

A

RAMBLE THROUGH NORMANDY;

OR,

Scenes, Characters, and Incidents

IN A SKETCHING EXCURSION THROUGH CALVADOS.

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MDCCLV.

“La Normandie! Terre bénie du Ciel! Les vieux âges y vivent encore dans leur sévère élégance, dans toute la majesté de leurs souvenirs. Terre féconde en vieilles ruines, en frais paysages; également chère à l'historien et au peintre, jamais elle ne sera trop célébrée.....A chaque pas, dans le passé et dans le présent, vous rencontrez un grand monument, ou un grand homme.”—JULES JANIN.

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TO

PETER BARROW, Esq.,

HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S VICE-CONSUL AT CAEN,

The following Pages,

COMPRISING

DETAILS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF A TOUR,

WHOSE MOST PLEASING INCIDENT WAS THE FORMATION OF HIS

ACQUAINTANCE,

ARE GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND AND CORRESPONDENT,

The Author.

PREFACE.

I AM old enough to remember the days when travellers from England arriving at Calais were occasionally obliged to walk over three quarters of a mile of Jetty before they could enter the Town, and felt that although they had reached the French King's territory they were not yet setting foot upon the soil of France.

The mercilessly long wooden Pier was considered a grievous nuisance; and a lengthy Preface to *any* book is so generally regarded in the same disadvantageous light, that I have made a point of emulating the modern Steam-vessel, and of landing my Reader alongside of the Dedication, with only three steps to take before entering at once into the whole subject-matter of the book.

I. I only wish to bespeak a little consideration and indulgence in respect of any disadvantages arising from the Printer, Engraver, and Author living two

hundred and eight miles apart; and from many a touch and memorandum having been only partially understood, where perfect comprehension was, of all things, most desirable.

II. I am also desirous to state that Chapter xii. was in print before the *Quarterly Review* of last September was published. The two very interesting papers on "The London Commissariat," and "On Bells," served, therefore, to confirm, but certainly not to supply, the information embodied in these pages.

III. I recommend a glance at the diminutive list of Errata, which will prevent both Author and Printer from suffering under misconception; and I trust that if any party shall be induced upon perusal of what I have here written to make my *Plan de Route* the scenes of their next Summer excursion,—and I recommend August above all other months,—they will set their seal to this little volume that I have made it a record of only the plain and simple Truth. This may disarm Criticism of her sharpened weapon, and weigh with the faithful, yet not unreasonable, Censors who, in doing their duty by the Reading Public, may care to review the matters treated in my unpretending Narrative. Every man,

however, who writes and prints must be prepared for his literary responsibilities; and being best acquainted with this portion of an author's risk I put the best face upon it that I can!



WITHECOMBE RALEGH,
EXMOUTH.

G. M.

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ERRATA.

- Page 23, line 9, for "Viellards" read "vteillards."
" 36, line 24, for "excercise" read "exercise."
" 115, line 21, for "sheldrake" read "sheldrake."
" 119, in the heading, for "home" read "name."
" 156, line 24, for ? substitute !.
" 207, line 12, for "oxalic" read "malic."
" " Hue 30, omit "the" before "Heidelberg."
" 243, line 29, for "wese" read "were."
" 273, at the cut, to INTERFE add c.
" " in the lithograph print, for "Oct. 4" read "Oct. 14."
" 307, line 12, for "Policinelle" read "Polichinelle."
" 310, line 3, insert a comma after "establishment."
" 310, line 28, insert a comma after "Bucche."
" 324, line 17, for "Anglois" read "Anglais."
" 411, first stanza, for "The song" read "Thy song."
" 414, line 17, for "give us all" read "bid us reign."
" 424, omit the comma at the end of the fourth line.
" 450, in the heading, for "dullness" read "dulness."
" 497, line 28, for "been" read "been."
" 513, line 3, for ; substitute , .
" 531, line 20, for "Windsor" read "Richmond."
" " line 26, for "he" read "the."

A RAMBLE THROUGH NORMANDY.

CHAPTER I.

THE reflections arising from a perusal of our Country's history, in connection with Continental nations, between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries, will never cease to awaken interest in the mind of a duly-enlightened Englishman, at every mention of Normandy. But when, in conjunction with these Historical reminiscences, this favoured Province asserts her precedency among the most delightful of all pleasant lands,—her pre-eminence in such a genial soil and climate as that of France,—it cannot be matter of surprise, now that the two shores are in the closest intercommunication, to find tourist following tourist in these regions, and bringing out of treasured recollections "things new and old" from the Departments of Seine Inferieure, Eure, Calvados, Orne, and Manche.

Normandy at large, and CALVADOS in particular, is, undoubtedly, one of the most beautiful tracts of country on this fair Earth, and repays, with accumulated gratifications, the fatigue of travel and the labour of long and arduous study in whatever department of art or science the inquiring mind may pursue its researches. The Antiquarian and Geologist

may here find occupation for a life of patriarchal longevity; the Naturalist and Architect may well be disposed here to set up their rest; the Artist, contemplating in one moment of time a hundred thousand acres of Eden-like landscape of Norman forests, fields, and valleys, gazes and turns away, feeling delineation to be a thing impossible. The range of such landscape is immense; and the consciousness of its extension over a thriving country, and the homes of an intelligent and enlightened population, enhances the delight of contemplating such living pictures;—for Man is not a growth that dwindles *there*. Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, may assert a glorious pre-eminence in land and water scenery, and high antiquity:—They involve in this respect, certainly, all that is sublime and beautiful: still, they suggested not to me the idea of rapidly-advancing prosperity, knowledge, and civilization. In days long since past, it was my good fortune to make what is termed the “Grand Tour;” and even in comparative youth I appreciated the beauty of Lombardy, Tuscany, the Adriatic and Calabrian shores, and all the charms, withal, of Classical reminiscences, but strong, enduring, and indelible as those impressions have proved, the influence exercised upon mind and heart by familiarity with the *paysage riant* of France is of a more genial, I would almost say of a more blessed, nature; and at the period of my recent visit,—when the valleys were standing thick with corn, and the land seemed to be flowing with milk and honey, and the harvest speeding blithely amid laugh and song, and plenteousness enriching the garner, and peace prevailing through-

out the realm—there was something of holiness in the aspect of creation, thus gladdened and adorned; and, as Sterne beautifully expresses it, “methought I saw Religion mixing in the” scene.

It is no disparagement to these claims on our admiration, on the part of Normandy, that the prominent features of her attractiveness should exhibit all the characteristics of the English picturesque and beautiful. On the contrary, it is singularly interesting to find the scenery of one’s native land reproduced with entirely new actors, and (as a stage-manager would add) with new dresses and decorations; to say nothing of a foreign language in which the drama of real life, serious or comic, from grave to gay, from lively to severe, is to be represented. Moreover, there is some little share of *amour propre* in the enjoyment of these tableaux vivants. The most casual observer soon finds himself animated with the spirit of self-gratulation, and “stands on tiptoe” when the natives ingenuously exclaim, “We are told, our pretty country hereabout is wonderfully like your own.” Every tourist conversant with the greenest spots and loveliest villages of the plain, in our native land, rejoices in the resemblance, “et dulces reminiscitur Argos,” calling up the faithful memory of England’s farms and hamlets, and living anew in the lively semblance and counterfeit presentment of sweet home. All identity, however, ends here. The manners, customs, and costumes of the people speedily remind us, when once among them, that we are on foreign ground; and that proper study of mankind which the contemplation of Man

suggests, becomes as entertaining as the most inquisitive of travellers would desire. The French character is unique; and, as is well known, the insignificant transit of only twenty-one miles' breadth of channel introduces the British subject to a race to which his *own* will, evidently, never be assimilated,—to a tongue in which he will never congenially speak; to habits, usages, laws and institutions, religion, and policy which awaken, but slightly his sympathies, and to whose influence he even hopes to continue for ever strange. I am speaking, of course, of the impressions made upon the generality—on the *average* MIND of foreign tourists; not of the *animus* actuating any sentiments of my own. Seven years have elapsed since I first saw Rouen, the Barentin district (which I visited expressly to inspect its best farms), and Dieppe: and pleasurable, indeed, were the recollections of the Department of Seine Inferiure. Returning however into England, and giving account, orally and typographically, of my pilgrimage, I was only too often challenged with inquiries respecting the Cauchois, the quarries, and the lace-makers, and the *Conqueror!*—cross-examined as to Arlette and Duke Robert; pitied for not having roamed through the Val d'Ante and the Vaux de Vire; and for having neglected the opportunity of tracing Harold's perjury on the Tapestry of Bayeux. It was evident I had gained but little insight into Normandy, and that at some future day the Department of CALVADOS was to become the *locale* for a special excursion. Within that territory lay Honfleur, Bayeux, Vire, Falaise, Lisieux, and Caen;—the birth-place and tomb of

William the Conqueror; the cradles, nomenclature, and blazonry of our ancient Noblesse; the master-pieces of Gothic architecture and early English Church building; the soil to which some of the most beautiful of our own Cathedrals, the "White Tower," old London-bridge, and many a venerable monument of the middle ages, still extant among us, were indebted for their decorative and long-enduring stone; the climate, which ripens the finest grain and fruit of France; and the language which, to this day, maintains its phraseology in our courts and forms of law, conveys the intimation of the Royal Assent, and infuses into our vernacular diction an accent and euphony which previous to *the day of Hastings* and the Conquest were unattainable and unknown.

A temporary sojourn in the South of Devonshire (where the eye is hourly trained and educated for the contemplation of all that is beautiful in the fair face of Nature), suggested the opportunity of improving my very imperfect acquaintance with the Northern shores of France. I may as well plead guilty to a little foible which, it is to be presumed, an early initiation in Continental travelling may have originated;—the wish, I mean, as June and sunshine advance, to be landed at the base of those white cliffs that separate by only a few short leagues the two greatest nations in the Universe. It is "a very mid-summer madness;"—but, if change of air and scene be found desirable; if a few fitful symptoms of dyspepsia, or a transient touch of gout, or an access, it may be, of very natural and pardonable melan-

choly, have disturbed the even tenor of existence, I know of no sweet oblivious antidote more potent in the restoration of body and mind than the innocent stimulus of such an excursion. I had filled a portfolio with sketches from the banks of Exe; had gazed with rapture on the heather and granite of Dartmoor, and explored the very foundations of Powderham Castle (within sight of my own library window), and there was reminded that,

“When the Conqueror to the West did come,
Courtenay and Coplestone were at home;”

and this set me thinking about William of Normandy, and Matilda, and the counterpart of Devonshire, apple crops, lace-making, and much more which would prove the reflex of what were regarded as the features and characteristics of our Western shore;—and, for the matter of mere distance, it was not farther from Exmouth to the choir of St. Etienne in Caen, than from Exmouth to London-bridge, were I to “go a-head” South-Easterly. However, I must needs take the metropolis *en route*; and my project, finding grace with my Privy-council, I laid in a goodly supply of H. B. and B. B. B. lead pencils for the solid sketch-book I had adopted as my travelling companion; and being at length, like Æneas, determined to start, and “*jam certus eundi*,” I threw my Tient-tout portmanteau into the first boat lying off Passage-house, and rowed away for the train to Paddington, on the morning of Tuesday, August the first, A.D. 1854.

It was past nine o'clock and a rainy morning when

I effected a safe landing at Star-cross to await the up-train from Plymouth, after joining in my wherryman's laugh at the half-somersault made by a portentously fat dame who was put on shore about the same time in rather too great a hurry; the result whereof was the temporary loss, not of her luggage, but of her equilibrium; on recovery of which she exclaimed, with one foot in the water, "Lor! now; to think how little I missed being drowned in the sea, and finished up at once! There's nothing like being born a *man* into this world; no, nothing!" Poor soul! the porters did not seem to treat the accident, or her wet shoes, with much consideration: but she was a woman of weight—for had she accompanied her boxes into the scales, there would have been something smart to pay for twenty stone extra. Leaving her in a position of rest much like that of a sack of wheat, I beguiled the interval which was to elapse between my arrival and that of the up-train, by a perusal of the placards of every hue in the rainbow (very appropriate colours, by-the-by,) affixed to the boarding of the platform. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and the very aspect of the word REGATTA made one shiver. Each announcement scemed, in turn, to suggest the notions of wet, worry, and mortification; drenched gowns, saturated bonnets, desponding belles, despairing beaux! When water descends from the clouds like ramrods, a prospectus of CINQUE-PORTS' AQUATIC EXCURSION, FANCY FAIR, FRUIT AND FLOWER-SHOW, GRAND ARCHERY MEETING, TORQUAY RACES, RUSTIC FETE, SPLENDID FIREWORKS (!!) seems fraught with

EXETER CATHEDRAL.

all the elements of disappointment and failure. The Zodiacal signs assume the most sinister juxtapositions; Virgo and Aquarius in conjunction! Fair maidens and foul weather! These are all that the damped expectations of a pic-nicking community, "servile to all the skiey influences" can anticipate. It is but justice, however, to rainy old England to mention that in due order of time all these advertised expeditions and entertainments came off in sunshine and *éclat*.

"There's the Cathedral!"—(Exeter Cathedral.) Its ponderous towers were converted into transepts nearly six centuries since, and show in their massive and unimpaired solidity how well the Norman masons had done their work in less than fifty years after the landing of William at Pevensey. He, too, in company with his father Duke Robert, William Rufus, and Henry the First, still sits in sculptural dignity on the Western front, and leads the imagination back to Falaise and Caen,—my proposed headquarters across the channel. Few, probably, of my general readers, have beheld this remarkable screen in the capital of the West of England, comprising in its thirty-two niches the most heterogeneous assembly of notables in unbreathing stone, on the surface of the Earth. Samson, Jephthah, Gideon, Barak, Deborah, Noah, are there. Several apostles, patriarchs, kings, crusaders, bishops and cardinal virtues invite inspection; but such as have studied the catalogue may smile at the remark with which, after a long and speechless gaze of astonishment, a carpenter from a distant county, who had made an appointment to meet me in Exeter, broke silence,—“How cheap

labour must have been among stonemasons in that day, Sir."

Steam and Express pace soon brought us to Swindon. Here is played, daily, the pleasant interlude, entitled "Mastication *versus* Minute-time." Parties rush at "the Zoological" to see the lions and hyenas fed. Sharp's the clutch, short the bite! But commend me to the refreshment-room of a first-rate station—Swindon, to wit,—(when the cry of "Ten minutes" entices a hundred hungry souls from the carriages to the counters), for an illustration of mandibular powers. Let me lend a helping-hand to any man who may wish to accomplish the act of dining on this occasion, without being scalded or choked for lack of dexterity and discrimination. Whilst others are losing precious moments in vain endeavours to swallow soup at 210° of temperature, I advise a rush to the nearest uncut fowl; it is always alongside of a ham or tongue. Secure the entire leg,—leaving the wing and breast for some gentler and fairer consumer; cut deep and deftly into the ham, and while calling for a glass of ale, deposit a wedge of veal-pie (all ready ranged for whoever might fancy it, in a plate) upon the slice of ham, and cut for your *pièce de resistance* a due ration of the cold round of beef. (The pickled walnuts are good there). When you have disposed of this, you may instantly turn to the soup,—which by this time is not too hot to be swallowed. Return to your plate, and finish the wedge of pie and the ale; but if the bell ring before the pie-ration can be finished, bear it off in your newspaper, and terminate on the platform, or in the carriage; no one will take

umbrage at this *dernier resort*, as there is a general sense of disapprobation and outrage at the scant measure of time allowed for *snatching a few morsels* while the train halts. Dinner, after a certain fashion, will then be a *fait accompli*; and certainly when "a *Bonâ fide* traveller," as the late Beer Act has it, is compelled to eat and drink at threepence a minute, he may as well be *au fait* at the process.

After a few hours' halt, and a dinner in London, I started at half-past eight for Dover, and went on board the packet for Calais, at twenty minutes to twelve. Took up my station, as usual, *forward*, just under the lantern, and speculated on the "delightful passage" we were assured was to convey us in an hour and a half—"possibly eighty-three minutes"—to the opposite shore. A heavy ground-swell was not the surest guarantee for calm and undisturbed enjoyment of wind dead against us, and the tide running counter to our course like a mill-stream: and many a pale cheek and throbbing temple rested ruefully enough that night on the gunwale abaft. Yet if it be a fact, that, in many instances, sea-sickness is induced and aggravated by the continual rise and fall of the horizon, and by the sight of heaving waves, and dipping objects on board—a dark night would seem to be the best season for the voyage, as the shrouding gloom almost entirely conceals such appearances. I make no pretensions to be what is termed a good sailor; but I have very seldom succumbed to that pitch and toss, lurch and roll, which many a good tall fellow have laid low; and I incline to think that the brief, but dreadful derangement of stomach, experienced by

the majority of landmen in this passage, might often be averted, certainly very much mitigated, by a series of strong continuing efforts of the imagination addressing itself to themes and thoughts altogether unconnected with shipboard and salt water; and to objects seen only in the *mind's* eye, while the eye of the body is kept closed. This active mental operation avails as an effective distraction, under influence of which the attention rests not on the rocking deck and on the see-saw of its live or dead cargo; just as persons close their eyes when coming from a height in air—in a swing—to prevent giddiness. Keep the head clear from thickcoming fancies of the dreaded nausea; and a great point is achieved. The widow says to *Petruchio*, "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round;" and I firmly believe that if the fearful passenger would but perch himself, as I did, on a coil of rope, or on a yielding basket or sack, so as not to feel the vibration of the deck, and grasp a tightened or even a slackened rope wherewith he may sway gently with the advancing vessel, and, all this while, amuse himself by looking out for lighthouses, or strange sails, or a star or two, and certain constellations, aye, and adapt a tune to the beat of the pistons in the engines, he may baffle the dread enemy; and after an ordeal hardly so long as the Morning service in his parish church on Sunday, find himself brought, without any material discomposure of his internals, into the haven where he fain would be. *Experto crede*. Into Calais harbour we glided, some gaily, some gloomily enough, at two o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, the second day of August. I could

not but ruminatè, as we approached the hushed and sleeping town, on the number of leagues I had compassed since nine o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, —three hundred miles, and a halt of four hours, in a day and a half. It was like a picce on the chess-board—making three moves at once! an annihilation of space, with which we are now become so familiar as hardly to give it a thought; but I remember a sailing-packet being knocked about for nine days in the Straits of Calais, "in the good old times!"

As I stepped on to the quay, like Yorick, without a passport, I began to take thought for some form of credentials for the prosecution of my march into the interior. The Consul himself happened, very fortunately for me, to be still at the Custom-House—a very unusual occurrence at that advanced hour of night; but our boat carried the mail-bag; and there were letters of some moment, which, I believe, induced him to be a watcher. A few words of courteous greeting, and the regulation-fee of a crown-piece, effected all I had to transact in the way of business with this active and highly-intelligent functionary; and when the chief *Douanier* had taken away from my opened portmanteau a stray copy of *Punch* (Credite poster!), I walked off to Dessin's renowned hotel, where I had for the first time seen a postilion bootè à la poste royale, and been lionized into Sterne's room eight-and-thirty years before. I have always thought Dessin's a dull caravanserai; but Calais itself, like Pisa, pesa à chi posa (lies heavy on him who lies in it), as I can truly testify, after having waited there nine days "for a wind," in 1816;

and bright, sunny, well paved, well lighted, and lively Boulogne succeeds to it with all the hilarity of a brisk farce after a tragedy. The clocks had struck four before I turned *into* bed, and announced seven when I turned *out*; but the bright and glorious sun seemed to rebuke the sluggish notion of holding longer possession of the spiral-sprung mattress, and the bedstead with gilt Grecian vases at its head and foot, of Parisian design and manufacture; and before my host had taken his final snooze, I was perambulating the melancholy yet memorable old town, held, as we all know, by our countrymen for upwards of two hundred years, and justly proud of its ancient historic recollections; mindful of which I sauntered down to the Hôtel de Guise,—the occasional domicile of Henry the Eighth, whose daughter Mary used to say the name of Calais would be found, at her death, graven on her broken heart. And here and there, at the corners of picturesque narrow streets, I recognised the subjects of some of Prout's best pictures. However, I had been booked for a place in the coupé of the light coach to Boulogne, and the time for starting was arrived. Within a few minutes I was travelling over a beautiful Macadamised road, and enjoying an opportunity of observing not only every indication of an abundant harvest, but manifest proofs, also, of most beneficial improvement in the French husbandry. As was to be expected, the close proximity of an encamped army of 25,000 men had induced the farmers to sow large breadths of beans, oats, and clover. The reapers, too, were cutting the wheat much closer down to the ground than heretofore

(using cradle sithes), for the purpose of supplying abundance of long straw to the cavalry regiments and artillery horses distributed in all the surrounding villages; infantry only being on the field, in consequence of the unfitness of the heights of Honvault, Wimereux, and Ambleteuse for an encampment of horses,—animals requiring abundant supply of water, and occasional green food, and ample ventilation and height and breadth in their night quarters.

The farm-buildings and labourers' cottages are strikingly altered for the better; and the hoe had done its work well, some months previously, in extirpating the weeds among the white crops. There were several ploughs at work already on the stubbles. The farmers must derive material benefit from the vast accumulation of manure in the districts of Artois and Picardy occupied by the cavalry; and, probably, give fresh straw in exchange for it. I noticed many a valuable heap on the close vicinity of newly upturned land. The number of *equipages militaires*, as they are termed, artillery-wagons, tumbrils, breaks, and commissariat carriages (the counterpart of Broadwood's pianoforte conveyances) which we met in the road, imparted a vivid idea of all the responsibilities, needs and requirements, expenditure and circumstances of military occupation; and every third individual going or coming along the highway was a soldier. At about a mile's distance from Boulogne we were overtaken by a General of division with his aides-de-camp, riding out in expectation of falling in with the 22nd regiment of the line, hourly expected from Paris, where they had for

a considerable period been doing garrison duty in the Faubourg Poissonière, and which they had just left for the camp at Wimercux. My first sight of this camp,—the object, as it well might be, of such stirring interest—was obtained from the summit of the abrupt hill leading down into Wasmille; and a remarkably pretty picture then lay before me:—the highway, the village, and its church, especially, composing all that could be desired in foreground and middle distance; and the white tents alongside of the thatched “wattle and dab” cottages (called by the soldiers “bar-aques”), constituting, in the back-ground, an incident of no ordinary character. Blending with the reflections awakened at this moment, uprose the reminiscences of the three eventful periods of 1689, 1801, and 1840;—the disembarkation of James the Second, close to the spot where the present camp of Ambleteuse is situate,—the encampment of the grand army of 200,000 men for the invasion of England, in the day of pride of Napoleon the First,—and the futile and nearly fatal landing, at this very point, of his nephew, the present Emperor, when, fourteen years since, less cautious than enterprising, more sanguine than wise, he rushed upon captivity where he had expected to mount a throne. These topics are “somewhat musty” now-a-days—but the recurrence of them, at such a time and place, cannot but lend a charm to travel; and, as one who has many a time keenly enjoyed it, I would advise the tourist, at home or abroad, to lay in an ample store of such recollections; they will serve him in good stead when common-place enjoyment fails;—and that, be it said, is no trifling consideration.

At length, preceded by their spirit-stirring drums and ear-piercing fifes, onward came the 22nd regiment. They were leaving Boulogne for Wimereux,—the site of the second of the three camps. Foremost in the van marched a grotesquely-attired limonadier; one of those oddities, well known, no doubt, to all my readers who have crossed the Straits of Dover, as the venders of eau-sucrée, punch, lemonade, and sweet refrigerants, flowing from four or five taps inserted in a velvet-covered cylinder, strapped to the shoulders, and shaped like a long compressed metal milk-pail. Attached to a broad belt, in front of a gay waistcoat, are half a dozen metal cups,—recourse to which is suggested by the incessant ringing of a little shrill bell, such as our muffin-boys use, and by the cry, “Qui veut bien boire et se rafraichir?” There were three or four of these performers in the general throng; but this fellow, en chef, with a plume of white feathers in his hat, and a long staff in hand, might easily be mistaken, as he was, for the drum-major. Between the first and second company marched a handsome *Vivandière*—one of the finest young women in the French army! She was about four-and-twenty years of age, attired, à la Bloomer, in an uniform strictly in accordance with that of the regiment; and wore her glossy black hair in broad bands, secured beneath a glazed hat, closely resembling the light-company’s cap. As she strode gaily onward to the quick step, unwearied by six leagues’ march, she looked like another Joan of Arc, minus the armour and sword. The coloured engraving, however, of Jenny Lind in the character of the

Figlia del Reggimento, must be too well known to require any illustration of this fair *militaire* from my pencil. She was the wife of one of the grenadiers, and, in respect of her inches, as well as of her remarkably handsome figure, (she stood five feet eight) became passing well her position in their ranks. These extraordinary creatures, "impudent and man-nish grown," doff their military garb in camp, and resume the ordinary female attire (much to their personal disadvantage, be it said,) to wash and cook, and carry on a brisk retail trade in hot coffee, Cognac, peppermint, and tobacco. Nothing could be more orderly than their deportment in these capacities; as I subsequently found opportunity of noticing:—but a more remarkable compound of the sutler and Bacchante, woman and warrior, cook and corporal, is not to be found upon Earth. There were three other women (some twenty years older than the *beau ideal* just described), marching with the sixth company; and I afterwards saw one, looking wan and ill, in one of the baggage-wagons preceding the rear-guard. In the centre of the regiment was a man, leading three heifers; but whether he occupied that position under orders from the Commissariat, or as a neat-herd overtaken by the troops, and driving his lean beef to the tune of martial music, by way of a pleasing novelty in rural occupations, I know not.

On our arrival under the grey stone walls of the ancient citadel of Boulogne, we found large parties of stragglers who had fallen in with brother soldiers belonging to other regiments, and were making the most of a few booths erected at the outskirts of the town

for the entertainment of *les braves* and other stray visitants. Among the improvised cook-shops and wine-sheds (dignified, after the manner of the French, by the name of coffee-houses and restaurants) was one exhibiting on a stretched screen of five or six yards of white calico, the title, in black Roman capital letters, above a foot in length, "*Au Bouillon de l'Amitié !* [At the sign of the Gravy-soup of Friendship]. *Jean Moreau. Restaurant.*" This appeared to me a practical exemplification of the trite verse,

"True gen'rous friendship no *cold* mediūm knows !"

Here one of my fellow-travellers, a Parisian, left me. He was of the numerous class of *mécontents*, and desirous of convincing me that there was hardly a true Frenchman left in the land. "They are French, Sir, by birth and by name; but no longer such in heart and soul. Their divisious and discords, their revolutions and counter-movements, frequent changes of dynasty, shifting allegiance, displacements, confiscations, ruined fortunes and defeated hopes, have caused every man to sit light to any virtuous principles of nationality and patriotism. They are strangers to unity; and as to unanimity (any connecting sympathy on any one point affecting the public weal), it is absolutely a thing unknown. *Au contraire, Monsieur*, in England, every day and hour indicates how effectually the love of country, and inborn loyalty combining cheerfully with the love of order and a deep-rooted regard for the constitutional welfare and prosperity of the empire, avail to counteract the jarring influence of political differences, and to annih-

late the evil of private feuds." I took occasion to observe, that the present attitude of his country and a very general return to better feeling in France, encouraged a far more cheering belief than his; that trade and agriculture, art and education, religion and morality, self-respect gradually beginning to supersede self-flattery, and forming that solidity of character so essential to good citizenship and permanent prosperity, were manifestly in a state of progression; and that, doubtless, there was many a good man and true in the kingdom who knew how to appreciate the advantages of wise government, (or, if he so termed it, enlightened despotism,) and the positive blessings of a long-enduring peace. "*En effet, donc, Monsieur, vous êtes même plus François que moi.*"

The Electro-Telegraphic communication is maintained between Calais and Boulogne by five lines of wire, led from uprights a hundred feet apart and consisting of larch and poplar poles merely stripped of their bark, without planing or shaping of any kind; and a single wire branches off for the service of the three camps. Perhaps, some of my staunch Protestant brethren would feel themselves electrified by certain other five lines, within the Church of St. Nicholas, communicating a charitable message, to all whom it may concern, that there is a mass every Saturday morning, at eight o'clock, *for the conversion of England!!!*

These Boulonnais are humorous fellows. I printed, some seven years since, the queer names of certain of their by-streets; but I only the other day discovered "*Rue écoute s'il pleut!*" [Listen! does it rain? street.]

Among other pleasantries, the shopkeepers had the presence of mind to affirm that the franc-piece was now worth tenpence; and thought it unfair that we should receive from the money-changers 24 francs 90 centimes for a sovereign. Of course, I would not quote this hybrid coast-town (half French, half English) as a standard of the foreign market; but, in comparison with Devonshire prices, I conceive our countrymen (from the far West, at any rate,) must here find almost all the "eatables" and the general routine of housekeeping much dearer than in England. Newcastle coals were on sale at 1*l.* 11*s.*, and Welch at 1*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* per ton; beef at 8*d.*; mutton at 8½*d.* and 9*d.* (legs and loins at 10*d.*), shoulders at 7½*d.*; veal at 6½*d.*; pork at 7*d.* and 8*d.* the pound. A turbot for twelve persons, 14*s.* 6*d.*; middling-sized soles, 1*s.* the pair. Very small chickens at 3*s.* 4*d.* the couple. Ducks (such starvelings!), the same. A small goose (looking as if killed by a decline), ditto. The only apricots in the market worth purchasing came from the immediate neighbourhood of Paris (Enghien, Montmorency, and St. Denis), and were not to be had for less than fourpence each. *Brugnons* (nectarines), the same. Orleans plums, fivepence the dozen. I quote these figures, with reference to the common, but most erroneous, supposition, that fruit is so cheap in France! The groceries are one and all inferior. Loaf-sugar (the moist is never seen), of very coarse quality, and most uninviting in colour, 8*d.* the pound; all soap (except the cosmétiques) abominably fetid; and candles equally so; except the composite, and so-called Parisian sperm. I was buying some Gruyère cheese

at the best grocer's in Boulogne, at 9½*d.* the pound (this, I admit, is *à bon marché*, indeed,) when a corporal came in with orders, from one of the generals in camp, for better wax candles than had been supplied a few days before; as those gave so little light, and wasted away so fast, that it was difficult to see what was on the table; and as for reading or writing, they were altogether useless:—and these had been charged, as to the townspeople in general, at 1*s.* 7½*d.* the pound.

Bread is certainly sold at a lower price than in England; but not being by half so nutritious, it is virtually dearer; and hardens, like a brick, in twelve hours. Butter, likewise, is considerably lower in price; but being very little firmer in substance than marmalade, it goes not half so far as our compact and closely-kneaded “lump.” In all vegetables, I scruple not to affirm (as I always have), as a connoisseur in kitchen-gardens, we outdo them beyond all competition. They cultivate a little, “knubbly” carrot, about the size of a small double walnut, which is deliciously sweet; but a British carrot of free growth goes as far as a whole bunch of these: and as for the handsome rock-headed cauliflower or broccoli, or a genuine Dutch white-stone turnip, they are things unknown. A mealy potato is not to be met with in France; and, unhappily, the disease in that root is beginning to show its ravages in all directions. I should not have digressed thus, *par parenthèse*, but from a wish to disabuse the mind of many a reader of an impression that France, even Artois and Picardy, is a cheap country to live in. It would be easy to justify my observations, through a

long category of housekeeping expenses;—rent not excepted: but to enter further into the subject is beside my purpose; and, as it is, I have merely committed to letter-press the few memoranda with which, like a travelling note of interrogation, I beguiled the interval of waiting for a carriage, or expecting a coming train.

The French shopkeepers, on the coast, have very generally abandoned the use of signs and emblems on their house-fronts. The legs, crossing each other, red and white, four yards long, between the first and second-floor windows of the hosiers' houses; the yellow or red-gloved hand (the size of a turtle), suspended at the glover's; the glazed hat, as large as a wash-tub, projecting at the hatter's; the giant Mandarins, and tea and coffee-pots *to match*, over the grocer's door,—and a vast variety of other such insignia,—have disappeared from the exterior; and, I cannot help remarking, a large amount of *gaieté de cœur*, pleasantry and *bonhomie* from within. Troublous times within the last thirty years may have brought all this about. The effigy did but little for the business, I dare say; but the absence of the ridiculous varieties of illustration here alluded to, makes the streets less amusing, less foreign and characteristic than they used to be. In Boulogne, Havre, and Dieppe, there is a studied affectation of English style and features; and France in these places conceals her form under a British *demino*. But Monsieur Delpeuch, (at his cane and parasol-repository, at the corner of the market-place, Grande Rue, Boulogne,) still retains his picture of the Emperor of Morocco, shaded by a

circular screen,—supported by a Moor, and large enough to cover a Martello tower: and the colossal forms, carved in wood, of two red and blue gilt-bordered umbrellas at his door, each six feet high, and suggestive of waterproof silk and shelter, are doing duty as steadily as ever. Before the summer excursionist leaves Boulogne, let him at any rate look down at the foot-pavement of the Rue de l'Écu, Rue Neuve Chaussée, and part of the Rue des Vieillards: It is laid in broad, rhomboid or lozenge-shaped stones, alternately bluish-black and white, like the stone floor of a new cathedral, or of the hall of entry to some splendid town palace, or country house. At the extremity of the street it is finished off in six long rays, with excellent masonry, which, if exhibited in Pall-mall or Waterloo-place, would be regarded with no little favour and admiration.

There was a tolerably good business doing, as the phrase is, in connection with the camp: though the soldiery are provisioned, for the most part, by Parisian contractors from localities far distant. The wheat is imported at Havre from America, and ground into flour outside the walls of Paris; and I was given to understand that the necessaries of life had in no instance risen in price at Boulogne, in consequence of the encampment of the 25,000 consumers of comestibles; so that the prices I have mentioned as current in the town, arise not from the incursion of the troops into the territory. This was a drawback and evil most carefully provided against by the government; and their judicious arrangements have proved eminently successful. The hardware-men and

outfitters try to turn their increased stock-in-trade to good account in all directions, by lavish notification of *Articles de menage pour le camp*, out of which a whole ship-load of emigrants to Australia might equip their cabins and canteens in half an hour's time. The redundancy of box-wood salad-forks and spoons was remarkable enough. The Frenchman, like the old Jew, is a leguminous and green-food eater; a great stickler for leeks and onions among his flesh-pots,—and he is right; but one would suppose chicory, in the shape of a substitute for lettuce and coffee, was the staple food of the troops. My readers may not all be aware that this chicory is our endive.

The Museum of Boulogne is the third best provincial collection in France, and well repays a long and careful examination. I visited it on my return, and regretted I had not longer time for inspecting the various cabinets; especially the Library with its 23,000 volumes, attached to it: treasure which few towns of the class in which Boulogne ranks can boast. I saw the splendid Mummy, and its case, brought from Egypt by Denon, and declared by Champollion, a most competent judge, to be one of the finest in Europe. The painting upon it appears as fresh as if laid on last week; though, in all probability, coeval with the wanderings of Israel in the desert.

The Railway Station at Boulogne will be one of the handsomest. It seems to be hardly more than half completed; but the scale of the plan, and the execution of the cut brick and fretwork, in red and yellow brick, somewhat after the style of Byzantine

architecture, is admirable. An arch of immense span was filled up with glass;—as may be seen at our Great Western Station, at Paddington. Here was ample space for every party, and every thing. The contrivances for receiving, weighing, marking, and paying for luggage were simple and excellent. Regularity, precision, and punctuality did the work well in every department. Much civility, much comfort (comfort in *France!*) made every arrangement pleasurable; and all this without more vociferation or commotion than prevails at Paddington; to say nothing of the second-class carriage being nearly equal to our first. Shame to England that it should be thus!

ABBEVILLE—dull-complexioned Abbeville,—which I reached at dusk, has increased its dimensions by nearly two-thirds since I first knew it in 1816. There are some very handsome public edifices, and several new streets, especially to the south and west; and the town in general is much cleaner and more seemly than of old;—but, somehow, Melancholy seems to have marked it for her own; and, except for the Cathedral, peat, hemp, and snipes, this venerable daughter of Picardy would remain as secluded from traders or travellers as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, on the banks of the Somme. The waiter at my supper, in the Hôtel de l'Europe, expatiated with much *empressement* on my good luck in being served with a fine snipe of yesterday's (the first day of the season!) shooting. Fancy my eating snipes on the 2nd of August! It was only equalled by my subsequently dining on turkey on the 1st of September.

I travelled by coach to Dieppe; for there is no rail-road thither from Abbéville. This was my second visit. Be it good, bad, or indifferent as a place of residence, it is a delightfully pretty town, and amply repays a visit; even if it be not in direct course. The neighbourhood, moreover, is abundant in interest; and I value more than ever my sketch of the crumbling church at Arques. In many respects I conceive Dieppe must be preferable to Boulogne. Here and there it reminded me of Frankfort; and its Place Nationale is not unlike the Piazza del Duomo, in Milan, minus the glorious Cathedral!—which, to be sure, is like the tragedy of *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince of Denmark omitted! The new esplanade and pleasure-house (as the Germans would call it) is now complete, and forms a vast improvement upon the shingly beach, where a thousand ladies in their morning or evening costume may sit at their ease, with book, crochét, or fan in hand, in a long gallery of glass, like fair flowers in a conservatory, awaiting notice and admiration. This delectable rendezvous commands, on one side, a full view of the broad expanse of sea; and, on the other, a lawn, parterres of flowers and choice shrubs, a rotunda for a band of music, and the town beyond. It comprises a ball-room and reading-room; and is about as agreeable a resort as the most holiday-making French or English visitant, fond of a fashionable lounge and social reunion could desire. It was literally thronged when I paid down my three-halfpence entrance-money and very leisurely surveyed it in all its details. I did not see any of our fair country-women; but the great at-

traction of the afternoon was a Charity Bazaar for the poor of the town, held at the Town-hall,—a very handsome and bright-looking mansion, with a wide and tasteful garden in front, at no great distance from the esplanade; and to and from which I observed large parties of elegantly-attired ladies—English and French—proceeding in all directions; many of them carrying trinkets and various articles of taste from the stalls. One of the escorting beaux had very discreetly selected a large cigar-case, two decanters, and a drinking-cup of Bohemian glass, which, to the great amusement of his fair acquaintances, he was endeavouring to retain in his right hand and carry home, while taking care of their parasols, a lap-dog, and a huge doll, the newly-acquired property of a little girl at his side. The devotedness of these young Frenchmen in fetching and carrying, on such occasions, is gallantry and good-nature personified, and merits the honourable notice here taken of it; albeit the demoiselles seemed to regard it as a thing of course, and their natural and prerogative right. His crystalline, canine, and waxen lading kept them in a perpetual laugh at so resolute a fulfilment of divided duties. .

Returning into the main streets, I soon afterwards found my way into the principal church (St. James'), specially to see the rose window in the South-transsept; which is equal, in the glowing beauties of its stained glass and in the design of the tracery, to that which we admire, above all other, in Westminster Abbey. The carvings (as though they had been in soft wood), of Caen stone, in this sacred edifice, are wonderful

indeed; and very creditable exertions are evidently being made to complete whatever portions of the interior were left unfinished; and to repair and restore what has been injured by the lapse of time, since the days of the 13th and 15th centuries. I only wished a heavy fine could be levied on the insensate Marguilliers (churchwardens) who had *yellow-washed* the beautiful stone in all directions, touching up here and there with a little *black* (!) by way of relief. There was a time when one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in Dorsetshire (Sherborne Church) was similarly defiled; but I believe *that* abomination has been swept away long since.

I paused awhile at what is called the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. Here were eight statues (originally chiselled, I should imagine, by some uninspired journeyman mason or stonc-cutter), representing Joseph of Arimathea, Mary Magdalene, Mary wife of Cleopas, Mary the mother of James, the Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord, St. John, Nicodemus, and Saint Veronica entombing the body of Christ. The subject cannot but be interesting; but compared with the handling of it in the Church of St. Roch, in Paris, this group of uncouth effigies appeared contemptible enough. All the work of restoration and improvement done in the nave is paid for by private contributions: The care of the Choir devolves on the State.

As I was on the point of leaving the church, my attention was arrested by an *Avis*, which, having an eye to notices on church-doors, I immediately began to read. It was an announcement issuing from the

Charitable Society of St. Francis, for effecting marriages among the poor; and, being translated, would run thus: "This Society devotes its attention to the facilitating of Marriage in all cases that may have occurred of persons in indigent circumstances living together without having been duly united in the solemn rites of Matrimony. It likewise contemplates the legitimization of their children by providing, without cost to the parties concerned, all the documents, and superintending all the processes, essential to the completion of this twofold object. Any poor persons desiring to avail themselves of the advantages hereby offered by the Society of St. François Regis, are requested to apply, on any week-day, between 12 and 2 o'clock, to Mons. L'Abbe P. [The name was erased by an accidental rent of the paper.] Pro-Secretary; or on Sundays, between 12 and 1. The Incumbents and other members of the clerical body, resident in the town, are also ready to receive applications daily."

I conceive it is but rational and charitable to believe that there is more of good than of evil in this measure and institution. They whose aim and earnest desire are to dissuade their fellow-mortals from continuing to live in open sin, and to turn them from the errors of their ways, cannot be handling the word of God, or the authority of office, deceitfully. They seek to reclaim—they strive to purify; and Church and State cannot contemplate a nobler or more pious object; though it is easy to perceive that so benevolent an institution may be abused, and vicious propensities indulged, by parties vile enough

to form an illicit connection, and affix its stigma on their degraded offspring, without recourse to the priest ministering at the altar; well knowing that at any time they may avail themselves of the good offices of the Society of St. Francis, to legitimize their union and issue, without the least trouble or expense. We cannot but think well of a design,

"That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good."

The site of the Castle commands a very pleasing view; and the harbour is as entertaining as that of Dover. A collier from Rye was just passing through the basin as I reached the bridge, and gladdened the banks of Arque with her British flag. The Fish-market exhibited a glut of gurnets and hake; but, like most other fish-markets in France, could give no account of salmon, turbot, soles, or whittings, unless on conditions of *a chance catch*. The fact is, Paris, like London, takes the lion's share of the finny produce of the deep; and the chasse-marées of Dieppe, like our dredgermen at Brixham, Hastings, and Dover, naturally prefer to sell in the dearest market; and send the bulk of their boat-loads, by the railway, to the Capital.

I did not fail to examine, in the main street, the hundreds of very beautiful specimens of ivory-carving. The art of cutting out these classical, historical, and fantastic figures, in general, from the material here mentioned, is still flourishing; and some of the productions, both in elegance of design and in skilfulness of execution, are astonishing. The

masterly hand of Benvenuto Cellini himself could hardly have moulded, in wax or clay, more exquisitely delicate or more accurately-proportioned forms than are discernible in these charming little groups, busts, and single statuettes. They surpass the Swiss and Tyrolese wood-carving, admirably as it is, in detail; and rise eminently above it in conception, style, and "*finish*." This branch of decorative manufacture is supposed to have originated in Dieppe having, three centuries since, imported so many elephants' tusks from Africa and Bengal—when her merchants, the most enterprising navigators of the age, were establishing marts of the most lucrative commerce, and bearing off the richest and rarest natural products from every inhabited shore of the Old and New World.

I purchased, at Lalouette's, at Boulogne, in 1847 one of the little busts on a pedestal, purporting to be that of Henry IV. of France;—but I have some misgivings as to its features, and am half inclined to suspect the artist carved them after an engraving of the immortal Shakspeare. The profile of the King on Pont Neuf in Paris, and that of the Prince of Poets, are not very dissimilar. Whether it represents "ce roi vaillant" or the Bard of Avon, Mery Lalouette placed a *crown* upon it; and at that time, it was annexed to my cabinet of curiosities.

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CHAPTER II.

FROM DIEPPE TO ROUEN, BY RAILWAY.

HAVING explored Rouen very diligently in the summer of 1847, I staid here the night only, and next morning rambled through the principal streets to mark the improvements effected within the last seven years. Much, very much, has been done; but not enough to eradicate the great blemish perceptible in this majestic city,—the Manchester, as it has been called, of France; I mean the wide gaps left, in even the handsomest streets, by the demolition of houses and the *non*-substitution of other in their stead. Many of the ancient edifices crumbled and tumbled down *proprio motu*: Their wooden joints, beams, planks, and panels had creaked, but held together, for centuries (all the houses were built of wood), and at length, began to be dangerous. An order from the municipal authorities, enjoining the demolition of these aged structures, and interdicting the further use of wood as an *exclusive* material in the rebuilding, occasioned the unsightly vacancies above mentioned, and which, it seems, the townspeople of taste deprecate with most indignant reprobation. "Monsieur," said one of them to me, in reply to my remarks upon the venerable beauty of Rouen, "C'est toujours de mal en mal! Il n'y a ni proprie-

taire, ni entrepreneur qui veut bien se mettre sur ces brèches là, et nous n'avons que des vides, où nous avons vu des palais!" (Sir! it's worse and worse than ever! There's not an owner, nor a house-builder among us who is disposed to set to work in those gaps you see there; and we look out of our shops on dreary void spaces where, in times past, we gazed on palaces.)

The cathedral-like Church of St. Ouen, at any rate, is finished, and soars in majesty, grace, and beauty to which Europe, at this moment, cannot exhibit a parallel. But of this I shall take occasion to make more particular mention at the close of my observations on Normandy.

The "Courrier" steam-boat was to leave Rouen for Havre at a quarter to eleven in the forenoon of Friday, the 4th of August; and my voyage in it down the Seine was to terminate at Quilleboeuf, on the left bank of the river, whence I purposed proceeding, with all expedition, to Pont Audemer, on my way into the Department of Calvados. The "Courrier" was a well-appointed vessel, most creditably clean, and worthy of her appointment to ascend and descend the beautiful river. The passengers were numerous, but for the most part of a very ordinary cast. I was the only Englishman on board, and I espied *one* French gentleman; the majority seemed to be holiday-making citizens of Rouen and Havre, gens de commerce, and employés of various grades. Close alongside of me stood for some time, till a shower displaced them, a remarkable couple, whom, in respect of physiognomy, I might have

designated (after the style of our old Nursery-Book) "The Beauty and the Beast." One was a strikingly pretty woman of about thirty years of age, fashionably dressed, all smiles, grace, and good-humour; the other a coarse, gross, unwieldy and dirty-skinned man, bearded like the pard, gloveless, graceless, witless—what the French call "un gros animal, et très bête." He was redolent of that savour of tobacco which is well-known to any one who has cleaned a Meerschaum pipe-tube; and spat with all the gusto of a Philadelphian: but he was a native of Rouen. He must have parted company, for some considerable time, from soap, razor, and tooth-brush—and his shock of hair was safer to behold than to approach. But why do I record him thus?—Only to remark how wonderful it is to see a really lovely woman receive with evident relish and gratification the "assiduities" and palpable flatteries of the most repulsive of our sex; to witness such an amalgamation of feminine grace and delicateness with the uncouth bearing and contour of a *quasi* Satyr. But it was even thus; and I felt the full force of one of my most intellectual friends' observation,—that there lives not on earth the man so ugly, so nauseous, so deformed, so vicious, as not to be capable of inspiring a tender attachment, and winning a willing wife! This Caliban-like worshipper of the fairest daughters of Eve prevailed upon his gentle companion—I believe she was his bride—to go below and breakfast. The French seldom take that meal before ten or eleven o'clock. I was sketching on the hatchway, just within sight of the chief-cabin

table, but the flavours from below seemed to invite me to place on record an entry of the particulars of that prolonged and mighty meal, to every single portion of which the lady addressed herself with an energy and impetuosity of appetite compared with which the fabled feats of Schoolboys and Aldermen would sink into tame insignificance. I witnessed the first onslaught (when the soup was disposed of) upon the fried mackerel: it was a vigorous attack; but the fish-bones, at any rate, were removed. Two relais of beefsteak, ditto of French beans and fried potatoes followed, with an omelette *aux fines herbes*, flanked immediately by a fricandeau of veal and sorrel; and these (or, rather, I should say the dishes that had contained all this) were supplac'd by a roast chicken, garnished with mushrooms, and commended to the gentle senses by a hock of ham, served upon spinach. This engrossed an interval of twenty-five minutes—the chicken, indeed, having become invisible in the first ten; but the salted meat demanded more laborious manducation. Then came an open apricot tart, three custards, and an endive salad, which I felt sure was the precursor, as it proved, of a small roast leg of lamb, with chopped onion and nutmeg-powder sprinkled upon it. All, except the joint, was consumed; and then came the coffee and two glasses of absinthe and eau dorée, a Mignon cheese, pears, plums, grapes, and cakes—two bottles of petit Bourgogne, and one of Chablis, wine having been emptied between eleven and one o'clock.

This was a breakfast; and this the amplest evidence I ever gained of the will and power of that

appetite which Ulysses characterized as "an universal wolf." Such a pair would plunge any boarding-house keeper into insolvency in the course of a little month! I was glad to find them, at two o'clock, enjoying a digestive nap—dreaming, possibly, of a coming dinner!

I wish some of our cooks and handmaidens that fume with indignation in the basement-floors of England's "snug boxes" in town or country, and lay the blame of all their extraordinary breakages and culinary mishaps and failures on there being "such a little bit of a kitchen to do anything in," could take up their station at that wonder-working iron closet near the steam-boat's funnel, five feet by three, containing one stove and two stewpans, two saucepans and one frying-pan, and witness that most mysterious and marvellous of all alchemy—the cooking of a dinner for the collective company of the long cabin. I have watched the "projection," the crisis of that operation which, out of fire and fluids, grease and gravy, educes the most savoury of meats,—soup, fish, flesh, fowl, entremets and hors d'œuvres—in delicious variety,—and with expeditiousness that keeps the table-cloth always covered, and the palate in uninterrupted exercise of its sapid powers;—and I have learned on the Rhine and on the Seine, that the hot-plate and genius of a French or German cook, supplying from a yard square on deck, three courses and a dessert which shall gratify even the most fastidious of a steam-boat's company in the state-cabin—are competent to each even triumphs in gastronomic science, and conquests over difficulties in the art of pleasing, which

Ude would have failed to gain at Croxteth, had he catered for the house of Molineux to this hour; or Soyer attempted in vain, had he continued to rule as *chef*, till the close of his mortal course, over the fires and casseroles of "The Reform."

The cook of the "Courrier" was very communicative. He explained to me that his hot counter, 5ft. 6in. by 4ft. 4in., comprised four ovens, and three holes with removable lids; (the central one twice as large as the other two;) and that, on an emergency, he could use at once twenty-four saucepans. He could place a handsome dinner on table for sixty persons; and, in the height of the summer season, had often supplied five hundred meals (breakfast and dinner) in one day.

More than enough, however, has been introduced into this episode arising from my position as a sketcher, and my disposition as a note-taker, between the state-cabin lights and the caboose, or cook's galley. Yet I shall not attempt to depict even the outline of the banks of the Seine. The most cursory view of a river six hundred miles in length, receiving twenty-six tributary streams, and passing through thirty towns, including Paris, Sévres, St. Cloud, Neuilly, St. Denis and St. Germain, Mantcs and Rouen, would demand several volumes. It is among the most beautiful of rivers; of all other the richest in historical associations, and the most interesting in its relation to every subject to which a classical education, the cultivation of refined taste, and the pursuit of valuable knowledge can apply the powers of intellect. It is the *locale* of some

of the most pleasing fictions of our modern poets, of many of the most stirring events recorded by the chroniclers of France and England; it is not less illustrious than the Tiber itself in its records, nor inferior to it in the charms of rich and ever-varying scenery; and is four times as long. Hardly a league's length of its course, hardly a forest, a mountain height, a vine-clad slope, a sunny valley, a cliff, castle, church or cathedral, abbey or convent, on its banks, is without its legend, or pretensions to eminence in the story-books of bygone ages. From its source in Burgundy to its *embouchure* at Havre and Honfleur, the Seine has been at different periods ennobled by those energies of the human mind which in France have surmounted the most fearful evils of misrule and anarchy. The cities and the cemeteries on its banks exhibit the monuments of patriots, philosophers, and philanthropists,—of saintly men and sacred names that will survive, through many a dynasty, to tell how much of intellectual worth and real glory has characterized that mightiest and most mysterious of all races, the French nation. It is impossible for a scholar and a duly-enlightened traveller to glide down the Seine unconscious of the many brilliant remembrances that seem borne onward on its waters. Blended as its name is with romance and fable, adventure and song, revolutions and restorations, war and conquest, reverses and humiliations—with all the horror of past sufferings, all the blessings of present peace, and the brightness of the hopes of la Belle France, the tide upon which we embark at Rouen, but which has previously flowed past the Tuileries, takes powerful

hold on the imagination; and, amid the hours of curiosity and delight, tends to awaken those feelings of sympathy, Christian regret, and faith, and hope, from which moral and intellectual reflection should never be dissociated—

“———purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought.”

There was plenty of work for the pencil, as well as for the mind, on the short passage from Rouen to Quilleboeuf, where I proposed to disembark. I had been given to understand I should not find much matter for a picture on this voyage. Sir Joshua Reynolds's first sensations at sight of the Cartoons of Raphael were those of disappointment. When he began *to copy*, he discovered their surpassing excellence. He whose pencil endeavours to bear away remembrances of the Seine, will soon understand what the President of the Royal Academy (a native of Devonshire, by-the-by,) felt on this occasion. The eye is diverted every moment by what may be termed a kaleidoscopic gaze. The features change without intermission,—the prettiest of hills, green, flowery, basking in sunshine, with woods on their summits, and village-churches, mills and monasteries at their base, retire in a moment, and give place to luxuriant meadows and Cuyp-like groups of cattle, to return in ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour. In another minute we rush past verdant isles, and see reflected, through a lucid depth, the poplars and willows with which they are profusely covered. Then a little grey venerable church as old as St. Louis,—then a villa of

last year's new buildings, and a château of the days of Le Grand Monarque. The cliffs reappear:—Forests succeed to pastures, and the densely-wooded district seems boundless, when, on a sudden turn, a steep barren hill succeeds to oak and ilex, and we are right opposite to a wee bit of a house built of wood and plaister, with a small green meadow in front, surrounded by quickset hedges, called La Vacherie,—the residence, until 1802, of Madame du Boccage the authoress (a native of Rouen), who translated into French Pope's "Temple of Fame," and wrote a poem entitled "Le Paradis perdu," in imitation of Milton's; though her "Colombiade" (published in 1756), a poem on America, was regarded her *chef d'œuvre*. This was the poetess on whom Voltaire, in the spirit of *persiflage*, conferred the title of the Tenth Muse,—a nickname since bestowed on many a lady addicted to versification, without her attaining to more than a few months' or weeks' celebrity. In the next moment we are to gaze upon Moulineaux—dread site of the moats and mines of the castle of Robert le Diable! And who was he? No one to this day can declare whether it was the son of Richard II., and father of the Conqueror; or Robert Courthouse, son of the latter (a century's interval between them); or whether it was Rollo, named Robert by his godfather: but Courthouse is supposed to be the man. And from this castle went King John, to assassinate Prince Arthur in the town of Rouen.

Next the quarries of Caumont, and next the Abbey of St. George,—where Raoul de Tankerville, chamberlain of the Conqueror, founded his Monastery

of Bocherville, and saw it occupied before the date of the battle of Hastings. Then, behold a chain of perpendicular rocks, distinctly demarcated by strata of flint, into which the poorest of the natives, "a feeble folk," between La Fontaine and Du Clair, have burrowed like rabbits; and there, in the midway air, they live rent and land-tax free!

Now hill upon hill, far stretching into the interior of the country, upon whose coasts are millions of apple-trees:—Five centuries ago, it is certain they were covered with vines. Another island; and another bend, eighteen miles long, of the Scine, and we are in sight, but not very distinctly, of Jumiéges, whose abbey towers rise majestically in the middle of a peninsula formed by the winding river,—a spot upon which this once highly-renowned religious fraternity engrossed a circumference of eleven miles. Some notion may be formed of the extent of influence exerted by these ecclesiastics, in the middle ages, when we learn that before the death of the first Abbot there were domiciled at this place nine hundred monks, and fifteen hundred lay (or lazy) brethren! Its original foundation was as early as A.D. 654. Every stone of it was overturned by the Men of the North, in 851: William Long Sword, son of Rollo, rebuilt it in 930. It rose to magnificence in 1067, when the Archbishop of Rouen consecrated the Abbey Church of Jumiéges, in the presence of William the Conqueror, the year after his invasion of England. Each of the two towers now standing is one hundred and sixty feet high, and like our "Two Sisters" (Reculver) at the mouth of

the Thames, serves as a mark for navigators, to enable them to avoid several rocks below Jumiéges, particularly a reef called "The Millstones."

Normandy, more than any other province of France, was the country preferred by the monks. I commend their good taste. They covered it, in a manner, with abbeys, convents, and monasteries. It has been also called the land of Châteaux and Churches: witness the Abbeys of St. Sauveur, near Valogne; Le Valasse, between Lillebonne and Bolbec; Fécamp, St. Wandrille, St. George de Bocherville, and Jumiéges, just particularized; — but of all these there are but ruins and relics. *On a changé tout cela;* and the world speeds all the better without them, though they were not without a certain usefulness in their day. The revolution of 1793 disposed very summarily of the monks of Jumiéges.

We have nearly run down a fishing-boat!—These ply their trade now-a-days in thorough independence, and are ever on the look-out, according to the seasons, for salmon, sperlings, and hake. Previous to the dissolution of the holy brotherhood of Jumiéges at the close of the eighteenth century, the right of fishing between Duclair and the Monastery was vested in the brethren, as lords of the neighbouring country. They sold the right of fishing for an annual rent; reserving to themselves all the sturgeons, the first salmon, and a certain quantity of chad and other fish; and subjected their tenants to the "most ridiculous of feudal ceremonies. At the beginning of spring, all the fishermen, who were virtually vassals of the monks, were obliged to present themselves at the Monastery, some

with an oar on their shoulders, others with a pole or boat-hook, and a white wand. Thus equipped, they walked thrice round a pigeon-house in the court of the Monastery. At the third time they knocked at the door, and bowed: all which was done in the presence of the "potent, grave, and reverend signiors," seated in serious ceremony to witness this burlesque procession filing off. All absentees were compelled to pay a fine. This would have furnished a good pendant to "Bolton Abbey, in the olden time!"

Ships to the left hand, on the stocks. This is Guerbaville; and here are vessels built, of 300 tons burden, engaged in the trade of Rouen. Ah! and this is, or, rather *was*, La Maillerie,—the Château (whose foundation was coeval with Louis XIII.), once the happy seat of Mademoiselle de la Vallière; and, in more recent times, of Madame de Nagu, whose benevolent daughter and heiress, Madame de Mortemart, widow of the Duke, till lately occupied the premises. This was the place visited in 1824 by the Duchess of Berri; and a marble pillar in the meadow commemorates her breakfasting there. The grounds, or park, are enclosed on the river-side by lime-trees and yews fifty feet high, and trimmed up close to within eight or nine feet of their tops; a vegetating wall, and very unsightly—to the English eye, at least. All by this time must be a mass of brick and rubble; for the workmen were busily engaged in its demolition when I passed by. The river is widening rapidly; St. Wandrille's Abbey of Fontenelle lies to the right,—the most ancient of Normandy, next to that of St. Ouen in Rouen; for it has been traced

to the eleventh year of Clovis the Second,—a very unfortunate reign, but most fruitful in the foundation of religious establishments. “What! none of it visible?” “No; it is a ruin, standing in that wild woody valley far down inland, on the right, and *il est bien tems* that it should be in a state of dilapidation, for it was built twelve hundred years ago.” But if we were on shore, it would be a pleasant interlude to run down into the village of St. Arnould, and see the *pond*. This is a pool of infected water, frequented at a certain period of the year by people suffering under cutaneous disorders. They drink it—they bathe in it: women and children, and old men, throw themselves into it, amidst wild excitement, confusion, and dispute; and often, in seeking health from this Norman Bethesda, find death. Knowledge may have cried aloud in her streets [and Bernardin St. Pierre’s name is still quoted in the neighbourhood], but the old women of St. Arnould seem to have it all their own way, *quand même*, and still stickle for this cold-water cure. “Mais, tenez, Monsicur!” we are close upon Caudebec. To enjoy the prospect here one ought not to be in the steam-boat, but on shore. Joseph Vernet considered the view from the quay of Caudebec one of the finest in France, on account of the ellipsis which the Seine forms above and below this point. The town itself seems, really, to have been built on purpose to improve and perfect the beauty of the prospect. The Church is of the 15th century, and uplifts its fine Gothic steeple from amidst a group of fine trees and clustered old houses. This, at any rate, is seen to great advantage

from the water, which commands a full view of a natural amphitheatre, covered with dense groves, wide-extended gardens, and the prettiest of villas; a fine quay planted with trees, cut most ingeniously into the form of an arched gallery; and an ever-picturesque assemblage of vessels, lading, unloading, or waiting for a wind. William the Conqueror (I take pleasure in tracing his progresses) was here, nineteen years before he paid us his memorable visit, on his way to punish the revolt of the Count of Arques; and Talbot, the first Earl of Shrewsbury, was Governor here in the very year (1412) when, having left the regent Duke of Bedford in Paris, he was elevated to the earldom. Caudebec had surrendered by capitulation to the Earl of Warwick, after a siege of six months; and subsequently engaged in a sanguinary battle with the English army at Tankerville, losing a thousand men on the field. However, as is well known, the whole of Normandy was restored to the French crown, seven years afterwards, by Charles the Seventh. The frequent felling of oak-trees in this neighbourhood, for ship-building on the other side of the river, and for fuel, gave rise to the establishment of tanneries which now constitute the sole manufacture of Caudebec. Previous to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes there was a thriving trade here in kid gloves, which were made so soft and fine that they could be enclosed in a walnut-shell; and the fabrique de chapeaux had attained such celebrity, that a Caudebec hat was as essential to the outfit of the dandies in the day of Louis XIV as an André of Bond-street used to be in that of our

George the 3rd and 4th. Boileau says, in his epistle to Mons. de Lamignon :

“ Pradon a mis au jour un livre contre vous ;
Et, chez le chapelier du coin de notre place,
Autour d'un Caudebec j'en ai lu le préface.”

•Which may loosely be rendered thus :

Old Pradon against you has publish'd a book,
And I chanced at its preface to gain a brief look ;
For the Caudebec hats which are sold in our square
Are wrapp'd up in its pages, to keep them from air.

We have reached Villequier. What a sweet village ! It lies between two hills,—one of which is a perfect cone, completely invested with thick woods. The Church spire stands forth to advantage with the back-ground of foliage ; and there stands the Château of Villequiers. The men on the barge at the side of the rock, on which M. Roulleau's (the Mayor's) handsome mansion stands, are pilots. These men take charge of vessels going down to Havre. Yonder is Norville ;—there's Nôtre Dame de Gravenchon, Vatteville, and St. Georges : the forest of Brotonne, so renowned in the chronicles of ancient chivalry ; and Aiziers,—detested for its *traverse* and sand-banks, where thousands of mariners, fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks, have felt heaviness through many a long winter night, and wished for the day. Yes ; we are now within the range of the influence of the Barré ;—not, indeed, that we are to take thought for the advent of that dread phenomenon at *this* period of the year (the first week of August), for we are neither in the Equinox nor in the full moon. “ But here is Vieux Port ! and,” says my communi-

cative neighbour, "as you are going to Quilleboeuf, it may be worth while that you should hear a word or two about our Barre,—a formidable sea-monster, to which many a proud Argosy and gallant crew have fallen victims. Aye! aye! I see you know it is no bête feroce; but Scylla of old was not more formidable in her way."

This Barre is a tremendous surf, or, more properly speaking, surge, caused by the driving back of the waters of the Seine by the tide of the ocean. It rises above the general surface of the water to the height of seven or eight feet, crested with foam, occupying the whole breadth of the river like the line, in charge, of an entire army; and extending beyond the banks on both sides, to break with a horrible crashing noise among the trees and houses on either shore. At first it announces itself by a slight motion in the water; hereupon a small wave rises, advancing gently against the current. This obstacle appears to irritate it. It begins to roar:—That roar may be distinctly heard at the distance of six miles. The yesty billows increase in breadth, and their foam rises like that of a mighty cataract. The rate at which it advances is moderate, just at first: but, in the course of a quarter of an hour, a person keeping pace with it on shore would be compelled to run. The sweeping charge of waters constrained for a few moments, and checked by the narrow channels that divide the sand-banks, seems indignant at the new obstacles which oppose its progress: its rapidity soon become that of a torrent.—grand and terrific.

“Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread.”—(*Childe Harold*, c. 4.)

“The roar of waters” becomes more and more appalling: every other instant, the foaming waves rise and fall suddenly, as if under the impelling influences of submarine winds. The moment it reaches the banks of Quillebocuf, the Barre breaks against them, like the crash of thunder; and soon occupies the entire passage, already too narrow for the volume of water that follows it: it ascends against the current, driving a-head, or beneath, every object in its course; breaking up any jutting points of land that oppose it,—inundating the meadows, drowning the sheep, and frequently the oxen, where the dikes are broad; terrifying the farm-labourers into a screaming panic, as they behold the wheat-ricks, haystacks, farm-buildings, and fences, levelled in a moment,—and carrying desolation and terror into every village, house, and home between Havre and Caudebec.

The wild delirious torrent spends its force in about a quarter of an hour after reaching Quillebocuf; and it is remarkable that its appearance has been characterized by fewer incidents of terror, and the effects of the collision of the oceanic and fluvial tide have been considerably weakened, during the last quarter of a century: from what cause, I could not from any source of information ascertain.

Though my object was to advance with all speed into Calvados, I should have landed on the right bank and paid a flying visit to Lillebonne (Juliobona

Romanorum), had there been any spot upon which I could have placed the sole of my foot harder than the mud of the river, and any cabin to whose honest occupant I might have confided the charge of my valise. But the mate of the vessel declared the thing to be an impossibility. The spot I wished to explore was only to be reached through the medium of the Rouen and Havre Railway, north-west of Bolbec; and neither man nor horse, ass, truck, or wheelbarrow would be found at the bank-side, were the landing-place as substantial as the quay at Rouen; so the plan of *this* expedition was ordered to lie upon the table of the future, and I apprehend the postponement is *sine die*.

Still, Lillebonne is not an insignificant corner of Normandy. In the eye of an Englishman, conversant with his country's history, it must ever be highly interesting as the scene of that Congress of the Barons who were assembled here by special citation to receive from William the announcement of his project for the conquest of England. They were struck with consternation at the extent of his demands, at the difficulties presented, and the dangers threatened by all and everything submitted to their consideration for the execution of so daring a deed. They believed Harold to be at the head of overwhelming forces; they had ample reason to infer that his ships would be found to outnumber and defeat any fleet that could be mustered from the shores of France, and that the treasures of our island, at his disposal, would enable him to back that defensive armament with all the resources of unlimited power.

The sailors, too, they affirmed, were a hardy and warlike race, not likely for an instant to cede the slightest vantage-ground; and the most limited outfit of such an expedition would exhaust the revenues of public and private wealth in Normandy for a long and miserable period of time. This disinclination on their part, and the virtual rejection of his mighty plan which it involved, was a heavy blow and discouragement to William: but *he was not a man to be beaten*. His sagacity led him to surmise that what their collective wisdom repudiated in general council, their private and particular good-will would gradually concede to individual application: and the result of his personal appeal to each of these powerful nobles proved the acuteness of his discernment: they were severally won over, and eventually embraced the enterprise with all zeal and assiduity. Otho, Bishop of Bayeux, half-brother of William (a thorough-paced bellicose prelate was this Otho) furnished, at his own expense, one hundred vessels. The Abbot of St. Ouen (the same Nicholas, son of Richard III. of France, who would have succeeded his father in the Duchy of Normandy, had not his uncle taken possession of it) equipped fifteen vessels, and one hundred knights. All the barons contributed according to their wealth, and the stations they occupied. The wife of William (known now only by the name of Queen Matilda) superintended the building of the ship which was to carry her husband to England. On the prow was the figure of a child, pointing with its right hand (as might be supposed to the shores of Britain), and holding in its

left an ivory horn. This vessel was named "Mora." These incidents naturally enter into the recollections of Lillebonne, in connection with the memorable invasion of our country. There are relics of a far earlier period which would afford no light gratification to the antiquarian; the remains of the Roman Theatre, all the outline and details of which are as distinct as those at Pompeii near Naples, and at Taurominium in Sicily, from which I made large drawings in 1821. The almost perfect building at Verona was an *Amphitheatre*. This was a theatre for dramatic representations; and it is asserted that the foundations of the stage and dressing-rooms—the whole ground-plan, in fact,—are in a remarkable state of preservation. I cannot but regret my inability to reach this spot: it could hardly be said to lie in my way, for I was hurrying into Calvados, and Lillebonne lay in Eure. However, as I said, this must stand over.

The mate of "The Courier" at length hailed a boat; and in a few minutes I was on shore, somewhat the worse for want of a plank at the muddy beach. The boatmen asked double of what they consented to take for the accommodation of landing; but this is *à l'ordinaire* in all countries. There was an ancient distich in Kent, of which the mire and the surcharge reminded me:

"He who rides in the hundreds of Hoo,
Will find pilfering seamen and dirt enoo!"

Quilleboeuf, however, is peopled with river-pilots, who watch, night and day, on the shore, over banks

spreading terror and dismay among all classes of navigators. The roadstead is covered with reefs and quicksands, which, by shifting, increase the dangers of the channel to a frightful extent. This proved a second obstacle in my way; for I should have been well pleased to while away an hour among the ruins of Tancarville, from whose ancient castle, one of the strongest fortresses of the Dukes of Normandy, the earliest nobility of England bearing the names of Tankerville, Montmorency, and Harcourt, derived their title;—but to touch at Tancarville is still hazardous; for the sand has filled up a channel of fifteen feet in depth of water, and, judging by the current of the tide running on this occasion, there was a very tolerable chance of getting aground. I was told many of the Quilleboeuf pilots, like our Deal boatmen, occasionally have perished, at night, off those shoals and banks. For several years the list of these daring guides was fixed at 99; they are now 110 in number, over and above twenty-eight who are always being trained to the work. Henry the Fourth considered this port a most important point, and had caused some very strong fortifications to be constructed, capable, if completed, of resisting a siege; and, as an act of Royal favour and partiality, changed the name of Quilleboeuf to Henriqueville. However, Mary de Medicis, two years afterwards, razed the fortifications, and restored the original name.

Here at length I stood,—with a heavy portmanteau on the beach, where a little cabaret or pot-house, “*à boire et à manger*,” exhibited the only open door or window. The shore seemed desolate and abandoned.

My boatmen did the best they could to find a living soul, and at last, in an orchard, found the hostess of the cottage, where drinking evidently was always considered before eating. From her I learned that of all days in the year I had chosen the most unseasonable for making any advance beyond where I stood; for all the world had left Quillebocuf for the very place I was making for (Pont Audemer), and she really and truly believed that were I to lay down the weight of my luggage in gold, I should not succeed in procuring a quadruped or biped capable of assisting me. She had a cart, but nothing to draw it,—every one, man, woman, horse, and dog had left early in the morning, to be present at the Communal School Fête at Pont Audemer. The children were to receive their prizes; and the day was devoted to excursions and merry-making. She sent her youngest son in one direction, her daughter in another; but they returned, in ten minutes' time, saying they had found four carriages, but no animals to draw them:—Possibly towards night most of the horses would be coming home. Pont Audemer was ten miles distant. I had no alternative but to leave my baggage in this good-natured wooden-shoed dame's care, and set off to explore the village, sketch-book in hand, and a night among the pilots in prospect;—for it was scarcely within hope that any one of the drowsy horses that might arrive "*towards night*," would succeed in performing the twenty miles' journey again. Before I entered the old Church, where, from the order of its exterior architecture I felt sure of finding much to interest me, I roamed about the little narrow, lonely

and silent streets; and, seeing a horse standing in a forlorn and miry court attached to another cabaret, dignified by the sign of Le Cordon Bleu (*Vend à boire et à manger, Loge à pied et à cheval*), I stepped in, and asked the only occupant of the little chamber, which, like the "cobbler's stall," *magni nominis*, "served him for kitchen, and parlour, and all,"—whether that horse was his property, and in condition to take a journey. At a second glance, I found the man was totally blind: he was about five-and-forty years of age, but looked prematurely old (sixty at least), and weather-beaten. He said he would call his wife, and she soon appeared; but with no consolation in respect of the harnessed horse I had seen munching clover at the back of the premises: it belonged to one of the gens de commerce, and was returning to Honfleur. Nothing could be done! It was quite true;—Le monde entier was gone to Pont Audemer. Monsieur would see two carriages in the stable he could let him have, but he had no licence for letting horses. "It was very vexatious, certainly. Bien dommage! Mauvaise fortune!" I saw it would end in my being tied up for the night by Le Cordon Bleu,—which with all the *prestige* of its designation, was little better than the half-mud, half-wooden Hôtel (!) where my portmantcau was reposing. So I scribbled a few words authorizing the delivery of this to the urchin son of blind Monsieur Quesney (ancien commis de Vivandes, alias, camp-suttler of the army of Algeria), who set off at once with a wheelbarrow to the beach, and in due time brought it to the Cordon in safety. It being my invariable practice

to converse long and familiarly with all blind persons, I encouraged the inclination of both host and hostess to chat with the first Englishman they had fallen in with for several years; and learned that he had lost his sight by ophthalmia in the campaigns of the army of Algiers. The inflammation was set up in one night, and before noon of the next day he was blind of one eye; after being attached to the army for six years. He had joined it at the age of twenty-seven, and had been home in Quilleboeuf twelve years. On his return, he lost the sight of both eyes for ever: but the Government allowed him no pension; firstly, because he was not totally blind when he quitted Africa; and secondly, because he was heir to a freehold in Quilleboeuf, worth eight pounds a year! About a year since, he had entered into the holy state with a kind-hearted widow, the mother of four children; who,—as I learned in reply to my questions as to what induced *her* to marry a blind man, and him to link his destiny with that of five others, all at once— informed me that she had done so, from that sympathy and tenderness which is so near akin to love; and felt disposed to watch over him for the residue of his days, if he would but help to maintain her children till they could maintain themselves: and *he* said he was only too happy to find a companion of his own age who would become his guardian till his night should be turned into day, in another and better world.

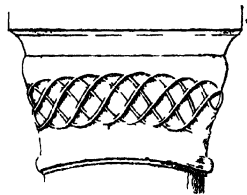
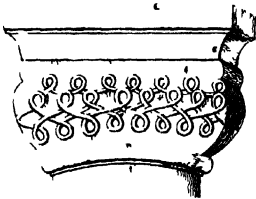
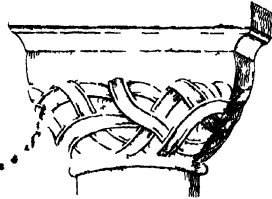
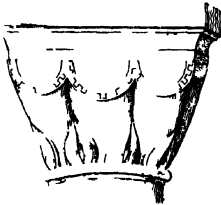
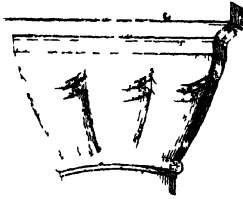
We interchanged so many opinions and sentiments respecting Blindness, that I began to think the horses would be bringing home the holiday-folks before we

should have finished comparing notes. But M. Quesney's interest in his English visitant led him to suggest to his wife the practicability of their favourite old Norman mare, which had set off at six o'clock that morning with a çalèche for Pont Audemer, being appropriated for my service on her return. It was *un brave animal*, and could travel forty miles in a day; and if I would only wait till it should have had an hour's rest, and a good feed of corn, he would answer for its carrying me to Pont Audemer before bedtime; and I might sleep at the *Louvre*, after all. (The Inn he recommended bore the grandiloquent title of "L'Hôtel du Louvre.") But he had no licence to let horses! *C'étoit égal!* there was a nephew of his wife staying in Quillebeuf, and going away to-morrow to Havre, and he was sure he would be only too happy to turn coachman for the nonce, and convey *ce brave Anglois* to the quarters he was so anxious to reach; and the expedition would be altogether on private account;—I should pay for the hire of the calyriole and the services of the whip, and the horse-duty was then in no respects involved in the expedition.

This seemed sound logic, and sweet music, to boot, in my ear, after the visions conjured up by the sight of the dormitory of the Blue Riband, which, without affecting the squeamishness of a Knight of the Garter, I surmised would afford but an "uneasy pallet" for the English traveller, however it might accommodate the "wet sea-boys" from the quicksands.

Having thus, after all, secured a means of locomotion

10 L'UNIQUE DAME DE BON POPE
(Culte de l')



tion and transit, I returned to the Church, dedicated (very *apropos*) to our Lady of Safe Arrivals in Port (Nôtre Dame de Bon Port). The Lighthouse stands just beyond its precincts. This venerable edifice was never completed: but the nave and transept are of the eleventh century. The seven principal columns of the nave were erected at the date of the Conqueror's first entry into England. The Incumbent, Monsieur Du Chartel, happened to enter the building just as I was preparing to make a drawing, and seemed pleased at the interest I expressed in the investigation of a church, whose earliest foundations dated from A.D. 1040. While I was giving a point to my pencil, he led me into the churchyard, and after showing me the Western window and the earliest decorations of the exterior of the nave, pointed out to me, across the water, the Castle of Tancarville,—its grey battlements and shattered towers being at that moment distinctly visible as they stood out in light against the boundless range of oakwoods forming the back-ground of this romantic scenery. On re-entering the Church I succeeded, to his great delight, and certainly with considerable satisfaction on my own part, in taking down the exact details of the purely Norman columns whose capitals are represented in the annexed Plate, and the elegant simplicity of which constitutes one of the greatest charms in Norman Architecture. The honeysuckle in No. 7. reminds one of the florid decorative style of certain Grecian temples. The Runic knot, 4 and 5, is exquisite in stone. I did not make any drawings in the choir, with exception of the arch leading into it, which was of the date of 1070. It

is five hundred years more recent in date than the nave; and I thought the altar was the best part of it. This is a very superior work of carved oak, representing the Twelve Apostles. Suspended from the roof hung a very large model of a trading-vessel which had been there offered up with invocations to Our Lady de Bon Port by the captain of a merchant ship bound to Malta. My brother Incumbent was not a little surprised to see me "taking notes" ("And faith!" like Burns' *chiel*, "I've printed them!") of the mutilated columns in the choir. Here, as in many another church in Normandy, the pillars have been remorselessly cut and sliced, to favour the erection of seats or stalls, rather than that the space of a foot should be taken from the pavement. It was *pour laisser passer ici et là*. This theory has found favour in all quarters. The extent to which utilitarian views in street-building and dwelling-house extension have been carried in towns and villages containing some of the most beautiful specimens of church architecture, is deplorable. At one place I found three-fourths of a sacred edifice encased, as it were, by erections of the most trumpery and contemptible description of shop and lodging;—a fine chancel window, for instance, forming one side of a Perruquier's hair-cutting "saloon!"

Faithful to his assurances, my poor blind Aubergiste had arranged with the commercial traveller, his better-half's kinsman, as to the evening's drive to Pont Audemer. On my return to the Cordon Bleu, the rough-and-ready old mare had caught up a bagful of corn, and slaked her thirst, and made up her mind

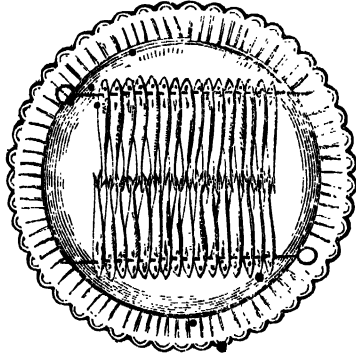
and legs to *enter into the fun of the thing*, and revisit the scenes of the morning and afternoon under new auspices. She appeared fresh and almost frolicsome, as her master, blind as he was, patted her on the shoulder, after assisting to harness her,—which he did with all the dexterity characterizing the active blind; and it was amusing to see him handling the cords and straps by which the portmanteau had been secured behind, and delivering his opinion on the only efficient knot for tying up luggage. His nephew told me he frequently harnessed horses, and fastened up the baskets and boxes, on market-days, and was the best packer that ever loaded a cart. This, of course, I should have surmised. The exquisite sense of touch which can be trained to read from embossed type can readily adjust a buckle, a curb-chain or a bridle-bit, pack eggs in hay, or grapes in sawdust, and keep a tally with marvellous exactitude; proving to those around them, that, however limited their range of perception and action, the blind are seldom to be found mentally deficient, or painfully dependant. Monsieur Quesney was neither. He was a right-merry fellow; and as he hustled about the higgledy-piggledy litter of his back yard, among cider-casks, hen-coops, wheelbarrows, and dairy-pails, without upsetting one of them, with the whip in one hand, and a lantern for the back journey in the other, one would have taken him for the briskest and expertest Jack Ostler that ever turned out a carriage and four in electioneering-time. At length, I was fairly on the road to Pont Audemer and the Louvre (!), which I reached in safety, and with very tolerable despatch, at

twenty minutes to ten o'clock. The amateur driver enlightened me on the subject of distances between the various towns at which I had proposed to halt in my tour through the Department of Calvados, and expatiated on the respective excellence of each particular inn which his experience as a commercial traveller had led him to "book" as snug quarters. I have reason to believe I should have done wisely in following his suggestions to the letter; for whenever I complained to townspeople in any place where I thought I had been unsatisfactorily lodged, fed, or *bled*, I was invariably told I should have been better off at the Hôtel de Commerce. In England, the gentleman seldom intrudes his presence on the Commercial hotels: but I am inclined to think, if ever I roamed again in search of the picturesque and interesting, I should almost uniformly give these houses a trial.

As for the Hôtel du Louvre, it was as primitive as the "Tabard" of the days of Chaucer. It must have been an old convent: the gallery ran in true monastical style along the whole extent of the building; and the sleeping-apartments communicating with it exactly corresponded with the cells of the ancient religious houses, in many of which I have slept soundly in years long since past. Here, too, mine host was an old soldier. *Pauvre malheureux!* He had been in the wars, and got a shot in the head, and was not always *compos mentis*. I cannot say whether it was in a lucid interval, or otherwise, that he commended me for always carrying *la mine agréable!* As for Madame, she was the most notable of housewives,

and might have kept every cellarman and tapster in high discipline had she come into the world early enough to rule the Boar's Head in Eastcheap; but she, too, had not seen a Briton for some years past, and, like the kitchen-fire, or smouldering log rather (for there was no grate! only an oven and stewing-stove) at which she presided, as at an altar, always gave me a warm reception. She was a capital cook; and her method of "boning" and rolling up a shoulder of mutton like a large Bologna sausage, was a mystery which cost me a considerably long post-prandial lucubration to penetrate. She also had an extraordinarily

expeditious way of frying smelts. I had bespoken a score and a half (after having seen some in the market), and they were dished as they were fried, with two skewers; fifteen on each skewer;—the slender pin passing



through the heads; and the ring at its extremity serving to turn them in the pan, all at once, for the more even frying. *En tout*, this was the most unsophisticated house of entertainment I had entered for many years; and as it was neither dirty, noisy, nor redolent of tobacco-smoke, nor the resort of objectionable customers, I preferred it, homely as it was in aspect, to the more ostentatious Pot d'Étain

or Lion d'Or at the other extremity of the town. The former of these, I was given to understand, enjoyed the exclusive patronage of the three Messieurs Anglois established here, Mr. Ball, Paper-maker; Mr. Chapman, Manufacturer of Patent Leather for Harness; and Mr. Mann, a Sadler. This sign, the Pot d'Etain (Pewter Pot), seems a favourite in France: yet pewter pots, generally speaking, are not in use; glass, tin, and crockery are the material mostly employed. In ale and porter-loving England it would be appropriate enough.

I was now upon the River Rille; one of those water-courses among vales of health and homes of contentment which endear the face of Nature and the sense of existence to every heart that can unfeignedly thank God for "creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life." I have traced many a river of England, of Europe, I may say, into pleasant retreats,

" Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature wide and wild—"

but to ramble at noontide or sunset in the valleys of the Rille, the Vire, and the Ante, as at Pont Audemer, Vire, and Falaise, is a privilege to be gratefully remembered among the many in which wanderings through beautiful lands initiate the discursive tourist. Above the town, in the gorges of mountainous hills,—where the river becomes now a rushing torrent, now a brawling stream, or an abounding tide pursuing its course unchecked by fallen rocks and contracted channels,—the voice of the

Rille is heard in the far-off woods and loftiest heights. Below the town and its bridges, the gentle river its ready visit pays from mill to mill, and giving motion to every broad and busy wheel, whose working may be heard for many a rood beyond the picturesque homesteads, it glides along—a silent, placid stream—at the foot of the greenest and most pastoral slopes, enriched with orchards of abundant produce, and crested by timber-trees that mark the line of road along the Côtes or Hills halfway between their summits and the towing-path below. An evening stroll along these banks, till the glowworms begin to glisten, and the clear deep-toned bells of St. Owen toll forth the Ave Maria; or a tranquil walk at mid-day in the shade of those oaks and beeches, amid the ceaseless hum of noon-tide insects, the lowing of kine, and the echoes from the Tanneries, whose hundred wheels are then revolving in the din of flooding water-power, is a luxury which he who,

“ ——— exempt from public haunt
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,”

could never, and should never forget. But Pont Audemer has that *within* which cannot but interest every one: so we will close the evening walk outside the town, and its accompanying meditations, and this chapter, moreover, together.

CHAPTER III.

PONT AUDEMER.

VERY few of my countrymen, I surmise, find their way to Pont Audemer. Leaving Rouen, they either proceed to Caen by Honfleur, after crossing the mouth of the Seine, from Havre; or go into Calvados from Paris by Mantes, Evreux, and Lisieux;—so I was informed while in the Department. Such a line of route leaves this pretty town at some distance; but I would earnestly recommend its being included among the “points of interest” jotted down for particular notice in the “Tourist’s Memoranda for Normandy.” It appeared to me quite as agreeable, if not, indeed, as good-looking a town as Inspruck of the Tyrol—and its côtes, or declivous hills, of vast altitude, covered with verdure and foliage, are more pleasing to the eye than the limestone rocks, however grandly they soar into air, on the banks of the Inn. The population may amount to about five thousand souls; and the principal trade among them is that of tanning. The origin of its name has always remained a puzzle. Some have maintained that it was derived from the fact of the sea-tide reaching its ancient outworks,—*Pont Eauz de Mer*; but Henry of Huntingden, Simeon of Durham, and William of Malmesbury, English anti-

quarians,—the latter of whom wrote, *inter alia*, concerning Henry I., and the stirring events of Norman history (in the Latin tongue), mentioned it always as Punt Aldemer; while the Norman chroniclers, employing the same learned tongue, spoke of it as Pons Audomari and Pons Aldemari. The erudite Monsieur Canel, of this town, a member of the Antiquarian Society of Normandy, with whom I formed a brief acquaintance during my stay, inclines to the more commonly-accredited opinion that Pont Audemer derives its name from an ancient seigneur, named Odemer (in the eleventh century), possessing considerable estates in this neighbourhood, who, to facilitate the crossing of the Rille by graziers and wayfaring people, long before any settled inhabitants lived hereabout, built a bridge over the river, from which he received toll-dues, and which in the course of time gave name to the town. This was the place which sent forth Roger à la Barbe, Count Beaumont, to the memorable meeting of the Norman barons at Lillebonne (mentioned in the preceding chapter); and though he did not accompany William to England, he fitted up sixty vessels as a contribution to the invading fleet, himself remaining in Normandy as chief councillor of the Conqueror's queen, Matilda. Mindful of this good service, William gave English estates to Roger Beaumont the son; and would have aggrandized old Roger *of the beard* (his father) by vast territories in our island; but the staunch old man resolutely refused to set foot in Britain, declaring his determination to live and die on his own goodly inheritance

in Normandy, and have nothing to do with a people over whose property he conceived he never could assert the slightest conceivable right. Three of his family became severally Counts of Warwick, Bedford, and Leicester.

