopes of his chocolate cakes for paper ; and vinegar, sugar, and perspiration, for ink. With these materials he wrote the " *Exposé justificatif de ma conduite.*"—" *Malheur à toute ame sensible,*" exclaims Voltaire ; " *qui ne sent pas le frémissement de la fièvre en le lisant ! . . . Sou cure-dent grave pour l' immortalite !*"

Louis XV., the tool of his mistress Dubarry, signed the order for the execution, and it was sent off by express to Saint-Malo ; but the minister Choiseul succeeded immediately after in obtaining a countermand. Life and death were then in the hands of the two messengers ; but the mysterious justice of heaven, which so seldom accords with the confined ideas of men, was in this instance propitious to the wishes of a sorrowful and indignant people. The countermand arrived before the order, and La Chalotais was exiled to Saintes ; but, in the following reign, the unhappy Louis XVI. restored his place of procureur-general of Brittany ; and, in recompence for his unmerited sufferings, gave him the title of marquis, and a hundred thousand francs.

Chateaubriand, this clever but over-estimated writer, and somewhat crack-brained man, is a native of Saint-Malo.

But, to return to the town itself, we present our readers with a view of part of that château which was hallowed by the residence of La Chalotais. It

must be confessed, however, that the walls and outer line of buildings are the best part of the place, the streets in the interior being in general mean. The frequent communication with England, by means of steam-boats, induces many of our countrymen to indulge themselves with a trip to this part of the French coast ; and the consequence is, that an Englishman (for, unhappily, there is no mistaking us) is no sooner spied upon the street than his heels are dogged by an *interpreter*. If the stranger enters a shop, his self-constituted friend immediately follows, and addresses him in horrible English on the part of the master. It matters not a straw what acquaintance the visiter has with the language, for it is a thing settled and understood that no Englishman can speak French ; and the scene which ensues is sometimes ludicrous to a very high degree.

The Malouins, we have said, are disagreeable shopkeepers ; but, on reflection, we fear the fault is with ourselves. In Normandy one is accustomed in self-defence to higggle and hagggle about every pennyworth ; and after passing into Brittany, if unacquainted with the real value of an article, he is sure to offer, out of mere habit, something less than the sum demanded. This occurred in our own case in a little transaction with a Malouin jeweller ; and the man, who had no doubt affixed a reasonable price to his wares, shut up the object of our avaricious longings with a thump which made the counter ring again, and turned his back with the air of a three-tailed



*Beulah*



pacha. When at any subsequent time we happened, in the course of our prowlings, to visit this quarter of the town, the sensitive jeweller (who was usually standing at the door) made a hasty retreat into the recesses of his shop. Commercial affairs on a large scale are managed here, it is said, with great punctuality, and a kind of mercantile severity. A failure among the merchants is a thing of rare occurrence, and fraudulent bankruptcies are almost unknown.

When the tide is in, the scene presented between Saint-Malo and Saint-Servan is very animated, on account of the numerous boats constantly passing and re-passing with passengers from either side. There you may see the uncouth peasants of Brittany mingled with the merchants of the town, or English strangers; and sometimes a long-queued sailor from the Antipodes among them, disdaining to sit down during so short a voyage. When tired of the spectacle, you may walk round the ramparts to the opposite side of the town, where the vast ocean is spread out before you till it loses itself in the distance. Several solid rocks rise at a greater or less distance from the walls; and every rock is bristled with a fortress of the same black, hard, rigid, warlike character as Saint-Malo itself. One of these is accurately represented in the annexed engraving, which will give the reader a complete idea of the locality round the harbour; and with this, having now come to the extent of our tether, we shall leave Saint-Malo, and return homeward, not by the sinuosities of the sea-coast, but straight across the country.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE TWELVE SONS OF TANCREDE, &c.

WE found ourselves again at Avranches, and again rambling over the sweeping, swelling hills which separate this town from Granville. The latter place, seated on a lofty and almost circular promontory, has a very imposing appearance when viewed at a distance ; but it is all imposition. The mean and huddled houses appear to belong, without exception, to a class of proprietors who care nothing about appearance, and very little about personal comfort ; and the principal street, from which here and there a magnificent peep is obtained of the sea, consists, in great part, of open sheds, where are displayed the coarse and cheap manufactures demanded by the poorer peasantry. Granville, however, is distinguished for the bravery of its men and the beauty of its women. During the civil wars of the revolution both sexes appeared on its ramparts ; and, at one time, the Vendean army was repulsed with

the loss of fifteen hundred men, after a struggle of twenty-eight hours. The head dress of the women is unlike that of the other Normans, resembling a napkin of fine cloth, folded, and laid upon the head.