Herbrand and Aufroid de Pont Audemer, as well as Gilbert, Richard, and Ilbert of Pont Audemer, held manorial lands in our country, after the Conquest; and as to the Beaumonts (one of the most ancient families of our present high aristocracy), their great ancestor Henry de Beaumont (whose settlement in England was as early as A.D. 1260) derived his descent from the Audemer family already mentioned; so that the name of this little town is not without its significance in our Heralds' College, or in the great international wars that for so many years desolated England and France. It was at the siege of this very town, in the year 1378, that cannon were first employed in France. Pont Audemer was attacked both from the land and water side (for, five hundred years ago the sea flowed up to its gates); and De Guesclin, the renowned Lord-Constable of France, and Admiral de Vienne, brought to bear against town and citadel all that arrows and artillery could achieve to reduce the gallant besieged to a surrender. The Genoese crossbowmen (emulating their forefathers at Crécy, in 1346,) discharged arrows with square heads of lead and iron, and kept up such a hail, at each assault, that not a man of the besieged could stand on the ramparts; and the maddening din and destruction produced by the cannon (often as mischievous, probably, to the

gunners as to the besieged) drove the citizens to despair; but the garrison held out, and were only eventually overcome by starvation. An honourable capitulation was the result; and they were sent off, with all their baggage and effects, to Cherbourg: the Castle and its fortifications being immediately afterwards razed, and never since restored; though the ramparts stood for two centuries later. In 1418, three years after the memorable battle of Agincourt, Pont Audemer, Auge, and Orbec were Vice-counties held by Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother of Henry V., and encountered, through a hundred and forty years of subsequent good and bad fortune, all the vicissitudes of the Gallic wars of the Plantagenets; till it shared the general deliverance of Normandy from the hands of her English rulers, and assumed its station among the garrison towns of emancipated France. So much for its military reminiscences in connection with the history of our country: they impart interest to a visit made, as mine was, in progress to the birth-place and tomb of William Duke of Normandy; and when we combine such recollections as those here recorded of our own country's proud ascendancy, in early ages, with the charms of a spot eminently favoured by Nature, and enriched by works of high antiquity and fine art, as I shall shortly proceed to show, it is not too much to affirm that the omission of the name of a town possessing these recommendations from any *plan de route* for doing justice to Normandy, would be an error in judgment and an offence against good taste.

At a narrow part of the Rue de Commerce, the

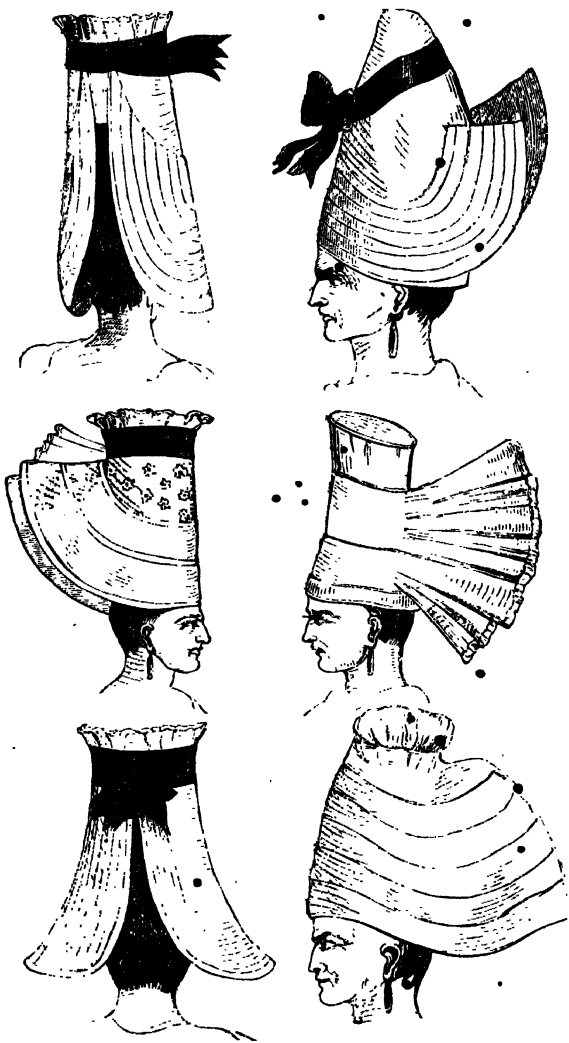
street leading towards the river, Southward, from the long main street which reminded me of Inspruck, is a very short stone and brick-built bridge, at the further corner of which, uprising from one of the narrower streams of the Rille, stood a remarkably old and picturesque house (of the fifteenth century, probably,) which the inhabitants delight to point out as the ancient residence of old Audemer; in corroboration of which "myth," they direct attention to three small statues, carved in oak and painted "bottle-green" (!) attached to the frontage. To these they give the names of "Le vieux Audemer, sa femme et son fils." For such "auld lang syne" sake, I made an accurate drawing of each, as well as of the rotting old tenement itself—very much to the beholders' satisfaction, for they regarded me as a thorough convert to their notions on the authenticity of the ownership and effigies; and, at one time, there were upwards of fifteen individuals grouped around me (it was market-day) intent on catching a glimpse of the great Founder of the town. When, on completion of the three drawings, I had gratified this innocent curiosity, I ventured to say that I should not be astonished if, at some future date, I should learn that it was Moses, Aaron, and Miriam I had thus admitted into the number of worthies that figured in my sketch-book. The house and its crumbling joists, shattered rafters, and casements that shook ominously at every breath of wind, must by this time be a mass of rubbish, as I was given to understand the proprietor, a glazier and painter, intended to send in the bricklayers to take it down before next

market-day; it being altogether unsafe. I conclude he has taken good care of the trio, the *out-door* lodgers, whose portraits are now in my folio.

It was in the streets of this town that I began to recognise the origin of so many English names: a circumstance which cannot fail to arrest the attention, in every part of Normandy. I wrote down upwards of seventy derivations in the course of a fortnight; partly taken from the villages on the map, partly from names affixed to house-fronts. Here, at Pont Audemer, were Mallet, Vavaseur, Sauvage, Barbare (our Savage and Barber), Tracy, Roussel, Dampier, Moslés (Moseley), Moon, Mancell, and Secqueville (Sackville). As for the Cauchoise cap, of high antiquity and renown, it is still conspicuous here. Several varieties of it made their *entrée* in the market,—but it was in the large congregation at the Church of St. Ouen, in this town, on Sunday, that I distinguished upwards of fifty. Seen from a distance, these extraordinary head-pieces rise above the general level of common caps and bonnets, like the white ventilators that revolve with the wind on the roofs of our Kentish malting-lofts or oast-houses (Oast is the ancient term for a kiln). They are by no means indicative of the lowest class of the people; on the contrary, a certain degree of respectability attaches to the use of this primitive, and, doubtless, very ancient costume. I observed that almost all the women (the oldest wear this cap much more than the middle-aged), on whose heads I saw this towering white cone, wore gowns, petticoats, and stockings of excellent material; and, frequently, lace of great value; to say nothing of the

rings and jewellery about their persons. Some old women, whom I had mistaken for venerable, worn-out monthly nurses, were pointed out to me as proprietors of nearly fifty hectares (100 acres) of land: and it transpired that, up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, ladies of rank in Normandy (Cauchoises) wore this cap *en grande tenue*; adorning it with the most costly lace and ribands that the pillows and bobbins of the Pays de Caux, and the looms of Paris could produce. The "good old bodies" who wear it now, have, in many an instance, inherited their truly national ensign from their mothers;—and would consider it a degrading act of degeneracy and false pride to discontinue the use of it. I availed myself of a large muster of those worthies, fresh from the country, on the market-day, to transmit to my sketch-book some twenty most faithful representations of their head-gear, six of which are here placed before the reader; some being fronts, others backs.

One of the principal causes of the commoner kinds being now so seldom seen among the lower order is, undoubtedly, to be traced to the vast extension of the Rouenneries, or gown-prints, manufactured in the vicinity of Rouen (hence the name); which being sold at prices, as in the case of our Manchester goods, consistent with even very low wages or small incomes, have created a love of *finery*, as we say; and the smart modern-patterned gown, and still more brilliant shawls, soon began to supersede the quaint bodices and petticoats which used to tally so well with the cap of, probably, the eleventh century; and, with this discarded apparel, away went the latter for evermore.



It is hardly necessary to observe, that these marvelous skull-towers or steeples are never found surmounting a dress altogether of the style of the present times. There is another circumstance which has tended, in a great degree, to abolish the use of them. Within the last forty years, good roads and public carriages have increased to an almost inconceivable extent,—carriages, too, running at exceedingly low fares. The result is precisely what has occurred in our own country, and, in fact, all over civilized Europe;—"the million" betake themselves to wheels and horses, instead of "shanks' nags:" they cease to foot it as they used; and ride from village to town, and from town to village, in cheap, comfortable, and expeditious conveyances: but into such vehicles, on n'entre pas with such a cap as that of the Pays de Caux. The roomy height of the best of first-class railway-carriages would not accommodate itself to heads surmounted by a spire rising occasionally to an elevation of two feet. Hence the almost universal discontinuance of a costume which would subject the wearers to that greatest of all grievances in these "fast" times,—the inability of going a-head with steam or steel. The omnibus, or *petite diligence*-driver, would address them, at first glance, in the words of *Petruchio* :

— "That cap of your's becomes you not!
Off with that bauble! Throw it under foot."

And this is the actual fact. On great fête days, fairs, and occasions of unusual ceremony, the owners of these oddities, feeling constrained to appear in them, and yet to travel in the close carriage, substi-

tute for them, while the journey lasts, a low modern cap, and carry the genuine article in their lap, till they alight; when they immediately put away the muslin cap, and don the other. I was in a shop at Caen when one of these respectable paysannes came in to buy *un simple bonnet de voyage*, for her return to Bretteville; in which she presently afterwards stepped towards the vehicle starting for Bayeux; as unencumbered by her hereditary appendage of pasteboard and calico, as one of our Grenadier-guards exchanging his bearskin for a shako.

I have seldom seen a large church in any country town, upon the Continent, so numerously attended as that of St. Oucn, in Pont Audemer. The earliest foundations of this sacred edifice were laid at the commencement of the eleventh century, as is evinced by such parts of the choir as have been left intact at the various periods of change or reparation. The capitals of the pillars of the choir, with exception of one, date from the era of the Renaissance. The original shafts remain, but new stone was substituted for the rude old carvings; and the features of high antiquity suffered accordingly. The same barbarous mutilation was observable here that I had noticed at Quilleboeuf; slices of the columns had been cut away to favour the erections of gaunt, ugly, panelled seats, unworthy the name of stalls. In the earlier ages, this choir constituted an entire chapel; the entry to which was where now the iron *grille* separates it from the rest of the building; the nave, that is to say, and aisles. These, it is said, were begun by the English towards the close of the fifteenth century; but for

want of funds the works were suspended, from time to time, through nearly seventy years. An unsightly gap, on the North and South aisles, and an abrupt termination of the nave where it approaches the choir, show where the comparatively modern structure was intended to blend its architectural strength and beauty with the ancient choir. The Church, in fact, was never completed; and little has been done since 1555, when Cardinal d'Annebaut, a man of good taste, did his utmost to render it what it now is—a venerable but unfinished pile, within and without. The stained glass windows were his gift; and a munificent donation they were to an edifice endowed, at the present date, with little beyond £200 a year. The North and South aisles are richly adorned with these beautiful works of art; the finest colours in which are decidedly in the second window of the South aisle, nearest the choir, where the Virgin Mary is represented dying. One, close to it, represents the decapitation of St. Paul, whose head is seen lying on the grass, bandaged with a napkin, apart from the body; and the crucifixion of St. Peter. The townspeople admire, more than all other, a window in the North aisle, illustrative of life under the Law [*sous la Loi*] and life under Grace. But the subject *par excellence*, in this aisle, which riveted my attention for many hours (for I visited it seven or eight times), was one I had never before seen handled by any of the ancient or modern illustrators of Holy Writ. The window, about twenty feet by ten, I should say, represents what might be mistaken, at first glance, for a portion of the Temple at Jerusalem; the pilas-

ters, and the richly panelled ceiling they support, indicating no ordinary place of assembly. Through the open arches of the back-ground is seen a green declivity or hill-side, surmounted by some large buildings, in the half-military, half-ecclesiastical style of those introduced in ancient missals. I perceived, however, that this spacious hall of assembly, gorgeous in purple and amber and blue glass, was intended to represent a place of tuition. "High on a throne of state" (amber-coloured glass; representing either gilding or bright oak, or maple wood,) sat a learned-pundit-sort of preceptor, robed in a scarlet gown, with a sable fur collar to it, and wearing a brown cap (such as is seen on the well-known heads of Pope, Prior, and Sir Joshua Reynolds), and withal a very demure and somewhat severe expression of countenance, which attracted something more than attention to an instrument of discipline held upright in his left hand (the very counterpart of what in Madras would be called a "vissery," to whisk away mosquitoes), intended to represent a rod. With his forefinger he was pointing to a passage in an opened volume, held in the hands of a fair-complexioned, light-haired, mild and amiable-looking youth, of about sixteen years of age, who might have said to him, "Learn of Me: for I am meek and lowly in heart;" but who, in this extraordinary group, was represented as a boy under examination at the hands of a Jewish tutor,—a Rabbi, a master and teacher in Israel. The youth represented our blessed Saviour at the age of *sixteen*; a period of His innocent life on earth on which Scripture is wholly silent, except so far as informing us

that the child Jesus returned to Nazareth with his virgin Mother and Joseph, "and was subject unto them, increasing in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." The youth, in this picture, is attired in a dark-blue vest and gown, tied with a girdle. Above the sacred Head is an aureole, or circle of glorious effulgence: and, hovering between the roof of the hall and this aureole, is a white Dove, emblematising the Holy Spirit, in a circle of golden light. There are fourteen or fifteen other figures, seated or standing, in the scene: four or five represented as elderly men, or teachers. Two young men in the immediate fore-ground, holding each a manuscript, seem older than the generality of the students grouped among the teachers; and are earnestly intent on what is being said at the chief seat of tuition, whether question or answer. Equal interest seems to be felt by the teachers at and near a table, who also are earnestly looking up from the volumes resting in their laps, or on the table; and by the youths who, though exhibiting less seriousness than their elders, still seem to be staring with awakened curiosity at the principal personage. A small dog, which, at first, I mistook for a lamb,—as though introduced as a symbol,—lies couchant just below the dais or uppermost step of the throne, on which the Catechist-in-chief is seated. At the back of the general crowd, where the panelled wall appears, opposite to the throne, or head master's chair, is a white bag suspended from a peg; and a cord or strap, close to it, on another nail. This, no doubt, represents a schoolboy's satchel, or book-bag. The execution of

the stained glass is beautiful: the drawing of the figures very superior to the average outline of window designs. The two fore-ground figures, I incline to think, are imitations of some of Raphael's. The figure of our Lord is charmingly introduced, and fixes the attention at once. The intermixture of the various colours is florid, but very judicious, and agreeable to the eye; and there is a general "keeping" and subdued tone throughout, which places the transparent tints of this large picture on the footing of a first-rate panel or canvas painting.

As a painting, therefore, I should set an immensely high valuation on it. But what can be said with respect to the *subject*?—surely it is a wild and unwarranted hypothesis. Nothing would justify the conjecture that our Saviour was at any one moment of his earthly existence thus mixed up with the Jewish youth; or subjected to the discipline, instructions, or interrogatories of the Jewish teachers.

Judging by the features, the complexions, hair, and costume of the personages comprised in the scene, I should say the artist who burnt-in the glass had copied the whole from some German original: possibly from one of Albert Dürer's masterly designs; and yet there is a classical elegance in the fore-ground figure on the right, much more nearly emulating the Florentine chef d'œuvres.

Be this as it may, copy or original, there has been manifestly a strange jumble and violation of the unities. The designer seems to have worked upon two texts;—One, relative to the young Child in the temple, sitting in the midst of the Doctors, both

hearing them, and asking them questions; and to all that heard Him being astonished at his understanding and answers. (Luke ii. 46.) And another, beginning at chapter iv., 16—21: “And He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went to the Synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read.”

Neither of these passages, I need hardly remark, can be adduced in explanation of my much-admired window picture. The “child Jesus” tarried behind in Jerusalem “when he was twelve years old.” Now, unless the painter conceived that in Judæa a child of that age would appear as tall and full-grown as a youth sixteen years old, and of the stature, here represented, of five-feet six or seven inches,—which is not the case in Palestine now-a-days,—there is a great discrepancy in point of *age*. Moreover, the Doctors would be all in one group, and not interspersed among a crowd of students. Besides which, had this been meant for the interior of the temple, there would not have been a bag hanging up, nor a Lecture-room table, and red cloth covering it.

With respect to Luke ii. 46, our Lord is not to be supposed to have been under examination, on that occasion, as a youth standing at the desk of a tutor. He who in infancy, even, sat in the midst of the Doctors, *had more understanding than all His teachers* (Ps. cxix., 99.); and hearing them teach,—even those who had so often made the word of God of none effect by their traditions—He in all probability asked them questions which challenged their glosses and specious constructions.

The "answers," at which they were astonished, were, it is to be fairly presumed, His rejoinders—the replies which confuted, the expositions which detected and confounded their erroneous interpretations of the Old Testament. The attitude of religious, moral, and intellectual superiority of the divine Son of Mary on such an occasion, would be but ill represented indeed by the meek and seemingly diffident youth depicted in this window. We must dismiss it, therefore, as one of those fond things vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, which the Articles of our Protestant faith regard as rather repugnant to the word of God than emanating from it. My readers will smile, but I was outraged, at the explanation given by an old Priest (one of the clerical staff attached to the Church of St. Ouen), who, when I remarked to him my inability to penetrate the artist's meaning, very unsophistically replied "Mais, Monsieur, C'est un maître d'école," (Why, Sir, it is a schoolmaster).—"Yes," said I, "I take for granted that with that rod in hand, the largest figure of them all *does* represent what you say. But what had our Lord to do with pedagogues and rods?"—"Where do you see our Lord?" said he,— "Why, there He is!" was my reply, "in that blue gown, with the volume of Scripture in hand!" "Ah! mon Dieu, non! Ce n'est point le Christ! C'est un écolier seul: C'est une école; et voila les jeunes gens!" "Yes, but look at the Dove! the impersonation of the Spirit! See the circle of glory that rests above our Lord's head!" "La gloire! Monsieur! mais ce n'est qu'une casquette jaune!" (It's nothing but a yellow cap; such as boys

wear.) This was cutting my Gordian knot, indeed! It betrayed more ignorance of art than I remember having ever encountered among the clergy of the Romish Church. It made me sad to think that such a *pearl* should be left behind me, and shed its pellucid beauty on the countenance, day after day, of such a Well! I will not call names! of such a man.

There is one remaining source from which, possibly, this remarkable picture may have derived its earliest origin. That highly intellectual poet, Longfellow, has introduced into *The Golden Legend*, a scene from a Miracle Play, founded on one of the many ridiculous, and, but too often, profane stories of the Talmud, called "The Village School." [The Rabbi Ben Israel, with a long beard, sitting on a high stool, *with a rod in his hand.*]; Judas Iscariot is called up, as a boy, to answer certain questions from the Rabbinical book; and, having satisfied the teacher, is succeeded by a lad designated (after mention of the name given unto him by the Angel) as "the Carpenter's Son." The Rabbi says, "Let us see how thy task is done: Canst thou thy letters say?" Aleph*.
 "What next? Do not stop yet." The pupil desires previously to know what Aleph means. The Rabbi, indignant at what he considers an act of effrontery, declares he will punish him. [Here Rabbi Ben Israel shall lift up his rod to strike, and his right arm shall be paralyzed.]

After the foregoing passages, my reader will examine the frontispiece of this volume with more than ordinary interest.

* The first letter of the Hebrew Alphabet.

I was grieved to count only six men in Church among three hundred women. • This was in the forenoon. Between five and six o'clock on the same day I was rambling in the precincts of the Church of St. Germain, at the furthest extremity of the town, and examining the singular corbels, when hearing a voice as of some one speaking in a sustained tone, I entered, and was soon deeply interested in listening to an address in course of delivery to a considerable number of little girls, and a few promiscuously-grouped adults of both sexes and of all ages.

What this was, and for whom especially spoken, I shall in due order explain ;—but I merely mention it at this moment that I may state it was from a Canon of Evreux (the highly intelligent, and, I should imagine, very excellent Pastor, to whom, at the conclusion of his address, I introduced myself) that I heard the following elucidation of the point just referred to ; the almost total desertion of the Church, in the forenoon, as regarded the male inhabitants. “ Sir,” said he, “ it is, as you observe, very saddening. The Government, nevertheless, are much disposed to mark the Sabbath more than hitherto ; and at Lyons an Association has been formed for that worthy object. And yet, the absence you speak of is not so much an indication of vicious life, or of infidelity and contempt of religion, as a casual observer, like yourself, would be led to consider it. The men *read* too much. The women read next to nothing. The men imbibe notions of self-judgment and self-government which are directly opposed to that teachableness, whence flow a quiet demeanour and humble

walking with God. If the education by means of which the men read everything that courts their taste, their vanity and their pride, were of a better sort, at the outset of their life, they would choose better authors for their perusal; and learn through the medium of sound Christian philosophy how largely Religion enters into the duties of a good citizen in his relations with the State; and of a good husband, father, and head of a family. But, Sir, these gentle influences are almost wholly unknown among our hommes d'esprit, and the rising generation who take their tone from their elders.

“Men who lose their humility, in proportion as they accumulate knowledge, are those whom St. Paul would have cautioned against the learning which inflates, without improving or purifying the mind; and the more this prevails, the more they repudiate the theory of pious discipline, and the demands of the Church of Christ calling upon them to conform to her teaching and ordinances. They doubt the efficiency of those ordinances as means towards any salutary end; and where there is *doubt* you must not expect to find any sincere or willing *obedience*. They do not abjure the faith. They do not devise evil against its teachers and expounders;—they are not of the old vulgar class of haters and despisers of the religion of Jesus;—but they are strangers to religious habits; and are content to admit the propriety and all the desirableness of churches, altars, sacraments, and sermons, but sit only too lightly to all these, and rely on a vague hope that, in the end, they will bring a *strong mind* to bear upon all they have been told and

taught about the doctrines and mysteries of our faith; and address their understandings to their duties and obligations with greater success and force, inasmuch as they say they will have cast off all superstitions."

"Well, Sir!—but do you rely on ignorance, such ignorance of literature as you say prevails among the women, as a safeguard of religious principles?"

"Non,—Monsieur! non. But they, the female community, come to us with minds that have not been sapped and undermined, and shaken by argument and disquisitions. They are the weaker vessels, and they lean on the Church and her ordinances for much comfort and much compensating support, when the world in which they meet with so many rebuffs and so many delusions, offers them, absolutely nothing. They are thinkers, too: many of them very sound thinkers and reasoners; but they never lose sight of the claims of the Church on their allegiance, or of the dangers of a condition aiming at independence of ecclesiastical oversight and discipline: and you find them thronging our places of worship."

"Then," said I, "if this be your opinion as regards the women, you reckon on some degree of good resulting from their influence at home. You know who said 'The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife. What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?'"

"Monsieur! Nous nous entendons bien je vois. It is very certain that the wives prove frequently the best confessors."

I should involve myself in more argument and provoke more hostility than at my time of life I care

to encounter, were I to endeavour to show that a duly-enlightened mind could not tolerate all that is insisted upon as necessary and infallible truth in the tenets of Rome. Descartes' exclamation, in 1641, was, "Je pense : ainsi je suis."—The soberly reasoning and reflecting Anglican may truly say, "I enjoy the faculty of thinking and reflecting : therefore I continue a Protestant."

The Church of St. Ouen contains a large organ, at the Western end of the nave; of which instrument the inhabitants may justly be proud. It is not pointed out to a stranger's notice, but it soon introduces itself; for it spans the Western wall, and uplifts its vast fabric in grandeur and beauty. Its dimensions exceed about three times those of the organ at St. James's Church, Piccadilly,—and, exquisite as the carvings and decorations are, they are insignificant in comparison of the tones and powers of the instrument. The five bells of the church tower, and this organ, were my delight. It is admirably played upon. I only wished the musician had been more fond of Handel's Chorusses or Mozart's Masses than of Bellini's and Donizetti's Operas. Familiar as I am with the music of the Church of Rome, I started with indignant astonishment when, towards the close of the service, the organist introduced an air the counterpart of those frisky, tripping, ballet movements to which Cerito, or Carlotta Grisi, or Lucie Grahn, have on many a Tuesday and Saturday night bounded on to the stage, and exhibited at the footlights their brightest smiles and most insinuating graces and attitudes. This is a depravity in taste and

feeling wholly incomprehensible by us who hardly yield our sanction even to the introduction of the National Anthem into a voluntary, within the walls of our churches and chapels,—believing it to be secular, rather than sacred harmony. * And I am not sure the graver ecclesiastics, ministrant in the Popish Ritual, do not, themselves, wince under it, if I may judge by the glances occasionally levelled at the Organ Gallery. These conscientious men would tell us it is the *abuse*, not the *use* of such jubilant music, which produces the revulsion of feeling to which I am here adverting. The liveliest music is heard after the Consecration,—after the Transubstantiation; and is to be regarded as the sounds of triumph and great joy. The concluding words of the Mass, “*Ite! missa est!*” Go: [The Victim!] is sent forth, [and received up into Heaven]; and the Response, “*Deo gratias*” “Thanks be to God,” imply causes of rejoicing;—rejoicing over that Sacrifice which overcame sin and death, and gave us the victory. Some of these light and frivolous arias have words set to them, such as “God has gone up with a merry noise, and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet”—and, doubtless, the organists consider themselves as simply carrying out the meaning and spirit of the particular portion of the Mass: but such *Pas seul-Rondeaux* as I heard on the occasion here referred to, do no more adhere and

* Remarkably enough, however, on the very day on which I heard this strange music in Normandy, my son heard a hymn sung by the congregation of Moreton Hampstead church in Devonshire (and very sweetly too), to the tune of one of the most exquisite airs in Weber's Opera of the “*Freischutz*.”

keep place together with pious gratitude or sanctified joy, "than the Hundredth Psalm and the tune of 'Green sleeves.'"

The cleverest thing achieved by the organist at St. Ouen, in my estimation, was his opening chord when he first made the splendid instrument speak: the Priest was intoning awfully out of tune, and had just floundered into an accidental flat, "most melancholy," when "Vasto rex Æolus antro"—he who ruled all the wind in the recess at the West end of the church, adopted that very note, and modulated rapidly into "most musical" and heart-awakening melody.

Happening to see a little "Manual of Devotion" at my side in the aisle of this church, I turned over a few pages, and read in it an exhortation to pray for the dying (Les Agonizants). The devout Christian is reminded that 80,000 persons die daily. I think we may demur to this statement. It sweeps away in twenty-four hours a ten thousandth-part of the whole population of the Earth! "To escape the punishments of hell," said the 'Manual,' "the sinner must make full confession of his iniquities, or perform some work indicative of true repentance (bon acte de contrition). Pray, therefore, that the dying may do one or the other of these, at least."

There was a procession at the commencement of the service of the day. It passed twice round the aisles, and twice along the nave, headed by the Marguilliers (churchwardens), who, judging by the expression of their countenances, seemed to me insufferably bored by the ceremony. It was one of those acts of compliance of which one would be

inclined to say, "If you do it not with a good will, it would be better not to do it at all!" But see what influence is still enjoyed by the Ministers of the Church in France! I suppose *we* should not succeed in inducing *our* worthy churchwardens to take such a turn with *us*, even with the Primate at the head of the procession, for the reversion of all the revenues of York and Canterbury.

I was standing by the stairs of the pulpit, when a young ecclesiastic ascended, and began to read an extract from the Gospel of St. Luke, chap. xix., 45—47. "And He taught daily in the temple." This done, he came down, and was succeeded by a Priest habited in a black gown, who, adverting to the passage in the Gospel just read, "took occasion to improve upon the subject" by reminding the congregation that the Lord would presently be upon the Altar; and in this strain continued for about ten minutes, during which he, eight times, adverted to the doctrine of the Real Presence. He then made a long pause, and spat aloud heartily. I concluded this was regarded as a conventional and most considerate signal; for, in an instant, there was a blowing of upwards of a hundred noses. Silence ensuing, he went on to congratulate his hearers on the privilege of beholding such an immediate manifestation; and added, that "they might leave the temple of their worship assured of having, by their attendance therein on that day, enjoyed the especial presence of their God." This terminated the address. Turning to go away, I saw at my feet a woman kneeling on the pavement (just come in from the market-stalls), and having at her side a huge

basket-full of carrots, leeks, and turnips. The Suisse (beadle) will not permit any bundle or burden to be carried before the altar; but the occasional introductions of *foreign matter* into the *aisles* is as startling as in the Voluntaries of the organ-loft.

The reader will remember my mention of the Church of St. Germain, at the extremity of the town, where I fell in with the Canon of Evreux. Affixed to a black board on the door of this sacred edifice was a Notice from one Jean Calle, bailiff of Pont Audemer, announcing "a sale of wheat, peas, and tares, on that very day, Sunday, August 6th, 1854, at two o'clock in the afternoon, on the small farm of Mont les Mares, Commune of St. Germain; on two plots of land, the property of the late M. Reaux, and in the occupation of Joseph François, farmer of Fontainville: about two acres and half a rood of very superior wheat, and an acre of peas and vetches. A very liberal allowance of time for payment." I observed to the reverend Canon that this was rather too secular a matter for the doors of a church: and what was far more unseemly, Sunday was appointed to be the day of sale. "Why, Sir," said he, "these things are not permitted by the clergy." The incumbent is not here; I am only come over from Evreux to take his duty for the day, during his temporary absence from home this week. The bailiffs come without saying a word to the Minister of the Church, and fasten up their Notice, with the hope of its being seen by many parties, and proving the best of advertisements. Nevertheless, we could remove the paper immediately, if we chose."

This incident led to what passed between us respecting the Sabbath and the non-attendance of men at the church services at Pont Audemer; and which I have already recorded. I drew his attention to a very singular range of corbels, heads projecting under the caves of the aisle roofing, and also at the West gables. The majority of these represented the heads of sheep, oxen, and muzzled calves. I learned at Pont Audemer that the introduction of these heads originated in the following circumstance:—A wealthy grazier of Honfleur passing through this suburb of Pont Audemer, on his way to Pontoise, near Paris, with a large herd of oxen and calves (about the year 1070), saw a number of masons and labourers busily employed in laying the foundations of a large building; and upon his asking what they were about to erect there, and learning they were preparing to build a church, he made them a promise, that should he, upon his return from the Calf-market Meeting at Pontoise, find their work advanced to the height of the great altar pavement, he would make them a present of a bullock.

They did not disappoint him, nor he them. The ox was duly received, slaughtered, and eaten by the sedulous builders; and this second *Capo di Bove* adornment* was introduced on the exterior of the building as a significant and grateful commemoration of the pious gift. It is a very old and fantastic edifice, well worth an attentive examination. I subsequently made a correct drawing of its exquisitely beautiful

* The tomb of Cecilia Metella, at Rome, exhibits a beautiful frieze, composed of ox heads and garlands. It is called the *Capo di Bove*.

Western window. I counted five-and-twenty calves' heads at the Western end; and I may add, *par parenthèse*, that I saw just that number of genuine Cauchoise caps, inside, among the congregation at Vespers. It was at the conclusion of this evening service, when the bulk of the congregation had dispersed, that I overheard the Canon lecturing in a side chapel. The majority of his hearers consisted of little girls from the Female Orphan Asylum of Pont Audemer, who were in attendance with the Religieuses, their teachers. I drew near just as he had finished reading to them a part of that Epistle of St. Paul to the Thessalonians in which the Apostle exhorts his converts to many Christian duties, in fulfilling which they were to "pray without ceasing."

The matter of his exhortation was so excellent, and the manner of delivery was so affectionate and winning, that I made a point of listening as a reporter would: and, on returning to "mine own inn," I immediately placed on record the following epitome; adding only such words as were necessary to render the French idiom: and such of my readers as feel interest in the subject, handled by a Roman Catholic divine, will find themselves amply repaid by the perusal. Those who are of a different opinion will hold up their hands, and say, perhaps, "Bless us! this man's half a Romanist!" and treat this page as the closing one of the chapter.

"Praying without ceasing! Here I shall be met at once by the secret reply of each child's heart, that to live in that state is altogether impossible; that, even in *your* little world and limited range of duties,

your attention is required for other things—things mundane and temporal, which you have been taught to handle faithfully, and in such business not to be slothful. But you have yet to be told that to pray without ceasing, by no means implies that the Christian is to be ever upon his knees, with hands joined together, and eyes uplifted to Heaven. Our gracious God never exacts of man impossibilities. None of His commandments involve contradictions, or call for an impracticable devotedness. I shall show you, my young friends, that incessant prayer is the term employed by the Apostle of our Saviour to signify, the yielding up of the heart unto God. ‘Whatsoever ye do, do it unto the Lord’—to that Lord who knows what is in man, and is a searcher of the heart, and of the reins, and of every secret thing. It is well for children who have faithful parents, if their mother will watch conscientiously over their religious and moral obligations, and guide them by pious example into the ways of Divine life, supplicating the Creator at early rising and at bedtime, before sleep,—and profiting by every offered opportunity of drawing nigh to Him in the great congregation, and secretly among the faithful. But even those children are not always in their parents’ presence; the father works, perhaps, at the Tanneries or in the fields: ‘Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening.’ And the mother, if not engrossed by farm-labour or factory-work, may be closely engaged in the homes of other families in the town; or may have an infant at home requiring all her attention and oversight. Such

children, therefore, are left to themselves, through many long hours of the day; and to them—for the time-being *orphans*, as it were,—the exhortation I make to *you* is equally applicable. My children, I tell you that continuous prayer is continuous OBEDIENCE—affectionate and loving regard for all God's commandments, because God ordained them. That God loves you, and expects that if *you* really love *Him*, in return, you will observe His commandments, and honour His most holy law: His goodness has ordained that in keeping thereof there should be great reward. Its demands are not grievous—they are not impossible of compliance; and He lovingly calls you thus, 'My child! give me thy heart.' Shall I tell you how to do this? Shall I tell you what is meant by giving to Christ the heart,—the undivided heart? Oh! preserve inviolate that *spiritual* devotedness, and there will be no fear of your hearts' innocent affections being corrupted and defiled by the evil communications of a tempting world that lieth around you in wickedness. I will tell you, then, what is included in the signification of the term 'yielding the heart to God;' for, when you comprehend this, you will understand the entire meaning of 'praying without ceasing.'

"In God you live, you move, and have your being. *Do* all with a single eye to Him. Say to Him, when your day of work begins, 'My God, I am going to my lawful occupation: I acknowledge that this is a task ordained for me to execute, according to Thy decree that labour should be the lot of man. Whatever these hands find to do, I will strive to

do with all my might; I will do it unto my Lord and my God. If I be successful in my task, I will thank Thee, who teachest my hands thus to manipulate* in the craft to which I am being trained (for all dexterity cometh of Thee); and will glorify Thee for guiding these fingers through the intricacies of the work assigned to me. If I be praised for my dexterity and attentiveness, I will glorify Thee: "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but to Thy great name be the praise; for Thou hast made us, and not we ourselves." If I be blamed and reprimanded for failure, I will receive the reproof as Thy chastening for unfaithfulness, or as though I were touched by Thy rod to learn humility. If I be teased by my fellow-workers, and thwarted in my painstaking, I will still endure it; for it is the trial of my fortitude and constancy: and I will emulate Him who endured for me the contradiction of sinners. But say what they may, and do what they may, I will hold fast my integrity: my *heart* shall not reproach me so long as I live. Yes, blessed Saviour! whatever swords penetrate that heart, I will suffer and endure; and bless the wound that may remind me of Thine own unmerited sufferings, and render me more conversant with persecution for righteousness' sake, and the promise of the Kingdom of Heaven attached to it. No matter what hardness I suffer, provided I live unto Thee and die unto Thee.'

"My dear young Christians, these self-communings and ejaculations, these aspirations, these yearnings

* The young children are taught, at a very early age, to make lace.

ings of the heart and soul towards God, constitute the truest prayers. The loyal and devoted attribution of all to Him,—referring every care, every hope, every joy, every disappointment, and every triumph to Him, whose creatures you are (and whose adopted ones you will become, if you obey the counsels and warnings of His Spirit),—will render your life a sacramental existence and a saintly progress to the many mansions of your Father's house. You are *called* already: only be faithful unto death, and persevere till you are numbered among the *chosen*."

He then reminded them of their having probably forgotten many holy vows made by them at their first communion: they might have "slumbered and slept." *That* consideration, also, should be ever uppermost in mind—the solemn obligation to live up to the full spirit of those early vows; and religiously to dread the offence of persevering in disregard and cold indifference to those good resolutions.

I observed to him that, from the tenor and mode of his teaching, I presumed he was familiarly conversant with the duties and difficulties of a rural district, and knew the whole mind of the poor. He said he had a small charge near Evreux, and had always ministered among the labouring-classes in the agricultural districts; and felt gratified that chance had thus thrown us together,—thus to compare experience; and it would have been still more congenial to his feelings had he and I—differing, indeed, in points of faith, but fearing one and the same Lord—been enabled to *speak often to one another*. I left him, for ever, entertaining the same sentiment.

CHAPTER IV.

PONT AUDEMER, AND HONFLEUR.

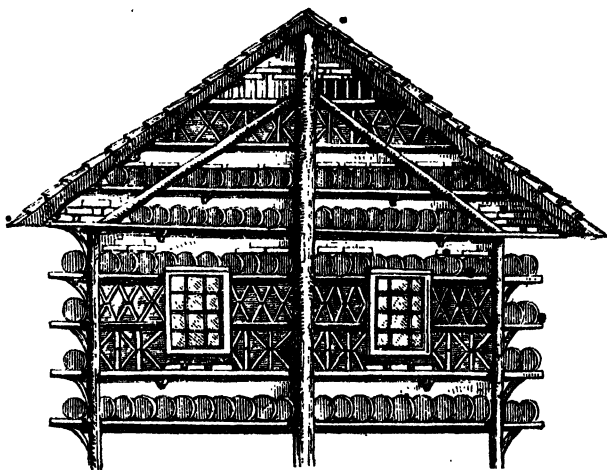
IN a range of country containing so many dense forests of oak, and where the innumerable hedgerows exhibit the unchecked growth of oak-timber which constitutes in Normandy what the Coal-districts are to England, a never-failing source of Fuel, there must, of course, be periodical falls; and Barking, in proportion. Hence the establishment, from the earliest times, of so many Tanneries, in these parts of France, for the operations of which the various small rivers whose direct, or diverted, streams meet the eye so frequently, afford such ample facilities; for the most part exclusively employed in the process of imbuing hides with bark; though, in many cases, combined with Cotton, or Flour-mill machinery. There are upwards of forty such Tanneries in Pont Audemer alone. For the mere work of soaking hides, and conversion of the crude material of skin into leather, it would have been sufficient to conduct the water into tanks and reservoirs: but the Proprietor of Tanning-works turns the deposited mass of bark which remains at the bottom of the saturating-tanks (the *caput mortuum*, we may call it, of this active ingredient) into a new source of profit, by reducing it to dust in a fabric fitted up with mighty wheels that set in

motion the whole mechanism of a Crushing-mill; such as those that convert the linseed pulp into oil-cakes. By this process, three or four "young hands" are enabled to manufacture in a few hours many thousands of square or circular cakes, called "Mottes à brûler,"—which are used as fuel; as, in other parts of France (and we may say of Europe), the poorer classes use turf. The square cakes are usually an inch thick, and something less than seven inches square: the circular, about six inches across.



They are of a dark coffee-brown colour, very light and, till kindled, perfectly scentless. The admixture of a small quantity of water suffices to render the Tan-bark dust moist enough to take and retain the shape given by the descent of the heavy flattening beams in the mill—and on the machinery extending them, almost as rapidly as the Mint mechanism casts out the coin, these cakes are carried off in carts to the drying-lofts; where they are ranged, in millions, for ventilation during a month or six weeks (in Summer, a week will often complete this part of the work); and from these Depositories they are purchased at the rate of five shillings a thousand. I brought home two of them; but I found they were no novelty in the West of England, nor perhaps elsewhere in our country. Many may be seen at Ottery and Woodbury, at no great distance from my own home. They resemble cakes made of rye-meal very

roughly ground, and with the coarsest bran in it, such as I have seen the Bohemian postilions eating in common with their horses: and they burn well, kindling with the rapidity of very dry wood, and emitting an agreeable aromatic odour closely resembling that of Cascarilla-rind, when ignited. The Drying-houses being mostly filled to the apex of the roof (for the raw material is supplied every hour in the day) the principal lodges and out-buildings of the homestead of the Tannery are fitted up with shelves all around (on their exterior), upon which are deposited occasionally, in very ingenious and pleasing forms of arrangement, these recently moulded "Mottes," which, thus pre-



sented to the eye, bear the semblance of thousands of thick cakes of tempting farinaceous sweetmeat, upon

which, out of his reach, indeed, but conspicuous from the roadside, it would be easy to imagine a school-boy sighing and looking and sighing again, under the vivid impression that they were an inexhaustible store of hot-spiced gingerbread.

It was my remark, in the opening chapter of this volume, that our justly-esteemed Artist, Prout, delighted, while he lived, in depicting the hues and charmingly picturesque features of streets and devious lanes in Continental towns. During one of my rambles, in a sunny forenoon, through Pont Audemer, I was induced to stand and gaze for several minutes on what appeared an accumulation of all the tints and touches ("Anchè io son pittore") which compose so happily in street painting. Such of my readers as are familiar with the Exhibitions of the Water-Colour Society will immediately recognize the elements of some of the most pleasing pictures in the following category:—1, Light green painted shop fronts; 2, Gilt signs of every variety; 3, Light oak-coloured panels; 4, Bright yellow, orange, blue and lilac-coloured compartments of shop fronts; 5, Flowers, especially Geraniums, on the balconies; 6, Fantastic balconies of elaborately-carved wood, or curiously-scrolled iron. In *Italy*, often of sculptured stone; 7, Timber-pointed houses; projecting gables: dormer windows, cranes or wheels at the upper windows; poles projecting, with blue or striped cloths depending from them; 8, Barbers' brass basins, hanging out before the doors of the common class of shavers and cutters; 9, The projection of story beyond story; the first-floor with its casements hanging

over the basement by five feet, and so on up to the roof: and chimney-shafts of infinite variety of pattern and material; 10, The colouring of the house fronts; some, cowslip-tinted stucco; others, rose-coloured verdigris, or lightest blue wash; 11, Groups of women standing, or seated, in the middle, or at the sides of the street, with white, red, or blue caps and kerchiefs, and gowns of every hue; and, in Normandy, wearing either the Cauchois cap, or a white cap, like a man's bonnet de nuit, and grouped on chairs, making lace; or, here and there, a broad-straw-bonneted market girl: to which may be added the azure-coloured blouses of the men, and the red-trousered soldiery; 12, The peculiar head-gear and harness (decorated with dyed sheepskins and rows of globular brass bells) of the horses: and the picturesque shapes of the vegetable-baskets carried between the shoulders (not, as in England, on the heads) of the market-women,—and, by way of filling up the middle distance, a yellow and crimson Caillard Messageries' Diligence, happily fore-shortened, and standing near to some delightfully antique fountain, or pump surmounted by some Saint or Patriot, in stone, which tells like a sunbeam in the composition,—to say nothing of the *Lanterne* swinging from the slack-wire across the street; and of a bright green tree spreading over the wall of a Court-yard, here and there. Add to all these ingredients a transparent shadow, and certain refracted lights,—and a blue sky overhead, with a grey or pearly white Cathedral or Baronial tower, backed by blue distant mountains, or a richly cultivated or woody hill slope for the extreme distance:

and if the palette be set in vain,—“if these delights thy mind may (not) move” then, Brother Brush! thou hast mistaken thine avocation.

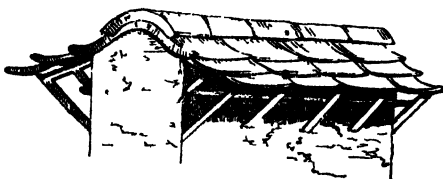
The municipal authorities, at Pont Audemer, and in several other parts of Normandy, require all builders to roof with slate. I was surprised to see so extensive an employment of slate in all directions. The weather-side of the majority of the houses is encased with it; and red tiles seem to be disappearing altogether. In the neighbourhood of Barentin and Longueville, near Rouen, there is a very large village, a little *bourg*, built exclusively of slate: and nothing can well be more ugly. At Pont Audemer, the grey tint of the slate is very pleasingly relieved by the peculiar colour of the mortar used by the masons. I managed to fall into conversation with a master of the craft, and we went into the matter. It is their practice to mix the salmon-tinted earth of the district with the lime,—as we do our road-drift, or inland sand; and this combination produces the warm-coloured *orangeâtre* tint which meets the eye for many miles of country, and which, in a picture, produces occasionally the happiest effect. They “top” their mud-walls with thatch and tiling, as in other parts of France, and, as I may add, in Devonshire; but the elaborate frame-work of wood, which is set up for the support of this mural roof, must render it a very costly sort of coping.

Between Exeter and Hele station may be seen a mud-wall surmounted with common red tiles, over which are laid purple glazed plates, of a foot length, which, I should think, must altogether cost as

much as a neat two-inch coping of Portland stone.



Devonshire.



Normandy

The French work well in clay and wattled framework. It is surprising to see how long their farm-buildings, constructed in this manner, endure, without any admixture (as on the Western coast of England) of stone. Of the rapidity with which they raise these walls, an interesting proof was exhibited in the Camps, near Boulogne, where every company of a regiment, immediately they arrived on the ground to be occupied, set to work, and within twenty-four hours completed a weather-proof tenement for the lodgment of twelve men.

Monasteries are extinct in Pont Audemer; but travellers who might wish to gain a good idea of self-imposed incarceration, may conjecture what the life of a cloistered Nun must be, even in these days, by a glance at the Convent of Carmelite Religieuses, opposite to the Church of St. Germain, mentioned in the last chapter; where twenty of these devotees are immured in a building, the windows of which, on

three sides, *next to the world*,—that is, exposed to the high-road!—are bricked up to within eighteen inches of the top; as in “condemned cells,” or in the dens of raving and dangerous maniacs. A curious contrast to this fasting and retirement is afforded by the innumerable, and, one would think, most superfluous, houses of entertainment for man and horse, cafés and hôtels, *so called*, that one meets at every turn, in every street, with an exuberance of welcome to travellers, and “men and women upon the pavé,” to which Chatham, I conceive, alone could furnish a parallel. Apropos of Chatham; there were young lads here crying “Snipes! snipes!” just as in Chatham they cry shrimps. A still more strikingly antagonistic emblem of the grandeur of this world—its “pleasures and palaces”—presents itself in the superb palatial Château (of the style of Louis XIV.) of Madame Bougourd, widow of the deceased banker of that name, situate on the road leading out of Pont Audemer towards Rouen;—the central portion alone of whose front contains twenty-three windows (and there are spacious wings), overlooking the beautiful valley of the Risle, through a vista of the choicest shrubs and most ornamental trees, on the opposite side of the road: (the picture being backed by some of the finest portions of the Côtes, or verdant hill sides, seen beyond the winding silvery tide of the river). This is one of the handsomest mansions of the kind I remember having seen in France; the Duke de Praslin’s, at Mesnil Voisin, near Chaptainville, not excepted. I have a rather indistinct recollection of the Louis Quatorzième Palace, erected in Wrest Park by Lord de Grey, some

twenty-seven years since ; but *that* was the nearest in resemblance, so far as my memory serves.

Monsieur Desson's Eagle-nest,—a yellow-bricked modern mansion, on the extreme summit of the highest of the Côtes, and overlooking the whole town and environs,—awakens hardly any curiosity beyond inquisitive desire to know how anybody or any thing succeeds in reaching him. Some *nouveaux riches* affect these singularities, and pay no light penalty for the whim. But what induced the successful manufacturer “against that steepy mount to climb his happiness,” except the crude notion of getting “slick” away from the town and people, it would be difficult to imagine.

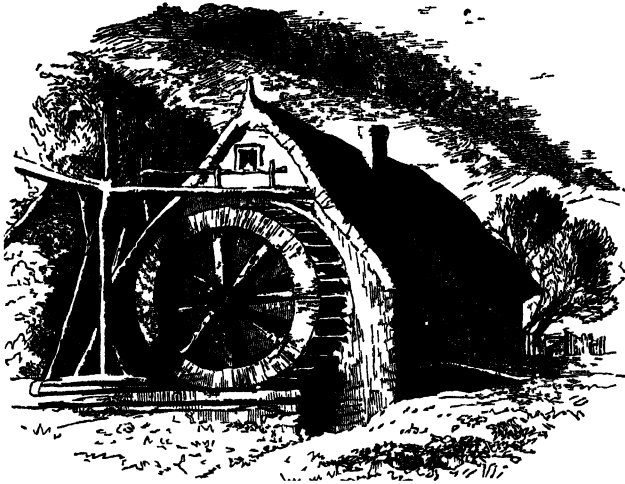
From the town and people, however, well pleased with both, I departed on August the 8th. I had been altogether taken by surprise in finding so many objects of interest on the banks of a river enjoying greater reputation for its little salmon, for which I was too late, than for its historical reminiscences, its antiquities, or works of fine art. How agreeable that surprise proved, the pages I have devoted to the mention of this unpretending town, and its “belongings,” testify;—and this circumstance may serve to admonish younger travellers to include in their line of route, for leisurely inspection, every town comprising a population exceeding four thousand souls: for, in a country like France, where national intelligence and the spirit of enterprise and progress are more than at any previous period advancing in a right direction, there will always be found subject-matter for pleasurable exercise of the understanding and talents,

and for the worthy employment of the advantages emanating from a superior education. Curiosity so justly stimulated, and enquiries wisely directed, will, in quarters hitherto, perhaps, overlooked and despised, discover materials of thought and study calculated not only to strengthen the judgment of men of taste, but to assist in the *formation* of such taste in minds that are yearning for scientific acquirements, and for fresh accessions, as each new haunt of man is explored, of that useful and superior "knowledge," which, wherever it may energize, "is power."

One of the most beautiful and endearing pictures of vale scenery on which the enraptured eye can linger, is "enjoyable" from the hilly ascent of the road to the left, about four miles beyond Pont Audemer, on the way to Honfleur, the town I was about to visit; not so much perhaps for its prominence in any historical or antiquarian records, as with the desire of seeing one of the two ports commanding the mouth of the Seine, which is here eight miles in breadth: and I may add, I wished to carry away with me some recollections of a maritime mart to which old England,—albeit her *soufflées* and omelettes must, perhaps, yield the palm to France,—owes her means of importing more than 12,000 eggs a day one month with another. Unsound as the reputation of French eggs may be in our country (though I believe they are often most unjustifiably calumniated), it was not without some degree of amusement that I roamed about the streets and quays of a dull old town capable of gathering together four million and a half of these useful adjuncts to our breakfast,

dinner, lunch, and supper-tables, year after year,—and called to mind the chests landed at Dover and Ramsgate, fraught with the ingredients of so many “flips,” “whips,” batter and Yorkshire puddings, pancakes, and custards, for which we are indebted to the Norman hens and the Malthusian invaders of their roosts. However, I was just now expatiating on the beauty of the scenery, after the first half-hour’s ride out of Pont Audemer. It lay between Fontainville (where the wheat, peas, and beans were to have been sold *last Sunday!*) and Saint Maclou. Presently afterwards, in the direction of Fatouville, I espied the magnificent Phare or lighthouse,—erected some years since, at a cost of £12,000 sterling—that guiding beacon whose uplifted flame glares meteor-like above the waters of the Seine, and marks, with the Quilleboeuf and Hâvre lamps, the channel of safety between Tancarville and the Embouchure. The view of the latter from Fiqu fleur, through which our road lay, is superb:—Harfleur’s lofty and white glistening steeple, across the river, uprose two hundred feet in air (like another Salisbury spire) from its ancient tower of the day of Henry V.; and Hâvre de Grace,—of which Casimir Delavigne absurdly says, “Un site! ah! quel tableau! Après Constantinople il n’est rien d’aussi beau!”—displayed its walls and docks, quays, fortifications, and vessels lying in harbour, at the entrance of the estuary, in all the sunshine of August and prosperity. This glimpse is but transient, but it is therefore the more valuable. Had I been on foot at this stage of my journey, I should have secured a good-sized drawing of a water-wheel nearly twenty

feet in diameter, in full action at the gable-end of a house, situated on the top of the high-road, just



where a stream descending from the lofty hill-side was conducted by a long artificially elevated channel, above the wheel, which, by the raising or lowering of a narrow gate (the usual expedient), revolved, or stood still, in all the beauty of the radiated circle; for is not this the solution of the mysterious charm ever attaching itself to the water-wheel? Close at hand was a fine pear-orchard, much the worse for blight. It occurred to me, as a grower in no mean county, to ask my fellow-travellers what species their national taste considered to be finest among the pears of France. "Sans contredit, Monsieur, c'est toujours la Louisebonne!" I asked whether they meant the Marie Louise. "Non, non!—la Louisebonne." Next in order the Bon Chretien (my favourite), the

Colmar, the Bergamot, Crysan, and Pentecôte. These they declared to be the most ancient kinds, and the primitive parent stocks from which, by ingrafting, the many other luscious and justly-renowned sorts of pear have at various periods been derived. I have not up to this moment enjoyed any opportunity of questioning certain learned acquaintances in the Horticultural Society's circle; but I must endeavour to gain some intelligence "ancient" this Louisbônne.

Saint Sauveur is the next village after Fiquetfleure. Between the two, we enter the Department of CALVADOS; to gain some insight into which, as one of the most interesting territories in France, was the main object of my excursion. It lies in that part of Normandy which is situate between the Departments of Seine Inferieure and Eure (on its North-eastern side), and of Manche and Orne on the West and South: open to the sea (La Manche) from Honfleur at the Mouth of the Seine to Moisy, near Fontenay, at the Mouth of the Vire: having for its capital CAEN; distant from Paris, one hundred and sixty miles Eastward. Its collective population, distributed among six arrondissements, or districts, which are subdivided into thirty-seven cantons, comprising eight hundred and nine communes or parishes, amounted at the last census to 406,198 souls (or four hundred and seventy-two to the square mile), represented in the House of Parliament by seven members. Its superficies, exclusive of the rivers and sites of buildings, contains about eight hundred and sixty miles. Its square acres (at two acres, one rood, and thirty-five perches to the Hectare), are estimated at 827,721,

which are parcelled out by cultivation or by Nature, as follows :

	Acres.
Arable Land	620,046
Pasture, Meadow	23,702
Woods	78,496
Orchards, and Ornamental Grass Land .	79,600
Canals, Marsh Land and Ponds . . .	589
Moor and Heath	25,288

Its greatest length, from Honfleur to St. Sever (N. to S. W.) is seventy-five miles; its greatest breadth, from N. to S., between Vierville, in the arrondissement of Bayeux, to Truttemer le Petit, in that of Vire, forty-nine. The average revenue of the Department is about one million four hundred thousand pounds sterling; the land-tax yields three hundred and twenty thousand. Of the productiveness of the soil, and of the industry exerted in its cultivation, some idea may be formed by the estimates, here given, of 580,000 quarters of wheat, barley, and potatoes; 62,800 of oats; 2,800,000 bushels of apples, chiefly for cider. The Department is calculated to contain eighty thousand horses, twelve thousand asses and mules, a hundred and sixty thousand head of horned cattle, and a hundred and twenty-five thousand sheep. The breed of horses is of universally acknowledged celebrity. The chief trade is in wheat, horses, fatted oxen, and cider. Lace, tulle, and blonde-making employ a vast number of hands,—upwards of twenty-one thousand women and children being wholly engaged in this manufacture in Caen alone. There are mines in various parts of the territory yielding iron and

coal; quarries, of great extent, variety, and value: granite abounds in many places; and an active trade is maintained in the export of this most useful material, as well as of lime-stone, sand-stone, marble, and the beautiful stone, for architectural purposes, raised from the subterranean quarries of Caen and its environs. There are also chalybeate springs at Roques, near Lisieux,—in Caen, at the Hospital of “Hôtel Dieu,”—at Touffreville, Montbosc, and Bru-court: the three latter are held in high esteem.

Such are the resources and characteristics of this beautiful department of France, the early records of whose political existence are so intimately connected with those of our own country as to constitute a component and valuable portion of the history of England; so that the archæologist, as he meets vestiges of British occupation and supremacy in every town and commune, may well parody the familiar line of Terence, and exclaim—

“Anglus sum! Normannie nihil a me alienum puto.”

[English as I am, I cannot regard anything in this fair Normandy altogether foreign to me.]

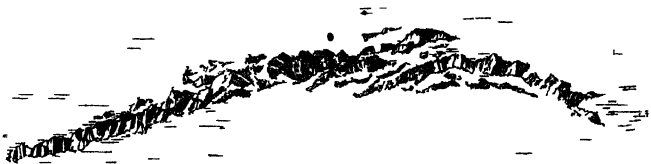
There is much, very much to interest the mind here, even in the survey of vestiges, and in the recollection of incidents, anterior to the invasion of the Conqueror. But when we reflect on the remarkable issues of that conquest, on the turn of events, and the multiplicity of incidents following close upon the decease of William,—on the deplorable reign of Robert, his eldest (twice defrauded of his right of seniority), and the premature death of his second son: the accession of Henry I. (his

youngest), and the unnatural species of affliction which the second Henry was doomed to undergo at the hands of his four turbulent sons:—when the mind dwells on those long and fatal contests maintained by this first of the Plantagenets with Thomas à Becket, and the martial exploits in regal and romantic chivalry achieved by the crusading Cœur de Lion; the wars that desolated England and France under the reigns of Richard and Philip; the vices and murderous tyranny of John, and the eventual expulsion of the English from Normandy,—it is impossible to name CALVADOS with indifference. From its shores came the most puissant sovereign of his times—a man, decidedly in advance of his age; an usurper, indeed, but intruding in such wise as to render his political and martial talents the mighty instruments of a most beneficial and timely revolution; upon which his dynasty was effectually based; altering, from that hour, the entire current of our nation's history, and transmitting to England a long and *still subsisting* line of descendants. I might, therefore, have entered Honfleur singing “God save Queen Victoria,” without travelling far out of the records of Normandy. But the French give us credit for being the most loyal of subjects (it is their universal assertion), without requiring of us melody in the strange land; even though our National Anthem be one of the sweetest and most affecting of the songs of our Sion. A hearty welcome, accordingly, was offered by Madame Marlet into her little inn, near the Licutenancy-house at the Pier, where I succeeded in finding accommoda-

tion at a first-floor window overlooking the port, shipping, and river, till the light coach should start for Caen. I believe it is almost a *fashion* to abuse Honfleur. Murray says it "is dull, and utterly without interest to the traveller; and, moreover, very dirty." It may be "a deadly lively" place of resort in wet weather; and muddy enough, too, I dare say: but it is not so devoid of interest as this dispraise amounts to. In the midst of some splendid oaks, on the summit of the hill overlooking the town from the West, and commanding a delightful prospect, well worth twenty miles' journey, rises the Chapel dedicated to our Lady of Grace; which was in by-gone times served by Capuchin friars. This sacred fane, like the "Delivrande" at Douvres, in Calvados, has for many a generation been the resort of sailors escaped from shipwreck, and, as might be expected, is the receptacle of models of all sorts of vessels—prints, lithographs, water-colour, oil-colour paintings of the particular scene of storm, tempest, and wreck out of which the mariner (owing deliverance, as he believed, to our Lady of Grace, or unmerited loving favour) had been rescued. These heights are rich in diluvial deposit. Fossil remains, nearer the beach, are numerous; and, only a few years since, the labourers employed by a verderer to remove a portion of limestone rock from the entrance to a roadway into the wood, dug up the skeleton of a large crocodile. The sailors still find their way to the Chapel; but, in olden times, when considerable peril attended every passage from Havre to this side of the Estuary, the captain of the boat used to place

himself at the bowsprit, and taking off his hat the first, invited his passengers to implore the protection of Nôtre Dame de Grace. This custom—originated in the loss of a passage-boat off Honfleur. Bonaparte crossed over to this place in a lug-sail-boat in the year 1802, to survey the town and harbours, with a view to their improvement. The first French navigator that doubled the Cape of Good Hope (Binot Paulmier), sailed from Honfleur in 1503—and afterwards discovered New Holland. At the period when Spain enjoyed considerable repute for her enterprise in commercial and maritime expeditions, this port was often thronged with her merchantmen ; and this leads me to observe that the Spanish title given to this department of the Empire, derived its origin from the name by which that fatal reef had been long known, along the Northern shore at Corseulles ; on which so many ships from Spain had foundered. Owing to the fearful number of lives lost off this chain of hidden rocks, the reef used to be called *Les fosses d'Espagne*: (the graves of Spain, or of the Spaniards.) Most of the principal towns and villages of the Continent have their *Calvaire* ; an eminence, generally in the outskirts of the place, distinguished by a Crucifix and small Oratory, or shrine for prayer, —around which are the graves and monuments of the dead : a cemetery, in fact. The Spanish word for *Calvaire* is *Calvados* : and this appellation, primarily annexed to the reef only, at the period of the occupation of this coast by the Spaniards, was subsequently adopted by the government (when France was divided into departments), as the distinctive name of the

region of territory whose boundaries have been already described. It was long before I succeeded in acquiring this information. In all quarters, even among the Savans of the Lycée Imperial at Caen, I heard the most ridiculous conjectures as to the derivation of the word. Some said the whole country was so called, in consequence of a ship, called "*The Calvary*," having been wrecked there: and others suggested that the rocks being occasionally left *bald* and bare, might have given rise to the designation in question. Had I been disposed to humour the F. A. S. of the Norman University, by a "*Felicitatus est*," I might have proposed to attribute it to an abbreviation of *CALETUM VADA*—(the shallows of the Caletes: the old Roman name of the people inhabiting the present Pays de Caen). But I have not a doubt of having hit upon the real origin by attaching, as I have done, a very significant meaning to the words above mentioned,—"*Fosses d'Espagne*," which, after patiently searching for the best and most authentic maps, I discovered, printed under an engraving of the very rocks, called *Rochers du Calvados*,—in a Chart of the same authority and character that distinguishes our Ordnance Survey.



As an enthusiastic lover of the Picturesque, which,

as every one knows, may often be found apart from the Beautiful, I beg to give a good word to the by-streets of old Honfleur. Anything more genuinely French and foreign is not to be seen for many a long league. The houses are mostly "timbered," as it is called; and in many instances reminded me of Chester. Their enormous dormer windows, projecting roofs, and grotesque corbels, not only under the weather-mouldings of the doors and windows, but, distributed in the frontage, would have supplied subjects for the most interesting drawings. Monstrous and hideous heads, set in hollow mouldings, with projecting tongues; gurgoyles and images, carved in oak and chestnut-wood, as ancient as the beginning of the fifteenth century, are plentiful here. The doorways seemed to indicate entrances into superior houses: Doubtless, many of these old rotting tenements were inhabited, in the days of the Plantagenets, by proprietors of considerable substance; whose escutcheons bearing very curious heraldic insignia, are still visible on panels and keystones. There are no trottoirs; the streets are narrow; and lighted, as of old, by lanterns suspended from wires that cross the street.

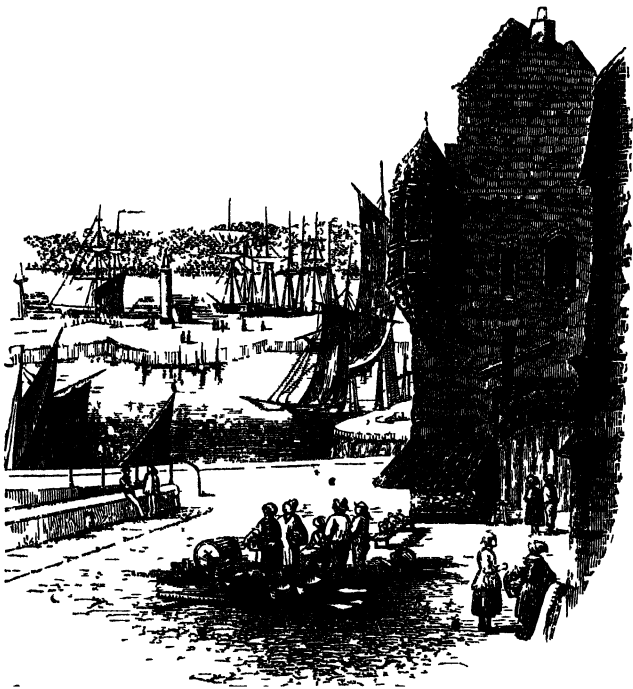
The women and young girls were seated, in all directions, on chairs and stools, outside their habitations, each with her lace-pillow on her lap; and some of the young children were beginning to use the bobbins, under the guidance of the elder: elevating themselves above the shoulders of their mothers, in the prettiest conceivable groups, on the stone steps, by which (three, four, and occasionally five in number,) the most ancient of the houses are entered.

There is continual ship-building here, also: I saw

three on the stocks. Extensive works are likewise in progress, on a jetty which will eventually become a safe and most commodious landing-place. I saw four steamers in the offing, and a number of small sailing-vessels and fishing-boats. Between Honfleur and Quillebocuf they catch a delicate little fish called the Sperling: it is of the hue of mother of pearl, and as the smelt, which is also caught here, is considered to emit a fragrance strongly resembling that of a cucumber, so the Sperling, for some hours after it is taken out of the water, diffuses an odour of violets. I was in the neighbourhood at the height of the season for this "Catch," but left the coast too soon to succeed in seeing any at table. The fishermen turn to very profitable account the large John Dorics (Janitore, or *Gate-keeping* St. Peter's fish) of these waters, by hurrying off in all speed with them to dear old Billingsgate! The greatest curiosity however, in Natural History (in the immediate district of Honfleur), is that species of duck called the Tadorna, or Shieldrake,—a bird of passage, which has the singular habit of building its nest in the burrows, or sand-hills by the beach, from which it has driven the *rabbits*!—and it is in coming out of this retreat that the fishermen catch it, and forthwith sell it, as a delicate rarity, in the neighbourhood.

The harbour and its basins, its pier and lighthouse, and dry and wet docks, is of beautiful masonry, and exhibits a masterpiece of civil-engineering. Two brigs from Norway had just landed their cargo of deals. The stone parapets, pavements, flood-gates, and bonding warehouse, Custom-house, and other public

edifices, are of a superior style of building, and attach an aspect of great respectability to the port. The Lieutenantcy-house is a picturesque old structure of the sixteenth century, and, as seen from my obliging hostess Madame Marlet's window, overlooking the quarrelsome old *poissardes* near the inner basin, presented a pleasing and characteristic feature, which may serve to give the reader a notion of eggs, butter, and poultry, peach and melon-exporting Honfleur.



CHAPTER V.

CAEN.

I ENTERED Caen at nine o'clock in the evening of August the 8th; having noticed as we came along how altogether English the scenery appeared. Pont l'Evêque, however pretty as a little town exhibiting some of the most pleasing features of ancient and modern housebuilding (though the object of my aversion, slate, has begun to disfigure it in only too many places), would not have repaid a longer visit than mine of this afternoon. It is the *cleanest* town, out of Holland, I ever entered; and there is some old story of which, as we say, I could not "learn the rights," about an ancient Bishop, who was either drowned here, or narrowly escaped being submerged, at the cost of his life, in the waters of the river Touques: Hence the name of the town. The roads between Honfleur and Caen are model highways for Europe. Mac Adamization could no further go: and the clipped quickset hedges are not to be surpassed on the best of the College farms in Norfolk or Cambridgeshire. Had I been indifferent as to a week or two, in this excursion, I should have been tempted to follow the Touques to its mouth, and while away a few hours in Trouville, which I was given to understand is now becoming the prime favourite in Nor-

mandy as a watering-place. The bathing, it is said, is upon an excellent footing; and everything that taste can achieve, in setting off to advantage a healthy and pleasant locality on the seashore, has been well-nigh completed:—and, considering what the French are capable of devising and executing, too, in this way, it is reasonable to suppose that the baths of Trouville are about as pleasurable a retreat from the heat, dust, and fatigues of a Parisian season, ending in July, as any the most popular of our own marine haunts of fashion and fancy bathing. It has sprung up within a few years. There is another popular resort for the same object, (nearer to the memorable reef spoken of in the last chapter,) the little village of Luc, between Langrune and Corsculles, bearing about the same degree of importance, as compared with Trouville, that Folkestone did with Sandgate, before the marvellous creation of Vantini's Palace. My fellow-travellers, a Breton lady and her daughter, had visited both. Speaking of the Calvados rocks, she stated the commonly prevailing belief that the name was solely attributable to the circumstance of one of the largest ships of Philip the Second's Armada being lost upon that reef; the said vessel being named *Calvados*, or *The Calvary*. I had heard this affirmed before, on one of my visits to the Lycée; but the party with whom I spoke upon the subject thought with me, that the wreck of one particular ship was hardly sufficiently momentous to confer a name upon a department of France. Nevertheless, I should have adopted the solution thus offered, but for discovering what appeared to be the

translation, the interpretation of the word (almost officially laid down) on the Chart to which I have already adverted. Speaking of names, it is to be hoped that the fair Parisian demoiselles and their "retainers," who come to disport themselves in the innocent recreations of shell and weed gathering, shrimp-eating, and other Pegwell-bay sort of *passa tempo* on the briny shore, will, ere long, change the name of the most frequented part of this village of Luc (that is to say, the hamlet called Petit *Enfer*) into some more respectable designation. A few delightful pic-nics, a successful water-party, a ball where there may have been nothing left to be desired, or a delectable courtship, or something of that kind, would soon suggest to these happy maidens the idea *d'un Petit Paradis*; and the Bishop of Bayeux himself could hardly improve upon it.

Madame D., my fellow-traveller, said she was very anxious for her daughter's improvement in the study of our language. She was a modest, meek-eyed girl of about fifteen, and read English satisfactorily enough. The great drawback, she added, in this branch of education in France, was the inability of the English instructors to speak French intelligibly. Money would hardly purchase such teaching; yet, for want of familiar acquaintance with colloquial language, and of the faculty of turning idiom into idiom, the pupils of even the most sedulous and respectable English governesses, at school or at home, failed most vexatiously when they essayed to hold conversations in our tongue. • I have always remarked this defect; and think the Germans exhibit

it the least,—always excepting the Russians of high rank, who, in many instances, speak English so fluently, and with such perfect knowledge and use of our dialect and phraseology, as to beguile the ear, and cause one to turn round with doubt as to their being foreigners. 'I remember this well in the case of Counts Demidoff, Schemeretieff, Prince Pastukiewicz, and several other nobles of the Court of St. Petersburg to whom I had introductions at Vienna in 1821. The French, however, like our countrymen, converse with us in *French-English*, translating their own *tournure de phrase* literally, and sometimes very amusingly. "A moi c'est égal" (It is to me equal). "Cela va sans dire," (That goes without saying anything; instead of, "That's a matter of course.") "Va pour cela!" (Go for that! instead of "Agreed! Done!") "Cela se fait il?" (That does it do? instead of "How is that?") and "Cela ne va pas" (This does not go, for "That won't do!") and "How you do?" for "How do you do?" Not but that the offences of John and Jane Bull in French dialogue are continuous and infinite; and to ask for a pair of pillows at a jeweller's counter, and for an old woman's candle instead of a night-light; and for a sailor, above the feather-bed, instead of a mattress,—is of every-day occurrence.

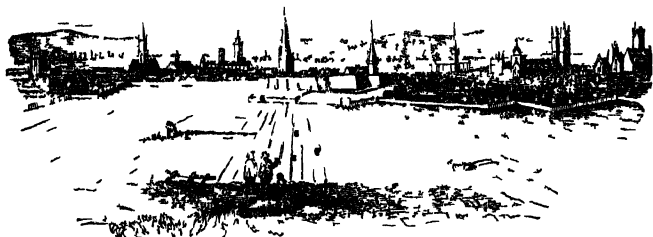
A glance at the sketch taken from the Route de Corsculles will convey a favourable notion as to the general aspect of CAEN. It is as agreeable an outline as pencil can trace, and few cities of its dimensions show to better effect. Upwards of sixteen spires or towers rise from the dense accumulation

of roofs; and the ramparts of the ancient Castle, in the centre, enclosing almost an entire parish, attach considerable interest to the *coup d'œil*. This castle was founded in the day of the Conqueror; and in its ancient Chapel, dedicated to St. George, our Henry V. celebrated the fête-day of that worthy, in 1418,—holding a chapter on the same day (April 23rd), and creating twelve Knights of the Order of the Bath: (Alas! when I saw it, it was full of fire-wood, cider, and gas and tar-barrels!) The English were *chasséd* from this stronghold (and never recovered possession) two-and-thirty years afterwards.

Some travellers, taking up their station as I did, for a wide prospect, at the Moulin du Roi, on the road to Bayeux, have compared this general view of Caen to that of Oxford: but with all deference to my beautiful Alma Mater, I must say the Norman capital is greatly superior as a *tableau*; for the *campagna* lying between it and the beautiful hills that bound the view, is almost as delightful to look upon as the plains of Lombardy: to which comparison the almost interminable lines of poplar-trees in the Eastern direction add considerable force. The Church of the Abbey of St. Stephen (otherwise familiarly called “The Conqueror’s,”) forms a noble object to the right.* Queen Matilda’s Church is too far to the left to enter my view.

* Its length is less by 107 feet than that of Salisbury Cathedral, and by twenty than that of Exeter Cathedral; but the height of the roof from the pavement of the nave is only twelve feet less than that of the former, and is thirty feet higher than that of the latter edifice.

The Caenites are the most determined and indefatigable people in *walling* I ever met with. Owing to the close proximity and abundance of stone, they



enclose every garden, orchard, meadow, or drying-ground with long rambling walls, ten feet high, which, seen from a distance, impart the appearance of a fortified town. They think it a small matter to build up a thousand-feet-length of these massive outworks merely to encompass a potato-plot, or spaces where in England the utmost we should do in the way of fence would be the erection of a few hurdles.

If the distant view of Caen, from the fields and roads approaching it, be thus pleasing, the interior is not less agreeable in aspect. "Pretty" may be a woman's word, but it is very significant: Caen is

a pretty as well as handsome town. Its monuments of art and antiquity meet us at every turn, and in appropriate and favourable situations. The churches are interspersed, as my view indicates, in all directions; the seven squares (or *places*), the nine bridges, the two rivers (Odon and Orne), the markets, the public buildings, and private residences, trees and gardens, and excellent shops, are all and each happily placed; and the suburb of Vaucelles, through which run three Routes Royales across the river (like our Southwark), forms a handsome and lively continuation of the capital, with as spacious a street as the widest part of our Borough, or the Zeil at Frankfurt. The public promenades, whether in respect of their extent, or of the lovely country they look upon, are among the finest in the empire; and the greater and lesser race-courses are the delight of the inhabitants. The latest and most admirable of improvements in public works is the new Basin, at the Port, as it is termed, beyond the great Fish-market (a noble building), where, in a Wet-dock, about a quarter of a mile long, and of a proportionately handsome breadth, the vessels trading with the town enjoy the amplest facilities of lading and discharging cargo. Caen is the principal port for export of Colza oil, immense quantities of which are produced in this Department. In this basin were celebrated the aquatic games on the day of the fête of the Emperor, of which I shall hereafter make honourable mention.

However, I am not about to tire my reader with a description of the good town of Caen. I leave that

to the legitimate exponents of such knowledge,—the Travelling-carriage Pocket Companions, the English Hand-books, and the Local Guides; those letter-pressed or living oracles which may be procured from the shelves of the booksellers, or the court-yards of the hotels. I wish to limit my report to what I actually saw *en passant*, and what I distinctly heard from the fountain-heads of authority; uninformed and uninfluenced by printed *précis*, or cicerones' suggestions; and I may possibly report from comparatively untrodden ground. I took up my residence at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, glad enough to enter it when I arrived: not sorry to leave it when I departed,—by which may be inferred that bad is the best. The English visitors are “few and far between,” in Caen. The English, settled *résidents* scarcely comprise twenty, if so many, families: so much so, that it was a matter of doubt whether there were a hundred of our country men and women in this place. A great change has come over it, in this respect; and although violent political revolutions, and the augmented price of provisions and general necessaries, upon the Continent—(operating very decidedly here at Caen) may have induced many to go further into the interior, that is to say, Southerly, and nearer to the main trunk-line of railway,—it is a question whether the arrival, at various periods, of only too many of that class of our countrymen who have from time to time done more to bring discredit on their name and nation than any other foreigners, has not tended much more directly to disperse and expel the British residents, than any rise or fall in markets or dynas-

tics. This was intimated to me while in the country, and with corroborative evidences which left hardly a doubt upon the subject.

One of the most agreeable peculiarities of Caen is the facility of getting out at once into the open country,—no matter from what quarter of the town,—in a few minutes' walk from the pavement; just as the main streets at Lymington, Ryde, or Ramsgate, open upon the arable land and pastures. As I was leaving the streets by a short but lively little boulevard or Allée verte of Linden-trees, I remarked an ingenious expedient which had been adopted by some private gentleman, in his stable-yard (which resembled rather a planted court, having several thriving shrubs in it), for affording to his two horses the luxury of a delightful breeze just springing up, to mitigate the sultriness of the second

week of August. The upper part of the front boarding of the stable was entirely removed, and the animals were standing with their tails towards the manger,—having their heads secured by a light chain to the uprights against which the shutters or removable panels would be



placed when closing up the stable. It appeared to me one of the most humane and sensible arrange-

ments that a righteous man, regarding the life of his beast, as Solomon says, could make, at a season when the temperature in the shade was eighty degrees of heat, and every gentlest breath of air in motion was a delight to the senses. So likewise, thought the old women whom I espied, seven in a row, on chairs under a gateway, regardless of thorough draught, plying their bobbins, and working away on the pillow, as if lace had been proclaimed by public ordinance to be "the only wear" for every inhabitant of Caen for the remainder of the season. Some of these "old girls" earn upwards of twelve shillings a week in blond-making.

On my return by another street, I fell in with some oddities which Mrs. Salmon, of olden time, and Madame Tussaud, in later days, might have introduced with great effect among their waxen wonders. I allude to some enormous and most fantastical Bougies, or Cierges, as they are called, wrought with exquisite finish and nicety into many a form of perpendicular or serpentine beauty, some two feet, others three feet six inches high, for La première Communion. These grotesque candles are carried by the young children of either sex, on the first occasion of their being brought to the altar as partakers of the sacrament of the Supper of the Lord. They enter the Church, holding them (lighted) by the thickest

part, which is covered with gold leaf, and return with them, and preserve them often for years; though some



are afterwards fixed before the image of the Virgin or any other Saint, and suffered to burn down. I brought two to England; but not the curved sort;—as any attempt to pack them for so long a journey would have broken them beyond reparation. I paid four francs for my simpler pair at M. Binet's, in Rue du Roi Guillaume. Some are sold as high as ten and twelve francs.

In my next stroll I read the following Notice affixed to a gate, and I subsequently saw several copies posted on walls and trees in the outskirts of the town:

“MAYORALTY OF CAEN:—GLEANING AND RAKING.

“The Mayor of the City of Caen,
Chevalier of the Legion of Honour,

Begs to remind his fellow-citizens of the Order (Arrête) first issued by his predecessor, July 28th, 1849, with regard to Gleaning and Raking, and which was duly approved by the Prefect.

“1. Gleaning and Raking are the exclusive privilege of the Poor: restricted to children under twelve years of age, and to old and infirm persons.

“2. None are to go to glean or rake, without the previously-obtained permission of the Mayor.

“3. Gleaning and Raking are limited to fields where it has always been the custom to admit gleaners: and this usage is referrible to only so much of the harvested crop as may happen to have been dropped on the stubble in carrying, or accidentally separated from the sheaves. The haulm is the property of the farmer, without whose permission it is not to be touched.

“4. None but inhabitants of the several parishes of the Mayoralty of Caen, are permitted to glean on its territories.

“5. No Gleaning or Raking is to begin till the fields shall have been completely cleared of the crop: nor before sunrise, nor after sunset.

“6. All Gleaning and Raking are forbidden in places enclosed by walls, palisades, live fences, or any ditch four feet wide and two deep.

“7. Any contravention of these orders will be punished by the Act of October 6th, 1791, and by Articles 471 and 474 of the Penal Code.

“8. The Commissioners of Police, Gardes Champêtres, (mounted Policemen exclusively appointed to protect farm-lands and the fruit-country at large), and Gens-d’armes, are to enforce the due observance of these regulations.

“Given at the Town-hall, August 8th, 1854.

“F. G. BERTRAND.”

I soon afterwards found myself in a field where the gleaners (I did not see raking) were active enough, and decidedly contravening the 5th rule; for they were actually at the wheels of the wagon. I heartily approve, however, of the restriction involved in the first rule. It is disgusting to see, in our country, stout able-bodied women, and hearty active girls from twelve to twenty years of age, making up huge bundles of wheat ears; to the effectual exclusion of the *aged* and *infirm*, who, of course, never think of entering on a field of competition where those vigorous pickers leave them not the remotest chance

of finding a grain to carry home. Worse than this, I have seen gleaners gathering up straws with hungry and grasping avidity, who paid a rent of from eight to ten pounds a year. I wish the Mayor of Caen had the ordering of this matter.

I was sketching at a quarry-side while the bailiff, or, I should rather say, the chief wagoner, conducting the work of carrying, was on the wagon. There he lay, at the very top of the enormous load, on his stomach, regulating the movement of the three horses, who proceeded slowly onward, or stood still, or hurried, accordingly as he, in the absence of the *valet*, the driver or mate, directed the animals' progress. The driver had been sent to the farm-yard for another wagon. But I here give most accurately the words of command issued on his behalf, by the *charretier en chef* :*—"Eh! uh! Ahi! Gu, bah! Ahi, chi, Oof," (they stopped); "Oui dah!" (they moved on); "Loup, beyoup," (they made the wagon lurch terribly); "Saerc, creu-u-u-u! Hoof! Alihos! ah! youppe! Oh he bouffe; Yoop, hugh! Yup, hugh! Garre! Harre! Sagramentue, tee, du! Youp," (they stopped); "Bête, hugh! Oui dah!" (they moved); "Ohoo! ohoo! eli juppe, oui dah! Loop, Beyoup! (another very dangerous lurch) Gramentum—Oof!" Here he got down to have a pull at the Cider-keg; and, not being able to remount, he went to the horses' heads, and I heard no more: but here was a tolerably good refutation of the old libel on the German tongue, that it is best adapted for speaking to horses. If *Caliban* had roared with such a voice, and in such terms, *Trinculo* would never have

* These are all to be pronounced with the *French* accent.

mustered courage to come into close quarters with the "delicate monster." I never heard any sounds at the Zoological-gardens, and certainly not in Bedlam, that equalled these vociferations.

Later in the day I passed by some reapers, two men and two women, who had taken some Cants, as we should say in Kent, of a field of oats, to cut. They were working with cradle-sithes, and struggling with thistles of four feet in height (!) so abundant, that I should think a hundred asses might have dined heartily on an acre's breadth. Probably, the field had not been hoed for several years. The prickly weed running to seed, with a head like a small wig, soared above the oats, a towering monument of the niggardly sloth and selfishness of the owner of the crop. The two men cut; the women gathered the prostrate oats (and thistles) into bundles; laying them in lines on the sward. They had begun work at half-past five in the morning, and I spoke to them at half-past seven in the evening, about half an hour before they gave over. Their progress was three acres daily. Each day's work would realize two shillings and two-pence the acre,—not very showy harvest-pay for four individuals to share; however, these were husbands and wives. The farmer finds them in board throughout the day, and in as much cider as they like to drink. They said they rose as early as three o'clock to get things in readiness,—place their children with a neighbour, and allow for the distance of the work from their homes. I gave them a little money; but they seemed not to expect anything.

It was dark when I returned to my hotel this

evening across the square or *place*, in front of the porch-entrance of the magnificent Church of St. Peter. Seeing a crowd gathering around what appeared to be a highly illuminated cabinet or framework, I was induced to enter the throng, and soon discovered the grand object of attraction. It was a small theatrically-contrived scene, fitted up in a frame somewhat wider than the arena of "Punch's" triumphs over Beadles, Demons, and Difficulties; and representing the fortifications of Sebastopol (or Cronstadt, *à volonté*,—for, two nights afterwards, the Baltic was substituted for the Black Sea), on the ramparts of which were seen standing, mute and motionless, like good sentinels, a number of Russian soldiers, about four inches and a half in height, whose steadiness under fire was maintained, it is to be presumed, by the personal presence of imperial Nicholas himself, exceeding their puny stature

"velut inter ignes

Luna minores:"

As shines the moon among the lesser lights.

In other words, the Czar and his white charger occupied one-fourth of the entire fortress. I thought I could perceive a painfully nervous excitement agitating the whole frame, but especially the regal brow, of the Autocrat of all the Russias, which was in admirable keeping with the business of the scene, and of what might be going on a little farther away. However, the enemy was at hand, and all upon the hazard; the fortress was under siege; and the beleaguering force was the group into which I had gradually wedged myself. The booty and prizes awaiting successful

aggressive warfare consisted of a dish of small fried plaice, one of which was to become the guerdon and savoury reward of whoever among us should succeed in four successive shots from a small cross-bow, or arbalist, in hitting a private soldier: two fish were to be awarded to the shooter whose undaunted skill should hit the Emperor in the head three times; and three to him who should knock him over. The small fry of Russia's military force were so often "done to death" by the peas of the riflemen in the crowd, that the lukewarm fry at the foot of the fortress, *alias* the small plaice, were diminishing rapidly, and "Nicholas!" was the cry,—upon which an eager, palefaced, young blacksmith let fly, and knocked the Emperor's head, hat, feathers and all, backward; but without actual decapitation. At a touch from behind, Nicholas was himself again!

"I bleed, sir! but not kill'd."

The neck went down with a stiff hinge; but my neighbours, in the dark, intent upon some swashing blow, that should hurl man and horse from the ramparts, did not notice this; and the next shot from the crowd produced the same effect on the cervical column. Still, the obstinate Muscovite sat on his horse, and stood his ground. "Mais! comment! Il a reçu déjà deux boulets dans sa gorge, et il ne meurt pas! Sacre!" "Ah, oui!" exclaimed the Magister armorum, the Commander-in-chief of the Marionette forces, the exhibitor of all these phenomena, "vous venez de secouer la tête, mais sitôt que cela sa Majesté ne meurt pas." Again and again, the well-aimed pellets hit the mark,

and horse and man staggered, but, "Never say die!" seemed to be the war-cry and order of the day from the citadel; and certain of the silly crowd, getting out of humour with the absurdity of the imposture, after having taken out their fish in shots, were proposing to storm the battered walls and their imperturbable occupants, when a lavish distribution of the few remaining fish, without strict scrutiny into the *misses*, diverted the public mind, and the curtain fell upon the scene. My amusement lay in overhearing the remarks and vociferations of the crowd, whose ready good-humour and love of fun originated jokes that made the bystanders scream with merriment. "Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please"—how truly do Goldsmith's sweet expressive lines upon French character recur to the memory! Not the least among the ludicrous features of the group was the stolid expression of the countenances of the soldiery, who, laying aside for the moment their dignity as units of the Grande Armée, and all the recollections of La Gloire véritable, hovered around the town boys and *ouvriers* of which the crowd was composed, with a vacant stare upon the operations of the siege, which, being interpreted into speech, might have said, "*We* know pretty well we should find very different work from this cut out for us, if we were ordered off to-morrow to the Crimea."

As usual in French shows, the wife of the proprietor exerted herself with alacrity and powers of persuasiveness worthy of a better cause. Her attempts to prolong the ball-practice, which was paid for at the rate of three shots for a half-penny (every miss turn-

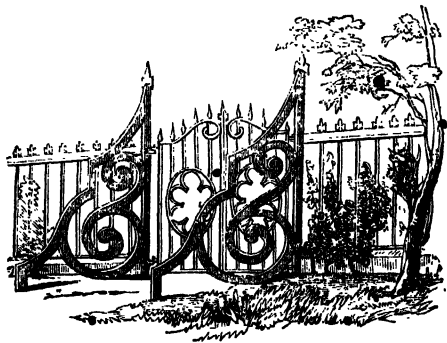
ing to her husband's profit), were beyond all praise; and the diplomatic effrontery with which she vociferated, "Il n'est que moitié mort," when the Emperor was knocked fairly backward, outdid all the lying of a Russian bulletin. If coming events were thus casting their shadows before, there will be some rare shooting before the Black Eagle of the North shall be brought down.

I was returning from the Lycée one morning, when my attention was arrested by a couple of massive iron scrolls, each weighing a ton, exhibited outside a manufacturer's premises (*Heudier, I think, was his name*) by means of their being firmly riveted to the pavement and house-front; but to serve what purpose it was impossible to guess. On inquiry I found they were intended for entrances to public or private gardens, parks, châteaux, etc., to supersede the use of stone piers for heavy iron gates.

It is an extraordinary feeling in French taste, but it is universal, that the owners of country houses should, without exception, take the utmost pains to make the approach to them from the public road as direct as a straight line can be drawn; and that serpentine curve of beauty by which, in England, the carriage-drive, through stately trees and tasteful shrubberies, conducts us to the mansion,—of which it is intended we should only catch a glimpse every now and then, through the beeches, firs, or evergreens,—is abhorred by our friends across channel as if it were a *démarche*, blotting their house and home out of the category of habitations in the land. The vista enjoyed through a chase or noble avenue of the finest timber-

trees, bordering a road of levelled grass, smooth and green as an emerald, with a superb mansion at the extremity, is almost always beautiful in effect; and the avenue of chestnuts at Bushey is one of the finest in Europe. Nothing can be more striking than the Broad Walk in Windsor Park; but the strait, narrow, formal, and ill-conditioned road which, often at half a mile's length, touches the public highway at one end, and the steps of the French château at the other, without the curve of an inch in its whole extent,—bordered, possibly, by poplar-trees,—is disagreeable in the extreme, and violates the very first principles of ornamental horticulture, and rural cultivation.

Such, however, is the notion pertinaciously carried out by the French. They grudge every bush or brick that may conceal from the vulgar eye one inch of the house, be it near to or remote from the place of public concourse; hence the idea of dispensing with piers, as I have already stated. This has been eminently favoured by the scroll-work of which I here



give a delineation. To my astonishment, I found at

Falaise, about a fortnight afterwards, the whole apparatus, set up in the porch of the principal Church of that town. The Churchwardens, baffled in their attempts to keep the great entry clear of old women and children, who persisted in making it a little *depôt* for the sale of cakes and fruit, and a place for "hide-and-seek," and other such popular games, had taken advantage of the sale of a gentleman's house and premises in the neighbourhood (at which the scroll-gates were put up for purchase at little more than the value of old iron), to secure such a *grille* as should effectually fence-off the consecrated portal from all the *squatters* and trespassers above-mentioned. And here it stood, as *bizarre* and unsightly a defacement as ever utilitarian economy perpetrated in Christendom.

Some inquiries set on foot by me, during my sojourn in Caen, respecting prints and illustrations of Normandy, which I failed to obtain, introduced me to the acquaintance of Monsieur Mancell, *ci-devant* bookseller, publisher, and print-collector, whose connoisseurship and love of fine arts had induced him to take a journey to Rome, some years since (I think in 1844) at the instance of a friend residing in that city, who informed him of one of the most valuable opportunities ever offered for the purchase, at one moment of time, of a complete and perfect collection of the finest works of every engraver and etcher, from the day of Albert Durer to the middle of the present century. The matchless collection of Cardinal Fesch comprised the *chefs d'œuvres* from England, France, Germany, Flanders, Holland, Italy, and Spain. The

Cardinal died, and Mancell bought all. He showed me hundreds of massive folios, labelled, dated, and classed, according to the nation and age in which each engraver flourished. I question if Duke Albert's Gallery, in Vienna, contains half the sets. All the superb and most costly folio editions, published at Naples, as illustrations of the Museo Borbonico,—the splendid publications exhibited with such pride at the Vatican, the Louvre, the Bibliothèque Royale of Paris, immortalizing the designs and delineation of the great schools of painting,—the duplicates of the choicest prints displayed to critical eyes in our own unrivalled British Museum,—are included in the late Cardinal's collection, amplified by a vast addition of inestimable value from similar treasure amassed by the deceased Lucien Bonaparte; all which became the property of Monsieur Mancell, at the cost of some thousands of pounds. He showed me 2,000 portraits of Remarkable Men of England, and proof prints of all Woollett's, Boydell's, Bartolozzi's, Strang's, and Lebas' best works;—line and soft-ground engravings by every master that ever attained to celebrity, from the invention to the perfection of the art; and all in such beautiful condition as to render the finest finish clearly perceptible without aid of any lens. All that is precious in the illustrations of the Roman, Florentine, Lombard, Venetian, Neapolitan, Flemish, French, and Spanish schools, may be examined at will in this glorious and almost boundless galaxy of highest art; and I may truly say the mere glances I was enabled to take of even the specimen volumes, afforded me the highest gratification of taste I ever

experienced since I could first hold a pencil, or scratch upon a copper plate. Monsieur Mancell is now a town-councillor, a member of the Board of Trade, and a magistrate, and has altogether relinquished his interesting business, having retired, beyond the middle-age of life, to his newly-purchased private residence,—a very comfortable home too, in Rue de Langanuerie; and having previously informed me of the sum at which he acquired this inexhaustible treasure, he told me, in confidence, what amount of money would induce him to part with it. I expressed my opinion that it ought never to be divided: that either one individual, or a nation, should secure the collection in its present integrity; as he said, in reply, he fervently hoped might eventually be the case. I have in my mind's eye a purchaser; and trust some honoured merchant-vessel may reach the British shores, laden *inter alia*, with this invaluable annexation to the cabinets already enriched by the most liberal patrons of art and science in the world. Mancell also bought fourteen paintings, formerly in the Cardinal's Gallery, which I saw at Rome in 1820; one of these, by Berghem, (2-ft. 10-in. by 3-ft.) cost him £240. It looks as fresh as if it had been painted twenty years ago rather than in 1643. He informed me that my old schoolfellow, Payne, one of the most eminent bibliographers now living, purchased four manuscripts from him, at a cost of 4,000 francs.

POSSIBLY it is owing to the large amount of male population drafted off to the army that women in France are occupied in so many offices filled exclusively, in our own and other countries, by men. The

enumeration of the several duties and responsibilities confided to these intelligent citoyennes of La Grande Nation would occupy no little space. Moreover, it has been mentioned, not long since, by more than one of our popular writers. At theatres, railway-stations, and coach-offices, in cathedral crypts, stone quarries, and other subterraneous excavations, in the shafts of columns, in old bat and owl-haunted "ivy-mantled towers," church steeples, and charnel-houses, woman, with or without flambeau, leads the way, or takes the money: and I was not astonished to find a fat dame deeply engaged in pottage and red lentils, behind the counter of a Bureau des Diligences, where she was brooding places and eating her beans amidst the conflicting claims between a cooling dinner and a pressing duty: but I was not prepared to see what passed before my eyes one morning, at the prison gates, alongside of the Palais de Justice in Caen: A woman arrived from the country with a man handcuffed, in a small spring cart,—she seated on the front bench, he on the hinder; and, delivering the reins to a trooper that stood at hand, she got down, lowered the back-board of the cart, and told her prisoner to jump down. This was done; the man was at once taken by two gens d'armes, into the Court-house where the criminal Judge was sitting, and, in about a quarter of an hour's time, brought out and consigned again to her cart, to be handed over to the tribunal of the district to which it was ascertained the village, where he had been pilfering goods, belonged; and away she went again, whip in hand, and malefactor *en arrière*, followed by two Gardes Champêtres on horseback. She

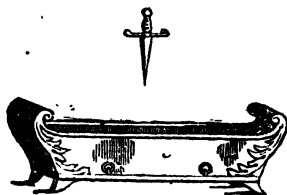
would be allowed five-pence a mile, both coming and going, for this service; and I was told it was of continual occurrence. Nothing would surprise me less than to hear, *quelque beau jour*, of the appointment of *Femme Bourreau*, or *Janc-Ketch Executioner*. It would not be the first instance of woman casting off a man, to keep him in suspense!

PROVISIONS have of late been dearer everywhere than in average seasons; but I was not led to believe that the Caen prices held out more than common inducements to settlers. Bread was on sale at $1\frac{3}{4}d.$ the pound English; butter at $9d.$ and $10d.$; mutton and beef at $7d.$; veal and lamb at $6\frac{1}{2}d.$, $7d.$, and $7\frac{1}{2}d.$; pork at $6\frac{1}{2}d.$; a couple of meagre-looking chickens, $2s. 9d.$ to $3s.$; ducks, $3s. 3d.$; a goose, $4s.$ I could not see or hear of any game. Eggs, $10d.$ a score. The fish-market, held exclusively by women, exhibited no really fine fish: a few turbot (no salmon), and some mackerel; skate, hakefish, and gurnets, plentiful enough. The turbot at $5d.$ to $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pound. Here and there some crabs and lobsters: the latter not cheap, certainly. There were an abundance of a certain small insignificant fish, called *guille*, or *quille*: a compound of the smelt and the sand-eel,—which latter is not very unlike an adder in appearance. I recognized in it a Devonshire acquaintance. These are a poor substitute for smelts. Vegetables are moderate in price, but indifferent in quality, and very limited in variety. I saw neither cauliflowers, nor broccoli, nor cucumbers, nor beetroot, nor anything except endive, that would serve for a salad: no well-grown carrots; not a *white* turnip to be seen, nor any

bleached celery: French beans and scarlet-runners in abundance, of course: and broad beans, old and hard enough to be used as grape-shot. Onions, all red or purple, as throughout France, three for a half-penny. Potatoes, very inferior everywhere, 1s. 2d. the bushel. Fruit decidedly dear, and not first-rate; but the season had been very unfavourable, a long drought having checked the growth. Alpine strawberries (after all, the finest in flavour; the flavour of the primitive Haut-bois fruit) were still plentiful, at 8d. the pound weight. Peaches, of handsome size, 1d. each; nectarines, 3d.; apricots, full grown, 2d. Pears, of large size, 1½d. each. Melons, from 10d. to 1s. 10d. Hot-house grapes not to be heard of. Coals from Newcastle were sold at £1 11s. the ton. There must be much waste, and consequent loss, in this trade, while the practice prevails of purchasing in the North by weight, and selling at Caen by measurement. I was present at the office of the Consulate, when a Captain Frederickson of Boston, in Lincolnshire, complained of having thus lost a chaldron and a half in value. The ships take back Caen stone, to the amount of their tonnage. The freight to London was at 7s. 6d.; to Rye, 9s. a ton.

In the course of my rambles I visited the house in the Rue St. Jean, in which Charlotte Corday resided while under the roof of her aunt, Madame Coutellier de Bretteville, and from which domicile she went to Paris, intent on the destruction of Marat. (There is a very interesting portrait, life size, of this unhappy enthusiast, in the collection of pictures at the Town-hall.) The house has been almost rebuilt since her death in

1793. Her deep sense of the miseries of her native country, acting upon a mind already influenced by constitutional melancholy, prompted her to strike the blow which delivered the world from one of the most sanguinary monsters that ever persecuted the human race; though, at best, it must be regarded as a judicial murder. Monsieur Lamartine has drawn a highly romantic picture of what he regarded here as the "berceau des grandes pensées,—le séjour d'une grande nature:" But time and new tenants have dispersed almost every vestige of the scene he depicts as the interesting abode of the poor girl; so much so, indeed, as to deter me from making a sketch of either the court-yard or the apartments. Both exterior and interior have been stripped of everything that could particularize either; and E. M. Ward's able representation of her being led to the guillotine (in the Royal Academy's Exhibition of 1852), would have furnished this page with its most appropriate vignette.



CHAPTER VI.

CAEN.

THERE are few objects more deserving of every enlightened traveller's attention than the Schools of France; the Elementary Schools especially (Ecoles Primaires). The education of England's poor appears to me to be as yet imperfectly developed, in comparison with the training of the children of French workpeople (Ouvriers) and peasantry, to whom the Government, duly understanding the wants of society, has long since turned its attention as a matter of imperious necessity. Sound education seems, indeed, to be spreading in every class in France,—the result, perhaps, of most sorrowful experience of that sacred truth, that for the soul to be without knowledge never can be good; though my worthy acquaintance, the Canon of Evreux, speaking on this subject, very summarily stated the mere political expediency of universally good education, by saying, “It is so much easier to govern an enlightened populace, than a mass of mentally blind savages stimulated, by every gust of passion, to licentious defiance of all control, through sheer ignorance of the things that would make for their happiness as obedient and civilized subjects.”

In every department, the French Government

seems to me long since to have taken the first steps towards improvement of the people in this vital matter; and the sympathies of the community appear to have been successfully enlisted in the maintenance and efficient working of every school which Christian benevolence and the wisest of State policy have founded for the efficient training of the youth of this great empire's poor. The proper machinery seems to have been constructed and set in motion from town to town; and, as one who had tried many processes, I was anxious as ever to see how it worked. The School I first visited in Caen was the one established in the parish of St. Pierre, on the vast premises formerly occupied by Benedictine Nuns,—a sisterhood which shared the fate of most other religiouses in the revolutionary suppressions and confiscations of the year 1793. Here were five hundred boys, between the age of seven and fourteen, receiving gratuitous instruction at the expense of the Mayoralty.

I entered a roomy apartment, about sixty feet long, and wide and high in proportion to that length, from which seventy-five boys had just gone out into their play-yard. They were sons of workmen and "little shopkeepers," and, in some instances, of a better description of agricultural workpeople,—such as bailiffs on farms, wood-reeves, stewards, and gamekeepers. At a raised desk, on the side of the apartment furthest from the door, I observed the master, habited in a black gown, which he wore over a *soutane*, or cassock, and wearing bands at his neck like those of the clergy. He was one of the *Frères des Ecoles Chre-*

tiennes; institutions originally founded by Monsieur De La Salle, Canon of Rheims, in the year 1680, and which, through many a generation and innumerable obstacles, kept alight the lamp of knowledge in the land. These "Brothers" are numerous in France. They continually cross our path; and our countrymen, almost universally, mistake them for clergy. They are laymen; just as several of the gowied masters of arts walking in the streets of Oxford are. They consider themselves as an appendage to the Ecclesiastical body; and on being admitted to the fraternity, at the age of twenty-five years, take vows, for a certain period, which bind them to Celibacy, and which they renew from time to time (the majority of them adhering to this engagement throughout life), in token of their adherence to the profession. But their functions are in no single respect ecclesiastical, however closely their costume assimilates itself to that of the ministers of the Church.

They are exclusively instructors of youth, and are laymen.

I inquired what those boys, just gone out, had been engaged upon. They receive instruction in spelling, writing, reading, arithmetic, geography, and drawing: with a due



amount of religious knowledge. As they advance, Geometry becomes part of their study, and History also, *especially that of their own country*. Those who evince a taste for it are also instructed in Music. At my request, the teacher above-mentioned untied a bundle of books and submitted to my inspection the whole list, thus affording me an insight into the system of tuition. The first I took up was "An Abridgment of the Christian Doctrine, put forth for the Diocese of Bayeux." At the first page, I read as follows:

"Q. Are you a Christian? A. Yes, Sir, by the grace of God, I am. Q. What is a Christian? A. One who has been baptized, who believes the Christian doctrine, and professes it."

I took occasion to observe that this definition appeared to me to be very defective: that the Christian, fully described, should be represented after the same manner with St. Paul's description of the true Jew, Romans ii. 29: "He is a Jew, who is one inwardly;" and showing that faith (as St. James said) by his works. He cordially admitted the propriety of my amendment.

The next book was, "A new Treatise on the Duties of the Christian towards God" (twentieth edition, approved by the Archbishop of Paris). In this, each chapter and article is followed up by a passage from history, bearing marked references to the truth inculcated.

The next was a selection of "Epistles and Gospels."

The fourth in order, a Book of Hymns (somewhat in the style of Keble's "Christian Year"), entitled "A Selection of Canticles or Sacred Songs, and Hymns to promote Piety, *in accordance with the spirit of the Church*."

The fifth, "The Psalter of David," in Latin; "just to accustom the *eye*," he said, "to the Latin language; the greater portion of the Vespers service consisting of the Psalms." There was a Preliminary to the Psalms of David, consisting of Prayers (in French), to prepare the mind for the service of the Mass; to which was added, "Hymns sung at different Seasons of the Year."

Among the books on secular subjects, I noticed a very able "Treatise on Decimal Arithmetic," comprising all the ordinary operations of calculation, of fractions, extraction of roots, etc.

There was another, on the Principles of Mensuration; the measurement of superficies and solids, with problems; to which were added problems on agio, exchange, and monetary transactions.

Another, containing Exercises in Spelling and in the meanings of words. A reading-book, very like our "National Society's SECOND BOOK."

There were about a dozen books in all,—well thumbed," too;—and all written in a style which I conceive would be considered "cramp," and somewhat too difficult for boys in our country of the condition of life in which these French lads were moving. But he said they "took" to it easily enough: and the number of prizes and praises borne off at the termination of the half-year showed how wide the competition and proficiency had been.

The studies are preceded and terminated by prayer, morning and afternoon; all the boys kneeling. It is delightful to hear of this in France; in a country in which, only sixty years since, the Government had

proclaimed that there was no God. But this is the re-action ! May the blessing of Heaven rest upon it !

At either end of the room, which was fitted up with desks and forms, like our own schools, was a bracket, supporting a tabular altar, decorated, and surmounted by an image of the Virgin, over which was a small canopy. There were also two very large Maps of Europe and France. Attached to the sides of the apartment were card-boards and framed admonitions relative to good Morals and Discipline. The frames were painted blue, and were glazed. I distinguished the following :

PRAY TO GOD, IN CHURCH AND IN SCHOOL.

Do not absent yourselves, or come late, except by permission.

Do not trifle away precious time, while at your writing lesson.

LET your attention rest on the study in which you are engaged.

PRAY ATTEND TO THE SIGNALS. (Much is done in the school by signals.)

A large register was affixed to the wall, near the master's desk, called "The Table of Weekly Marks." (Notes Hebdomadaires) for the entry of the names of the several pupils in each class of the school.

(Each *school-room*, in these public Institutes in France, is called a "Classc.")

There were five gradations of creditable mention ; and the register is carefully scrutinized at the end of the half-year, for the purpose of regulating the distribution of rewards of good conduct and manifest proficiency.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences, in Caen, sends Inspectors twice a year, who examine the whole school : but there are no examinations at which the public are permitted to attend. These judges take cognizance of the names submitted to their notice on a tablet of honour, which sets forth, at the close of every year, all the cases of distinguished merit ; and for the youths thus specially recommended to particular favour a liberal supply is furnished of first-rate books on History, Biography, Travels, and Natural History. Minor rewards are bestowed at the half-yearly inspections.

The "school-times" are from eight till eleven, and from one till five. Thursday is a holiday. The masters accompany the whole school to High Mass and to Vespers (each taking charge of his class of seventy or ninety boys) through the streets, on Sundays and fête days.

I asked whether a Protestant child would be admitted to the school : The master said, "Most assuredly."—"You would not attempt to proselytize?" said I. "Mais non ! à quel propos ?" Still, it would be preposterous to place a Protestant boy in a school where non-conformity with the religious training and worship would prove a continuing subject of annoyance to all parties. Hence the entire number of 530 are Papists.

This circumstance proves a great drawback to the Protestants, whose children depend on the limited instruction offered by private establishments, little better than the Dames' schools of our country. Their number, however, is insignificantly few.

As I was leaving the school, I had an opportunity of noticing, in a small parlour at the entry, upwards of sixty framed and glazed pen-and-ink drawings, the greater part of which were of most admirable execution. Some of them, in architectural design, might have borne off the first prizes at our Society of Arts.

Others, in the style of Flaxman's Outlines of the Antique, were worthy of a place in any public Gallery. There were not above half a dozen landscapes: but the Arabesque and Scroll designs, and several subjects connected with building, mechanics, and meubles décorés (highly ornamental and decorative furniture), vases and plate, were so exquisitely finished that a practised eye alone could discriminate between Indian ink and the finest line engraving. One drawing of this character (twenty inches in height), representing a highly-wrought silver chalice, had won the chief prize for drawing in August, 1853. It was the work of a lad of only fourteen years of age, named Theodore Hardel; and might be exhibited in the Royal Academy as a *chef d'œuvre* of delineation. My obliging guide (whose dinner, I was sorry to discover, had been sacrificed to my long visitation!) requested me to allow him the honour of introducing me,—the first Englishman he had seen in the school-rooms—to the Principal, the Superior. I was glad to accept this offer; and after a few minutes' absence he returned, to inform me I should be heartily welcomed; as, indeed, was the case when I entered his small Salon de Reception. He bore the assumed name, as a *Frère*, of Robustien. But he informed me his family name was Honoré Debondou. He was born in

1796, near Lisle; and had been engaged for upwards of five-and-thirty years (six of which he had spent in Caen, in this Institution) in the education of youth.

He had lived at Boulogne, Limoges, and some other town near it, and at Paris; where he became very intimately acquainted with Horace Vernet, whom he visited frequently at Versailles, and whom he used to watch as he stood, palette in hand, before the vast pictures, now seen at the Palace, illustrating the most recent victories of the French army; in Algeria, and elsewhere.

My eye rested immediately on a beautiful life-size portrait of Frère Robustien (a very handsome man) by this master hand. It was a speaking likeness, taken about seven years since; and such as Vernet paints for 300 guineas. I besought him to find a bracket, which he might fix in some other part of the room, as a *locus standi*, for an image of Madonna, whose head and shoulders, as it stood with a candlestick on either side of it, on the top of a cabinet, hid the chin of the portrait. He admitted it might be displaced to advantage; but window and door seemed to offer greater obstacles than he could speedily remove.

The Society of Brothers of the Christian Schools had been solicited, he said, by a party in England, to send over to our country a certain number of their fraternity to teach upon the system I had been examining; but the project had fallen to the ground. The proposals, in more respects than one, did not meet with the concurrence of his brethren, and the refusal originated in Caen: but great solicitude was mani-

fested by the party who had opened communications with them. On more particular inquiry, I discovered what I thought, at first mention, was the strongest probability, that the plan was formed in Dublin. Foreigners in general,—certainly the French,—are apt to merge Great Britain and Ireland in the single term “England.” So, also, as regards Scotland,—they used to smile at my saying “No!—the lady you speak of is not an Englishwoman: she is of a high Scotch family.” They consider the distinction as almost imaginary. What would Lady Margaret Bellenden have said to this?

Respecting the scene and system of tuition of which I have been making this particular mention, I saw and heard enough to feel persuaded that ample provision was set up for the needs of the population. The encouragements given in such Institutions to persevering industry awakens self-respect and laudable ambition. The treatment received at the hands of their lay-teachers,—dissociated from the priestly office, and any dominant or domineering ecclesiastical influence,—attaches them to the scene of their studies, as to an arena in which the State is training them to distinctions in citizenship: and the pious institutes of the earliest founder, conscientiously carried out by these intelligent and right-minded preceptors, cultivate an habitual sense of religion. The dead languages are excluded from the class-rooms. The Government stands in no need of Greek and Latin scholars from the lower ranks. The attainment of those tongues would not advance these children a single step in useful and lucrative occupations; but the *nature* of

the instruction I have been describing makes its influence felt profitably and pleasurably beyond the precincts of the school, and creates a *love* of it not only among the pupils themselves, but what is of inestimable advantage, among the *parents* also, who, without tax or charge, bear witness to their *sons'* enlightenment. Only let the fathers and mothers become our allies, and we may anticipate successful education in every nook and corner of the land: but while our town and village schools (the latter, especially) depend to any extent upon the childrens' weekly pence, education will never become general: the savour of crass and brutish ignorance will continue to come up from the land; and the clergy may exhaust at once their lungs and incomes, and their lay-brethren subscribe their guineas, in vain. Education should be "*laid on,*" like water, in every town and village street. It should be cared for like ventilation; like pure air. If the dense masses enjoy it not, they sicken, and dwindle, and prematurely decay; and better were it for many regions of loose and lawless children to die in their ignorant and irresponsible infancy, than grow up untaught, uncivilized, unmanageable, and unfit for a future here or hereafter; since, in such instances,

"Worse than dying is to live"—

and, in my humble opinion, the best Boards of Health that England could maintain in efficiency, at the present moment, would be those that should form themselves into a standing committee of management for bringing every poor man's child, in town or country, within the salubrious and blessed influences of a well-

ordered school ;—of an institution where religious training should go hand in hand with practically useful knowledge ; and patience have her perfect work in conciliating a *love* of such attainments, *and of the teachers*. Their aim should ever be to educate for *eternity* ; but let such trainers of youth take hints from these large French schools, where that ambition of self-maintenance is awakened which is best calculated to provide for each child through *time*. This has been the subject of specific legislation in sobered and reflecting France ; and he who shall at any time see, as I saw, half a thousand lads under such discipline, and animated by such spirit as may be witnessed in the Ecole Primaire d'Instruction Gratuite, will return home with a conviction that the sooner we take a leaf or two out of their book the better for us, and for those who are to come after us.

THE Lycée Imperial is the college annexed to the venerable Church of St. Stephen, otherwise designated the Church of William the Conqueror, and comprises all the buildings raised about a hundred and thirty years since, on the foundations of the ancient Abkey of St. Stephen. These are very extensive, and reminded me of the Universities of Bonn and Heidelberg.

The vacation was just beginning ; and not above twenty youths were left on the premises. There are 250 boarders, and 450 day-scholars. The former wear a blue semi-military uniform, the characteristic costume of the Colleges and State schools of France.

This Lyceum was established here in the year 1804, and has prospered beyond the most sanguine expecta-

tions. The studies include Latin, Rhetoric, Mathematics, Physics, Natural History, Philosophy, and the English and German languages; and the pupils are admitted at the early age of seven years, and may remain till they attain twenty. Professors attend daily to deliver courses of lectures, and superintend the classes. A certain number are exclusively educated for commercial life; and for such branches of industrial occupation as require not any considerable advancement in literary acquirements.

Protestants are here intermingled with Romanists, and receive religious instruction from ministers of the Reformed Church, both English and French. Two Roman Catholic Priests are in constant residence on the premises. I saw three very gentlemanly lads completing their preparations in packing for the journey to Plymouth. Their name was Coad; William Coad, of the Eighth Division, had received two prizes on the public day, August 9th, for satisfactory proficiency in Arithmetic and Elocution. They were not to return.

There were also three American youths, and a boy of the name of Crellin, and another named Thompson; all of whom were glad enough, and not a little surprised, to see an English visitor. We are "*rara aves*" in these places.

LEAVING the Lyceum, I hastened to the Town-hall, in one of the wings of which has been established, since 1824, a School of Mutual Instruction for the town boys, sons of working men and master tradesmen, in a limited range of business. The course of study is much the same with that already

described, with reference to the Rudimentary School of the parish of St. Peter; and the admission is gratuitous. There is accommodation in the school-room for 400. The classes are ranged on either side of it, twenty-five in number, and ruled by monitors. The ages range from six to fourteen years:—the youngest monitor was ten years and a half old: but, previous to the monitors entering upon their duty for the day, they are themselves instructed for an hour and a half by the master. There were some beautiful specimens of handwriting, both with chalk on a black board, and in copy-books. A boy, thirteen years old, of the name of Adolphe, showed me his latest copy in German text and engrossing hand; and I conceive it would be difficult to find a more admirable display of penmanship in any of our commercial academics. His father was a working upholsterer. Another lad, ten years old, wrote in fine bold character, on a black board, “Paris, sur la Seine, est la Capitale de la France.”

On another board I saw written, “Je me confesse à Dieu;” and having the master at my side, alone, I said, “Pourquoi donc aller à confesse, chez Monsieur le prêtre?” “Cela se fait?” he replied, with a shrug. There were two boards at the upper end of the room, for inscription of names; but none were visible on them, the vacation being about to commence at the very moment of my entrance. These were headed with the respective designations, HONNEUR, and HONTE.

The master was a good-natured, intelligent fellow, about forty years of age, and in plain clothes, like our

National schoolmasters. It was his birthday, and the kind-hearted boys had arranged all along the front of his official desk little vases filled with dahlias, roses, pinks, and geraniums; and introduced here and there, with all the exquisite taste of the French, some blue ribands. Dear fellows!—they seemed to feel such pleasure in offering their little tribute. Would that we could see more of it in *our* country! He said the attendance was, for the most part, very satisfactory; and the progress very decidedly marked.

The information he communicated respecting the work of education in the villages beyond easy walking distance from this and other towns, apprized me of a very strong fact. (He had taught in the rural districts.)

He said, that of the farm-labourers children attending the village schools, several paid so much as three-pence a week: others received their education gratuitously. There were not funds sufficient in amount supplied from the Commune to maintain a teacher independently of such fee: but in cases of great indigence the children were put to school by a Committee of Council, composed of the principal residents in the Commune (or parish), who pay the three-pence a week instead of the parents.

There is such a thirst for education in France that the labourers, being eager to afford their children as fair a chance as the town-boys enjoy, of pushing their way in the world by means of their competency as good plain scholars, will mostly be found setting apart the needful franc-and-a-quarter, month after month, to enable their child to continue under tuition.

The chief ploughman (first hand) receives on an average 350 francs a year; something under fourteen pounds English: but he is also boarded in full, and lodged; which we cannot but set down at twenty-six more. The "valets" (whom we should call "second-men"), who look after the horses, and the batteurs, or thrashers, receive in money, cider, and other perquisites, from twenty-eight to thirty pounds a year, besides being lodged. These men pay the three-pence weekly for each child sent by them to the village school;—nevertheless, this can only be reckoned upon among farms where comparatively few young hands are wanted: for the old *women* are employed in hog-keeping, cow-tethering, and bird-watching. But where there happens to be a scarcity of able-bodied labourers, the inducements to earn money by getting employment for these youngsters, in the fields or farm-yards, supersedes the consideration of school-learning; and the child, as happens in England, is sacrificed accordingly.

Hereupon, where several influential inhabitants become cognizant of the circumstances (especially if the principal resident, some landowner or Government functionary, be a sensible man), they go at once to the parents, and ascertain what amount of pay the child receives weekly from the farmer; and then they persuade the father to compromise thus:—If they discover that the boy is likely to earn eighteen-pence or a shilling a week, they say, "We will give you, one week with another, all through the Spring and Summer season (when your boy, you say, can always get work), ten-pence. Fair weather or foul, we will

do this: and we will pay the schooling also; for we are of opinion that you should not deprive your child of the opportunity of being educated. An ignorant youth, in civil or military life, never advances in France. You must allow him a common chance with the others." And thus the work of education is carried on with more or less faithfulness and success: but in this case, as in every other, involving the uncertain and precarious assistance of private benevolence, too much is left to chance; and though in our country we could never resort to the Prussian system of compulsory proceedings, where parents are disposed to bring up their offspring in ignorance, I am not without hope that a modified Education-rate, levied for the joint benefit and blessing of parents and children, will, at no distant period, secure a *modicum* of good instruction to every son and daughter of the labourers of the land.

In the actual state of things in England, the increase of population and the spread of ignorance approximate only too closely; as evidenced by Sir James Shuttleworth's statement, that in Manchester and Salford alone there are 100,000 children between the ages of three and fifteen, out of whom 40,000 are not at work, and receive no instruction whatever!

ANOTHER large apartment of the Town-hall was reserved for an Academy, where the workpeople of the town attend from six to eight o'clock every evening to receive instruction in various branches of the art of drawing, at almost a nominal charge. France abounds with intelligent mechanics and aspiring minds; and she has been made fully aware of the value of human-

izing arts among a body of men who handle the social questions of the day with right reason, or with insensate turbulence, accordingly as their faculties have been exercised on dignifying or degrading pursuits. Every man of energy among her teeming population feels that the State will help him in due season, if he will but help himself: that it is his own individual fault if he grows up in ignorance; and that he may not only fulfil with profit to himself the duties devolving upon him in the great body politic, by embracing the offered means of advancement and aggrandizement, but contribute by patient continuance in well-doing to preserve and perpetuate that social order and domestic tranquillity which constitute the security and happiness of a people.

CHAPTER • VII.

CAEN.

THE ABBAYE DE SAINT ETIENNE (St. Stephen's Abbey), founded by William the Conqueror, is a grand feature of Caen, and one would be inclined to regret its situation at the Western extremity, instead of being in the centre of the town, did not the other Abbey, founded by Matilda his Queen, at the Eastern end, constitute so admirable a *pendant*. Both these monuments of princely magnificence and piety bear a secondary denomination, as early as their first origin; Duke William having commenced his goodly work at the beginning of the year 1066, with a view to the erection of an asylum for aged men of noble lineage, who should feel disposed to pass their latter years of life in the retirement of a religious home, overshadowed, as it were, by the House of God. Hence the appellation it received of ABBAYE AUX HOMMES: corresponding with which title the splendid establishment, founded at the same date by Matilda the Duchess of Flanders, and wife of William Duke of Normandy, was designated the ABBAYE AUX DAMES, though dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and equally well known as the ABBAYE DE SAINTE TRINITE,—into which, as into a large Convent, were received Nuns of the Order of Saint Bene-

dict, selected from families of the highest rank in Normandy. Both, therefore, were privileged institutions in favour of the *haute Noblesse*; but the HOMMES were, in the earliest periods, to be chosen from among the military:—a qualification insisted upon till the middle of the seventeenth century.

To this noble establishment, long before it was complete and capable of receiving inmates, William invited the celebrated Lanfranc, at that time Prior of the Abbey of Benedictines at Bec, to come and preside, in the dignity of Abbot: a preferment which contributed most materially to the success of the princely founder's plan, not only in respect of the ecclesiastical eminence attaching to the Abbey, but also as regarded the furtherance of the immense works requiring the continual oversight of an intelligent mind and discretion. The zeal and talents of the Italian jurisconsult, monk, and politician (for such was Lanfranc) were at once devoted to the business of collecting from every source of supply the mass of materials indispensable to the completion of his munificent patron's design;—but, in less than four years, his translation to the See of Canterbury (vacant by the deposition of Stigand) withdrew him from this scene of laudable activity to yet more strenuous exertions and trying anxieties in the contest he had to maintain with the Archbishop of York respecting the Primacy: the issue of which left him in the undisturbed superintendence of the Kentish diocese. William Goodsoul (!) was his successor at Caen, and lived to see the Abbey completed. It

was dedicated, as above mentioned, to the memory of St. Stephen, on the 13th of September, 1077, in the presence of William and all his family, and of all the high personages of the Duchy,—the sharers of his fortunes and triumphs, the proprietors, too, at this epoch, of some of the finest estates in England. Among the Charters of endowment, forming a portion of the title-deeds of this Abbey, were named, not only immense tracts of land in every part of Normandy, but, likewise, a vast amount of territory, yielding proportionate revenues, in Great Britain. Several of the French benefactors to this wealthy foundation were “canny” enough to stipulate in their deeds of gift for their own admittance, eventually, or for that of their sons, into its sheltering precincts.

The Conqueror naturally manifested the deepest interest in the prosperity of this Institution, to the day of his death; when he bequeathed to it several estates, in addition to those with which he had already enriched it,—and desired that his Crown, Sceptre, and Regalia should be deposited within the Treasury-house of the Abbey. Kings Henry I. and II. confirmed all the grants of William; and in one of the negotiations, arising out of certain mutual concessions, a large estate in England twice changed hands, and became alternately French and British property. In 1452, however, the Abbey ceased for ever to derive any income from our country.

France owed principally to the learned men who lived in literary retirement within the Cloisters of St. Stephen's, the restoration of learning; especially the

revival of the Latin tongue in her provinces. In the course of the first century of the existence of this Abbey, three Bishops and Archbishops were elected from it, and twenty erudite Abbots, who carried learning far and wide into the kingdom at large. Novices from other Monasteries were received into St. Stephen's, for the prosecution of classical studies; and many of the foundation at Caen went from it to Paris, and even to Pavia, for the more extensive augmentation of their literary and scientific acquirements.

The invasion of France by Edward III. brought terror and havoc to the gates and streets of Caen. Our soldiers, flushed with the victory achieved at Crécy, soon took possession of Caen (making prisoners sixty knights and three hundred of the common citizens, who were sent off to the Tower of London, to be ransomed), loaded two-and-twenty vessels which were lying in the port, and eighty-three procured from other quarters, with all the booty obtained in the general pillage of the inhabitants, comprising 42,000 yards of cloth of all kinds, seized in the factories; and so enormous a quantity of gold and silver articles, jewellery, and other valuable ornaments, that it was subsequently mentioned by our early historical writers as one of the causes chiefly conducive to the corruption, through introduction of strange luxuries, of the primitive Saxon manners. This event, however, led to the project of fortifying the outskirts of Caen: and among the earliest works thrown up in the quarter of St. John—where the enemy, perceiving the weak-

ness of the defences, had gained almost immediate possession of the town—were the Round Towers that encompassed so large a portion of its circumference, and strengthened the ramparts throughout the whole *enceinte* from North-East to South: one of which is still visible on the bank of the river, near the Fish-market, Rue des Quais. These were erected by authority of Philippe de Valois: and at the close of the year 1354 the Abbey of St. Trinité obtained permission from King John to fortify its position, Eastward of St. John's parish, with similar bulwarks of resistance. St. Stephen's Abbey shared this privilege, by Letters Patent granted to it on the 4th December, 1354,—and in the course of four years had completed a fortress-like circumvallation, which promised fair to protect the holy men within its walls from assault and battery; but, in less than sixty years afterwards, Henry V., following up the successes of Agincourt, gained possession of the premises, and turning upon the streets his artillery, which he most inconsiderately placed in the central tower of the fine Church annexed to the Abbey, secured, indeed, the capture of the town, but shook the said tower to such a degree that it was obliged to be taken down and rebuilt. Charles VII. conquering, in his turn, at Formigny, retook Caen through a breach effected in these very fortifications, on the site now occupied by the street called Rue de Guillaume le Conquerant,—and this terminated its *military* history, but not its misfortunes; for at the period of that dreadful disorder and conflict which threw France into temporary anarchy,—when

Catherine de Medici was laying plans for the total extirpation of the Hugonots,—the Calvinistic insurrectionists plundered both Abbey and Church, destroyed the monument which had been placed by the piety of William Rufus, third son of the Conqueror, over his father's grave in the Choir, and made such devastation in the sacred buildings as to compel the inmates to flee for their lives; and the Abbey remained tenantless from the year 1562 till the year 1626.

In this interval a great and grievous change came over the spirit of the day-dream of Monastic existence. The successors of the fugitive Brothers of St. Stephen brought not with them the integrity, simplicity, and purity of life—though they assumed the externals and affected the habits—of their hapless predecessors; and the laxity of discipline, and growing corruption of morals, led to abuses of the primitive discipline which were only uprooted by the reforms introduced by St. Maur in 1663. From that date, till its eventual suppression in the great Revolution of the eighteenth century, the Abbey of St. Stephen continued to prosper, and became a seat of ancient and theological learning, maintaining its professors of *Literæ Humaniores* (classical literature), of Philosophy and Art, from whose Lecture-rooms went forth, at different periods, many of the most distinguished scholars in the kingdom.

THE CHURCH, whose foundations were laid at the same time with those of the Abbey to which it was annexed, is one of the most precious monuments of the middle ages. The nave and the “*croisillon*,” or

limited intervening space (it cannot be called a transept) between the nave and choir, together with the West front and its two square towers, were built between 1066 and 1075. The beautiful spires surmounting the towers are of the fourteenth century; the aisles and choir are likewise considered to be of that period. The central tower, uprising from the main body of the church,—and on the parapet of which Henry V., as I have stated, placed his artillery in the year 1417,—was originally surmounted by a fine steeple, of the style of those still seen on the Western towers. This being, of necessity, taken down, another was erected; and was standing in 1562, when the brutal fanaticism of the Calvinists destroyed it; and it was replaced by the Lantern we now see. The appearance of the central spire must have been exceedingly beautiful. It is much to be regretted, also, that the apse of the building should have been masked, and, in fact, blocked up by the modern school premises of the Lycée: but this practice of surrounding and defacing the fairest of her ancient monuments seems to have been the delight of Normandy's bygone *moderns*.

The buildings erected in 1726, on the decaying substructure of the Old Abbey, have been appropriated, for the last fifty-four years, to the College, which having successively borne the names of Lycée National, Imperial, and Royal, is now again Imperial, and, as it deserves, flourishing.

I have already made passing mention of this seat of learning, as a modern public school or college, in the Department of Calvados; and shall now record what

I made a point of seeing in the interior of the Church of St. Stephen. It is my invariable practice, after first glance of the whole length and Eastern extremity of a large church, at home or abroad, to turn round and observe its aisles, windows, monuments, and particular characteristics; but, before I paid any regard to these, or to any other object immediately in view, on first entry into St. Stephen's, I hastened, as a British subject naturally would, to the spot where once lay the mortal remains of the great Founder. I had not then seen his birthplace; but I had visited the Abbey of St. Gervais, where he died—and I now at length stood *by the side of* the plain marble slab (I would not profane his memory by standing *upon* it) covering the grave that received, in the year 1087, all that could die of William the Conqueror. It is no affectation to affirm, that I felt my heart throbbing with quickened pulsations at that moment. My feet had stood where once lay many an immortalized personage of ancient history, 'giants' in martial prowess, or in intellectual strength—"men of renown;"—of classic soil, or on spots of earth sacred to the shades of the dark ages,—among the burying-places of the Cæsars and Scipios, or of martyred saints and apostles,—in gloomy vaults, the graves of kings and emperors, patriots and sages, poets and philosophers,—of Charlemagne, of Charles I., of Louis XVI.; of Sidney, Newton, Shakspeare, and Milton, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Galileo;—At the last resting-places of numberless worthies whose fame cannot but be commensurate with the duration in space of that round globe on which they lived and died, I had

heard or read the record of earthly glory; and to have held the tongue, and spoken nothing, and to have kept silence, even from good words, where,

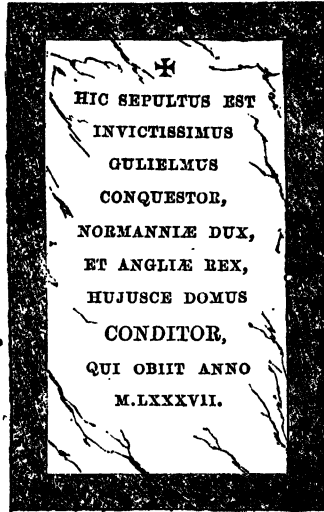
“ Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,”

rest Napoleon, Nelson, Wellington, and Wren,—re-
 curred to my crowded memory, now that I was
 bending over the inscription that told me William of
 Normandy once lay here, CONDITOR (as in Wren’s
 epitaph) not only, indeed, of the majestic temple
 around and above me, but of that Royal line and
 dynasty which, at this hour, owes its existence, its
 glory, and its ascendant to the successful valour of the
 “ CONQUESTOR,” and to the consummate talent and
 discernment with which he secured the perpetuity of his
 usurped possessions. I quote this word, CONQUESTOR,
 from the marble slab here referred to, without the
 slightest attempt to translate it; for I am certain
 there is no such word in the Latin language. The
 author of the inscription, doubtless, believed he was
 using a term indicative of the act of acquiring terri-
 tory and dominion by conquest: but the whole scope
 of the Roman vocabulary contains it not. It is
 utter nonsense, but passes muster; and no one seems
 to have taken thought for it since the date of its
 composition in A. D. 1801, when General Dugua, as
 prefect under the Consular government, caused the
 memorial to be inserted, without railing or other
 enclosure, in the pavement of the choir; in front of
 the high altar, and at about eight paces from it.

The white marble slab (grey-veined) is six feet
 eight inches in length, and three feet eight inches in

width, having a border of purple-coloured marble, eight inches broad.

HERE LAY ENTOMBED
 THE TRULY INVINCIBLE
 WILLIAM
 THE CONQUEROR,
 DUKE OF NORMANDY,
 AND KING OF ENGLAND,
 THE FOUNDER
 OF
 THIS TEMPLE,
 WHO DIED IN THE YEAR
 M.LXXXVII.



But for the chance of interesting a few readers, it would be hardly worth while recurring to the well-known cause of William's comparatively early death, at the age of sixty-three years;—an injury received by the sudden rearing of his horse among the smoking ruins of some of the houses set on fire by his soldiers at Mantes. Philip I., King of France, had encouraged a rebellion of Norman nobles, and aggravated this injury by an unseemly jest upon William's corpulency. Hereupon he entered the French territory, and committed great ravages; among the earliest acts of retaliation, laying Mantes in ashes. The accident just mentioned proved fatal. The Duke lay for a short season in Rouen, to which city, upon finding his case

beyond all surgical skill, he had caused himself to be removed; but he left Rouen for St. Gervais, in the Faubourg Cauchois, where, in the presence of his sons and certain of his court, he died; after lingering through six weeks in great agony.

It has been very commonly asserted that his three sons, and all the nobles, and even the lowliest retainers, abandoned the dead body, and left the monks to take whatever course they might choose on the occasion; and that the Conqueror, at whose very name England and France had trembled, lay without kinsman or friend, a lone and uncared-for corpse; apparently without a chance of other interment than it would have received at the hands of the Priests, in the precincts of the Abbey where he had drawn his last breath. A knight, however, resident in the vicinity of Rouen,—who, probably, had served in the army of the illustrious dead, or, at least, venerated his memory, although not personally acquainted with him while living,—came forward with means which procured the removal of the body to Caen, whither he accompanied it, and where he relied upon its being honoured with a becoming funeral. It is well to keep in mind, in this brief but saddening recital, that Queen Matilda had died three years previously. This account of general desertion, it will be seen, must be received with considerable distrust. But, though the chamber of death was in all probability honoured with due reverence, at the open grave-side the pride of earthly sovereignty and might was to receive judicial rebuke. The 'Requiem' for the dead had not ceased when a bystander (named Ascelin, as

has been asserted,) rushed forward and demanded, in the presence of Henry I., William's youngest son, who was bending at that moment over the coffin, that payment should be made to him in recognition of his claim to the very spot of earth in which the grave had been dug,—and which he affirmed, in strong language corroborated by many of the surrounding crowd, had formed a part of his patrimonial estate.

To put an immediate stop to such profane brawling and desecration, a certain sum, insignificantly small even in that day (about two shillings and five-pence of our present money), was at once handed over to this daring and insolent claimant, and the ceremony proceeded; but the panic and consternation of the officials, startled as they were, and outraged, by such a cruel interruption, so utterly deprived them of presence of mind and of the composure indispensable at an interment, that they failed in lowering the coffin to its resting-place below; and having caused it to fall heavily against some projecting masonry in the passage downward, it broke asunder, occasioning so noisome an effluvium as to compel the clergy and their attendants to hasten the Service for the Dead to a premature close;—of all last scenes the most unlikely to befall departed greatness;—of all illustrations of the vanity of terrestrial grandeur and human power the most humiliating. Even thus did the grave close upon William of Normandy, the most puissant and influential ruler of that period, the most consummate politician and lawgiver that France had ever produced, or England felt constrained to obey.

There is a striking resemblance between the cir-

cumstance of William's deathbed being so speedily abandoned, and the disregard manifested towards the remains of another renowned conqueror who died fourteen hundred and eleven years before him—Alexander the Great. "Amidst the confusion and dissensions arising at the very moment of his dissolution," says Plutarch, "no one thought of the exequies due to Alexander. His body remained in a state of total nudity for several days without being laid out, and it was actually in a state of decomposition when some individual suggested the expediency of its being given over to the Egyptians to be embalmed."

Those who are familiar with oral testimony delivered at our tribunals, or gathered, on occasion, in private life—and who know how diametrically opposed one witness's evidence very frequently is to another's—can best understand the difficulty of writing History; especially when truth is sought for amid the obscurity of the dark ages. Orderiscus Vitalis, a writer of the twelfth century, whose *Ecclesiastical History*, published in Duchesne's "*Normannorum Historiæ Scriptorum*," comprises, amidst many frivolous details, some very interesting and well-accredited facts relative to Normandy and England,—and, with him, Polydore Virgil, Masseville, and Lingard, would induce us to believe that there was no intentional disrespect, no wanton violation of filial duties or of common decency, following upon the demise of the Duke-King at St. Gervais' Abbey. Authors contemporary with the event seem entitled to regard; and, while I was on the scenes of the birth, death, and sepulture of William of Normandy, it was

my study and delight to gain access to such authorities. From these it would appear that the shock occasioned by his death operated on men's minds like the cry of, "Sauve qui peut," when all is supposed to be lost, and panic impels one and all to run. Each man took for granted that every district in the country would, in a moment of time, become an arena of dispute, sedition, and misrule: overcome with dread of total anarchy, the wealthiest of the deceased Duke's followers mounted horse directly he was declared to be no more, and hurried to their respective homes with the design of placing their property and effects in some degree of safety. The common retainers and body-servants seemed to have lost all reason. The house doors were left open to any intruders or ill-disposed persons who might presume to avail themselves of the general confusion and desolation. The inhabitants of Rouen, struck with terror and dismay, were like a demented multitude, incapable of understanding or doing anything rational in this new and trying emergency; and were not less scared and affrighted than if they had beheld a hostile army drawn up before the gates of their city. When, however, after a little interval of time, the Royal remains had been conveyed to Caen, and the people began to reflect calmly on what had happened, all the monks from far and near came in multitudes to see the bier lying in state,—and were followed by innumerable priests, and members of the laity, who manifested great tenderness of grief, and offered up prayers for the deceased. A large assemblage of prelates, baronial proprietors of land, and

military knights, formed themselves into a proccession, headed by the Archbishop of Rouen, and celebrated with much pomp the funeral obsequies of the Duke,—whom they committed to the tomb with regal state, in a space situate between the altar and the steps of the choir. It was previous to the lowering of the coffin that Gislebert, Bishop of Evreux, ascended the pulpit and addressed the vast assemblage of all ranks, that thronged around the plac. of sepulture, in language of which the following passages will convey a sufficiently accurate conception. He dilated with much eloquence on the eminently great qualities of the deceased monarch, eulogising especially the valour with which he had extended into remote regions the ascendant power of Normandy, elevating her people to a height of distinction that had never been contemplated by any of his predecessors. He reminded them of the conscientious solicitude evinced by the late Duke for the maintenance of the several States, under his control, in the undisturbed enjoyment of equitable laws and civic peace; how he had suppressed, by resolute and seasonable enactments, the outrages attempted by bands of robbers and brigands, and wielded the sword of his own personal prowess and virtuous rule to protect the whole body of clergy and monks, and all parties in the community who were incapable of defending themselves. “The tears of the multitude,” says the old chronicler, “confirmed these assertions; and while every one seemed overcome by this touching appeal to the heart, the Bishop took occasion to add: ‘Since, in this earthly state of existence, no mortal can live and sin

not, let us draw nigh unto the Lord with our intercessory prayers on behalf of the departed Prince, and in whatsoever instance he may, in his lifetime, have given offence to any individuals among you, let such injury be now and henceforth forgiven from the heart.'”

The chief-mourner in this closing scene was Henry I., the youngest son of William. It is a sufficient answer, in refutation of the statement that all his sons had abandoned him, to quote the authority of the historians who have handed down to us these particulars of the interment, that this son alone had it in his power to attend it. William Rufus had received his father's last blessing, and acted on the strict injunction accompanying it, that he should depart for England directly his parent died, and cause himself to be solemnly proclaimed king. The Conqueror breathed his last on the 9th of September, 1087, and William II. was crowned at Westminster on the 26th of the same month. Robert, the elder son, was at this time at the head of a revolt among certain barons of Normandy, who had risen to oppose what they considered tyrannical encroachments on the part of his father. William I., indeed, had always found his old robes sit easier than his new. His life seems to have been spent in perpetual turmoil, and, but for the devoted affection of his queen, Matilda, whom he tenderly loved, would have lived a stranger to all domestic contentment, as well as to peace abroad. His latter years were saddened by the death of his second son, Richard, who was killed by a stag in the New Forest in the year 1081, and by that of Matilda, three years afterwards; and it

is difficult to conceive how, in such a melancholy period as that of the Conquest, when frequent insurrections against the usurping authority were quelled by indignant anger, and punished with merciless vengeance, there could have been much leisure for the amenities or self-gratulation of a gentler sway :

“ So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.”

Of the fifty-two years during which William reigned as Duke of Normandy, twenty-one were encumbered with the extraneous responsibilities of his dominion in our country ; involving the revolts of Saxon nobles, a quarrel with the haughtiest and most ambitious of Popes (Gregory VII.), and universal odium on the part of a half-subjugated people. Still these are the very considerations that create so deep an interest in the fame and fortunes of William of Normandy. God forbid we should flatter the genius of the man, and screen the vices of the Monarch ! His errors, his follies, his vices, the wrongs he perpetrated, and the guilt his policy incurred, should not be censured feebly, or escape the sentence of most stern and righteous condemnation ; but, apart from his liability to this judgment, William was, in the abstract sense of the word, decidedly A GREAT MAN. He exhibited *bon sens conservateur*, as much as *génie conquérant* ; and though the glory achieved for his country by the conquest of ours cost France dear indeed, in wars of most disastrous rivalry, hardly appeased by the lapse of three centuries, and threw

all England into mourning, before he had secured the consolidation of his power, both nations look back at this remote distance of time with wonder and admiration at the phenomenon, unparalleled, probably, in the history of the world, of an invasion founding an empire. This was the Conqueror's exploit; an achievement, we may say, harmonizing with the actual crisis of this country's struggle to emerge from Saxon barbarism, and, as the event proved, with the permanent interests of every civilized state in that age. If we test this man's greatness by the difficulties he mastered, by the immensity of his undertakings, and the vital importance of their results, felt even in the day that now is, we shall be at a loss to discover in the annals of ancient or modern history his superior.

I adverted to the parallel which seemed to exist between the death-chamber of Alexander of Macedon and that of William of Normandy. There is still another, relative to his day of active life, to which this passing notice may direct my readers' attention.

I allude to the singular coincidence of 30,000 soldiers of France having on two several occasions been sent across sea to invade a foreign territory. After an interval of seven hundred and sixty-four years since her fleet sailed with William's legions to Pevensy Bay, France despatched the same number to the Bay of Algiers. All the means and appliances furnished by a nation that had reached the very acme of art and science and the pinnacle of her wealth and strength, were brought to bear upon that expedition; and the rich resources of the country had been

lavishly employed for the furtherance of its success. This was an armament sent forth by the general acclaim and consent of the most purely military nation in the universe, and headed by many of her ablest commanders, any one of whom was, by intellect and experience, competent to conduct the enterprise. But what had the world beheld, nearly eight centuries prior to this feat of arms? A single Duke of one of the French provinces, who at the age of fourteen could not write his name,—ruling among an illiterate, uneducated, semi-barbarous, and intractable people, and viewed with jealous eyes by neighbouring petty princes or encroaching barons,—conceives the design of seizing the opposite coast and kingdom;—summons councils, baffles their unanimous *opposition*, overrules each individual opponent's dislike of his project, builds and equips a fleet of three hundred ships, levies arms, and victuals a larger French army than at this present date has just landed in the Crimea;—crosses the sea with them; and on those very shores, where the best troops of ancient Rome, in her most high and palmy state, had fought in deadly conflict for every inch of ground, plants the standard of France and Victory, and makes the land his own! in one great battle laying the strong foundations of an empire, which from that date, has scorned the bare idea of foreign invasion, and swayed the destiny of nations by her own.

Remembering all this, believing this,—well might I gaze with emotions of no ordinary feeling upon that empty tomb in St. Stephen's. Shame to the memory of those who rifled it! Neither William

Rufus nor Henry neglected the grave of their renowned Father. A costly monument was erected above it, the work of an artist named Othon, dazzling the eye with gold, silver, and jewels. The recumbent effigy of the deceased Prince was there to be seen, moulded in high relief, on a tombstone, at the foot of which was the Latin Epitaph in his praise, composed in wretched versification by the Archbishop of York, and affixed in a golden plate to the said stone; the general purport of which may be expressed in these terms, though I have been compelled to paraphrase the Bishop's two closing lines to render them at all intelligible!

E'en he who in his power's day
 Bent the rough Normans to its sway,
 And, boldly conqu'ring, held in hand
 With puissant rule the British land;
 He whose dread might controul'd the swords
 Of Celtic Gaul's imperious hordes,
 And all the powers of his mind
 To reign with sapient laws inclin'd,
 William—the King—lies here in turn;
 A great man in a little urn!
 And slender is the house where now
 So grand a ruler lieth low.
 Sixty-three years his course he run—
 The Zodiac hail'd that glorious Sun:
 And as the hour of fate drew near
 Beheld his radiance set here.

MLXXXVII.

This tomb was opened at the instance of three Italian prelates who, on their arrival in Caen, in 1522, expressed an earnest desire to verify the body. Their

request was granted, and the features were found in such perfect preservation as to enable a competent artist to make a portrait, which was suspended opposite to the monument, after the coffin was closed, and everything restored as previous to the opening.

Forty years afterwards (1562) the Calvinists, rising *en masse*, carried havoc and desecration into all the churches in the land. This noble temple was among the first to suffer from their brutality, and the tomb of the Conqueror became the special object of attack. The mercenary villains protested it contained hidden treasure, and, in the blind rage of disappointed sectarian phrenzy, scattered in all directions the dry bones of the illustrious dead (the only deposit they found there), and heaped the grossest indignities on both tomb and sanctuary. A thigh-bone was recovered; and some idea may be formed of the "majesty of buried" Normandy, from the circumstance of this having been found to measure eight inches beyond the average length of that part of the human frame. By dint of laborious search and untiring zeal, the dispersed portions of the skeleton were ultimately found:—an act of loyalty attaching everlasting credit to Jean de Baillehache, the successful finder;—and these were once more deposited, in the year 1642 (beneath the pavement where they originally lay), with honourable pomp and ceremony. This worthy man likewise erected a new and simple monument upon the spot where the ruined sarcophagus and its adornments had stood,—annexing a Latin inscription which recorded the fate they had encountered. Singular to relate, even this memorial was not suffered to

remain above a century without disturbance and removal. On the occasion of the Eastern extremity of the church being extended, and the old Sanctuary becoming, in consequence, the lower end of the choir, the monument was found to be so inconveniently in the way of the ministering priests, on every performance of Divine service, that the clergy obtained permission from Louis XV. to remove it nearer to the nave; and there it was re-established, with a third inscription detailing the circumstance. This was the monument levelled by the Revolutionary rabble of 1789, on account of the heraldic insignia on its panels; but they did not invade the sanctity of the vault beneath. There is but too much reason, however, to believe that about the date of the murder of Louis XVI., when every vestige and memorial of regal authority was execrated and trampled under foot, the mouldering relics of William of Normandy were for evermore in this world lost; and not until the privileges of Congregational worship were restored by the Act of 1801, was there either grave-stone or epitaph to mark the place of sepulture. The present inscription has been represented in the foregoing pages,—and it may be interesting to some of my readers to notice that the opening words, “*HIC SEPULTUS EST,*” are strictly appropriate. The preterit tense is correctly used, and will admit of this only translation: “Here was buried.” The author of the inscription could not say “Here lies buried;” for not even does the dust of the ancient ruler lie beneath. Many have discerned the dispensations of more than human justice in all these displacements. The despot, they

observe, who drove out men, women, and children from their homes for thirty miles round, merely to secure for himself the pleasures of the chase in the county of Hants, lost his son by a violent death in the very Forest created by such desolating tyranny; and in death was denied the boon attainable by the lowliest of his victims,—a resting-place in the grave! These reflections must arise, and are not without force; they are, indeed, thoughts suggested by the spirit of that philosophy which teaches by examples;—the grave didactic influence of history: but the standard of morality in William's day was lower than our conceptions enable us to measure; and those merciless excesses of newly acquired power which, in the present age of religion, refinement, civilization, and liberty, would cost any ruler his crown, if not his life, were, in that æra of unmitigated barbarism, regarded by the perpetrator as the mere severity essential to the establishment of permanent order and passive acquiescence. Neither France nor England is likely to lose sight of this consideration: each nation has recorded and detested William's cruelties; but, amidst glaring imperfection, they discern the halo of more than ordinary merit, and still render homage to his memory, upon this principle of moral gratitude and political justice, that such greatness sheds glory on the people among whom its claimant flourished; albeit that glory may have been purchased at the hazard of national freedom, and emanated from a character alloyed by only too many grievous defects and derelictions of moral duty. Such and none other was the renown of the CONQUEROR! It has been weighed by posterity

and found wanting; but the little leaven of good points in his general character leavened, as far as was possible, the whole lump; and biographers have not yet pronounced it valueless.

CHAPTER •VIII.

CAEN.

I AM NOW about to lead my readers into another scene of no light interest. Handbooks and *Plans de route* are not implicitly to be trusted as means of making their possessors acquainted with all that is worth the attention of tourist or resident: nor is it reasonable to expect that they should; because their necessarily limited dimensions preclude subdivision and detail; and after telling us that this or that city may well be proud of its public works or private collections, of its imperial museums or benevolent institutions, it is fairly presumed by the compiler of such *Vade mecums* that the inquisitive traveller will *particularize* for himself, and not take umbrage at the *Manuel du Voyageur's* system of dealing with *generals*. Hence I may say I was not indebted to any suggestions, beyond those of my own spirit of inquiry, for a long and leisurely inspection of that most noble of all the houses of refuge, all the asylums for suffering humanity, I ever yet entered—the Hôpital du Bon Sauveur, at Caen. This vast establishment, occupying the old site, and still retaining many of the original buildings, of the Capucins' Monastery at the extremity of a street leading off in a Southerly direction from St. Stephen's, owes its

earliest origin to a community of Nuns formed in the year 1731, in the Rue du Four (contiguous to the quarries of Vaucelles, a suburb already mentioned), by Ann Leroi, the daughter of a tradesman in Caen, who, under the immediate auspices of the Bishop of Bayeux, became the Superior; and gave to the premises thus occupied the name of the Little Convent. The stay of the devout sisters in this retreat was but of brief duration. In the course of six years they took possession of an edifice in the Rue d'Ange de Sainte Paix, which they continued to hold till the days of 1789, when "temple and tower went to the ground," and every ecclesiastical fraternity and sisterhood shared the fate of Church and King, and was summarily suppressed by the decrees of the great and terrible Revolution. The number of *religieuses* at that date amounted to twenty-three. During the dispersion which drove them into the precarious shelter of distracted homes, in a world lying around them in wickedness, seven of them died: the remainder, encouraged by the active sympathy of the Catholics, who had been living in faith and hope of brighter days, reassembled in 1804, when the fury of persecution had subsided, and a certain degree of tranquillity appeared to favour the revival of Religion in the land; and, having secured very considerable pecuniary aid from families of wealth and influence who had at length recovered possession of their patrimonial estates, began to look out for some *locale* wherein, with all the adscititious advantages of their vastly extended means, and the prospect of still greater annexations to the revenue of the com-

munity, they might render their restoration a source of wide and highly beneficent usefulness.

The walls that enclosed the old Capucin Monastery still stood;—a considerable portion of the original premises had survived the pillage and demolition of the revolutionary mob; and the fifteen acres of land once occupied by the friars offered a site in every respect favourable to the new project. A purchase was effected (the power of sale being vested in the State); and here was laid a foundation of charity whose influences have ever since been exerted in the hourly mitigation of human suffering, in the protection of the feeble and incurable, in the succour of the poor that have cried in vain for aid elsewhere; and in training, teaching, and sheltering those who, of all others, had none to help them. The main object of this blessed Institution was to gather into one numerous sisterhood a body of religiously and devoutly disposed women, who, without the restriction of the cloister, should, by vow, dedicate their day of life to the relief (outdoor and intra-mural) of human wretchedness,—to the communication of knowledge to the ignorant,—to the healing of the sick and wounded, either in wards or at their own homes—to the training of young ladies, from the higher ranks, in the first rudiments of Religion; and to the gratuitous instruction of the daughters of humble mechanics and artisans incapable of paying for their children's schooling. Such being the basis of their plan,—to which a loan, on easy terms, of £3,600 from the Council of the Department of Calvados, gave stability,—the Nuns of the Hospital of Le Bon

Sauveur decided, in the year 1818, on dedicating five or six houses, within the enclosure of their enceinte of wall, to the following beneficial objects :

1. An asylum for the comfortable maintenance and best medical treatment of Insane Persons, belonging to the Department of Calvados. One wing of which should be appropriated to males, and another to females.

2. A Relief-Establishment or Infirmary, for dispensing medicines, pecuniary alms, nourishment and *nurses* to individuals lingering in painful sickness, or injured by any fearful accident, of whatever nature—whether attendance were needed at such sufferers' homes, or the case should admit of removal to the wards of the Hospital.

3. An Educational and Industrial School, for young Deaf and Dumb persons of either sex.

4. An Establishment for the reception of young girls of the higher classes, paying a certain annual amount to the funds of the Hospital, as pupils, under the superintendance of able teachers; receiving not only the advantages of a thoroughly good education, but of early instruction in religious learning, till qualified to attend at the Communion of their Church.

5. A School giving gratuitous instruction to the daughters, of tender age, of artisans and mechanics of the district, too needy to be able to pay for school tuition.

6. A Home of peaceful seclusion for ladies of rank desirous of living in retirement for life, or for any period of it, at their own proper cost, but under the shelter and protection of a Religious House.

The prosperity which has attended this admirable Institution was materially advanced by the indefatigable zeal and energy of the Abbé Pierre Jamet, who died within its precincts nine years since, and to whose venerated memory a little Chapel or Oratoire has been erected in the grounds, where a finely sculptured effigy represents him lying in his clerical vestments;—the beauty of which monument has not been surpassed by any modern work of the kind that I remember to have seen in Paris or St. Denis. This pious and benevolent ecclesiastic died at the age of eighty-three, after watching over the fortunes of the House, and spending two-thirds of his life in unremitting exertions on its behalf, from the evil days of 1790 to the year 1845; when he exchanged his beloved earthly home for another and enduring one, whither “his works do follow him.”

It was his suggestion which originated the house for the deaf and dumb. In this foundation he seems to have emulated his predecessors the Abbé de l'Épée and the Abbé Sicard,—the latter of whom was his senior by twenty years; and, like those two excellent men, devoted his existence to the perfecting of the system by which persons wanting the faculty of hearing and speech have been rescued from a condition of being little better than mere animal life; and enabled to enjoy many of the most valuable privileges of a civilized community.

There is now a sisterhood of two hundred Nuns headed by a Principal, the successor of the Abbé Jamet, and more immediately by a Superior, of their own sex, Mad^{lle} Natalie Antoinette Maten

de Puiscaux, daughter of a late Sous-prefet of Government at Rome. She was represented to me as a woman of sincere and enlightened piety—gifted with many elegant accomplishments, and eminently proficient in the art of painting. The Sisters wear a black habit, the upper part of which covers their head, concealing the hair, and passing under the chin, whence depend two long bands, beneath which is seen the silver crucifix hanging from a chain passed round the neck and shoulders. They are incessantly occupied among the inmates;—taking turns in the several departments of teaching, nursing, outdoor visitation, and the household management, which, as there are upwards of 1,200 inmates, is on a vast scale. Besides the professed nuns are several novices,—domestic servants, gardeners, stable-keepers, etc. The schools were not in operation, nor the factories; it being vacation-time: but I saw the lecture-rooms and workshops of the deaf and dumb, and several of the latter of either sex. The number of these under tuition exceeds a hundred and twenty.

I noticed that the walls of the Class-rooms, as they are called, where these unfortunates are taught, were faced with very large slabs of slate, finely smoothed off, so as to admit of the most delicate touches of delineation: a very considerable part of the general instruction being communicated through the highly significant medium of diagrams and drawings. They thus learn the first rudiments of drawing in the best of all methods,—by handling the pencil (a portecrayon, supplied with white chalk) boldly and freely;

and many of the black chalk crayon drawings, on paper, of heads (life-size), and of full-length figures, after the antique, were most admirably executed. The class-room for these young artists is a school of design, in which taste is rapidly formed. Some exquisite Arabesque scrolls, and plans for ornamental carving and moulding, were hanging up in one of the little studies, all drawn by some of the pupils at this time absent for the holidays. With some of these before them, the youths who are proficient in Turning, produce from the lathe a variety of cups, vases, pateræ, and ornamental cabinet-work. I saw two ebony brackets of most elegant form and workmanship. There is a large class, also, of boot and shoe makers. Such lads, as, from circumstances of birth, seem to evince inclination and ability for higher branches of art and science, are educated consistently with their position and taste: the mechanical occupations, with exception of the Turning-lathe, which is an object of universal liking and ambition, being limited to the sons of artisans. Ten girls and four boys of the better class pay £15 15s. a year for tuition, etc. The youths that were staying through the vacation seemed to be singularly cheerful and active; and many of them of highly intelligent countenance. There are several poles and other apparatus for gymnastic exercise, in which they take great delight.

I had not an opportunity of seeing full attendance in the Chapel of the Institution, the month of August being part of the season of their vacation,—but there were three or four youths kneeling on the pavement of the choir when I entered it.

The males are ranged on benches in the choir, during the solemnization of the Mass, Vespers, and other services,—parted off from the remaining portion of the sacred building by a *grille*, or iron-scroll screen-work, surmounting a low wooden partition; along the whole extent of which is drawn a curtain, concealing the deaf and dumb from the gaze of the seeing. The girls are ranged in what is called “The Tribune,” a roomy recess in the North wall (like the Queen’s Pew in our Chapel Royal), before which is a trellis-screen of light and tasteful design.

Five Chaplains reside on the premises. There is also a chapel, to which, in their lucid intervals, a certain number of the insane resort; and where their demeanour would put many of the sane to rebuke. I saw above eighty there. There are nearly seven hundred lunatics; of whom four hundred are females, in different stages of mental derangement. Among these are many of high rank and title. The classification is very particular. Some occupy entire houses to themselves, with gardens; and resort to the rooms provided for the higher class, during their frequent lucid intervals, as places of recreation, either to enjoy a game of billiards, or play on the piano, or read any of the books forming a public library. Each variety of patients, male and female, is classed with reference to rank and condition of life; some being exclusively maintained by the Charity; others by their relatives. The former wear a costume prescribed by the Institution; the latter dress as they like. Since the removal of the forty lunatics from Beaulieu Madhouse in 1820, the number has been enormously increased.

The row of houses occupied by the *Aliénées* of high rank is a handsome range of buildings: they are situate on one side of a large extent of highly cultivated garden-ground, adorned with every variety of shrubs, choice and rare trees, and parterres exhibiting the most beautiful and odoriferous flowers, intersected in several directions by gravelled paths communicating with a broad walk (kept with a nicety unusual in France), which extends all round the enclosure. I saw an aged lady of venerable aspect, and elegantly dressed, sitting and reading on one of the benches that are dispersed in various parts of the grounds. There may generally be seen seven or eight ladies walking about the garden: they are in most cases glad to see strangers, and to enter into discourse; though all such communication is interdicted. Before I could make good my exit from this compartment of the premises, a lady about sixty-five years old, of very dignified appearance and attired in a style of elaborate *toilette*, came up to me, exclaiming, "Êtes vous médecin?" The Nun at my side said, "Non! Monsieur est Anglais." "Ah! dites donc, Monsieur:—Vous connaissez, sans doute, Madame La" Here the Nun stopped her again, saying, "Monsieur voyage pour son plaisir: Il ne demeure pas à Londres." "Mais, alors, il a très bonne mine—!" She was commencing a careful survey of my features, and seemed most anxious to enter upon a good half-hour's gossip, when we "bolted," and left the poor *aliénée* to her "meditations, fancy free."

It struck me as a rather ludicrous circumstance that this was the second instance, within ten days

a demented person paying to my elderly countenance so direct a compliment. Poor old Deperrez, at Pont Audemer, who had lost his reason forty years since, used the same expression, as he sat staring at me from his arm-chair in the chimney-corner. Many of these unfortunate ladies are members of wealthy families; and in some instances pay as much as three hundred pounds a year to the Hospital. My interrogator was of that number.

The gentlemen, and male lunatics in general, three hundred in number, are located in a totally distinct section of the premises; where they, too, have the free enjoyment of a beautiful garden and shrubbery, and are supplied with newspapers, reviews, etc., on the judicious plan of treatment of mania now, for some time past, so happily adopted in most enlightened countries. It was in a quiet secluded little quadrangle of the men's compartment, planted with evergreen shrubs and flowers, and basking in the pleasantest sunshine on one side,—a cool delightful shade proffering shelter on the other;—that, upon request to be shown the quarter I am about to particularize, I was led into the parlour, and afterwards into the bedroom, occupied at the time of his death on the 30th March, 1810, by "George Brummell," of unhappy celebrity,—once Consul of Caen: and whose career, comprehending some of the most extraordinary phases in mortal destiny, has been ably recorded by that most amusing of modern biographers, Captain Jesse,—the second volume of whose book is one of the most practical sermons ever published in illustration of the Preacher's text, "Vanity of Vanities,"—

and as a record of that species of "Dandyism" which may be said to have expired with this spoilt favourite of Royalty and Fashion. Brummell, through the intervention of the most benevolent of strangers, rather than by any direct act of his few remaining friends, became an inmate of this enviable Asylum in the year 1838, and remained in it the greater part of two years: in fact, to the day of his decease. I conversed for some time with the gardener, Pierre Dubois, who acts as an overlooker and attendant, among the patients lodged in the section of St. Joseph, as this part is called. He said Brummell was so paralyzed in body as to require the arms of two persons to support him when walking about the garden: that he always appeared to be totally unconscious of his melancholy condition, and spoke of himself as the owner of large possessions. He would occasionally intimate to each of the attendants, who waited upon him by turns, that he had made ample provision for them in his will, and that through his application at head-quarters every one of them would find himself promoted to situations of distinguished trust in England. His animal spirits appear to have been generally good. His voracious appetite never failed; but he drank barley-water only, mixed with a very small quantity of wine, as his usual beverage.

While I was listening to Pierre Dubois' account, an elderly Sister joined us, who remembered Brummell well, and had often tended him during his last illness. She mentioned him as *un bon enfant*; which would lead one to infer he had ingratiated himself, fatuous as he was, with those who had access to him

in his depressing solitude. Apart from the condition of mental darkness in which this singular man went down to the grave, his days in this delightful retreat comprised, in all probability, a period of far greater contentment and comfort than he had ever tasted in the zenith of his prosperity, and, I might say, of his power! All that the unwearied solicitude and kindness of the best of nurses could do in mitigation of human suffering, in aid of decrepit feebleness and failing faculties; all that could soothe the excitement of feverish paroxysm, allay disquietude, and make all the bed of a moribund patient tranquil and easy, in his last sickness, was done, and nobly done here. Like ministering angels, these holy women live in the continual discharge of these offices; and wherever and whenever endemic pestilence, contagion, and death have from time to time raged within the wards, or desolated the homes of the population lying within the range of their activity, there have they, in fearless faith and self-devoting zeal,

“Tended the sick, busiest, from couch to couch:”

and by these were our fellow-countryman's pillow smoothed, his wants anticipated, his wishes humoured, and his eyelids closed. *They* cared for the selfish, self-sacrificed and ruined man, to the last; and whoever shall henceforth visit that Zoar, that little refuge, where, passing by, I beheld their devotions (and deeds to such profession answerable), and learned how worthily these recluses bear the name of Him who went about only to do good, will gaze with no light

wonder and interest on the resources of consolation abounding in that foreign home, where fed, clothed, and solaced by Samaritan charities, this stranger exile died.

The annexed cut represents the bedroom occupied



by Brummell during his residence as an "Alien" (a patient in a state of mental derangement) in the Hôpital du Bon Sauveur, at Caen. This same room, and the parlour underneath, were the habitation of the celebrated De Bourrienne (Napoleon's Secretary), who died here on the 7th February, 1831, at the age of sixty-four. He, also, never recovered his reason.

It is a cheerful apartment, eighteen feet square, and nine feet in height, beautifully clean; neatly papered, and amply furnished for all the purposes of the chamber of nightly rest. Opposite to the window stood a chest of drawers, made, as all the chairs and table and press were, of maple-wood. Close to these

was a very large press, with doors and drawers, partly let into the wall. The door faced the fire-place, which, as is shown in my sketch, was somewhat of an ornate style; and at the foot of the bedstead was a cot of moderate size, for the use of the watcher, who remained in the room night after night, for the purpose of rendering any assistance, or administering medicine to the patient. One comfortable Invalid's-nursing-chair (shown in the fore-ground), and four small chairs, a wash-stand, a round table, and two or three other items, constituted the general furniture. All the framework of the bedstead was painted white; and with the beautifully clean dimity curtains, decorated with deep fringe and tassels, and, at the cornice, with large gilt rosettes, appeared handsome and inviting. The bedding was ample and unexceptionable, and, as the housemaids say, "plumped up" high. As a matter of merest precaution, the window, which was nearly five feet wide, was guarded by six or seven upright bars, crossed once in the middle, and more than eight inches apart: the appearance of all which was not more unsightly than that of the generality of back-parlour windows, overlooking leads, or kitchen-offices, in London. But when Brummell was here there were no bars of any kind. At the time of my visit, this room was the one appropriated to a French gentleman of disordered intellect; but he was taking exercise in the remoter part of the great gardens, and came not into the St. Joseph quarter during the three-quarters of an hour I spent in his apartments. There is a very lively, pretty-looking parlour below this room, where Brum-

mell mostly passed his time, when not limping about the garden: and the prospect from it must always have been cheering. Some two or three insane patients had strolled to the flower-beds, from another part of the premises, following the gardener of whom I have made mention; and one of these seated himself on a rustic chair, under a Laburnum-tree, during the half-hour of my stay in the upper room. This young man's sole occupation, for the time, lay in imitating, as far as the compass of a "vox humana" would allow, the notes of two beautifully-toned bells then being tolled at St. Stephen's. The pertinacity with which he accurately kept time with the stroke of the clapper was quite astonishing. I suppose that if the bells had not ceased, he would have "ding-donged" till the hour of Ave.Maria!

The great gate of entry from the town into the Hôpital du Bon Sauveur, is like that of any mansion of note in foreign cities, and is always kept closed. A heavy knocker makes known that some one wishes to be admitted, and the door opens by means of a cord communicating with the porter's lodge, in which, at a wide open window on the right, are generally to be seen two or three elderly Nuns seated, to answer all applications, receive letters and packets, and maintain a continual look-out on all exits and entrances. One of these grave personages, looking like a most real and dignified Lady Abbess, requested me, at my first call, to follow her across the main court into a small room (with a crucifix and some prints of the Madonna and saints in it), called Le Parloir, or Parlour—it being literally a *parloir*, or

place to speak in and be spoken to ; and leaving me there, said she would send one of the Sisters to conduct me over the establishment. After an interval of ten minutes, a Nun of about five-and-forty years of age, ruddy-complexioned, but "no beauty" certainly, courteously invited me to follow her ; and a tolerably long circuit she led me. At length I inquired whereabouts Monsieur Brunmell had resided when within these walls. She said it was in the Quartier ~~de~~ Saint Joseph, and that one of her Sisters would do herself the pleasure of showing me that department, if I would wait a few minutes where I then stood ; for I believe each takes a certain section in the premises, and a strictly defined range of duty every day. I was presently accosted by another of these sable-robed guides ; a young woman of two-and-thirty, as I learned, but looking older. The Conventual life is devoid of all austerity and painful mortification here. The majority of these women, old and young, were blithe-looking, fresh-coloured, and remarkably healthy in appearance ; keeping the natural ruby of their cheeks : from which privilege Sophie Leplat^oir, my allotted cicerone, was not exempted. It was she who "lionized" the quartier S. Joseph.

It was pleasurable to observe the surprise and gratification she evinced on my request to be allowed a quiet and undisturbed half-hour at a table in the room, where our former Consul used to sleep, and where he died. She ran into an adjoining apartment and called to another Sister, and bade her bring in for me a small table which I could carry, or move,

at will, if I wished; while engaged on the drawing she saw me make preparations for. No one, she said, had ever before made a sketch of it:—"How interesting it would be!" However, being intent on completing my sketch before Monsieur might return from his promenade among the pinks and geraniums; I set to work, and told her she need not waste her invaluable time in watching my progress. Before I had proceeded far, another Sister came in, and seemed delighted at the idea of any part of their establishment being illustrated and known in England: and presently afterwards, all curiosity, Sister Sophie returned. By this time I had secured all I wanted, and had leisure to ask her a few questions relative to the life of seclusion she was leading, the scenes she witnessed, and the knowledge she had imbibed. While she was making answers to my numerous queries, I succeeded in sketching her features, and full-length figure. Observing, at length, what I had accomplished, she very naïvely detached a hook-and-eye by which nearly a yard's length of her melancholy-looking black stuff robe was gathered up at the side, and let it fall, saying, "Vous feriez mieux de me montrer comme je dois me tenir;—la robe traînante;"—giving me to understand that the proper costume of their Community arrayed them in a long flowing garment, which was only shortened, by such gathering up at the side, to enable them to pursue without encumbrance their multifarious occupations in and out of the House. She told me she was born at St. Martin des bons Fossés, near St. Malo, in the Department of La Manche; and had been now eleven years

in the Sisterhood : that her life was one of calm and quiet contentment ; wholly independent of the world, though not cut off from intercourse with it. She had no disappointments to mourn over, no deprivations to regret ;—the gaieties and luxuries of life had never been hers to enjoy, and she missed them not ; the society of her companions in that large Institution was all-sufficient ; and the interest awakened by her ever-varying duties as an attendant on the sick, the needy, and the ignorant,—watching, nursing, or teaching, among the invalids or children, and visiting the cases of peculiar suffering that fell within their province in the town, filled up the intervals of every-day existence, and

“ ——— more to know,
“ Did never meddle with her thoughts.”

I was shocked to hear of so many *young children* being insane. The majority of cases among the adult *Aliénés* arose out of general intemperance, debauchery, and an abandoned course of living. The free use of brandy tended, in a fearful degree, to weaken the intellectual faculties, and took fatal effects, frequently, before the age of five-and-twenty. She pointed out to me four or five under-gardeners doing their work admirably : pruning and clearing away dead wood, and transplanting cauliflowers, earthing-up celery, and “ sticking ” beans. They were all deranged in intellect, but true to their early training, and, to all appearance, very happy to be at the old work. Some others were cutting and stacking wood ; and several were strewing gravel, sweeping

and "clearing up." The Laundry and Drying-room is a very remarkable part of this establishment. On my expressing a wish to see it, my conductress took her gentle leave; asking, just at the last, to see her portrait; annexing her autograph to it, and adding a few pleasant words relative to my carrying away her form and features among the leaves of my sketch-book; and then, with a beckon, handed me over to a younger *religieuse* whom she introduced as a *compatriote*—as I had not long before asked if there had ever been any English Roman Catholics there. This new personage was a maiden of five-and-twenty years of age, a native of Dublin, who had "joined" five years previously; having lived the greater part of her youth in a Convent at Drogheda, shortly after the decease of her mother, who had survived her father only two months. He had been a Captain, she said, in the Roscommon Militia—and died when she was only nine years old. Her brother, Richard Fitzgerald Seix, had now only just quitted Trinity College, Dublin: her mother's uncle was a Colonel Hoisted. This young devotee, likewise, took me over a great deal of ground; and there being upwards of thirty years' difference in our ages, she tripped along at a rate which put me through my paces in quicker time than poor demure Sophie tried me with; however, we got along socially enough, and I saw a great variety of highly interesting objects. The Drying-house, into which all the linen is carried from the Lavatory, is a large building, with three floors fitted up like the lofts at Yarmouth,—to which we are so largely indebted for that delicious relish,

the bloated herring. No stoves are in use here; not even in the dampest days of Autumn and Winter. The largest sheets and counterpanes are thoroughly dried by the currents of cold air rushing through the louver-boarded windows. There are stout frames of woodwork fixed transversely along the entire length of the floors, on the upper bars of which are laid the heaviest linen; and the process of drying is extraordinarily rapid,—as it had needs be, considering what the work of washing must be for 1,250 individuals!

A certain number of the sisters superintend all this; regulating the turns of the numerous washerwomen retained for the Hospital. Nothing can surpass the beauty of order, regularity, and discipline manifest in every department of this extraordinary Institution. "Like to a little kingdom," it seems to be governed by a certain immutable and sapient law, whose dominant principle has provided a place for everybody, and keeps everybody in his or her proper place. Much as I like France and the French, I candidly admit they are not so eminently clean, as a nation, as the majority of the Dutch or English; but the Hospitals of France are exemplarily free from dirt, or any reprehensible symptoms of untidiness; and this Hôpital du bon Sauveur is purity itself illustrated. In the course of our long circuitous walk, I took occasion to ask Sister Anna Maria how she could think of taking the vows at the age of twenty-one, when it was next to impossible she could know her own mind, and conform her life in all integrity and earnestness to the severities of a convent:—She appeared to me

sickly and very delicate; not good-looking, yet not altogether uninteresting in feature. She said her health was tolerably good; that her early deprivation of *home* comforts and protection threw her upon the guardianship of the Church; that her disposition had never leaned towards the world: she was *of* it, but had long since learned to look *off* it; that the same God whose call she believed herself to have obeyed in devoting herself to the life in which I had here found her, would continue to grant her grace, and divert her thoughts from resting on objects or subjects calculated to disturb or weaken her resolutions. The vows are for three years, renewable at the close of that period; but nothing should induce her to discard them, come what might in "that great snare the world," to suggest such renunciation: that the discipline of the Sisterhood imposed no penance or special abstinence: but they regarded, of course, the customary fasts of the Church; nevertheless, the weakly among the Sisters were not allowed even to observe these. She admitted she was not strong in constitution, and that the Supérieure would not allow her to fast on any occasion whatever, though she had expressed a wish to do so: that, in point of fact, they one and all had too much active occupation and work, to allow them to practise any such austerities. The Sisters live at a well-supplied table: soup, fish, roast, boiled, and stewed meats are served in the Refectory every day in ample supply; with Bordeaux wine of second and third quality, and plenty of sound full-bodied cider, which presently I was to have an opportunity of tasting. They take a

very light refreshment, a cup of coffee or tea, at rising; breakfast much after our own fashion, at eight; and take a full meal at eleven, which, in fact, is a dinner; but there is a collation at three o'clock, when bread and soup are served, with such fruits as are in season, and supplied abundantly from their own gardens: and at six they all sup, at as ample a meal, almost, as they sate down to at eleven.