The road from Granville to Coutances lies through a fine country, abounding in extensive and picturesque views. The latter town is mean and dirty, but well situated; and it boasts one of the most elegant cathedrals in France.

At three leagues distance is the bourg of Hauteville, where the family of Tancrede, lord of Coutances, resided. The history of the fortunes of his twelve sons, if told in a romance, would fail to interest from its wild impossibility. It is shortly this.

Some Norman knights, on their way home from Palestine, had landed in Sicily, and signalized their bravery by assisting the Prince of Salerno against the Saracens. When returned to their own country, this was, of course, a fertile subject of conversation. They praised the hospitality of the Italians, and the beauty of their women, and described in such glowing terms the adventures they had fallen in with, that all Normandy became haunted with the idea of this renowned and romantic Italy. The consequence was that, in the year 1016, three hundred knights set forth for the promised land, and entered into the service of the Lombard princes. They were rewarded for their exploits by a grant of territory, which they erected into an independent principality;

and, intermarrying with the families of the country, sat down under their own vine and their own fig-tree to enjoy the "otium cum dignitate." They were not permitted, however, to remain long at rest. Their success had made them a thousand enemies; and soon affairs became so critical that they dispatched emissaries to Normandy, to invite the assistance of their countrymen and brothers in arms.

At this time the lord of Coutances, who had been married twice, was burthened with a numerous family, consisting of no fewer than twelve sons, besides a proportionate number of daughters. The young men were running wild about the forests, warring with wolves, and now and then turning a longing eye towards that distant world which their imaginations painted in such beautiful colours. At the first sound of the news from Italy their hearts stirred within them. Normandy was asleep; there were neither wars nor rumours of wars; their father's fortune was small; they were tired of hunting, and longed to exchange their wolves for Saracens. The three eldest, who were of the proper age to buckle on the armour of a knight, at length presented themselves before their father and mother, and addressed them in the language of those heroes, over whose exploits we have wept tears of delight on many a winter's eve:—"Bake us a bannock, roast us a collop, and we will go and push our fortunes!"

The parents consented, and the three young knights set themselves joyously to the task of raising recruits. This was no difficult matter; for every



thing that was warlike and vagabond in the Norman blood was astir. This great people had not yet sat down quietly to enjoy the fruits of their wild oats, and feed kine on the plains which they had fertilized with the blood of the Franks. Guillaume, Drogon, and Unfroi, soon found themselves at the head of three hundred lances; and, in the year 1035, they sallied forth on their adventures.

They first entered into the service of the prince of Salerno, the ally of their countrymen; and then followed a Greek leader to the conquest of Sicily. They soon found, however, that they were jockeyed by the Greek, who gave them promises in return for their blood, and at length laughed openly at the simplicity of his northern friends. The sons of Tancrede could not stand this. It was by their arms, and almost by their arms alone, that the conquest had been made. Why not conquer a country for themselves as well as for another? On the Christmas-day of 1040 they called their comrades round them, and all swore, upon their naked swords, to stand by one another to the death—to maintain themselves independent of all the warring nations around them, whose quarrels were no concern of theirs—and, last, not least, to hunt the traitorous Greeks out of Italy.

They immediately set to work, and Guillaume, the eldest, surnamed *Bras-de-fer* (Iron-arm), in the capacity of general, led them on to battle. In two campaigns Guillaume was a sovereign count, and his chief officers lords of extensive territories.

Guillaume at length died in battle, and was succeeded by his brother Drogon. Drogon, unable to control the tameless spirit of his Normans, fell a sacrifice to their jealousy, and was slain by his own comrades. Unfroi, the third son of Tancredè, and now the only one of the family in Italy, became the general and suzerain of our adventurers.

Hemmed in by the nations they had subdued, they at length found themselves too small in number to occupy permanently the space they had cleared; and it was necessary to demand assistance. To what potentate did they apply in their extremity? To the old lord of Coutances, Tancredè of Hauteville! He sent them another son; and, in 1046, the flower of Norman chivalry followed Robert Guiscard into Italy.

With this reinforcement the Normans began anew. Nothing was too great to attempt; nothing too difficult to accomplish. The attention of all Europe was at length drawn upon this upstart power, which shook every throne in Italy; and Pope Leo IX. preached a crusade against our adventurers, and put his own holy self at the head of an army, composed of the troops of the emperors of the East and West, and those of the Italian princes. In the year 1053 the battle of Civitella was fought; the Pope was captured; and he signed a treaty by which Robert was formally invested with the provinces he had conquered, and with Sicily, still in the hands of the Infidels.