There seems to be no lack of creature comforts, according to this order of things. Anna Maria said she had many acquaintances among the ladies and young girls of the nobility and gentry resident, to the number of three hundred and upwards, in the great wing of the main building; and now and then paid several days' visit to them, and to other families of high respectability *without* the walls. There are six close carriages and eight horses kept for the Sisters, and for the upper-class of insane patients; and they all take airings and excursions by turns. There are several acres of good pasture and bleaching-grounds attached to the premises; and twelve cows are constantly kept for the dairy, independently of supplies of milk and cream from the neighbourhood.

I have mentioned the cider, however. The whole of this beverage is made on the premises, in a press of great power, from the tanks of which it is pumped into narrow wooden conduits, or shoots, leading into the reservoir. This reservoir is a large massive stone building, detached from the presses by an interval of about six feet, and comprises two enormous chambers, the granite walls of which are a yard in

thickness, and surmounted by a coved roof in which is a "man-hole," covered with a slab, for the purpose of enabling the masons to enter at any time for repairs, or of sounding the depth of the liquor remaining in the reservoir.

Very fortunately for my object, a discovery had been made towards the end of July, which required that all the cider still remaining in one of these chambers should be drawn off into pipes, to enable the bricklayers to take down part of the roof, which, from some defect in the cement (arising possibly from the action of oxalic acid), had begun to sink downward.

Hence, on my arrival, the vast retort was dry; the robinet, or tap, had been removed from the extremity where it opened into the half of entrance, or vestibule, together with the ponderous mass of iron panel and its ten huge rivets, in which the said tap was inserted. The orifice thus left was large enough to enable me to creep through; which, after taking off my coat, and giving it into the hands of my conductress and a servant who had come to draw the cider from the second reservoir, I immediately did; to the great astonishment and delight of the two beholders. I thought of Belzoni in the Pyramids! I found myself in an apartment thirty-two feet long, eighteen wide, and eighteen in height, paved with granite, and exhibiting all the strength and solidity of a casemate rather than of a tank for liquor. The great Tun of the Heidelberg measures, I believe, thirty feet in length, and twenty in depth. But it is made of wood, and its inside measure cannot, in this case,

exceed twenty-eight in length, and eighteen in height. It is twelve feet wide in its extreme diameter. It is stated to contain 800 hogsheads of wine, but some accounts mention 283,200 bottles. Allowing a pint and a half to each bottle, and fifty-four gallons to the hogshead, the latter estimate would make a total of 983 hogsheads. This is too large a quantity for the dimensions of the Tun which I saw in 1849. I conceive 800 is the correct figure. Each of the two mighty reservoirs above mentioned, contains 190,000 French litres, which amount to somewhat more than 878 hogsheads; and a dozen youths might be taught to swim in this "Peerless Pool" of apple juice!

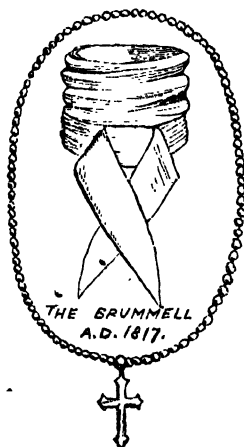
I noticed seven iron bars extending like "tics" from side to side, at about eight feet from the dome of this stone chamber, and the same number at about six feet from the level of the pavement; but I surmise these have nothing to do with the security of the building: they are, in all probability, to enable workmen to lay boards on, when entering at any time for repairs, or to remove the deposits of feculent matter from the bottom. These vast depôts are insignificant in comparison with those at great public works—with the vats, for instance, standing like castles at Whitbread's or Barclay's breweries—but, for an establishment of twelve hundred and fifty consumers, the two reservoirs I saw on this occasion are a handsome provision, giving to each person upwards of a pint and a half daily, throughout the year, and reserving more than ninety-six pipes in store.

On my reappearance, heels foremost, through the

narrow aperture, and after a shake or two to get rid of lime and rubble dust, I tasted the cider drawn from the vast bulk supplying the "robinet" in action. As I expected, there was considerable "body" in it; but, though disciplined by six years' residence in Somerset and Devon, I thought the roughness excessive. The nun said those who were fond of cider liked this kind very much, and found it very wholesome. "Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour," only too often; and I dare say the fair tapster was right.

There was much to engross the thought and touch the heart at this seat of Christian sympathies and faithful perseverance in well-doing. The life spent by these toiling daughters of the Church is not that of the lazy drones that in olden time embroidered petticoats for images, worked samplers, and stuffed pincushions, or made (as many cloistered devotees still make) artificial flowers to adorn the foolish face of vanity. On the contrary, their progress through existence is traced by many a living memorial and monument of their substantial usefulness, and knows not the bitter consciousness of undervalued religious privileges, or the stern upbraidings of a memory continually reminded of neglected opportunities of doing good. Monastic or conventual life, in general, is a dreamy condition of living, in which nothing, hardly, is done or suffered, to distinguish one day from another; and ill do those anchorites husband the great deposit of their Lord—failing, as they do fail, to occupy till He shall come,—whose career is but a series of unprofitable lucubrations, and, in respect of

all social usefulness, a mere blank. All, however, that these right-minded women reposit, from day to day, in the sacred treasure of the past, tells to their honour and eventual happiness. Many of them have endowed the Hospital with all their worldly possessions; many bestow upon its annual revenue their entire income. But this is not all: Living, as they do, to lessen the hideous amount of physical and moral evil—voluntarily exerting their minds and bodies for the alleviation of suffering in every shape, and with unpaid toil sharing the most arduous and revolting offices of the chambers of sickness and death—their course in this world seems ordered from above, to exemplify the active duties of Christianity; and to Him alone who knows their works, and their labours, and their patience, they look for countenance, approval, and reward; for their praise is not of men, but of God.



CHAPTER IX.

CAEN.

THERE is a village at less than two miles' distance from the centre of Caen, bearing the singular name of Maladrerie,—a term signifying the Lepers' Hospital; this suburb having, in remote times, been the site of a House of Refuge for persons afflicted with that most dreadful malady, the leprosy. The prevalence of this now almost unknown disease, in France, just at the close of the second Crusade, gave rise to several such isolated retreats for sickness and misery. Henry II. founded one in this quarter in the year 1160, when the disease was raging, and, with reference to the beauty of the situation, gave it the name of BEAULIEU. It stood in utter solitude for some time after its establishment; but, at length, houses began to make their appearance in the immediate vicinity, and, by degrees, a village was formed, which was designated MALADRERIE; the interest attaching to which was such as to awaken general benevolence among the whole of the rich landowners of Calvados, and so many of the townspeople of Caen, as possessed means of furthering the charitable objects of the royal founder. Many of the smaller hospitals or infirmaries that had existed previously to the erection of the House at Beaulieu were closed

at the completion of the new establishment, and their revenues added to its endowment. Among these was a hospital founded by the Conqueror, in compliance with the conditions into which he had entered with the Pope, when suing at Rome for the ratification of his marriage with the Princess Matilda, daughter of Baldwin, Count of Flanders. She was of so near affinity to Duke William as to render a dispensation from the Holy See a matter of course; but her Norman suitor, not being disposed to encounter the delays of such remote negotiation, took her to wife, A.D. 1053, without obtaining the Pontiff's fiat, and the result was that they were both excommunicated. A part of the penance enjoined by Rome was the foundation of a certain number of monasteries and hospitals; and this gave existence to the two Abbeys of the Holy Trinity and of St. Stephen, already mentioned, and of four hospitals, one of which stood at no great distance from the present prison at Maladrerie. There were patients in the Lepers' Hospital in the year 1593; but the numbers grew less and less in the course of the century following, till at length, in 1696, all its revenues, conjointly with those of other public institutions of the same description, were transferred to the trustees for managing the Hôtel Dieu, at Caen; and the forsaken premises were eventually converted into a prison for the special incarceration of vagrants and malefactors, where, as in a house of correction, these offenders, underwent their sentence to hard labour. It had not long been the domicile of these, when the Government decided on making still

further use of the building, in sending to it all the lunatics who, up to that date (1784), had been confined in another depôt, called La Tour Chastimoine, one of the most horrible dens into which human beings could be cast, and the deliverance from which into the prison yards and cells of Beaulieu, was to those poor wretches tantamount to a joyous emancipation:—even their free and unrestrained intercourse with the lunatics being a “sober certainty of waking bliss,” compared with the society of rats, bats, toads, and spiders of the old Tour aux Fous.

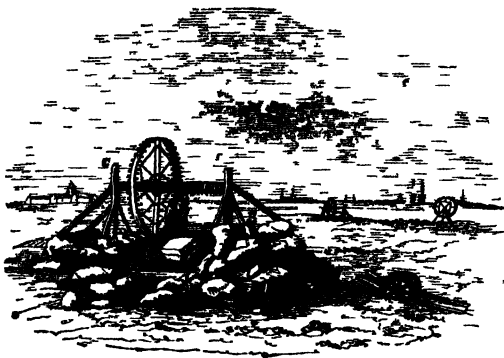
This extraordinary condition of things continued throughout the whole period of the great Revolution, and was only altered in the third year of the Restoration of Louis XVIII., when measures were adopted under that benevolent monarch’s auspices for the entire abrogation of a system so abhorrent from all common sense and propriety: a reform which led to the removal of all the lunatics to the Hôpital du Bon Sauveur, described in the last chapter; and the enormous establishment at Beaulieu, twice as large as our Millbank Penitentiary, without a particle of its excessive ugliness (for it is a very handsome range of buildings), became from the year 1820 a Central House of Detention, for male prisoners, for the departments of Eure, Calvados, and La Manche. It is an immense quadrilateral edifice, more nearly resembling a palace than a prison, and one of the best regulated gaols in the empire. Just before I arrived at the entry gates of Beaulieu, I noticed the little Chapel of Nombri-Dieu—a relic of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. It is but fifty

feet in length, and now forms a stable and barn, in the occupation of a grocer, whose shop is exactly facing to it, on the other side of the one long straight street forming the village of Maladrerie. It must have been a very pretty little sanctuary in the days of Louis VI. and Philip II., and derived its name, probably, from a fanciful appropriation of the 7th and 8th verses of the third chapter of Proverbs. But it was a melancholy spectacle, at the present hour, to see the Western half of the consecrated building filled with straw and hay, and unthrashed oats; and the Eastern end occupied by a solitary horse in exceedingly low spirits, as seemed to me, judging by the deep sigh he heaved as I sat down to make a drawing of the interior; but whether this was from uneasiness at the idea of my immortalizing his pitiable leanness, or from the tantalizing spectacle of so vast a heap of unapproachable provender, I could not, of course, divine; but, if then the creature first had found a tongue, he would probably have spoken to me in the words of Titania's sweet-heart: "I could munch your good dry oats: methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay."

At the back of the prison are the corn-fields, extending over a wide tract of arable land, beneath which, at about the depth of fifty feet, are the subterranean quarries from which is hewn the universally renowned Caen stone. This invaluable material was one of the first products of Normandy transmitted, after the Conquest, to our country, and has been immortalized in the walls of Westminster Abbey, of the Tower of London, and many another

majestic pile, from that period to the present date. The French say Battle Abbey was built with it: the chapel altar of which stood on the spot where the body of Harold was found among heaps of the slain.

The openings into these celebrated quarries are distinguishable at a great distance, along the level plain, by the large wheels, about sixty feet in circumference, placed at the pits' mouths, and surrounded by large and small irregularly shaped blocks of stone, which are thrown up from below when the shafts are first sunk. These wheels are armed with pieces of wood—like half a broomstick, about a foot long—at intervals of a foot throughout their circle, projecting in a horizontal direction, so as to enable a man to cling to the tire, and, by placing his feet upon them, to set the wheel in motion, on the principle of the squirrel in a cage, or the old turnspit dogs' work. Indeed, the men so employed are said *faire le chien*. According to the weight of the block of stone that is to be brought up, two, three, four, or five men help at the wheel, the oaken axis of which passes over the pit's mouth at a height of about ten feet, on to a strong upright, corresponding with one on the outside of the wheel; and coiled around this axis (which is armed with flatted narrow rods of wrought iron) is a massive iron chain, the loose end of which, bearing a hook, descends the shaft, and is drawn along the subterranean gallery by the quarrymen, to the place where the detached block lies ready for raising. There it is passed round the latter, and, at a signal from below, drawn along by the wheel-movement, over rollers; and in an inconceivably short space of time hoisted up, freed



from the chain, and transferred, over rollers, to the cart waiting, on the inclined plane at the pit's mouth, to convey it to the place of its destination in Caen, or any other quarter, either for local use or for exportation. The work below is carried on by candle-light, and resembles in every respect the process adopted for the same purpose in our own country. During the hour and twenty minutes of my visit, I saw six very large blocks sent up to the surface. The gallery extended to a distance of fifty yards, and was very cool, while the temperature in the open air was at 85 degrees. The mouth of the pit was ten feet square.

There were nine others visible from it. The spires of Caen rose very pleasingly in the distance; and to the left stood the vast prison just described. Some of these quarries are now the property of an English gentleman. There are some openings far more picturesque on the banks of the Orne; but I believe few of my readers are familiar with the objects here represented.

The village of Maladrerie is agreeable in aspect,

and amply repays a visit. There is an immense school for boys, at the entrance from Cacn, on the left hand, called the Diocesan or Episcopal College. Among other indications of smartness and taste, I noticed a butcher's shop where vases containing fuchsias, balsams, pinks, and several other flowers, were fancifully interspersed in front of certain joints of veal, ox-heads, etc., merging the man of the shambles in the floriculturist. I should never have supposed the expression of a calf's countenance capable of the improvement imparted to it by a flowering geranium, the petals of which gave to every feature a festive and radiant animation! But does not the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, the Capo di Bove of the Augustan age,* warrant my Norman purveyor's notion of adornments?

From Maladrerie to the ruins of the Abbey of Ardennes, is a short walk; and I would most earnestly advise every tourist through Calvados to take it, again and again. It is only necessary to glance at the barn still standing here, *nine* bays long, to form a conception of the wealth of these ancient monastic communities. It would form a fine church. It is divided by two rows of circular pillars and pointed arches, into a body and two aisles; and the roof spans, without a break, the whole breadth of the building. Possessed of widely extended domains, and reaping the produce of hundreds of thousands of acres, the monks of the twelfth century were at no loss to fill this colossal grange, which resembles the storehouse of a province rather than a repository for

See p. 89, note.

the unthrashed corn of a diminutive modern French farm.

The Chapel is a beautiful edifice immediately adjoining to the farm premises—of the partly decorated and partly flamboyant styles; the date of its consecration, 1138—seventeen years subsequently to the foundation of the Abbey. I made a careful drawing of this splendid pile. It can hardly be called a ruin; but it is treated as such. I saw a hundred wagon-loads of straw in it, and a vast quantity of bean haulm. The effect of such a spectacle was horrifying: an abomination of desolation. It was just as if all the tenants holding estates under King's College, Cambridge, should have carted into that University's streets the mangel-wurzel, Swede, turnips, and beans, taken up last year, and deposited the entire crop in the chapel of that college. Possibly, the Master of Trinity College thought as I did when he used to pass his afternoons here: for I heard of his frequent visits to Ardennes. The cellarage is immense. The culinary offices alone engrossed half an acre. The walls enclosing the vast garden are covered at this day with the finest fruits in Normandy. What luxurious palates! what nicely discriminating tastes! what keen relish and delicate appreciation of all that was prime and juicy, rich and ruddy—from the fatted haunch to the vermil and velvety peach—these cowed epicures must have possessed, when the refectory of Ardennes reeked with the smoking viands and lamprey stews, the larded capons, and mulled Burgundy, of a *jour repris*! Their manors and their barns, their tanks and their preserves, their kitchens and their confection-

aries, attested what they loved and how they lived; and aldermen, in the days of the most lavish and perilous excesses of civic banqueting, must have been abstemious dietists compared with those round, fat, oily men of God, who sang masses in the Chapel of Ardennes.

On the pavements of that hallowed fane rang the steel-armed heels, probably, of Richard Cœur de Lion and John Lackland! Who cannot picture those mail-clad brothers of the twelfth century sitting as pampered guests before a boar's head or an ortolan-pasty, after genuflexions before the pix, and grave words from the confessional!

From chapel to hall, from vespers to supper, was but a step in those days, as in our own; and in these reminiscences of the middle ages, nothing is more striking than the proofs of that forecast and sagaciousness with which the priestly and only learned men of that time provided not only for the service of the temple, but of the table; as if, in *their* construction of the text, "a merry heart" could only exist *through* "a continual feast."

Charles VII. was lodged here during the siege of Caen, in the year 1450, and went forth from the abbey in great pride, pomp, and circumstance, on the 6th of July in that year, to make his triumphal entry into the town. This monarch was remarkably fond of gardening—an innocent taste altogether dissonant from the temper of those distracting times; and we may well imagine what a delightful retirement from the turmoil of war he must have found within the precincts of Ardennes, where fruits, plants, flowers,

and all the attractiveness of tasteful and scientific horticulture, must have spread before his eyes the most delectable plaisances and parterres that France could exhibit in that age.

My next visit was made to the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, otherwise called the ABBAYE AUX DAMES, of which I have already made passing mention, as the religious house founded by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, at the same period when he founded the ABBAYE AUX HOMMES; and owing to the self-same constraining obligations. No vestiges of the original edifice remain; but the church has, happily, been preserved, and forms a distinguishing feature. Our countrymen are little aware how richly this abbey was endowed with estates in England. It was the resort of the first ladies of the kingdom; and at the head of the sisterhood stood the name of Cicelie, the eldest daughter of the foundress; and, in compliment to his sister, whom he found here presiding as Lady Abbess, on his return from the Crusade in 1100, Robert presented to the abbey church the great standard of the Saracens, taken by him at the battle of Askalon. The abbesses, and five or six of the eighty nuns, were accustomed to pay visits to England, and go over the farms on the several estates belonging to their House. However, these rich territories were surrendered at that period of general restitution which freed our country from all such foreign liens and possessorships; and the monastery subsisted on revenues derived from French lands, through nearly three centuries, till its final overthrow in 1789. After that period, the premises were appropriated by successive

governments to various purposes connected, more or less, with the town of Caen; till at length, in the year 1823, when Louis XVIII. was on the throne, a decree of state transferred to this site the whole of the inmates of the Hôtel Dieu, or great city hospital, which had existed for 600 years; and from that date the practically Christian piety of the Augustine Nuns, forty in number, began to tend the sick, and watch over the infirm and wretched, within those precincts where, in the day of abuse, superstition, and pompous bigotry, the titled dames of France, "the madams not us'd to toil," professing to be not of this world, and, accordingly, doing nothing in it, had formerly sauntered away their existence, encumbering the ground:

"No occupation! All men idle! all!
And women, too."

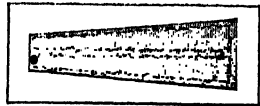
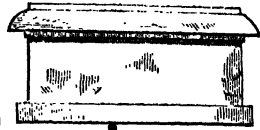
Here, accordingly, I found the lame, the halt, and the blind—200 in all—and walked all over this spacious lazar-house, "whercin were laid numbers of all discas'd." The principal ward on the first floor is eighty feet long, eighteen feet high, and thirty-six wide, having twenty-eight beds. The windows look out on the grounds formerly cultivated as the gardens of the old monastery, now well turfed with grass, and planted with trees, under shade of which the patients sit in great comfort during the summer months. There must be considerable decay in the woodwork of the ceiling—for I saw five huge oak posts propping it up—on the side next the windows.

The religieuse (of the order of St. Augustin) who conducted me, was attired in a very remarkable dress,

composed of flannel and white calico, with a black hood and black hose; and at her girdle were three large steel rings, carrying upwards of a *hundred* keys. She took me into the kitchens, and pointed out the caldrons of pottage specially prepared for the sick. But the most striking object that met my eyes at this visit, was a group of two handsome columns in the hall passage, at the foot of the main staircase (a splendid flight of steps), which had been hewn out of one entire block from the quarries of Allemagne, about two miles distant from Caen. The highest European monoliths I have ever seen are in Germany; but these two pillars are a most extraordinary production; whether we consider the dimensions of the block of stone, or the skill which wrought with such perfection as to complete two elegant shafts, plinths, and capitals, without flaw or defect of any kind.

Leaving the Hospital, I entered the Church. The portals are still in a state of dilapidation, and boarded up. The simple majesty of the architecture of the nave is degraded by a quantity of rubbish, meant for ornament; and the clipping and mutilations, and the derogatory and shabby fittings, on every side, are grievous to behold. The choir is fenced off by a partition, through which no one is admitted. A green curtain is stretched along; the upper part of which my guide pulled a few inches aside, with some degree of force, to show me the stalls occupied by the religious sisters of the Hôtel Dieu, when at their devotions; and to enable my eyes to glance on the plain and simple tomb of the Royal Foundress.

This is now the greatest treasure preserved from amidst all the disasters, sieges, spoliations, rapine, and revolutions that have befallen Caen. The bones of Matilda, Queen of England, wife of the Conqueror, were duly cared for when danger drew nigh; and the precious deposit rests at length in



security and peace. The present tomb is actually the *fourth* that has been erected over the grave of one who appears, from every record that has reached our day, to have "won golden opinions from all sorts of people," and borne her faculties and dignity in a spirit well becoming the pre-eminent position of greatness among sceptered monarchs to which she eventually found herself exalted. Her decease occurred on the 2nd of November, 1083; and over her grave in the choir was raised a costly monument, bearing an inscription in the wretched Latin versification of that period, a translation of which I have here annexed. The brutal Calvinist mob that ravaged Caen in 1562, destroyed the tomb, and threw the bones (found in the sarcophagus) to right and left in the vault. The Abbess, Lady Ann de Montmorency, succeeded in collecting them, and caused them to be again enclosed in the coffin from which they had been barbarously removed. No monument, however, was raised above the stone which sealed the vault, till, in 1708, Gabriella Francesca de Froulay de Tessé caused a mausolean structure to be built, which was found perfect by the Revolutionary

rabble in 1793, who, as was to be expected, overthrew it, but did not disturb the remains beneath. At length, in the year 1819, Count de Montlivault, Prefect of Calvados, having duly ascertained the fact of the royal dust being still secure in its receptacle, caused the present tomb to be erected, on the top of which is placed a portion of the black marble found entire after the outrage of 1793, and on the border and centre of which is written, in early Norman character, the Latin epitaph above mentioned, translatable as follows :

“THIS monument, worthy of the tomb it adorns, was raised above the mortal remains of MATILDA—as illustrious in her virtues as in the honours of her royal race. Her father was Duke of Flanders; her mother, Adela, was daughter of Robert, King of Franconia; and she was sister of Henry, who also attained to a royal throne; and she became the consort of the most puissant King William.

“SHE was the foundress of the religious House adjoining, and also of this Temple, endowed, as they were, through her influence, with numerous fair estates, and adorned with many a distinguishing honour.

“IN her, Poverty found its comforter, Religion a devout adherent; and her wealth was distributed in such wise that she herself was content to suffer hardness, that the needy might abound in the riches of her bounty.

“At length she sought the companionship promised by everlasting life, on the 2nd day of November, 1083.”

On the right side of the tomb (North) is a Latin inscription, which refers to the pious act above mentioned of Anne de Montmorency, Lady Abbess, who, after the Calvinists' sacrilegious profanation of the grave, had recovered the displaced skeleton:—

“THE precious ashes of Queen Matilda having been rescued from the hands of mad and raging heretics, and gathered into a linen cloth, were enclosed in a leaden coffer, and deposited within this tomb, left at that time level with the pavement; the ceremony being conducted without any of the state that became the interment of royalty, but with all the reverence and mindful regard due to the memory of the deceased.”

On the left side (South) is a Latin inscription recording Lady de Froulay's erection of a monument in 1707, rendered thus:—

“A MONUMENT was once here erected by the most illustrious and most truly devout Lady Gabrielle Francesca de Froulay de Tessé, Abbess of this Monastery, by whose piety the very noble and magnificent altar, dedicated to the memory of the nativity of Christ, was consecrated in the same year 1707.”

At the foot of the tomb is the following, in French:—

“THIS TOMB, containing the mortal remains of the illustrious foundress of this Abbey, having been thrown to the ground at a period of popular commotions, and altogether removed, was, after many years' displacement, restored in the year 1819, in fulfilment of the hopes and prayers of all the friends of Religion, of antiquarian science, and art; by order of Casimir, Count de Bontlevault, Councillor of State,

and Prefect; and under the superintendence of Monsieur de l'Echaudé d'Onisy, Director, and of H. Romain, Architect."

I have made a point of laying these inscriptions before my readers, not only because they bear reference to a personage who was the première dame of our kingdom of England, as well as the regal Duchess of Normandy, but because there is reason to believe that our Society of Antiquaries are almost the sole possessors of similar transcripts. The nuns rigidly deny admittance to the choir of Trinity Church, and consequently to the tomb; and it was only through the kindness of her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Caen, who had some time since induced a very intelligent nun to copy for him all four, that I possess the records here printed.

Previous to quitting the Abbey Church, I descended into the crypt, the stone roof of which rests upon thirty-two pillars, that almost jostle each other from their immediate juxtaposition, which, it is to be presumed, was considered necessary, on account of the soil above having given indications of sinking. It is in other respects only remarkable as having been the burial-place of the ancient abbesses.

On turning my face homewards, I stepped across the open ground lying to the South-West of this majestic temple, to visit the adjoining parish church of St. Gilles. I had been given to understand that this was one of the "Interiors" of Normandy most congenial to the Protestant taste; and though it is comparatively abandoned, and, unlike others, kept locked throughout the day, I determined on not waiting till

Sunday, but on discovering the residence of the Sacristan, who kept the keys, and proceeding at once to my work of inspection. In my travels at home and abroad, I have entered hundreds, perhaps I might say thousands, of churches, large and small; but I formed this opinion of the interior of St. Gilles, that if it were in my mind and power to erect a place of worship for any English village, whose population would send into it every Sabbath-day three hundred occupiers of seats, this should be the model from which my builder should work. Without any exception, it is the most happily proportioned, and the most inviting in its general aspect, of all the rural houses consecrated to God I ever entered. The arches, springing from the columns of the nave, are perfectly semicircular, and, like the columns (which ought rather to be called clustered or compound pillars), are massive, and exhibit, in diminutive but beautiful proportions, the characteristics of that delightful simplicity which distinguished the Early Norman style. This nave was the nucleus of the building. It formed, in the middle of the eleventh century, a chapel founded by the Conqueror and Queen Matilda for solemnizing the funeral service on occasions of interment of the poor that resided in that quarter. As the population, however, of the district began to increase, additions were made to the chapel, and it eventually became a parish church. The choir was completed in the fifteenth century. Some idea may be formed of the primitive and snug appearance of this singularly pleasing interior, from the fact that the apex of the arch is only nine feet

ten inches distant from the pavement, and that the clustered pillars above mentioned are only six feet seven inches in height, capitals included. I feel assured that any architect desirous of erecting in our country such a Specimen-Norman-Church as should not only accommodate a rural population of one thousand souls (three hundred of whom ought to be found in the house of God every Sunday), but also transmit his name to posterity in the village where it might stand (as a wise master-builder following the best of models), could not do better than take a journey to Caen, and secure copies, plans, and working drawings from St. Gilles, before the "restorations" at the adjoining Abbey Church shall be completed; for (*horresco referens*) I am but too sorry to say it is in contemplation to destroy this little gem, directly the adjoining church shall be declared in a fit state to be opened for all the requirements of public worship.

THERE is a very respectable gallery of old and modern paintings in one of the compartments of the Hôtel de Ville, or Town-Hall. The "Marriage of St. Catherine," by Pietro Vanucci, otherwise called Perugino, under whom Raphael studied for three years, is the eye of this collection. It is valued at an absurdly extravagant sum; for, say what connoisseurs will of his light touches and high finish, and the peculiar gracefulness of his female forms (all which excellences are manifest in this picture), his stiff, dry, and passionless manner leaves the figures as formal in outline, and with as little relief from *chiaroscuro* and any mass of trans-

parent shadow in the background, as is perceptible in the twelve court-cards ranged in a row, from any pack in the universe.

I was much more interested in a half-length portrait of Charlotte Corday, taken on the day of her arrest. She must have possessed a very pleasing countenance. The painting represents her pale and wan, with her eyes rather prominent and inflamed, under the combined effects of frenzy and weeping; habited in a light blue gown, of the fashion of the present day, as regards the waist and stomacher, but very low in front; her head attired in a muslin cap, trimmed with a riband of the colour of her gown: a white muslin kerchief around her neck and shoulders, crossing at the waist. Her hair, of beautiful auburn tint, hanging in long tresses over her left shoulder. It is a far more pleasing portrait than Beatrice Cenci's by Guido, though, as may be supposed, inferior in execution.

Not far from it, high in air, hung a full-length portrait of a large portly man, "every inch a king," and said to be the likeness of William the Conqueror; but no more like the majesty of buried Normandy than I to Hercules. It is so thorough-paced a Henry VIII. of England, that one would imagine some duplicate portrait of that "bluff" sovereign had been presented to the town of Caen, and named *di nuovo*. The costume is an accurate representation of that worn in England towards the middle of the sixteenth century,—trunk-hose, slashed doublet and sleeves, plaited shirt-front, *gaufré* ruff, etc.; and, to strengthen the verisimilitude, the legs are straddling as wide as, without immediate peril of a back-

ward fall, it would be possible for man to extend them.

Above the crown and bloated countenance of this presentment of royalty, are two heraldic shields,—one exhibiting three, the other two, lions proper,—which purpórt to be the arms of England and Normandy, respectively; and under the first one the three capitals, D. O. II. My conjecture would crave the last of these letters for HENRICUS. However, gild it with the happiest terms we may, the limning in question is so widely different from the costumes of the Bayeux tapestry, and the Tudor guise so glaringly conspicuous, without a shred of resemblance to the Ducal son of Arlotta, that it would be absurd to look upon it otherwise than on a pleasant fiction, and smile, like the Dane, as we walk away, saying, “Is it the King?”

There is another very large portrait at the entrance of the gallery, designated as that of the Conqueror, which, though far too crimson-gilt and ermined for “The Iron Duke” of his day, and more like a theatrical autocrat than “a King ready to the battle” that should found an empire, has, at any rate, the recommendation of features portrayed from the still extant seals and coins of William I., however tawdrily the taste of the French artist has emblazoned them, while working up the background into a heady fight which purports to be that of Hastings.

As I walked onward from the Place Royale into Rue St. Jean, I noticed the paviers laying down stone in the carriage-way. The material they were handling appeared to be of a very fixe colour—the

tint of madder—and heavier than granite. This beautiful hue does not show itself when the block lies *in situ*, unless during heavy rain, or when water has been thrown upon it, when it is immediately perceptible. It is taken up from the quarries of Feuguercelles, a few miles Southward of Caen, and resists the wear and tear of wheels better than moorstone. I brought to England some specimens, which have been polished, and they rival porphyry. The Lapidary said it was just as if he had been handling a jasper-stone.

As I was turning the corner of the street in which I lived, I ran against this cap. The sensation of contact with this plaited and starched outwork, all

“Up and down, carv'd like an apple tart,”

may be perfectly understood by any one that has happened to become suddenly acquainted, not with a Cauchois dairyman's daughter, but with a cog-wheel, which, the reader is assured, proves an ugly customer if one proceeds against it in spite of its teeth!



CHAPTER X.

CORSEULLES AND BAYEUX.

HAVING decided on taking Corseulles on my way to Bayeux, which I had included in excursions from head-quarters, I availed myself of a glorious summer day to exchange, for a while, streets for stubbles; and run up the country while the fields were yet alive with labour, and the ploughs following close upon the harvest wagons. In every direction the yield was abundant, and exceeded that of 1847, which I witnessed in the Orleannois and Touraine, and in the department of l' Eure. A large quantity of land, lying North of Caen, is let at forty shillings the English acre; and the demand for even inferior tracts of soil is much increased since the Belgian distillers have begun to extract alcohol from colza instead of beet-root. This colza or cole-seed, by-the-by, is turned to wider and better account on the Continent than among our growers of seeds. The oil it produces is in general use for table-lamps; and to its lubricating and softening properties the upper-leather of French boots owes its well-known and most agreeable pliancy. The cattle, in their turn, thrive on the colza cake, as ours on the linseed; besides eating with great relish the empty pods. The haulm is used for litter, the roots for fuel, and the ashes of the con-

sumed stems are considered to be an excellent top-dressing. I saw immense heaps of this on fire, day and night.

While on the subject of foreign husbandry, it is worth noticing the fact that, in the heart of Normandy, I saw, upon land of no very rich quality, a heavy crop of wheat, grown upon a tract of six acres, that had not been "mended" for nearly as many years. The owner himself occupied it. He was not a needy man; but, being a breeder of sheep and a grower of fruit, he laid no great stress upon arable land, and cultivated his grain crop *scientifiquement*. The *science* lay in the preservation of a width of well-tilled unsown intervals of three feet, marking out the corn; and in constant resort to spade labour, which, the wages being low, had, in this instance, superseded the customary employment of horses and ploughs. The horse-hoe, spade, fork, and presser, turning up the clods to crumble, year after year, under the action of winter's wind, rain, and frost, had been followed up by supernal aids in spring and summer; for Man having found labour, his Maker had contributed softening dews and balmy breezes, charged, as they must have been, with the treasures of nitrogen, and penetrating deeply the porous soil. Nothing but this winter and summer fallow, under the advantages of depth and constant pulverization, and such aid from the stores of heaven, could, in the absence of all manure, account for the selfsame breadth of land yielding successive white crops in the abundance apparent in every part of it.

I dare say the English tenantry would laugh at the

bare mention of land yielding abundantly without manure: and the proprietor's face would lengthen if he surmised his broad acres were held by an occupier that never sent a tumbril of dung into the stubbles: but there is one party in the country who would be only too happy to see the system perpetuated: I mean the labourer, who, being sent on to the ploughed field to trench it with the spade, bury the exhausted top-soil, and bring the lower stratum of fresh soil to the surface, would throw all the foul and worn-out loam to the bottom, and bring clean, fresh, vegetative mould to the surface: the depth and quality of the active soil being hereby wonderfully improved; and the number of hands employed being triple of the average amount of labour. An aid like this to ordinary tillage would reclaim the most unpromising pieces. But, in our variable climate, the process of cultivation must necessarily be expeditious, and two horses can do in one day the work of twenty men. Hence the paramount obligation to use ploughs, and not spades; and to create, through the medium of nourishing agents, the principles of new vegetation: for, as we cannot replace every year as much as we remove from our fields, in the form of produce, and since we exhaust the finest soil by repeated cropping, we are bound to replenish with fertilizing substance, and to bring into operation, by artificial applications, those active elements (hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen) which the Divine husbandry above mentioned would employ, were large and little farms exclusively cultivated on the principle I have described. The theory is most truthful, and for that reason I have

adverted to it; but the practice is impossible, not only in respect of the cost, but of the climate; and therefore the healthful and refreshing ammoniacal aroma sent forth from a field well ploughed, harrowed, and manured, in the most approved fashion, will be as acceptable to my critical nostrils as ever.

The farmers give a harvest supper to the men and women who have worked on the land, and permit them to bring their children to the feast, which terminates in song and dance; for the most part, I regret to add, on the Sunday next following the entire clearance of the fields, and the gleaning.

Assuredly the women earn all *their* share of such banquets; for these indefatigable, patient creatures bear the full burden and heat of each successive day, and in many an instance do, each of them, the work of two men. Some have a wearisome yet healthy employment to fill, in watching the tethered cows. I saw several thus employed, in distinct allotments, on the road-side, on my way to Corseculles; each carrying in her hand a stout heavy bat, to drive firmly into the ground the peg to which the rope that tied up the cow was fastened. When the cow has eaten up her semicircular feed of green clover or lucerne, the old woman steps forward, draws the peg, and provides



another; measuring very accurately, at a glance, the spot which she intends for the pivot of operations.

The appearance of the crop at the road-side at parting day, when "the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," is singular enough.

It is somewhat remarkable that, at a short distance from the Calvados coast of Normandy, there should be two villages, about eleven miles asunder, bearing the respective names of Doûvres and Ryes, which, Anglicized, may certainly be called Dover and Rye. Doûvres stands very prettily to the left, between Caen and Corseulles, and the road passes through it.



The steeple of the Church is of eminent beauty, and stands on a tower of exquisitely tasteful design. From the side of a sloping hill, not half a mile distant, seven such spires are visible: the first of which is that of Langrune; and the landscapes would be all one could desire, were there but here and there an old windmill. I missed these much in Normandy.

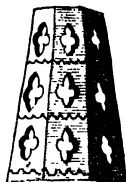
At Doûvres I alighted to look into the celebrated

Chapelle de la Délivrande. The statue of the Virgin Mary is still there; after many mishaps and miraculous escapes from destruction. There was a consecrated edifice on this site as early as the seventh century, which was destroyed in the ninth. Baldwin of Reviere, afterwards Count of *Devonshire*, rebuilt it in the present form in the year 1050. The style, therefore, is purely Norman. The Bishops of Bayeux vied with each other, during their successive occupations of that see, in enriching this chapel; but the Calvinist Insurrectionists, in 1562, stripped the interior of its decorations and treasures; and it was again pillaged in the great Revolution, when the statue of the Virgin, which had for so many centuries been regarded with superstitious reverence, was displaced, and fell into the possession of a party who preserved it till the Restoration. The signal repute enjoyed by this little house of prayer, originated in the partiality of the sailors and seafaring men who used to perform pilgrimages to it from the coasts even thirty miles distant; and such was the prestige attaching to it, that the ancient Bishops of Bayeux entered not into possession of that see till they had made a pilgrimage to La Délivrande. The Archbishops of Rouen used, also, to make a point of including it in their circuits, or visitations; and in August, 1473, Louis XI. signalized it by his royal presence—possibly to beseech the Madonna to rid him of Edward IV. and his army, who had just entered the French territory through the ever-open gate of Calais! The exterior is now in progress of restoration, and the work is done well. The interior is about as vulgar

and commonplace a sample of corrupted taste as is to be seen in the country. Among the confessionals was one "pour les Pélerins." The walls and pillars were disfigured by about thirty trumpery framed and glazed prints, lithographs, and paintings, in the usual ridiculous style, illustrative of escapes and *deliverances* at sea. The entrance to the choir was so profusely supplied with these, as to remind me of the screen at the Water Colour Exhibition in Pall Mall East. While we were changing horses, and setting down a passenger or two, I managed to make a sketch of the building, at the Western end in the main street.

On leaving Dover (for is not Doûvres the French for that name?) a delightful view is soon afterwards obtained of the bright, heavenly blue waters of the sea. The afternoon sunshine was resting on the cliffs on this side of Havre, and shed blessed splendour over the whole extent of that charming feature of the Seine. The refreshing breeze seemed to come straight from England, fraught with health, wealth, and liberty; and cheering the spirits with all the gladness a true Briton ought to feel whose heart is in the right place, and open to such genial influences. Rejoicing in this pure element, and in the rich advantage of good exercise of thought, I entered Langrune, on the river Manche—a very ancient village, adorned with one of the handsomest church spires in the country (the steeple of S. Peter's of Caen on a reduced scale): a hollow cone of compact and solid masonry, perforated with quatrefoils, or, as the French term it, *percé au jour*; i. e., one may see

daylight through it on every side, by means of these decorative openings. This beautiful spire, lofty as it still is, was thirty feet higher before the year 1824, when the upper portion was struck by lightning, and precipitated to the earth. At length, after passing St. Aubin and Benières, whose church is nearly as handsome as that of Doûvres, I found myself at Corseulles.



This village reminded me of Herne Bay before that marine hamlet had begun to assert any pretensions to notice as a watering-place. I refer to a date as distant as thirty years since: not but that Corseulles has a Place quarrée, or little square, to boast of; which is not modern, certainly: but the houses at the beach seem to have been erected at random, without any attempt at style, or in execution of any given plan for symmetrical and pleasing arrangement. The Caenites run down hither for a week, and locate themselves in these slender "bungalows" for the sake of sea-bathing; a diversion of which the French in general seem, everywhere, very fond; and here, also, now and then, they succeed in procuring genuinely fresh oysters. As to the Calvados Rocks, I have already explained how it was I saw nothing of them; but my readers will form a very accurate notion of this dreaded reef from the faithful delineation already given. The Rochers de Cancale are quite in another direction. They lie in the district of St. Malo and Mont St. Michel, Granville, and the reefs situate to the Southward of Jersey.

Respecting the oysters from Corseulles, six million dozens of which are consumed every year in Paris, I learned a particular fact, which, probably, will seem as strange to the reader as it did to myself. The French purveyors act upon the peculiar notion that unless oysters, after being brought up from their stony beds, be kept in reservoirs till they have acquired the faculty of thriving without water, they cannot be worth eating. Accordingly, the packers (as we call our oyster merchants at Milton and Colchester), who employ the dredging-boats of Corseulles to bring home oysters from Granville, Cancale, and that locality in general, construct what are called *parcs*, or *land-beds*, about fifty yards square and four feet deep; into which, by means of channels constructed specially for the purpose, they conduct the sea-water,—and into these they cast the oysters directly the boats have landed their catch of the fish; and here they are strewed. At every tide the sea-water is changed; and, by means of sluice-gates, they can regulate the depth of water in which the oysters are to lie. They spread out the deposit with long poles and rakes; keeping an accurate level, and every three days lessening the depth of water, till, at length, the oysters are left without a drop. They call this *educating them for Paris!* and maintain that, without being thus gradually trained to live without water, the oysters would soon die, and be utterly unmarketable. Whereas, by being accustomed, day after day, to dispense with their native element, they grow so independent as to endure many days' confinement, and total deprivation of

either fresh or salt water: and at this crisis they leave their "Pensionnat" for the Capital!

Now, I believe this is a process adopted solely by the French. For upwards of twelve years I lived within two miles of Milton Quay, from whence, as from Colchester also, London imports her tens of millions of dozens of oysters; and never, since the year 1810, when I first set foot in Milton, have I heard of such a system of "education:" but, wishing to report from authority, I wrote, soon after my return to England from Normandy, to inquire of the principal agents at Milton, whether such a practice was ever resorted to in the Kentish depôt. My informant replied that he had made careful inquiry, and could not hear of anything even approaching the plan. He had consulted one veteran dredger-man, who had been engaged in the trade for forty years, and another who is off Jersey and its neighbourhood for six months in every year, "purchasing brood to lay in the Milton grounds," where they lie from six to eighteen months, and then are caught up and sent direct to London market. He also addressed inquiries to the foreman of the principal grounds (Alston's), and received the same answer. They had heard that such a thing was done *in some places abroad*. These Miltonians were of opinion that an oyster ceases to retain any excellence of flavour after it has been taken from its native water and left for two days exposed to air; but deposed to the fact of many oysters having been packed in exhausted receivers—in metal cases, hermetically sealed—and sent to India, where, upon the enclosing

vessel being opened, they were found as delicious as if they had been brought from their beds only two days previous.

I know not what mysterious sea-change these Norman *testacea* suffer at Corseulles; but I can vouch for a "right merrie conceite," played off in London and its environs by victuallers at their wits' end, when the demand for oysters exceeds infinitely the supply indispensable on every bespeak of codfish or steak. On such occasions, that particular transformation takes place among cockles and muscles, which *Benedick** says he 'll not be sworn Love might not work in *his* form and features: both these bivalves being then cooked up (after being cut into dice, and slightly flavoured with a little anchovy brine and mace) into first-rate oyster sauce, and devoutly eaten by such of the million who are least acquainted with the seasons when the real Simon Pure comes to market, and who are willing to credit the waiter's remark—that "Heisters has not been *quite* so prime lately as they vas: vich is unfortunate; cos we pridcs oursels on our sauces:"—as they well may, where "nothing is but what is not" on their customers' plates; and yet all is "quite serenc." I happen to reside on that favoured spot, on the banks of the Exe, which is exactly opposite to the picturesque station of Star Cross, between Powderham Castle and Mamhead; and I have been duly enlightened and initiated into this interesting little *mystère de cuisine*, which was elicited in explanation of the fact of one hundred pounds being paid in the eight

SHAKSPEARE—"Much ado about Nothing." *Act 2, sc. 3.*

“ months with an R” for carriage, from this neighbourhood to Billingsgate, of muscles and cockles sent to supply London with oyster sauce! These ingenious conversions and happy illusions are of universal occurrence :

“ ——— hīc est,
Est Ulubris ——— ”

The French cut up halibut into *portions de turbot* ; make soles out of flounders, whittings out of codlings, and smelts out of gudgeons. The man who can decide, off-hand, on every occasion, what meat he eats in the *plat masqué* of France, must be gifted with intuitive powers which entitle him to notice and advancement in life. The police have effectually kept horseflesh out of the larder, since 1813 ; though there may be worse fibre than *that* to deal with, in the long run, at home and abroad ;—but whosoever believes that “ biftek ” is always cut from the ox, or the *fricandeau de veau* invariably composed of calf, cherishes a single-minded “ general, honest thought,” of which it would be cruel to disabuse him, because in it he may luxuriate, live, and thrive—though in the antipodes to genuineness and reality.

FINDING nothing to induce me to prolong my stay at Corseulles, I booked myself for a place in the Mail to Bayeux. The Imperial Mail and its Guard or Driver, and the Inn at which I was to alight at my journey’s end (l’Hôtel du Luxembourg !), were severally corroborative of the truth of one of my French friends’ remarks, that “ Les noms sont beaucoup plus magnifiques que les faits.” The Imperial driver was habited in a blue blouze, black

cap, plaid trousers, white stockings striped with scarlet, and bright-green list shoes. The *Mail* was a counterpart, in *build*, of the light carts that run all over London with parcels from Rackstraw's or Lemann's biscuit shops,—but in colour and cleanliness, sad and unseemly enough; and I doubt if any public conveyance in our country ever looks so uninviting. However, it answered my purpose admirably. We are all dust; and every man must eat his peck in this planet; but *my* meal was finished many years ago.

The scenery from the coast towards Bayeux is thoroughly English; the Macadamized road most beautifully made, and (as is the custom throughout France) there were heaps of stone, broken up with faithful observance of the regulating standard, on both sides of the road, at intervals of ten yards. The colza haulm and roots were hereabouts stored up for burning, in stacks forty feet long and twenty-five high. We had not started above twenty minutes before I saw a flock of Merino sheep. Their heads closely resembled that of a fox, both in shape and colour. Their fleecce was of the fox colour; their legs almost as dark as those of Norfolk sheep, and as fine and slender; their tails trailing on the ground.

There is a disagreeable aspect—I have always observed it, at home and abroad—in the villages of a large stone-quarry district. The eye seeks in vain for warm and agreeable hues of colour in the buildings. Every wall, bridge, hedge, and house, is of “coldest stone,” and affords not the slightest variety of tints. Even in beautiful Bath this monotony

offends the eye. The only exception with which I am acquainted is in the Ham-hill district, between Yeovil and Ilminster. The stone of those quarries is of a deep bright Roman ochre colour, and is more agreeable to look upon than the best yellow brick. The village of Martock, in that locality, is one of the most beautiful in England; and is built, almost entirely, with this stone.

I was now near the quarries of Creuilly,—which led me to the mention of this subject. Every market-cart, or wagon, or dray, returning from Creuilly, brings back stone; and vast store of this material is kept heaped up in each village, for building purposes,—just as in our country we may see bricks. At every fourth door, in every village, we saw women at lace-work. Almost all the female population seemed to be immersed in this manufacture. It is an unhealthy occupation, and they are a narrow-chested, pale-visaged, dwarfish race; very ignorant and slovenly in their habits; and, but for the Communal Schools, the children would grow up as unlettered as their mothers, who have not two ideas beyond bobbins and pillows.

At a little distance from Creuilly, I saw eight horses tethered at the edge of a crop of clover. They were to plough an adjoining field the next morning; and the ploughman had fixed his night-quarters close by, having set up a removable house on wheels, about half the size of a bathing-machine, which he would use *à boire et à manger*, as well as *à coucher*, till the ploughing should be terminated. This seems a strange kind of rural bivouac; but the

farming-men work late in the day: they plough till after sunset,—which *we* should never think of doing,—and renew the labour at sunrise, without giving the animals more than a handful of bran and oats, over and above the “green meat” to which they were tied up during the night.

MUCH has been asserted, and, as I can testify, truly, respecting the sure-footed pace of the mules of Spain, Italy, and Switzerland: but what can equal the trot, almost as rapid as a gallop, of a French horse down hills of frightful declivity, harnessed to a carriage, as heavy as the largest piece of field-artillery, without a skid to lock either of the wheels, and with breeching only fit to equip a goat-cart! I knew what *le brave animal*—the general appellation bestowed by a Frenchman on servicable nags—could achieve in this Montagne-Russe kind of descent; but it was frightful to see such a performance among loose stones, after long drought, and with a carriage, on two wheels only, much the worse for twelve winters’ Royal, Republican, and Imperial mail expedition.

This expedition, by-the-by, seems conducted on the “live and let live” system; for, provided the courier brings his letter-bags to the moment, he may load and discharge, and load again, without let or hindrance. Accordingly, he soon admitted into our crazy *calèche* an itinerant umbrella vender and reparator, who stowed away a bundle twice as large as the fasces of the old Roman Lictors, without any of the charm attaching to the mere mention of “Consul Romanus;” and this man of cane and

ingham had no sooner settled down into form, with all his stock-in-trade, than we were "spoken" by an old housewife bound for Ryes, who, after a palaver and wrangle of ten minutes, carried her point of introducing into the Imperial mail not only her own portly dimensions, but an alarming appendage of boxes and baggage, and—(which occasioned three *sacre mille tonnerres* and half-a-dozen *sacris-ties*)—her mattress to boot. Had we been thrown on our beam-ends in the course of this *ventre à terre* down-hill practice, I should have found the *bonne femme de Normandie's* wool or cowhair-quilt a friend indeed.

We reached Bayeux, on the Aure,—the see of which was held by Otho, half-brother of the Conqueror, for fifty years,—at nine o'clock in the evening. The "Luxembourg" had been wholly pre-occupied and forestalled by the colonel and staff of the 69th Regiment of the Line, on march from Cherbourg and Isigny to Boulogne. Under these circumstances, I was only too glad to accept the *mezzo termine* proposal, made by a very complaisant hostess, that I should permit her to introduce a bedstead into the third *parlour* (these amusing French people employ such lofty language!) beyond the bar, where I might probably make shift for the night. Now, as this parlour must, in the ordinary routine of business, have done duty exclusively as a box or cloak room, the very mention of the word "salon," as applied to it on this occasion, made me laugh outright; but, having once slept in a housemaid's closet at the Old Hammums, on a similar occasion of sudden

influx, I humoured the notion at once; and supped and breakfasted in this palatial wing of the "Luxembourg" with all the complacency of an Ambassador nestling au premier of the Hôtel des Princes in Paris.

The warriors had already "turned in:" for they had had a hot and dusty march, and were to start for Caen at four A.M. They had, therefore, discussed their omelette and salad, and begun to bless, as Sancho Panza did, the man that first invented sleep. I heard the orderly rousing them up at three; and the Major reprimanding the young subalterns for running down stairs in their boots with as much clatter as if they had each received a retaining-fee overnight for the Réveil of all the sleepers of the house.

I was up and stirring early enough, too: and saw the greater part of Bayeux before ten o'clock. It is a goodly City, containing some delightful residences: five miles distant from the coast, un peu triste, and rather too lifeless for any but Reading men, Painters, and other sedentary subjects; but well worth the eight hours' ramble I devoted to its streets and suburbs. The two principal streets, and most other, run up from the lower town to the large grassy Place or Castle Square, agreeably planted with trees; across which I soon saw the Band of the 69th coming off their march. These were followed by the Rear Guard. I soon fell into conversation with one or two of these dapper, sturdy, and "plucky" fellows, and heard the account they gave of their sensations of ease or distress on march. Each man carries about

sixty-six pounds' weight. He wears, on march, a long light bluish-grey great-coat, the corners of which are supplied with a button-hole, which enables him to fasten them at will to a button in the fore-part of the skirt, or to one quite at the back. Above his havresack, containing body linen and brushes, he carries a pair of red trousers, rolled flat, in a canvas case: above that a tick-case, made in a roll form, containing his dress jacket:—and the strap which secures these two packages to the havresack, passes across his soup-tin.* Besides all this, in winter he carries a stout grey great-coat. The cartouche-box, of course, is below, on the left. The French soldier discards stockings on march, and wears a short black leather gaiter over a stout shoe. Some few of the Regiment I saw on this occasion came in very lame: but the generality walked remarkably well, and seemed in high health and spirits. Their officers, with the exception of the Major and Colonel, had walked the twenty-one miles, and exhibited not a symptom of fatigue.

On the walls and door-ways of some of the houses I read a notice, from the Local Board of Government, regulating the prices of bread, according to three several qualities, of *pain blanc de luxe non taxé*, *pain de première qualité*, and ditto *de seconde*. The loaf of three kilogrammes' weight (equal to

* The Russian knapsacks, in the Crimea, held the dress coatee, a pair of drawers, a shirt, socks, mits, scissors, pen-knife, twine, wax, needles, thread, and leather; a hair-brush, comb, razor, looking-glass, strop, soap, blacking, and shoe brushes.

six pounds thirteen ounces English), of first quality, was to be charged at one franc and thirty-five centimes (about one shilling and a halfpenny); the loaf of that weight, second quality, elevenpence farthing. Every baker in the town was required to keep bread of these two kinds in his shop, and of prime quality: with scales and weights on the counter; the loaves to be stamped with his peculiar mark and designation: and any infraction of this rule would be punished according to the law in that case provided by the Acts of August 16th, 1790; July 24th, 1821; and July, 1837: as set forth in the Ordinance of October 31st, 1853, for the better regulation of the supplies of bread to the inhabitants of towns.

The Cathedral did not altogether equal my expectations; but the interior is under extensive repair; and the hundreds of upright and transverse beams, boards, and canvas screens marred the general effect, at the Western end especially, to such an extent as to render any satisfactory inspection quite impracticable. From the High Altar to the organ, or rather to where the Organ is to be, is a length of 300 feet. The Choir was built, in 1205, by Henry de Beaumont, Bishop of the See, an Englishman, who was buried in it: and here it was that I noticed the peculiar entry into it from the aisles: a double stair of seven or eight stone steps, leading from the pavement below to that above. It is on account of the Crypt underneath—the remnant of old Bishop Otho's godly work—which had been completed above a hundred and twenty years before our countryman, Bishop Beau-

mont, laid the pavement of the choir of the new Cathedral. The fire which, in 1106, destroyed the first Church, did not injure this Crypt, the burial-place of the Bishops: and this induced the necessity of ascending to its elevation. The stained glass in this Cathedral is most magnificent, and quite equal to that which sheds such glorious radiance through the Sainte Chapelle, now in progress of completion in Paris. I was informed that these windows were all from the firm of Monsieur de l'Anglois, of Bayeux. That in the South Transept, displaying seven Bishops in one line, is a master-piece of Illumination; and the Rose Window surmounting these is the most exquisitely beautiful work of its kind in Europe; those of St. Ouen, in Rouen, being superior to it in dimensions only.

The carving in stone, in the Interior, is not to be surpassed; and when the Restorations shall be completed, not a Church in Normandy will excel this in general magnificence and grandeur proportionate to its scale. The exterior, taken in masses, is very imposing. The two steeples on the Western Towers, of the twelfth century, are startling objects; and I should be sorry to lose the central Cupola, now that I have seen it *in situ*, though it would look more in place at Venice, opposite to San Giorgio, or in London, on the summit of the National Gallery, than on this old Norman sanctuary, where its Grecian dome intrudes with most inappropriate ornament.

One particular object struck my attention here, to which, in all my recollections, I can remember no parallel. On the summit of a narrow round tower,

attached to one of the main steeple-towers, two hundred feet in air, was perched a little house, built entirely, roof and all, of stone, about the size of one of the Vans we meet occasionally in the country, containing some strange animal or Fat Boy. It had a narrow loophole light in it; but for what purpose it was ever constructed I could not ascertain. A very



talented friend, who has raised many a noble edifice in this country, tells me it may have been the chosen cell of some Recluse, built for him at the time of the erection of the spire. If so, I conclude he had taken upon himself not only a vow of perpetual seclusion from the world below, but, *in commendam*, the charge of the tower clocks, if there were any;

or of the bells, and crows' nests: for how any one but a rook or a chamois could abide in listless, inactive solitude in that stone box, it is impossible to imagine.

Close to the Cathedral is the Prison; and in the square open space of this precinct is a circular mound, artificially thrown up, to cherish and strengthen the roots of a superb Plane-tree, sixty-five years old:—the Tree of Liberty, planted here in 1789, when, “*nefasto die*,” the men of the Revolution set up these emblems in every part of France; the rottenness and decay and fall of which, by stroke of lightning, frost, or axe, within the last half century, have served more

to exemplify the unsoundness and inanity, the perils and penalties of Democracy, than to deter the people from yielding allegiance to crowned sovereignty, or to revive in them a desire to live under many masters instead of one. In this particular spot the Tree is rather a *mauvaise plaisanterie* in the eyes of the men and women of shady reputation, whose Liberty is under total eclipse in the Maison de Force opposite, and overshadowed by its beautiful foliage.

THE Mayor of Bayeux, in his Avis and Proclamation of August 11th, put forth, as I observed in my ramble through the Town, the following announcement:—

“Dear Citizens,—On Tuesday next it is purposed to celebrate the Fête of the Emperor, and that of France.

“In conformity with the noble intents of His Majesty, this solemnization will blend with its religious characteristics that of Charity.

“You are hereby invited to unite with us in worthily celebrating this National Festival.

“At five o’clock on the previous evening, Monday, there will be a distribution of Bread and Cider to the Poor.

“At eight o’clock on that evening the Bells of the Churches, and Salvos of Artillery, will announce the approaching Fête.

“At six o’clock on Tuesday morning a similar announcement will be made: and at ten o’clock the Authorities will attend the ‘Te Deum’ at the Cathedral.

“At half-past five the Musicians of the Muni-

pality will perform several piéçs of Music on the Castle Square: and at eight there will be a grand display of Fireworks.

“The National flag will be seen to wave in every part of the town; and the Inhabitants are hereby invited to exhibit flags* at their residences.

“The Matilda Gallery, † the Library, the Hôtel Dieu, and General Hospital, will be thrown open to the Public.

“THE MAYOR OF BAYEUX,
“DESPALLIERES.”

So much for the promised treat at Bayeux! As I was aware *we* should do a little in the same way at Caen, in three days' time, I did not care to accept the Mayor's loving invitation, and linger in the old Capital of the Bessin to see its twelve thousand inhabitants making holiday; especially remembering, also, that there was no Organ to grace the “Te Deum” at the Cathedral; however charming their “Symphonics” might prove in that green and pleasant place of recreation, the Castle Square. Moreover, *we* were to sport a Regatta in the daytime, and Illuminations in the evening, and shake in our beds as we heard the salutes from the guns at the Castle (of the Conqueror's own foundation), and surely these ought to be “metal more attractive”; and there was to be a distribution to the Poor, and a Civil and Military procession to St. Stephen's, where the Mass would be sung, and the bells would be rung; and, to crown all, the Prefect's Ball at night would terminate

* Pavoiser. † Where the celebrated Tapestry is exhibited.

the Fête “right merrilie.” In prospect of all which I elected to pass the Emperor’s Birthday in Caen. I remember two dynasties in the nineteenth century, under which some distinguishing mention would have been made, in such a Proclamation, of the Fête of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary (August 15th). But upon this, it was remarkable, the “Avis” maintained total silence.

THERE is a Hospital in Bayeux of great celebrity, the Hôtel Dieu. The premises are on a great scale; and the management and general regulation of it, both with respect to in-door and out-door patients, are admirable. The daily benefit of so large an Institution, in a comparatively small town, is immense; and public favour seems to appreciate it accordingly. On the occasion of my visit, I had an opportunity of seeing the Chapel during Divine Service. Here I noticed a gallery: the rarest of all adjuncts in Roman Catholic places of worship. It was chiefly occupied by Ladies, having several of their young children with them, very elegantly dressed, and forming a singular contrast with the monastic garb of the Nuns, below, railed off as they were, by the usual *Grille*, from the general congregation, and left in possession of a little Organ and the Eagle Desks, around which they were assembled to chant the service, in accord with the three Ecclesiastics ministering at the other end before the Altar. At the desks were seated two of the Religieuses, each having a violoncello, and a music-book before her. About twenty sisters and eight novices sate in stalls around them. The stringed instruments were evidently capable of discoursing most

eloquent music; but the trashy sing-song intoning for which they were used—a mockery, as it seemed, of Christian worship—was almost intolerable. The principal performer was the stoutest woman I had ever seen on earth. I remember Daniel Lambert. She exceeded his bulk considerably; for his head was of the usual proportions, and hers was preternaturally large, and rendered grotesque by a pair of extra-sized spectacles. Her companion laboured under some wholly original conceptions on the subject of Instrumental accompaniment. She had several Semibreves before her, and the Priests and Sisters were singing in crotchets. It was evident she had never been instructed in the art of bowing;—for instead of placing that extremity of the bow which was nearest to her hand, on the string, and drawing it slowly along to the other extremity, which would have held the note at will, she commenced a short *sawing* movement, which, being tantamount to the introduction of nearly a score of demi-semi-quavers, imparted the most ludicrous effect, and made me feel doubtful whether some of the Novices, who seemed staggered at this fantastic specimen of Tosto Obligato, would not soon laugh outright. However, I waited till she had tired her wrist effectually by eight bars of it, and then withdrew, leaving her a whole note below her companion's bass, which *she*, too, could fret but not play upon, and involved in a totally different key from that in which the priests, maddened by this "concordia discors," were beginning the "Confiteor." So I left them alone in their glory.

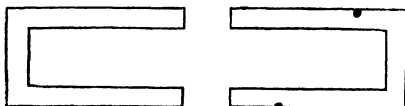
CHAPTER XI.

BAYEUX.

It was some relief, after the boring of my *ears*, described in the last Chapter, to recreate the *eyes* in a solitary and silent examination of the renowned TAPESTRY of Bayeux, now admirably arranged for general inspection in one of the rooms of the public Library, instead of being laid up, as it used to be, in the Cathedral. For upwards of a century it was kept on a huge cylinder, from which an official was engaged to detach it by degrees, till all the seventy-two yards were wound off to another roller, with as little ability to convey to the beholders one distinct idea of any single part, as if he had held it upside down, and bade them gather out of such a masterpiece of confusion a perfect knowledge of the whole. In this form of exhibition, also, it was carried through the Departments of France in the year 1803, by order of Buonaparte, to be displayed from the stage of the theatres in garrison towns as an incentive to the public mind, awakened, about that period, to the project of invading Great Britain. The contents of the story, however, on the itinerant arras, were food too stimulant to be digested: as the great political empiric soon discovered. A crude notion had been engendered of subjugation and en-

larged dominion which, in the issue, wrought ruin to its originator,—confusion to the people, and mortification to their brave armies, which no lesser period than fifty years availed to compensate and appease. This celebrated relic of the eleventh century—for it has in every age been the accredited handiwork of Queen Matilda and the ladies of her Court—consists of a long strip of linen cloth, somewhat resembling very coarse Russia duck, 218 feet long and rather more than one foot eight inches wide, upon which are worked, in worsted threads of various colours, upwards of ten thousand figures (the majority of which represent men) ten or eleven inches high, interspersed with horses, dogs, ships, and houses; and, for a running border, a multiplicity of symbolical ensigns and hieroglyphic groups, very diminutive in size, composed of men, women, beasts, birds, and chimerical monsters, relevant and irrelevant to the subjects or scenes to which they form a margin. These subjects are fifty-eight in number, and illustrate the Norman Conquest: each forming a compartment, which is marked off either by trees, or buildings—civil, military, and ecclesiastical. The first thirty-four refer to events antecedent to the great invader's project: The remaining twenty-four exhibit its rise and progress up to the disastrous rout of the English at Hastings. This most amusing and, I should say, intensely interesting work is stretched on a continuous, upright frame or panelled boarding, within a range of glass-fronted cases (such as are seen in Geological and other Museums), so fixed in the middle of the apartment,

as to present the several sections, in regular order of succession, to the eye of a spectator walking round, outside and inside,—as he pursues the pictorial and written narrative from beginning to end.



Being alone—for I took care to secure a private view;—I borrowed a light chair from the good-natured old woman who kept the Porter's Lodge, and walked, or sate, at intervals in the two hours and a half which I devoted to the study of this unique record of antiquity, on which, like Helen tracing on canvas the exploits of her countrymen and the Trojans under the Walls of Troy, the Norman Queen has handed down to the present day a memorial so explicit in its details, and so minutely graphic in its delineations, as to constitute a standard of reference on many a point of archaeological inquiry, and a mirror reflecting many of the most curious features of Norman and Anglo-Saxon usages, costumes, economy, and manners.

Some of the particulars of this artistic chronicle are exhibited in so ludicrous a style of portraiture as to provoke immediate laughter; though intended, no doubt, to represent in sober seriousness, occurrences of import at the time; and I think my readers will be glad to gain a little insight both into the grave and gay incidents of the Royal Sampler. The headings, I here subjoin are worked in by

Matilda's indefatigable needle in Roman Capitals, in the Latin language; from the dictation, we may suppose, of her domestic chaplain! and are placed immediately above each of the fifty-eight groups. They constitute, in fact, a catalogue raisonné, and tell the tale circumstantially and well.

1. *King Edward.* (Here is "The Confessor," on his throne, ordering Harold, his brother-in-law, to set off to Normandy and inform William of his having nominated him successor to the Throne of England.)

2. *Where Harold, Duke of the English, and his soldiers, are riding on horseback to Bosham.* (This Bosham is three miles from Chichester. Harold carries a falcon at his wrist, and is preceded by his dogs. Both he and his suite are represented with shaven chins; but they wear moustaches on the lip. The Normans display none. Each worthy in the suite of Harold bears on his right shoulder a little mantle, like the Grecian chlamys; which mantles, in after times, gave rise to the use of them in Heraldry.)

3. *A Church.* (When the party had landed at Bosham, they went to this Church to supplicate God to grant them a safe voyage to Normandy.)

4. *Harold embarks on his sea-voyage.* (The travellers, previous to embarkation, take refreshments together. Several are seen drinking out of Cows' horns. Others are seen going down to a small boat, on board of which they are placing the falcons and dogs.)

5. *A gale of wind throws Harold upon the territory*

of Count Guy. (Guy was Count of Ponthieu, and no friend to Harold; so this was unlucky. The boat has but one mast. It is remarkable that the military escort of Harold, sitting in the gunwales of the boat, bear their shields precisely as the ancient Greeks and Romans used: each man ranging his shield so that the upper part of it lies just within the top of the shield next before him. Had the Queen copied the pictures of Herculaneum, the identity could not have been more strongly marked.) The Reader will discern in these long kite-shaped bucklers the prototype of our heraldic shields.



6. *Harold.* (Harold is here seen standing in the bows of his accompanying barge, in the act of addressing Guy and his followers, who are on the beach; he not being at all confident as to his reception.)

7. *Guy arrested Harold.* (Two armed men are seen seizing Harold. The Count is on horseback, armed with a long sword. Four horse-soldiers are close behind, drawn up in line, and carrying lances and shields. Each shield bears a device. But hereditary ensigns had not yet come into use. They were adopted in the next century.)

8. *And caused him to be taken to Beaurain, where he detained him.* (Guy is seen on horseback, falcon in hand, conducting his prisoner; or, rather, keeping an eye upon him; for Harold's suite are walking in front guarded by foot-soldiers, and he himself, with his falcon, follows: and Guy and his horsemen bring up the rear.)

9. *There Guy and Harold come together for a 'palaver' [Parabolan].* (Harold is supposed to be

representing to Guy that he is an envoy from the King of England; and Guy trying to make a good bargain in the shape of a ransom. He is seated on a kind of throne, sword in hand, with the point upwards: his prisoner stands before him, holding his sword with the point downwards, and detached from its belt.)

10. *There it was that Duke William's messengers reached Guy.* (William, hearing of Harold's mission and arrest, sends to the Count desiring his release. Guy is here seen in a coat of chain mail, with a mantle thrown from right to left, just like the Greek chlamys, before mentioned: in his left hand is a formidable battle-axe. - The Duke's messengers have alighted, and while they are communicating the purport of their mission, a dwarf, acting as a groom, is holding their horses. Over his head is written his name, TYROLD. Here a three-arched doorway serves to keep the groups distinct.)

11. *William's messengers.* (We are to suppose that Guy will not come to terms—and that William, hearing this, resorts to a threat. Two horsemen, with heads bare, are seen arriving with all speed, and carrying their lances as if in battle. This is to indicate that they come with intelligence of Duke William's intention to employ force. In the trees parting this from the next group is seen a youth looking with uplifted hand of astonishment at the horsemen galloping.)

12. *Here Duke William is seen giving audience to a messenger.* (The messenger is such a pigmy in stature that this is believed to represent Tyrold the dwarf, who may be supposed to have escaped from

Guy's custody, and hastened to the Duke. The circumstance of his wearing moustaches—the distinguishing mark of the English throughout the Tapestry—strengthens this conjecture. William is supposed to be in his Castle at Rouen; the vast structure of which serves to part the group. This is an anachronism: for it ought to have succeeded No. 9; but there are some other oversights of the same kind in the series.)

13. *Guy conducts Harold to William, Duke of Normandy.* (Guy, intimidated by the menaces of William, conducts Harold as far as Eu, to which place the Duke comes in person to receive him.)

14. *Duke William leads Harold to his palace.* (This forms two scenes. In the first, William is seen escorting in person to his Castle in Rouen the ambassador of the King of England. In the second, he is represented giving audience in state, on a decorated throne, to the envoy who is standing before him.)

15. *A single ecclesiastic and Elfgive.* (The Duke of Normandy engages to give his daughter in marriage to Duke Harold. A solitary ecclesiastic is laying his hand upon the head of Elfgive [Alice], as if to give assurance of the contract being made with the cognizance of the Church. The Clerk, however,—for he is entitled Clericus—has more of the appearance of a Roman emperor than of a minister of the temple. His left foot rests on the steps of an edifice meant to designate a Church.)

16. *Duke William and his army reached Mont S. Michel.* (Conan, Duke of Brittany, had declared war against the Duke of Normandy, who hereupon suggests to Harold and his suite that they should

take up arms with him against Conan. They are represented in coats of chain mail;—their helmets are fitted with a long narrow blade, or flatted bar of iron, completely covering the nose [it was called a nazal], to protect the face. They are seen advancing on Mont S. Michel.)

17. *They crossed the river Couesnon, where Duke Harold drew some of the party out of the quicksand.* (This river, on account of frequent ebb and flow, was hazardous to cross, there being so many quicksands. Men and horses, trying to ford it, were overwhelmed. Harold, being a man of great stature and prowess, proves very serviceable to some of his new allies, by carrying one man on his left shoulder, and with his right hand dragging a man, who was on the point of sinking, safe to shore.)

18. *They reached Dol, and Conan began to retreat.* (The baronial lord of Dol, a town still extant, three miles from the Coast of Brittany, was at war with Conan, who laid siege to him in his own town. A man is seen gliding down by a rope, from the walls,—who is supposed to be about to hasten off to the Duke of Normandy to report the state of the besieged. The Norman soldiery draw near: Conan flees,—and seeks refuge with his troops in Rennes, his usual place of residence.)

19. *Duke William's soldiers attack Dinan.* (They assault the town, situate upon a height. The Norman soldiers, below, are endeavouring to set fire to the stockades by means of combustibles held up at the end of long sticks.)

20. *And Conan surrendered the keys of the town.* (It would seem that he had come to the relief of

Dinan, but found himself obliged to capitulate, which he did, and rendered homage to William for Brittany. Conan is seen on the rampart, handing over the keys to William at the end of a lance. This group fills up an *hiatus* in the Chronicles of Normandy.)

21. *Here William granted Arms to Harold.*— (Equipped him as an armed knight.)

22. *William then came to Bayeux.* (His half brother was Bishop of Bayeux, and enjoyed all his confidence.)*

23. *Where Harold took the oaths of fidelity to Duke William.* (William is seen seated on a throne: the English Duke stands before him, bare-headed, and placed between two cabinets, like small altars, within which are relics of saints. He places his hands on both these, and appears to be pronouncing the words of the Oath recognising William as the nominee of Edward, and his successor on the throne of England; and is thus represented as promising allegiance and fidelity to him).†

24. *Duke Harold returns to England.* (Probably to his seat at Bosham. A female is seen on a balcony, or jetty, making gestures of joy at his return; and heads are seen at every window of the building before

* On the death of Duke Robert, Arlotta, mother of the Conqueror, married Baron Herlouin, of Falaise, by whom she had Odo, the bishop, and Robert, Count of Mortain.

† This took place in Bayeux Cathedral.



which the galley is about to anchor,—gazing on the returned party. Harold is represented as immediately mounting horse with his esquire.)

25. *And presents himself at the Court of Edward.* (He is escorted by his esquire only, who carries his battle-axe. The attitude of Harold, as he approaches, indicates very submissive deference, and almost cringing humility. In the audience he is seen standing on the King's left hand, rather behind than before his chair or couch of state.)

26. *The body of King Edward is being carried to the Church of St. Peter the Apostle.* (This is worked in the wrong place; for the interment is thus made to precede the sickness and the death! The Church here specified is Westminster Abbey; immediately above which a hand outstretched from the sky seems to be consecrating the Abbey Church, which Edward had caused to be restored, and which had been re-consecrated only a week previous).*

27. *King Edward on his deathbed is seen addressing certain of the nobles of his Court.* (The monarch, supported by a female, appears to be speaking with difficulty. His Queen, Editha, is weeping at the bedside.)

28. *And soon afterwards he died.* (A servant is seen passing his right hand over his face—closing his eyes; and a monk, with his right hand pointing upward, is administering spiritual consolation, and offering up the parting prayer: upon which the attendants begin to lay out the body.)

* I imagine this arose during the temporary absence of Q. Matilda. One of her ladies in waiting may have worked on the tapestry meanwhile, and inserted the wrong section; which her majesty did not think it worth while picking out.

29. *The royal crown is given to Harold.* (Harold, at the head of a powerful party, establishes himself in the place of sovereignty, wholly disregarding his oath of fealty to Duke William. One individual holds out the crown for his acceptance: another holding a battle-axe accompanies him.)

30—31. *Harold is seated on his throne as King of England.* (Here at length he is seen invested with all the Insignia of Royalty: crown, globe, and sceptre. A civilian and a soldier tender their allegiance. To the left of the throne stands an Ecclesiastic in robes of state. The inscription above his head declares this to be Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury. A crowd of people at the Palace entry are seen offering homage to the new King.)

32. *The people gaze with astonishment at a star.* (The writers at that period mention the appearance of a comet in the year of Harold's usurpation; and public opinion subsequently held it to be a presage of the death of Harold, and of the great revolution attending thereon.)

33. *Harold.* (He is represented sitting, or rather starting up from the throne, in a very peculiar attitude of uncasiness; one single attendant, leaning on a sword, is at the side of the throne. In the absence of any inscription, we may suppose he is either apprehensive of the indignation of the Duke of Normandy, or alarmed at the naval expedition against Britain just about that time setting forth from Norway. Five vessels afloat, in the margin under this subject, strengthen the supposition.)

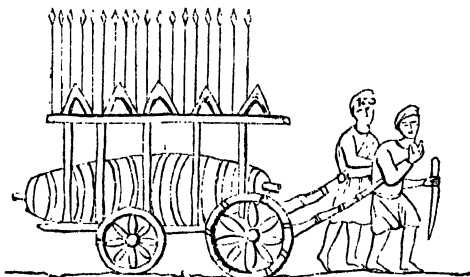
34. *An English vessel anchors on the coast of Normandy.* (This vessel is supposed to bring to William

the intelligence of Edward's decease, and of Harold's being crowned as his successor).

35. *The Duke William gave orders for the building of a Fleet.* (He is seen seated on his Norman throne, and a messenger is entering on the right. The Bishop, recognizable by the tonsure, is seated on his left hand; and a master shipwright, axe in hand, is leaving the Ducal presence, as if to commence the work of cutting down oak timber. Accordingly, groups of men are seen felling large trees: shaping planks, planing the gunwales into smoothness, and using the adze in shaping the various fittings of the vessels.)

36. *The Ships are drawn down to the Waterside.* (Men are seen, some of them with their bare legs in the water, hauling down the vessels. One is securing a vessel, by a hawser, to a strong post.)

37. *The party here represented are conveying*



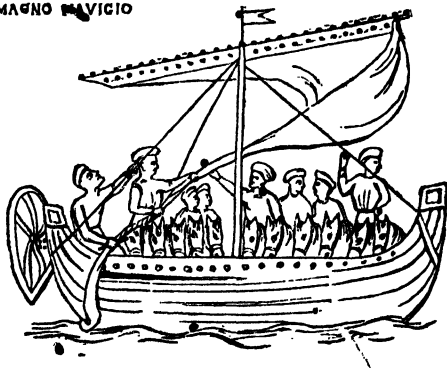
arms to the fleet, and drawing a wagon laden with a tun of wine, above which are arranged several weapons. (These are followed by a number of men carrying coats of scale armour, helmets, lances, and

swords; also a small cask of wine. The chroniclers of that day assert that William's armament amounted to three thousand vessels, of which seven hundred were laden with war stores. The Allied Fleets of England and France, proceeding to the attack of the Crimea, in September, 1854, comprised seven hundred vessels of all descriptions—large and small, fighting ships, transports, and tenders.) The helmets are of peculiar make.

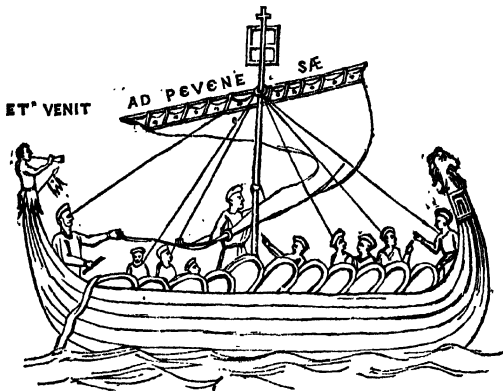


38. *Duke William, with a large fleet, crossed the sea and landed at Pevensey.* (After lying off Saint Valery for a month, waiting for a favourable wind, the Duke set sail, and landed on the Sussex coast, on the 28th of September, 1066,—a date, by-the-by, reminding us, at the present period, of the banks of Alma, and of Sebastopol.) The ships are seen conveying a large number of horses. The one which carries Duke William is distinguished by a standard at the mast-head, surmounted by a cross: the banner of the

MAGNO NAVICIO



Church of Rome. None of these vessels have more



than one mast, with a large sail suspended from a yard.)

39. *The horses are disembarked.* (This appears to have been delayed till all the soldiers were landed; empty vessels being seen in the offing.)



The fall received by Duke William on leaving the ship's side is not recorded in this tapestry.)

40. *The soldiery press forward to Hastings in quest of provisions.* (Armed horsemen are seen hastening to meet some people on foot, who approach, leading oxen and sheep from the farms in the neighbourhood. One of the commissariat carries on his right shoulder an animal shaped like a seal—which is, probably, a small calf enveloped in a cloth.)

41. *This is Wadard.* (This is a horseman in scale armour, barcheaded,—carrying a sword and an immense shield. He appears to have the oversight of the butchers and cooks, who are preparing to dress the provisions brought in from the farms.)

The inscription of this man's single and evidently familiar name is regarded as one of the many evidences of this Tapestry being contemporaneous with the period of the Conquest.)

42. *Here they are cooking the several viands, and the waiting-men are attending to their duties of serving them at table.*

Two men are watching what is meant for a large boiler, suspended by rings to a bar, over a fire made upon a high stand. Next to this is a cook evidently browning four custards, by means of a flaming brand. But the reader shall judge.)



43. *Here they took a repast, on which occasion a bishop blessed the meat and drink.* (These groups re-

present two great tables: the first, for want of furniture in the place of halt, is formed by the long flat Norman shields. The other resembles what we term a horseshoe table. Duke William is seated here with his barons, and a bishop holds a cup in his

HIC : FECERVNT : PRANDIUM .



left hand, and holds over it his right in the manner observed by the Papists on occasions of benediction. A cupbearer or page, just below the table, is lifting up some "drinkables."

ET. HIC EPISCOPVS : CIBV : ET



It is impossible to say what is being brought upon the two little spits from the cook's laboratory.

Queen Matilda had never made drawings of cooked dainties. In all probability these are roasted pigeons or *partridges*. They would be just in prime order on the 27th of September.)

11. *Otho, the Bishop, William, and Robert.* (William is holding a council at Hastings on the operations at once to be executed. Sword in hand, he sits between his two half-brothers: Otho on his right, the Count of Mortain on his left. Here, probably, the decision was taken to form an encampment at Hastings.)

15. *The latter [meaning Robert] issues orders for a deep trench to be formed around the fortified camp at Hastings.* (Robert is seen, with a little flag in hand, as our sappers and miners' orderlies are seen during military surveying, overlooking the work, and encouraging the soldiers, who are represented digging the earth, and erecting a stockade. The camp is designated by the word *CEASTRA* inscribed above the design.)

16. *William here received intelligence of the approach of Harold.* (One of the commanders of chief rank, as indicated by his cloak, approaches William very deferentially, and, as if making a mysterious communication, announces the advance of the enemy.)

17. *A house is set on fire.* (This is supposed to have been done as a clearance when the camp was being formed, or in levelling the country for a favourable military station, or vantage-ground. A mother is seen leading her son by the hand, just as the soldiery are kindling the flames.)

Dover fell a sacrifice to the Norman army in October, and it is recorded that the Conqueror made ample compensations to the poorer inhabitants whose dwellings had been destroyed by fire.)

48. *The Army made a sortie from Hastings, and hastened to give battle to King Harold.* (William, being determined that Harold should not attack him in his new camp, marches forward to meet the hostile army. He is here represented armed in a long vest of chain or scale mail, and on the point of mounting his charger.* His sword is in the scabbard. He holds in his left hand a long lance, and with his right is pointing to some object concerning which the individual holding the horse is either giving an answer, or receiving orders. A splendid array of Cavalry, all men of very great stature, are already on march.)

49. *Duke William inquires of Vital whether he has gained sight of Harold's forces.* (Here we behold the Duke at the head of his squadrons of horse, wielding a mace, or knotty club with iron bosses, and holding up his left hand as if to bring to a halt the martial-looking knight who comes galloping towards him. He is to be supposed to have commanded a troop sent forward to reconnoitre; and his left hand, extended behind, indicates the position of the enemy.)

50. *This personage* [another warrior in the next compartment exhibiting Harold's party] *announces to King Harold the fact of Duke William's advance.* (Harold had, on his part, sent scouts and recon-

* His legs are bound about with thongs, like sandal straps; as represented in the Title-page Vignette.

noitring parties; and, as the Chroniclers state, certain of these had succeeded in entering the French camp, by means of disguises. The Duke, being apprized hereof, permitted them to inspect everything, and sent them back unhurt. However, the soldier standing in front of Harold, raises his hand towards his forehead, shading his eyes that he may see afar more clearly, and thus conveys the idea of his having got sight of the advancing forces. Another informant is pointing towards the same quarter, as if announcing the fact.)

51. *Duke William harangues his Army. He exhorts them to blend discretion with valour, in the approaching conflict with the English army.* (The two antagonist powers are at length face to face; and the intrepid Duke of Normandy addresses a speech of encouragement to his devoted followers, who seem, however, to need no words of exhortation, as the whole file of warriors are galloping *en avant*. William must have possessed ~~great~~ bodily strength, as the scale armour here represented descends to his instep* and on the 14th day of October, on that warm part of the Southern coast of England, must have proved oppressively cumbersome, seeing that the suit fitted so close: to say nothing of a ponderous iron



* The royal embroiderer in fig. 48 has accoutred his legs differently.

helmet. A single horseman turns his head round to the Duke, as if to catch his parting words.

The battle is now commenced. The horsemen are raising in air their lances, and the bowmen in their front are drawing their bowstrings. The shields of the English exhibit, here and there, two or three arrows sticking in them; and several dying and dead are seen on the ground, indicating great carnage. The ingenious Queen was at this point obliged to discard her favourite groups of animals and monsters and chimeras in the running border, in favour of the battle scene, which required all the space she could possibly fill, in order to convey the effect of a multitude of slain. There was an ancient Greek Sarcophagus in the Louvre Gallery, exhibiting in alto-relievo a battle between the Athenians and the Amazons, in which the dead bodies of the latter formed a frieze to the main group.)

52. *Lewine and Gyrd, brothers of King Harold, are killed.* (These names are otherwise known as Leofwin and Gurth. In the old Chronicles the latter is called Word.),

53. *At this spot there was a great carnage of both English and French.* (The historians who have described at length the battle of Hastings speak of a deep trench or ditch over which the French were hurled headlong, towards the latter part of the action. Many English soldiers rolled down with them. The English are seen recovering their station and renewing the charge: Just like them!)

54. *Bishop Otho, with staff in hand, inspires the troops.* (This warrior priest is represented armed

like his brother the Duke, in all points, except that his scale armour does not descend much lower than his knee, and that he does not wear spurs. His staff is a gnarled and knotty club. He is supposed to have noticed the confusion occasioned by the roll over the trench, and to have ridden up to rally the squadron of cavalry here represented gathering around Duke William. The Latin is CONFORTAT PUEROS: cheers and comforts the lads: or, in pastoral care phraseology, his children.)

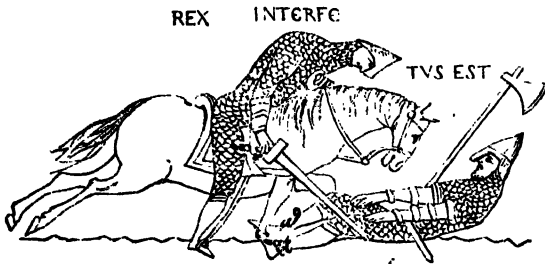
55. *Here is Duke William.* (William, also, rides up and infuses fresh courage and ardour by raising his helmet to let them see he was "all right":—having, probably, been slightly wounded. On his left is a Standard bearer, who is pointing to the Duke. The moths have invidiously eaten up the staff of the Norman banner, but the flag part remains, exhibiting a cross, at each angle of which is a ball. There were, also, five letters besides E TIVS,



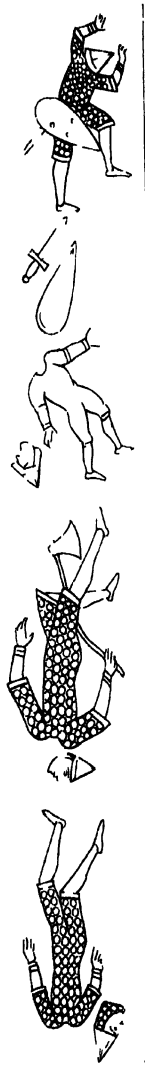
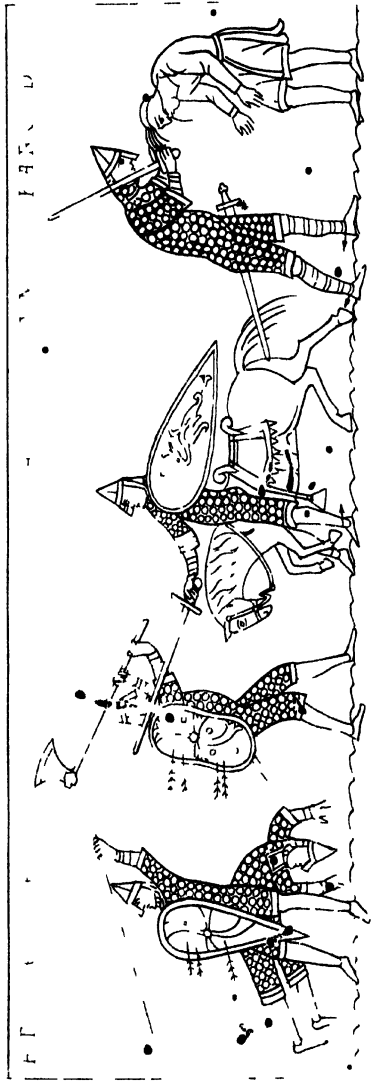
above the Standard-bearer's head, serving to designate Eustatius, Count of Boulogne.)

56. *The French are fighting in full vigour, and the Army of Harold is cut to pieces.* (The Normans are carrying all before them, and their foes are evidently routed; for a scale-mailed warrior has caught a poor moustachioed English wretch, looking like a camp follower, and is holding him by the forelock, and about to cut off his head with his own weapon; the Norman's sword being undrawn at his side.)

57. *King Harold himself was killed.* (Harold fell, sword in hand, after a reign of nine months. He is here seen on the ground, but apparently endeavouring to raise himself, as he extends his hands forward towards his knees, to ward off the sword's edge of a brutal knight who is kicking at his thigh: an incident which, on its being related to the Conqueror, disgusted him to such a degree as to induce him to degrade the wretch, and dismiss him from the army. It is to be observed that the Tapestry does not introduce the slightest reference to the very generally accredited notion that Harold was killed by an arrow, which, entering his eye, penetrated to the brain, and instantly deprived him of life. There is no such representation of any one in the whole series.)



58. *And the English were put to flight.* (A few



stanch English, armed with battle-axes and swords, are still "showing fight," but the action dwindles away; and the horsemen, galloping off at the end, are presumed to be on their way to head-quarters, there to proclaim the victory and the new King.)

From what remained of this extraordinary needle-work, before some unprincipled spoiler secretly cut off half a yard of it,—[previous to its being secured under glass, as at present],—it appears the closing scene represented the coronation of William, as King of England.

NEARLY eight hundred years have elapsed since the events occurred of which this marvellous Tapestry is a record; and the Norman Invasion, the Battle of Hastings, and the Conquest, of England, are too familiar to the public ear, and have been chronicled and discussed by too many able commentators on our early history, to justify my introducing into these pages any remarks of graver character than might be interchanged among parties visiting the Library of Bayeux, and bestowing a half hour on the Needle-work from which I have brought home so many amusing, and certainly not uninteresting, extracts. Queen Matilda has here proclaimed Harold a usurper, and, as the country people term it, "a very false man." But Harold would have rejoined that he had been cajoled and wheedled into the oaths (taken on the concealed relics) which his entertainer administered to him, under certain misgivings, possibly, that this young man would be the object of the English people's choice; and William's right to employ such adjurations, as more than questionable.

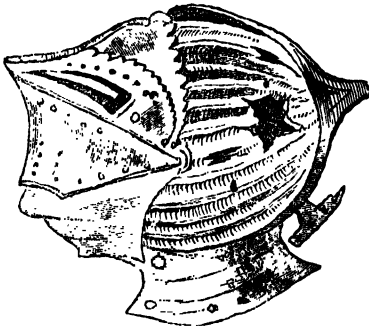
The true state of the case seems to have been that Emma—mother of King Edward, herself a Norman by birth, and continually introducing French personages, language, and manners into the English Court—had created a bias in her son's mind in favour of a Norman heir; and that William had been induced by a few idle words, casually dropped by the vacillating and disingenuous monarch, to consider himself *bonâ fide* nominated as his successor, and to act upon this insufficient ground of pretension, as if he had been formally declared the sovereign elect. On the other hand, there was a national predisposition in favour of an English prince; and the decision of the Wittenagemote, or great council of the nation, setting aside the infant Edgar, and turning to Harold, who had conducted the public affairs with honour, judgment, and much kindly consideration, during the latter years of Edward's reign, appears to have given a sanction to the son of Godwin far more valid and reasonable than the unsupported allegation of the Duke of Normandy could boast. Lord Lyttleton's record of this young prince's character ~~would~~ lead us to infer that he was the darling of the people; and that the whole of his conduct, during the short period of nine months of sovereignty, justified the high opinion they held of him. I think, therefore, the generality of British travellers, whose acquaintance with the history of their own country may qualify them to weigh the respective claims of the Conqueror and the Conquered, will always, more or less, behold with a feeling akin to regret, the defeat and death of Harold depicted in the Tapestry; and

we do not become reconciled to the Coup d'état which constituted William of Normandy King of England, till after discovering that, in its issues, the very despotism exercised by this fortunate usurper led rapidly to the consolidation of our ancient liberties, and proved a preserving revolution of which we are to this day enjoying the salutary influences : The Alpha and Omega of Invasion, it became the origin of vast and unimagined improvements, the promoter of national wealth and independence, and the basis of a monarchy which, in the fulness of time, stood inexpugnable and unscathed amid the wreck of kingdoms and the most violent convulsions of the political world.

It required all the *prestige* of Falaise, where (as Lord Byron says of the atmosphere of Cicero in the Roman Forum), "still the eloquent air breathes, burns with" William of Normandy ;—and all the *præsens numen* felt at the base of his statue, and in the chamber of his birth, to say nothing of a farewell visit to his grave in Caen, to "make it all right again" in my heart of hearts with the Conqueror, after this visit to Bayeux, where the death of Harold and of thousands of his devoted adherents, portrayed so impressively in the *worsted* heroes (I am making a sad pun) that succumbed to Normandy's overwhelming legions, created a sympathy with the slain to which I was a stranger when Royal Matilda's embroidery and my inquiring eyes became first acquainted.

Under the cases containing the Tapestry are thousands of curiosities, natural and artificial, fictile and fossil, from various parts of the province. Among these

were several pieces of armour. The fluted helmet here illustrated, measured seventeen inches from the



back of the head to the point of sight; and twenty from the same part to the throat: and it stood a foot high: and weighed twelve pounds. It will be seen that this armour is of a

date posterior, by upwards of three centuries, to the fashion of that worn at the period of the Conquest. The knights and common soldiers fought at Hastings with the face exposed, except at the nose, where the *nazal* warded off a downward cut. These complete head-pieces were for the day of the long lance in rest. The projection behind, I presume, was for the insertion of a long plume, which was led up over the crest.

There were formidable maces, clubs, battle-axes, or hatchets rather; and awful-looking weapons, that, doubtless, had been wielded in many a sanguinary conflict of the Plantagenet Wars. Dreadful as the carnage is of a general action in the present era, I conceive there must have been more ghastly wounding and mangling in the days of armour, sword and javelin, spear, mace, and axe, than in powder-and-ball warfare; and the torture of a wounded knight, incapable of getting rid of his coat of mail and casque, must have been conceivably agonizing.

What must the wearer of the helmet here illustrated have felt when that ungentle appeal was made to his cranium which is here immortalized !

But I now quit Bayeux and all further talk of battles ; and must request my reader to return with me to Caen, and try to dissipate the recollections of the fate of buried Harold in the fête of a living and reigning Emperor.

CHAPTER XII.

CAEN.

BEING wide awake at “Gunfire,” on the morning of Tuesday, the 15th of August, and on the watch for every novel sound that should inaugurate the Jour de Fête, I heard the “salvoes of artillery,” the salute of twenty-one guns, according to order,—and, also, the tolling of a certain number of bells; but, as the majority of my readers probably know, Bell-Ringing in England and Bell-Ringing in France are widely different performances. The largest bells in each tower are tolled; in somewhat quicker time, perhaps, than when they are employed for any purpose connected with the service or ceremonies of the Church,—but, still, without any the slightest approach to what we understand by the words, “Ringing of the Bells.” Peals are unknown upon the Continent; and he who crosses the Straits of Dover will not hear a triple-bob-major again till his return to “The Ringing Island,” as Britain was called, even before the Conquest, by the wondering foreigners who first heard the marvellous music of our Church towers. We now wonder, in our turn, at the beautiful harmony of the Carillons, or Chiming bells, in Continental cities,—in Antwerp, especially, where the steeples are resonant day and night. I conceive the immensè size of the bells of

large churches abroad precluded any attempt to poise them as we do, to subject them to the wheel movements. Edward III., some years after the memorable battle of Crecy, erected a tower in the Little Sanctuary at Westminster, to contain three ponderous bells for St. Stephen's Chapel, the largest of which displayed at its verge these words, cast in the metal :

“ King Edwarde made mee thirtie thousande and three,
Take mee downe and wey mee, and more you shall fynde
mee.”

This face of brass, however, was confronted about two centuries afterwards by an anonymous scribbler, who wrote on the framework under it, with a piece of charcoal, the words,

“ But Henry the Eight
Will bait me of my weight.”

This was in allusion to the King having gambled away these bells to Sir Miles Partridge, who, having won them at a cast of dice, erected them in a small tower near St. Paul's School.

The Etonians are hardly aware, perhaps, that the bells of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, which were sold, towards the close of the last century, to Phelps the founder at Whitechapel (who melted them down), were brought over by Henry V. among the spoils taken in France after the battle of Agincourt. The Westminster bell, however, was outdone by the “ George of Amboise,” a fragment of which I saw in 1847, at Rouen, where it once hung in the Cathedral tower. This bell weighed 35,000 pounds, and bore

an inscription laying claim, like the vaunting monster already mentioned, to still more :

“ Je suis George d’Amboise,
 Qui trente cinque mille pois,
 Mais lui qui me pesera,
 Trente six mille me trouvera.”

These, however, are mere muffin bells compared with that in the Kremlin, which weighs 432,000 pounds !*

My readers will excuse a “ A Man of Kent,” with a life interest in a beautiful peal of Eight, for this episode on performers whose iron tongues and brazen mouths were employed before the days of Zechariah,† and have been subsequently pressed into services of startling variety :—witness the old inscription,

“ Funera plango, Fulgura frango, Sabbata pango,
 Excito lentos, dissipò ventos, Paco cruentos.”

[I mourn at funerals, I break thunder-clouds, I order the Sabbath, I drive on the slow-paced, I disperse winds, I cry “ Peace ” to the blood-thirsty.]

And here I may pause to mention the original cause of more money being paid to the Sextons in towns and villages where there were peals, for tolling the *great* bell, on occasion of the Passing Rite, than for tolling the smaller. The compensation was not so much with reference to the additional labour of raising the bell, as to the benefit supposed to be conferred on the departing soul. That learned French Benedictine, Jean Mabillon, who wrote about the middle of the seventeenth century on ecclesiastical antiquities and diplomatics, explains this term,

* St. Paul’s Bell in London weighs between 11,000 and 12,000 pounds, and is nine feet in diameter. The Moscow Bell is 21 feet in diameter, and is 19 feet high !

† Zechariah xiv. 20.

“Passing,” as referrible to the pious obligation laid on Christian neighbours to pray for the soul passing into eternity. *We* cause the bell to be tolled *after* that solemn departure. The Romanists, however, used to hold, among other tenets, that evil spirits stood at the bed’s foot, and lingered about the house of the dying, either to seize their prey, or, at least, to terrify and molest the soul on its passage: but, by the ringing of the bell (for Durandus* affirms that evil spirits are greatly afraid of bells), they were kept aloof; and the soul, like a hunted animal, got what sportsmen call, *law*! Now, the great bell being so much louder, the spirits were obliged to go very much farther off to be clear of the sound; by which the harassed soul got so much the wider start; which was *one* advantage to be charged for: and, moreover, the sound of the great bell being heard across a much wider extent of country, the passing soul obtained a proportionately larger number of intercessory prayers: which was *another* valuable consideration enhancing the fee. I was not aware of this ancient myth and most plausible theory when, upon entering into my Incumbency some seventeen years since, I enjoined the Parish clerk to make a point of tolling the largest bell for all, without exception or difference. Up to

* Wynkyn de Worde, in “The Golden Legende,” says, “It is asserted the evill spirytes that ben in the regyon of thayre, doubte moche when they here the belles rongen: and this is the cause why the belles ben rongen whan it thondreth, and whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the endo that the feinds and wycked spirytes shold be abashed and flee, and cease of the movynge of tempeste.”— See also Scheible’s KLOSTER vi. 776.

that date there had been fanciful distinctions enough. But I now perceive how my Romish predecessors, as far back as the eleventh century, might have ingratiated themselves with their people by such a standing rule, and kept the most encroaching and malignant of fiends of their own imagination at a mile's length from every moribund Christian in the parish.

St. Peter's bell rang with redoubled vigour at half-past nine and ten o'clock, to summon the faithful to High Mass and extraordinary Ceremonial within the walls of that most beautiful temple. This is the Church whose elegant spire points heavenward (at the height of 242 feet) in nearly the centre of the City which it began to adorn in the year 1308:—but its choir and richest decorations were not completed till the early part of the sixteenth century. The spire is one of those master-pieces of masonry which abound in Normandy; and, though near four centuries and a half old, appears as solid and compact in every inch of its marvellous structure as if finished last year. After many an hour's contemplation of the exterior, I called at the house of the Sacristan, to procure the keys of the tower; but, failing to find that functionary, I took an opportunity of introducing myself to the Incumbent himself, who very obligingly sent me up the stairs with one of his curates. After winding our way up the dark and narrow flight, and opening three massive doors, we stepped on to some loose boards, forming a floor over the five bells. It may appear extraordinary [but what is commonly termed "nervousness" is altogether foreign to my nature], that at the first glance upwards into this wonderful

hollow cone, I felt myself incapable of speaking to my guide:—Admiration and Astonishment struck me dumb. There was a clear space,—not even a bar or wire intervening between me and the apex, in which the *copper cross* was fixed, surmounted by a cock. I estimated its height at about 100 feet. The daylight enters freely, to within twenty-five feet or thereabouts of the top—through the quatrefoils [in point of fact, *septfoils*] by which its eight sides are pierced; and this enables one to distinguish with accuracy the whole of the stone-work from its base (which I ascertained by measurement to be 120 feet in circumference) up to the pinnacle. The stones thus built up in beauty are barely five inches in thickness; and the eight sides of the interior, resembling (to use a very commonplace but expressive comparison) the inside of some vast extinguisher, are perfectly smooth, without projection of any kind. At intervals of ten feet, immediately above each quatrefoil, I observed the head of a strong iron cramp, with nut and screw. These had been inserted at the time of the original construction; but I looked in vain for any appearance of the damage it was only too probable might have been done by cannon-shot in the year 1563, when the artillerymen besieged in the Castle returned the fire of Admiral Coligny's sharpshooters, posted on this Church tower with arquebuses, or rampart-muskets,—who, from the elevation thus gained, did considerable execution. Several cannon-balls hit the tower, and made a breach in it which was not repaired until the middle of the next century.

This spire has always been considered one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture:—The elegance of its proportions, the light and airy effect of every single detail, the clustering bell-turrets, the damaskened facings, or embossed and diaper-worked stone, and the étoiles à jour (the quatrefoil openings already mentioned), and the decorated crockets, compose a *tout ensemble* which neither Salisbury nor Bayeux Cathedral, nor St. Mary's (Oxford), nor St. Mary's (Cheltenham), nor Almondsbury Church (Gloucestershire), exhibit. I observed that the stonework, inside, did not begin to slant till at the height of twenty feet from the base of the spire. The exterior incrusts it, as it were, with the incipient inclination, up to this point; and received strength from the perpendicular octagonal thickness within, and from eight piers, one in each angle, which "travelled" upwards to the height of thirty-six feet, having stone ties, at intervals of eight feet, connecting the exterior stone with the inner: so that the base of this beautiful structure constitutes a secondary tower in itself, comprehending eight "clochets," or bell-turrets, of exquisite form, which cluster around it to the height of upwards of five-and-thirty feet, before it soars by itself into air. A very elegant open-faced parapet runs all round, the view from which is delightful. Seen from this eminence, the city of Caen and its environs reminded me of Milan. The extent of the panorama is considerable, and my clerical guide showed me the heights above Havre. Every section of the town lay disclosed to the eye, and in this bird's-eye survey

I perceived objects of interest which no exploration below would have discovered in localities where many an ancient and picturesque building was parted from adjoining premises by a lanc hardly six feet wide. Thus I became acquainted with some of those extraordinary slated roofs of houses, not above ten feet wide, carried up to a height of upwards of fifty feet from the wall-plate,—and seemingly liable to topple over in the first gale of wind, but known to endure for centuries. The prospect of churches, castles, palaces, towers, gardens, bridges, shipping, and distant trees and meadows, rivers, hills, and cultivated plains, from Ardennes to Allemagne, and where the “stubble-fields at Harvest-homes” shone bright as burnished gold, and the verdure of boundless pastures like emeralds,—was a rich recompense for the peril I encountered among the loose planks of the flooring, one of which would have tilted up and precipitated me though a depth of fifty feet, but for a ponderous piece of stone which happened to detain it at one end, and providentially rescued me from a fatal introduction to the bells to which I adverted in the beginning of this chapter. With the recollection of my poor schoolfellow Basevi's fate,* I walked warily enough after this stumble; and soon found myself safe and sound on terra firma, where, as in duty bound, I complimented the obliging divine who had accompanied me, on his beautiful Church; inwardly regretting I had not enjoyed the

* This eminent Architect, who designed the Fitz-William Museum, in Cambridge, was killed a few years since by missing his footing in a cathedral tower.

advantage of making my inspection in company with some one rather more conversant with the arcana of mediæval architecture, and St. Peter's Church in particular, than he had proved to be; for in this respect, poor man! he was scarcely more enlightened than the hero consigned to such unenviable immortality in page 79 of this volume. I learned, afterwards, that the late lamented Mr. Pugin made several visits to this Spire, and more than once brought up with him above twelve young gentlemen, studying Architecture under his able guidance, to examine all its excellences. It seems he used to make tours with pupils, in Normandy, for the express purpose of forming taste upon an early acquaintance with the chef-d'œuvres in Church Architecture with which that beautiful province abounds; and I can hardly imagine a higher gratification than this survey of the finest district in France combined with such an initiation in the most practical and elegant of sciences.

But it is time to enter the Interior of Saint Pierre de Caen; not that I had much time to spare this forenoon, as the great attraction of the day was the Military Mass to be solemnized at St. Stephen's.

The Organist was in great force to-day. The vast instrument at which he presided opened, soon after the commencement of the "fonctions," with an air very much resembling Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The mighty diapasons first filled the entire temple with jubilant and awakening melody, and then the pedal movements and reed pipes breathed their gentler sweetness, till, whether one paced the aisles or lingered among the eminently beautiful chapels that surround the Choir, the volume of rising

and falling concord^s rolled in continuous grandeur, or murmured with thrilling sweetness. The very air, perfumed, as it was, with frankincense, seemed to have become, also, an atmosphere of sacred harmony; as if Music, the handmaid of Religion, had been only thus diffused that its influences might attune each voice for sacred song, and every heart for the praise and glorification, of God. It was a wonderful performance, and appeared to affect and, if I may so express myself, to rule the mind of the dense multitude of two thousand persons, whose silent reverence of the consecrated place, and devout demeanour, accorded strictly with the solemnity of the Anthems and Hosannas which the marvellous instrument accompanied; and the "Gloria in excelsis" I heard on this occasion was as finely sung as ever I had heard it in the Cathedral at Rome.

The principal Verger appeared *en grande tenue*, and looked as if he had come out of Queen Matilda's groups in the Tapestry at Bayeux. He wore a light purple robe overlaid with a considerable quantity of scarlet capes, lappets, cuffs, and borderings; and a scarlet hexagonal cap, surmounted by a dark purple knob; and in his right hand grasped a long truncheon of ebony, richly embossed and decorated with gold, twice the length of a field-marshal's baton: In his left hand he bore a crimson velvet bag, with golden border and tassels. This costume was as ancient, I should say, as the early part of the fourteenth century. As for my old acquaintance the Suisse, he had outdone all former outdoings, and was quite overpowering. His moustaches had been suffered to grow unclipped up to the day of the Fête:

just as our gardeners would reserve asparagus in the beds for a coming dinner party. Malvolio, cross-gartered and yellow stockinged, could not have strutted with such an air of self-complacency and satisfaction. He was habited from the nape of his neck to his ankles in a scarlet kerseymere full-dress Court suit, surmounted by a huge cocked hat in which waved three or four towering white feathers; and his halberd rang upon the pavement, as he cleared a way and made a lane for the procession, with a clang which threatened annihilation in toe-toe to any foot, right and left, projecting beyond the line he was marking out. The appearance of his deep red legs, as they emerged from a dense throng of the *profanum vulgus*, was like that of Zamiel in the Freischutz; and I can hardly imagine a more appropriate dressing for any Incantation Scene than the one adopted, by ancient usage, for the attire of the redoubtable Church Serjeant at this day's ceremonial.

PASSING from the ridiculous to the sublime, it was very gratifying to mark the profound devotion with which a very large proportion of the Congregation kept their eyes fixed (the higher classes on their books, the lower on the pavement) during the more solemn portions of the Service. With or without understanding, they sang praises; whether to Mary or to Jesus, they offered up prayer;—the prayer of *their* faith and creed, and the language, it might be, of their heart, as well as of their Breviary; “in all things,” possibly, “too superstitious”: still there was canonical obedience and cheerful conformity. They who kneel upon bare stone for a quarter of an hour,

without rising, must be regarded as something superior to mere formalists; and the earnest worshipper who sits and kneels, by turns, through two hours, on a coarse rush-bottomed chair, and pays for that chair (perhaps for two such), and drops a piece of money, at every service, into that red velvet bag above mentioned, carried round for the Poor, is not to be despised as a bigot, or disparaged as one who prefers appearance to reality. I saw no one *asleep*; nor any lounging cross-legged in the snug corner of a padded and cushioned pew; nor sitting with outstretched feet, and folded arms during the most solemn periods of supplicatory prayer. As for laughing or talking, or even whispering, it was confined to the boys' and girls' schools; which, I incline to think, behave much in the same way throughout Christendom: and though there is more sound sense, solid comfort, enlightening doctrine, and consistent and “reasonable service,” in one hour of our Ritual than in twenty-four of our “erring Sister's,” I give to these Roman Catholic congregations only their bare due, in saying that so far as earnest manner, fervent adoration, endurance of personal inconvenience and positive discomfort, a manifest disposition to listen, to be taught, and to profit withal, are concerned, they may, in many an instance, put our Church's assemblies to rebuke. I speak not of the town congregations alone. I have frequently been present during the whole of the Vespers in the village churches. I have the eye of an adjutant in detecting indiscipline within the walls of a Church; and I can affirm most positively I have never, in any assembly of men and

women, girls and boys, in France, seen apples and pears, walnuts and blackberries, filberts and gingerbread, brought into the House of God;—nor the bottom of a pew, nor the pavement of an aisle, strewed with the peel of oranges or the husks of chestnuts;—nor knives or pencils busily employed in writing and carving names,—as I have all my lifetime observed in Protestant England; and, while "there is utterly a fault among you" such as this, Christian brethren, I would recommend you to lay the Verger's wand very gently on those who, without one-tenth of the inestimable privileges *we* enjoy in using the Liturgy of the Reformation,—as hearers, readers, and possessors of the whole Word of God, and members of a Church that scorns to handle that Word deceitfully,—at any rate comport themselves within the walls of the House of God in a manner that can give none offence; and refrain from indecencies, and acts of slight and indifference, which are as revolting to witness as they are perilous to commit.

THERE had been an announcement from Monsieur Tonnet, the Prefect of Caen, respecting the Fête of the Emperor to be celebrated on this day, the 15th of August, framed, as I said, in much the same terms with those employed by his fellow-governor at Bayeux; and my own notions of Kings' Birthdays had led me to expect a showy display of flags and banners from the principal houses, whether shops or private residences, of the inhabitants who might have it in their power to act upon the official Placard to "pavoiser" their dwellings:—the word denoting this exhibition of good citizenship and loyalty. However,

up to midday there were but a few colours flying in the principal streets, Rue St. Jean (where our Hôtel d'Angleterre had hoisted the tricolor soon after the guns fired) and Rue St. Pierre, leading towards St. Stephen's. As to any framework on house-fronts, in wood; or metal tubing,—for oil lamps or gas-jets,—or any artificers

“ With busy hammer closing rivets up,”

for a successful illumination at night, there were none, except at the Town Hall, the Prefect's Palace, and one or two other Government offices, where some hundreds of little lamps, and nearly as many pots of grease with wicks, were in course of preparation. No gas was employed. Monsieur le Préfet's Chinese ‘flare up’ was like the Feast of Lanterns in Canton. The number of these transparent lamp-cases, red, blue, white, yellow, and green, interspersed with the flags of France, England, and Turkey, unfurled from Venetian masts, at his spacious residence, would have done him credit in the heart of the Celestial Empire.

However, as I strolled through the town at night, and took a survey of the illumination, so far as it went, I need not anticipate, but proceed towards King William's Street, on my way to the Abbey. Midway, in the quarter of Notre Dame, I fell in with the 69th Regiment of the Line, whose colonel and staff had taken up their quarters three days previous at Bayeux; as my straitened accommodation in “The Luxembourg” caused me very particularly to remember. Foremost, in the advanced guard, marched one of the Vivandières, a handsome, dashing, young, soldierlike

girl, who looked as if she would serve out ball-cartridge with as much *empressement* as she would manifest in supplying a whole corps with brandy, tobacco, cakes, or coffee. In all probability this youthful Amazon had marched twenty miles since four o'clock. I met her at a quarter past twelve. The band were not "winded" by their journey; for they played a march very beautifully, though their uniforms, instruments, and faces, were powdered with dust. I should think a full-sized ophicleide must prove "a handful," as the Kentish women say, on a sever-leagues' march; and I would rather have two children, or a small old woman, to carry, than a double drum, though, certainly, it makes no noise, and never proves fractious or *exigeant* on a journey.



On arriving at St. Stephen's I found a regiment drawn up in the Square, or large arca, opposite the Western Portal; and heard the music of an approaching band at the head of another corps that had defiled out of the square of St. Sauveur, between St. Stephen's and the Castle. The National Guards of France were very judiciously disbanded some time since, by the reigning Emperor; but the Brigade of Sapeurs Pompiers, literally Firemen [with brass helmets as large as our old well-known Waterloo Coalscuttles], serve as a military force as well as a most effective body of men, trained to every depart-

ment of the perilous duty devolving on them whenever a conflagration requires their presence. They are attired in complete soldiers' uniform—dark blue, red facings, and gold lace; and reminded me somewhat of the Bombardiers I remember on our coasts during the long war. The uniform of their officers is simply elegant, and among them I distinguished several very gentlemanly, handsome men. These wear a small brazen casque of more classical form than that I have just mentioned, and, which, in all probability, was constructed with a view to protect the head and shoulders from mortal injury by the fall of bricks, stones, or lead from a burning mass of buildings. These men receive not any military pay. The Government or Municipality provide arms, and a certain allowance for the uniforms; and the handsome compensation in money which they obtain on all occasions of their attendance where a fire breaks out, and their services are needful towards extinguishing the flames, or preserving order in the street, proves sufficient salary for the appointment they hold. They are of the better class, and resemble, in general aspect and demeanour, the old National Guard. The pioneers attached to each regiment of the Line are Sapeurs, but not Pompiers. The Sapeurs Pompiers are a force available for all the purposes of pioneers' and firemen's duty; and our renowned Mr. Braidwood would feel very proud to head such a "Brigade,"—à pied ou à cheval,—in a Colonel-like uniform!

Finding the crowd rapidly increasing, I entered the Church, and, at a glance, perceived I should gain the best view of all that was likely to be done below, in

the nave and choir, by ascending the North gallery, which, after paying three halfpence, at a slight barrier temporarily erected for the purpose; on the upper landing-place, I succeeded in reaching; and there falling in with two students of the Lycée, about two-and-twenty years of age, who were leaning over the parapet and looking down from the dizzy height, to witness the spectacle, I availed myself of their courtesy in answering my repeated queries, to gain a perfect acquaintance with the whole ceremony.

My position, on high, was nearly facing the pulpit. The great Western Portal Entry, and the Organ above it, on my right; and the Choir on my left.

At twenty minutes to one o'clock there were assembled, under the gallery where I stood, a regiment of Carabineers.

Opposite, under the South Gallery, in the aisle, about one hundred troopers from the Dépôt of Hussar, Dragoon, and Lancer regiments. A space was reserved on the steps of the Grille or iron trellis gates, parting the Choir from the Nave, for fourteen drummers: twelve of the 41st Regiment, and two of the Sapeur-Pompier brigade. When, subsequently, they took up that station, they stood within four yards of the Commemorative Slab of Marble inscribed with the name of the Conqueror. Two Sapeurs Pompier stood at the Grille gate, as if mounting guard.

Immediately below these, Eastward of the pulpit, were drawn up ninety Sapeurs Pompier, in three files: on the other side of the pulpit, Westward, were twelve Gens d'Armes; followed up by four hundred

men of the 41st Regiment, three deep. All the Infantry carried arms with fixed bayonets.

Beyond the fourteen drummers above mentioned, and more towards the East (for they were behind the Stalls on the South side of the Choir), was stationed the band of the 41st, augmented by that of the disbanded National Guards. The musicians of that force retain their appointments, and the Commandant his commission, though the corps is extinct.

At one o'clock twelve drums, entering at the West, rolled forth the commencement of the Ceremony. They beat a slow march and advanced up the nave, to their station at the Grille, followed by sixteen interesting youths between twelve and seventeen years of age, two and two, in undress uniform, or Military College sort of costume, — the sons of soldiers in the 41st Regiment, in training for the Army. These lads were arranged in line on the South side of the Nave, opposite to the drummers. Almost immediately afterwards was heard a roll of drums outside, and three trumpeters entered, with a flourish, followed by the Prefect, and the Military Commandant of Caen, on either side of the President of the Council, who was habited in a handsome scarlet robe. This was the signal for the Band, who immediately began to play a decidedly *Operatic* piece, which, however admirably executed, seemed ill selected, considering the vast choice of Music comprised in the Masses of the great masters of Italy and Germany. Close following upon the three chief personages just mentioned, walked twenty-five members of the Imperial Court of Appeal, in their scarlet robes. Next, the

Attorney-General and Deputy Attorney-General: the Chief President and four other Presidents of the Four Chambers of the Court of Appeal: The Attorneys-General for the Departments of Calvados, La Manche, and L'Orne; followed by the Mayor and a long train of Civic functionaries from the Town Hall: The two Justices of Peace for the Town of Caen (holding their Courts at the Town Hall): The principal Members of the Courts of Law: The President and Vice President of the Board of Trade: Five Professors, from the University, of Civil Sciences: habited in black gowns bearing badges of various colours, according to the faculty over which they preside. Then the Principals of the Colleges of Medicine and Jurisprudence; followed by a throng of civilians attached to the Prefecture and Admiralty, in full Court dress. The costume of the faculty of Science was very conspicuous, — being of a warm-tinted amber, almost orange, colour. That of the Law Courts was crimson, with white fur:—and the Members of the University wore, as appendages to their black gowns, tufts of white ermine. I should say there were about two hundred and fifty individuals in the whole procession, from first to last,—not including the military who came in the rear. The whole of the civilians, with the Prefect and Staff of the Regiments, took their places in the Choir, filling it, cross benches and all, completely. The appearance of the twenty-five members of the Court of Appeal, as they sate in the stalls on the South side, with their flowing scarlet gowns, was very imposing: and the aisles and nave, thronged with soldiery and bourgeois, pre-

sented a spectacle to which the associations inseparable from the place gave a charm that those only can feel, or imagine, who enter into such scenes with that knowledge

“which instils

The stirring memory of a thousand years,”

and awakens the heart to feelings nearly akin to the sublime. There was, of course, a large gathering of the Clergy; and all the pomp of the Romish Ceremonial was brought to bear on this occasion, at the High Altar. The music, however, was, for some time, exclusively forthcoming from the large Military Band, which took up the Chant at its keynote, and “did wondrously” in the intervals of the Mass, till the warning bell in the hand of the acolyte announced the moment of Consecration: then, as the drums rolled with a crash like descending thunder, every human being, except myself, within the hallowed walls knelt in adoration;—the swords and muskets clanged upon the pavement,—the priest and the warrior, the judges and councillors, the learned and the unlearned, men, women, and children, even the least of the little ones, bent almost prostrate, and the Host was elevated. A silence reigned for several seconds—during which a glove or handkerchief let fall from the galleries would have been audible;—the chief assistant, with swinging thurible, raised a cloud of incense before the Wafer and Chalice on the Altar,—and all was still as the void sepulchre of the Conqueror in the midst of the prostrate multitude, till deacon and subdeacon, and every ecclesiastic in his appointed

station and pride of place, after one low genuflexion, resumed his standing position;—then the Military Band, whose splendid performance had been suddenly interrupted by the Choir Voices beginning to sing the “Sanctus”, preceding the Consecration, sounded a few chords of surpassing harmony, at the hearing of which the whole of that mighty congregation of from seven to eight thousand persons rose;—the Infantry shouldering arms, and immediately afterwards grounding them with a short, sharp, stunning fall, that might have been heard all across the square outside the building. The three prayers usually following the Elevation and Oblation were then offered up, the Priest proceeding with the Canon as he rested his joined hands on the edge of the altar, saying, “We humbly beseech Thee, Almighty God, that Thou wouldest command these to be carried by the hands of Thy holy angels to Thy sublime Altar before the sight of Thy divine Majesty, that all of us, who by their participation shall receive the most holy body and blood of Thy Son, may be filled with all celestial benediction and grace, through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.”

Following after a few seconds upon this, the long-expected “Te Deum” rose from a noble choir of voices: part of which were singing with the priests around the Sanctuary, part in the gallery of the vast Organ at the Western extremity of the glorious temple. The choir-organ and this larger instrument took the verses alternately, and nothing in Sacred Music could be more grand, more touching, and beautiful. It was that description of harmony

which makes the blood course with accelerated rapidity—makes beating hearts and tearful eyes in an instant of time—and brings before the mirror of the mind those images of the living and the dead, those “calling shapes” which seem, in such moments, to come, as if by summons, from earth and from under the earth, to speak to us of the present and the past, and point to the mysterious Future. There are few influences, in my opinion, that appeal to us with deeper and more soothing convictions of the Immortality of the Soul than those sounds of sacred delight which thus, from time to time, penetrate our mortal mixture of earth’s mould, and raise our thoughts and hopes to Heaven’s harmonies, while we are standing in the Almighty’s terrestrial temple.

In honour of the Emperor, the “*Domine Salvum fac Imperatorem*” was appended to the “*Te Deum*,” and unspeakably grand it was: many voices, besides the official singers, taking up the well-remembered choral strain, which, through successive dynasties, in the happier or the sadder days, by turn, of France, had undergone so many characteristic and significant mutations—

	A. D.
Domine salvum fac Regem nostrum Ludovicum.....	1643
„ „ Republicam	1793
„ „ Imperatorem nostrum Napoleonem	1804
„ „ Regem Ludovicum.....	1815
„ „ Regem Carolum.....	1824
„ „ Regem Ludovicum Philippum.....	1830
„ „ Republicam.....	1848
„ „ Imperatorem nostrum Napoleonem	1852

“Domine saluum fac Imperatorem nostrum Napoleõnem, et exaudi nos. in die in quã invocaverimus Te.”

“O LORD, preserve our Emperor Napoleon, and hear us in that day wherein we shall call upon Thee.”

At the conclusion of this invocation, the Military Band played a very fine piece, of mixed styles, Martial and Ecclesiastical, during which the Procession, under the superintendence of marshals and huissiers, or ushers of Court, was re-formed; and, on the last of the personages that walked in it quitting the Church, the troops received the word of command from their several superior officers, and marched off, followed by an immense multitude, who seemed to relish exceedingly all that had been said, sung, and done from beginning to end. As my fellow-spectators in the gallery turned about to leave it, I said to them, after many acknowledgments of their obliging communicativeness, “What would not William of Normandy have given to witness this spectacle!” “Ah, ma foi! oui, quels soldats!” “Yes,” I replied; “the very *trumpeters* would have blown him into ecstasy. He had no such buglers at Hastings.” With exception of Carl’s cornet-à-piston in the Garrison Band at Inspruck, in 1849, I had never heard a difficult and uncertain instrument so wonderfully played.

In passing along the gallery to descend the nave, I remarked how the wire connecting the striking movement of the Clock in the Croisillon with the great bell in the West tower was carried along in one continued length of one hundred and fifty feet, before it ascended at a right angle to the steeple.

Once again upon the pavement of the aisle, I confronted the Suisse, who had hung upon the skirts of the great procession, in a dress exactly resembling that of his fellow-officer at St. Peter's, except in its superior richness, for it was of scarlet Genoa velvet, and flared about like some great effigy in fireworks. A Catholic girl asked me, the same evening, at a house where I was purchasing some choice prints, whether I had been fortunate enough to see, among other "objets d'intérêt," their Policinello of St. Pierre; "parceque, pauvre homme ! il avoit été éteint par le grand Policinelle de velours à St. Etienne." One really would think that the Churchwardens had made up their minds that their "great expense henceforth" should be in Suisses, just as Mr. Samuel Pepys, in James II.'s days, made a memorandum and resolution, after seeing a tip-top peruke at Whitchall, that *his* should be, from that time forward, in periwigs !

One glance, at parting, on the Slab in the Choir terminated my morning's gratification, which, though wholly distinct, in one respect, from that which the great mass of the people appeared to derive from their participation in the highest ceremonial of their Church, had been of no ordinary character; and though it was not the first Military Mass I had witnessed — for I was present at a very imposing solemnity of the kind, in the old Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris, eight-and-thirty years before — the component parts and details of this day's proceedings had been infinitely more curious and impressive; and the *genius loci*, though nearly eight

centuries ago melted into thin air, seemed to hover, in its incorporeal essence, around us all, and to testify, as prelate and prefect, captains and counsellors, marched over his tenantless tomb,

“I WAS established in my kingdom, and excellent majesty was *added* unto me:” *

“I HAVE built an house for the name of the Lord God.” †

THE CHANGE from grave to gay was forcible indeed, which, within little more than an hour after the conclusion of the rites and ceremonies of St. Stephen’s, introduced me to another assemblage of upwards of seven thousand of the inhabitants of Caen, ranged in dense masses along the entire extent of the Basin or Wet Dock of the Port, beyond the Rue des Quais, to witness the feats that were to be performed by the several aspirants to Nautical or, perhaps I may more correctly say, Aquatic fame, in the Regatta announced as a part of the Fête-day’s entertainments. I had not been able to go to the Review of the troops on the Petit Cours;—but it was a mere inspection, and lasted but half an hour. Moreover, I had seen them all at Church, and, as I thought, to great advantage; and, now, the sight of so many of the non-military promised an agreeable interlude or after-piece; and I was not disappointed. A large Pavilion, or “Tribune,” about 160 feet wide, had been erected at the City End or Head of the Basin, in the style of our Newmarket Race Stand,—highly decorated with flags, banners, and drapery of very tasteful arrangement, and enclosing seats for three hundred and fifty

* Daniel iv. 36.

† 1 Kings viii. 20.

of the élite and others,—behind and alongside of a dais, or slightly elevated platform, for the Prefect and Town authorities.—All access to this was precluded by extensive boarding, palisades, and barriers, except for parties presenting tickets previously procured at the Mayoralty, or some other bureau of civic authority:—an arrangement of which I had not gained any intimation, but which did not operate to my hindrance and exclusion, as I was immediately permitted to enter the doorway, on stating to the municipal guard in attendance that I was not aware of the necessity of providing myself with any credentials beyond English features. In a few seconds, therefore, I found myself within the enclosure, and gazing on the thousands who had taken up their station, all standing, on either side of the long basin, with exception of a couple of hundred, who had got down upon the deck of a collier moored alongside the left quay,—and whose movements, in the course of a quarter of an hour, caused the vessel to lurch, and throw some of them overboard, in rather a perilous manner, between her side and the stone wall. The sun shone delightfully: it was about half-past three;—and the most extraordinary conceivable effect was produced by what, at first glance, was not easy to be accounted for, but which, on more attentive examination, soon explained itself. There seemed to be a light but most brilliant ultramarine tinted bloom, resting on the whole mass that lined the sides of the dock, three hundred yards in length,—and resembling, as accurately as one thing could assimilate itself to another, that peculiarly splendid blue adherent to the

cinder of a mass of Bank of England notes, say a bundle of two thousand, drawn out of the oven, in that establishment in which the old notes are consumed. The Bank-note paper, as I have been informed, is prepared with smalt, as a colouring matter,—produced by the calx of cobalt, silex, salt, and potash; and the residuum of the consumed notes gives out the exquisitely beautiful blue in profuse abundance,—delicate and bright as the plumage of the Lapis Lazuli-coloured Thrush of Africa, which may be considered one of the most splendid birds on earth. But my Reader will wonder at a parenthesis of such length, just as I was about to speak of the Regatta. N'importe! It has grown out of it! It was a phenomenon peculiar to a large crowd grouped in such a manner, and in such a light, in France. It was produced exclusively by the blouses, the clean blue frocks, of the male portion of the population here assembled. There were about four men to one woman; the colour predominated, and rested on the motionless mass like a rich bloom: the crowd seeming to be powdered with light blue. I had hardly taken my eyes from this optical illusion, as it might almost be termed, before I stood face to face with Her Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul, Peter Barrow,* successor of Charles Armstrong, who succeeded the George Brummell referred to in the former pages of this volume. The name of BARROW, at the Admiralty of England, may be regarded in the light of a convertible term, or synonym, for good and faithful

* I print my friend's name as he causes it to be printed on all his cards:—Monsieur omitted—selon l'usage du pays.

services, tried fidelity, and well-directed talents ;— and my appreciation of this enviable family repute, more than the recollections of many a mutual friend, led me, on this occasion, to form an acquaintance which grew rapidly into close companionship, and strengthened into an intimacy that has endeared Caen to my remembrance for ever. By the side of this intelligent and agreeable representative of our Country, who was in conversation, at our first greeting, with the Prefect and his immediate attendants, I saw the commencement and termination of these Water Races ; and, as I glanced at my compatriot's handsome countenance and marvellously becoming official costume, I felt perfectly content to see the English gentleman and officer so advantageously personated. All eyes were upon us, I perceived ; for the chief incident of the spectacle had reference to our nation, and, as the Newspapers afterwards stated, “ Monsieur B., Consul de sa Majesté Britannique, semblait prendre le plus vif-intérêt aux succès de ses compatriotes, pour lesquels les spectateurs faisaient aussi des vœux.” *

The proceedings were admirably ordered. Not the slightest confusion or bungling interfered with the regulations distinctly laid down by the Committee for acting on their Programme to entire satisfaction. The faculty of organising and fully developing all the means, appliances, and methods of carrying into execution their design, seems to characterise the

* “ Mr. Barrow, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, appeared to feel the liveliest interest in the success of his countrymen, who had also the spectators' best wishes.”

genius of the French. I have heard it remarked that in all matters of minute detail the ingenuity of the Germans is not easily rivalled. In classical studies, their indagatory research and laborious analysis have long since placed them in the first rank of Scholiasts; but for painstaking and successful management in the conduct of Public Ceremony, Festival, or Spectacle and Entertainment,—and, what is infinitely more momentous, of all public measures, National demonstrations, and Military or Civil expeditions,—the French have always proved themselves infinitely more expert than our Countrymen; and the same talent comes into play, even to cause a Pic-nic, a Fête champêtre, a Steeple-chase, or a Boat-race to “go off well,” that built streets and coffee-houses, jetties and landing-places, at Scutari,—established homes of positive comfort and enjoyment in the Camps of Honvault and Wimereux,—and provided the proper complement of Surgeons, Ambulances, linen rags and lint, in abundance for the Army in the Crimea, without leaving that most essential supply to be furnished from the distant Bosphorus, or from the precarious source of individual benevolence at home!* Their men in office take thought for minutiae as well as for widely comprehensive designs, and, as old Napoleon used to say, pay due regard to the “Combinations” indispensably requisite for successful action. Applying such wariness to the execution of every scheme and counsel, these sharp-witted agents overlook nothing that can contribute in any degree

* I attach no blame to the Government; but there was most culpable mismanagement *somewhere*. . . .

to complete and perfectionate the adopted design; and their vigilance, in this respect, does its work as faithfully in a little as in much. Accordingly, even for a Regatta, there had been constituted a Committee, consisting of the Mayor, as President; Monsieur Abel Vautier, member of the Corps Legislatif; Monsieur Tostain, Chief Engineer of the Department of Calvados; Monsieur Bouillie, President of the Board of Trade; Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, and a retired sea-captain or two; to whose numbers were added other members, as Judges to act in the capacity of referees, among whom were Monsieur de Castin, a Commissioner of the Navy, President Judge; M. Delaporte, Harbour-master; Messrs. Paulmier and Luard, Shipowners; Messrs. Pitian, Moran, and three others, East and West India trading Captains; Monsieur Lecorneur, Shipbuilder; and Monsieur Le Verdier, Secretary of the Mayoralty. Here was an apparatus! Three triumvirs disposed of the liberty of Rome! Three Swiss confederates liberated Switzerland!

But the Frenchmen are right. On the principle that, if a thing be worth doing at all, it had better be done well, they bring to bear upon their projects all the resources within reach, and elaborate so as to secure success. So the Mayor and his fellow Committee-men set to work, and opened an office on the Port to receive applications in the week preceding the Regatta from such Sailors as intended to compete for the prizes of successful contest on this occasion. The four first heats were to be restricted to Sailors of Calvados, whose names had been duly entered.

The first race was to be between sea-going boats of eighteen feet length and under, with four oars. The Chief Minister of the Marine Department gave, towards this, a gold medal; and the City of Caen, £6 in money. The second prize was a silver-gilt medal given by the Board of Trade; and £4 in money, by the City.

The next Race was to be between the same description of boats, two-oared; not exceeding fifteen feet in length. The City gave as a prize for the first that should come in, £2. 8s. For the second, £1. 4s. •

The Third Race, between the same description of boats, not less than twelve feet in length; sculls.—First prize, given by the City, £1. 12s. 6d. Second, 16s. 6d.

The Fourth Race, between Shore-boats (the “Pico-teux” of the River Orne, used for the conveyance of sand), fifteen feet long and upwards, and managed by one man only, himself a master sandman. First prize, given by the City, £2. Second, £1.

Between the four first heats and the three last, there was to be an Interlude, exhibiting what was called a “Course de Patins,” or skating race.

This was to be contested on a light framework, somewhat resembling one of our University skiffs cut in two, *lengthwise*; each half kept asunder, at an intermediate space of about two feet six, by two wooden ties: without sides, without bottom, without bench, or rowlock; and moveable only by means of a paddle of nearly four yards' length, which, being dipped into the water, on each side alternately, by a man standing astraddle, each foot resting on a plank, would impel this bipartite canoe at a rapid pace.

The City of Caen offered as a prize for the Competitor who should "skate" one turn round the Basin, without an upset, and arrive first out of any number of "skaters," a Work of Art of the value of £1. 4s.

The Fifth Race was to be between boats of rather uncouth "build," impelled by one oar, all the competitors to be Cabin-boys. First prize, given by the City, £1. 4s. Second, 16s. 6d. Third, 12s.

The Sixth, between four-oared Shore-boats, somewhat resembling the Deal boats, but not so wide;—of all sizes, and from any quarter, manned by seamen of any Country. First prize, given by the Board of Trade, a silver-gilt medal; and £8 in money, given by the Department of Calvados. Second prize, given by the Board of Trade, a silver-gilt medal. Third prize, given by the City, £1.

The Seventh Race, between boats not exceeding twenty-five feet in length, manned by Amateurs. First prize, by the City, a work of art of the value of £4. Second prize, a work of art of the value of £2.

Besides this, the Minister of the Marine Department offered a large silver medallion as a mark of distinction, to any shipbuilder of the Port whose boat, being entered for the Races, should be declared, upon inspection, to be superior to others in its construction, as well in its sheathing, caulking, and general neat and cleanly trim.

At the termination of the Boat Races, there was to be a trial of skill in preserving equilibrium in a walk along a well-greased mast or bowsprit, projecting horizontally over the water, from the right side of the basin. Three such masts were to be laid in order.

The three most successful candidates on each mast were to receive £1. 4s., 16s. 6d., and 8s., according to merit.

At the conclusion of the feats on the greased masts, a number of ducks were to be let loose on the water, to be hunted by swimmers, who should be entitled to keep the ducks they might succeed in catching. To be concluded with races between the swimmers.

The candidates for the Bowsprit-balance Prizes were required to appear in shirts and trousers. The swimmers, also, in the regulation bathing costume,

The Band of the Sapeurs Pompiers, stationed, in tasteful pavilions, at the entrance of the great Stand or Tribune, which was "flamboyant" with standards, flags, and bannerols, played pieces of music (Marches, Polkas, and Waltzes) between the several heats, and added much to the liveliness and spirit of the scene. There were fourteen vessels lying in the Basin, craft of various tonnage, decked gaily with colours of many nations; and the trees on the opposite side, in front of which one half of the *blue-blooming* multitude had stationed themselves, five or six deep, formed likewise a most agreeable feature. A few ordinary carriages were drawn up on the skirts of the crowd; but the *Company* were exclusively within the Pavilion where I observed several of the Military, looking stylish enough; and the Mayor and principal authorities and officials in court dress,—not on account of the Regatta, but because they were come so recently from St. Stephen's,—and thought reasonably enough, that to appear thus *en grande tenue*,

in the circle surrounding the Prefect, would add éclat to the Fête of the Emperor, of which the Regatta, after the old Roman fashion of Naumachia, would form a part of the honorary Games. Hence the public appearance of our Consul in the uniform of his office,—very closely resembling that of our Royal Navy, and looking *delightfully English*. I cannot say there was a blaze of beauty within the enclosure. Au contraire, the dearth of handsome features was remarkable; and it was to be presumed the *belles* of Caen had feared the Races would prove rather “slow,” and determined to let things take their course without them. I have already remarked how considerably the male exceeded the female portion of the spectators.

“Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were Man? A World without a Sun!”

However, the world on this occasion looked bright enough; and the candidates—not so much caring for any Queen of Beauty to place the garland of victory upon their brows, as for a beckon from the Committee of Management to come and receive the medal and the money—addressed themselves to the business of the day with all alacrity.

The signal-giving pistols having been discharged, ten boats started: but the sport lay between four. A black boat, with red streak at her gunwales, had a sharp struggle with a bright, unpainted, but varnished oak boat. A green one, white gunwale, and scarlet planking below waist, contended triumphantly with a white boat, green gunwale, and having a small figure-head. The varnished oak boat displayed a great deal

of brass mounting and “finical” ornament about her rowlocks, which, I thought, looked un-nautical; but her men did their work well. The boats were heavy and lumbering enough; but it ought to be taken into consideration that they had not been built for *show*, but for *sea*; and, indeed, the main object of the Town Council and Commissioners of the Port, on occasions of this kind, is to give a stimulus to maritime pursuits, and, by encouraging in as liberal a manner as possible every laudable endeavour to gain proficiency in the management of the oar and of the *muscles*, to train up a body of men and youths to every and any department of the Marine.

I will not incur the hazard of wearying my readers by placing here on record the entries of each particular boat’s arrival at the goal, as it would occupy the greater part of two pages. Those, however, who may feel interested enough in the Programme already given, to wish to learn how the Candidates in the five first Races acquitted themselves, may form some idea of the average dexterity of the Norman waterman from the following extract:

	Min.	Sec.
RACE I.—The Chief Winner went over his watery		
course in	6	35
The last boat that was “placed”	8	10
II.—The best in this reached the winning-place	7	26
The last	9	4
III.—The best	8	29
The last	9	42
IV.—The best	8	29
The last	10	22
V.—The best	12	12
The last	13	0

The Frenchmen, on this occasion, took no thought for any appropriate costume, as "the Jolly Young Watermen" would have done in England. Each man rowed or paddled about in his every-day clothes, which, as may be supposed, gave a very ordinary appearance to the whole party;—seeing they were all so immediately under the eye. (The Basin is not above 160 feet in width.) The steersman of the green boat already mentioned was habited à la Mameluque—the least appropriate dress, perhaps, out of all the costumes, in Europe or Asia, that he could have chosen; and the Stroke-oar wore on his head a velvet racing cap! as if he were just arrived from Epsom or Ascot. The Genius of the Isis whispered in my mind's ear, "What would these worthy Caenites say, if they could but see our old Brasenose College Eight-oar Crew, 'neat and trimly dress'd' (as when we headed the river), take their boat once down and up again, in three minutes and a half!"

At the end of the fifth race, which was between the Cabin-boys, each using one scull at the end of the boat, a temporary sensation was occasioned by a tipsy man jumping, fully attired, into the water. He was picked up by one of the boats, and sent up the basin-side again by a ladder, to get dry as he could, after having asked everybody around him whither he was going to?—as others have asked before him.

"Quò me, Bacche rapis tui plenum?"*

There was a false start for the "Patins" or water-

* "Whither art thou dragging me, O Bacchus! filled as I am with drink of thine?"—Horace. Od. III. 25.

skating (a representation of which is here annexed) ; but, on a second signal, three of these extraordinary frames, or whatever we may call them—(they were anything but *boats* !)—set off in very creditable style ;



all of us, nevertheless, anticipating a tumble into the water on the part of two, at least, out of the three competitors: but that better part of Valour, Discretion (auctore Falstaff), prevailed very soon on the sedulous minds of the inexpert rivals of Pierre Sabine, who, as I learned from Mr. Vice-Consul, was the chief originator of this pastime on the water; and they gave in, after paddling along, like natives of the South Sea Islands in European habiliments; and he accomplished the six hundred yards in eight minutes and nine seconds. It was a very dangerous exploit: as any undue weight thrown on one of the two sides would have lifted the other out of the water, and capsized the man, who would have found his paddle only an encumbrance, at such a moment; but I can imagine an active man, *au fait* in the management of this *quasi* “catamaran” (as the Madras surf-boats are called), contriving to get through shallows, and even through a very consider-

able swell of salt water, where a sea-boat could not live.

A Boatbuilder of the name of Marchand Blaché won the Medallion Prize for the best built and fitted boat on the water, in the current year.

The Exhibition of the Amateurs who took the next turn was, as may be supposed after all I have said about personal appearances and commonplace equipments, rather "shady," and such as one might have anticipated from a population whose young men had neither a river to practise upon, nor good models to imitate. Few of the candidates, however, for the Works of Art Prizes, were under thirty years of age. The boats were twenty-five feet long, rowed by four men each. Four started, and three were thus placed: I., 5 min. 37 sec.; II., 5 min. 43 sec.; III., 9 min. 7 sec.

Lastly, came off the only really excellent Race of the day: between four-oared shore-boats, "of all sizes and from any quarter."

The contest lay between a crew composed of four Prussian, Norwegian, and Danish or Swedish sailors, and four Captains of English trading vessels. The Consul observed to me that the Chaloupe which the four Northmen had brought into the Basin ought not to be allowed to start. It was so shallow that the men could hardly arrange their feet, and ducked up and down like a winnowing sieve upon the water; whereas the four Englishmen's boat was a thorough sea-going boat, weighing six of the other, and could hardly be expected to have a chance.

Mr. Barrow, knowing there would be a race be-

tween the Englishmen and some foreign crew, had thoughtfully provided them with the well-known glazed black hats, with a blue riband, and the words "L'ALLIANCE," in gilt letters, on them. My readers may imagine how seaman-like the fresh-coloured, hearty, handsome fellows looked, and what thews and sinews,—“every inch” British flesh and blood,—lay within their blue jackets and trousers. His own servant did duty as Steersman; a young man of two-and-twenty, named Sutton, who was a native of Devizes. He had mostly lived at St. Austin's, in Cornwall, and had been shipwrecked on the North coast of France, and cast ashore, an orphan, in a forlorn condition, which moved our Consul's compassion, and led almost immediately to the adoption of the youth into his service, to their mutual advantage; for he spoke of him in the highest terms of commendation; and a glance at the young fellow's open countenance was sufficient to confirm such eulogy. He had lived some time with him, and enjoyed and merited much of his confidence. The enthusiasm of the whole multitude, “gentle and simple,” within the Pavilions,—aboard the merchant vessels, and among the densely packed masses on the Basin-sides, amounting, at this moment of increased curiosity and excitement, to ten thousand individuals,—trifled (oh! how gratefully!) the *prestige* attaching to the bare mention of ENGLAND in the Lists of this aquatic tourney; and, as each captain stepped into the boat, shout followed shout, as if they had been the leading personages of a Triumphant procession,—not the hardy weather-beaten-

commanders of Colliers and Coasting Cutters. The Northmen, as was anticipated, almost immediately got the lead. There was no rudder to their chaloupe. It had never had one! and a condition was made that their steersman, a long stalwart Prussian, nearly six feet two inches high, should be allowed to substitute a scull oar for a rudder, by working it between two large nails driven in at the stern where the tiller should have appeared. With what amount of foul play the hammer had done its work, at this point, will be seen in the sequel.

The foreigners seemed for a few seconds to be going in to win, as if left to walk over the course; but before they had proceeded sixty yards our boat was alongside, and the acclamations of the people rose like the voice of a whole army shouting to the battle: the men and boys waved their hats, the women clapped their hands and flourished their handkerchiefs, and away shot the Northmen's boat, keeping the right, and again leading for fifty yards, during which interval one could almost see between keel and water;—the shallow boat resembling a dinner-tray being punted over the liquid surface, while the Englishmen were toiling with a boat requiring six oars, if engaged on service demanding extraordinary speed. But another general shout announced some new advantage gained by our men, on whose behalf, it was singular to observe, the universal sympathy seemed to be exclusively awakened;—and to our great delight we saw them taking the lead at the return point. From that moment the din became deafening. The populace screamed,

roared, stamped, and raved (I verily believed some of them cried outright)—the French never *hurra*—and though I was familiar with the Oxford “Boat Nights,” and had pulled No. 7 from Newnham, and heard the stunning “Now, Christ Church! Now Brasenose!” till the amazed welkin seem to be filled with one only sound of rabid exultation, I may truly say the Neustrian voice is still ringing in my ears as I record the most astounding welcome I ever heard given to contending prowess. As for the British Consul, he wore that expression of countenance which Hardy saw in Nelson’s features as he beheld Collingwood leading his ships into action at Trafalgar:—and I certainly felt five-and-thirty years younger, for the moment, as I heard the French officers behind me exclaiming “Regardez ces braves Anglois! Quel *cœur!*” (what *pluck!*); and it was in turning about, to see what the Prefect and Mayor might appear to think of the British performances, in the day’s pageant, that I missed the critical moment of the two boats passing under the “taut” hawser, which, amid the deafening roar of ten thousand united voices, was done so simultaneously that, but for this timely sight-line, it would have been almost impossible to decide where the disadvantage lay. *We* thought the victory was ours. The Northmen came in nine feet ahead. “*Palmam qui meruit ferat*”—but a cry or two from the head of the quay removed the “meruit” from that well-known motto. It was shown, by the indignant stroke-oar and his comrades of the British Boat, that the Steersman of their antagonists had been “no

steersman at all, *but a fifth rower*:" the nails above mentioned had been set up, not in the direct centre of the stern, but at six and nine inches beyond it, so as to admit of an impulsive, not a merely governing, action of the oar in the three inches left between the two nails. I examined the boat, and gained ocular evidence of the fact. This was immediately represented to the Committee, and the decision, at one word from our Consul, would have decreed it "No Race," but for his reluctance to interrupt the harmony of the scene by subjecting the "Nordstiernen" (North Star) to so public an exposure as the expulsion, or, at least, re-fitting of their tricky boat, who,

"With her prepared nails," *

had thus snatched the chief prize from those who virtually had won it for their own. Moreover, the ten thousand heartfelt salutations of "Vive l'Alliance!" (the motto on the Englishmen's hats), which had caused the very leaves of the trees that waved above them, and the flags that fluttered in the summer breeze, to vibrate and join in the welcome, proved far too rich a remuneration, in the minds of all,—our gallant crew, especially,—to render any second trial necessary, or even consistent. As a Cambridge man would have said, It was only like the Senior Wrangler being placed as Second Smith's prizeman.† The glory of the day set upon the "ÆOLUS."

The Cacán Newspaper observed, a day or two after-

* Shakspeare.—*Anthony and Cleopatra*, act 4, sc. 10th.

† As in five cases between A.D. 1804—39.

wards, "Les prix ont été, en général, bien disputés, mais la lutte la plus ardente a été, sans contredit, celle qui s'est engagée entre le Nordstiernen (Norwégien) et l'Æolus (équipage Anglais)."

Earl, on behalf of the British, challenged Nielsen, the steersman of the "North Star," to exchange boats,—and to race the Northmen in their own shallow craft (it was a very appropriate term!), without rudder or oar; or to have a regular rudder adapted, and let them retain their boat, and use the rudder: but this was declined. I was among the two crews when the offer was made. The Englishman said his comrades knew perfectly well what could be done with an oar astern; for they had seen the Hartlepool Cobble Boatmen accomplish long distances, and make way through waters of difficult navigation, without any rudder: but had he been apprized,

"When he th' ambitious Norway combated,"

of the "dodge" by which these Northmen were going to "sell" him and his brother candidates, he would have had their craft overhauled by the Regatta Committee, and all made fair and above board, before either gave stroke.

It is gratifying to be able to add that there was not the slightest ebullition of ill humour on this occasion, however trying the incident was to even the most equable temper. Our countrymen seemed to vie with the light-hearted foreigners around them in the maintenance of the *entente cordiale*; and the general impression was that *they* were the actual winners, and had, by their good-natured acquies-

cence and generous forbearance, rendered the second prize infinitely more honourable than the first. So ended the Regatta. I shall not enlarge this already lengthened Chapter by entering upon an account of the greased-pole performances, duck-hunting, and swimming feats; as these are amusements too common in England to awaken any interest when reported as forming a part of any foreign Entertainment. There were, of course, falls innumerable; and the people became weary of shouting and roaring: and when the ducks began to cut away, across the basin, from their pursuers, and dive and double, and now and then give the swimmers' noses a tweak with their bills, the screams of ecstatic delight might have been heard at the Abbaye aux Dames, and Laughter, holding both his sides, seemed in peril of following bird and boy into the water. Having made my bow, I went home to dinner; and at night employed an hour in search of Illuminations; but I have described all I found, already: one only excepted, which I shall best commemorate here by translating the French Journalist's mention of it, in the newspaper of the week, alluding to the Fête I have been describing:

“Among other, we may particularize the illuminated transparency at the Residence of Monsieur Barrow, the English Consul, on which the eye of the spectator might read, written in characters of fire, that noble and generous sentiment which constitutes, in fact, the mutual hope and prayer of the two greatest Nations of the World, and the pledge of Peace in Europe—“VIVE L'ALLIANCE!”

CHAPTER XIII.

CAEN.

THREE weeks of the month of August had sped before the day arrived which was to witness my departure from Caen.

Very cursory is the view I have taken of this ancient and most interesting city; but the adopted title of the Volume in my Reader's hands implies a desultory survey of men and things, *en voyage*; and if the fact be kept in mind that I was only in residence during ten days, two of which were Sundays, and one and a half were set apart for Corseculles and Bayeux, it will appear that, however loosely and irregularly I roved (for this is Johnson's definition of Rambling), I was not an Idler. "Early to bed and early to rise," was a home-taught maxim indispensable towards the completion of the labour I delighted in; and my principal object in sitting down to mine host's wearisome dinners at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, so early as five o'clock in the day, was that I might secure three hours' walking before bedtime. It was a triste and stupid meal, that Table d'Hôte affair! I used to term it the Feast of Ounces: a refection furnished in infinitesimal portions, or aliquot parts of very excellent dishes, which appeased, without gratifying, the appetite of a healthy, hungry man,

and exercised, I doubt not, a very moral and chastening effect in the long pauses and short commons on which we ducubrated between the broth [nothing shall induce me to call it soup] and the peaches and mulberries:—I was about to write Melon; but, as most of my readers know, in France they eat melon as the next dish but one following that meagre and enervating liquid called *potage*. One hour and a half's *sederunt* in these Salles à manger, in an August afternoon, used to remind me of Polonius's supper :

“Not where he eats, but where he is eaten ;”

for the “politick” flies were so much more *piquants* than anything else at table, that one would have supposed they considered each guest to have been fattened, or to be in progress of fattening, for their special *gusto* and entertainment. It was also very annoying to be compelled to sit through the charivari of two trombones and a horn, that daily blew their blast just opposite to the windows: an irritation of the nervous system tending greatly to Indigestion. These were occasionally followed up by the performance of a very aged man on a hurdy-gurdy, which was equally exasperating; though Pity would mingle with wrath to behold so old a candidate for immortality going down to the grave with no more dignity than a drowsy humming beetle, or a querulous blue-bottle fly. I dislike French Hôtel dinners; but the style of them at my head-quarters, both in respect of guests, courses, and cuisine, must have been very different in the day of Brummell's resort, with a peer or two in company, to this very *Salon*, where, his bio-

grapher says, upwards of twenty dishes of unexceptional cookery, including three of fish, went the round of the table. So far as my individual experience can testify, *On a changé tout cela.*

I BELIEVE the origin of Caen is traced to the period of the North-Western portion of French territory being occupied by the Saxons, at the early date of the Third Century; which led to this line of coast being commonly designated the Rivage Saxonique; and it has been affirmed that Christian worship was first introduced among these Northern settlers by Bishop, otherwise called Saint, Regnobert, about the year 640. At that remote era the town was not known by its present name, but was called Cadhom; the Saxon word hom or ham (from whence we derive our "home") constituting one-half of the name. Antiquarians, in their laudable wish to throw light upon the mystic monosyllable forming the other moiety, refer it to Caius, Count of Anjou, one of the heroes of the Round Table, and Sencschal to the renowned Breton King Arthur; but these worthies treat very lightly the Saxon part of the story, and maintain that the Latin word, CĀDOMUS, extant in old archives and charters, was compounded of CAII DOMUS;—the home or residence of Caius. Those who would fain have dignified their native town with a yet more distinguished founder, challenged the learned of the day to disprove the probability of Caius Julius Cæsar having erected a camp on the spot where William the Conqueror subsequently built his castle; and others, delighting in higher antiquity, have actually claimed the Phœ-

nician founder of Thebes, Cadmus himself, as the Originator of the Calvadic Capital!

There must ever remain a considerable difficulty, of course, in assigning the epoch of its first origin to any ancient city, the name of which appears not in any chronicles of early date. Political events, ecclesiastical records, and even Natural history and phenomena, have, in many instances, furnished a clue to chronological discoveries, with a degree of accuracy precluding all doubt. Sound judgment would be contented to ascertain the earliest mention of a state or city, and, in the absence of any precursory allusion to its existence, treat the most ingenious and plausible expositions of its probable birth and infancy as mere conjecture. Our own illustrious London, the Augusta Trinobantum of the Augustan age, was a large, opulent, commercial town in the reign of Nero, yet was not in the most distant manner alluded to by Julius Cæsar; and, though named Londinum by Tacitus in the second century, we are still unable to declare with authority whence it derived that name: Llan Dian, or the haunt of Diana, being far too recondite and fanciful to satisfy sober archæologists. Hence, with all deferential respect to the favourite city of King William, we must deny it the *prestige* of its having existed as a town in the day of Julius Cæsar, or even as the head-quarters of the wildest of tribes under the Roman sway; for had it possessed, at that date, "a local habitation and a name," the Imperial Author of the Commentaries—a writer of perspicuity and detail—would have particularized such a station and community. The reasoning which

assigned to Caen a Saxon origin seems to involve every probability of its being correct. The Saxons effected descents upon the coast of Normandy, and held inland territory, for longer or shorter periods, during the course of three centuries. They gained possession of the towns of the Viducasses, a people of Gallia Lugdunensis Secunda, on both sides of the river Olina (now the Orne),—whose chief city is the present Bayeux; and subdued, in like manner, the Lexovii, whose capital, Noviomagus, stood on the site of the present town of Lisieux. They thereupon established themselves in that part of the country lying between the Divæ, the Orne, and the Sculle, which was then called Otlingua Saxonia and Otlingua Harduini; and thenceforth became naturalized and, as above shown, Christianized; their enlightenment in the truth of the Gospel having closely followed upon their enrolment as a settled people in the seventh century. The prelate Regnobert, to whose zeal the primitive Caenites were indebted for this blessing, is recorded to have been the founder of four Christian temples in their city, on the sites now occupied by the Parochial churches of St. Sauveur, Notre Dame, St. Pierre, and Saint Jean. The archives at the Hôtel de Ville, or Town Hall, exhibit the gradual progress of the City's appellation from the Saxon invasion to the present era, in the words Cathim, Cadum, Cahom, and Cahen. Old Wace, the French poetical Chronicler of the twelfth century, Chaplain to Henry II. of England, and Canon of Bayeux, calls it indifferently Chaem, Cam, Cahen, and Caen; from which latter name to CAEN the change is

simple enough: the vowel next in turn steps in and retains a permanent place. Were I writing in London, and within reach of the British Museum, instead of being seated opposite to Powderham Castle, and transcribing Memoranda jotted down in a commonplace book on the scene of travel, I should have enjoyed an hour or two, by this time, among the Norman-French copies of old Wace's History of the Norman Conquest. The antiquated Author's quaint verse, like the oysters of his own native Jersey, impart no slight relish to the Norman annals; and the Roman de Rou, which is universally accredited as his, would be no inappropriate *livre de poche* for a Rambler through Calvados: but I had it not. Our general notion of Caen, now-a-days, is, that it was the favourite City of William the Conqueror, and that it has derived a fair celebrity from the circumstance of his having there been entombed. Much of the interest attaching to the latter fact naturally died away after the total loss of this illustrious and most remarkable man's remains; but there is still ample matter for contemplation, and many a stirring thought and reminiscence for the traveller who roams through these ancient head-quarters of the Norman Army, where William I. of England used to frame laws, ordinances, and edicts for the better rule, as he supposed, of his British subjects; and where, as in "a look-out station," he received continual intelligence of the progress of acquiescence or disaffection in dominions so recently subdued, and among people so intolerant of foreign ascendancy. Here it was, that he leaned, as it were, upon the sword that had

annexed so fair a jewel to his ducal coronet,—ready, at a moment's warning, to cross again the narrow channel of seven leagues that parted the two nations, and repress the first outbreak of revolt. Whether we travel into these regions, or dwell among our own people, the vestiges and memorials of Norman Conquest remind us too frequently of the stirring events of the eleventh century, and of the early relations subsisting between this country and the opposite shore, to permit any one to regard Hastings or Caen, Sussex or Calvados, with indifference; as he who has sailed between the headlands of St. Valery and the cliffs of St. Leonard's may here testify—

“They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.”*

I shall, probably, be considered to have lived under more illusions than those I delighted to cherish in respect of the Conqueror, when I place on record an impression which upwards of twenty occasions of receiving it left on my mind while I was in this part of Normandy. I refer to the circumstance of my having frequently believed I heard a group of persons conversing in English, and felt surprise at discovering they were French. The intonation, accent, and utterance sounded like our own tongue: more like a provincial dialect than a foreign language; or, perhaps, I might say, as if there were English indivi-

* Coleridge's "Christabel."

duals conversing in French. Whether this peculiarity of pronunciation, granting it existed at all, be referrible to the Saxon descent of the people of whom I am here speaking,—a lineage common to the two nations,—or to the polysyllables of our own vocabulary having been derived from that of the Normans, as our monosyllables were from the Teutonic, that is, the Saxon, German, and all their kindred dialects,—may serve as matter of ingenious speculation for Etymologists more capable of solving the problem than I am: but, as the Reader must have perceived, I am no stranger to the French people and territory;—I have travelled and visited in several of the provinces, and could not take up this opinion lightly. As I could no more identify the accent of Picardy, Lorraine, or Alsace, with that of Central Normandy, than I could reconcile the English of Middlesex with that of Suffolk or Somerset;—but, contrariwise, with a correct ear for musical sounds, was, again and again, startled by the incident above described, I incline to believe there must be more than fancied resemblance between the tones and accents of the two languages. I forget, at this moment, that district of Northern Italy where, through seven villages, not only the Teutonic accent, but the free and extensive use of German words is a matter of notoriety, in consequence of a remnant of the Northern incursionists having, many centuries since, remained in that locality. Among the mountain fastnesses, also, of Afghanistan, was discovered a numerous clan in whose Persian speech the Chaldaic and Syriac were so intimately mingled as to attach

more than ordinary importance to the surmise, which I remember being rife at the period of our deplorable reverses in that region, that two Jewish tribes would be recognised in the said community,—many of whose customs, ceremonies, and Hebrew terms had been traced to an exact correspondence with those of the Judæan race in Europe.

With regard to the Department of Calvados, it may reasonably be urged that, in the lapse of three centuries, the primitive Saxon vocabulary and accent must have worn out: just as in the Province of Ulster, among the natives of Antrim, Down, Armagh, Monaghan, and the immediately adjoining counties, the Scotch language, which intermingled so widely with the Irish at the period when King James introduced thousands of settlers from the opposite coast, might be supposed to have left no influence. But a peculiar brogue manifestly prevails in that district, which is imputed by competent authorities to the fusion of the two tongues at the distant date of two centuries and a half. Hereditary dialect, like transmitted physical features, abides in long and wonderful continuance; and, though many a sound argument may be maintained to the overthrow of these merely theoretical opinions entertained under the influence of the strong impression above recorded, I reserve to myself the privilege of insisting, with Sir Roger de Coverley, that much may be said on both sides.

Every tourist may be presumed to pursue his journeyings and pay his visits, halt where he may, with a wish to be pleased; and Good humour goes a great way towards the gratification of that wish;—

content to encounter a little bad intermingling here and there with good,—and to excuse “short-comings” where there is much, very much to approve and admire. There are many, it cannot be denied, who claim to the uttermost all and every right of their privilege to grumble: and, I fear, our national character suffers proportionately.

But great, also, is the number of those who, having set out expecting and seeking novelty, instruction, and diversion, are *determined to be pleased*: and he who goes over the ground with the light step moved by this spirit is, in my regard, the most likely to give not only a good account of himself, but to deliver an equitable judgment on others, and describe things in general without the bias of peevish depreciation and disparagement which misleads to the full extent that it mistates. Like the visitor who is spending the last day of his sojourn in a large and agreeable country-house, where time has flown rapidly, and week after week only added to *agrémens* and souvenirs of the pleasantest character, I wish to say a good word, at parting, for old Caen, which far exceeded every expectation I had formed of it from the representations of those who had described it as a dull Cathedral town where, after a day or two, every one must feel *ennuyé*.

Now, in this matter, “the mind is its own place,” and the amount of amusement and interest will be proportionate to the knowledge each man brings to bear upon the scenes and objects surrounding him. If he looks with the eye of knowledge on these, and pursues the investigations, they invite with the valu-

able advantage of a cultivated taste, stimulated to fresh zeal by every new discovery and intellectual gratification, he enjoys an independence on whose rich resources he may draw for means and appliances of mental luxury in the backwoods of America, or on the sandhills of the Desert. And such an inquiring mind will find more than enough to study, admire, and relish in the Capital of which I am speaking. With the exception of Paris, there is hardly another city in France involving, even so far as we, as Englishmen, are concerned, so many awakening associations. The Nationality and Christianity of France appear to have reposed their annals here, as in a realm consecrated for their preservation and perpetuity; for the history of her Altars and her Thrones is bound up with Normandy, and with this central spot of that province in particular. Architecture, Science, and War, have severally raised those monuments on which the delighted eye still rests with wonder and veneration. And where has early Art achieved more signal triumphs! Three centuries of ignorance, profanation, and political disturbance, availed not to destroy these precious memorials of master-minds and pre-eminent genius: and the distracting revolutions of more recent date dealt gently with the time-hallowed temples and towers, sanctuaries and homes, that bore the impress of national prowess, piety, and patriotic virtue. Nature has done much for the neighbourhood of Caen, and Art yet more: not in the single respect, be it said, of mere adornment, but in affording to a large population—one-third of which is occupied in the most

scdetary of all labour—the freest and amplest enjoyment of air and exercise: and this, too, in a locality naturally adapted for such inestimable advantages, and exhibiting charms of situation and feature far surpassing any similar extent of pleasure-grounds in the province. I am alluding to the Grand Cours; the Cours de la Reine, laid out nearly 180 years ago; and the Cafarelli, planted at the commencement of the present century:—public promenades amid the richest pastures, irrigated by branches of Caen's ancient rivers, and beautified by landscape whose foreground of hundreds of Cuypp-like meadows, dotted with grazing herds,—whose middle distance of venerable elms and dense foliage of other commingled timber trees,—whose background of hills, the All-magne heights in particular (out of whose quarries uprose Westminster Abbey), constitute altogether a site for “common pleasures to walk abroad,” to which Cæsar's “walks, his private arbours, and new planted orchards on this side Tiber,” for old Rome's citizens to “recreate” themselves in, were a mere paddock and towing-path. No Board of Health could desire or devise a more salutary provision for the requirements of a people like the French, who, if they have neither leisure nor inclination for “a constitutional walk,” delight in getting away from the streets, and breathing the fresh air of *la campagne*, though it be but a mile or two, as in this case, from the lanes and blind alleys of *la ville*. Madame de Sévigné, in a letter to her daughter the Countess de Grignan, dated May 5th, 1689, says:—“This is a very beautiful part of France; and Caen itself is the prettiest—‘la plus

jolie'” (as I expressed myself in p. 122) “the most prepossessing, the gayest, the most happily situated of towns. Its streets are the handsomest, its churches and public buildings and walks are the finest of their kind; and from this selfsame place uprose the brightest wits and intelligences of their land.”

In my final visit to the Moulin du Roi, outside the town, which, as has been already seen, commands so extensive a view of Caen, I took occasion to examine the works now annexed to it for manufacturing the “Engrais Animalisés,” or Compost made from Animal matter, supplied here in such large quantities to the Agricultural community. The operations are carried on within a walled enclosure of four acres, in the centre of which are several square tanks about five feet deep: and along the walls are broad sheds—tiled and secured from the weather—in which the various processes are conducted. The heat of the day was excessive—the thermometer pointing to 110° in the sun; but at the considerable elevation on which the Mill stands, there is almost always a pleasant breeze. Nevertheless, the stench which met me on the wind was almost intolerable.” Familiar as I had been with dissection-rooms and “subjects,” I had never encountered such an overpowering odour; but, without being fascinated, I persevered, and entered the great gates. There were the carcasses of two horses under manipulation at each end of the Yard, the aroma from which savoured not, as Sancho Panza would have said, of ambergris; and I saw four or five vast heaps of old bones, not far from the spot where the flaying operation was in progress. But the

“fons et origo mali,” I conceived, lay in the tanks or earth-pits above mentioned. One of these was being stirred with a long rake, by a man whom I found to be the Superintendent, and with whom, as he stood on the brink of this Stygian pool, or Mer Noire, I presently entered into conversation. He was engaged in reducing to an equal consistency the liquid (about as much as would have filled a hundred hogsheads), compounded of all the blood brought in from the Slaughter-houses, and all the contents (conveyed, from time to time, in barrels,) of the Cloacæ of the town—which had been poured into this shallow pit, fifteen yards square, about four days previous; and, so far from being dismayed by the oppressive temperature of the weather during his black job, he was rejoicing in the prospect of seeing the pit cleared within a week from that date, should such heat continue. The action of the sun’s rays dries up the “thick and slab” fluid into one vast solid mass, which hardens rapidly into the consistency of oak bark, and is then cut out and taken up in large shovels, to be strewed on the level surface of the ground surrounding the tank. When these deposits are thoroughly dry, they are carried to the sheds built up against the enclosing walls, and there they remain, receiving, for several weeks, contributions in the shape of bones and joints of horses, and dead cows or asses, cut up within the premises. Having imbibed a certain amount of animal oil and moisture from these bones, the black crusty masses are broken up and reduced by progressive comminution to a fine powder resembling soot. And this is the Engrais fertilisant in such re-

quest among the farmers, and which they purchase at a tolerably high price, yet lower than that of Guano. A very large quantity of bones is sent off periodically to Dunkirk, to be ground into impalpable powder: the ingredient familiar to us landed gentlemen as the Bone-dust top-dressing.

As the whiff from the half-denuded carcasses, the stacked bones, and four or five of these savoury reservoirs, stimulated every now and then the olfactory nerves, I asked my imperturbable informant (who would have looked well at the Witches' Caldron, as he paced round and round the jet-black mass), whether it was not a very unwholesome employment he and his men were following here? He assured me they all enjoyed robust health: that, in the seven years he had lived and worked with them on the premises, they had not had five cases of even slight indisposition: and it was his conviction that the manufacture in all its processes was rather conducive to health than otherwise: and as to the effluvium, there was too free a current of air in all directions to permit *that* to affect them in any way. "Ici, par exemple, toutes les vidanges sont désinfectées"! A gentle gale that seemed not to have been wafted from Araby the blest, breathing upon us just at that moment, gave me a hint which I took; and I took my leave at the same time, wishing he had known enough English to comprehend the observation of Leontes to Antigonus—

"You smell this business with a sense as cold

As is a dead man's nose; but I do see 't and feel 't!"

A French gentleman informed me of there being

tanks of the same kind outside Paris, so wide in extent that the overlookers who had the management of them, went from side to side, with rakes and long paddles, in flat-bottomed boats. I might have said it was but consistent with the existence of the Champs Elysées (the Elysian Fields) of that fair capital that it should exhibit the dark and turbid waters of these pits of Acheron!

THERE remain still many of the ancient wooden houses, enriched by carvings in oak, that surpass anything of the kind extant in England. Two, especially, in the Rue St. Pierre, arrest the attention; and had I known there was not a print or illustration of these, in any shape, to be procured in Normandy, I should have made a point of completing, with my own pencil, a correct delineation of such remarkably curious and rare specimens of an almost extinct art. There seems to be no encouragement of Fine Arts in Normandy. The Print Sellers and Publishers complained bitterly of this at Rouen, where I searched in vain for illustrations of the many objects of interest with which the Province abounds. The Parisian draughtsmen alone have accomplished anything worth looking at; and, there being so very few English tourists now in this part of the country, their admirable Lithographs remain for years without finding purchasers: for the Normans themselves are content—as well they may be—with the glorious originals. Charpentier's handsome Work, "Normandie Illustrée," is still in progress, and contains many very interesting plates; but comprises not a tenth of the treasure that might have been amassed

and preserved for the eye of posterity. Some of the Statuettes, from twelve to sixteen inches high, in front of Felix Paulmier's house (which is now about four hundred years old), No. 54, in the Rue St. Pierre, are of exquisite workmanship. From the first floor to the roof they intermingle with panel, scroll, and escutcheon, in the most picturesque combination; and, though I have carefully avoided Architectural details in these pages, I cannot but regret it is not in my power to introduce a few samples of this peculiar class of Domestic Embellishment, at the hand of the wood-carvers. No. 52, next door to Paulmier, is equally rich in design; but in the uppermost story there had arisen necessity for repairs, owing to neglected roofage and consequent damp; and the "Moderns" (the Messieurs "Compo" of the age) have replaced the original beautiful workmanship with rough plaster and Carpenters' Gothic, or "horrors"; the effect of which, in apposition with the adjoining still perfect carvings, is hideous beyond conception. The Antiquarian Society of Normandy should have been on the look-out and made a point of purchasing both dwellings from the Draper and Baker now occupying them, or rather from these tenants' landlords. Paquin's house, also, at the corner of Pont St. Pierre, Rue des Quais, is very richly adorned in this style. The proprietors, in this instance, have given to the old oaken statuettes and scrollwork, three coats of *paint*! I passed this house six or seven times daily, during my stay in Caen, and the sight of such barbarous defilement was always most distressing. "Pictoribus quidlibet au-

dendi semper fuit potestas ;” *—but I undertake to say Horace never admitted *House* Painters to that license and privilege.

It may appear remarkable that the houses of Caen, in the middle ages, should invariably have been built of wood,—while the inexhaustible quarries of the district were capable of supplying stone for more than ten such cities. The best solution of this point, in answer to the remarks I addressed to several well-informed parties, seemed to be this:—that at the period of the second English invasion, that is to say, after the battle of Agincourt, the town of Caen was taken by assault, and the greater part of the houses subjected to such ravages as led to their demolition, even though originally built of stone. Against the free public recourse to this native stone there had never existed any interdict; but directly Henry V. found himself master of the territory, he sequestrated the whole range of quarries from Beaulieu to Alle-magne, for the alleged purpose of reserving their productions for Royal edifices in Normandy and Britain. The effect of which restrictions left the inhabitants no alternative but the universal employment of the more perishable material, and the rebuilding of the City in a style to which the most ancient of the streets or houses of Chester, still remaining, afford the nearest resemblance;—as there were galleries and porches, terraces and projecting frontages, floor almost touching floor at last, across

* Painters in every age have been allowed, as privileged men, to indulge their imaginations, however daring.—*H. Art of Poetry*, i. 9.

the street; till the town became, as London had become about the same period (A.D. 1560), delightfully picturesque, but detestably unwholesome; and then, by virtue of an Ordonnance from Blois, the Parliament at Rouen issued a proclamation forbidding any further building in wood, and in a fashion excluding all ventilation, which the then existing houses exhibited. All future tenements being, from that time forward, ordered to be built either of solid stone masonry, or with brick, or freestone: a limitation which is in effect to the present day.