Robert Guiscard went on conquering and to con-

quer. One by one he called his remaining brothers into Italy ; and, at length, Roger, the youngest, the bravest, and the handsomest, set out from the paternal house, in the year 1058, at the head of a hundred and sixty knights. The first essay of this new adventurer was to drive the Saracens out of Sicily ; but he was hastily called from his conquest, by an event of such importance that the fate of the whole body seemed to hang upon it. The Emperor of the East, Alexis Comnenus, determined to crush this new and extraordinary power before it waxed to a Colossus, had sent an army of seventy thousand men to swallow up Robert Guiscard and his Normans at a mouthful.

When the two brothers joined forces, they mustered in all just fifteen thousand men. What of that ? They were Normans ; and their enemies were only Greeks and Romans ! They accepted the battle, and routed the imperial army. Having beaten one emperor, they turned their arms against another. They marched upon Rome, captured the Eternal City, and put the Cæsar of the West to flight. Robert Guiscard thought he had scarcely begun. His brain was busy with other projects ; and the vast ambition of this son of the petty lord of Hauteville—of him who had run a wild and uncared-for-lad through the streets of Coutances—could only be satisfied with the throne of the East. In the year 1084, he prepared, as his first step, to conquer Constantinople ; but, at Cephalonia, he was attacked himself by the only enemy he could not master—Death.

Roger, surnamed the Great Count, succeeded to the power of his brother ; and the youngest of the family founded a new dynasty of kings in Naples and Sicily. Tasso and Voltaire have celebrated this remarkable house ; and still, when a poet, a romancer, or a historian, is in want of a hero, he cannot do better than look for one among the twelve sons of Tancredi.

At the village of Les Pilliers, near Coutances, there are the remains of a Roman aqueduct, five arches of which are entire. Our readers, however, will perhaps prefer having some account of the still earlier monuments of the Druids, in which the peninsula of Normandy is rich, but which we refrained from noticing individually as we passed them.

These specimens of a remote antiquity were almost unknown till 1824, when a description of them appeared, by M. Gerville, in the " Archives de la Normandie." Since then various additions have been made to the list, and more particularly in the " Annuaire du Département de la Manche," published at Saint-Lo.\*

\* A pretty accurate idea of the intelligence of the people of each département may be gathered from their annuaires. Some are little more than lists of names, ushered forth with literary pomp : these exhibit a people in the infancy of civilization. Some contain useful knowledge, mingled with juvenile essays and false speculations : these indicate an advance of mental power, which may lead in time to something great. Some, like the

The situation of the Christian convents was, in general, chosen with reference to the beauty of the view, and the fertility of the country; while the Druids raised their altars on barren rocks and in wild and solitary woods. Such sites are frequent in the Norman peninsula; and, wherever nature assumes the most uncouth form, there more especially are to be found those vestiges of the earliest European superstition known to history. Of this description are the environs of Mortain, and the falaises of Jobourg and Flamanville—the lonely valleys and granite rocks of Carneville and Fermanville—and the Grosses-Roches and forest of Bricqueville; in all of which places are seen the traces of the Druids.

The hill of the Grosses-Roches is very picturesque in itself, and commands an extensive view of the country, including the forest, which seems to lie under your feet. On the summit are three Druidical galleries, the purpose of which it is difficult to discover. These galleries in la Manche consist of a double row of unhewn rocks, supporting a roof of long, flat stones. The interior surface is tolerably even; and one end is closed by a large stone. Near the monuments on the Grosses-Roches is an oval stone, placed horizontally, which the inhabitants call

very creditable performance mentioned in the text, busy themselves with the history, curiosities, and industry, of the département; and show that the inhabitants are capable of appreciating such a work. As for the districts that have no annuaire at all, let them send their children to school, that we may hope something from the next generation.

the "fairies' table;" and, beside it, a bed of some calcined substance, which was probably the receptacle of the burning ashes thrown from the altar of sacrifice. The Fairies' Table, which is of grey quartz, like the other rocks in the neighbourhood, is from one to three feet thick, sixteen feet long, and eight feet broad. It is slightly concave on the upper surface; on which, it is supposed, the fires were kindled.

At Carneville there is another table of the same kind, partly bedded in the earth. Its upper surface is smooth; and it looks like the tombstone of some giant of the old world. Beside it is the great menhir, or long stone, of Carneville, one of the most remarkable monuments in the province. It stands on the side of a hill in the midst of a mass of granite rocks, looking down upon a wild and lonely valley, which seems singularly well calculated for one of the haunts of this mystic superstition. The menhir resembles a triangular prism, twelve feet high; it is perfectly vertical, and the sides are smooth. The inhabitants of the wild country in which it stands call it *la devise*, and tell, from tradition, that there were many such stones before the building of the port of Cherbourg.

Another of these pillars was at Flamanville, till about a century ago, when the marquis of that name broke it in pieces to build his chateau with them. The monument destroyed by this modern Vandal was *thirty* feet high. At Teurthéville-Hague there are two stones of the kind in a singularly wild

place, which popular tradition devotes rather to the fairies than the Druids. Opposite these there is the Fairies' Rock, the Fairies' Hole, and, in the neighbouring wood, the Fairies' Well. These menhirs are said to turn round three times when the bell sounds for the midnight mass—a story which is also told of many others. At Saint-Pierre-Eglise there are two; one of which is eight feet and a half, and the other twelve feet and a half long. These, with a vertical stone at Corqueville, are called the *Marriage of the three Princesses*; and the dowry of the brides is said to be hidden in the space between. At Montagu-la-Brisette the same tradition prevails: and the peasants tell you, moreover, that, even “if you had the aid of a priest, of a magic-book, and of Aaron's rod itself, you could not find the treasure”—a fact which we shall not dispute.

The dolmen of Martinvast consists of three rough stones, nearly four feet high, which support, in a horizontal position, an immense quadrangular block, ten feet long, seven and a half broad, and from three to five thick. At Flamanville, also, there is a dolmen erected on a lofty falaise; of which one only of the three supporters could have been placed by the hand of man, the others forming part of the rock itself. The view from this wild and naked cliff is grand in the extreme. Half a league north of the dolmen there is a natural cavern, which runs to a considerable length in the heart of a huge falaise. It is, of course, the abode of evil

genii and goblins, which are heard shrieking in the voices of bats and sea-birds.

That these and similar dolmens served for altars there can be little doubt ; since we find them frequently placed at the end of some of the covered galleries, as is the case with the gallery of Câtillon. The covered gallery of Vauville is perhaps worthy of more notice than any, as its situation proves that the stones were brought from a distance. The sides are of quartz, and might have been supplied in the neighbourhood ; but the smooth hill on which it is placed could not have furnished the granite of the roof. The difficulty with these supposed Druidical remains is to determine which are natural and which artificial, for there are seldom the marks of either the chisel or the hammer to be found ; and, for this reason, and because they are almost always seen among other masses of rock, they are frequently supposed to owe their erection to some accident of nature. The gallery of Vauville is, therefore, a most important monument ; although no human being can ever tell what motive the Gauls could have had for dragging such masses of granite from a distance, when quartz was at their hand.

In La Manche there are also discovered a variety of coins and instruments supposed to be Gaulic. These coins are almost all bronze, although a few of gold and silver have been found ; and they are all uniform in appearance, and without legend or mark of any kind. At Sissouy a rich dépôt of these objects was discovered under ground. It was



a small vaulted apartment, resembling an oven or furnace, containing, besides a quantity of black ashes, a brass vase, swords, lances, javelins, bracelets, rings, ear-rings, buttons, and some other articles of which the use is unknown.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE WARS OF THE HUGUENOTS.

ON the road from Coutances to Saint-Lo we fell in with one of those specimens of English, that look as strange to the natives as if they were Druids. His wife and some half dozen children were crammed into a sort of cabriolet ; while he himself, dressed in a very short grey coat and knee-breeches, trudged along by the horse's side, carrying a hunting-whip in one hand, and his wig in the other. A fishing-rod and fowling-piece were in the front of the vehicle, and two or three young pups occupied a hat-box, from which their voices came forth in an incessant yelp.

The horse and cabriolet undoubtedly belonged to the pedestrian, for in these last days such articles are no longer trusted to the traveller's honesty ; and there was besides so much appearance of the substantial about the whole family and its appurtenances, that we were curious to know the reason

why persons of staid and middle life should choose to vagabondize it in France rather than remain quietly at home.

We dismounted from our own vehicle (for the diligences in this part of the country do not go often enough to answer the purpose of a flying tourist), and tried our man in several ways; but it was all in vain. He did not like the country; but what of that?—he could change when he chose: nor the people; but why should he care two straws about them?—he paid his way.

“Famous cookery, however?” said we, trying again.

“Horrible! horrible!” was his reply. “Why, if they roast, they burn you black to the very marrow; and if they boil, they melt you into rags that taste like wet paper. Then their stews and fricassees, what are they?—answer me that. That’s the question. I should like to know *what* they are? For my part, I never could, never can, and never shall eat any thing that I am unable to name as beef, mutton, veal, and so forth, by the taste.”

“But the eatables themselves, if we could only teach them to cook—”

“The eatables!—horrible! Why their sheep stand as high as this horse, and are all legs. Eatables! I can’t eat frogs—nor snails—nor serpents—nor robin-redbreasts—nor crows—nor swallows—not I! Why, it is impossible to get a meal in the whole country. I am just now going to Cherbourg to see after something to eat.”