FROM the early part of the fifteenth century—that is to say, about the date of the Regency in France of Henry the Fifth's brother, the Duke of Bedford—the surnames of England began to receive that large accession of French *noms de famille* which is still so manifest in every grade, but especially in the highest aristocracy, of our population. During my sojourn in Norman towns and villages, I took down the following list, either from the housefronts, road-book, or maps:—Moulineaux (Molineux), Gosselin (Gosling), Pierrepont, Granville, Roussell, Bedford, Pommeraye (Pomeroy) St. Croix, Homfray, Glanville, Vaux, Colville, Baynes, Moon (!), Mancell, Tracy, Durand, Dampier, Napier, Mallory, Cresville, Secqueville (Sackville), Clement, Moslé, St. Leger, Gonville, Villjers, Dive, Vavasour, Percy, Manvers, Bruce, Gray, Tourneur, Beaumont, Clifford, Mor-daunt, Montagu, Crespigny, De l'Isle, Somerville, Courcil (Churchill), Courtenay, Vernon, Percevalle, De Courcy, Montmorenci (the Frankforts), Deve-reux, Albemarle, Grosvenour, Tancarville, Delaval,

St. Maur,* Bacon, Tancred, Montfort, Blanchard, Roland, Jardine, Bernard, Bains (Baines), Bagot, Valentin, Perrin, Palisier (Palliser), Fontaine, St. Jean, D'Aguilar, Dalmaine, Dalmeny, Boileau, Boissier, Porcher, Normanville, Manville, Mowbray, Melville, Herbert, Hansard, Du Pré, Dupuis, Dubois, Ducane, Duchesne, Des Vœux, Desart, Crellin, Gislebert (Gilbert), Jourdan, Le Marchant, L'Estrange, Cantelupe, Harcourt, Lovaine, Mercier (Mercer), Moulins (Mullins), Neville, Prideaux, and Rivières (Rivers). † All these (I have limited the quotation to a hundred) will meet the eye between Rouen and Avranches, Caen and Alençon—points of a circuit which comprehends many a *berceau* of the ancient noblesse of England; the original homes of many of the most enterprising and successful immigrants that established a thriving trade and honoured name in our country. I merely recite the names here given in corroboration of the statement, made more than once already, that an Englishman conversant with his own country and countrymen cannot but feel continually reminded, in this district of Northern France, of places, personages, events, and epochs, with which the history of his native land and a wide acquaintance with home facts and faces must have rendered him familiar; and it is matter of astonishment that the circle comprised within Honfleur, Evreux, Dreux, Mortagne, Alençon, Rennes, Dinan, Cherbourg, Bayeux, and Caen, should remain com-

* Seymour.

† I subsequently met with 'Le Marquis d'Oilliamson. (Williamson?)

paratively untravelled by the tourists of a nation of all others most intimately associated with the earliest civilized dynasties, wars, triumphs, and prosperity of this portion of the mighty French Empire. The Innkeepers account for it, probably, with only too true an *exposé* of matter of fact, in saying the want of Railway communication is now excluding all the range of country I have just defined from the Routes of Continental travellers. Posting is all but extinct; and the public conveyances are of far too ordinary a class, and too few in number, to afford means of transit for the generality of English families, or even for single individuals, desirous of proceeding, lodging, and boarding, at their ease. On no other ground can we rationally explain the almost total absence of British tourists Westward and South-Westward of Rouen. However, a Railway is in progress to Cherbourg, from which, as from a trunk-line, a branch will, it is said, be given off to Caen. I travelled for some distance alongside of this new work, when I was returning to Rouen in the last week of August, and fell in with a score of our excavators, under whose able superintendence, as old hands, the French labourers become adroit in the mystery of filling up valleys and tunnelling through hills; and, no doubt, in acquiring likewise an intimate knowledge of the choicest terms of "Navvies'" phraseology, which on Norman lips would lose none of their *délicatesse* and raciness.

BY-THE-BY, among the many ambitious attempts to introduce English fashion I noticed, while in Caen, a long row of light Alpaca overcoats (for

amateur Coachmen or drivers, I suppose) labelled COACHEMANS D'ORLEANS. This was mercantile enough, and not difficult of interpretation; but the Cutler, Ironmonger, and Gunsmith, who lived a few doors lower down, was a man of more classical taste, with a feeling for Art which showed he was not of the Iron Age; for at his first floor was affixed an oil painting of no contemptible execution, representing Venus applying to Vulcan for a coat of mail and spear and shield for Æneas. I suppose the picture was meant complimentarily to the Classical mind of Caen, familiar with the Eighth Book of the Æneid, —and commercially to the uninitiated in Virgil's Poem,—to express that they could not purchase better ironmongery or arms, than could be found in his stock, for *Love* or *Money*!

I was on my way through the Flower Market towards the Ruc de Géol, when, seeing a great concourse of people proceeding towards the Church of St. Pierre, I turned aside with them and entered the sacred edifice. I perceived at a glance it was a *Messe pour un Mort*. There was a large attendance, and the whole *état major* of the church had evidently been retained to give more than usual *éclat* to the ceremony; for in the splendidly habited personages, wearing black velvet robes that seemed ponderous with the quantity of silver embroidery and lace, I recognised four singing men, supplementary to the standing number for ordinary masses; and six acolytes of upwards of twenty years of age, besides a dozen of the usual little boys, known by that designation, dispersed about, the choir, in the middle

of which was the catafalque, or raised frame-work whereon, at funereal ceremonies, the coffin is placed. A rich pall descended on all sides of this; and around it blazed twenty-four high wax candles, placed at equal distances around the black platform. Close to this was the pew of the Churchwardens, who were all in attendance, and on the ledge of the said pew stood a silver crucifix and two silver candlesticks; but the candles were not lighted. On the pall were splendid silver-thread embroiderings of the crown of thorns. All round the stalls was a broad length of black hangings, not very unlike bunting, on which were painted, in Roman-ochre colour, the representations of skulls, with snowy white teeth, presenting a very ghastly appearance; a quantity of black crape was also intertwined among the candlesticks on the Altar. The thuribles were smoking with kindled frankincense, and the Incumbent of St. Pierre, a man of venerable and pleasing aspect, and two assistant ecclesiastics, officiated. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was, as usual, sublimely grand and impressive; and the great Organ and Choir Organ poured forth tones of exquisite melody in the various portions (the "De Profundis," especially) of the Service. In one of the intervals of quiet, I took a leisurely survey of the great Organ, and observed ninety-four speaking pipes in front, some of which were twenty feet in height. The two lateral stacks of pipes were sustained by Gigantic Caryatides, representing River Gods; possibly the Rhone and the Loire. (The Seine is personated by a female, a daughter of

Bacchus, and nymph of Ceres!) I have too fully described the effects of all this very beautiful music, in a previous chapter, to render any further comment thereupon necessary; and I shall content myself by merely recording that the performance on this occasion was, if possible, more astonishing, though hardly more affecting, than that to which I refer. The vestments, glistening with frosted silver (which lay like thick snow on the rich black velvet), of the singers, gave to these choral functionaries a prominence in the grand *tout ensemble* of lay and clerical officials which, doubtless, would have led any Protestant spectator, beyond the choir partition, to conclude that they were high dignitaries of the Church:—Indeed, I thought so, myself, at first sight of them from the North aisle;—but, independently of their rank black hair and *insouciant* expression of countenance, there was visible, just beyond the lowest border of their splendid copes, an unmistakeable light-grey trouser, or a white Russia duck “continuation,” which sufficiently indicated the layman. I wish this had been all I had to report of these “voices.” Their behaviour, in the intervals of the Psalm or Dirge, was highly reprehensible; for—Independent of their passing from hand to hand, in the most open and public disregard of the solemnity of the place and occasion, a large snuff-box, from which they drew ample supply—twice, before the service ended,—they laughed outright so often that I wondered the Clergy or the Churchwardens did not frown them into more circumspect deportment. It was only outdone by the *Porte-croix*, the official (arrayed, likewise, in splendid

habiliments), who carried the pole surmounted by a massive silver Crucifix. This man, while making a profound genuflexion immediately behind the three priests who were bowing, at that moment, before the Altar, was actually shaking with ill-suppressed merriment. On *any* occasion this would have been shocking. On the present most sacred solemnity it betrayed a vicious incapability of showing reverence for holy things, and a contempt of Death and Eternity which might have accorded with the irreligion of 1793, but which, in the day that now is, I only record as a melancholy and a single exception to the correct deportment which, both in towns and villages, seemed to characterize attendance on the Romish altar. My curiosity was excited in no slight degree by the proceedings of one of the oldest of the white-robed Acolytes, who, at several periods of the service (but especially when the little bell was rung to announce the most solemn and mystical ceremonies of the Sanctuary), while he knelt on the steps of the choir, or before a cushion at the Lectern, opened and shut, with a loud, sharp, short noise, an empty tin case, like a small cash-box,—the closing lid of which made a report distinctly audible at the extremity of the nave. He did it very reverently; watching, as I perceived, for the critical moment when this “*rata-plan*” kind of clapping was to be produced; and not permitting his eye to rest on any object but the ministering priest. I subsequently ascertained what this meant. It was his appointed instrument, as a fogleman to guide others, for enabling a large congregation to know the precise moment for certain de-

vout postures, inclinations of the head and knees, and other such manifestations of religious demeanour suitable to the Ritual. The conclusion of this Mass for the Dead was very impressive :—The whole power of the Organs, brought to bear on a Requiem strongly resembling that in Spohr's celebrated "Last Judgment," and wonderfully imitating the roll and crash of thunder by the pressure of the Organist's elbow on the bass notes, was blended with the tolling of two of the deepest-toned bells of the Church Tower ;—producing combinedly the most unearthly sound that ever fell on mortal ear. The Congregation moved slowly and pensively to the doors : the voices of the Chant for the deceased were hushed : the chief mourners, relatives, friends, acquaintances, and Church officers drew off with measured step and dejected countenances ;—and now, methought, the last sad office will follow :—the officials must remove that awful-looking pall ; and, while those ardent tapers are still shedding "religious light" upon the bier, the coffin that contains all that was mortal of le Docteur Remusat (a man much beloved and universally respected) will be borne to his last earthly resting-place, with all the solemn sadness awakened by this final act of homage and veneration. Reader ! the doctor had been underground a month. There was neither coffin nor corpse ; and, large as the congregation had been, we may truly say, with or without a pun, there was *no body* in Church.

It was a commemoration of the day of his death ; and all this *appareil* was supplied—this congregation assembled, these sad countenances worn, the mass

sung, and the bells rung—on a system which we should compare to the enacting of a five-act tragedy, with the part of the principal personage *omitted!* Such, however, is the practice—a time-honoured usage, no doubt, in the Romish Church. In the Eucologue, or what we should call the Prayer and Office Book, of the Diocese of Rouen, a note is appended at the end of the “Masses for the Dead” to this effect:—“This Mass is also said on the third, seventh, and thirtieth day”—(after the death of the deceased). The Greeks and Romans did not restrict their sacrifices to the dead to the day of interment. The *τριτα* (*trita*, the third) was a sacrifice offered on the second day after the funeral; the *εννατα* (*ennata*, the ninth) was the principal sacrifice, and was offered on the ninth day. But the mourning for the dead appears to have lasted till the *thirtieth day after the funeral*, on which day sacrifices were again offered. Among the ancient Romans the mourning and solemnities connected with the dead lasted for nine days after the funeral, at the end of which time a sacrifice was performed, called the *novendiale*, or ninth-day solemnity; and public feasts and funeral games were sometimes given on the anniversary of funerals.

The practice of honouring the anniversary of the interment, or decease, obtains, likewise, to a great extent, in the Roman Catholic Christian Church: possibly, in many instances, with salutary religious effects; but the semblance of a pall-covered coffin introduced into this solemnity, however righteously intended, approaches too near to mere mockery.

With respect to the English Protestant Worship in Caen, its maintenance appears to be based upon the precarious, yet by no means inoperative, system of Voluntary Contributions. Subscriptions and donations are paid over to the Consul by one or two gentlemen regarded as the principal members of the Congregation of settled residents frequenting the Chapel, and who, in a very obliging spirit, exert themselves in the collection of such fund throughout the year; receiving the promised annual subscriptions either at their own homes, or when calling at the residences of the families who regularly attend Divine Service.

When, at the end of the twelvemonth, the exact amount of money thus contributed has been ascertained, the British Government transmit the like sum. And from these sources the Chaplain, who is considered as an Attaché to the Consulate, and under its control, obtains his salary; and the general expenses of the Chapel are defrayed out of the balance. These are inconsiderable—the Rent not exceeding eight pounds a year; but a flagrant wrong is done to the Consul and Congregation by the proprietors of the Building (which is a spacious and handsome edifice—formerly the Church of the Benedictines), who will not grant them the use of the Organ in the gallery, except on condition of their employing a Roman Catholic Organist! One would hardly imagine the Nineteenth Century could exhibit “little tyranny” in such a preposterous form.

The result of this abuse of ownership is that, so far as instrumental harmony is concerned, the English

Congregation are wholly destitute; but if there be only eight or ten other such voices as I had the pleasure of hearing on the 20th of last August, when the majority of the regular attendants were absent at the Seaside, there can never be wanting the sweetest melody to sing the songs of Sion and the hymns of Evangelical poetry in that well-ordered Christian assembly.

There is ample accommodation for at least four hundred persons. The pulpit is placed equidistant from either end of the Chapel, close to the wall,—left hand of the entrance; and a gallery with the above-mentioned silent Organ in it is to the left of the pulpit. A table for the celebration of the Communion is placed below the Reading-desk, overlooked by the pulpit. The Sacramental Alms, as well as the Collection made every Sunday in Chapel, are exclusively reserved for the relief of such necessitous English Protestants (and, for aught I know to the contrary, English Papists also, without distinction) as from time to time fall under the notice of the Chaplain, Consul, or other respectable and influential British residents. Mr. Barrow stated to me that his own exertions, aided by the cordial co-operation of the Committee of Management, over which, *virtute officii*, he presided for the transaction of such matters, had enabled him to relieve, without applying to Government, every case of distress that had come under observation, through the whole period of ten years that he had held the Consular office.

The present Chaplain to the Consulate is the Reverend Peter Hansell, of University College, Ox-

ford (a graduate of 1828), resident with his family in the Rue Malfilâtre; and our countrymen in Caen may be congratulated on an appointment which secured to them not only the inestimable blessing of a zealous divine making full proof of his ministry, but introduced into the social circles of their several homes the family and friendly intercourse of a Christian scholar and gentleman. At his and the worthy Consul's earnest joint request, I delivered a discourse in the said Church on the afternoon of the 20th of August—following, as I believed, in the track of those who, at the beginning of the Reformation, protested against the errors of the Church of Rome; but religiously forbearing, as by common sense and common courtesy bound, from note or comment on the antagonistic faith, its character, or practice. I cannot conceive an exhibition of worse taste, or more perverted feeling, than the public exprobration of a people's creed by an alien enjoying, through their concession, the free exercise of his own form of worship within the precincts of a Church to every one of whose leading doctrines his own particular tenets are opposed. The British Consulate's Chapel is in the Rue de Géole, where, since the year 1790, the Church of the Convent of the Minor Benedictine Nuns has been uniformly appropriated to the use of the English and French Protestants. The Nuns derived that title from their House being the minor establishment, as compared with the Great Abbey of the Trinity, whose inmates were also of the order of St. Benedict. They settled here in the year 1685, under the auspices of the Marchioness de

Mouy, on the site once occupied by the ancient College of Loraille, and were expelled *in toto* at the beginning of the great Revolution between the years 1789 and 1790. The English have the use of this Chapel at half-past nine in the morning, and at half-past two in the afternoon. The French Protestants enter at eleven o'clock and at four, or later, according to the season of the year. The Candle of the Protestant Church has never been wholly extinguished in Caen since the death of Henry the Fourth of France. At the very beginning of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, under the regency of his Mother, a place of worship was built by the leading members of the Reformed Faith resident in Caen, on a site between the Rue de Bayeux and the Rue de Bretagne. We have here good internal evidence of the strength of the Lutheran nobles of France at that date, who, when the reins of power had been placed in the hands of the most virulent enemy of our faith in the person of Mary de Medici, proceeded thus fearlessly to establish Protestant worship. This was the first church ever erected by the Protestants in Caen; and among the manuscripts in the Public Library, bearing date 1612, is a letter, written by one of the townspeople to a friend, containing the following complimentary allusion to the architectural beauty of the new temple:—"The Hugonots of this town of ours have erected a Building which we call a 'Godiveau' (a force-meat pie), because of its shape resembling so exactly the pie of that name. It was the production of Master Zachariah de St. Jean, Mason and Builder, of Caen....."

This old Chapel was standing in 1695 ; but under the desolating influences of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—which, ten years previous, had taught mankind the truth of the King of Israel's affirmation, that it is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in princes—it shared the fate of royal promises and *pie-crust*, and was broken up for ever.

The wonder was, as I have shown, that it had ever existed at all !

After the frequently recurring spectacle of Romish ceremonies, and a fortnight's estrangement from the sound of our own unpretending Liturgy, I was well pleased that my last day in Caen was thus closed in the courts of the House of the Lord, and that after the way which they call heresy, so worshipped I the God of my Fathers, no man forbidding me.

CHAPTER XIV.

VIRE.

THE journey from Caen to Vire, at the Southern extremity of the Department of Calvados, leads the traveller through the most beautiful sylvan scenery of the province—through verdant mountain sides, rich pastures, orchards, and dense timber forests, alternating with corn-fields, gardens, cottages, châteaux, and churches, in such interesting variety as to realise, to all who have eyes and hearts to enjoy such scenes, the prophet Joel's expressive phrase, "the land is as the garden of Eden before them," without the alloy implied in the concluding passage of the verse that supplies this appropriate description. The geographical notices of this district, which might well be termed the Campagna Felice of Normandy, describe it as "Les Bocages" (the Groves); but the term is altogether defective, and specifies one feature only out of many. The ancient Greeks would have identified so fascinating a region with Arcadia—a land of shepherds and of pastoral song, and peopled with Fauns, Satyrs, and Nymphs, with Pan enthroned upon some moss-clad rock or fallen pine, as their presiding leader and deity!

At the hazard, therefore, of wearying the baffled imagination by a mere recital of beauties (for, *entre*

nous, descriptions of scenery are, for the most part, exceedingly *ennuyants*), I venture to devote a short chapter—which will, at least, be a novelty—to the cursory mention of these fair features of Nature; and if I can but contrive to lead the Reader through my five hours' ride, at a hand canter, I trust the sketch will prove sufficiently interesting to warrant its introduction

“To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd” (THOMSON)

in the following pages.

As the St. Malo Post Coach started at an hour forbidding the “falsely luxurious” indulgence of bed and matutinal slumbers after half-past four, ante meridiem, I presented myself at the Bureau in the Place Royale before the chime of half-past five. The heat of the atmosphere was stifling. It reminded me of the first entry into a Vapour-bath; and the slightest exertion, even that of stooping to raise a hat-box, induced immediately a sense of fatigue and debility. The whole vault and canopy of sky overhead was lurid, and the general expectation anticipated a fearful thunder-storm; but, after an unintermitting continuance of these oppressive gleams and hot blasts, the air became sharply cold (!), and not until nine o'clock was there any intermission of chill. After that hour, all was Summer and Sunshine; but, except off the coast of Africa, I never had encountered a state of air so nearly resembling the simoom of the Desert.

As we dashed along the street leading from St. Stephen's into the country, I glanced at the high

walls enclosing the black-hooded Nuns, and the thousand inmates under their charge in the Hôpital du Bon Sauveur, ruminating whether I might not be bending my eyes upon that memorable spot for the last time. Foreign travel gives rise but too often to these reflections, and, "never continuing in one stay," we seem, in the progress of our tours, to be leave-taking and pronouncing fervent adieux so frequently as to doubt, at length, whether, since "Welcome ever smiles, and Farewell goes out sighing," we ought to give either place, person, or thing admittance into affectionate memory. I speak, however, of this sisterhood with a feeling of respect and regard, whose every association is of a sacred character; and as I reflected on the vast extent to which human suffering was relieved within the precincts of their home, and on the active exercise of so many Christian virtues which, day after day, was administering good and counteracting evil, on the broad ground of Religious duty, the recollection of all I had seen and heard the day before (when my parting visit was paid) was unalloyed; and I congratulated myself on the acquaintance so recently formed with the most interesting personages, and the most beneficial Institution, in a city I was at this moment quitting, in all probability, for ever.

The road we presently entered upon would lead to Falaise, and a royal route it appeared: seventy feet wide, and kept in most perfect and serviceable condition; and, though containing no chalk, almost as white, with limestone deposit, as if it were running through Kent. Before half-past six we met a wagon

heavily laden with wheat carried out of a plot of ground exhibiting so extensive a growth of apples, that, but for the total absence of any grass at the bottom, it would have been difficult to say whether it was an orchard sown with wheat, or a wheat-field planted with fruit-trees. As might be expected, more than half the quantity of the straw was green; and the same remark was applicable to the ears, which, it was evident, the sun's ripening rays had never reached, and could only be used as forage. The adjoining orchard was sown with sainfoin, and the crop was ready to cut.

I soon perceived the frequency of thickets, verdant with the foliage of many trees—oak and elm chiefly—to which this line of country owes the name of the “*boeages*.” The district, in many quarters, appeared to have been so completely overgrown with firs, elm, beech, and, here and there, the dark and feathering cedar, as to require “*rides*” being made through the dense masses, as clearances to facilitate communication; and the avenues thus formed certainly presented a grove-like aspect; but these contributed not that beauty to the landscape which it derived from deep and shady glens, worthy of the Hartz Forest, continually darkening the region intermediate between the road and the hill country on our left. The timber growth was most luxuriant; indeed, I should say the axe ought to have done its work long since to reduce the number of stems and perishing branches, where ventilation and light were essential towards preserving the wood in a healthy and thriving condition. On the side of the road

opposite to this were undulating enclosures of emerald-green herbage, skirted by ancient elms, and shaded occasionally in their very centre by half-decayed gnarled oaks, under whose outstretched arms were seen four or five cows, seeking shelter from the heat, and making up, time after time, a series of living Gainsboroughs, Ruysdaels, and Hobbimas, that left a connoisseur of the English and Flemish Schools nothing to desire.

The cottages interspersed on the borders of these pastoral scenes would have annexed no inappropriate feature, had their "colouring" been in keeping with the landscape; but the pale cold stone of which, whether by the woodside or in the village street, they were invariably built (for this is a quarry region), formed harsh and repulsive patches of greyish-white where "a regular *brick*" would have warmed the foreground into apposite and most artistic harmony.

In the second or third village *en route* I noticed, on the fronts of several of these cottages, abundant crops of the finest ripe apricots and pears, trained to grow against the wall, and unprotected by paling, fence, net, or any other expedient to prevent the "passers-by" touching and tasting the luscious dainties which hung there, day and night, unhandled and unsought. Whatever may be the influence which preserves thus inviolate the openly exposed fruit in France, I confine myself to the remark that we should be very glad to perceive its operation in our own country, where so much orchard and wayside produce is of necessity gathered immature in

Summer, instead of being left on the bough till Autumn, lest unauthorized pickers should anticipate the right of the owner.

It was surprising to observe, in the midst of four or five acres of barley, a number of Pear-trees so heavily laden with produce as to require several poles to sustain the bending branches; the grain, nevertheless, full in the ear, and apparently unimpoverished by the concomitant growth of the tree, whose abundant and full-sized fruit afforded ample evidence, on the other hand, to show that the productive powers of the soil had not been exhausted by the white crop. The village clock had not struck seven; yet, in front of many a cottage door were seated women and girls busily at work on the lace-pillows. They are all *employées* in the pay of agents for the great houses in France and England; and send in their finished work once a week or twice in the month, according to its dimensions—to the factor in Caen:—just as the Somersetshire cottage girls trudge into Yeovil with gloves, or the Bedfordshire straw-plaiters into Bedford or Biggleswade with yards of their special handiwork. The young children, from seven to twelve years of age, are taught “to do sprigs” on the net, as in Devonshire; and can earn a franc and a half a week: their mothers occasionally realize twelve.

Our carriage went over the ground at a most respectable pace; as much by favour of one of the finest roads in Europe as of the sturdy four horses that drew us. I was remarking their courage and muscle when a market-cart drew near, drawn by

a single Norman mare, and laden with twenty bushels of apples, ten of pears, a hogshead of cider, a large chest of drawers, the driver, and a block of Feugucrolles stone (!) large enough to make six full-sized kitchen-hearth-slabs. This implies strange notions of a one-horse load! In either of the five counties with which I am most familiar, we should not have imposed upon the complaisant creature's haunches and good nature anything beyond the stone and the Jargonelles; but the weights these French horses carry, and the work they do, exceed alike our standard and our conception. They wear and tear, nevertheless, must be considerable. We were on a piece of road, straight as an arrow, through an extent of, at least, three miles; the extremity being distinctly visible, and the distance known: one third of this, that is to say, one entire mile, was, to the animal just mentioned, up-hill.

Hills in a long journey, I am well aware, operate as a relief to the draught horse, which always suffers from traction across dead levels of considerable extent; as I learned in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, where an undulation of only one foot's depth on the wearisome surface was a positive luxury; and the beasts of burden would have been only too glad (as their betters sometimes are) to make mountains of mole-hills. Still, here was "a long pull, and a strong pull," for one load-bearer; and not all the zig-zag dodges, or lumps of stone to block the wheel, now and then, could shorten the acclivity by a foot. *A propos* of Norfolk just referred to, we presently met a flock of twenty black turkeys, fat and well-

liking, who seemed doomed to suffer death long before St. Thomas's Day, for they were three-parts grown. Poor conceited, strutting Gobble-gobble is, on French soil, sentenced to fiery ordeal of his goodness in Summer season indifferently with Christmas; as I dined on a *dindon rôti* (which the *chef* of the Hôtel de Londres in Boulogne had made game of) on the 1st of September; but it was not to be despised, for it was really in fine condition.

The well-trimmed quickset hedges skirted the road for several miles, enclosing fields in which Tobacco, Flax, Coleseed, Hemp, Beet-root, and Buckwheat, imparted a foreign aspect to the cultivation. The very style of the causeway itself was foreign, though it was but Mac Adamization perfectionated: the carriage-way was sixty feet wide; and on either side of this was a verge, three yards in width, of bright grass turf, smooth as velvet, and verdant as the emerald; such a high road as is not to be met with in England: but our land is too valuable to be thus given up to Routes Royales, however splendid the effect is of such spacious allotment. The general features of the Country at two hours' distance from Caen resembled very forcibly the richest districts of Gloucestershire and Hereford: the separation, however, of field from field by well-preserved, unbroken hedges, according to the *parcellement* system in French estates, covers the immense breadth of arable land like a green network. No matter how small; if one field out of twenty appropriated to a certain crop, in the course of the shifts, consist but of three quarters of an acre, it is enclosed on every side by a

thick protecting hedge. Four such fields—in some instances, two only—may constitute one proprietor's whole estate! Hence, the mappy appearance of the greater part of arable land in France; and, the hedge timber being left standing with one year's shoot—for the trees are clipped in alternate seasons—a richness of landscape is produced, which, in fine summer weather, is most delightful to behold, and as September draws to a close, when green, yellow, and red, “in ever-changing composition mixt,” exhibit the first hues of autumnal tints, the whole region is resplendent with gold and bronze colouring, and makes every scattered farm a shining picture, every homestead and copse a living realization of Both's and Berghem's happiest portraits of Nature. The Apple growth seems to be a paramount consideration in every part of central Normandy. A good crop every third year (as in the case of our hops) pays the Farmer's rent. Thousands of orchards came within view to-day: the greater part of which bore white grain crops at “bottom,” and fruit “at top,” as the Kentish phrase is. Sheep seemed very rare. The system of fattening their bullocks in stalls, exclusively, concealed the black cattle. As we advanced, the country began to be so like Devonshire that had I been riding from Exeter to the Moors, through Sir Laurence Palk's and the Courtenay estates, the scene would have been identical. Even the red earth was not wanting; and the double-blossoming furze mingling with the lilac and bright purple heather on the round projecting masses of granite, in the quarry region,

strengthened the resemblance. By half-past nine o'clock we reached the summit of a long steep hill, from which, in the night-time, the Lighthouse lanterns overlooking Hâvre are distinctly visible at a distance of sixty miles. Here we reached the Estate belonging to the family of old Marshal Grouchy—Château la Ferrière. The view from this lofty eminence—the head-quarters, one would imagine, of vigorous health—overlooking the extent of country travelled over after leaving Caen, was the counterpart of that beheld from the top of Boughton Hill, in Kent—looking Westward; but no river was visible. This was succeeded, very soon, by another wild region of granite, fern, heath, furze, and short under-wood growth, which was almost as speedily supplaccd by a range of beautifully undulating surface of wood and orchard, corn-fields and meadows, beyond which, at vast distance, rose the summits of faintish blue hills on the frontiers of Calvados. We were, therefore, not far from Beny-Bocage. We had already passed through Villers Bocage, changing horses there. The *groves* hercabouts seemed to be on the main road itself, which was completely shaded by Beech and Mountain Ash, growing in a deep red soil. All of a sudden a grand panorama opened upon us, which, had I beheld it in a mirror, I should have declared to be the prospect enjoyed by travellers on the Maidstone road (Northerly), from that part of Deptling Hill which commands a bird's eye view of the country between Leeds Castle and Town Malling. Not even the white chalky road was wanting, in the foreground; and, had we been driving

into Boxley, the descent immediately following could not have more strongly corroborated the likeness. It is a common saying that every human face has its duplicate. One often describes these startling counterparts of Nature's scenery in travelling. Confusion seemed now to have made its masterpiece; for I felt as if I had been spirited away, far away from France, and restored to my own Country; and that part of the twelve miles' drive from Exeter to Moreton Hampstead, which exhibits the largest extent of granite rock intermingling with wood and heath, was the spot where my imagination's eye was now resting. This vision, however, fading, the scene changed into a series of Gaspar-Poussin-like pictures: deep valleys filled for miles with the dense foliage of oak forests, crested occasionally with craggy dark-blue hills, and bordered at the roadside by undulating grassy glens which I designate as the Gainsborough bits of painting. Birch, Oak, and Elm, contended for precedence in the slopes of a long descent where every foot of land seemed given up to Timber growth;—not a dwelling in sight, for many miles; and then, behold, on our regaining the high level which the line of road had been so long traversing, another glorious *coup d'œil*, another panorama of hills and valleys, woods and orchards, pastures and gardens, golden stubbles, and "green-appearing grounds," as Thomson expresses it, burst upon the sight with new and inconceivable delight, to which not all my remembrances of the Marches of Ancona, the mountain scenery of the Abruzzi, or the heights of Loretto, could parallel a fellow-gratification.

The scenery of Taunton Vale, of Tonbridge and Sevenoaks, of Devonshire and Derbyshire—and I remember it all well—sinks into tame insignificance when compared with this vast domain of beauty, where kind Nature's hand seems to have been more than liberal of every gift and adornment that could array the earth with splendour, and fill eye and heart with gladness: it has lavished fragrance and fertility, herbs, flowers, and fruits—all that form and colour, blended hues, and shapes of loveliness, could contribute, to make the work of creation in this favoured realm more and more glorious.

The Reapers' labours were drawing to a close. The heavy wagons, those triumphal cars that mark the appointed weeks of the harvest, were seen from afar, wending their way to the well-stored barns from fields which the Lord had blest; and though Calvados cultivates not the Vine, and the May frosts had dealt harshly with her Apple crop, as with ours, the seeds of every variety of *grain* had germinated this Summer with a prolific vigour unusual even in France; and, as I learned along the line of route, not a rood of land had disappointed the hopes of the grower. It was a Sylvania, a richly wooded region, I had traversed this morning; and the breadth of oak forest seemed, indeed, interminable, though not so continuous as to be wearisome. It lost itself frequently in the bounding line of distance; but the intervals of varied cultivation and of spontaneous growth of tree, plant, and flower, were wide and frequent enough to keep attention and interest wide awake, and

stimulate curiosity into wondering and grateful enjoyment.

At a quarter to eleven I gained a glimpse of Vire, the capital of the Bocage district. It stands on the summit of a very considerable eminence, at a distance of three miles from the high ground where I was then sitting; and the approaches to it from every side lead up from deep ravines. I felt assured, at sight of this little town's position, that the views of the adjacent country obtained from its streets and outlets would be of no ordinary character; but had it been the dullest, dingiest bourg in the North of Europe, to which I had been travelling for five hours, I should have dwelt in most grateful retrospect on the emotions awakened this day by the contemplation of the most exquisitely beautiful scene I had ever beheld; and rejoiced in the renewed opportunity by which I was justifying the Frenchman's customary epithet, "belle," in every mention of his native land and France.

Monsieur Jamard's little projecting Hôtel de St. Pierre, at the entrance into the town, was to be my resting-place till next morning; but my portmanteau enjoyed more repose than its owner, as I had hardly taken possession of my apartments before I had planned out the walks, in and about the place, which, from hearsay and common repute, I was aware would lead me to all that the Tourist ought to give his attention to at Vire: and in ten minutes' time I was on the *parc*. The first novelty I encountered was the shop of a sort of iron-working Demetrius, whose capital and ingenuity seemed to have been exclusively employed on the fabrication of

Crucifixes, Madonnas, small Angels, and other such appendages to the Cemetery. The black faces and white, blue statuettes and grey, mingling with red crosses and hearts, and other such specimens of the craft,—whereby, like his predecessor at Ephesus, in St. Paul's days, he gained his wealth,—formed a most heterogencous stock in trade, and reminded me of the silver shrines for the Temple of Diana, which, nineteen centuries before, had employed so many hands and brought no small gain to the craftsmen. The brisk trade, however, carried on in these metal mementoes arises not so much from a predilection, on the part of the French and other foreigners, for such insignia in particular, as from the disinclination to erect head and foot stones, as we do, in Cemeteries, where tenure is so uncertain. Freehold graves in perpetuity are scarce; and the first purchase of such is exceedingly costly; and I was given to understand that in cases where no interment (out of the same family) follows that of the original occupant of the "narrow cell," the sextons are authorized to appropriate it to new tenants; after having ascertained that no vestiges remain of the first. The regulation, or law, on this subject is very explicitly and considerately defined; and parties may purchase the privilege of few or many years of occupancy for their deceased relatives, at discretion, according to a *tarif* which, I remember, was shown me some years ago in Paris. Where a grave lapses to the Churchwardens, the displacement, removal, or loss of a little cross of wood or iron is no sacrifice; but to set up a head and foot stone, at eight times the cost, and leave it

liable to removal before half a generation may have passed away, would never become a practice. This explanation, given, as it was, in reply to my queries on the subject, seems to account for the thousands of Crucifixes and Crosses of simple and fragile form, and for the absence of Gravestones and Tombs, we observe in the foreign burying-grounds; and I dare say the artificer whose motley performances I inspected at Vire would look upon any intrusive stonemason's and sculptor's entry into the resting-place of the defunct as the Ephesian shrine-maker did upon the great missionary of the Gentiles.

VIRE, as I had expected, proved an interesting locality. The oldest streets are very narrow, and the general appearance of the town was so primitive and quaint, wherever modern encroachments had not interfered with the buildings of the fifteenth and fourteenth century, that I felt quite out of place and keeping, as I strolled downwards in the direction of the valleys, in a dress of the present day. A glance at the houses, at their dingy roofs and rafters,—at their fantastically carved and moulded ornaments;—a stone demon-headed corbel here, and an oaken salamander or satyr there,—devised, doubtless, by some crazy monk, and executed by some artisan with peaked shoes half a yard long on his feet,—convinced me that the only costume which a gentleman promenading at his ease among these antiquities ought consistently to have worn, would be trunk-hose, doublet, ruff, and rapier. Perhaps my Readers will consider the native Cap, of stiff muslin (exhibited in the next page), to be appropriate enough!

THERE is a charming city-gate, much in the

style of,—if not superior to,—the Clock Gate of Rouen,—hemmed in by “a stern round tower of other days” on one hand, and by picturesque ancient houses on the other; and under this (as under our Temple Bar, on a small scale) men pass to and fro with as much *insouciance* as if it were but constructed yesterday; though that old substantial arch, surmounted



now-a-days by a super-structure ninety feet high, was, most probably, doing good service here at the date of the Third Crusade; and veterans who had fought at Agincourt, and conquered at Formigny, may have waited the raising of its portcullis, to finish their evening walk, or begin their morning's ride. I stood a quarter of an hour in the open street to secure for it a place in my Sketch Book. The utilitarian surveyors of pavements in Vire are thorough-paced Gallios in respect (or, rather, disrespect!) of historical associations and picturesque antiquity, and care for none of those things. Accordingly they pulled down, a few years since, just such another gate as this, a remnant of the arch of which is still perceptible in the pier of stone adjoining a round tower, which would have shared its fate if the stones wherewith it was constructed would have served to repair the pavement. “Une bonne route vaut tous les souvenirs!” was old Napoleon's remark, when he was told by the engineers employed on the Semplon

Route, that his projected line of road would break up the scenery of "La nouvelle Héloïse." Buonaparte, in this instance, showed excellent common sense; but the mutilations and havoc of which I saw the relics to-day neither widened the carriage way, nor brought air and light into the citizens' houses, which the stone, brick, and timber, were used to repair. I suppose the mere thought of making a similar clearance at the Clock Gate in Rouen would stir up a mutiny, even among the masons. And what would the Artists of the School of Prout say?

The valleys that surround Vire (the Vaux de Vire, as they are called) constitute its greatest charms, and, like most other scenery composed of a long-continuing ravine between abrupt and rocky crags and thickly planted declivities descending into a river-stream, afford hour after hour of enjoyment to those who,

"Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,"

delight in wood and water, rills and rocks. This description, however, is only applicable to the valleys on one side of the town; for in the opposite direction all is verdure and pastoral landscape, painted by Nature's own cunning hand, to recreate eye and heart; and to these flowery vales and verdant meads the population, in their hours of ease, betake themselves with no light appreciation of their native privilege:—

"Through the greenwood glade

Some love to stray."

..... "Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flow'r."

THOMSON.

Wo, however, to all vagabonds and mendicants in these localities, against whose entry into Vire I saw interdicts posted in all directions! Almost every street leads down into its vale; and the fishponds, filled with carp, almost as old and full-grown as those I remember having fed at Fontainebleau, are a favourite resort, of course. Some of these fish are eighty years of age. The paths, also, cut out, gravelled, and terraced on the hill-sides, among the coppices and shrubs, as at Baden-Baden, command prospects of exceeding beauty, over which the multitudinous groups of workpeople that toil through the week in the Cloth-mills, and through these airy mountain-promenades on Sunday, cast a loving eye. More delectable or innocent recreation could hardly be imagined than the free, unrestricted range of the copse-covered slopes and "practicable" steeps that encompass one entire half of the curious old town. The pet "lion," however, is the site of an ancient castle on the summit of the precipice projecting at a vast height over the valley through which the river flows, and the approach to which is along a superbly wide public walk, extending from the Castle courts, and planted on either side with ornamental trees; as if in honour of the time-hallowed relic which towers at its extremity. The now only remaining portion of an originally vast fortress is this keep, which seems to grow out of the very granite itself; so massive and rugged are its foundations.

I made a careful drawing of it on a large scale; but it has not a single element of the picturesque or beautiful in it. As an interior (though there are

but two sides left) it is interesting in its detail of windows, fireplaces, and projections, showing the elevation and dimensions of Castle chambers in the day of William of Normandy; but I looked in vain for any vestige of stairs. These might have been visible in the sides that are no longer standing.

That part of the Valley of the River Vire which the old "keep" here mentioned overlooks is the principal *locale* of the Paper and Cloth Mills from which the town derives great celebrity. The steam-engines and the river, unitedly, keep the wheels in constant activity; and the coal is mostly supplied from Wales through the *depôt* at Granville. In these establishments is manufactured the greatest portion of the cloth used for the uniforms of the French Army. I saw the immense lengths of dark blue material stretched on the usual frames about the Mills, on the hill-sides, and here and there covering with many thousands of ells a suitable breadth of grass; as we see about Gloucester and Frome. In one of the factories, was a tall cylindrical chimney rising 130 feet in air: an admirable flue, no doubt, and consuming its own smoke *secundum artem*, but destroying most effectually the whole composition of pictorial beauty, which, but for this unsightly intruder, would have stimulated pencil and palette into joyous activity. Even "London's column, pointing to the skies," would have been intolerable in such a spot; but this brick-and-mortar shaft cuts every drawing in two, and forbids any attempt to depict the most picturesque region of the Valley without giving it admittance. It was some compensation for this

disappointment, to look down at nightfall, as I subsequently did, on the innumerable lights that were either stationary at the windows of the various Mills on the brawling river's stream, or flitting about in unseen bearers' hands from yard and loft in the wide-spreading premises of the Paper Manufactories. The stationary candles, seen through the haze, seemed to lie scattered in all directions like glow-worms; the moving lights flitted like the Italian *luciole*, or fire-flies; and it required no effort of imagination to enjoy this pleasing illusion, which lasted above an hour, and, as the darkness deepened, grew more and more faithful to reality.

In the course of my evening stroll, I reached the



old house with a water-mill attached to it, on a

branch of the river (which is 'little else than a sinuous brook hereabouts), once occupied by Olivier Basselin, the originator of that peculiar species of ballad or song which eventually gave a name to the little musical pieces played to this day on the French stage, under the well-known denomination of Vaudevilles.

Basselin, a native of Vire, was a cleaner of cloth, or scourer, in the middle of the fifteenth century, and occupied this very mill at the period of the final expulsion of the English from France. He not only was a Calenderer of credit and renown, but

"A trained band captain eke was he,"

of the town of Vire, and served under the Count de Clermont, at Formigny, in the battle which recovered Normandy from our countrymen. The blended duties of the fulling-mill and garrison did not, however, interfere with his musical taste, which exercised itself principally in the composition of certain rural ballads and drinking chorusses, lauding the hill and valley, wine and cider, by turns; and infusing a relish of vocal harmony among the inhabitants of the valleys which filled those pleasant places with song, and, in the course of a very brief period of time, created a celebrity for those merry strains from the Vaux de *Vire*,—the Valleys of the Vire—(corrupted, eventually, and with great absurdity, into *Ville*) which led to their more extensive use throughout entire France. Nearly two centuries had elapsed since Basselin's day of fame, before the musical dramatic writers of his country began to appropriate the light cheerful measure of the ballads of Vire to the Co-

médiettes in one of two acts, whose business (to use a stage phrase) is carried on from the rise to the fall of the curtain, through frequently recurring little songs, thrown off in a manner peculiar, in its pleasing sprightliness, to the French; and serving, on many an occasion, to reconcile the most critical of audiences to a large amount of flimsy and frivolous matters. Oliver, though the Sims Reeves of his day in the Valley, never could have dreamed of such immortality; but some men "achieve greatness"—unconsciously; and, could he now revisit the old Mill, he would probably read with wondering eyes his name, in large gilt letters, inscribed on a black painted board which signalizes the gable-end of the Mill-house facing Vire.

CHAPTER XV.

FALAISE.

AGAIN a passenger in the Imperial Mail! but on an improved footing: for the Post-office department comprehending Vire and the villages that lie between it and Falaise, forty-five miles distant, maintains a Miniature Diligence in the old yellow and scarlet style of decoration; having its *intérieur* and *coupé*, and a certain degree of pretension withal, which, I am bound in truthfulness to say, makes a noise in the world; for the clacking of the driver's whip-thong, three yards long, as we started at a quarter to nine in the morning, was worthy of the day of highest renown achieved by the Postillions of the *Ancien Régime*. This deafening noise was produced by the flourish of a strip of white leather only three quarters of an inch in width and six feet in length, with a lash nearly a yard long annexed;—whereas the genuine Postilion-whip is a formidable *punisher*, like our own, of plaited thongs terminating in a silken lash or fine cord. It was wonderful to observe the movements of the wrist of our ambitious charioteer while treating us to this unique *aharivari*. His hand worked within the space of a foot, and never failed to produce the clack, of which he gave us about twenty repetitions. The Currier (he of the old fable)

would have said there is "nothing like leather" for securing success to man, horse, or carriage; and, judging by the racket and sensation created this morning by the few inches of cow-hide that set the air in motion, and made it speak with most miraculous organ, the oracular town-councillor above quoted would have considered this a case in point. Probably, none of us have ever considered the thing scientifically; but I presume this peculiar sound is created by the action of resisting air as the rapidly agitated thong passes and repasses without intermission. It is a feat of strength as well as of literal *dexterity*, or *right-hand* expertness. The whip-handle was hardly longer than a walking-stick; but no weakly arm could give to that sort of magic wand the mysterious movements that amazed the welkin with reports distinctly audible at the distance of a mile, and serving, instead of Posthorn or bugle, to announce the departure of the Mail bags, baggage, and passengers, *en arrière*, and my speculative self *en avant* in the *coupé*. Within a few minutes our vehicle stopped, just as we were leaving the streets for the fields, to take up an ecclesiastic habited in cassock, gown, bands, and buckles,—who took his seat at my left hand (for I invariably book myself for the *coin droit*, or right-window corner), and gave me a *spirituous* greeting, for he smelt like a rum-puncheon. This worthy was going to his home at Condé sur Noireau, rather more than half way; so I instantly regarded him as my road-book for five-and-twenty miles. I forget, at this moment, whether it was Boileau or Rousseau, or, if neither, which of

their Countrymen it may have been, who said, "It sheds a certain gloom over one's journey through splendid scenery to have no one close at hand to whom one can address oneself in the words, 'See! *There's* a beautiful landscape!'" My delight in beholding a fine country is such that I verily believe, if I had my favourite dog at my feet in a carriage, I should give the honest creature a ride for half an hour, now and then, on my knees, that he might look out at the window on Nature's sweet face, and rest his eyes on what his enthusiastic master liked and loved so well, rather than let him travel like a living parcel of flesh, blood, and bone, and not partake of any of the feast in common with me. However, the ghostly man with the tonsure (and the rum aroma withal) proved just such a parcel; and, though a native of the district, proved as ignorant of the country, right and left, as if he had never been over it before in his lifetime. Like myself, he was much nearer sixty than fifty years old, and went to and fro, in this particular piece of road, continually; but he knew not the name of any of the Châteaux, or outlying villages, or churches, or estates of the distant hills, or the contiguous forests;—nor of the Farms or their owners. He knew nothing about the soil, or its produce; the occupations or the statistics of the people, nor about their progress and prosperity; physical, moral, religious, or political advancement:—and seemed to have no more relish of the Claude Lorraine landscapes around us than if he had been a mummy from the Pyramid of Cheops consigned to my charge, "to be kept dry and this side up," for eight leagues

of road. At ten o'clock he opened a large black leather-bound Breviary,—crossed himself, and began to mumble, as he perused the pages, with a rapidity hardly conceivable. At the rate of his speed, he might have given me a start of twenty out of the twenty-nine versicles of the “Te Deum” and overtaken me, and finished before me. At half-past ten he fell asleep; and I prevented his heavy book falling upon his feet by quietly abstracting it from his lap, and conning a page or two. The “stirrup-cup” was doing its kindly office well; and before we were half way towards Vassy the dull divine, like Mr. Wardle’s fat boy, “snored feebly.”

The white chalky road is carried straight as an arrow for three miles, up hill and down dale, through a vast extent of corn-growing Apple-Orchards and forests: the fuel, the bread, and the beverage of the province issuing from the earth in social juxtaposition; as, in Kent, the Hop Gardens and Underwood skirt the golden barley crop, with promise of havins for the oven and beer for the cellar, in due season. There was an immense growth of Oak timber, but manifestly for firing only; as the trees are suffered to grow as thick as pines in a coppice;—not four yards apart,—and become what we should term “scrubby.” Their average age might be from five-and-forty to sixty years. The custom of the country is to let these Oaks grow untouched till the arms and small branches are large enough to be stripped of their bark; and then these are lopped from the parent stem and converted into fuel. The main trunk, surviving this sharp operation, is left to

stand among thousands, either for the sawpit or fuel repository, accordingly as the wood dwindles or thrives. The elms seemed about fifty years old. Considering the almost perpetual difficulty of obtaining bread for the enormous population of France, one can hardly survey these interminable breadths of forest without regret for the imperious necessity of their existence and careful preservation; as the soil in which they grow would produce the finest wheat. But, in the absence of Coal-mines, the Woodland must ever be invaluable; for though Honfleur, Bayeux, Caen, Vire, and Lisieux (I am speaking of Calvados), are not too remote from the coast to benefit by the imports of English and Welsh coal—a ton of which, however expensive, lasts longer than a ton of wood which costs very little less—the districts less contiguous to the ports would find the land-carriage augment the price of firing to an intolerable amount of hardship which the most extensive use of the *mottes à brûler* (tan-fuel) would not avail to counteract; for the latter is not of much use in cooking. The case is widely different as regards the cultivation of Vines, the produce of which contributes neither to the warmth nor to the sustenance of Man, however it may make glad his heart; which, I presume the *vin ordinaire* has never done yet!—And *that* is the Store-wine of the Country; and sold, at this present date, at double the cost of its price seven years since. It is hardly possible to repress certain utilitarian notions on this subject when travelling through the Wine districts: but they would be waste of thought in Normandy, where the grape is not

cultivated, and Cider of all qualities maintains its place, whether sparkling among porcelain and crystal, or standing flat and dull among pewter jugs and Delft-ware. I noticed it in large Magnum decanters at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, in Caen, where it was included in the charge for dinner at the *table d'hôte*, and *vin ordinaire* was paid for as an expensive *extra*. I may also add that I tasted it, and had no fault to find; though one pint of Burton ale is worth a gallon of it.

As we drew near to Vassy, our carriage stood still for a few moments for the adjustment of a loose buckle in the harness;—(they are beginning now, in France, to use leather instead of rope for traces:)—and before we set off again, an Italian Image Vender came up with a large tray on his head profusely stocked with white and bronzed casts of the usual variety, but not of the usual character:—far from it! When I say “character,” I advert to the wide difference between the class of subjects these wanderers hawk about upon the Continent, and the general denomination of articles offered at area-rails in London, or at our lodge-gates in the country. Abroad, I have invariably observed them trafficking in the sale of statues of the Madonna, of Angels, Cherubs, Popes' heads, kneeling Nuns, devout Monks (St. Francis, St. Gregory, St. Ambrose, St. Roch), small crucifixes, and pedestals surmounted by the “*cor ardens* (flaming heart), and similar productions to serve as grave mementoes and sweet remembrancers. The same Savoyard, landed in England, exchanges *sacra profanis*, and caters for the national taste with Shak-

spere, Milton, Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Sir Robert Peel, Joan of Arc, Canova's Hebe and Ballerina, the Greek Slave, the Amazon, a horse, a pointer dog, and an Etruscan vase. His fragile English stock is, doubtless, supplied to him on this side of the water, and his opinion of its respectability is to the full as high as the reverence in which he held the holy but hollow brotherhood of his transmarine assortment. I have now and then entertained Fancy with the query what his success might be in the case of an exchange! Probably he would dispose of the whole lot of British varieties in the course of the first ten miles of his pilgrimage in France: the popularity of the other less secular *recueil*, between Dover and the Borough, would furnish subject for a problematical disquisition on that favourite thesis, "The progress or regress of Popery in this Land."

At length we passed the road entrance into the grounds of the Château Vassy, the residence of the son and daughter of the late Duke of Vicenza, Master of the Horse under Napoleon I., whom he served faithfully enough; but, from all that has ever transpired, with little or no credit to himself. He was a General of Division, but a better diplomatist than soldier; and, if the testimony of his own countrymen be admitted, the devotedness he manifested to the ambitious Ruler of France was rather the subserviency of a courtier intent upon conciliating favour and influence, than the honest attachment of even a violent partisan. During the four years of his residence in Petersburg, where he was

the accredited Envoy of France, it was considered that Napoleon had sent a spy under the name of a *chargé d'affaires*; and this disreputable position was altogether consistent with the man's general character. The Bourbon family abhorred the mere mention of his name, as an accomplice in the murder of the Duc d'Enghien: and the old Buonapartists despised him as an incompetent military officer owing his title to any and every thing but merit as a commander. Caulaincourt was the companion of Napoleon in that "lone and hurrying car," the sledge which bore him away from his perishing Army in Russia; and, in 1815, was the first to greet him at the beginning of the memorable Hundred Days. Nothing but the influence of powerful friends saved him from being shot, or transported for life, when the Allied Sovereigns were dealing with the treasons and perjuries of the fast-and-loose intriguers of that day.

A gentleman of Condé Noireau, who had entered the carriage at the foot of the hill leading up to Château Vassy, and with whom I was conversing as we passed the plantations, gave me to understand that this respectable (!) Duke had acquired the Vassy estate by marriage, on the occasion of his emulating the disreputable conduct of the Emperor in April, 1810, when, having divorced the faithful and unoffending Josephine, he married the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria. Caulaincourt, my informant stated, formed, very soon afterwards, a matrimonial alliance upon a somewhat similar pretext of expe-

diency ; and by some chicanery in the shape of dispensation, with which the Law Courts and Senate of that period were only too familiar, disengaged himself from existing ties, vows, and covenants, and became the husband of a second wife, and the proprietor of this estate ; where, betaking himself to farming and horticulture, he continued, more or less, to reside till the day of his death, which took place at Paris in February, 1827. It is melancholy to reflect on the extreme unworthiness of the many who, aggrandized by the Imperial Usurper's possession of power, as sharers of his military fortunes and renown, became not only the active agents of a dynasty which wrought interminable evils to France, but the unscrupulous and avowed participators of its sins.

The Château is not visible from the high road in Summer-time ; and these historical reminiscences awaken but little interest in a local habitation associated with a deservedly contemned name. At Condé we parted with the dull and drowsy priest already mentioned. I counted here upwards of a dozen elderly women seated on the pavement at spinning-wheels, from which they were drawing off large hanks of blue worsted. Three of the sisterhood sat at a machine fitted with reels, from which they were winding and cutting the threads with an assiduity and fixedness of purpose which strengthened their resemblance to the Three Fates—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos—those arbiters of the life and death of mankind ; or, as they have been termed by

the poets, the secretaries of heaven, and keepers of the archives of eternity.* There was not time for a sketch, but the composition was admirable; and the scissors in the hands of the old crone, as she held up the dark thread to the light at the moment of cutting it asunder, supplied a vivid illustration of that Greek and Roman myth which is come down to times present in the phrase employed to express the precarious condition of a patient whose life hangs upon a *thread*. Not far from this classical group stood the bronze statue of Dumout, a native of the place, who, having travelled in the military service of his country in every quarter of the world, was cut off in the prime of life by the dreadful catastrophe which, not many years since, befel the Railway Train between Paris and Versailles, in that collision which set on fire the greater part of the carriages, and destroyed the unhappy passengers locked up within them.

On arriving at the Post Office, we were detained nearly a quarter of an hour, though our mail-coach had not come before the usual time. Letters are very carefully transmitted in France; but I had several opportunities of observing that the Village Offices were conducted with less punctuality and discipline than are maintained in our country, where one bag is handed up and another thrown down with promptitude which sufficiently indicates a thoroughly organized and well-

* In the ancient Mythology, Clotho presided over the moment of man's birth: Lachesis spun out all the events and actions of his life: and Atropos cut the thread of his existence.

officered department. The postmasters abroad, as at home, are often nonplussed by the addresses penned by such of the million who take too much for granted when relying on the penetration of the sorters. The clerk at Caen handed over to me, for elucidation, a letter sent from England "To Mr. Stuart's man, No. 21, Calvados"—which, I suppose, awaits "the coming man" to this hour. There were some other choice directions. "A Madame Carolinruedroite, No. 4, Cancalvads." But these are lucid and hopeful enough, compared with one which reached our London Office some five-and-thirty years since, and was about to be consigned to the Dead Letter Bureau as utterly incapable of delivery or circulation, for want of the merest guess at the meaning of the following words :

"Samfredévi

"chez milédidisarts

"Haieparcorné Piquédulait" ;

when the late Lord Dudley Ward suggested the true reading, and secured the safe transmission of this epistle to Sir Humphrey Davy, at Lady Dysart's, Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly.

Having at length received the bags,—and my readers are to imagine my narrating these little Post-office anecdotes *par parenthèse*, while waiting for the Condé Correspondence,—we dashed along through a rich, luxuriant tract of country where woods and orchards, pastures and green crops of every variety mapped out the hills into a series of pictures representing "Scenes from the West of England, especially the Apple districts of Somerset, and the undulating

woodlands of Devonshire." This was a portion, and a beautiful one, too, of the eighty thousand acres of Orchards of Calvados; and in the distance lay many a wide compartment of her eighty thousand acres of forests, abounding, I should have said, in game and wild boars. My fellow-traveller, however, said he had never heard of the latter. Hares, rabbits, and woodcocks were to be met with in season, *wolves* at all times; but, according to our notions of coverts and game, his account was meagre enough. He added, moreover, that every other able-bodied man was an admirer of field-sports: in English phrase—a poacher.

Observing large breadths of buck-wheat, I asked if this grain was sown in such abundance with a view to encouraging the breed and preservation of pheasants? To my astonishment, considering he was himself a sportsman, he replied, these were almost unknown birds; that possibly the majority of the natives of Calvados had never seen or heard of pheasants. I was so incredulous, that "not believing my ears," as the phrase is, I drew very carefully in my note-book a cock pheasant,—in order to make sure that we both meant to speak of the same bird. He instantly recognized the "long tail," and said he had himself once seen a golden and a silver ringed pheasant in Paris, but persisted that it was a bird known only in the neighbourhood of the Crown Woods and Manors, and a total stranger to Central Normandy; and that the Sarrasin, the Buckwheat crop, or *blé noir*, was grown as a substitute for wheat flour for the labouring poor, who made it into cakes, and into that peculiar sort of pancake known throughout France by

the name of "Galette," which, seeing so much buckwheat around Falaise, I made a point, some few days afterwards, of tasting. The avidity with which this condiment is eaten by all classes is really very remarkable. Young girls of twelve years of age dispatch eight or nine of them at breakfast (they are of the size and thickness of the old English crumpet, which used to spread itself on the hot-plate without being confined by the modern circular tin); and the peasants' wives concoct them as thick as muffins.

When I bespoke a few at my morning repast at the Grand Cerf, at Falaise, they were to be brought in "hot and hot." They are made for the gentry with farine de Sarrasin (Buckwheat meal) mixed with cream, whey, yolks of eggs, and a dessert-spoonful of Cognac brandy:—and this batter is dropped on the frying-pan, and treated like a pancake, being brought to table hot, and of a coffee-brown colour;—and eaten without sugar or accompaniment of any kind.

The peasantry make them with water instead of milk; and without the brandy, of course.

My catcrers were amazed to find me at a standstill before I had completed the second Galette. They had fully anticipated sending into my parlour at least half a dozen. It is a wretched, insipid, unmeaning, and commonplace production, like a mouldy crumpet, or a "Sally Lunn" out of order; and, let the Grisettes of Paris say or eat what they may—for *they* are the largest consumers—one old-fashioned English pancake is ambrosia itself in comparison.

At twelve o'clock I beheld, to my right, a glorious extent of the most beautiful landscape it is possible

for the most inventive fancy of Artist or Poet to imagine :—

“ Majestic woods, of ev'ry vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high waying o'er the hills ;
 Or to the wide horizon wide diffus'd—
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.” •

* * * * *

“ From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.”

THOMSON.

• It was a boundless expanse of the whole magnificence of Nature ; the sublime and dreadful excepted :—The splendour of Summer, the abundance of blest fertility, the triumphs of husbandry, and the very elements of health and wealth, were all to view and admire and piously to acknowledge. Thought expanded with the prospect, and the affections kindled with ardent sense of the Great Creator's goodness, that had thus filled the land with ornament and treasure, and permitted the eye and heart to enjoy the contemplation of it. Any attempt to describe in detail this enchanting scenery would only overload diction with an exuberance which would cloy the imagination, and yet leave it unsatisfied ;—and the most minutely circumstantial account of such radiant display of the earth's riches thus profusely strewed, or any graphic delineation of a country pre-eminently favoured in all its features, and flourishing in natural loveliness, would fill the ear more than the mind, and still fail to report such perfections adequately. I marked that this marvellous spectacle presented itself to view at

about half a league's distance from the top of a steep hill, down which we drove into Pont d'Ouilly. On the left of the road, opposite to this fascinating region, was a long extent of rocky ravines crested with dense and darkling foliage;—forests of thriving timber trees, whose sombre aspect contrasted finely with the pale grey granite boulders and prominent crags that chequered the generally reddish tint of the abruptly rising hill-sides. These ravines widened at intervals into gently undulating valleys in a state of high cultivation, and yielding the last contribution that was to precede the harvest-home at the white-walled distant farm-houses that dotted the picture; but the marvel was that there should be no intermission of these pastoral delights and enjoyments in which the eye revelled, and knew no satiety. The almost boundless range of landscape was studied, tufted, carpeted, and embroidered (like some rich Indian robe of many a gorgeous colour and golden tissue), in happiest combination, and covering the high land and dell, the hill peak and the watered meadow, the corn-field and the orchard, glebe and garden, with one general investment and decoration of beauty.

At about one o'clock the range of view was limited; and the coppices on either side of the road, with intervals of orchard and grazing land backed by tall underwood, gave a totally different character to the scenery. Elms of tolerably large growth seemed now to supersede Oak; and now and then we espied a gentleman's seat planted out, towards the road, with firs and cedars. These coppices continued

through two or three miles; but many a sweet spot presented itself at intervals, on which it was happiness to bend the eye, with keen appreciation and relish of all its attractive excellences. Our *coupé* was an open one, holding three persons very comfortably; and nothing impeded the free enjoyment of these living pictures but the hilarity of a companion of our driver, who, having accepted the offer of a “lift” for the last two or three leagues of distance, had seated himself on the left hand, and talked incessantly, and in such comic strain, that, had *Bandinello*, or *Boccacio*, or the Storyteller of Arabian Nights’ celebrity, or *Yorick* himself, with his infinite jest and most excellent fancy, undertaken to drive all life’s cares away from the man of the whip, the explosions of merriment and the contortions of helpless laughter could not have been more frequent or uproarious. Laughter, like sorrow, is catching; and I should have been amused by looking at either narrator or listener, but for the latter swaying his body now to the right, now to the left, in such wise as to block out, each time, several leagues’ vista of most delectable scenery; and, as we thought, to endanger the team and all its “belongings.” If the jesters at kings’ and barons’ tables, in the days of old, acquitted themselves as this fellow did, they must have been salutary additions to good company, in one respect at least:—Digestion must have been well speeded;—for, for aught that ever I could learn among the doctors, nothing contributes more directly and effectively towards the concoction of fish, flesh, and fowl, and whatever else may be discussed through three

courses and a dessert, than light-hearted merriment and gay lively table-talk, excluding all and every thing that might fret the spirit, depress the feelings, and derange the bile. We must be transformed, I conceive, into mere youths, and live again, without knowledge of Care, in School and College days, to realize the truthfulness of this theory; but we may reasonably accredit it, though our opportunities of testing such simple dogmata may have passed away for ever. The stout ruddy-cheeked Jchu, who was driving so perilously though not "furiously," was manifestly of that species of mankind that laugh and grow fat; and it will generally be found that they whose good humour never fails, enjoy activity and every faculty much longer and more fully than their contemporaries and fellow-travellers in the journey of life: and verily they deserve the privilege, for society is greatly their debtor.

At half-past one we passed a Château, part of which must have been standing in the middle ages;—for a time-worn old tower, with characteristic extinguisher roof, formed the principal feature of the left wing: I think it was the estate of Morchainc; but no one could give me the slightest information, and the road-books seem to pay no regard to such objects. Another quarter of an hour brought us to the stone-quarries, which *débouche* into the road; and soon afterwards our Mal' Poste vehicle rattled over the stones into Falaise.

FALAISE (the French word for a Cliff) starts upon the highest part of the level space left clear by the constructors of the earliest fortifications which were

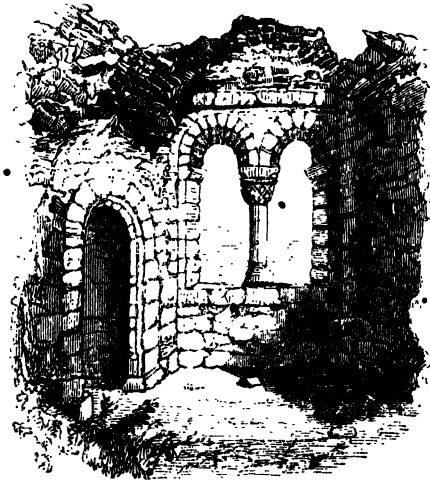
thrown up in ancient times in aid of the natural defences afforded by the cliff or craggy steep whence the town derives its peculiar name. The Saxons and Franks expelled such descendants of the Romans as held this district in the fourth century of the Christian era, and destroyed every vestige of their homes and proprietorship, without erecting, on their own part, any strongholds or stations indicative of their conquest; though the ruins on the heights of Pommeraié which lay to our left, after crossing the Orne, are believed to be those of a fortress erected about the year 800, by Charlemagne, the renowned King of the Franks. About a hundred years after this date, the Normans became masters of this territory, and began to build towns, and to fortify strong military possessions, consistently with their intent and ability to hold the country in permanent possession. FALAISE was among the earliest of these creations; her quarries and ~~natural~~ situation among rocks and ravines, that in themselves constituted the elements of a citadel, affording the most abundant resources. Hence, so early as the year 946, it was cited as the most important post in the whole province; and the donjon keep of the Castle was in progress of erection about seventy-five years subsequent to that date. Richard III., Duke of Normandy, dying in the year 1028, Robert his brother, succeeded to the Duchy, and proceeded vigorously with the works about the Castle. The account universally accredited from those times to the present is, that, while he was espying the country around from the window at that angle of the keep where his own private apartments

had been built, he looked down upon a spring of water in the ravine, at the base of the precipice on which the Castle is situated, and distinguished the eminent beauty of a young maiden who was either filling a pitcher or washing a garment, or her own fair skin;—and upon inquiry, finding she was a daughter of a Tanner in the immediate vicinity (there is a tannery on the spot at this hour), he adopted her as the lady of the Castle, and the sharer of his rank and fortune, without a rival, to the day of his death, which occurred seven years subsequently to his attaining the ducal sovereignty.

As William, surnamed the Conqueror, was born, according to the registered memorials still extant in Falaise, in the year 1024, it is evident that his father formed this connection three or four years previous to his shutting himself up within the Castle walls on the approach of his brother, Richard the Third, who came and laid siege to it, on the occasion of Robert, then Count of Exmes, having declared his independence. Hume, if I be not mistaken, assigns the year 1024 as the period of William's nativity. Burke's "Peerage Book" mentions, 1025: but I prefer the Falaise authority, which accords with the old Latin Epitaph.* Arlotta, therefore, was regarded as Countess of Exmes for five years, and afterwards as Duchess of Normandy. Her father, the astonished Tanner, knew not how to act when all this worldly greatness was thrust upon her without the accompanying sanction of the Holy Church; but her Uncle, a recluse of pious life and far-sighted discretion, stipulated for the public entry of his niece into the

* See page 180.

lordly dwelling, in open day and ceremonial; as the least that Robert could concede under the false position in which his partiality designed to place her; and this was accordingly done. Old Wace, the French chronicler of the twelfth century, may or may not have leaned on the memorable window-sill from which Duke



Robert admired, as is said, Arlotta's exceeding loveliness; but, let the historians and biographers affirm what they may, I declare the utter impracticability of discerning age or feature from that eminence. There were four females at the spring when I was in the Castle and gazing from the window; and it was impossible to distinguish careless and happy from hairless and cappy;* and as I am blessed with what is

* The main difference, frequently, between eighty and eighteen years of age in the fair sex.

termed long sight, and make the minutest sketches of distant country and objects without glasses of any kind, I reject the favourite story as a fabrication, and am confident that

“ Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid ”—

must have aimed at the Conqueror's father within a far, far more limited range of bowshot.

But to return to another mention or two of the early history of Falaise. Arlotta's first-born child, William, was but eleven years old, when his father died on his way from Palestine; the boy, however,



born in a fortress, and cradled among hauberks and helmets, learned the profession of Arms before all

other arts or accomplishments, and (judging by the mark of a cross, in lieu of his name, affixed to the deed of conveyance shown to me at Rouen) could wield a sword before he could guide a pen,—for before he was eighteen, he headed an assault against Toustain, Count of Exmcs, who, with his adherents, had occupied the town of Falaise, and drove him from the place.

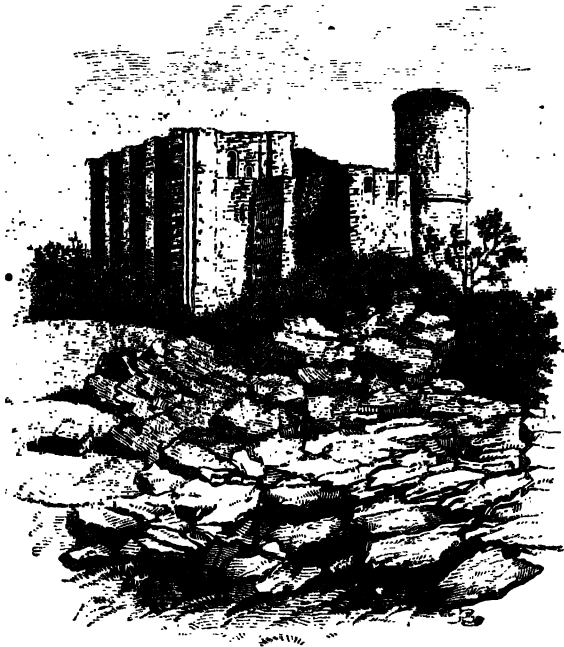
Among the barons who followed him twenty-four years afterwards, in the expedition to England, were Courcy, Cinglais, D'Ouilly, De Gouvix, and Tournebû (ancestor of the Turnbull's), all from the district of Falaise. Henry the First held a meeting of Barons here in 1107; and Henry the Second, in 1173, held confined in the Castle the King of Scotland, the Count of Chester, and several others; and the baronial progenitors of the Mowbrays and Montgomeries (Robert de Montbray and Montgomerie Bellême) founded several monasteries for *religieux* from the town. Richard Cœur de Lion's wife, Bé-rangère, was endowed with the revenues of Falaise; and, after his decease, resided a considerable time in its suburb of Guibray. King John, in 1201, held young Prince Arthur of Brittany as his prisoner in the Castle of Falaise, and strove hard to induce the Governor to murder him; but the whole garrison revolted from the bare idea, and the hapless youth was thereupon transferred to Rouen, where, it is generally believed, the inhuman monarch stabbed him with his own hand. In the year following, Philip Augustus besieged this town, and rescued it from the grasp of John; and in 1256, Louis the

Eleventh resided in it, and built the Cordelier Monastery, the old tower-gate of which is standing to this day; and a very picturesque object it is. The English forces endeavoured to take the town in the fourteenth century, but succeeded not. Henry the Fifth, after the battle of Agincourt and siege of Rouen, attacked Falaise, and, after four months, took it. The town suffered exceedingly in this conflict, but Henry did his utmost towards repairing all the evils of his invasion,—rebuilding the principal Church, constructing moats and fortifications, and laying the foundations of the beautiful round tower, a hundred feet high, which was built up against the square keep of the Castle, and now forms its most striking feature. It is commonly called “Talbot’s* Tower,” and considered as an annexation and adornment of his own devising, when left in charge of Normandy under the Regency of the Duke of Bedford.

Falaise remained thirty-two years from that date, in the hands of the English; but Charles the Seventh recovered it in 1550, and it has ever since flourished as one of the time-honoured towns of France. Francis the First paid a short visit to it in 1532, and after his day came the sorrowful evils accompanying the introduction of the reformed Religion into France: the excitement of that general ferment which caused breaches and divisions in all orders and degrees of society. The factions of the Guises and of Montmorenci left no province or property unassailed. The Falaisians declared for the League, and the result was, that during thirty years the Hugonots

* John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury.

and Romanists alternately ravaged the town, till, in 1590, Henry the Fourth besieged it in person, and



compelled the inhabitants to relinquish their adherence to the League; from which period the military history of the town ceased to hold any prominence in the annals of French wars. The Harcourt family gained large domains and patent of nobility under Louis the Fourteenth, and, as the declared Governors of Normandy, rallied around them the chief nobility of the province. From their descendants, as from all the loyal families that gained intelligence of his

presence in that part of the country, Louis the Sixteenth received marked reverence and honour in his brief sojourn of four-and-twenty hours at Falaise, in the year 1786; which was the last incident of any note previous to the division of France into Departments,—a state measure giving existence to the distinctive name of Calvados, in the extreme South of which stands Falaise, with twelve thousand inhabitants, and reminiscences and relics innumerable of the Conqueror, tracing him from the tanpit to the throne! I should not have introduced these historical passages but for the wish of enhancing that interest which the Reader cannot but feel at mention of a place so intimately associated with the annals of our own monarchy, and containing the most authentic monuments and vestiges of a family which, within less than half a century, may be truly said to have influenced the condition of every principality and power existing at that period in the world.

The traveller's notice is invited to a retrospect of this nature, on his entry into Arlotta's Chamber, by a printed address fixed to a sheet of milled-board, and suspended, since the year 1837, in the recess where the bedstead is supposed to have stood 813 years before.

“ TRAVELLER,

He who was conceived and born

On this spot

Rendered himself famous among all the princes of history,

By his Conquests,

And by the important feudal Institutions

Which he established among the English people.

He was but a barbarian,
 If we judge him
 According to the notions of our own age ;
 But he was a very great Man,
 If we estimate him
 With reference to the men and the events
 In the midst of which he lived...
 Let us be just, Traveller :
 Let us behold in WILLIAM the most powerful creative genius
 Of the eleventh century ;
 Let us bow with deferential respect before the Cradle
 Of him whose capacity enabled him to be, at the same time,
 The Conqueror
 And the Lawgiver
 Of old England.

F. GALERON.

The Author of this inscription was Attorney-General of Falaise. I have rendered it literally, word for word, that the style of the composition might lose none of its conciseness. His estimate of the Duke King's character is echoed by expressions of like nature contained in a letter from the Duc d'Harcourt, to which I had access, and which was written seven years later. This nobleman observes, "William of Normandy was one of the greatest characters that have figured in history. The acts and deeds of conquerors have, in almost all cases, disappeared from the sight of their fellow-men, together with those who achieved them; but *his* have survived him from age to age. In England, especially, may be traced the workings of that powerful hand which laid the foundations of her existing institutions; and thus doth Time best pronounce the real

worth of men." The Municipal Council of Avranches placed on record, about the same date, the following declaration, which, as an echo of the last passage, I quote to show how green and fresh to this day is the memory of the remarkable personage whom I am disposed to account the Hero of my tale in this little volume:—"William the First, Duke of Normandy, owed to his own achievements the title of King in annexation to that of Conqueror, and shed immortal renown on this province. Whether we consider the vast importance of the enterprise, the mingled prudence and courage manifest in all its details, the vigour displayed in the execution of so many combined measures, or the immensity of their final success, and the permanent influences of the result, the Conquest of England must be regarded the chief historical fact of the Eleventh Century, and will ever constitute one of the principal events in the general history of France."

I cannot more appropriately close this Chapter than by laying before my Readers the Inaugural Ode sung at the great Festival of October 26th, 1851, when the splendid equestrian Statue of the Conqueror (represented in the Title-page of this Volume) was unveiled and for the first time, displayed to the delighted population of Falaise, assembled in myriads to witness the ceremony, in the Place de la Sainte Trinité, where it stands at a little distance from the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. The lyrical ode, by Monsieur Julien Travers, Professor of the Faculty of Letters at Caen, was sung by forty Neustrians, to music composed expressly by Monsieur Aubert, him-

self a native of Normandy. This was the poem in chief, selected for recital out of upwards of two hundred compositions sent in by various competitors; and a gold medal of the value of eight sovereigns was awarded to the Author. A second was sung (the words and music by M. Beaugrand); but the chief *éclat* of the day attached to the verses of M. Travers. I lay them before the Reader, reserving my own opinion on their merit; and beg to submit for perusal, at the same time, my own translation.

The subject "comes home" to us as Englishmen, and has not been as yet handled in this style by the French. As a novelty, therefore, appropriate to these days of armaments and expeditions, and as a theme germane to the first mention of Falaise and its proudest monument, I willingly give it a place in these pages; having adopted the favourite rhythm of Sir Walter Scott as most appropriate to the lyrical metre of the original.

CHANT DES NORMANDS AVANT LA BATAILLE
DE HASTINGS.

1066.

C'est assez chanter la vaillance
De Charlemagne et de Roland ;
Nos armes vont tirer vengeance
De l'usurpateur insolent.
Harold a ceint le diadème
Par un parjure de l'enfer.
Sur sa tête impie, anathème !
Frappe le premier, Taillefer.

TERRE des vieux Saxons, ô nouvelle patrie,
De tes barons vaincus, nous ferons nos vassaux.
Vive Guillaume et la Neustrie !
Nous avons brûlé nos vaisseaux.

L'impie Harold, félon perfide,
Insulte à la foi des serments ;
Mais Rome nous appelle et guide
Le Duc fidèle et ses Normands.
Devant nous marche la lumière !
Du Pape nous avons l'aveu
Et l'anneau saint et la bannière
Le Pape, c'est la voix de Dieu.

TERRE des vieux Saxons, ô nouvelle patrie,
De tes barons vaincus nous ferons nos vassaux.
Vive Guillaume et la Neustrie !
Nous avons brûlé nos vaisseaux.

Qu'il est beau, après d'entrer en lice,
Le fils d'Arlette et de Robert,
Montant son genêt de Galice
Et frémissant sous le haubert !

SONG OF THE NORMAN ARMY BEFORE THE
BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

1066.

I.

OUR hearts are with thee, Taillefer bold !
The song of Charlemagne of old,
And Roland, true and valiant knight,
Awakes the memory of their might :
But Vengeance arms us for this hour—
Vengeance on the usurping pow'r
Which, with the kingly crown
By hellish fraud and perjury stain'd,
Presumptuous Harold foully gain'd,
And dares to vaunt his own :
Heavn's curses light upon his brow !
And, Taillefer, strike thou the first blow !

LAND of the ancient Saxon hordes,
We hail thee ours ! Thy conquer'd lords
Our vassals henceforth live :
William for ever ! Neustria's name
Shall flourish in triumphant fame :
Our fleet to the devouring flame
On Ocean's shore we give.

II.

Let Harold, with a felon's guile
And oaths forsworn, our faith defile :—
The voice of honour'd Rome we heed :—
Rome bids our gallant Duke God-speed,
And guides the faithful man :

* Wace, the chronicler, states that Taillefer (who is termed a *jongleur*, a juggler), a sort of licensed Jester, boon companion, and camp-follower—spoilt, perhaps, by the soldiers, and allowed all the privileges of favouritism—cantered on horseback down the line, as the Normans were on the point of discharging the first flight of arrows, and sang aloud to them the old war-song of Roland the Brave. He was humoured so far as to be permitted to have the first shot, and began the day's bloody business by killing an Englishman.

A son cou pendent les reliques
 Où s'enchaîne notre destin.
 Qu'il bâtira de basiliques
 Avec l'or du fils de Godwin!

TERRE des vieux Saxons, ô nouvelle patrie,
 De tes barons vaincus nous ferons nos vassaux.
 Vive Guillaume et la Neustrie!
 Nous avons brûlé nos vaisseaux.

Nous avons vu sur le rivage
 Tomber Guillaume... Un chevalier,
 Comme alarmé d'un tel présage,
 A jeté là son bouclier.
 D'autres ont dit : " Que Dieu nous garde ! "
 Mais lui : " Cêtte terre est à moi,
 Et je la fie à votre garde ;
 Tombé Duc, je me lève Roi."

TERRE des vieux Saxons, ô nouvelle patrie,
 De tes barons vaincus nous ferons nos vassaux.
 Vive Guillaume et la Neustrie !
 Nous avons brûlé nos vaisseaux

Le droit, pour ceindre la couronne,
 Même aux héros ne suffit pas ;
 Il faut encore que Dieu la donne,
 Dieu la donne dans les combats.
 Marchons à la sanglante fête
 Et frappons du glaive en courroux.
 La victoire, c'est la conquête !
 Dieu nous aide ! et Londres est à nous !

TERRE des vieux Saxons, ô nouvelle patrie,
 De tes barons vaincus nous ferons nos vassaux.
 Vive Guillaume et la Neustrie !
 Nous avons brûlé nos vaisseaux.

JULIEN TRAVERS,
 Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Caen.

Light gleams on ev'ry Norman crest—
 The holy ring and banner blest
 The Papal word of grace attest,
 And onward lead our van :
 The Holy Father we revere,
 And God's own voice in his we hear.

III.

How noble in his martial gear,
 Arlotta ! doth thy son appear !
 Duke Robert's child resplendent shows,
 Ere chiefs in mortal struggle close :
 Panting within his iron garb,
 He mounts his proud Gallician barb,
 While, from that breast of mail
 Depends the chain of relics old,
 Wherein the issues yet untold
 Of destiny we hail.
 What goodly fanes to Heav'n shall rise,
 When Godwin's gold is William's prize !

IV.

Mark'd ye our leader's failing feet
 When, from his martial galaxy's seat
 Upspringing, prone he fell ?
 Ye saw the knight, with fear replete,
 The dire presaging omen greet,
 And, casting shield to earth, defeat
 And evil days foretell :
 Ah ! then, and there were voices heard,
 And " God preserve us ! " was the word
 To Heav'n in pious pray'r prefer'd
 By those who lov'd him well :
 But he, regaining on that beach
 His footing sure, with gallant speech
 Thus dealt the prompt rebuke—

“The land I’ve grasp’d is ours alone !
 Henceforth defend it as your own :
 For he who fell to earth a Duke,
 This day ascends a throne.”

v.

The single cause of rightful claim
 Sufficeth not for heroes’ fame ;
 For grace and countenance divine
 Around the regal brow must shine,
 And these can Heaven only yield :
 God grants them through the well-fought field.
 March, warriors, to the battle-plain !
 Our gory festival’s at hand !
 Let outrag’d Justice wield her brand :
 And crowning triumphs gain !
 Crush’d by avenging wrath this day,
 The foe shall hail your sov’reign sway,
 And Conquest give us all.
 Let God befriend these mortal powr’s,
 And London, London, shall be ours !

LAND of the ancient Saxon hordes,
 New country ! hail ! Thy vanquish’d lords
 Our serfs shall henceforth be.
 William and Neustria we greet
 With loyal hearts and honours meet :
 Saxons ! the ashes of our fleet
 Are floating on the sea !

CHAPTER XVI.

FALAISE.

WHILE the last words of the War Song, just brought under notice, are yet awakening doubts as to the authenticity of the *refrein*, or chorus, here alleged to have been shouted forth by the Norman Army, I take occasion to observe that Monsieur Travers must have treated a vague tradition as an historical fact, in imputing to so able a Commander as William of Normandy the folly of setting fire to his fleet. The idea is poetical, just to the same extent with that of drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard; the loss of which, nevertheless, I could assure the bards who flourish such images in lyrical stanzas, would be found most annoyingly inconvenient. Augustin Thierry, the blind French historian, relates that William was the last individual that disembarked on the arrival of his fleet in Pevensey Bay, and that, making a false step, he instantly fell upon his face; upon which a half-suppressed shout of consternation arose in all directions, and some who were nearest to him exclaimed, "God preserve us! This is a very bad omen!" Whereupon the Duke, regaining his feet, exclaimed, "What now? What has startled you? I have seized this soil with both hands, and, as sure as God is great, all there is of it shall hence-

forth be yours!" which pleasantry, in an instant of time, dissipated all misgivings. I have already introduced a brief note upon that doughty champion Taillefer (great ancestor, I presume, of all the Telfers and Talfourds!) who appears to have been a sort of *figlio del Reggimento*, or *enfant gaté*, among the Norman soldiery. Wace, the chronicler, speaks of him thus:—

" Taillefer, ki mult bien cantout,
 Sor un cheval ki tost alout,
 Devant li Dus alout cantant
 De Karlemaine è de Rollant
 E d'Oliver è des vassals
 Ki morurent en Renchevals.

At every pause in Taillefer's song before the battle, the soldiers exclaimed, "Dieu aide! Dieu aide!" This *name* appears, however, in good companionship and connection among the Conqueror's descendants, one of whom, King John, married, A.D. 1200, Isabella, daughter and heiress of Aymer Taillefer, Count of Angoulême.

With respect to the mention, made in the Ode, of the sacred relics of saints upon which, as they lay concealed in two small caskets in Bayeux Cathedral, Harold (*unconsciously*, it has been urged), laying both hands, swore fealty to the Duke of Normandy, and promised to support his claim to the throne,—it appears that these remnants of bone were strung together, and worn round William's neck, during the battle, together with a ring set with a diamond of great value, and enclosing a hair of the head of St. Peter;—a present from the Pope, Alexander II., who

sent with it, also, a banner of the Church of Rome, which had received the Papal benediction. All these were delivered by the same envoy from the Vatican who brought to Normandy the bull of excommunication launched forth against Harold as a profane man and a perjured.

The charger on which the Duke rode during the conflict of the memorable 14th of October was a Spanish one, brought into Normandy and presented to him by a wealthy noble who was just returned from a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, in Galicia.

These few notices will serve to elucidate allusions in the Ode which otherwise would appear devoid of interest, and I should have appended them to the last chapter but for press of other matter. The Statue itself is on a colossal scale, in fine bronze; and exceeds the proportions of the well-known equestrian effigy of Henry IV. of France, on the Pont Neuf, in Paris. From the top of the pedestal on which the horse is placed to the crest of the helmet is a space of thirteen feet. From the same level to the point of the flag-pole, nearly twenty-four feet.

The general appearance of this superb monument is already familiar to the Reader, who, doubtless, has admired the exquisitely beautiful *Wood-engraving* (after a comparatively rough original) in my Title-page. The weight of man and horse amounts to upwards of seven tons and a half; and great ingenuity was evinced by the Sculptor, Louis Rochet, who designed this group, in poising the metal so accurately as to enable the prancing horse to sustain

the whole of the immense weight, by its hinder legs and the junction of the longest hairs of the animal's tail to the ground from which it is rearing.

While as yet the clay model only was in existence, the present Emperor of France (then Prince President), accompanied by the Minister of the Interior and a large deputation from Normandy, visited M. Rochet's Studio, in Paris, for the purpose of inspecting the work; and the enthusiastic admiration elicited on this occasion led to the increase of the State grant of £120 to £400. At that time the Statue must have resembled very strongly that gigantic plaister cast, by Simonis of Belgium, which, in the Crystal Palace of 1851, overtopped every object in the whole line of sight down the central walk,—and which was inaugurated, in bronze, at Brussels in 1848, three years previous to the completion of the Falaisian monument. Simonis's was an exhibition of considerable animal development; though I remember its being considered a somewhat vulgar and exaggerated portraiture of the hero—Godfrey de Bouillon, leader of the Second Crusade, and King, by proclamation, of Jerusalem, A.D. 1099. The knightly warrior's horse, of yet heavier proportions than the Conqueror's Spanish barb, touched the plinth with three out of four legs, but bore no resemblance to Rochet's animal. The riders, however, are not very dissimilar; for Godfrey, like William, was represented waving on high a flag as a rallying sign for his devoted followers; and this identity in the attitude was uppermost in my recollections at the first moment of my beholding the Falaisian statue. Both steeds have

more of the cart-horse than of the Arab in their make; but the uplifting of the Conqueror's horse's fore legs in air has an appearance of lightness and life in which the other animal, suddenly reined in, and almost going down on his hinder hocks, is manifestly deficient. I prefer the expression of Godfrey's countenance to that of William's, which is *un peu féroce* and truculent. The former seems appealing to Heaven, as the champion of a holy cause: the latter is a thorough "Death or Victory" General, and has more of earth than of the skies about him. Both are burly warriors, and too vulgarly stout to be very interesting in the regard of those whose *beau idéal* demands a "pale pensive countenance, and a tall and slender, but elegantly proportioned, form"!!