“ Perhaps you have not tried far enough ? ”

“ Tried ! Why, I have been every where—east, west, north, and south ; and so has my wife, there, and Peter, and James, and Jacky, and Moll, and Sarah, and little Betsey, and Polly, the mother of these three pups. Havn’t we dears ? ”

“ Yes, dear,” said the spouse.

“ Ay, father,” cried the boys.

“ Oui, Monsieur,” lisped the girls.

“ Yow ! yow ! ” yelped the pups.

“ But why choose Cherbourg, at last—almost the extreme point of the Norman peninsula ? ”

“ Why, you must know,” said our countryman, softening into a smile of complacency, and sinking his voice to a whisper—“ you must know that we are going there to eat *rouget* ! ”

Having obtained this satisfactory information, we remounted our voiture, admiring not a little the enthusiasm which could induce a man to transport such a family across France for the purpose of eating *rouget* at Cherbourg. This is a little red fish, which is roasted before the fire, and allowed to drip upon a slice of toast, intended to be served with it, as is the case with some kinds of wild fowl.

Arrived at Saint-Lo, we fell in with another countryman, on his way to some mineral spring—we forget where. He did not know what his complaint was, and did not care, being satisfied that he must die. He ate well, and slept well, and complained of no pain ; but sometimes a sudden feeling of faintness came over him, and he felt that he was about

to die. We well knew his malady!—and, although perhaps not dangerous, it is one of the most distressing in the whole circle of human misery. We do not know its name any more than he; but it belongs to that numerous family, the individuals of which have never been accurately described, called nervous disease.

This disorder is usually accompanied by dyspepsia and hypochondria, and manifests itself more frequently in literary men than in others. It is in part, but not wholly, induced by intense or long-continued study; the brain in this case acting upon the stomach, and the stomach re-acting upon the brain. We say, not wholly, because the diet is the principal cause. Eating and drinking are matters of habit; and we sit down to table, at the same hour every day, and consume the same quantity of food, not because our system demands, or can bear it uninjured, but because we did so yesterday. In the intervals of intermission from labour which a literary man enjoys, he walks, or rides, or visits, or travels; he eats much, drinks more, and sleeps in spite of critics. When he enters again into his study, and compels his mind to the exercise of its functions, an entire change takes place in the animal machine—but not so in the diet. He eats from habit the same quantity of food, and drinks rather more than less; for the compulsory exercise of the mind is more debilitating than that of the body, and he feels as if he *required* something to strengthen and excite. Let not the temperate say, “But I am a

sober man ; surely such and such a quantity cannot injure me !” Under such circumstances, a single glass of wine, as Pope said, may be a debauch to him.

After a time, longer or shorter, according to the constitution and the diet, the measure of his iniquities is full. He feels a strange sensation on sitting down to table, or on going into company ; he detects a fulness of blood in the head ; he imagines that he is threatened with apoplexy, and calls in the doctor. One pronounces the disease to be seated in the heart ; another chooses the head ; another calls it dyspepsia ; and another hypochondria. He grows pale and thin ; and this is looked upon as a favourable symptom—they wish to see him paler and thinner. If they give him medicine, however, without blending the strengthening with the laxative, he gets rapidly worse ; and if they bleed him he is lost.

Perhaps an exciting cause occurs to overturn wholly the tottering equilibrium of his nerves : perhaps a fit of passion—perhaps the failure of his bookseller—perhaps a drubbing from some Mohawk of a critic. He thinks his last hour is come, and takes to bed, in an agony the more distressing that he can neither conceive nor describe it. All is dim, shadowy, and mystic around him. The room rolls like a ship, and the rush of waters is in his ear. He thinks he trembles, but it is the sensation without the motion. The idea takes fast hold of his mind that he is dying—an idea destined to haunt him for months, perhaps for years.

After this he takes care never to go abroad without a card containing his name and address in his pocket, in order that his body may find its way home whatever becomes of his spirit. He is sometimes in the act of calling a coach, imagining that he is unable to walk any further; but he stops short, thinking that all will be over before the coach can arrive.

The cure for this strange disease is moderate exercise, moderate but frequent and nourishing meals, a little wine occasionally, medicine of the two kinds we have mentioned, amusement, cheerful company, and change of scene. But no man can be his own doctor without aggravating the disease; for the very act of reflecting on the subject makes him worse. To expect a speedy, or any thing but a slow and almost imperceptible recovery, is folly; for a disease that has taken years to establish itself cannot reasonably be expected to quit at a short notice.

The unfortunate traveller was much comforted, and his malady, we have no doubt, greatly relieved, by the statement of a case quite as bad as his own coming from the lips of a man in perfect health. We advised him to go to no trumpery springs, and to drink no nasty water whatever; but to hie him back again to London, and call at once on our worthy adviser, Mr. Maclure, of Harley street—

“Friend of our life, which did not *he* prolong,  
The world had wanted many an idle song!”

Saint-Lo played a conspicuous part in the reli-

gious wars which desolated the country. While the Bretons stuck fast to the ancient faith, their neighbours, the Normans, "owing to their natural inconstancy," as a Catholic historian says, opened their hearts at once to the doctrines of Calvin. Under the reigns of Francis I. and Henri II., the principal arguments adduced by the other party were fire and sword; but persecution had in this, as in all other cases, the effect of increasing the adherents of the persecuted cause, and the Protestants, at last, became so numerous that it was impossible to burn and torture them any longer.

At Saint-Lo a converted monk was one of the most zealous apostles, and, protected by the governor, he made the new doctrines so popular, that in a few years the Protestants formed the majority of the town. Catholicism, however, was the religion recognized by law; the Catholics still occupied the churches; and their rivals were sometimes obliged to hold their meetings by stealth. In a place called *Clos-varroc*, in the seigneurie of the governor, a cavern served them for a temple, which received the name of the *Serpent's Hole*; and the corner of the wood of *Soule*, where the preacher held forth from a tree, stigmatised by the name of the *Devil's Pulpit*. Among the traces of that stirring time which remain to-day, are an inclosure near *Valognes*, called the *Cemetery of the Huguenots*, and a pulpit in the open air, constructed of stone, called the *Pulpit of Merville*.

At Rouen, Caen, and Alençon, and all the towns



of the dioceses of Coutances and Avranches, with the exception of Cherbourg, Granville, and Mont-Saint-Michel, the meetings had taken place with more or less publicity ; the whole south of France answered to the call of the Reformers with enthusiasm ; and it became certain that individual condemnation would answer no purpose, but that recourse must be had to an appeal to arms. At the head of the Protestants at this time were the Count de Montgomeri, the same who slew his sovereign in a tournoi, and the Lord de Bricqueville-Colombières ; while the Catholics were led by Jaques de Matignon, governor of Cherbourg, and one of the best and greatest men of his age.

On the succession of the minor, Charles IX., the Protestants took up arms almost en masse. They carried Rouen by assault, then Caen, and before many months of the year 1562 had elapsed, almost all Normandy was in their hands. Matignon, finding himself unable to oppose the torrent, could only throw troops into Granville and Saint-Michel, and shut himself up in Cherbourg, where the château, flanked by thick walls and towers, and almost surrounded at full tide by the sea, was one of the strongest places in the kingdom.

The triumphant Protestants behaved like all men who commit the solecism of going to war for Christ's sake. They destroyed the temples of the ancient worship, threw the eucharist to the dogs, pillaged and burnt the Catholic houses, tortured the monks, and murdered and violated the nuns. The crosses

and images were thrown down, the plate of the monasteries melted into money, and the bells and brass-work cast into cannon.

The army, however, greedy at once of blood and gain, spread itself so widely over the country as to diminish greatly its strength ; while its ranks were daily diminished by the desertion of free-booters, who retired to their houses laden with spoil. Valognes was re-taken by Matignon, and the Protestants butchered by wholesale. Carentan followed ; then Coutances and Avranches ; and then Saint-Lo, the capital and bulwark of the Protestants of the Cotentin. The Bretons, who assisted in this capture, seemed to become intoxicated with blood ; they slew, right and left, friends and foes indiscriminately ; and, at length, were dismissed from the army, and sent home followed by the execrations of all parties. The Protestant troops were now compelled to evacuate the whole of Lower Normandy ; and the Catholics returned to their masses, and the priests and nuns to their desecrated convents.

The war re-commenced. The Protestants received reinforcements from England and Germany ; and Admiral Coligny, in order to raise money to pay his troops, threw himself into Normandy, and held the towns which capitulated to ransom, and pillaged those that were taken by assault. The church-plate of Caen alone, which fell into his hands, was worth eighty thousand francs. All the priests and monks who could be laid hold of were hung, shot, or mutilated. So much terror did Coligny inspire that, on

the news of his having set out from Saint-Lo, the two governors of the place took to flight without waiting even to see his advanced guard. The towns of the Avranchin and the Cotentin fell anew into the hands of Montgomeri; and, at length, a treaty of peace was made in 1563, by which liberty of worship was guaranteed to the Calvinists.