William is represented in the suit of chain mail he is recorded to have worn in the Battle of Hastings; a light cloak over his shoulders, fluttering in the wind. His head bears the celebrated Norman helmet (with the nazal, or nose-piece, for defence of the features), and a ducal coronet surmounts it. The pennon he is waving represents that which Alexander II. had blessed and presented to him as the great invader of the North, and is inscribed with the old Norman words, DEX AÏE! (God be our help!)—the cry of the Normans in the famous battle.

All the principal towns, public institutions, corporate and legislative bodies, literary societies, departmental representatives, judges, magistrates, counsellors, and heads of mercantile firms—together with many hundreds of the inhabitants at large, including some Nuns, of every commune in Normandy—sub-

scribed towards the expense of this monument. The Government voted a considerable grant, and the public and private donations began to flow in soon after the announcement of the project in the year 1844; not from Normandy alone, but from many remote districts of France. The President of the then existing Republic (the present Emperor), Louis Philippe, the Count de Chambord, Messieurs Salvandi, Guizot, Thierry, and several other well-known political and literary characters, contributed liberally towards the design;—and the town of Falaise defrayed the expense of the Pedestal of white native granite, on the sides of which the Sculptor (Rochet) conceived the design of introducing statuettes of the six Dukes of Normandy who had preceded Duke William. These were Rollo, William Longsword, Richard I. (surnamed the Fearless), Richard II. (surnamed the Good), Richard III., and Robert I. (surnamed indifferently the Magnificent and—the Devil!) The funds, however, did not favour this supplementary design; and the pedestal, which is of the style of the eleventh century, remains plain.

I believe the Statue cost upwards of £2500. It stands, as has been already stated, at no great distance from the Hôtel de Ville—a little farther than the distance at which the Statue of *our* Duke is removed from the front of the Royal Exchange. If the steps and general approaches to the Town Hall of Falaise were as respectable in appearance, and as free from litter and the indications of neglect and desolateness, as our Bourse is, the work of art, the posterior portion of which is turned towards the

building, would seem less out of place; though I incline to think it would have been more happily fixed in the Market Square. It is really a striking object, and verifies all we know of the general appearance of the Son of Arlotta; and as the present Place de la Trinité was formerly called the Place d'Armes, and leads into the Castle where the Conqueror first drew breath, the Committee who superintended the matter may be said to have exercised a right judgment in selecting this site: but it is not seen by a tenth of the population, nevertheless. It is hardly fair to institute a comparison, seeing how totally distinct the two horses and their riders were, and what different times they illustrate; but the calm and quiet dignity of Arthur Wellesley and old Copenhagen in their pride of place, in the heart of our City—

“E'en there where merchants most do congregate”—
are transcendently superior, both in conception and execution; though I place on record this opinion without the slightest thought of depreciation or disparagement: for we may with still greater reason remark the palpable inferiority of the English monument, here so justly commended, to the antique equestrian Statue of Marcus Aurelius in front of the Capitol at Rome, which, instinct as it seemed with life, Michael Angelo used to say, always impressed him with the idea of its being in actual motion.*

As a matter of course, I visited the Castle often. The only approach is to the right of the Town Hall, where a narrow passage leads to an old archway, the

* *Cammina!* (It absolutely walks!) was Buonarrotti's well-known exclamation.

gate of which stands open and reveals a cottage inhabited by a cheerless and stupid old man, who enjoys the privilege of keeping the key of the inner gate, and conducting visitors over the ruins. The large area of ground, or outer court, revealed to the eye, on first entry, has, for many generations, been built upon, after the style of our University Quadrangles, and comprises the Public School, or Classes Primaires and Secondaires for the boys of the town. It is a sort of College; and some of the buildings have stood three centuries. On my second visit I called upon the Principal, a middle-aged priest, of pleasing demeanour and intelligent countenance, who gave me free range, at all times, of the whole of the premises, and license to sit and sketch whenever and wherever I might choose, independently of the ignorant, fidgetty old Ciceron; one of those nuisances least endurable in foreign travel. Enjoying these facilities, I was enabled to make at leisure, and to finish in faithful detail, several most interesting sketches illustrative of this genuine old Norman fortress; a portion of which have served, on a reduced scale, as vignettes in the pages of the last chapter. The principal had not seen an Englishman for several years. The French and German artists occasionally make their appearance, pencil in hand: but whether they publish their drawings I had no opportunity of discovering; for I traversed the whole of Rouen in fruitless search of any good illustrations of Caen or Falaise. There were some indifferent lithograph sketches of a Church or two. I explored the Keep, and was shown the (imagined) cell in which Duke Arthur of Brittany,

King John's victim, was confined ; and went over Talbot's Tower, the walls of which are thirteen feet thick. The annexation of this tower to the plain oblong square Castle walls of Duke Robert's erection, which is three centuries older, is not critically consistent with the severer style of the primitive edifice to which it adheres, and with which it internally communicates ; yet the contour of the general mass of buildings is marvellously indebted to the mighty cylinder of perfect masonry for all the outline of beauty which pleases in any drawings of the Castle. This stronghold of the dark ages sustained eight or nine sieges, in two of which gunpowder did its work of assault and battery ; the latest of which was in 1589, when Henry IV., after a week's cannonade (the result of which was shown me in a large breach in the wall), made himself master of the place, and dictated his own terms to Falaise, the inhabitants of which perceived their chances in the game of war reduced to so discouraging a degree of weakness, that they left the old rock and the stones erected upon it to take care of themselves, and never repaired the damage from that day to this.

The most picturesque and satisfactory view of the Castle of Falaise and of Mont Mirat, from whence our fifth Henry cannonaded it, is, beyond all comparison, that which is beheld from the dwarf wall in the little garden at the back of the old Chapel of the Templars (now a printing-house), into which entry is obtained up a court, or through the shop of a small printseller and stationer in the Place de Trinité —at the end farthest distant from the Hôtel de Ville

and Statue. I was fortunate enough to discover this, after a patient calculation of possibilities. By marking with the eye, from the Castle walls, the points among the least-enclosed houses at which lines, drawn from the wall overlooking the Val d'Ante would touch, I hit upon this very spot; and the drawing I made when this $\Delta\acute{o}\varsigma\ \pi\acute{o}\upsilon\ \sigma\tau\acute{\omega}$, this standing place, was gained, amply requited my pains; but the scale of the landscape precludes its admission into letter-press.

It was positive delight, indeed, after wandering and stumbling among the heaps of stone—(harder and heavier than any granite, porphyry, or lava I have ever handled)—that lie embedded or loose within the walls of this great relic of antiquity,—to stroll quietly down to the base of the craggy rock on which it is situate, and ramble among the localities to which tradition has attached such interest, and where Nature herself has done so much to make every rood of ground a spot to attract and engross attention. There are the tanneries, there the little streams of the Ante, turned hither and thither to soak hides or steep linen,—to fill the tan-pit or the laundry tanks, as in the day of old Robert and of Arlotta. The same channels exist for the course of the brook-like river, visiting each corn or cotton mill in turn, that served as aids and appliances to the business carried on under the very shadow of the Castle walls before the date of the Conquest. The women draw water at this hour, where, to be visible from the apartments in the old gloomy keep, Arlotta must have sought her supply of that element; and

the *blanchisseuse*, as she wrings out, with her fellow-labourer in soap-suds, the heaviest linen, and carries it to the bleaching-ground alongside, seeks, in all probability, the same grassy plots, scattered around Mount Mirat, where her predecessors stretched sheets and counterpanes, and gossiped and giggled, on the morning of Duke William's birth. The scenery has not changed, nor its characteristics; the dwellings, constructed from the same quarry which was used in 1066, are not so numerous as to have covered the sites one would desire to behold unoccupied; and the two main occupations which employed the very limited population of the hamlet in the eleventh century appear to contribute the means of livelihood to those who have sat down to wash and to tan by the identical streams in the nineteenth.

The Millers whitened with their flour, and the Tanners embrowned with their bark, seem to relish very keenly the lightest mention of the times of their predecessors; and as one after another quietly drew near to my sketching-place, and perceived the progress of a large drawing comprehending both Castle and Tanneries, Rock, river, laundresses, and drawers of water, they nudged each other, saying, "See! he has got in Duke Robert's window! Ah! there's the old tan-house!" "Mais, certainement!" he has drawn Arlette," telle qu'elle aura du être!"—showing how imperishable these recollections are, and how intimately associated with all that surrounds the homes and hearths of the present generation is every little incident to which tradition, authentic or apocryphal, has attached the memory of the Conqueror.

I have stood on the summit of Mons Sacer, and at the base of the Tarpeian Rock, endeavouring to realize the presence of Consuls, Tribunes, and Plebeian malcontents; but Time had dealt too roughly with Rome not to have marred and all but obliterated the features which would have spoken of Menenius and Manlius; and largely had he who was then "well up in his Livy" to draw upon imagination before the *genius loci* exerted its influence, or the consciousness of standing on classic ground imparted the expected gratification. It is otherwise in the Val d'Ante—as my account of it has clearly shown; and had the dwellings only borne a more primitive yet less civilized aspect, and their inmates' clothing been assimilated more nearly to the fashion portrayed in Queen Matilda's tapestry, I might have sate by the time-hallowed rivulet and inhaled the scent of the tan fuel, and listened to the *battoir* of the busy laundress, and believed myself to be a Falajisian of the days when Harold sate in Edward's chair, and the cry of every Norman within the Castle walls was "For England, ho!"

FULL of such thoughts, I re-entered the town by that most picturesque portal, flanked by two grey round towers of the eleventh century, called the Cordeliers' Gate;—a convent for that order having been built here on a manor formerly belonging to Duke William, by Louis XI. The double archway—which must have had its portcullis, or some such intermediate bar—was a work, I should say, of the thirteenth century. It is pointed, and of less simple mouldings than those of the Conqueror's day, and

hardly massive enough in its structure to resist the engines of assault employed previous to the invention of gunpowder and artillery. It composes charmingly in a picture, and would have found place in these pages, but for the absolute necessity of compression and limit; for, in fact, the scenes of my RAMBLE presented daily, if not hourly, so many capital subjects for illustration, that the Publisher would have given to the world a Book of Prints, instead of a certain number of sheets of letterpress, had one-third, even, of my sketches been transferred by the wood-engraver to the volume now in the hands of my Reader: a redundancy of claims to distinction which reminds us of the Crown Prince of Denmark's reply to Lord Nelson, when, after the attack upon Copenhagen, he recommended a Danish youth of seventeen, named Villemoes—who had done good execution against the English, from a mere raft—to the favourable notice of his sovereign, saying he ought to be made an admiral. “My Lord,” replied the Prince, “if I am to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service.”

It was at a few paces' distance from this gate that I stopped to read an announcement, which, as the local bill-stickers had not been cautioned to be wary of plying their *highly* communicative trade, was affixed in all the glare of red, yellow, and blue type to the gable-end of one of the most comely houses in the street, and, being translated, ran as follows:—

BILL OF PERFORMANCE
 at the
 Théâtre des Variétés,
 In one of the Buildings erected on the Square,
 Called the Great Fair Field :
 (By permission of the Authorities)
 To-day, and for some days afterwards,
 THE WAR IN THE EAST.

BOMBARDMENT
 " of
 The Imperial Port
 of
 ODESSA,
 22nd August, 1854,
 By the Anglo-French Squadron,
 Consisting of Eight Steam Frigates,
 The Descartes, Mogadore, and Vauban, French Frigates ;
 The Terrible, Sampson, Tiger, Furious, and Retribution,
 English Frigates,
 Under the orders of Admiral Dundas
 And Vice-Admiral Hamelin.

On the rising of the Curtain, the Theatre will represent the roadstead of Odessa ; the town and its fortifications in the background ; which will be seen to fall in ruins under the fire of artillery. The spectators will witness, in the course of the action, the explosion of two Powder Magazines, the conflagration raging among the Storehouses, the Barracks, and the Palace of Prince Woronzow ; in short, the complete destruction of the Fortifications. To begin at seven o'clock in the evening.

Price of the chief seats, 25 centimes (about two pence
 farthing !)
 Second seats, 15 centimes (about five farthings !)

Considering these very moderate charges for admission, the great mass of the inhabitants will hardly fail to attend a representation so interesting to all classes!

What might we not expect should the designer of this flaming and crashing appeal to loyalty contemplate a similar facsimile of the attack and defence of Sebastopol!

The specification of the Great Fair Field in this placard leads me to the mention of Duke William's Fair of Guibray, which is held for a fortnight, annually, in the month of August. Guibray is a suburb to the East of Falaise, and the Fair here held in earlier times was of such celebrity, and attracted during the whole period of its continuance so vast a multitude, not only of the inhabitants of Falaise, but of the province at large, that the wide open plain on which the several merchants, tradespeople, and caterers for public amusement (numerous and various in their several denominations as the requirements of a civilized community), used to take up their stations, was soon surrounded by dwelling-houses; and the lanes of the Fair eventually became streets of a small bourg or town, the houses in which were tenanted partly by the stallholders, partly by families who preferred living a little way out of Falaise, and by strangers who came up from all parts of Normandy and the adjacent provinces to make purchases for the year at this great mart; just as the people of Saxony and Norfolk resort to Leipsic and Lynn. This annual rendezvous of buyers and sellers

was held during the period of my visit; and, without exactly knowing the worth of its pretensions to notice in the present day, I strolled onward from the Market-place, after dinner, in the direction leading to Guibray; lingering a little while in the old town to notice how cruelly the "Authorities"—Mayor, Corporation, and their officials,—Commissioners of Lighting, Watching, and Paving, &c.—had lent their sanction to the desecration of the Church (in the very centre of the town), three-fourths of the exterior of which has been blocked up by tenements of the lowest order, and regarded as a mere convenient wall of stone for the insertion of joists, rafters, chimney-flues, and stackpipes. A LA RENOMMÉE (or Temple of Fame!) the chosen seat of one Labbé, a haircutter, is built into the Western extremity of the sacred edifice, the roof rising to beyond the spring of the elliptic arch of the window. Deshayes, a grocer, is his next door neighbour, whose roof and chimneys soar higher than the apex of the main buttress: and this polluting profanation cleaves to the house of God from South to East, without let or hinderance, note or comment: except from those who—having learnt the worth of Mediæval Architecture, and lived to see a few thorough clearances and restorations in their own land, be it in Paris or London—behold with disdainful anger this interpolation of wigs, figs, and spicery, amidst the entablatures, mullions, and finials of temples of the thirteenth century. A conflagration in this stack of unblest buildings would, to use Cromwell's phrase, be "a purificatory and redeeming incident." It was upon this occasion that I noticed

the iron-gate work, particularly referred to in page 135; the sight of which, blended with the horrors just detailed, would drive any nervously sensible member of the Camden Society into a paroxysm of indignant and most laudable frenzy.

It being Fair time, there was much advertising, and many an unusual expedient in force, to attract the notice of strangers. Cords were stretched from the second-floor windows of houses on one side of the street to windows of corresponding height on the opposite side, suspending immense white banners on which were painted, in letters six inches high, the name, sign, and trade, of certain shops;—in some cases, the banners were black and the letters white; looking ghastly enough. Among those were the hackneyed “AU GAGNE-PETIT,” and “AU PAUVRE DIABLE”—the accredited insignia of two houses in the main street which I was to pass through on my way to the Fair. The latter was personified in a very respectable oil painting, by a half-life size, full-length figure of a street-sweeper, intended to represent a “seedy” looking personage, best described by the familiar term, “a broken-down tradesman.” “Gagne-petit” was his opposite neighbour: this was illustrated in the person of a weary Knifegrinder (such as Canning would have immortalized). I suppose it indicated *Grinding Poverty!* though “Quick returns and small profits” have enabled that fraternity, in most parts of the world, to wage successful battle with Fate, *malgré* their feet revolved not the wheel of Fortune.

Seven or eight minutes' further walking brought

me into Guibray. There was still ample daylight for examination of the Church, the *inner* part of the porch of which is of the eleventh century, and reputed to have been erected in the days of Duke Robert, father of the Conqueror. The zigzag mouldings on the semicircular arch of the door of entry are not of the date to which the common opinion of the inhabitants attributes them. They are Early English rather than Norman, such as abound in Kent, Norfolk, Oxford, and, in fact, wherever the First Transition style left its features. The flying buttresses, richly ornate and florid, are undoubtedly of the middle of the fifteenth century. They are deplorably hemmed in by the private dwelling-houses that crowd around the Church; but I could distinguish enough to admire, and accurately to copy off into my book. The ground-plan is in the form of the Latin Cross. The Choir (for I went in) is made repulsive to the eye by the worst of innovations in the Grecian style of architecture; but I could perceive that the walls were of the original structure, of the reign of Louis XI. The tower has a gable on each of the four sides.

The Falaisians are so prone to attribute everything old and curious to the æra of their hero William, that it would be difficult to disabuse them of the conviction that this was the place of worship in which he intended the people resorting to the Fair to assemble, from generation to generation. Being surrounded by houses, the interior is, of course, dark and gloomy; but, altogether, the fabric well deserves

careful notice, and I perceive the "Glossary of Architecture," 1845 (Parker, Oxford; Bogue, Fleet Street), makes mention of it in three several places, confirming my notes made upon the spot, and the conjectures I ventured to entertain on view of this interesting relic of bygone ages.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FAIR OF GUIBRAY.

IT was dusk before I found myself in the middle of the principal street of Guibray, and at the sign of the "Rochers du Calvados," a coffee-house speculating on the reinforcement of its powers of good entertainment in the persons of three "Lady Singers," accompanied by two violins and a pianoforte, alongside of which they stood on a dais or low platform, singing *in alto* in more senses than one, and astonishing the natives grouped around "The Calvados Rocks," amid the *agrémens* of coffee, Cognac, lemonade, and holiday dresses.

A few doors lower down was another "Café Chantant," where three similar vocalists in pale rose-coloured silk gowns, and three violinists, were testing the existence of music in the souls of a mixed company whose acquaintance with the concord of sweet sounds seemed hardly to equal their familiarity with *eau sucrée*, cigarettes, and peaches, as an accompaniment to which the strain of "Celui qui sût toucher mon cœur" seemed a somewhat *mauvaise plaisanterie*; as if the sirens would have said, "We see what reaches soonest the hearts of you degenerate Guibrayans!" Another turn brought me into the Place du Champ de la Foire, or the Fair Field; and

here, evidently, great efforts had been made to maintain the pristine celebrity of Guibray's Fourteen Nights' Entertainments. The first attraction was a really fair-sized Theatre (a stationary building) for Petite Comédie and Vaudevilles, patronised by the "gentle" portion of the holiday-folks, some of whom I saw paying down two francs for admission. Sauntering round the building, I almost walked into the Green Room, and encountered one of the principal *dramatis personæ*, evidently enacting the rôle of some Count or Grand Seigneur, for he was arrayed in an astonishingly gay sea-green velvet court suit, and bore aloft a flowing white periwig which would have won for him distinction at Versailles in the reign of Louis XV., but which had, by some unlucky collision, become all a-twist, and exposed so much black whisker that he seemed to have rushed from the stage to the property-man, in frantic search of a mirror and better adjustment. I heard him in angry *parle* with this functionary just as I was reminded, by two or three astounding explosions, in an opposite direction, that "The War in the East," like this fair in the East end of the town, was making a noise in the world, and that at that moment the English and French Admirals had just blown up the two Powder Magazines of Odessa: a faithful fulfilment of the promise made in the morning, on the wall near the Cordeliers' Gate. Sure enough, there was the rival "Théâtre des Variétés," crowded with a delighted audience of five-farthing play-goers, to whom drum and trumpet outside, and blunderbuss and thunder within, were ministering ineffable delight, as often as the blue

fire enveloping poor Prince Woronzow's Marine Villa (referring possibly to the colour of his visage when he heard it was burnt down) shed ghastly evidence of there being mischief meant, and no mistake, by the Anglo-Gallic frigates. Next in order to this martial spectacle was a huge Caravan, provided with drum, trumpet, and puffer, and exhibiting, on a wide stretching-frame, an oil-colour painting five yards high, which purported to depict to the life the largest Fat Boy in France: Aimable Jouvin, né à Herblay le 10 Juin, 1840. (Admission, a penny farthing.) The picture represented a youth as big as a bullock, dressed in a red tunic with a turn-down collar, and arms bare; the tunic being made with high sleeves: legs clothed in white jean trousers, with tucks; white socks, and buckled shoes: rather an infantile costume for fourteen years! The artist—doubting, I suppose, the disposition of the “million” to believe that such young obesity, “larding the lean earth as he walked along,” should weigh as many stone, and half as much again, as he had lived summers—had painted a subsidiary white placard in the left hand of Aimable's counterfeit, on which was written in large characters, “Je suis vivant!” (I am alive!) I waited to see what effect this advertisement of “fat cut lean” might produce on passers-by; for the crowd was increasing, and the *promenade du soir* begun. A group of women were the first to stand at gaze when they came opposite to this specimen of success in Norman Feeding. “Ah! mon Dieu! le monstre! *Enfant fait de lard!* J'aurais peur de regarder tel animal.”—“Mais, comment! Est-ce

possible? *Le tunique serviroit de rideau, en salon!*” (would make a parlour-curtain.) “*Comme il doit manger, ce petit veau gras!*” (How that young fat calf must eat!) Many such comments were plentiful among the troops of holiday-folk that were making the tour of the whole Fair,—(the “*foule*” of the *Odessa affiche*); but, at length, a cavalry soldier mounted the short ladder which led to the “practicable door” under the painting, saying he had seen many a little one not bigger than a *bouteille de bière*, but this youngster was more like a *conducteur* of diligences than a schoolboy of fourteen—dress him as they would; and he would not mind *trois sous* by way of a fairing. I was inquisitive enough to linger on the spot till this son of Mars came out again; and if any part of the exhibition was more ludicrous than another, it was his overboiling wrath at the “dead take-in” of the whole concern, on which he had evidently expatiated, in some very choice Norman phraseology, judging by the rejoinders of one of the showwomen who followed him, close at his heels, out of the little door, and seemed to have ruffled him into a slight indignation. I could not sufficiently command my countenance to ask him what he really had beheld behind that thin partition; but my impression was that Aimable had not been fattened up to the mark of his visitor’s large expectations, or that it was some partial development only (such as Madame Sartgée exhibited some forty years ago in London), or a dropsical case, and no fat at all. Some such stinging disappointment must have been encountered by the half-infuriated dragoon, who gnashed his teeth at the

picture, and clinched his fist at Aimable's keeper, till he was lost in the crowd, where I could hear him “sacré”-ing at the loss of his sous and patience, in a condition of uneasiness which it would require a deal of lamplight, Cognac, and coffee-house comfortings to mitigate before bedtime.

The Caravan adjoining this mysterious young stranger contained two Ostriches, on behalf of whom I should have imagined the same limner had been retained whose exaggerated delineation of adipose matter had occasioned “words” next door; for the bird that carried Old Sinbad beyond sea would have appeared like a wren alongside these full-length portraits of the “animal bipes” (and almost “implume”). Infusing a spice of the terrible with the wonderful, the highly imaginative Landseer of the shows had represented one of the Ostriches thrusting its awful length and breadth of foot into the open waistcoat of a young man, who was to be supposed to have stared the “rara avis” too full in the face, and thus to have provoked castigation on the spot; for he was painted in the attitude of sinking down to earth under the weight of the affronted monster's resentment. The exclamation of the motley crowd as they gazed, open-mouthed, on this pictorial phenomenon, were such as the “commentaria variorum” in a country fair might be supposed to furnish. “Quel spectacle! Mais, mon cher, c'est affreux! quelle cuisse d'oiseau!”—“Ah, le coquin noir! Il va tuer ce pauvre jeune homme!”—“Quel potron! de se laisser terrasser ainsi par un bête d'oiseau!”—

“Allons, Mesdames et Messieurs, — montez,” — shouted a gaunt door- (and bird) keeper, on the platform; — “walk up, and see ‘les géans ailés’” (the winged giants); “qui mangent des clefs, des fourgons, même des grilles de fer” (who eat keys, pokers, and even iron railings), “et pondent des œufs gros comme des boulets à canon!” (and lay eggs as large as cannon-balls.) “Ah! diable!” exclaimed a countryman in the throng, ‘ces œufs-là serviront de faire des omelettes de la foire de Guibray: faites cuire ces friandes, Madame, pour notre souper, par exemple!’” (Those eggs will just serve to supply the Fair-people with omelets: come, Mistress, by way of novelty, let’s have some of those delicacies served up for our supper!) — “A la bonne heure! et Madame la Zoologiste doit s’engager de cuisinière à Monsieur! Ah! la belle plaisanterie!”

The next range of scaffolding and platform, brilliantly illuminated with coloured lamps, and soliciting patronage of that within which would evidently pass all show outside (through the instrumentality of an ophicleide, two trumpets, a clarionet, and a double drum), exhibited a very large white sheet, stretched on a frame and inscribed with the following announcement, which, at a glance, revived the recollection of the Old Moralities and Mystery plays of the middle ages—

LA CHASTE SUZANNE;
 ou,
 DANIEL LE PROPHETE.
 Drame en quatre actes
 et cinq tableaux.

Tableau.

1. Les deux Vieillards.
2. Le Jugement.
3. Le Prison.
4. Suzanne condamnée à la supplice.
5. Le Bucher.

(1. The two Elders. 2. The Judgment. 3. The Prison.
4. Susan condemned to criminal punishment. 5. The Stake.)
(Admission, Twopence halfpenny.)

I had never witnessed one of these dramas; and, but for certain misgivings as to the *mise en scène*, and more caricature and coarseness than it would have become myself in particular, and Christian men in general, to witness, who ought ever to shrink from trifling with either inspired or uninspired Scripture, I should have become a spectator. A *tableau vivant* (and *parlant*, too, as it proved), consistent with twopence halfpenny admittance-money, was not likely to present anything but the grossly ludicrous: a conclusion at which I might have arrived independently of any other consideration, on perceiving that all the mustachioed musicians but one descended rapidly from their orchestral elevation into the back of this removable theatre, for the purpose, no doubt, of acting the parts of the Elders, Daniel, and the Judge! There were three or four women, inside, who, when not trimming the lamps, personated the wife of Joachim, her Mother, and her two Maidens. I was on my way to the street-part of the Fair,—for all these Exhibitions and Theatrical Novelties were confined to the plain above mentioned,—when, being detained by the pressure of the crowd, which was now become considerable, against the stage-end of

the Morality-Play-House, I overheard a girl's voice enunciating as follows (I translate the French) :—

“No, Sirs, no :—I desire you will take yourselves off. I perfectly understand all you are about. All your fine speeches are lost upon *me*. Whom do you take me for? Advance another step, and I'll shout for help.”

I then heard, “Au secours, au secours !” (Help ! help !) and, regaining free passage, turned my back upon the Babylonian matron's griefs ; to atone for which I presume the Elders were bound to the stake, and supposed, as the curtain fell, to be presently stoned to death as false witnesses.

My readers would find a most interesting note, seven pages in length, in the Appendix to “The Golden Legend,” by H. W. Longfellow (Bogue, 1854), page 214, quoted from vol. i., chap. 4, of Miss Howitt's “Art-Student in Munich,” in which she describes with admirable exactitude and fidelity, as well as with excellent feeling, the representation of a religious play she witnessed, four or five years since, at Ober-Ammergau, in the Tyrol. Mr. Bayard Taylor also, in his “Eldorado,” describes a “Mystery” (the Nativity and Massacre in Bethlehem) he saw performed at San Lionel, in Mexico. The Romish Church has not yet discontinued these spectacles. Some Germans in Boston gave several ; and a playbill was circulated in Cincinnati, in June, 1852, advertising that great Biblico-Historical Drama, the “Life of Christ.”

The introduction of this Canvass (Theatre for the Illustration of the Apocrypha in the Fair of Guibray,

commonly called the Fair of William the Conqueror, was characteristically in keeping with all the reminiscences of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when this annual meeting was at the height of its celebrity.

Both sides of the main street were lined with long and very spacious stalls, kept by a better class of people than bring wares to any of our English fairs: they were either proprietors or agents of shops in distant towns. Two came from Paris. In these stalls, the majority of which were brilliantly illuminated, Variety had exhausted all its resources, and Fancy,—catering for every class of the million,—all her inventiveness. Perceiving at a glance that no one would hereafter credit a mere word-of-mouth report of even the fiftieth part of what I beheld offered for purchase in any one booth or stall, I took out my tablets, and catalogued as long as I could; and the Reader will be thus enabled to form some conception of the fairings he might bring home, in some fine August, from even one stall-counter in Guibray. Each stall-keeper did his or her best (they were mostly men), with hand, heart, eye, and voice, to attract custom, and publish the intelligence of valuables, in infinite variety, being on sale for mere nominal prices; and one puffer, in particular, whom I shall have occasion to specify with further notice, seemed willing to lay down his life in the cause of sale and purchase; for no lobe of lung, no larynx, trachea, windpipe, or weasand, could persevere in such shouting, and survive a fourth of the period of the Fair. He was, indeed, a “Stunner”!

If anything was more remarkable than the noise, it was the wit and comic humour of the man, which would have provoked Heraclitus or St. Anthony himself to laughter.

I here recapitulate a few of the articles arranged for public view in the first booth that came under my notice:—

Women's and children's caps, wicker baskets, and brass candlesticks; brooms of every sort; drums, large and small; lithograph prints; *sacs de nuit*; ribands, *ad infinitum*; tea-trays; models of ships; wooden and woollen dogs, cats, lambs, and goats (barking, or silent); trumpets, patent medicines; leather, prunella, silk, and satin boots, and list shoes; clothes-brushes, violins; wigs for either sex; scalps, fronts, plaits, and false coronets for ladies; and false whiskers for gentlemen; sponges, coffee-pots, bagatelle-boards, gaiters, braces, apricot tartlets, and buns; cruetts, corsettes, soup-plates, crucifixes, salad forks, bellows, figs from the Levant, horns, travelling caps, pistachio and Brazil nuts, pantaloons, breeches, and fancy trousers; popguns, crossbows, tooth-brushes, swords, harmonicons, purses, wreaths for tombstones, razors, macaroon cakes, and watch-pockets.

“Voyez à treize sous!” came upon the wind, “Voyez à treize sous!” from the herald of Babel above mentioned. “Ah! quel embarras de choix! Cent cinquante objets à tr-r-r-r-r-cize! Vente à treize, Vente à tr-r-r-r-cize!” I drew nearer to this performer, and found him frantically proposing to sell one thousand articles at six liards each (a liard is

the fourth part of a sol; thirteen sous are worth sixpence English). "Any one of the thousand articles at three farthings." "Tenez! Monsieur!"—as he held up to my gaze a shaving-glass and a baby's first shift, by way of makeweight! "Six liards, la layette et miroir!" both included for three farthings. "Petite chemise pour le cadet; batiste fine et d'une délicatesse superflue! Meilleure glace de Paris, digne de la toilette de Milord Anglais! Les deux ensemble à six liards! Marché inouï!" This was the very Poetry of Impudence:—The Parisian plate-mirror was a framed bit of warped green glass, fit to lure larks;—not lords, certainly; and the brandished bit of calico was a doll's shirt, which, as my grandson was not born till nearly three months afterwards, I did not venture to speculate with; and I might have cut my man short' with Mr. Kenwigs's* passionate exclamation, "We want no babies *here!*" The lot was purchased by the wearer of a Cauchois cap that would have cut up into thirty such Lilliputian body garments.

Three combs and a tolerably fair-sized calico petticoat were the next "unheard-of bargain," and required very little recommendation; which, for the vender's sake, knowing that lungs are not made of vellum or caoutchouc, I was glad to perceive. But, like that indispensable field-officer in the Grecian camp,

"Stentor the strong, endued with brazen lungs,
Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues."
HOMER'S *Iliad*.

* Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby," chap. XLXVI. p. 351.

this human ophicleide renewed the distracting din of his commendatory eloquence with more amazing power than before, to find purchasers of eight jewelled rings at six liards each, the same number of squares of lavender-scented soap, four napkin rings of ox bone (he called it ivory, of course), and six boxwood egg-cups: “Le lot entier pour quarante sous;—vente à vil” (given away, rather than sold); “toutes ces bagues brillantes pour les doigts de jolies femmes; des rubis, ah! qu’ils sont beaux! des améthystes sans glace! † dignes des Tuileries! tout convenables aux salons de St. Cloud! Voyez, Mademoiselle, voyez! regardez bien cette émeraude-là! L’eau est parfaite! pierre précieuse, et toujours gentille! Verte comme la jeunesse! Emblème de beauté qui ne vieillit jamais!” (The girls in front of the stall seemed better pleased with these little bits of complimentary eloquence, than with the tiny particles of coloured glass in copper-gilt settings which they were trying upon their fingers.)

“Pour le savon” (as for the soap), “demandez, la prochaine fois que vous vous trouverez dans la Rue Castiglione, No. 42, à Paris, si cette qualité là ne soit pas le savon parfumé d’élite de sa Majesté l’Impératrice! Savon à odeur de la toilette Impériale; qui prévient des rousseurs” (prevents freckles), “et empêche de devenir hâlé, le peau le plus délicat!” (secures the most delicate skin from becoming sunburnt.) “Sentez-le, Mademoiselle! Essayez-le sur ces petites mains si blanches, et si parfaitement bien faites.”

Then he held up the egg-cups, having caught my eye, and exclaimed, "Monsieur, Milord! homme de bon goût! Tous les Messieurs Anglois sont des hommes de bon goût! Regardez seulement le travail, la fabrication, le style classique de ces coquetiers! Petits vases Etrusques, même à son déjeuner! Quelle élégance! quel raffinement de bon genre!" (What refinement on gentility!) "Demandez au tourneur s'il voudroit bien tailler chose comme ça à cinq sous." Then, "Vente à treize, à treize! Vente à treize! Nouveautés de Paris à six liards!" There were upwards of fifty persons around, and Mathews at Home could not, in this day, hardly have caused more merriment. The women, old and young, in their holiday finery (such a show of high white, starched, and goffered caps!), shouted with delight, and exchanged the pleasantest little witticisms conceivable with the gallants who had escorted them to the scene of so much fun and frolic. I never saw a better-behaved multitude, by-the-bye, at home or abroad.

Among the "nouveautés" (literally *last fashions*) from Paris, was a very large doll, which this unwearied declaimer, as he appealed to the passions and pockets of the crowd before him, held up by a string, and spun round; jerking alternately the arms and legs, and begged us to consider it as an incomparable "lay figure," "qui pourroit bien servir de modèle!" "Look, ladies, there's a form!" "Quelle taille! Quelle figure! Modèle de femme! à cinq sous!" (twopence halfpenny for the standard of feminine beauty!) "Look at the movements of those nicely proportioned arms! Observe the pointing of that foot: say eight

sous, and the salt-cellar and rattle" (here he held up the supplementary lot) "shall go with the *poupée*." An old woman having yielded to the temptation of the salt-cellar, another "objet de grand intérêt" was produced with a great flourish, which excited a general hearty laugh. It was a large lithograph portrait of the Emperor of all the Russias, which he said should pass *gratis* into the hands of the next customer,—“Nicholas à vendre pour rien!” “Beau portrait! Monsieur” (as he caught my eye again), “le style est bon; mais l’odeur est mauvais!” (Another shout of merriment.) “It shall pass away from my possession to the purchaser of this beer-tap, box of night-lights, case of toothpicks, and assortment of fine water colours.” “Vente à treize! Vente à six liards! liards, liards! Je me défie de ce malheureux en face qui vend tout à quatre sous!” This defiance was thrown out as he sprung up on tip-toe to challenge the success of a despondent young trader from Paris, who had established a similar stall exactly opposite; flaring with lamp-light, spangles, and gilt labels, but actually without even a dog in front of it; so completely had our Neustrian Stentor monopolised and spoilt his chances. “Pauvre enfant!” said he, “I wonder he can stand there and expect to gratify the taste for which I cater here: perhaps he is some poor devil of a Russian, on parole, speculating on our charity.” The silenced battery, indeed, had not a chance. My Demosthenes of the stalls had it all his own way. In noise, range, aim, and weight of metal, it was Lancaster ordnance to a popgun; and the fire, I dare say, slackened not

before midnight; but I had by this time completed my study, and covered so many pages in my memorandum book, that "our own Correspondent in the East" could hardly have stood out another quarter of an hour without change of position and pencil; and I quietly disappeared, just as I had secured a sketch of the old dame's cap, which had long been tickling my cheek and humour, as she "wedged" in on my left, and the dimensions of which were just double those of the last illustration in page 71.

The adjoining booth was a quiet little nook in a very small line of business, however multiform, but, like some hapless cockboat swamped by a steamer, it could not hope to live in the wake and wash of such a leviathan neighbour; and the decanters, baby-linen, hardbake, backgammon-board, pickle-glasses, and ham salting-pans, offered here as "utile" and "dulce," however judicious and happy in the blending of two such declared requisites, failed to carry the point.

At a few yards distance from the gaily illuminated but sorrowfully neglected booth already mentioned, was another, fifty feet long, exhibiting every species of musical instrument, except organs, with which I conceive Europe, at least, is acquainted. There were three pianos, and above five hundred bound volumes of music, and horns and clarionets enough to supply every regimental band in Normandy. Next to this was a Cutlery booth, containing every imaginable variety of blades and cutting instruments in general, from swords and daggers to table-knives and scissors. If the edge of the proprietor's poetical wit was to

be regarded as an illustration of the sharpness of the steel wares, I think he must have damaged his business by the ostentatious display of the following couplets:—

“ ARRÊTEZ-VOUS ici
 Par curiosité:
 Il faut le voir,
 Pour le croire ! ”

The last and most showy stall, which resembled an extensive Parisian shop with its glass frontage removed, was kept by a Jeweller and Silversmith, who had illuminated it with six handsome Carcel lamps. His dealings were “ Au 25,000 Bijoux : ” a tolerably large assortment, certainly, of trinkets, all professing to come from ever brilliant and fashionable Paris. I counted twenty pendules (ornamental or-molu clocks), and as many porcelain vases, interspersed with alabaster statuettes and Bohemian cups, and similar drawing-room decorations. At the back, which was papered with red flock, were three broad shelves covered with various plated goods: corner-dishes, warmers, ice-pails, &c.:—the genuineness of which articles may be inferred from the handsomest pair of silver-plated corner-dishes being on sale at twenty-seven *shillings*.

I was just on the point of quitting this very extraordinary Mart, which had proved so interesting an interlude, when it occurred to me that I might carry home to England some sort of *souvenir* of the Conqueror's Fair; and seeing a booth hung round with prints, I stepped in to examine the collection, which purported to be chiefly illustrative of Normandy.

Finding, however, that nearly all of them were representations of Churches in Rouen, which I had purchased seven years before, I passed them by, and selected a very ingenious bit of plated wire-work, for fixing on to a candle as the frame to support a shade, or paper dome. It folded, so as to be carried with ease, paper shade included, in a small breast-pocket; and, though I use it not, I esteem my Guibray fairing as the cheapest little article of usefulness I ever picked up, on my Rambles in this planet, for sixpence. The young printseller, who was of Rouen, had other stock-in-trade, serviceable enough in its way, but not exactly so portable in one's apparel, or so novel in invention: that is to say, he offered to all comers a select variety of stable lanterns, carriage mops, and spoke-brushes, green baize table-covers, dressing-cases, razor-strops, bootjacks, snufflers, and the terrestrial and celestial globe:

“The WORLD was all before them.”—

But, like Ahas, Mahomet's uncle, who restored the fortunes of the day, in the battle of Honain, by the shouts and menaces of his almost superhuman voice, the Man of six Liards, with his “*Vente à treize,*” which I still heard distinctly at a quarter of a mile's distance, had taken all the spirit of Venture and Investment out of the populace; and the supplies in all directions infinitely exceeded the demands. In sober earnestness, this is the fact at the Guibray Fair in the present day, as in the case of our own English Fairs. Its knell is rung: it will soon be totally unheeded and forsaken, and shrink into, pro-

bably, a three days' exposition of toys and sugar-plums, sharing the common fate of all these primitive marts, which, at the period of their earliest institution, were positive *necessaries*; but since permanent warehouses and established local trade have met every need of the people, and superseded the fatiguing and expensive system of long journeys in quest of the commonest goods, are now, at length, become *nuisances*: and nowhere, perhaps, has this change been so strongly marked as at Guibray, where seven houses out of eight are tenantless and shut up, there being no means of subsistence left for any occupants; and the long grass growing in the streets, as in a City of the Plague, indicating the general abandonment of a now useless and unprofitable locality.

The only signs of life in this large and once crowded suburb are visible in the white cotton nightcap manufactories (*les Bonneteries*), from whose looms, I presume, the thousands of these caps worn by old and young women, married or single, throughout Calvados, are regularly supplied. Even Phrygia itself could not have displayed a more extensive use of this most unbecoming of all head-gear:—an appendage to the human brow which Art, ancient or modern, has ever failed—*malgré* the Templar pattern—to improve; and from the exposure of which, in or out of bed, the Lords of Creation shrink with a coy diffidence only equalled by the resolute determination of the gentler sex never to exhibit their matutinal frills and papillotes. If Perygian Paris, whom sculptors and painters have in every age re-

presented with his head thus attired, was indiscreet enough to deliver his memorable judgment on Mount Ida in this trim, it must have been more difficult for Venus to prevent herself laughing in his face before he decided in her favour, than for this princely son of Priam to make up his mind to be hated for life by the two other rival goddesses.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LISIEUX.

HAD months instead of weeks been at my disposal, I should have enjoyed many a day's sketching in and around Falaise; for it abounds with subjects of the most pleasing variety, any one of which would present some peculiar feature and characteristic of the place, with or without its picturesque Castle, its chimneys, or mills. With regard to the Castle, indeed, it is no disparagement to say our Warwick, Carisbrook, Conway, Caernarvon, Rochester, and several other splendid monuments of that feudal form of government which William of Normandy completed, are far superior to the Falaisian Keep, not only in respect of site but of architectural magnificence. The tales of the old English Barons, moreover, invest these venerable strongholds of ancient times with an interest which not all the changes of dynasty, the fortunes of civil war, the overthrow of ruling powers, and the revolutions wrought by prince or people, have availed to destroy. There are lordly domains in England which were allodial estates, in the hands of the great nobility, before the victory at Hastings conferred sovereignty on William of Normandy; and the imagination loves to picture the supremacy and rude but independent dominion of these early owners of

our native land at a period when the utmost extent of its population did not exceed a million and a half. As we glance at the moat and donjon, the portcullis gate and the machicolated tower, and revolve the stirring incidents of the remote era when their occupants swayed the liberties of a semi-barbarous people, we contemplate a period of history the most eventful, perhaps, in its currency and issues which the annals of mankind afford; and reflecting on the growth of that Constitution whose earliest influence was exerted to restrain the insolence of these native despots, and defend the just rights of the lowliest subject, we eye with complacency every old castle in the kingdom, and admire its outline of beauty;—content that we lived not in “the good old times” when the might of its possessor would have been pleaded and exercised as his right.

As I have already observed, there are very few genuine Norman fortresses left standing in France, and Falaise may be said to contain the most remarkable; the records of its history comprehending so many events of vital importance to the two great rival countries, and to the nations of the world, at large. The prince who first saw the light in the narrow little chamber, pointed out at this hour as his birthplace, won proud distinctions for Falaise, for Normandy, and for France; but it was a glory which cost town, province, and kingdom only too dear, in originating that international struggle which for more than three centuries was maintained between this country and her noblest antagonist, each bent upon subjugation, ascendant, and possession. The

successor of Edward, when adding the crown of England to the coronet of his dukedom, established connections of that partial and precarious nature which created, almost in the earliest days of their existence, a hostility which no bloodshed could appease; till war succeeding to war led eventually to total rupture of every ancient tie, and the complete dissolution of a most unnatural union. These are the reflections belonging to Duke Robert's Keep and Valiant Talbot's Tower,—under the contemplation of an archaeologist: and they attach to every picture in which they are introduced a proportionate interest; but when the mere draughtsman enters upon the scene, there are so many component parts of pleasing landscape and characteristic delineation in all directions, that it would be easy to fill a large volume with oblong views and circular vignettes, alternately, which would give to Falaise the place of eminence it deserves in the illustrations of Normandy, but for which, so far as my most diligent inquiries have enabled me to learn, no publisher has yet taken thought. The principal Church of the town well repaid two cursory visits. I made for the purpose of copying some very extraordinary capitals of columns in the nave and South aisle, exhibiting what are termed *chimères composées*, or composite monster forms; interspersed among fantastic shapes more remarkable than pleasing, but which, no doubt, bore reference to some incident of note at the date of the Church's erection. One of these was the counterpart of the Salamander Capital (A.D. 1090) in Westminster Hall. Another represented a Lion, crowned, with one head

to two united bodies: possibly, in allusion to the annexation of our country to the ducal sovereignty of Normandy.

The streets are dull; and even the occasion of the Fair of Guibray (which is not farther from the market-place of Falaise than the Serpentine River from Cumberland Gate, Hyde Park) imparted no liveliness, and added but little to the passengers in the principal thoroughfares. As in this country, where a town that once beheld post-chaises and travelling-chariots arriving at hotels for the day or the night, is left out of the line of Railway, there is a general sense of desolateness and stagnation; and one single hope pervades every heart and home, that the line which is in course of progress between Rouen and Cherbourg will either give off a short branch to Falaise, or touch it within a league, so as to give it prominence by a station bearing its name. I wish this may be accomplished. At present, the inn and shop keepers live in listless inactivity; and but for a regiment or two occasionally halting in the place, or a Wombwell-sort of menagerie-proprietor coming with piebald horses, camelopards, and kangaroos, to astonish the tanners, cotton-spinners, and paper-makers, within his magic circle of canvass, the population would be decimated by *ennui*. It was while dozing at early morn, in the lifeless tranquillity of "Le Grand Cerf," or, as we should term it in England, "The White Hart," that I was startled by the flourish of two trumpets just under my windows, in tones of such martial and inspiring symphony that I felt suré of seeing a troop or two of cavalry on

their way to Cherbourg or Boulogne, to the Crimea or the Camp; and jumped out of bed for the day, reaching the window just in time to see the sun rise, and hear an announcement from the trumpeters that Mademoiselle Clerval would take her benefit at the Théâtre this very evening, in a comedy which would be duly made known and particularised by an advertisement then in the course of publication! Such an early morning call must have been quite a "God-send" to the poor townfolk, in the absence of even a dustman's bell or a postman's knock to beguile the monotony of their every-day life of "shelved" insignificance. My host and hostess, however, albeit I was the sole lodger in the floor where I lay—and the single guest at eight o'clock breakfast—seemed to be always in good spirits, anticipating a Railway communication and enlarged business;—and when they speeded my parting with many a kind wish, and hoped some fine day to be able to enter my name again on their list (they mistook my son Edgar's Christian name for my surname*), there was as much good-will and kind, earnest manner, as if I had been domiciled under their venison-pasty-promising sign for a year, and petted by the whole family:—I believe, however, the two little daughters gazed with wonder at the strange gentleman who could with difficulty eat *two* galettes only! The circumstance of a name not being marked in full on a portmanteau recalls to my memory a pleasant anecdote related to me by a very intelligent fellow-traveler on the Rhine, whom I have never seen since. He had a friend, he told

* EDGAR M. ON THE PORTMANTEAU.

me, a Mr. Samuel Leader, who was travelling from Switzerland to Milan with the courier, and whose portmanteau and passport were examined, according to custom, at the Dquane station-house on the (Lombardo-Venetian) Austrian frontier, at Sesto Calende. His name, however, being rather ill-written, both on the passport and portmantcau, which was one of the pale leather "tieu-tout" sort, the German official could not read it so as to form any idea of the letters sufficiently clear to enable him to insert it in the copy he was obliged to make, according to regulation, to be handed over to the courier. Hereupon he brought the passport to its owner, and, pointing to the words

Sam. Leader

asked if that was his name. Receiving an affirmative reply, he requested Mr. L. to pronounce it; which he did. The receiver of customs was still as much in the dark as ever, and, shrugging his shoulders, inveighed, with a few Teutonic execrations of more than ordinary emphasis, against the hieroglyphic character of the English running-hand, and began to examine the outside of the portmanteau of which he had overhauled the interior; the courier, meanwhile (who protested he was bound to minute time), beseeching him to make short work of it, and hand him up the new way-bill containing all his passengers' names: the Genevese original being retained on the frontier. Just at this moment, the Austrian, who

had been stooping over the lock of the portmanteau, sprang up, ran into his little smoky office, removed his pen from behind his ear, added some writing to the way-bill, and came out all sunshine and smiles—the rarest phenomenon that can be witnessed at an Austrian Custom-house!—to place the passport in Mr. Leader’s hands, and the German hand way-bill in the courier’s, exclaiming, “Alles recht!”* and wishing him a safe journey onward. He even nodded facetiously to Mr. L., and seemed to chuckle over something very satisfactory to his feelings, and to assume the aspect of a man who had proved himself more knowing than his company had believed him to be. When the Mail stopped to change horses at Gallarate, Mr. Leader requested the courier to show him the new way-bill. “I should like to see,” said he, “what mark or remark that bothering fellow put against my name, after all the demur he made at Sesto Calende.” The courier handed over to him the way-bill, and Mr. Leader found himself included in a list of passengers to Milan (very legibly transcribed by the Austrian *douanier*), under the name of SOLID LEATHER! The said *douanier*, fruitlessly endeavouring to decipher the address scrawled on a card attached to the portmanteau, caught sight, on a sudden, of the two words here mentioned, which the manufacturers of these trunks and valises almost universally impress on the lid near the lock; and, jumping to a conclusion directly he saw six letters out of the ten, set forth in plain Roman capitals, he felt all the joy of the philosopher’s “Eureka”! and showed it, too, by every grin he gave at parting,—as

All right!

though he would have said, "Ah! never mind! My acumen has made me independent of all your rascally bad writing: your name, branded there for security's sake, on the valise, could not long escape my lynx eye. Perhaps you forgot you had it thus always following you in such distinct characters, and at full length. See what a sharp-witted detective can do in this Kaiserlich-Königlich land of ours!"

ONCE more upon the quarries,—yet once more;—and the Mail Coach to LISIEUX drove through the district of Saint Pierre into a tract of country very much resembling the neighbourhood of Chertsey, and then the general range of the richest farm lands of Somersetshire and Wilts: well-trimmed hedges mapping the hills with interlacing network of white-thorn and maple (the average growth of Norman quick fences), and thick plantations cresting the distant hills: I now began to perceive the Church spires assuming a different appearance: that of the plain extinguisher shape, cased with slate or shingle, and resembling the generality of our English village steeples. High hedges by the roadside; cows chewing the cud under old pollard ashes; bright green knolls of grass, and many coppices of young under-wood, combined to give a British character to the scenery. As we gradually left the stone district, the colour of the soil changed: the white of the road was exchanged for yellow; the arable land exhibited large breadths of argillaceous earth moderately

blended with sand, which appeared to be prolific enough, judging by the ricks and loaded barns; there were sheep also folded in the *permanent* wooden enclosures on the *parcage* system prevalent in France—in Normandy especially. The close resemblance of many, if not most, parts of this province to English scenery has been already frequently noticed by me in these pages; and if St. Pierre had just reminded me of well-remembered Chertsey, St. Julien de Faucon brought to my mind's eye many of the most pleasing features of another village in my native land, endeared by recollections of days without a care,—Walton-on-Thames. Here were several Cotentin cows; of the breed I had particularly examined seven years ago in the Barentin farm lands; and which rivals that of Alderney. They were visible in most of the pastures around Bayeux, which, in fact, is almost their native district,—for the hill-sides, or *côtes*, giving their name to and forming the peninsula of the Cotentin, lie within an easy ride of the old capital of the Bessin; and these animals are as much prized in the Northern provinces of France as the Channel Island breed is on the other side of the water.

I seldom saw any milking in the fields. The common practice is to house the cows at night, and feed them with green food; and, if the weather be hot,

“When the sun scorches, and the gad-fly stings,”

they confine them by day also. It has mostly occurred to me that on our dairy farms in England

the cows are left out too long in the open field. The fluctuations between heat, of which these invaluable animals are intolerant, and pinching cold, which is equally unfriendly to the secretion of fat or milk, are too sudden in our variable climate to warrant this outdoor feeding; and in a grazing and dairy farm—in Devonshire, for instance, where it is not unusual to see twelve or fifteen beasts standing in a row under the shed, regaling on one of the three courses of cake, turnip, or mangel—I have often wished to see these *gentlemen* turned out, and the *ladies* invited to walk in and take the vacated places, for a chance of more effectually and speedily becoming

—“fine in their bone, and silky of skin;
A grazier's without, and a butcher's within.”

After passing through a valley which forcibly reminded me of the scenery between Old Swindon and Marlborough, and noticing a singularly picturesque farm-house in a hollow, with a noble grey round tower serving as the dove-cote, we came close alongside the new Railway in progress of formation between Paris and Cherbourg; touching, as I was informed, Evreux, and proceeding midway between Caen and Falaise to St. Lo, and thence straight to the port. The anxiety and, indeed, the reasonable expectation of the Caenites and Falaisians to obtain a branch from this trunk line has been already mentioned; and, seriously, “I wish they may get it”! The English and Irish “navvies” mustered strong on the embankment, and their exceedingly fair com-

plexions and sandy hair, seen in immediate contrast with the jet-black beards and moustaches of their French fellow-labourers, segregated the Anglo-Saxon race from the Norman as distinctly as the language of either. When they do agree, however, to understand each other, their unanimity is wonderful; and, whether they communicate by signs or by syllables, the British spade fills the French barrow, and the French pickaxe cuts out stone and clay for Irish or Norfolk arms and legs to trundle away, amidst jollity and good humour which simplifies the work of the contractors in a manner hardly conceivable by those who dread the introduction of foreign hands into jobs of this kind. The contractors and agents for the line (of whom more, anon) are quartered in Lisieux. We now passed by the country seat of Monsieur Guizot, who represented this town for a considerable period. The French gentleman, by my side, spoke in terms of high eulogy, when expatiating on the dignified conduct, the single-minded integrity, and genuine patriotism of this eminent man. The French in general, so far as my opportunities of entering the domestic circles of society enabled me to judge, entertain one only opinion of M. Guizot:—that, whether as a moral or a literary character, his name must ever be honoured in France, for whom, in both capacities, he has done much more than any of his contemporaries. Imbued with sound religious and loyal principles of the highest character, he exhibited, in his career as a statesman, that true nobility of mind which could not swerve from the path of duty prescribed by the constitution to

which he had sworn fidelity, and by the allegiance he owed to his King : and though hurled from place and power by that madness of the people which, when once it has imagined a vain thing, spares neither friend nor foe, he never forfeited that confidence which esteemed him an honest man, nor the reputation and just influence of a good one. Hence it was that Guizot was on terms of friendship with the most eminent men on both sides of that political arena in which he perilled his fortune and life ; and while the assertion of his policy interrupted for a season the cordiality of intimacies formed during its ascendant, he never for a moment lost weight and influence where his confidence was appealed to, or his advice solicited, in the needful time of his fellow-citizens' trouble. The *caste* of his literary character seemed, in the eyes of the country, uncongenial with the fitful excitements and overwhelming labours of high and responsible office ; but we, in England, behold too many splendid instances of the aptitude of men of genius for active political pursuits, to subscribe to the notion that even the keenest enjoyment of literary taste must necessarily disqualify its enviable possessor for business of state. As was likely to happen, when this upright counsellor disappeared, the great Assembly of the Nation felt the absence of his commanding talents ; and a void was created which reminded those who murmured *without*, as well as those who legislated *within*, the Senate-House, of the missing man :—and this the discarded Minister knew full well would ensue, long before the tranquillization of the public mind, or the settlement

of any new policy; and, with all the generosity of a real lover of his country, he forgot all individual wrongs in the anxiety awakened by the successive convulsions that followed upon his displacement: every fresh outbreak and calamity becoming a more than ample reparation of past injustice, and wounding anew his sensitive and truly patriotic spirit.

As a politician and good subject, Monsieur Guizot is enjoying the quiet, the silent, yet profound respect of his countrymen. As an author, he has earned distinction which must secure eminence to his name while purity of taste and feeling, adding zest to faithfulness of narrative, and grace to every expression of an excellent judgment, shall continue to be appreciated in France; a country, above all other, requiring illumination and counsel from such historians. In my humble opinion, the late representative of Lisieux has proved the precursor of a class of writers whose publications, in respect of tone, spirit, effect, and social adaptation to the needs of the reading public in France, have done more to counteract the depravation of mind resulting from the tainted literature of that country, than any external agency with which periodical insight into its religion and general *morale* has made me acquainted. "We want writers like those who enlighten and guide and influence you to all good, in England," said a lady of high position to me one day; lamenting the scarcity of publications without a bias, prejudicial either to orthodoxy or to sound morals and true loyalty. The prevalence, in our country, of the many happy literary vehicles for

general instruction and amusement over trash and untruthfulness, is at this moment the envy of our worthily emulous neighbours;—and the decorum of their own Guizot blending with his excellent sense and ever-interesting style of composition has, in every morally discriminating mind, been regarded as the origination of an extensive improvement in the literature of his country, and in the method of inculcating the most beneficial lessons of historical knowledge.

My companion in the *coupé* was enlarging on the follies and crimes of 1830 and 1848, when his denunciations of Parisian *mob*-leaders and barricades were cut short by *our* leaders shying from the right to the left side of the road,* at the furious approach, from our rear, of a light chaise-cart, in which were two men “much the worse for wine, brandy, and other spirituous liquors, endeavouring to check the run-away gallop of a high-spirited horse, conveying themselves and a stove, a sack of potatoes, a pig, and a basket of live geese, *plus* three barrels of cider from a sale at St. Désir, where they had made, as we concluded, a good bargain, and clinched it with “summut” besides money payment. The tail-board of the cart was gone, and the live and dead cargo going, by instalments, after it—cackling squeaking, and crashing, as they bounded out of the vehicle on to the hard road—unperceived by the drivers, who, in the stunning noise of the wheels and of the fire-grate, which was proceeding by rapid per-

* The rule of the road in France is the direct reverse of ours.

pendicular jumps to the back of the cart, were not aware of the wreck till our courier shouted out to apprise them of all three casks lying staved on the roadside, where we beheld them pouring forth their contents with right good will. "C'est bien fait, c'est bien fait!" exclaimed my neighbour—(Serves you right!). "Your pig and geese are all sober, and you are mad drunk:—but your barrels are determined to stop the supplies. *Descendez vite!* Get down and pick up your odds and ends, and let us go on to our suppers!" It was a ludicrous spectacle to witness the futile attempts of the tipsy man (only one could get down) to stop the flowing of the liquor, which had started at both ends of each cask,—to call back the pig to his new owner,—to drag the down-fallen grate across the road,—and scrutinize the actual bodily condition of the capsized geese, whose cries and hisses exceeded all our conceptions of those of the Capitol in the day of Brennus, and whose legs and pinions seemed to have become, in a moment, fit only for amputation and giblets.

I WAS not disappointed on first acquaintance with LISIEUX, one of the most ancient towns in France, and situate in the immediate vicinity of extensive remains, in Roman brickwork, which, there is hardly any reason to doubt, are the ruins of old Noviomagus, mentioned by Julius Cæsar as the capital of the Lexovii, a tribe of the Gauls who succumbed, with their countrymen at large, to the prowess of the Roman arms. At the present day, it is the seat of what has been somewhat facetiously termed, by our wits, the Mill-ocracy. Rushing streams, water-

wheels, lofty chimneys, and long poles, bending under the weight of immense lengths of broadcloth and flannel, combinèd to supply noise, smoke, and many a form of the picturesque apart from the beautiful; and there are house-fronts that must have been fashioned and carved in the days of Joan of Arc. The Touques and Orbec meet here; and the town is in several quarters bisected by branches of these rivers, diverted through various channels for the purposes of the manufacturers, who are evidently flourishing, and the increase of whose capital and enterprise is evidenced by the vast number of newly built factories, on a grand scale, where the woollen stuff we employ for railway rugs and wrappers may be seen stretched on a hundred yards' length of wooden frames, to be dried. The whirl and buzz of ponderous wheels may be heard from the parapet of almost every little bridge in the Old Town—and they are innumerable—and the wooden gables and bright green lime and acacia trees, overhanging the stream beneath, and the rough, unhewn stones over which the women may be seen picking their way, pitcher or pail in hand, to the brink of the water, and the parti-coloured woollens, hanging down to within twenty feet of their heads,—together with every imaginable combination of colour from damp, mildew, and incipient rottenness in these by-lanes and brooks, constitute a series of the most genuine “Street views in Normandy” that ever embellished the walls of the Royal Academy of Painting Exhibition Room. These are gems of beauty in the regard of those who, at a glance, appreciate the

value of varying outline, strong lights, still stronger transparent shadows, warm tints, and happy grouping; and many a month might be given up to such studies of effect in a climate where smoke is no nuisance, and wear and tear seem to combine in making age look only more richly mellow and beautiful. My individual preference may be peculiarly fanciful in this matter; but I have no hesitation in saying I had rather lean over the parapet of one of these antique one-arched bridges, and gaze on the moss-grown tiling, cracked stucco, crumbling bricks, decayed boards, dyers' poles, and Cauchois costumes, than sit and contemplate the Pitti, Farnese, or Escorial Palace, in the sunniest atmosphere of Italian or Spanish principalities. Lisieux is peculiarly graceful in her old age. Amid the mill-streams and wheels of the factories, the eye may, all on a sudden, light upon some venerable round tower of the days of Charles VII., nearly as large as one of our Martellos; the remnant of some goodly fortification, whose defenders had the vaguest conceivable notions of gunpowder, but could hit a fly's eye with their arrows, and pour melted metal, like bell-founders, through the *machicoulis*, on the heads of encroaching besiegers. As for the fashions of the ancient chimneys, the very carbon itself seemed aware of their decorative excellences, and passed through the flues into ether without defacing the cut bricks of nearly three centuries' antiquity:—the peculiar advantage, certainly, of wood smoke as a preservative of high finish in architectural embellishment. There were not so many wooden buildings as

at Vire, nor that variety of exteriors, ornamented with moulded *relievo* in plaister—commonly termed “pargetting”—as in that ancient town; but the quantity of dark old oak, worked up in the house-fronts, was considerable; and combined most delightfully with the casements and panels, the corbels and escutcheons, dated A.D. 1500—and many still earlier—around the doorways and windows of tenements still thickly inhabited by even the poor of the thriving population. The last census took account of 16,000; and, if we may judge by the large number of really very handsome edifices now in progress of erection (for the mill-owners, principally), the town is likely to assume a position of more than ordinary importance in the Department; more especially when the railway shall be completed, which, opening a direct and rapid communication with Paris and the coast, will enable Lisieux to send her woollens and cloth to every part of the empire, and regain for her commercial aristocracy that eminence which, in bygone ages, was enjoyed by the high and mighty ones of Church and State, holding dignity and power in their capital. The Bishop of the then existing diocese must have been a personage of no slight influence here; for his palace is as large as a barrack, and is, in fact, now converted into a sort of Government House, where the *gendarmérie* are quartered;—where the Criminal Prison forms an entire wing; and the Police Court and Board of Trade occupy another. Until lately, the public *Crèche*, or Infant Asylum, occupied the central compartment; as the word in gilt letters, of large di-

mensions, affixed over the principal gates of entry, indicates. The *Crèche* is now in another quarter of the town, near the Post-office. It is an institution for taking care of infants and very young children throughout the day, while their parents are in the fields or manufactories: a species of considerate charity which, I believe, has for a long period of time proved (like the "Soothing Syrup") a real blessing to mothers in Scotland; but objections have been alleged that the sitting position and long confinement enforced, as a matter of sheer necessity, on a large assemblage of young children, to whom pure fresh air and the free exercise of limbs is an indispensable requisite for growth and health, prove a detriment countervailing all the good designed by the promoters of the plan. There is much charitable kindness in a design providing oversight and safe guardianship, to keep so many little ones out of the streets, while their mother is earning the means of her family's subsistence. I am aware it tells both ways; but, judging from what passes before my own eyes daily, I would elect that they should grow up in feebleness rather than in vice, which, when hundreds are let loose upon the pavement, with brief intermission, from morn till eve, must be their earliest and most permanent attainment.

It was in this Episcopal Residence; probably, that Thomas à Becket was lodged at the period of his fatal opposition to the measures of Henry II., which, in the year following, his arrival at Lisieux, was cut short by his murder in the Cathedral of Canterbury:—a deed of blood for the perpetration of which four

barons, whose names are extant in infamy, left Normandy and the royal presence, under colour of removing "the greatest trouble" of their Sovereign's life: how effectually, his own premature decease, in the anguish of a broken heart, served best to demonstrate!

These historical incidents enhance the interest of a first visit to places thus signalized in the annals of one's own country; and, as has been shown, CALVADOS is rich in such recollections, which, like so many connecting links, unite the associations of each successive town in the circuit of a *route de voyage* with those of the one last visited, till the tourist, grown rich in the memory of illustrative scenes and monuments, begins to value his privilege of actual vision, and of contemplating with all the faculties of a living and intellectual being those localities of which the untravelled know only the name and position. Where the mind cares for none of these things, the passenger performs his part in a long journey much after the fashion of a portmanteau—encountering all the wear and tear of locomotion, accumulating dust, marks, and scratches; receiving here a ticket, and there a bruise; and returning to its old place at home travel-stained indeed, and full of *impressions*, but making no further report of the ground that has been traversed than may be elicited from the labels of the railway stations, and the direction-cards accompanying transition from inn to inn.

The mere mention of the name of Becket—a Lord High Chancellor transformed in a moment into an Archbishop:—to whom, in a later age, old Talley-

rand's position became a pendant—connects the town of Lisieux with the greatest errors of Henry Plantagenet's reign. In all probability this was the very place from which all this obstinate and unconciliating primate's letters were written, after his ineffectual interview with the King at Montmirail; which led only to renewed bickerings in the form of negotiation. And when, upon entering the present majestic Church of St. Peter, immediately adjoining the decayed Episcopal Palace, the reflection arose that not a stone remained of the *first* temple in which Henry was united to Eleanor, the divorced Queen of Louis VII.—for it was consumed by fire in 1227—and that the haughty heiress of Poitou became his prisoner thirty-five years after she left that Church his bride—the imagination had not far to roam in conjuring up images of no mean dignity, and

“thence we look'd towards England
And cited up a thousand heavy times”

that followed upon Henry's deathbed curse; for the mere military renown of Cœur de Lion poorly atoned for the calamities it had entailed on England; and the perfidious tyrant John carried war and devastation through the kingdom. To travel from town to town in Calvados, and take no thought for the Plantagenets,—To follow the Conqueror from his cradle to his grave, and feel no curiosity to know what was doing in Normandy and England at the lapse of a century after his decease,—And to ramble through streets and districts presenting at every turn some fresh memorial of his posterity, and fail

to contemplate our great nation's interests, and all the principles of English liberty, which, in their virtues or vices, as the dynasty grew older, became more powerful, or less secure,—would be heartless indifference indeed. Now he who devotes a long Summer day to Lisieux, must be no stranger to these emotions, if he would escape the ungenial consciousness of *ennui*. It is a dull place of sojourn; and, were there such a functionary in it as a *laquais de place*, he would be mechanically led to each of the Churches in turn (for *they* are the Foreign Ciccone's *pièces de résistance*), and exhorted to linger there in admiration: but after inspecting the transept of the Church of St. Peter, and the beautiful effect of the stained glass behind the great altar, and carefully noting some of the most significant and pleasing features of the pointed style, of the thirteenth century characterising the general grandeur of the interior; and when, after this, he has devoted half an hour to that of St. James's, where the columns grow into the arches without capitals, and the eight glass chandeliers or lustres, hanging from the roof, impart to the Choir the most conspicuous decoration of a state ball room, he will have surveyed so much of the *internal* beauty of the Ecclesiastical monuments of the middle ages as the town may justly be proud of. The exterior of St. Peter's Church will, when completed, be superb: the works are in active progress, and, at the South Transept, exhibit the most admirable success in restoration that modern art could achieve. The rich and florid exterior of St. James's Church is obscured by the extremely dis-

advantageous situation in which modern buildings, erected on all sides of it, have ruthlessly confined as fair a temple as ever graced a town. There is one stained glass window in the South aisle which would repay many a mile's walk to visit. Here, too, the Western extremity stands unfinished. The history of the "Lady Chapel" commemorates the anguish and remorse of the Bishop of Lisieux, who, having sat as presiding judge at the mock trial of the Maid of Orleans, and subsequently avowing the iniquity of that sentence which decreed her most inhuman murder, founded this sanctuary in the name of the Virgin Mary;—the deed of the endowment of which records the expression of his self-reproach and too late protest

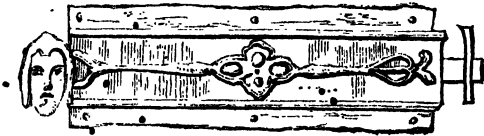
"against
The deep damnation of her taking off."

THE ancient pleasure-grounds of the Episcopal Palace were converted during the reign of Louis Philippe into a delightful range of Promenades and Flower Gardens, for the inhabitants at large. They are comprised in an immense square enclosure, one end of which is a lofty gravelled terrace, one hundred and fifty yards in length, leading through the chambers of the Board of Trade, into the main buildings of the Palace. The grassy banks sloping down from this terrace, on either side of a noble flight of fifteen stone steps, thirty feet in width, are planted with hundreds of the choicest varieties of standard roses. In the centre is a vast circular basin of water, adapted for a fountain; and under the lime, chestnut, and

linden trees, of the two longest sides, are groups of statues;—many of them casts from the antique. The town authorities purchased this vast area, and were greatly assisted by the Government. With exception of the Gardens of the Tuileries, I can hardly remember any *place publique* in France so munificently and agreeably providing for the recreation of the people. I can easily imagine what the ornamental gardeners of Cheltenham or Leamington would make of such a vast area. We infinitely surpass all the continental nations in laying out parks, shrubberies, and gardens;—a velvety grass lawn being utterly unknown beyond the Straits of Dover; and the elegant taste and consummate skill of such men as Masters of Canterbury, and his compeers, constituting an element of perfection in horticulture to which no foreign plantations, florists, or “capability” artists in grass, gravel, and shrubbery landscapes, can adduce a parallel.

After a pleasurable stroll among the trees and flowers, I re-entered the older part of the town in quest of some highly esteemed specimens of the elaborate wood-carving, to which reference has already been made, as relics of the antiquity of many of the houses in Lisieux. These mansions were inhabited, beyond doubt, by families of wealth and high position in the reign of Francis-I., and, in more than one instance, of Louis XI.; the date of the last-mentioned monarch’s sovereignty being assigned to a Priory situated within a few paces of the Rue des Fèvres, the oldest street in the town. Several considerable portions of this Religious House are still

extant, and exhibit, under altered forms, the ground-plan and many of the architectural details of the original apartments, staircases, and galleries. It was in a closed window in one of these ancient chambers, now used as a lumber-room, that my attention was specially directed to a bolt, still doing its duty very efficiently, which the occupant of the premises declared to be of the ascertained date of 1391. This would make the trusty old fastening contemporary with Charles VI. The knob which moved the bolt along its groove (five inches long) was in the form of a human head, of no uncouth workmanship; and the article altogether reminded me forcibly of the very same description of fittings which have been preserved from the subterranean ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and are exhibited in the Museo Borbonico at Naples. I am not sure there are not some, also, in our British Museum.



Not far from the apartment where this curious relic was shown, I found out the entire framework, carved in oak, of a very ancient doorway, in the flamboyant style of the fourteenth century, coeval, probably, with the bolt just mentioned. The architraves were overlaid with the boldest sculpture, projecting upwards of eight inches; that on the right hand exhibiting a monster having the head of a crocodile (or, what would be termed in heraldry, a

dragon) and the tail of a serpent:—erecting its head for the elevation of a handsome bracket, the lower parts of which issued from its jaws. On this bracket stood a scaly beast of the porcine family, if we may judge by its legs, endeavouring (I should say, without the slightest chance of success) to play an obligato accompaniment on what seemed a clarionet above, and that description of bassoon which is denominated a serpent, below.

In surmising that this *chimère composée* (for he was manifestly a member of that fraternity) was attempting impossibilities, I refer, of course, to the actual condition in which we behold his mouth, which seems better adapted for roaring and devouring than for double-tonguing and coming off

“Softly sweet in Lydian measure.”

However, he *might*, possibly, be represented asking his brother gatekeeper whether they should repeat the *Largo con Espressione*, or go on to the *Scherzo!*

The opposite bracket sustained the rival musician, an artist whose personal appearance and peculiar powers of execution would have won for him an exalted situation in front of that celebrated house for “*bonâ fide* travellers,” known by the name of “The Pig and Whistle.” This performer seemed to exhibit the *beau idéal* of ballet movement and orchestral accompaniment. The compression of the bagpipe with the right arm sustaining the key-note





(too vulgarly called the "drone"), the closing of the ventages with the left, and the control over flats and sharps exerted by the lungs, constitute the elements of philharmonic precision in the instrumental department; and the accuracy with which the foot accords in its saltations with the breathing-note might provoke envy in the breast of the most popular of Opera-House *coryphées*, whose gyrations, *entre-chats*, and vaultings are ever liable to be marred by her dancing to another person's playing!

The carving was not of high finish, but accurate in detail and proportions; and in wonderful preservation, considering the damp, dirt, and obscurity of the filthy narrow passage in which it was thrust aside, just as we should stow away an empty crate. Had I been a *young* man on my travels, I should have attempted negotiation to make this extraordinary sample of monastic whimsicality my own property. It was, doubtless, the work of some monk, who, being retained by the prior to decorate the refectory and chapel entries with significant and worthy ornaments, devised these "monstrosities" for the good of the brethren, who in such parabolic imagery were supposed capable of discerning much unto edifying; and we have every reason to believe that the whole array of grotesque forms still extant in the remains of ancient religious houses,

"And many gargoyles,* and many a hideous head,"

Gothic waterspout.

bore, directly or indirectly, either on the vices of the age, the enemies of the ecclesiastical body, the legends of the Church, or some individual foibles, peculiarities, or offences among the brotherhood, for whom, *secundum artem*, with uncontrolled indulgence of fancy, the cowed and caricaturing draughtsman worked. In the day of Francis the First these wood-carvings were introduced into churches and other ecclesiastical buildings with a contempt of common propriety amounting to profaneness. There are some rare specimens in the Hôtel de Cluny, in Paris. Similar folly was perpetrated in stone till about the middle of the sixteenth century; though instances hereof were comparatively few after the period of the Reformation. Perhaps the most remarkable assemblage of such mystic groups in England is that still visible in the old cloisters of Magdalen College, Oxford.

In the Rue des Fèvres, a lane not five yards wide, are some very antique mansions, with frontages of carved oak, the drawings of which would fill a respectably sized folio. Regardless of the little crowd of old and young that speedily gathered around me, I set to work, and secured six accurate copies of the principal curiosities: and on the completion of these, the occupier of the oldest house invited me to inspect the exceeding beauty of the carving of the main beams in his ground-floor apartment, which seemed to be fitted up for the drapery business; and bales of cloth were in many a compartment set off by *relievs* in oak representing the heads of dames of quality that wore, in their day, sharp-pointed horns where our ladies exhibit *bandeaux*, and rode a-straddle, like

men, till Anne of Bohemia taught them the use of a side saddle. The carving on one end of the main beam that ran alongside the party-wall was on a surprisingly large scale, and had been pronounced by the eminent Mons. Caumont (the head of the Antiquaries of Normandy) to be the finest specimen extant in the province. The last four feet of this beam, towards the street front, was worked up in the form of a monster head, of the dragon style;—and the pattern extending towards the back of the shop was a rich Arabesque scroll; showing the “base uses” to which many such precious relics come at last. I was sincerely glad to find the occupier of the premises fully aware of the value of these remains of Art and Antiquity; for I remember having purchased a panelled Bed Testa, inlaid with looking-glass (of the time of Henry VIII.), from an old woman, who had intended to treat it as his royal daughter did all heretics: and the most beautiful specimen of richly-wrought oak cabinet-work (*temp.* Elizabeth) I ever succeeded in purchasing was the remnant of a very large commode, exquisitely finished in the same style of massive decoration, which had been broken up, week after week, for fuel;—the portion which I redeemed having been reserved for —a rabbit-hutch!

I subjoin a representation of one of the objects falling under my notice in this archæological inspection. It must be considered as an allegorical device, conveying some moral truth, I dare say. The chief personage is manifestly of the same clan with the performer on the serpentine bassoon;—a scaly swine:

“a most *delicate* monster,” as Stephano would have termed him;—for boars are content to feed, for the most part, on pignuts and acorns; but this

—“Epicuri de grege porcus”

would fain feast upon oranges! an indulgence only



exceeded in the West Indies, in the fattening process preliminary to barbecuing for the chief planters' tables, where the small hog is served up, roasted whole, after having been fed exclusively upon *pine-apples!*

It is just possible, seeing that the tree is here represented rooted up, that this grotesque group may refer to the outrages inflicted on the Vine out of Egypt—the Jewish church and people—of which the royal

Psalmist of Israel says, in the 80th psalm,—

“The wild boar out of the wood doth root it up, and the wild beasts of the field devour it.”

But, as I have already said, it is more probable that, in common with all other similarly ridiculous productions, it related to some well-known historical incident or personage of the times in which the whimsical sculptor lived.

As I had not contemplated filling a portfolio with two hundred drawings illustrative of the Archaeology and Architecture of Calvados, though a note-book assumes a pleasant aspect when sketches are abundantly interspersed with the scrawl of a rapid writer, and occasionally serve to decipher a passage or two of otherwise illegible scribbling,—I forbore to prolong my stay in Lisieux, the Rabbah, I should incline to call it, of the province; for it might fairly be designated the *town of waters*,—so numerous are the streams flowing through the greater part of its streets and lanes; and I should have carried away none but pleasurable recollections, but for having been compelled to resist with resolute determination the attempt made at the Hôtel de France to impose upon me with the most extortionate bill of charges I had ever seen in the country. Alarmed at my threat of exposure, and surprised at an *Englishman's* resentment of such a palpable outrage,—seeing that a number of English gentlemen who lodged there *did not care what they paid* (!)—they took away the disreputable account, and brought in another just within the verge of endurable exaction, upon which I delivered an opinion they will do well to act upon; but I learned subsequently that the Hôtel de Commerce would have been far preferable, and had for some time been thriving on the custom flowing in since the Contractors for the Railway (the English alluded to) had spoiled the whole *ménage* of a once popular and reasonably-dearing establishment. This was the only instance of bad behaviour in the matter

of inn charges I met with in the whole excursion; and such of my readers as may hereafter track my course will do well to keep it in remembrance, together with this disagreeable but incontrovertible truth, that WHEREVER we congregate abroad we spoil the market.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM LISIEUX TO NEUFCHATEL AND ROUEN.

A CLEAR blue sky overhead, genial sunshine, and a magnificent road seventy feet wide, bordered with the most brilliant green turf, constituted a very satisfactory beginning of the seven hours' journey from Lisieux to Rouen; for I suppose that there is hardly a traveller in the world that would be indifferent to these *agrémens*, or regardless of symptoms threatening the direct contraries: for though a Southerly wind and a cloudy sky suit hunting and angling, they spoil the assortment of living pictures exhibited on either side of the road, in a fine country like France, where the scenery is on an extensive scale, and demands abundance of light, and a clear transparent medium, and solar illumination and warmth to give it full effect. Picardy, for instance, seen in vapour and rain, is as melancholy a tract of country to traverse as Cambridgeshire; but is not without charms, if well lighted. Normandy bears such obscuration better; but I would advise any one who found himself in a monsoon-like continuance of wet weather in this beautiful province, to abandon, instantly, any project of travelling through it, and betake himself to Paris and sight-seeing, till brighter days should woo him back to the fairest region of Northern Europe, and to

good humour. The mere mention of an umbrella or top-coat is as fatal to the hope of enjoying fine scenery, as the notice board of RELACHE, on the door of a French theatre, to that of witnessing any spectacle within its walls, while that *affiche* remains; and I felt I could hardly be sufficiently grateful for the unintermitting sunshine which accompanied my rambles from first to last. The abhorrence of rain felt by all classes of the French is well known; and they almost despise the cheerful indifference with which we encounter and endure it; secretly believing, as I have often discovered, that in England we consider it as a *sine quâ non*, one day with another. Be this as it may, a thorough wet day is not without its recommendations to a tourist making many notes and sketches. It is the best of all opportunities to work up journals and drawings; and many an illustration has owed its merits, in point of faithfulness, to this timely completion: many a passage has described men and things to the life, by this use of the freshness of a retentive memory.

I have merely been giving my readers the substance of the conversation into which I fell with a fat good-natured Norman, who occupied the next best seat to mine in the *coupé* of the carriage, as we left the boundaries of Lisieux, and entered upon a tract of flat country, in its neighbourhood, where the harvest-work appeared to us both to have been very tardily conducted; for all the oats and barley, as far as we could see across the fields, were still standing, and very little of the wheat had been carried. We saw the sith no more on the land. From this point up

to Rouen the sickle alone was in use, and very wastefully handled, too; for, that they might less fatigue themselves by not stooping lower, the reapers, one and all, cut the stem half-way down only,—leaving stubble nearly two feet high; capital covert for partridges, certainly: but as there was no *chasse réservée* (no preserving) in the district, for a very sound reason, because there was no game to preserve,—and the haulm thus left would deprive the farmer of any useful length of straw for thatching, litter, and manure, the process seemed a wanton sacrifice of material; for the corn was neither tangled by weeds, nor laid by rain; but being dead ripe, it shed very much; and the more in consequence of the cutting stroke being given so much nearer to the full ears than a more husbandman-like way of gathering the crop would have permitted. However, the farmer ought to have been there, or his representative. It is the master's eye that makes the horse fat; and the principle involved in this trite saying is as applicable to the stubble as to the stable.

At a considerable distance from the high road I noticed great lengths of what appeared to be either mangel wurzel, Swedish turnips, or potatoes, ranged like the stools of a brick-field, and thatched with straw. It was flax. The practice among the French farmers is to grow this crop after oats, from clover lea, or from wheat stubble after potatoes; and they obtain good flax and equally good seed from the same crop; drying it in the field, like grain, and stacking it in this dwarf fashion, on a sub-stratum of bramble and stones, with frequent interstices for the

circulation of air. I did not see much flax in Normandy, though friable loam abounds in great breadths; and as a green crop (for it is neither corn nor pulse), repaying all the care bestowed upon it, one would have expected to find it extensively cultivated, as a set-off against the failure of the potatoes and the apples; but the incessant demand for wheat has probably compelled the agricultural community to take more thought for bread than for linen; though, were I tilling either my own or another man's land, in such a climate as France, and could afford manure proportionate to an exhausting crop, I would always endeavour to introduce a little flax in the rotation; were it but for the advantage of the water in the pit, every barrel of which is equal in value to a cart-load of farm-yard compost for top-dressing; but even the schoolboy is warned by "his Virgil" against the cultivation of this crop immediately after wheat.*

Now and then, for a mile or two, we passed under stately elms, planted, as during the *ancien régime*, on either side of the road; but apple orchards and large breadths of red clover abounded. The fruit trees, however, exhibited a deadly blight, and I suppose we must have travelled through at least twenty miles' extent of this distressing failure in the favourite and important crop: a misfortune which has been equally felt in our own country.

At a quarter past one we reached a little posting-house, called L'Hôtellerie, and here crossed the boundary line of CALVADOS, which, at the moment, I felt was tantamount to the close of my long-contemplated expedition to that deeply interesting

* V. Georgic i. 71—78.

territory. My ramble through its towns, villages, woodlands, and valleys, had proved an excursion of unalloyed delight and gratified expectations; and in many an hour yet to come, of saddening memories and heart-rending regrets, I feel that I shall turn to the memoranda to which these pages owe their existence, with calm and tranquil retrospect, whose every glance will rest on some well-remembered, beauteous spot of God's own blessed creation; or, on scenes and features, characters and adventures, whose intermingling interest "was not for a day, but for all time," and will hold its place, and exercise its innocent and genial influence long after the pen that has recorded, and the pencil that has illustrated these incidents of travel shall have ceased from active work, or forgotten their pristine cunning.

ABOUT half an hour after we had passed the frontier of the Department, we reached the noble avenue of elms, leading, by a kind of *chase*, a quarter of a mile in length, to the chateau of Madame Auvray, of Lisieux, who not long since succeeded to this goodly inheritance. The mansion itself was *pas grande chose*; but the appearance of the tall old trees, diverging right and left, as the drive swept round in front of the house, was decidedly handsome. In this case, as in others I have taken occasion to mention, the approach would have been far more graceful and "country seat like," had it been in a curve; but on this point the French are deaf to the suggestions of pure horticultural taste, and must be regarded by every ornamental gardener as "incurables." I have only met with one exception, and that was on the

estate of Madame De Creps, near Caen, whose quick-set hedges on either side of the high road to Bayeux would be considered model fences in England; and whose shrubberies, tropical hot-houses, conservatories, etc., are all kept in admirable style and order. Her rare flowers and plants were only surpassed by the loveliness of her daughters and grandchildren, whose English features, though pure French blood only ran in their veins, were of faultless beauty, and, as I assured their mother, Madame Durequieu, recalled to my mind some of the fairest of the rising generation in our country. Madame Durequieu and her sisters, both of whose husbands I understood to be serving abroad in this disastrous war, are the most intellectual and engaging French women of rank I have met for many years; and my recollections of the social hours spent at St. Matthieu belong to the "halycon days" of a chequered and eventful existence.

Our courier being doubtful, as he said, whether he should find time for his mid-day repast at Brioune, which we expected to reach after about three-quarters of an hour, began, hereabouts, to regale himself on some cold meat he had laid up, as a reserve, at Lisieux; and happening to remark to us how insipid cold mutton always proved in the absence of any kind of sauce, my fat neighbour turned to me with a good-natured smile, saying "Mais vous autres Messieurs Anglais, vous ne comprenez point ce que c'est la sauce: on n'en mange jamais en Angleterre, n'est-ce pas?" I need not trouble my reader by recapitu-

lating all I said in reply to this simple inquiry; but it may be worth my while mentioning how I amused myself in cross-questioning my untravelled *gastronome* upon certain weak points in his own native cookery; among others, what might be his conceptions on mint-sauce for roast lamb. He had never heard of such a condiment in his lifetime: he was upwards of sixty years old, and a thriving merchant of Rouen, and might reasonably be supposed to be tolerably conversant with his country's *cuisine*. "We shred," said he, "into such gravy as may happen to be sent to table with a joint of roast lamb, hot or cold, a certain quantity of onion; and strew upon this a few grains of powdered nutmeg." This will suggest an experiment, I dare say, to some of my readers, on the 8th of next April; but I have anticipated this, and can assure them the recipe is one of the worst conceived of all abnormal mixtures,—strong, but not *piquant*, and *sapid* without *bon goût*. He had never seen caper sauce served with boiled mutton: never having beheld a boiled leg of mutton in any part of France; which I readily believed. It is a diet abhorred of the French to the full extent, I apprehend, that Eleazar eschewed pork. "Neither," said he, "would it enter into our imagination that we should insert stuffing into a roast shoulder of veal." Hereupon, I advised him to take up a new set of notions on English cookery, which, blended with the refinements of the French, is, far beyond all comparison with European or Asiatic arts of dressing viands, the best in the world; ministering with equal relish to

simple or luxurious taste; and treating with even-handed justice the fat and lean of the land, let Ude or Soyer say what they will.