The war re-commenced; and, in 1568, a new treaty was made, as ineffectual as the former. The battle of Jarnar followed, in which the Prince de Condé was slain, and the Protestants lost ten thousand men. Then a new treaty—and then the great day of Saint-Bartholomew. Normandy was saved from the massacre by the Catholic Matignon. He flew to Alençon, where he understood the dreadful scenes of Paris were to be imitated; and, assembling the Protestants in the public square, made them pledge their honour that they would not revolt. He then declared that they were under his protection, and forbade, upon pain of death, any injury to be done to them. Having posted guards at several places, to see that his commands were attended to, he hastened to Saint-Lo, Valognes, and other places where the massacres were expected, and every where met with the same success.

The Protestants flew to arms with renewed fury, and Montgomeri assembled an army in the Isle of Wight, ready to plunge upon Normandy. All was in alarm, for the Catholics had neither troops nor money to resist; and all that Matignon could do was to fortify still more strongly Granville and

Cherbourg, where he expected the thunderbolt to fall. Montgomeri at last landed at the Hogue, with an army of six thousand men, speedily trebled by the adhesion of the inhabitants; while the other division of his troops poured upon Lingreville (some say Linverville), under the command of Bricqueville-Colombières.

Carentan, Valognes, and Saint-Lo speedily fell into their hands. The last Montgomeri made his head-quarters; and compelled four hundred peasants, by means of the whip, to dig a ditch round the first, by which the sea could be introduced, to flood the neighbouring marshes.

Colombières, in the meantime, proceeded with his division of the army to Coutances, where, after committing a thousand horrors, they seized the bishop and his clergy, and carried them to Saint-Lo. Then they marched him through the streets, covered with an old petticoat instead of a cope, a paper mitre on his head, and mounted on an ass, with his head turned towards the tail, which he held in his hands instead of a bridle. The clergy followed in similar dresses, and the Huguenot populace shouting insults, and covering them with filth. The prelate at length escaped through the pity of some of his enemies; and, habited like a miller's man, with his hair and clothes covered with flour, and a thick whip twisted round his body, he issued from Saint-Lo, driving before him a horse loaded with sacks of corn.

Saint-Lo was at length strongly invested with the troops of Matignon; and Montgomeri, fearing that

it would not hold out, fled to Domfront, where he hoped, while the siege of the former place was going on, to have time to organize an army to deliver it. He was instantaneously followed, however, by Matignon, who had express orders from Catherine de Medicis to seize, at any sacrifice, the object of her hatred; and the two enemies reached Domfront almost at the same moment.

The walls were speedily levelled by the artillery of the besiegers, and the count retired to the château. A breach in this also was made almost immediately, through which a part of his forces escaped, and deserted to the enemy. He was left, therefore, with forty-three gentlemen and thirty soldiers, who debated every inch of ground; and at last shut themselves up in a single tower, which was all that remained in their hands.

In this predicament Montgomeri listened to the persuasions of Matignon, who begged him to surrender at discretion rather than sacrifice his own life and those of his comrades. The conqueror generously promised that he would write strongly to the queen in his favour, and impressed upon him the prudence of affording himself at least a chance of life. Montgomeri gave himself up; and Matignon carried him back with him to the siege of Saint-Lo, hoping to be able to persuade Colombières, through his means, into a capitulation. An interview accordingly took place; Montgomeri, the general, and some Catholic lords appeared at the foot of the ramparts, and Colombières on the parapet, holding his two young sons by the hand.

The prisoner spoke first. He remonstrated with his comrade on the folly of prolonging a hopeless resistance ; assured him that the cause of the reformed religion was already lost in Normandy ; and implored him to save the lives of their brave soldiers, by demanding an honourable capitulation. "In fine," continued he, "if any consideration for your friend can touch you, surrender instantly. By this step you will soften the queen, and in all probability preserve my life."

"I am amazed at your weakness," was the reply. "I should never have consented to see you but in the hope that you meant to exhort my soldiers to do their duty. It is you who ought to have followed their example, instead of giving them one so bad. You are unworthy of the honour you have enjoyed of commanding so many gallant men, since, not content with your own baseness, you wish me also to become a coward. Surely you must have lost all reason and judgment, to prefer so shameful and tragic an end to a glorious death for the salvation of your soul, and in the defence of the gospel. For me, I am resolved not only to die myself for my religion and my country, but to sacrifice in that dear and holy cause my two children, whom you see by my side. I should never have conceived that the valour of which you have given so many proofs could have thus abandoned so miserably the heart of a man of honour ; and I only wish, as your punishment, that the queen may defer your execution long enough to allow you to witness my resistance, and the honourable

death which awaits me. Away! Hide yourself from the eyes of so many brave men, who can only see in their former chief a dishonoured man!"

Without waiting a reply the hero instantly retired, after a speech worthy of an ancient Roman; and Montgomeri, struck as if by a thunderbolt, remained in a state of stupor for several days. The prisoner was then transferred to Paris by order of the queen; and, notwithstanding the exertions of Matignon, his head was cut off on the Place de Grève. He met the blow without flinching, and perhaps received it as a boon, having first heard of the death of his gallant friend and brother in arms. Matignon, giving up hopes of a capitulation, pursued the siege with redoubled vigour; but he was repulsed in three successive assaults. At last Colombières, standing on a tower, from which he drank, in mockery of the besiegers, was struck by an arrow from a cross-bow, which entered his brain, and splashed the blood upon his boys who stood near him.

With the chief all was lost. The royalists carried the place at the next assault, and massacred three hundred men. Matignon succeeded, though with difficulty, in saving the lives of the two sons of Colombières.

So ended this celebrated siege. The following are three stanzas of one of the popular ballads made upon the occasion, which we have copied from the annuaire of the town.

Le premier jour de mai  
Par permission divine,

Saint-Lo fut attaqué  
 A coups de conlevrine ;  
 Somme q'on eût pensé  
 Que tout y fût rasé,  
 En cendres consumé ;  
 Tant fut grand' la ruine !

Matignon y était,  
 Et sa gendarmerie ;  
 Rampan, Cleri, aussi  
 Aigneux Sainte Marie,  
 Qui sans cesse disait :  
 Colombières rends-toi  
 Au grand Charles, ton roi,  
 Ou tu perdras la vie.

Colombières repond,  
 Tout rempli de furie :  
 De me rendre en poltron  
 Q'on ne parle mie.  
 Jamais ne me rendrai,  
 Toujours je combattrai,  
 D'ici je vous chasserai,  
 On j'y perdrai la vie.

The capture of Saint-Lo involved the surrender of Carentan, and of the château of Valognes ; and at length Matignon, when he had swept the whole of Lower Normandy of the Protestants, returned to Cherbourg in triumph. Four years after he was made a marshal of France, and governor of Guienne.

In 1576 Henri III. concluded a peace with the Protestants so favourable to them, and so dangerous, as was imagined, to the *old* religion, that the famous league of the Catholics arose. The history of this association, however, and of the wars it engendered, is too well known even for a slight sketch like the foregoing. It was during their continuance that the



deeds of arms were performed which we have chronicled in our account of Saint-Michel.

The château of Theurteville-au-Bocage, near Cherbourg and Valognes, withstood triumphantly a siege of eight months, carried on by a partizan of the holy league called Dutourp. This chief, although beaten and baffled, was audacious enough to carry his arms against Cherbourg, conceiving that he might easily enter the town on the occasion of a procession of the inhabitants, which always took place on the day of the festival of the Rameaux.

He concealed his men in the ravines and thickets of the forest of Brix, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing that the procession was actually to take place, even in those dangerous times. Unfortunately, however, for the adventurers, an old woman happened to be there at the moment, employed in gathering sticks; and these mysterious murmurs syllabled to her ear some sounds that were worth repeating. Her tale was listened to, and measures both of defence and offence taken; the result was, that Dutourp and his band were surprised themselves, and cut in pieces.

After Saint-Lo we rejoin the route by which we entered the peninsula of Normandy. Here, then, we must part for the present; and here we bid adieu to more than the reader.

The plan of our present tour—ill-conceived, no doubt, and worse filled up—is accomplished. We have crossed France, Switzerland, the Alps, Sardinia, the Milanese, the Lombard-Venetian Kingdom, and

the Tyrol. We have descended the Rhine, along the frontiers of Bavaria, and the old Palatinate—and through Prussia and Holland, to the sea. We have traversed Belgium, and skimmed along the coasts of Picardy, Normandy, and part of Brittany. Our plan, we say, is filled up; our task accomplished. Ours! O vanity of authorship! We have all the time been trying to amuse the reader while he was gazing at Mr. Stanfield's pictures! Here Stanfield and we part. *Part!*—what a word! We continue to meet in society; we embark together in new undertakings; and talk of old adventures: yet still, at this moment, we part! Stanfield has fulfilled his engagement so far as this work is concerned: it is our lot, and our happiness, to go on.

In our next journey we shall enter upon old ground, which we know we shall make new by the assistance of a mighty master in the powerful and the original. Our comrade and travelling companion—worthy to take the place of Stanfield—will be *CATTERMOLE*, a master whose forte lies in the union of the historical with the landscape styles of painting.

All that remains for us to do at present is, to request the courteous reader to superintend both Mr. Cattermole and ourselves in an attempt, which, at all events, has originality to recommend it.





00081242