Our unintellectual "pafle" was speedily cut short by the prospect of a beautiful valley of vast extent in breadth, backed by an immense growth of woodland, which, however, did not conceal a range of fine blue hills in the extreme distance, equal to any I remember having seen in the Apennine, or in the Tyrolese Alps. In the hollow of this glorious valley lay meadows and green crops, enclosed by live hedges, with an occasional brook and a few fruit trees among the rich luxuriant pasturage, where cows and ponies must have felt they were living in clover indeed. At a sudden turn we lost it all, and were proceeding on a stony cliff, covered with purple heather, which introduced us without any merciful warning to a barren and desolate 'chalk-pit! The contrast was painful; but what would have been the effect of such an instantaneous change had our horses' heads been turned towards Lisieux! This should be noted as a memorandum by any one who, having perused these pages, may hereafter make the tour of Calvados; for imagination, however powerful, can hardly conceive such a rapid transition from a region "flowing with milk and honey" to a desolate tract of unlooked-for and repulsive sterility. The 'chalk-pits' led on to a wild tract of country, reminding me often of Derbyshire; and the hill was succeeded by heath, and the chalk by bright gravel; and fern, broom, thyme, and abundant varieties of such wild plants, covered the whole surface of table-land, which at length

began to make traction easy, and enabled our driver to put his team of six, which he had taken at Brionne, into "a donkey's gallop," which is commonly reputed "short and sweet;" but, considering the hills we had subsequently to encounter, seemed to exhibit more fun than discretion. None of the public carriages in France are light; and though the *coupé* places (and, I believe, those of the *intérieur*) are strictly reserved for the parties booked, there seems to be an unscrupulous distribution of "outsiders," and lavish indulgence on the sledge or driving-seat,—either for love or money: and none but Norman horses would have been imposed upon in this manner, or solicited to canter when they were so soon afterwards to creep and crawl. At Brionne, by the by, I found myself once again upon the Rille,—a sweet remembrance of Pont Audemer; for we were now in the Department of Eure: and hence this gentle river flows in a North-Westerly direction to that old town and the Seine. This was the place of meeting where the doctrine of the Archdeacon of Angers, Berengarius, or Berenger, was declared by a religious Council, at which William Duke of Normandy was present (probably presiding), to be heterodox and heretical, and such as rendered him liable to all the censures, pains, and penalties of infidelity. Berenger's reputation as a controversial theologian had brought his peculiar opinions into more prominent notice than proved compatible with his personal safety; and on three several occasions of his being cited to the tribunal of the Vatican, he recanted his offensive tenet, that

the Eucharist was but a commemorative rite, and transubstantiation a vain and unwarrantable hypothesis in Christian faith: a curious *pendant* this to the case of another Archdeacon in the day that now is, who, had he figured among the setters-forth of strange doctrines in the eleventh century, would, doubtless, have found ample cause to feel how perilous it might prove to demand assent to individual opinion, as if it was the dogmatic teaching of the Church; and to reason concerning a supernatural presence as if it was subject to natural laws. Berenger died, it was affirmed, in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church: and François de Roye, a learned French lawyer of the sixteenth century, wrote a treatise to prove that the repentance of this great heterodox divine was lasting and sincere: a position which became the subject of much idle controversy between Protestants and Romanists. Few of his works are extant; but Lessing, the talented editor of many very curious old reprints, several of which I saw in the Bibliothèque Impériale in Paris, and which his friend and patron, the Duke of Brunswick, had presented,—published about eighty years ago an essay ("De Corpore et Sanguine Jesu Christi"), written in Latin, by Berengarius; and it would be no easy matter to determine from this exposition which way the wind of the author's doctrine was blowing when he launched his pamphlet on the world. Lessing himself manifested a tendency to scepticism when a young man, at the University of Leipsic; and his maturer judgment was exercised in criticism on the drama rather than on theological

opinions; but he grew wise in time, and earned honourable repute among the literati of Germany. High position and power bring public men, now and then, into strange predicaments, which all the *prestige* of their name and quality avails not to grace; and we can hardly imagine an individual more ludicrously out of his element than William of Normandy discussing the doctrine of transubstantiation at Brionne!

Two steep hills, another smiling valley, succeeded by a precipice overlooking dense plantations of oak, a gravel-pit, and a considerable extent of orchards, exhibiting the dreary spectacle of blighted and barren apple-trees, were the only features interspersed in a dead level of well-farmed arable land, where the wheat was still standing, and only partially ripened; and through this our road lay into Bourgheroude and Elbæuf. We came upon the latter town quite on a sudden, after climbing a steep acclivity on our right; and at once confronted the drying-grounds of this Leeds of Normandy, where the hill-sides in the immediate vicinity of the factories are hung with thousands of yards of black superfine cloth, stretched on frames and strong posts to dry, after the processes of dressing and, I presume, dyeing, also, in the mills.

The appearance of these sable hangings was most melancholy. The slopes seemed fitted up with interminable lengths of church pews, lined with black cloth, showing how great the demand must be for that colour above all other. We did not see any of the workpeople, as it was twenty minutes to five

o'clock when we entered Elbœuf, and they were all within walls, and at their looms. The trade of this place is thriving beyond all precedent; and nearly six thousand weavers—settled inhabitants—find constant employment in the town throughout the year; exclusively of nearly three times that number of hands taking work in the villages of the district between Bourgheroude and Pont de l'Arche; and to such extent are commissions given and contracts executed, that the average value of the work in every month exceeds £130,000. Elbœuf stands on either side of the Seine, just as Strood faces Rochester, in Kent, and seemed to be nearly as large as both. It bears all the appearances of a prosperous community; and the cleanliness of the streets emulates that of Leyden or Rotterdam. The most remarkable feature, however, in this locality is the range of chalk cliffs, to the left, on leaving the town, called the Orival rocks, the strata of which are distinctly separated by layers of enormous masses of flint, mostly horizontal, but occasionally jutting upward like the *aiguilles* (or small, pointed, minaret-like fragments of rock) in the Swiss Alps. At one part, these natural steeples attain an altitude of two hundred feet. My fellow-traveller pointed out an oratory or chapel, constructed at the height of thirty yards above the level of the road, in the cliff itself, where a natural hollow had been enlarged and made to form three-fourths of the little mountain-sanctuary. Immediately adjoining, were upwards of thirty habitations, elevated on the same ledge. But the most singular effect, above all others, among these natural curiosities, was

the presence of the river Seine on the right hand and on the left during the remainder of our journey to Rouen. It was not *visible* till we had emerged from the forest of Londe, beyond the precincts of La Vacherie (mentioned in page 40), and found ourselves to the right of Moulincaux and the ruins of Robert le Diable's castle, when we saw it on either side of us. The fact is, the whole tract of land between Elbœuf and Rouen, eleven miles in length, is a peninsula, formed by one of the frequent windings of the Seine (they are at least sixteen in number) between Paris and Havre; and we were now travelling through it in a direct line. The grassy sides and wood-crowned cliffs of this beautiful river have already been noticed in these pages. The frequently recurring islands, on which the loftiest of poplars—those fair trees fed by streams—that characterize its course, presented themselves, at intervals, on the skirts of the forest of Roumare, producing the most lively effect. The railway runs along the right or Eastern side of this peninsula, crossing the river at Tourville, and giving a station to Pont de l'Arche, celebrated for its bridge of twenty-two arches, on the bank opposite to that town, distant thirty miles from Rouen. The forest of Roumare just mentioned comprises eight thousand acres; planted, for the most part, with beech, oak, and *alne*. There had been a fall of wood, in some parts, and I observed the "top and lop" piled up in stacks, for fuel; just as in England we set up what is called a cord. My French companion entered into a little confabulation on the relative excellences of wood and coal, and the

difference in cost with respect to their consumption. I was surprised to find the preference given to elm as fuel. In England, I conceive, oak would be considered unexceptionable; especially in parlours and other carpeted and fully furnished rooms, where the frequent sparks thrown out to a distance, by elm, scorch rugs and Ottomans, and endanger women's dresses. The stacks of wood I saw in the forest of Rounare were each, as nearly as an accurately judging eye could guess, about three yards long, a yard wide, and a yard in height. They were of beech; and my companion said each would be sold for one pound, five shillings; but the same quantity of oak would not realize more than sixteen shillings! Our Kentish cord is fourteen feet long, a yard wide, and a yard high — that is to say, nearly half as large again; and we should sell it at the wood-side for twenty-one shillings. It would weigh about a ton and six hundred-weight, or 112 pounds more than a ton and a quarter. Now, I found Newcastle coals on sale at Boulogne and Caen at £1 11s. the ton; and, as the French cord cost £1 5s., while the English cord, nearly half as large again, cost only £1 1s., it would appear that the Norman wood-buyer would have to pay at least £1 16s. for a cord made up according to the English proportions. Moreover, the French cord would not weigh fifteen hundred-weight, and yet the buyer would have to pay one shilling and eightpence for each hundred-weight, while he might purchase a ton of Newcastle coals at a fraction more than one shilling and sixpence per cwt. Considering, therefore, how much longer a

hundred-weight of coal would last than the same quantity of wood, the advantage must undoubtedly lie with the mineral, where the distance from the wharf to the coal-cellar is not great. It is to be remembered, also, that I have not added the price of carriage. The stack was in the plantation; but the buyer would in all probability be, as in our country, not the party who would consume it, but who would sell it again to the retail customer, a housekeeper; and this would raise the twenty-five shillings by twelve sous, at least, for every mile of carriage.

Wood-stealing and felonious trespass are offences of exceedingly rare occurrence in these valuable tracts of forest growth. I was assured that were any rogue detected in cutting down or sawing off even one single pole (still less thirty or forty—at the rate at which nocturnal depredators rob us, in England), he would be sent to the hulks, or to hard labour for five years; the law of France protecting this description of property as stringently as ours does the cattle of the field, which must of necessity lie exposed, at all hours, in remote and uninhabited places, and require all the protection which dread of severe punishment can throw around the sheepfold or paddock. One of the chroniclers of Normandy relates of Rollo,* pre-eminent among its early dukes, that he enjoined every judge and magistrate in the land to put to death not only every thief, but also every receiver of stolen goods, in whatever instance of robbery a conviction was obtained; and when,

* The same with Randolph and Rudolph: he is also called Rou. He lived in the beginning of the Tenth Century.

after a course of these capital punishments, he began to believe that a salutary dread of the gallows would henceforth secure all descriptions of outlying and exposed property, he resorted to a somewhat fanciful test of the effectiveness of these executions. It was in this very forest that, being seated, after a day's hunting in its recesses, on the brink of a piece of water or reservoir, called the Pond (*la Mare*), he drew from his wrists two golden bracelets—an ornament worn in those ancient days by men of elevated rank—and suspended them from the branch of an oak overhanging the water, in so conspicuous a manner as to be readily seen by whoever might pass that way. They were found hanging there at the end of three years; the terror inspired by his well-known determination to punish with death every case of stealing having deterred even the most daring pilferer from appropriating the treasure. Guillaume de Jumièges affirms that this occurrence gave the name of Roumare, or Mare de Rou, to the whole forest.*

This sounds somewhat apocryphal; but there is a fact to compensate for it out of the forest on the opposite side of the road—that of Rouvray; for it was on the occasion of William of Normandy's being in ardent pursuit of a wild boar, concealed in the tangled brake of brier and fern in the centre of these dense woods, that a breathless messenger rode up to announce to him the astounding intelligence of Edward the Third's decease and Harold's accession to the vacant throne of England. The tree

* William the Conqueror was the fifth Duke of Normandy in lineal descent from Rollo, or Rou.

used to be shown at Brocket Hall, in Herts (Lord Melbourne's seat), under which, nearly five hundred years after these events, Elizabeth was seated when she received the tidings of her sister Queen Mary's death. These were, both, critical periods in our history, and may be said to have influenced, more than human ken can discern, the political and religious destinies of Britain and the nations at large, even to the present day.

It appears certain that where trees now stand and form a stately forest, there must have been houses; some, too, of no ordinary description, inhabited by the ancient Romans. Discoveries were made during the reign of Louis XV.—less than a century since—of the images of the Emperors Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and Antoninus, deep under ground, in this forest of Rouvray; and several coins of that period, besides agricultural instruments, sufficiently numerous to indicate the fact of a settlement.

A French writer assigns the origin of many a forest in his country to the superstitious customs of the ancient Gauls, who, like the idolatrous nations that surrounded the Israelites, erected statues and altars in groves, and worshipped abomination under every green tree. I incline, however, to the opinion that the wood region was, for the most part, of spontaneous growth—at the will of Divine Providence, thus supplying that indispensable article fuel, in a territory where the same superintending counsels had ordained that there should not be any coal. In the earliest ages, moreover, these woods were probably abounding in game of various kinds; and the timber

would, in due course, suggest its adaptability to the purposes of building. The poet's lines are as follows :—

“ Des Gauloises tribus la crédule ignorance
 Les consacra jadis ; et nos pâles aïeux
 Tremblaient à chaque instant d'y rencontrer leurs dieux.”

These woods by Gallic tribes in ignorance rear'd,
 As sacred haunts were formerly rever'd :
 Where our forefathers pale and trembling trod,
 Fearing, at every step, to meet a god.

By six o'clock in the afternoon we were skirting the river on our left, at about a distance of thirty acres' breadth of the most luxurious pasture.—Such of the land as was arable exhibited a light silty soil, which might be turned up with a walking-stick ; and, as might have been expected, the occupiers had raised immense crops of carrots and potatoes : the latter, by the by, wofully deteriorated by the disease still affecting the cultivation of this invaluable plant throughout the North of Europe. It was quite a treat to get a glimpse hereabouts of some old windmills ; of all pictures (or objects the most to be desired in the landscape scenery of Normandy. Half an hour afterwards we saw three ploughs at work : a very common occurrence in France, however startling it would appear to see such farming operations afoot in England at a quarter to seven, P.M., in August. The author of the *Georgic*, lecturing to the Romans of the Augustan age, in elegant Latin verse, upon the most approved systems of agriculture, maintained the theory of straw being best cut or mowed down at nightfall ;—with reference, of course, to the dew ; but, this *ploughing* towards sunset, so generally to be seen in France, has always

appeared to me a protraction of labour ill suited to the fourteenth hour of active life in the day of either horse or man. Powerful and hardy as their horses are, they are never properly groomed; the coat of the animal displays none of that brilliant gloss and sleekness which make the well-kept English team a living picture of surpassing beauty.—So far from it, they come upon the field only half cleaned down, and appear hide-bound, when every pore should be in the fittest possible condition for the evaporation of perspirable matter, and capable of contending with all the influences of alternating heat and cold. There seemed to be neither scarcity of horses nor of forage in the country; for the number of carts and carriages to which I saw seven horses attached, all in a line, to draw loads we should assign to four, was matter of frequent astonishment: the costermongers, higglers, and market-gardeners, or “small growers,” nevertheless, often making one helpless animal do the work of three.

At length we entered the beautiful avenue and faubourg of St. Sever, through which, as along a boulevard of the handsomest order of decorated high roads; the traveller proceeds to cross the Seine; as, in England, we might pass out of Surrey through Southwark on to London Bridge, and thence into the centre of the Metropolis.

The groups of high chimneys for steam-engine furnaces appeared to have increased twenty-fold since the period of my first visit to Rouen in 1847; and are principally in the quarter just mentioned, indicating a vast increase of manufacturing labour and prosperous trade among the 120,000 inhabitants of

this Manchester of the empire. Approach the town from whatever quarter, its aspect is eminently beautiful and attractive: the quays are superb: handsome, and livelier in appearance than those of Bordeaux or Marsilles; and the Custom-house combining with the principal suspension bridge,—a magnificent structure—as a foreground, with the numerous steeples of the city on the left, and the white cliffs crested with the most brilliant verdure, comprising Mont aux Malades, Mont Fortin, St. Catherine, and Notre Dame de Bon Secours, and its elegant spire overlooking the largest panorama in Normandy, constitute a *total ensemble* to which France hardly affords a parallel. As a mercantile city, Rouen will eventually become the most highly embellished in the country. The authorities are evidently making the most of every opportunity of a clearance; and the narrow and crooked streets of the middle ages are being gradually supplaccd by lines of modern mansions, of handsome architecture, the sole impediment to the completion of which lies in the inevitable circumstance of the leases of certain houses being unexpired, and of their maintaining, as a matter of course, their isolated position and crumbling fabrics, till the term of tenure shall cease. This gives rise to gaps, which, as I have stated (in page 32), disfigure some of the best of the new and widened thoroughfares; and it is no disparagement to the fair city to say that, at present, it commends itself most at a distance. A day will arrive when Rouen will infinitely surpass in architectural beauty and generally attractive features all the ports of France.

I found the Hôtel d'Angleterre, my old quarters, full to overflowing. Large as it is, the influx of travellers had compelled Monsieur and Madame De la Fosse to send away many families before my arrival; and yet there were but two English parties in the house! The remainder were French, German, and American. I was fortunate enough, however, to make my *entrée* just as an English bachelor had made his exit; and, after climbing four out of seven stories, effected a lodgement, and gained sight of a London newspaper—not the least among the refreshments and *agrémens* obtainable by the man who contemplates taking his case in his inn, on home or foreign travel.

CONSIDERING myself one of the homeward bound, and not located in Rouen, on this occasion, for the purpose of lion or journal-izing (for I had discharged both these duties seven years previously), I devoted my leisure chiefly to the study of the splendid architecture in its principal churches,—those *chef-d'œuvres* of the middle ages, in contemplating which the eye never tires, and the mind finds ample and incessant occupation. When I left Normandy in 1817, the exterior of the Church of St. Ouen was not finished by, at least, one-third. At the present date it cannot but be regarded as the most perfect, most exquisitely beautiful Gothic temple in the universe; and it enjoys the peculiarly happy advantage of being surrounded by such an ample area of space on every side, as to be contemplated in its mighty and magnificent mass as a *tout ensemble*; or studied in all its details, which are as wonderful and astonishing in point of execution as of design. The trefoil cusps, or project-

ing points, forming the featherings or foliations in the arch of the South portal are as delicate as if worked in bamboo-cane; indeed, the whole of the marvellous sculpture decorating the Western and South fronts may best be compared to those complicated carvings wrought by the Chinese in one part of the world, and by the Dicppois statuette-cutters in another nearer home: stone having, in this instance, proved as yielding to the touch of the finest tool as lime-tree or ivory; and all the resources of architectural science and art, all its elegant conceptions and multiform shapes of beauty, having been selected as crowning excellences and unsurpassable perfections to render the façade of this glorious edifice the proudest triumph of taste, skill, and inventive genius that ever yet adorned the House of God in a Christian land. There is a fine open space in front of the West and Northern side, larger than Lincoln's Inn Fields; and the work is yet so new and dazzling as to enable the eye, without aid from glasses, to distinguish the subtle finish and most delicate handling of the smallest details. Behind the mighty pile, North and Eastward, are the spacious gardens of the Hôtel de Ville, from which two sides of the church may be surveyed; but the Western front is the all-surpassing ornament, the robe of unearthly beauty investing this fairest form of all the offspring of native taste and talent, which department or province of France can point to for her own; and voyagers whose love of research brings them across the Atlantic, or the Red Sea, for the purpose of seeing St. Peter's at Rome, or our Glass Palace at Sydenham, ought not to incur

the reproach of having set foot in Europe, and returned to New York or Bengal without having taken note of the inconceivable splendours of St. Ouen, the exterior of which detains the spectator in the open street, in lingering, longing desire there to stand at gaze till sundown; whereas the Italian cathedral exerts the directly opposite influence, and begins not to astonish or delight till the visitor has entered in. The octangular crown of the central tower has been imitated on that of St. Dunstan's in the West, London.

Many an hour, too, have I passed in the interior of St. Ouen. On this last occasion, I entered into a very careful examination of the two noble rose windows in the North and South transept.* Both are of the highest order of merit, whether considered with respect to design or execution; but the first mentioned, though less ornate and florid than the latter, excites the greatest interest in the day that now is, as it did, also, in the fourteenth century, when old Berneval, the architect, killed the contriver of it. This evil-minded master and instructor had assigned to his pupil apprentice the task of designing and executing the rose or circular window in the gable of the North transept; he himself selecting the South for his own particular display of taste and invention. The pupil, aware of the disadvantages of the situation, in respect of light, conceived the idea of striking out some new and startling feature, the happy effect of

See, too, the Rose!.....

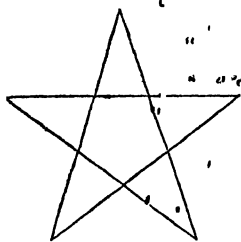
•Flamboyant with a thousand gorgeous colours,

The perfect flow'r of Gothic loveliness!"

Longfellow's Golden Legend.

which he trusted might prove commensurate with any eminently successful work in the opposite window; and with this view inserted the Pentalpha or Architectural Star into the tracery, without excluding the quatrefoils and rays. The effect was admirable, and was regarded as one of the most ingenious introductions, as a central feature of beauty, that had yet been attempted in the complex designs of that class of ornaments. Berneval, maddened with rage at this *fait accompli*, which, in every hour of the day, was diverting public admiration from his own very beautiful work, determined to murder his rival, and soon found an apt opportunity; for which inhuman deed he was in due course of law criminally executed; a death of ignominy which the local Church authorities of the day regarded as sufficient atonement in the flesh, as it appears they gave their sanction to the interment of his body in the North aisle.

The Pentalpha, so called from five appearances of



the letter A* radiating from a pentagon in the centre of the window, is here given in a cut, which omits the tracery comprised in the remaining portions of this circular window, in order to render this peculiar figure

more distinctly apparent.

As a matter of course, I looked into the marble

* Pente (Greek) signifying five, and Alpha (Greek) A.

receptacle of "holy water," annexed to the pillar first meeting the eye at the West entry, and saw the whole of the nave and one of the aisles reflected in the liquid. The appearance of the stained-glass window in the North aisle, close to the murderous old architect's burial-place, is very beautiful: That of the reversed roof seen deep down, as it were, in the water, conveyed the idea of gazing from the yards of the largest man-of-war, whose decks had been wholly taken out, down to her keel. The effect is curious, and arises chiefly from the unusual number of windows above, in the clerestory, the light from which gives to the surface of the water the appearance of an oval mirror. Hence the peculiar refraction of images: peculiar, in so far that no other *bénitière* or consecrated water receptacle, in the Continental churches, has been represented as exhibiting similar effects.

I made two drawings of the South transept window; one from without, the other from within. The wary old Alexander Bénéval duly kept in mind that *his* window would be illuminated by the effulgence of the meridional sun, and every smallest section of stained glass be rendered brilliantly visible, however intricate might be the intertexture of the tracery. Hence the marvellous introduction of stone into this radiant circle; stone spreading in delicate *curved stems* and *fibres*, which emulate the patterns of rich Honiton lace, all of which are conspicuous in their complexity till sunset; while the poor apprentice's rose is in perpetual shade. The ill-fated

young mason knew this would be the case; and, in all probability, worked the bold, broad diagram of his Pentalfa into the circle with such clear delineation as to assert its star-like outline independently of the noonday sunbeams which his allotment in the North transept denied him; and to win for those features that admiration from within which confirmed his triumph, but destroyed his life.

I have made mention of the extensive pleasure-garden on the North and East side of this church. It was laid out in the grounds of the old monastery of St. Ouen, the only remains of which consist of a singularly curious stone-built tower of the eleventh century, forming, to all appearance, a component part of, but being actually a mere adjunct to, the church; for what purpose none can now declare. It has been always known by the appellation of "The Priests' Chambers," and antiquarians imagine it was a portion of some ancient church that stood on this site, dedicated to God and the memory of Archbishop Ouen, who filled the see of Rouen towards the close of the seventh century. The garden I am speaking of is undeniably one of the most delectable pleasure-grounds in France, the Jardin des Tuileries not excepted. There are trees of every variety, most judiciously placed and trained for all the *agrémens* of shade in a climate familiar with sunshine and heat: Acacias, planes, chestnuts, sycamores, tulip trees, laburnums, and many other such favourites in ornamental gardening, form delightful avenues in all directions; and interspersed among these are parterres, large and small, most tastefully planted with

flowering shrubs, hollyhocks, dahlias, fuchsias, geraniums, and other such flowers, according to the season; between which are broad smooth gravelled walks, adapted for the use of as many of the whole collective population of Rouen, "gentle and simple," as are ever likely to wish to walk about in the enclosure, at one time;—for twenty thousand might enjoy the promenade here, and not make an inconvenient crowd.

At no great distance from the Eastern extremity of the church, abutting on these pleasure-grounds, was a railed platform, five and twenty feet square, at about six feet height from the ground, and framed at top, so as to sustain a large awning, made in marquee fashion, which extended, at an elevation of twelve feet, over the whole of the boarded floor, where, seated on benches, with orchestral stands and desks, were all the musicians of the band of the 1st Regiment of the line,—twenty-nine in number,—and twenty-five supplementary musicians, called *Gagistes*, or salaried performers. These united musicians delighted the vast assemblage of promenaders during two hours with a series of operatic pieces (overtures, chorusses, quintettes, and arias), polkas, waltzes, quadrilles, and national airs—played in a style which would have held in silent admiration the most fastidious audience of the Queen's Theatre, or Philharmonic Concert Room. The solos on the clarionet, trumpet, oboe, and horn, were of the highest order of excellence. The operatic music seemed to be chiefly selected from the "Lucia di Lammermoor," and I never heard either in Vienna

or Berlin, in Saxony or in Rhineland (the realms of instrumental melody), any performances on wind instruments that surpassed the execution of the scientific and fascinating harmonies to which I listened, a delighted and astonished hearer, on this occasion.

I was standing within a few yards of the platform, when I saw a hat raised and a head bowing very complimentarily, and recognised my fat friend who had travelled with me from Lisieux, (him of nutmeg-sauce recipes!) very elegantly attired, and looking "for all the world," as the phrase is, like a free and independent citizen of no mean city. He came up in a very gentlemanly and courteous manner, welcoming me to Rouen and its *agrémens*, and we conversed for an hour. He explained to me the system upon which the *Gagistes* above mentioned are placed upon the standing list of military musicians. They engage themselves to play at all times with the band of a certain regiment for three years. At the expiration of that period they are free to quit; but a day's absence without leave during the continuance of their engagement would be considered in the light of desertion, and subject them to the penalties of such offence; just as if they were enrolled in the rank and file. The lowest amount of *gages* (salary) receivable is thirty-six pounds a year. Some, such as the first-rate solo players, earn forty.

This valuable annexation, the expense of which is borne by the Government and all the officers of the regiment except the subalterns, enhances the excellence of the music executed on parade and public occasions by the military bands in France; and though they

are bound to follow the regiment that has engaged them (even into foreign service!) to whatever quarter proceeding; they are occasionally left behind in the towns, where they can earn money at fêtes and evening parties, etc., and by tuition; so that opportunities arise for the *attachés* to two or more regiments to unite their powers—as when I heard them in the gardens—and thus to augment the orchestra to a scale that rivalled that of Le Grand Opéra. This supplementary band has been for some considerable time included in regimental arrangements; but during the brief existence of the recent Republican Government, they were permitted to withdraw at will, whenever any better engagement might offer itself. Since the re-establishment, however, of the Empire, their engagement binds them, as I have stated, for three years. They wore, I observed, a gold lace edging at their collars, and scarlet and yellow epaulets. The band of the regiment wore green epaulets, edged with crimson. Two shillings a day to be paid to each musician must prove a heavy tax in the French regiments, supposing the number to be limited to eight even, over and above the standing force of regular musicians; and I incline to believe the pay is made up by the colonel becoming the constituted receiver of all they earn in the year while off regimental duty; or that if they earn five-and-twenty pounds a year by tuition, or attendance at fêtes and balls, etc., they obtain twelve or fifteen pounds more, *ad supplementum*, from the regiment, with the understanding that they are to consider themselves attached to that corps during three years. My sociable fellow-traveller could not

afford me all the explanation I asked for on this subject, and it did not occur to me afterwards to make further inquiries. Be the arrangement what it may, the public ear in Rouen owes them many acknowledgments, and France is beginning to take the lead in such performances.* The military bands in Prussia and Austria are powerful rivals of the *élite* of the theatrical staff in Europe, and I have heard them often with no little gratification; but nothing could surpass the musical performances at the base of the Column in the Place Vendôme, in Paris, where two regular bands of regiments of the line, a band of *gagistes*, and the band of Guides, seventy-five in all, were playing, unitedly. It might well be called "A treat for an Emperor,"—whether in honour of Napoleon Premier at the summit of the pillar, or of his Imperial nephew at the Tuileries.

HAVING devoted many hours to the Church of St. Ouen, I renewed intimate acquaintance with the Cathedral, on which, having duly recorded and eulogised its excellences, in "the former treatise," I shall not now again expatiate. Take it for all in all, it is a splendid, a glorious edifice, of which Normandy (and France, indeed) may justly be proud. It is much to be regretted, that the iron spire—

* In one of the "Correspondent's" letters from the Camp before Sebastopol, dated October 31st, he says, "But for the lively music of the French bands we should be gloomy indeed. Our men are quite delighted with the French bands."

though it be more like the united vertebral processes of four colossal alligators than a mediæval steeple, adorned with crockets—has not been carried up to the extreme height (136 feet) it was intended to reach. Its present abrupt termination aggravates the *bizarre* and repulsive ugliness of its design.

My attention, on this occasion, was chiefly addressed to the sculpture in relievo over the North-West door. It represents the brief but shocking history of the murder of St. John the Baptist. The crowned king Herod is seen at his supper-table, seated, with three other individuals, on a bench or couch. The one next to himself, on his left hand, is a female, wearing a diadem of simpler design than his own; this, of course, being intended to represent Herodias. The next figure is that of a man; but we have no intimation from the page of Scripture enlightening us, beyond the fact of Herod's entertaining, at this birthday feast, his lords, high captains, and chief estates of Galilee: the third figure, therefore, and the fourth alongside, which is that of a female, may be supposed to represent this class of guests. Three persons are seen below the dais, or raised floor, on which the table stands. The central figure, a female resting on one knee, is lifting up a vase or small tureen; the figure immediately behind her is a young girl, the lower half of whose right arm is broken off; but she must have been represented in the act of serving. A little dog is sitting on his haunches, behind her, with his fore-feet held up, in the attitude of a dog begging. The male figure, immediately before the principal female attendant, is

seated; the right arm and hand resting on his knee, or rather in his lap. The left hand is wanting. It may have been designed to represent an attendant; but there is all the expression, in the countenance, of an aged blind mendicant. This effect may have arisen from decay in the stone about the eyes.

Immediately beyond the end of the table, and on a lower elevation, is seen Salome, the daughter of Herodias, performing a feat nearly resembling a "somersault," or going head over heels. The Evangelists Matthew and Mark simply state that she danced before Herod. Beyond this are seen two female figures, which are to be considered as in a separate compartment; for the taller of the two is meant for Herodias (the drapery is exquisitely wrought), who holds out her left hand as if to steady the burden borne in the hands of the other figure, Salome, who is presenting to her, not "a charge" but a vase or basket, on the top of which is a human head, the hair, only, turned towards the spectator; and, indeed, it would have been impossible to recognise the round mass of stone for a head—as seen from the pavement below—but for the Scriptural tale of horror being so well known. This shows that the sculptor had not taken the precaution of elevating his model, to ascertain how much would meet the eye at the height (about twenty-five feet) at which the relievo was to be contemplated from below; for though the entire face is, doubtless, sculptured, and the left cheek lying exposed uppermost, no part of the head is visible except the back; and not enough of *that* to indicate precisely what the object is which

is being carried by Salome. Herodias keeps her right hand enfolded in her robe. Beyond this group is seen a tall man (with what seems woolly hair—that of a Moor, probably), brandishing above his head a long sword, with which he is preparing to decapitate the prisoner (St. John), who is seen putting his head out of a window (the shutter of which is thrown back), and meekly placing himself in a position favourable to the death-inflicting descent of the weapon: his hair is also held, over his right temple, by the left hand of the executioner. There are numerous barred windows in the building representing the prison, and the Baptist is in the basement floor; but the sculptor has very equivocally regarded the wording of the text, which, in both the passages above mentioned, expressly says, “in the prison:” the saintly prisoner being “in,” certainly; but the execution *without*. Considering the period (the thirteenth century) at which this high relief was originally wrought, the work is remarkably fine, and wonderfully well preserved. The executioner is the boldest figure, and projects without being annexed to the background, except by small portions of his garments. I should say it is three feet in height. The best designed is Herodias (receiving the head); about the same stature. The features of Herod are very distinct; almost as plainly discernible as if the stone had been cut last year. In order to take the likeness and detail of each figure with the utmost accuracy, I employed two powerful lenses, which enabled me to distinguish every touch: and I here annex the whole, as copied

by me among the groups of astonished and gratified citizens, who, from time to time, came up to see what I was about, and who pronounced the portraiture to be perfect: an "imprimatur" which encouraged me thus to lay it before my readers.



There is a very beautiful group, by the same hand, probably, to the right of this, which, I conceive, represents the application made to our Saviour, on their behalf, by the mother of James and John. The *composition* is equal to any alto-relievo of antiquity: perhaps, imitated from the ancients.

After the completion of this drawing, I went to the North door, thoroughly to enjoy the amusement afforded by a quiet and leisurely inspection of the bas-reliefs sculptured on all sides of the great portal. The two subjects most worthy of attention, and which, but for the culpable sportiveness of the monastic artist who designed them, towards the close of the fifteenth century, would have awakened, as they ever ought, feelings of the most solemn awe and reverence, are the General Resurrection and the Last Judgment. These are under the arch, over the wooden doors. In the latter scene, Satan and his

evil angels are represented dragging into everlasting fire a crowd of condemned, among whom are plainly discernible a Pope and a mitred abbot. In the centre are seen our blessed Lord and his angels, welcoming to eternal happiness a group of hooded friars! I think this is tolerably good internal presumptive evidence that an "ingenious" *friar* must have been the decorative designer retained for the working drawings of the masons of this doorway! The variety of monstrous shapes and chimeras, respectable and unseemly, typical and anti-typical, sculptured in squared stone medallions, about eighteen or twenty inches square, all about this portal, surpasses all the mystical pictures of Egyptian theology, the demoniacal statues and brute forms of Prince Butera's collection near Messina, and the wildest conceptions in our own "Punch." It would have occupied me through six months to copy this unparalleled series of absurdities in stone. The few drawings I brought away were transcripts of caricatures of monks and nuns; but there were several compartments exhibiting the work of the Creation, Cain and Abel, and the life of Joseph. The subject of the Creation was really well handled. I distinguished, also, King David playing with a hammer on five small bells; but the majority of figures were composite—half monk, half monkcy; monks' heads and shoulders engrafted on apes, goats, boars, lions, asses, satyrs, or horses (centaur fashion); nuns' heads and shoulders on mermaids' bodies; friars' heads and bodies, and dolphins' tails, shooting with bows. One figure represented an owl, with the head and cowl of

an abbeſs; another a friar, with long, turkey-tail-like feathers inſtead of hair, clothed in the coſtume of his order down to the waſt, at which point he became a lion. He was repreſented blowing luſtily on a clarionet, which was in his left hand:—A tambour was ſuſpended alongſide of the inſtrument, which he was repreſented beating with a ſtick held in his right hand. Cloſe to this was a friar's ſhoulders and cape—the head a boar's, wearing the long white nightcap of Normandy; the arms and hands human, holding a violin and playing on it—very gracefully, too!—All below the waſt, genuine pig; with a very diminutive tail. But the liſt of theſe “ludicroſities” and “figures of fun” is longer than Homer's catalogue of the ſhips at the ſiege of Troy, and if I were called upon for an equally ancient and clafſical authority to deſcribe this deliciously imagined compoſition, I ſhould quote the firſt thirteen lines of Horace's “Epiſtle to the Piſos,”* which, for the benefit of lady readers, I tranſlate thus:—

It to ſome human head the Painter's freak
Should join a horſe's neck, and cover limbs
Selected from all ſorts of animals
With plumes of ev'ry hue,—or paint the form
Of ſome fair woman perfect to the waſt,
But downward, from that point, an ugly fiſh,—
Could you, my friends, admitted to the ſight,
Refrain from laughing? Yet, the Author's book
Will be this ſelf ſame picture's counterpart,
Whoſe compoſition, like a ſick man's dream,
Is made up of incongruous images,
Where neither foot nor head appears to match

* Horatius de Arte Poetica.

The form it's joined to! Painters, poets, too,
 Time out of mind the priv'lege have enjoy'd
 Of carrying out th' ideas of daring thought:—
 We know their right, and, as occasion calls,
 We claim and grant it;° but, with this reserve,
 That natures fell shall not with gentlest blend—
 Serpents with birds, or lambs with tigers, mate!

THERE are few cities affording so beautiful a spectacle at nightfall as Rouen, when beheld from the centre of the Seine, flowing through its broad channel, a thousand feet in width, beneath the bridges, and reflecting in its stream the lights in the houses and the gas-lamps on the quays. Except in Venice and Amsterdam, I have never seen such long lines of light reflected in water, nor so many gondola-like boats flitting about in all directions. The setting sun bathes the whole city, its river, its spires, its neighbouring cliffs and bounding horizon in a flood of golden light, peculiarly favourable to the general aspect of this deservedly favourite capital, and I would earnestly recommend every tourist, however brief his sojourn may be, to make a point of seeing it from this station;° to which, if he wish to draw his ideas to a focus, he may take a cigar, purchasable at the little lodge (erected at the town-side extremity of the suspension bridge, beyond the cab-stand), where° the widow of Louis Brune, the once celebrated diver,° will be found installed in her *Bureau de Tabac*, brilliantly lighted within, and exhibiting a framed oil-painting, which represents her late husband on perfectly good terms with him-

self and with all nations, two delegates from which are seen confabulating with him on the subject of his subaqueous performances. Brune, while he lived, used to ply at the water-side, and, being an excellent swimmer, volunteered to dive into the river whenever an alarm was given of any one being in peril of drowning. In the course of his brief career he succeeded in saving the lives of forty-three individuals ; but, four years since, being excited by drinking, he threw himself carelessly into the stream, with the intent of diving on his own account for a cooler head, and, pitching on stone, was killed. A tablet, conspicuously inserted in the entablature over the three small arches of the said lodge, exhibits the inscription—

A LOUIS BRUNE,
LA VILLE DE ROUEN.

I was given to understand that his widow, living rent free in this tasteful and appropriate little domicile, derives a very fair competency from the general resort to her counter for Manillas, Havannahs, pocket-pipes, and *limonade gazeuse*, etc., etc., and retails her mixed snuffs and refreshing compounds, a stranger to anxiety ; though, considering the locality, she cannot but be said to live day and night in a state of *suspense*.

I was mentioning, just now, the cab-stand. The carriages stationed there are the most dumpy vehicles, I conceive, of their kind, in Europe. I could with ease place my arm on the roof as I stood by one of them in the road. They are well built, neat, and cleanly little chariots, with two good lamps ; and

“cut” about the streets like Tom Thumb’s coach. It did not occur to me to learn what they are called, but, like the “Citadines,” and others of their class, in Paris, I presume they have their *nom particulier*. It is much to be regretted, by the by, that the practice—introduced at the worst period of the great Revolution—of annexing sacred names to secular and profane objects should still obtain here and there in the towns of France. I saw a coffee-house, bearing for its sign, “Au Père Eternel.” Possibly, the proprietor thought he was giving glory, and not offence; for the notions of these people will not always bear the same construction with ours; and it is just possible he might have expected encouragement from the *dévots* of his own nation; though we should consider such an affix to be flat blasphemy in our country.

A passing glance at the Tour de Horloge, the Cathedral, and St. Ouen, terminated the *agrémens* of my third visit to the fairest capital, except Paris, in Northern France; and I left it on Monday, the 28th of August, in all probability for ever. The modern splendour and commercial importance of Rouen are commensurate with its grand historical associations, which are blended with the annals of the most important ages of the world,—

“Et son daurier Normand couvre la France entière.”—

Casimir Delavigne.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM NORMANDY INTO ARTOIS.

“Ce sont les petits fromages de Neufchâtel,” said the New York gentleman, on my right, to his daughter; at the dinner-table of our hotel, on the evening previous to my departure from Rouen. “I hope to see, to-morrow,” said I, “the farms and dairies from which this dainty little cheese comes.” It would be *en route*, I observed, to Abbeville, where I intended to “take the rail” to Boulogne. Upon this hint, my grave but social fellow-tourist spoke of the army encamped on the coast, and on many topics connected therewith; among other points expatiating on the policy of the reigning Emperor, which he found me disposed to uphold and admire, and many of whose judicious measures and newly introduced improvements I inclined to attribute to his intimate knowledge of British institutions, acquired by long residence in our country. “Be this as it may,” rejoined my American neighbour, “he manifested a deplorable want of judgment in assuming Imperial power. He ought to have retained the proud position he had reached as President of the French Republic. Had he remained simple President, he would have proved to be the man who alone could keep in salutary awe the crowned heads of Europe. Backed by the un-

conquerable armies of France, and by men devoted, heart and soul, to republican government, he would have swayed the destiny of Europe: but, by becoming one of their order, he made common lot with them as crowned kings; and from the date of his relinquishment of the Presidency lived obnoxious to all the intrigues and cabals of political malcontents, and opened fresh sources of disquietude in the future for France; for what," said he, "are they to expect to have *after him*?" I reminded him of many signal proofs of the failure of republican institutions as a form of government for France; and suggested that he might have formed these conclusions under the influence of that bias in favour of a commonwealth without monarchy which in America would naturally attach odium to autocracy, or to limited regal power. He only parried this by recurring to the miseries endured by the French, through the frequent innovations forced upon them by each succeeding ruler; and expressed belief that if the Republic had been suffered to stand its ground, Russia would not have dared to encroach, and the peace of Europe would have been maintained inviolate. The pretensions of the Czar, he admitted, must be firmly resisted; but the opinion prevalent in America did not attribute to this great autocrat all the motives imputed to him by those whose crude notions of an Emperor of Russia conceived an irresponsible tyrant, intent on the subjugation of Europe and Asia to his own dominion, and on destroying the liberties of mankind. "We have been led to believe," said he, "that if Nicholas could verily have everything in his own way,

he would effect such a change in the social condition of Russia, that at the close of the present century there would not be a serf left in the great empire of the North." "Depend upon it," was my reply, "if this is the language addressed to you free and enlightened gentlemen across the Atlantic by the representatives of Muscovite policy who have paid you a visit, the Emperor of Russia contemplates asking some favour at your hands which you are not prepared to grant. He is feeling his way with what Mr. Sam Slick calls 'soft sawder.' The *Christian sympathy* of a Romanoff is in full activity at the present moment. How do you like his way of doing the work?" "Why, there is much in what you say, certainly; but this I can affirm as a fact, that Nicholas has declared it to be his deliberate opinion, that our (the American) form of government in its actual working exhibits the most complete and satisfactory method of maintaining the integrity of national power and individual liberty that is known to the civilized world." "Sir," said I, "'travellers see strange things'—it is a proverbial truism in our country—and you seem to have, also, 'heard' many since you left yours; but I apprehend you would have a very different version to give of your 'fact,' if you were to winter this season in Petersburg."

THE harvest was but in slow progress between Rouen and Neufchâtel: Very little of the wheat crop had been carried on the 28th of August. The barley and oats were still standing; some crops of the latter being actually green. In consequence of this, the prefects in Normandy had issued a notice that

Shooting was not to commence before Thursday, the 7th of September. It mattered little, my fellow-traveller said, what date might be fixed, as there was not a partridge to be seen or heard of in the whole of the province: The young birds had perished in the months of June and July.

The country we went over to-day differed much, in many respects, from that on the Calvaños side of Rouen. Hedgerows were now rare. Strong, palisaded enclosures (permanent erections) were seen in the pasture-grounds for the cows and bullocks, and very substantial wooden barriers, not mere hurdles, but rail and palé fencing, for the sheep. We now also saw good brick-built barns; and labourers' cottages, thatched and glazed in a style that would have been pointed out as highly creditable on the Holkham estate in Norfolk. Plenty of geese, likewise, were visible, in coops, under treatment for Michaelmas season, when they are sent to Boulogne and Dieppe, for Leadenhall Market.

After passing through the village of St. Martin, we reached Saëns, where I noticed several tanneries, and one of the most fantastic of all wooden and slate church steeples. The preceding church steeple of St. Martin was built on the most approved model of pigeon-houses; but this at Saëns exhibited an apparatus of wooden frame-work, at the base of the principal spire, reminding me of the uprights to which large sky-rockets are attached by pyrotechnists; and the extinguisher-shaped pinnacles surmounting them bore strong resemblance to that species of fireworks. Alas! we had left all the genuine church architecture

far, far away; and sadly was its absence now felt. Not so the forests, however; for at Beaumont, near Saens, begins a range of woodland, extending through twenty-four miles, to Dieppe. This is now the property of the State. There are wolves in great droves, and a large number of wild boars in these dense plantations; and, from time to time, the deer from Bernay stray into them, and return not. This wood of Bernay was, in the fourteenth century, connected with the Bois de Crécy, for ever memorable in the annals of our country's martial renown; the anniversary, by the by, of the battle of Crécy (August 26th, 1346) had only just revolved. Cannon (used, as it is generally asserted, for the first time, in battle, on that day) did more for our troops at that date than it appears to have done five hundred and eight years afterwards.

These immense forests constitute a grand and majestic feature in France; and the fine bronze tint of firs intermingling with the bright green hues of the thousands of acres breadth of oak, which undulate through consecutive leagues of distance, give out spots to which the English eye is a stranger. Landscape is on a large scale in France; and the breadth of beauty imparted by such abounding growth of ornamental foliage exceeds the conceptions of such of our countrymen as have only enjoyed opportunities of looking over, at most, some four or five miles extent of the domains of the nobility of England. The Sutherland and Argyll estates approach nearest, perhaps, to the proportions of the French forests in respect of wood growth; but they are not,

like the foreign plantation, almost exclusively of oak, but composed chiefly of fir, and remind us more strikingly of the Swiss mountain foliage, the effect of which, reflected in the placid face of the deep lake, is so exquisitely beautiful.

The road, as usual, proved excellent. At one part I was astonished to find we were riding over a tract, nearly two miles in length, of as genuine granite paving-stones as ever lay in the centre of the city of London. This occurs, as I learned on inquiry, where, in consequence of land springs and a superabundant quantity of sand, the road-maker has found it impossible to MacAdamize; in which case, rather than subject the canton to frequently recurring necessity of repairing hollows and landslips, he sinks a substratum of clay, stones, and rubble, (upon chalk, if procurable), and constructs upon this a pebbly gravel and clay road, into which he drives granite blocks, ten inches square; and carrying this pavement across, to the full extent of the breadth of the causeway, be it fifty or sixty feet, the subsidence occasioned by any action of water, even within two fathoms from the surface, is too insignificant to affect the efficiency of the roadway, let the traffic be what it may. The jolting and noise, however, of this harsh episode in the chapter of the accidents of travel are ungenial enough, and I was perfectly content with one such specimen of the pursuit of a straight line under difficulties; for, like the old Romans, the French MacAdamites consider every *route royale* a failure that diverges in any considerable degree from this arrow-like passage from one place to another: an amplifica-

tion of the plan already alluded to (and abused) of approaching a mansion lying off half a mile or a mile, even, from the road, in a direct, unswerving carriage-drive.

We reached Neufchâtel before mid-day. Many were the cows and many the pastures,—first-rate grazing land,—preceding by several miles our entry into this little old town; but the millions of poplars bordering the meadow lands were, as usual, insufferably ugly; and one could hardly comprehend how the immense orchards of apples and pears interspersed among the acres of richest grass could feel the sun's genial rays while such ever-growing vegetable Anakims stood drawn up, like regiments forming hollow squares, around each enclosure of fruit trees. The town lies in a hollow. No sooner had our carriage stopped to change horses, than I sent off the relieved postilion in one direction, and started, myself, in another, in quest of some of the justly celebrated cheeses, a box of which I was intent upon securing (like young Nelson determining to gain possession of the white bear's skin) "for my father," in England. It will hardly be credited, that after inquiry made for me by not less than five emissaries, and at least ten applications in *propria persona*, not a cheese was to be procured. They are brought in on market-day (Saturday, I think, they said) from little farms in the neighbourhood, and were at this period very scarce, in consequence of drought and a check in the grass crop, and the heat of the weather. It was very mortifying to find one's self, for the first time in life, at Neufchâtel—venerable mother of all

those pretty little "dears of cheeses," hardly two ounces in weight, and enveloped, as they ever are, in delicate wraps of thin calico or muslin (like babies' taken up out of a *bassinet*), to be sent over France and into England, by the gross—and yet fail, after spirited exertions, to obtain even one. I had anticipated seeing hundreds of these diminutive and dainty cylinders. It is ever thus, however, in places where any special production of the kind enjoys world-wide celebrity. I have lived for years within less than ten minutes' walk of Milton, and yet been obliged to rely on my London fishmonger for oysters. I have walked through Banbury High street, and not seen one of the cakes; and rambled through twenty streets in Bath, without obtaining that bun which is a luncheon fit for King Bladud. So, also, at Oxford, how often have I been assured by scout, butler, cook, and manciple, that there was "not a sausage to be had for love or money!" So, also, with Canterbury and her brawn, and Windsor with her "Maids of Honour;"* but the categories of such disappointments are numberless. Nevertheless, I certainly did not expect to find Neufchâtel increasing the list of grievances.

In London, by the by, we pay sixpence, at least for the little delicate (and not always *very* fragrant) creamy dump. In Neufchâtel the highest price ever realized is six French sous the cheese—less than threepence English: The average price is a penny. The chief cause of this annoying *non est inventus* was attribut-

* A cheesecake of great celebrity at Windsor, even in the present day.

able during the sultry weather to the tendency of this particular cream cheese to become decomposed, if kept in shops; and as the natives care not to buy them, and the chief purchasers are factors for Parisian and London firms, the confectioners (!), who are the chief vendors, seldom keep them on their shelves, lest they should liquefy, or become rancid.

The main street of Neufchâtel begins at the foot of a long hill, on the Rouen side of the town, and extends to a considerable distance. The general aspect of the streets and market-place is decidedly agreeable and lively; but I conceive it is little else than a large mart for the numerous occupiers of farm land surrounding it. The shops are excellent, and I tasted some of the best pastry of France in one of them. The church is not ancient; its interior might, in the hands of a tasteful architect, be rendered decidedly handsome; but there is only too much disfiguration therein at present. The organ in it is a splendid instrument. Had Neufchâtel been situate in CALVADOS, I might have felt inclined to pass a day in it. Its name is familiar in "the cheese-course" as a household word; and with the sunshine smiling so brilliantly on the milk and honey of the pastures, and so many pretty farms and Berghem-like groups of cattle around them—clean streets, and a comfortable little inn, it would have been thought by many travellers a "cheesy" spot (as young England would term it) for a halt; but there would be no market before the expiration of four days:—my sketch-book was nearly full, and I decided on pursuing my journey.

For nearly two hours after leaving this place we

crept up steep chalky hills, beyond which lay a wide expanse of arable land and the face of a generally open country, where vegetation was evidently checked by exposure to cold cutting winds; for the oats were yet green, and none of the wheat was cut, nor the barley. Orchard followed orchard for many a long mile, and the few carts we met (all of them painted blue) were bringing pears and early apples to Neufchâtel. I remarked to my travelling companion that there was more *blue* in his country than in any region of the world with which I was acquainted. The men are in blue; no matter, frock or coat, it was blue; *their* hose and the women's, blue. The women's gowns and kerchiefs,—fifteen out of twenty—blue. The horses' housings and collar decorations, blue; the carts, and two-thirds of the public carriages, blue, wheels and all. The very boards affixed to house-fronts, indicating the name of the village and the distances, were blue. All the agricultural implements, wheelbarrows, and water-buckets were of that colour; and the house-painting in every town displayed the cerulean hue, both on exteriors and interiors, above all other. The Frenchman attributed all this to the cheapness of blue paint; indigo not being required to such extent as it used to be for the uniforms of the army. There is a plant, a native of the Brazils, but grown in the East also, called *Polygonum tinctorium*, which precipitates a beautiful dark blue, and has within the last seven years been extensively employed as a dye. It is now under cultivation in the South of France, and will eventually prove as valuable a substitute for indigo as the madder is for all the animal, vegetable, and mineral substances formerly

used for making red. Hence the prevailing use of red trousers in the French army. They were comparatively rare in old Napoleon's time, as I can testify; and chiefly confined to the Chasseur and Lancér regiments; now, there is hardly an infantry corps not thus habited, from the waist downward.

At Foucarmont I saw the first hop-garden that had presented itself to view since my departure from England. It is hardly fair to expect to find good beer in a country where the apple and the grape have supplied ample beverage since the time of Pepin the Short! But how superior would a glass of sound mild ale prove to the *petit vin* and the *cidre dilué*; a sort of second mash concocted in the cider-press lodges, where water is freely intermixed with the apple-juice, and makes what in Cornwall and several other Western districts is called "drink," and in France *le boisson*! I question whether the hops here mentioned were cultivated for the purposes of brewing:—there was not above an acre's growth; and they might possibly be for the wholesale chemists, who prepare extracts and tinctures from the *Humulus lupulus* (hops), and make it up occasionally as a tonic, in prescriptions.* The experimental farmer, however, may have become acquainted with John Barleycorn at Havre or Dieppe, where ale and porter are retailed more freely, by many hogsheads daily, than wine or cider; or he may even have tasted the amber draught in our Borough; and resolved, when return-

* "Hops.—To be sold, about 1200 kilos. of Hops, 1854. Very fine quality. Address, Mr. Mansuy, au Perruchet, près la Loupe, Eure et Loire, France."—*Times*, Dec. 19, 1854.

ing to Normandy, to get up a little in that way on his own private account. A sensible man, too, if such was the case. I am not one of those who would open a bottle of Trinity Audit or Double X Burton ale after a *Fricassée blanche à l'Italienne*, or a *soufflée*; but there are few good dishes in the Parisian *cuisine* that would be wronged by the supplementary introduction of these first-class fluids; and I found many a competent judge among the French entertaining the same opinion.

After Foucarmont we came upon Aumâle and its forest, thirty square miles in extent, once a part of the colossal proprietorship of the late King Louis Philippe, but now annexed to the sources of revenue from land retained by the State. Oak, elm, and birch seemed to be the chief growth. Many stems of birch rose to the height of five-and-twenty feet before a single branch sprouted forth; and so many as appeared in sight appeared to have stood for about a quarter of a century. The woodcoves have instructions to thin the plantations, in turn, every fifteen years; and the average sale price of each hectare, at such falls, is about 3000 francs. The French hectare contains two acres, one rood, and thirty-five perches: therefore we may compute the amount in English money to be between fifty or sixty pounds an acre; the most highly lucrative produce in the country: being, as the intervals of growth indicate, at the rate of four pounds an acre annually. Some idea may be formed of the former wealth of the family of Orleans from the mere circumstance of these twenty thousand four hundred square acres being spoken of as a *small* portion of

the ex-king's landed estates in France. Of all men else in that kingdom he may be said to have laid field to field, and joined house to house, and heaped up riches, little surmising who should at no distant period gather them. I heard, however, many kind things said of Louis Philippe. The French in the provinces point to many public works, on an extensive scale, begun and completed during his reign; and always add the expression of their belief that he would have done much more for France had he been let alone; but this good-will on the part of the country-folk is but of little avail in the maintenance of order, or in the sustentation of a dynasty. France has been correctly defined to be Paris with a vast territorial domain; and Paris itself is like the heart in the body: palpitation, spasm, aneurism, ossification, and carcinoma in that region (and these diseases are but types of political disorders) affect the entire frame; and so, in like manner, the body of the kingdom pays the dread penalty of any such morbid condition of the most vital part.

We were discoursing on this and other matters when we crossed, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the bridge of Blangy; and quitted Normandy for Picardy and Artois—no good exchange, indeed—yet serving to render every recollection of the favoured land more precious and endearing. Perhaps these remembrances afford the calmest delight, after all, to him whose heart has enjoyed the scenery of a fine country equally with his eyes. The sensations on the retina, conveyed by the optic nerve to the brain, have no permanency; but he whose best feelings and

affections are awakened by those sensations—who receives impressions hereby, as the true believer receives divine truth, *with the love of it*—becomes rich in memories and enjoyments which colder natures know not of. The eternal succession of lovely natural objects lies not like a load on the weary eye, where he who journeys through hundreds of leagues of beautiful landscapes is happily and gratefully conscious that all these sublime gratifications are to abide, and to exert the most genial and tranquillizing influence in after years, when—

—“*hæc olim meminisse juvabit,*”

(It will be mental luxury to indulge such retrospect.)

and when two words in a note-book, or as many lines in a published volume, will assist Imagination in travelling over the whole of the “choicest valleys,” and “pleasant places” again at will;—no stranger intermeddling with that innocent joy.

At Abbeville, after half an hour's solitary ramble on the sedge banks of the Somme, whose many trees “planted by the water-side” concealed from view the not far distant cathedral, which I hoped to have included in a hasty sketch while waiting for the train from Paris, I entered upon the railway that was to speed me to the coast. The sun set in splendour over the ancient roadstead where William of Normandy's fleet rode at St. Valéry, waiting for a wind to waft them into Pevensey Bay; and this little incident conjured up the image of the Conqueror once again before me, and Queen Matilda's Bayeux Record, and the rout at Hastings, and the issues of

the Conquest,—when the great bell of the beffroi, in the Haute Ville to which we were hastening, rung out its Curfew toll—and I presently found myself and all my reveries brought to a stand-still at the platform of the station at Boulogne.

I DEVOTED a day and a suit of clothes (for the sand spoiled them) to the CAMP nearest to Boulogne. A brilliant sun smiled upon my excursion; a violent gale from the East blew upon it; and though I managed to secure ten sketches, I should have accomplished more had the elements permitted freer use of my eyes, which were occasionally blinded by the dust. The troops, when marking out their several stations, and preparing to construct the *baragues*, or clay-built and thatched huts, in which the whole army is housed, had pared away every particle of grass turf; the result of which is, that if there be ever so little wind the silty dust of the exposed soil sweeps across the heights as the sand does in the dreary, dead levels of Egypt, and this cloud is, at times, so dense as to hide every object beyond twenty yards' distance. My

—“customary suit of solemn black”

suffered accordingly; but perceiving that unless I was content to carry away this sample of the soil, I should not be able to exhibit a single specimen of the description of lodgement the ingenious French warriors had effected upon it, I addressed myself to the work in the spirit of a pioneer, sharpened my pencil points, borrowed a three-legged stool from one

of the first corporals who came in sight, (he had made it himself!) and sate down. The three camps of Honvault, Wimereux, and Ambleteuse have been so fully and so faithfully described by the "Own Correspondent" of the leading journals; and the *Illustrated London News* has conveyed, with its usual fidelity and excellent delineation, so distinct a notion of the general position and appearance of men and things in the three military stations just mentioned, that I should only incur the charge of plagiarism, and seem to be telling a thrice-told tale, were I to publish my own report of what I saw and heard, farther than repeating here what I gleaned in the eight different quarters (comprehending the whole area of the first camp) in which I set up my tripod, and made my right hand a reporter for my eyes. It is hardly necessary to add, that at each station where I planted myself I was presently surrounded by fifteen or twenty soldiers, who gazed with intense interest on every touch of the pencil, and, as each new object made its appearance and was recognisable on paper, almost shouted with delight. Now and then I was constrained to exclaim, as old Napoleon did to those who nearly stifled him, on his return from Elba, "Mes amis! vous m'étouffez!"—and then they would form a semicircle behind me, and the nearest, right and left, reported to the rest what was being drawn. Occasionally a sergeant or two occupied the vantage-ground, and readily entered into conversation. These are always well-informed men; and they gave me detailed accounts of the first arrival and preliminary proceedings of the troops when

marching on to the ground. The celerity with which each *baraque* was built is only to be attributed to the peculiarly happy organization of the French army, which is as rigidly carried out in the construction of a single regiment, as of the entire military force of the country.

Distributed throughout the collective army of France are eight companies, amounting altogether to five thousand men. In these companies are to be found handicraftsmen capable of every variety of useful labour. A colony of backwood settlers could hardly desire a more effective body of artisans and helpers to work upon a clearance, and elaborate all and everything connected with civilization and eventual refinement. There are in each corps butchers and bakers; cooks and confectioners; carpenters, plasterers, painters, and glaziers; shoemakers, tailors, whitesmiths, locksmiths, blacksmiths, plumbers, well-sinkers, pump-makers, engineers, and wheelwrights. In the general body of the five thousand are to be found civil engineers, levellers, hydrographers, draughtsmen and designers, musicians and linguists. These constitute the *Corps de Génie*, and have everywhere proved most valuable annexations to the host of fighting-men. They are all, indeed, in the latter category; but, certainly, he who can draw a correct ground-plan to-day, fight upon it to-morrow, and write a lucid account of the redoubt's formation, and the success of the encounter which defended it, on the day after, is no mean man-at-arms.

Each of the clay and wood constructed huts was built by the soldiers of one company in twenty-four

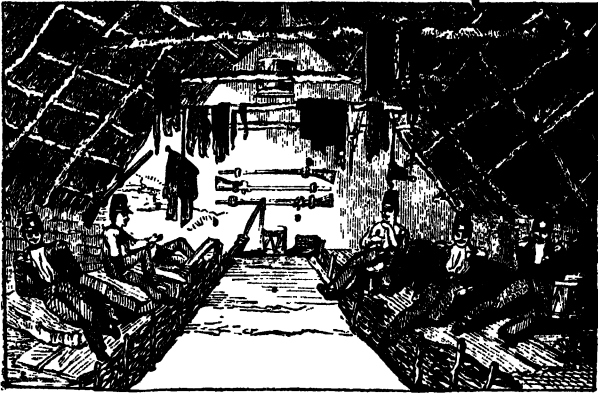
hours. The men most wanted were thatchers. Here and there, a company comprised one or two; but for the completion of this most essential portion of the work they were mainly indebted to regularly trained hands from the adjacent villages, whence, also, came the straw.

Each officer has a *baraque* entirely to himself. The common soldiers' *baraqucs* are larger than the officers'; being constructed to accommodate twelve men. This *baraque* is about twenty-two feet wide. The back and two sides are plain, without any opening whatever; and the dwarf wall-plate on which the roof rests is not above three feet high. The front is fitted up with a narrow ledger door (mostly of elm), between six and seven feet high, over the top sill of which is an opening of the same width with the door, fitted up with a shutter, working on hinges at top, and admitting of being projected to either the full height of the opening (of nearly three feet), or only a few inches forward; according to the degree of light and ventilation required. Up the centre of the hard compacted earthen floor (our "navvies" call it "puddled" clay) is a clear space, about a yard and a half wide; this little lane is most strictly kept as clear as the surface of a billiard-table, being bounded on either side by twigs, twisted between short upright stakes of unhewn wood—mere boughs—after the fashion of a raddle-fence. Between this fence, which is two feet high, and the side of the hut are laid broad planks, at right angles with the front, and on these are laid the soldiers' bedding; and within these, also, are a few three-

legged stools. At the upper end (the back facing the door) are arranged on crooked wooden pegs, serving as racks, the muskets; and at the top of the farthest from the door of four beams that span the interior as ties (they are mere unhewed stems of young trees) are placed the light parcels or bags; in some huts, a drum or two. These tie-beams serve also, like clothes-horses, to carry the uniforms and other parts of the military attire. The rafters supporting the thatch and forming the general frame-work of the roof are furnished with nails, here and there, from which the caps, belts, and bayonets, cartouche-boxes, and haversacks are slung. In some cases, a musket or two may be arranged on them. The ledge of the dwarf-wall, on either side, on which the roof descends, occasionally affords a foot's space for the deposit of a pair of boots. Each *baraque* seemed very tidy, neat, and clean; and was as scentless as an ivory card-case.

The interest evinced by the six men I found in the very first hut I entered, when they perceived my intention of making a drawing of their residence, and (what delighted them infinitely more) of their several forms and features, was as amusing an incident as any I had noted in my excursions in August. They sate, as life models would have sate at the Royal Academy; and one in the left corner maintained his position on his back, without attempting to rise, till my sketch was finished:—I verily believe, lest he should disturb the *mise en scène*, which was in progress of illustration. The cut, here given represents the interior of the first hut of a "street," occupied

by the First Corps, First Division, Second Brigade, of the 41st Regiment of the line. The board affixed to the opposite hut (on the right) bore the same inscription, with the addition of the words "1st Battalion; Grenadiers."



I might here insert, also, the view of the street itself; but I will take opportunity to lay that before my readers, when I bring back to the obliging corporal the little three-legged stool which, in the absence of my own sketching-seat (unwisely left at the hotel), I had been constrained, as I said, to borrow of him.

The chapel has already been described in the *Illustrated London News*. The principal columns were to be constructed of twisted twigs, of beech, hazel, and chestnut, laid in a spiral form, and then to be overlaid with straight stems, which would imitate fluting. I saw the first begun. The workman plied his tools and used his hands and powers of invention

in the most laudable manner I ever witnessed ; and, to my certain knowledge, did not descend from the block of wood on which he had perched himself (to gain the height of a yard from the ground) during five hours. Here, as if to show marked deference and honour to the work of building a sanctuary, I observed a sentinel under arms.

There were in this first camp two hundred soldiers perfectly conversant with the trade of a baker. Fifty were equally competent to manage all the business of an *abattoir*, or slaughter-house. The meat, however, is supplied ready killed, by contractors ; and the wheat (imported chiefly at Havre) is ground in the thirty mills at Pontoise, where the river Vienne unites its stream with the Oise, and gives motion to the numberless water-wheels in that town. One of the Majors, I forget of what regiment, who invited me to an inspection of his own hut, and inquired whether I had yet seen the bakers' department, begged I would allow him to lead me to the station of the Colonel commandant, who had taken great pains in improving this part of the arrangements, for the better supply of the troops. On our way to his quarters, we met the Colonel, a thorough soldier and gentleman of France, the first sight of whom made me acknowledge, with more than the mere conventional phrase of civil speech, the good-natured Major's wish to introduce me to his leader. With exception of one or two artists for the London press, these kind-hearted veterans declared me to be the first draughtsman they had seen in the Camp, and they were delighted to find an amateur so desirous of

carefully inspecting and illustrating the novelties of the scene. The bakehouse proved to be a very interesting spectacle. It is constructed partly of brick, partly of wood, and clay-wattled work, and covered with red tiles. I was told there was not an iron nail in it; all the nails being of wood. The interior might measure about 160 feet in length; 50 in width; and 45 in height. The roof was pierced by forty chimney flues, and the kneading and baking continue day and night; as well may be the case, considering that bread is here made for the supply of twenty-five thousand men! I saw a tub filled with a hundred gallons of yeast. The kneading-troughs were ten feet long; the kneaders were smart, active young soldiers, between eighteen and twenty years of age, naked to the waist; and they are relieved after a certain number of hours (six, I think) by others. The ovens were in bays, resembling the dividing compartments in a barn; and the iron peels, twelve feet long, required three men to handle them when drawing out the loaves. The ventilation was admirably contrived; and though there were so many roaring furnaces in full heat, I felt no oppressive vapour. A shed, about seventy feet long, stood within six feet of the bakehouse, fitted up with shelves for the stowing away of the flat circular loaves, the majority of which appeared to be of eight pounds weight. The Colonel then suggested my seeing the ovens, and contrivances for baking, which had been used before the bakehouse was completed.

These were curious enough. They were at the extremity of the Camp, and resembled the tops of

four or five large caravans, with their dwarf iron chimneys projecting out of the ground, partially bricked over, and partly covered with earth. They were constructed entirely of iron, with strong girders, ties, bolts, and braces; and had been sent from Paris for the special use of the Camp. Piled up behind them were fifty tons weight of firewood. Each oven would hold a hundred loaves. Immediately before each oven door was a square pit, rather more than a yard in depth, into which the baker and his assistant used to descend, and introduce or draw out the peel. The depth at which they stood below the surface of the ground brought their arms to the level requisite for doing the work:—These ovens were not used, however, when the Colonel's pet establishment came into active service.

I brought home drawings from the spot. "Maintenant," said the Major, "il faut aller voir notre grand Magasin d'Epicerie" (the grocery store)—and here, he said, our visit was well-timed; "for," added he, "vous allez voir un assez joli effet! Tenez! Regardez en haut!" and drawing out his watch, he pointed out to me a dark dense mass on the heights, at the verge of the Second Camp, adding (not exactly in the Dunsinane messenger's words, "Within this three mile may you see it coming,"—but), "Vous verrez bientôt avancer cette foule de monde,"—and, as he spake, sure enough the distant dark mass "began to move." They started slowly; then proceeded, three abreast, with quickened step:—At length they advanced in open order, and, after a gentle run down the slope, dispersed in groups;

about fifty, however, who evidently carried something with them, running in single file. They were 250 men, from the Second Camp, on their way to the grocery depôt, where now, at length, we stood. Here was a vast thatched barn, like a wholesale warehouse, from which was stretched an awning to form a side shed twenty yards square; the said barn containing sugar, coffee, rice, cocoa, spices, and the general items of *épicerie*. My gallant guide informed me I should presently see the admirable military order with which all those soldiers would wheel round the *magasin*; and take up a convenient station in front of it, to load the bags they had just brought down with all the groceries required next day for the Second Camp. This I accordingly witnessed. I saw the great scales ascending and descending, and heard two Sergeants and three or four Corporals reading off a list of items, and observed, moreover, the rapidity with which they were supplied; no more confusion or noise accompanying the proceeding than if there had been so many ladies receiving their hoods and shawls from the cloak-room after a ball. I did not wait till all were served; for the drifted sand was blinding, and penetrated every pore of the skin, and every thread of clothing. Hereupon the kind-hearted Major suggested my refreshing the inner man in his *baraque*; but eschewing, as is my wont, all wine, liqueurs, or cigars before dinner-time, I was constrained to decline this proffered hospitality, and accepted only some *dragées* de Dijon*, which he pronounced to be of a very superior

* Sugar-plums.

quality — (the French, military and civil, delight in comforts), and which, to gratify him, I put into my pocket, and took into Devonshire, where his recommendations were fully borne out by competent judges, more partial to *sucrerries* than I am. His *baraque* was laid with broad planks, forming a substantial floor, and was fitted at the back with a small glazed window: an iron camp-bedstead and its bedding stood to the right of the door; on the left, were two large trunks for clothing. Four pairs of boots hung from pegs above these, and on a ledge above them was his shako. A clothes-line was stretched from one side of the hut to the opposite one, at eight feet height from the floor—the walls, in the *officers'* huts, being carried up to that height, and plastered white; and across this line was laid, as if to keep it smooth, a cloth, resembling a table-cloth, or a M'Intosh cloak: From that part of the line which approached the sloping side of the roof, hung his sword and belt. Two stained and varnished birch-wood chairs, with shining oat-straw seats, were near a mahogany table in the middle of the floor; the top of which table moved sideways, like our card-table tops, and would double over and present a green cloth top, for a game at whist, etc.; and within were many little articles of eminent usefulness,—cups, saucers, plates, soap, wax candles, etc., all in canteen order. He directed my attention, also, to an elegant commode or canteen, made at St. Domingo, which he said he had found invaluable in his campaigns. On two chairs in the left corner; at the further end of the hut, lay a violoncello in its case; and not far from

it, on the wall, was fastened up a plan of Cronstadt ! He could play on the violoncello, and was very fond of music, and of drawing also. He had served, he said, ten years in Algeria, and learned the Arabic language so thoroughly as to have held a staff appointment as interpreter. I saw, at the first glance, he was no ordinary subject, and felt very sorry to lose his companionship when we parted. Previous to this, however, we went to inspect the boot and shoemakers' stall. Two of these for ten thousand men would have been a scanty allowance of hands, indeed ; but so many soldiers are able to work at this craft, with their own hands, that the *cordonnier en chef*, by adopting Act of Parliament stitches, I suppose (three to an inch), manages to get his orders executed. The sight of the *arrears*, however, was worthy of the Court of Chancery ; and he and his fellow-labourer in the cure of soles must make more promises than repairs, by many a score, in the course of a month. His station was the most masterly *improviso* I had ever seen. He was perched on a plank laid with one or two more on what resembled a hercoop ; and a plank placed upon a few bricks, lower down, served for his feet to rest on. This seat was quite *al fresco* ; three stems of young trees driven into the ground having been made to support a rough and ragged awning, made out of an old sail, under cover of which he and Lapstone *minor* plied their indefatigable awls ; the master-hand being flanked by a load of straw just outside the sail, on which the soldiers, as they came up with applications, reposed at ease, after depositing their

boots in a long and broad trough, whence they were taken to be operated upon, in the order in which they stood. These planks had been fashioned into benches, to the right of the journeyman (himself, like Crispin *major*, a soldier), and on these might be seen, now and then, a soldier or two sitting,—as I saw them,—with one foot bare, while its leather case was under treatment. The grey-bearded old cobbler and his black-muzzled, hirsute brother in the craft, formed one of the most singular groups in the whole Camp; and a score of soldiers standing behind me, as I completed my sketch of the whole party, were evidently mortified at not having a copy; for they spoke of *notre cordonnier immortalisé* (by the drawing) as one of the most successful efforts of my pencil on that day. The Major being called away for a while, I was requested by one of the Corporals, to inspect a Sergeants' *baraque*, which the Sergeants of one of the regiments, near the cobbler's station, had fitted up for their own better accommodation. It differed from that of the common soldier, in having a very little window at the back; and in these ingenious fellows having, with their own hands, framed berths for eight sleepers, after the fashion of those on board a passage-boat; two men lying foot to foot above, and the same number below, on either side of the hut. The bedding was tucked in snug and tight in these yard-wide cots or troughs; there was none of the raddle-fence-work shown in the *baraque* already illustrated, and the whole interior exhibited all the neatness and ingenuity of such men as the Sergeants of the French army invariably are found to be,—in-

telligent, and tasteful, and gifted with many an accomplishment beyond their accurate knowledge of the petty officer's duties, and of all that constitutes and maintains sound discipline. Nearly half the *baraques* display in front one or two grass turf seats, made up in solid parallelograms, like Ottomans, and so well watered and compressed when originally constructed, as to have become banks of living and thriving grass, on which the men sit, three in a row, outside their huts, in the most cosy way imaginable. The arrangement in line of these brilliant green settees is one of the most pleasing features in the Camp streets; and it was a happy conception which led the French soldier, as he bared the earth of its natural covering, to cut the sods into small squares, and instantly set to work and face a mound of clay with the living verdure. In several places, the officers' servants had succeeded in making some of these cuttings grow in fanciful patterns, traced on the ground outside their huts, after the practice of ornamental gardeners; and had brought portions of dark rich loam to the spot, and reared some handsome pinks, geraniums, and balsams, with the addition, here and there, of a curiously shaped white and black flint from the beach, to set off the Lilliputian flower-garden with rockwork, *à la mode du Petit Trianon à Versailles*.

When I was at the Camp, a number of military bricklayers were busily employed in the building of very large circular stoves (for baking, boiling, broiling, and stewing), constructed in brick and stone, to be subsequently topped with the requisite cast-iron ap-

paratus, for enabling the cooks to prepare dishes, after the most approved recipes of the French *cuisine*, for the officers' mess. A high, brick-built, cylindrical flue was carried up from the centre of each, and I have no doubt that within a fortnight after I saw them these ingenious but-door hot-plates and hot-closets were doing their work to entire satisfaction. For want of such means and appliances, on their own account, the officers had been, one and all, obliged to resort to the dinner-tables at the numerous *Restaurants* built up in various materials, light or substantial, by spirited innkeepers and victuallers from Abbeville, Amiens, Boulogne, and even Paris. The principal of these gay and ornamental lodges of good entertainment could accommodate not only a hundred dinner-eaters at once, but six parties of billiard-players also;—there being half a dozen tables for that game under one roof. Among them was the *Café Cardinal de Paris, de Bomarsund, de la Baltique, de la Renaissance des Enfants du Camp; Café de Pétersbourg*—and no doubt, by this time, *de Sébastopol*.*

I visited the principal kitchen for the common soldiers. It was set up, as far as it well could be from the side of the Camp next the sea, in a broad trench, thirty feet wide; fifteen feet deep on one side and six on the other, like a portion of an old used-up gravel-pit. On the lower or weather side, exposed to the sea-breeze, was a very wide pent-roof of deal boards, resting on four bare stems of young beech trees; and on that side also, were posts, to which were fastened feather-edged boards, forming a sort of wooden wall,

* The announcement "ENGLISH SPOKEN HERE" appeared on the "CARDINAL'S" front entry.

to enclose the cavity through its whole length, and thus keep off violent wind or rain from the North, which would have either put the fires out, drenched or frozen the cooks, or watered the *potage* beyond even a Frenchman's relish of thin and enfeebling soups! Facing this pent were about twenty excavations in the clay bank, each shaped as if to contain, as in a miniature stable-stall, the smallest-sized Shetland pony. Iron bars were ranged in these earthy stalls, transversely, so as to hold four long narrow fish-kettles (fitted with deep lids) in a row. Under these was laid the fire, the smoke from which ascended beyond the kettle nearest to the high bank, and marked its course on the surface, which was carried at a gentle angle backward. I saw eighty of these kettles over twenty fires while I was making my drawing, and six cooks occupied in the concoction of their sundry contents; a closer inspection being presently afforded me by one of the helpers taking down six of the kettles and placing them in line before the principal *artiste*, who, ladle and fork in hand, turned over the pieces of meat and tested the strength (*) of the *bouillon*—the broth produced by the simmering of the beef, mutton, and vegetables. The table or dresser, twenty feet long by six, on which all this meat and the carrots, turnips, onions, etc., were cut up and apportioned, was fixed into the lower bank, which I have already described as being sheltered by the immense overhanging pent-roof, and by the close boarding at the back. Hundreds of quart cans were ranged for the distribution of rations; and much amusement was afforded by the comicalities played off on the cooks by some five or six of their military

comrades, who, having been sent off on journey, or messages at a distance, at the usual dinner-hour, were now dropping in at half-past five, for whatever portions of good the household gods of the Camp, presiding over *potage* and *les vivres en général*, might provide them. * Some of these facetious fellows perched themselves close to me, to eat their meal and look at my drawing, by turns; and their opinions on the composition of their repast were pronounced with a raciness of humour which Keeley, who sat opposite to me next day at dinner in Boulogne, could not have surpassed. One of them would challenge the cook with having made the experiment of concocting a soup exclusively out of *fat*; and another asked how much work a man might be calculated to be able to complete who dined daily on skin and turnips! "Skin!" exclaimed a very corpulent cook (of the grenadier company), who was sharpening a knife close to me,—“Skin! Ar'nt you a nice fellow to teach me how to dress meat *en ragout*! you, who hardly know white and red for fat and lean, or a knuckle-joint from an onion!” “White and red,” rejoined the hungry critic of the Light Company,—“Le blanc et le rouge, par exemple!—Vous vous tenez spécialement à ce beau mélange-là; et en arrière par préférence!” This was a gibe in reference to the disastrous condition of the fat cook's overalls, which, it was evident, he knew not to have incurred a rent in the seat, above half a yard long, and yawning

* White and red, is it? That's your own beautiful particular mixture; and you carry it in the rear, because it looks best so!”

as if tired of limitation, and about to enlarge its dimensions. It certainly was ridiculous enough. The soldier's pantaloons being bright red, and he being invested from head to foot in a white Holland dress, on which some projecting splinter or rack-hook had inflicted the injury just described, the joke of the hungry warrior was *ben trovato* enough; and by the time the *Grenadier de cuisine* had turned about and discovered his predicament, every one under the pent-roof, at the fires, or among the pots and pans, was shouting with merriment, the tide of which was running to his no light discomfiture when I packed up my drawing materials and rejoined the Major, who, having recognised me as I sat at work, came to propose my staying just long enough to see how they sometimes managed to amuse themselves with their visitors from the town; "for," said he, "la danse va commencer." Now I had heard there was dancing almost every other night in the camp; rank and file, sergeants, corporals, subalterns, and field-officers alike enjoying the recreation. Not far from the kitchens I had observed a very high flag-staff, fixed in the centre of a wide circular area of hardened earth, the whole circumference of which was marked out by a grassy mound, about twenty inches high, made just like those already described as seats outside the huts; and this grassy circle was intersected at intervals of twenty feet by narrow openings, sufficiently wide for two persons to pass through into the area. This was the dancing-ground (about forty feet across) of the common soldiers; and had not the Easterly wind been still blowing, and the dust covering every object,

animate or inanimate, in the whole line of camp, there would have been a hundred fair partners for the thousand brave who were here to welcome them (aye, and dance well, too) within that fairy maze.

The evening, however, was chilly, and not a single arrival from town suggested the usual pastime on this occasion. "But," said my acquaintance, "I dare say *we* (the officers) shall get up a waltz or two." Hereupon we went towards the Grand Café CARDINAL and Assembly Rooms, where everything is carried on as it would be in Paris at a first-rate establishment on the Italian Boulevards; and I perceived there was already a large gathering.

Immediately in front of the saloons were hundreds of chairs and a large supply of little tables (as in the Palais Royal Garden), for ladies and their parties to sit and take coffee, lemonade, ices, or liqueur; and listen to the music of the splendid band, picked from various regiments, and stationed in a pavilion elevated in the centre of a vast square grass-lawn. Posts and ropes were placed all round this green and lively-looking area, outside which, in perfect order and deferential silence, stood about a thousand of the soldiery. The Major edged his way in among them, having me on his left arm, and went up straight to three colonels and several other field-officers, to whom, with many fine speeches, as the saying is, he introduced the English gentleman who had paid the Camp the high compliment of passing nearly nine hours among them, pencil in hand, and whom he begged to introduce as a visitor and guest that should be welcome, come when he might. There were about

thirty ladies—wives, sisters, and acquaintances of the innumerable officers in command of the ten thousand; and the band played delightfully; so that it was no matter of surprise to see couple after couple bounding forward, as one beautiful waltz tune followed another (for it was too cold for any slower dance);—and though I began to think it was nearly time enough for some sort of *petit souper*, in town, for myself, after nearly eleven hours' fast, I made a point of staying sufficiently long in this festive winding-up of a long Summer's day, to honour the invitation of my courteous entertainers, who consented, with but ill grace, to let me leave them; declaring, as they did, that our two nations could not henceforth be too nearly and dearly *en fraternité*. Gay, gallant, amiable men!

"They please, are pleased; they give, to get esteem,"—

as Goldsmith said of them ninety years since, and as, I doubt not, their brothers-in-arms, fighting and dying side by side with them at this moment, would say in the day that now is.

"But I ought to return this scat," said I, as I resumed the stool deposited by me in safety near the head-quarters of some of the *Vivandières*. These oddities have been already described. They wear *uniform* on march only. In camp they cook for the petty officers, who have tables to themselves at which they dine eight on a side, two at top, and two at bottom. The corner hut in each street is, mostly, the *Vivandière's* station.

I had walked over so much ground, and seen so

many hundred huts, that when, at length, I endeavoured to recognise the spot whence I obtained my very serviceable tripod, I found it quite impossible even to conjecture where the locality lay. I was crossing a wide space of unoccupied ground, when an elderly gentleman (a remarkably fine handsome man, upwards of sixty), accompanied by two very elegant women—his daughters, as I concluded—crossed my path. They were incontestably English, and did our nation credit, too. One of these ladies good-naturedly exclaimed, “I think, Sir, you have dropped some of your drawing implements,”—and pointed to some distance ahead. At a glance I saw it was one of the legs of my very homely stool, which had taken French leave of the other two; but I reclaimed the deserter, and, as I struck into the path again, met my fair informant. Having several of my sketches in hand, I let the old gentleman gain a glance of one or two;—the chapel in particular. He seemed pleased at the handling of the subject, and when I said I was likely to let some of our countrymen at home know more about my long day’s work, he exclaimed, “Ah! ah! I see—-I see how it is!” *Illustrated London News*, to be sure:—Now we see the living man!” I might have continued to keep up this illusion with no little amusement, had time permitted, but I thought it quite the right thing to undeceive my worthy interlocutor, whom I subsequently met in Boulogne, but I know not to this hour who the party was. However, my dilemma was cut short by my giving the seat to a drummer, with a request he would take it to the first *baraque*, of the first corps, first division,

second brigade, of the 41st Regiment; and whether it ever went or not, I presume it mattered very little, as the manufacture of half a score of them would not occupy much more than an hour; and they seemed to be, conventionally, every man's property.

The subjoined illustration will inform my readers where I ought to have presented myself at half-past seven in the evening; and the worthy Corporal ruminating on that *grassy* seat may be imagined asking himself whether he had done a wise thing to let *ce vicar Anglais* walk off with his *wooden* one! ("alas! master! for it was borrowed!") but he had requested to be introduced into my sketch; and his distinguished place in these pages will repay him in full, I trust, for the loan of "that 'ere trifle."—



The Emperor arrived at Capcure before night; and while *tout le monde* were gone to look for him, I had ridden to the Camp, early in the forenoon. I walked home to Boulogne in the dark, astonished

and delighted at all I had seen and heard in the encampment of his Army of the North. To *believe* all that had been said and written concerning these brave and intelligent men, whose success in all they put their hand to resembles more a fixed and determined result, than the issue of casual experiment, it was absolutely necessary to *see* them; and the ocular evidence gained on this occasion confirmed all my preconceived opinions. Their talent and ingenuity, their physical and mental energy, their perfect discipline and regard for order, their love of country and of the profession of arms in its cause, their *esprit de corps* and self-respect, without the slightest exhibition of arrogance, or the semblance of military control,—though every soldier in that legion knew and felt his individual value as a contributor to the vast internal resources, prowess, and independence of the whole—impressed me, as it must every similar witness, with the conviction that nothing was beyond the ability of such gifted and invincible agents,—a magnificent living engine, whose one impulsive force, brought into action, might at any time determine the balance of all Continental powers, and influence the destinies of mighty nations, though the exercise of such ascendant should compel them to move a world.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

THE READER will perceive, from the concluding passages of the last chapter, in what frame of mind I left Boulogne for England, on the first day of September. At this very moment, while I am about to close the narrative of my thirty days' stay in France, there lies a paragraph, in letter-press, on my library table, from an unknown but most able writer, so truthfully describing the influence wrought by that visit to the CAMP, which formed an appropriate termination to the month's excursion, that I venture to insert it in these pages; feeling assured that its opportune allusions will fully justify such introduction into a volume, whose greatest faults, among many, may seem to be excessive partiality to the French nation, and a vast amount of superfluous interest in the issue and influence of an event so distant as the Norman Conquest. It will appear, on the face of this extract, which refers to the interval that has elapsed since the Conquest, that my views are not isolated; either as an author, an Englishman, or a loyal liege subject. The writer has been making mention of the present most auspicious alliance between our country and France, and proceeds to say, —

“It is becoming more evident every day that the

alliance is not a mere political league between two Governments formed for purposes of momentary expediency, to be dissolved as soon as that momentary expediency shall have passed away, after the heartless manner of such engagements—not merely the mutual esteem of two brave armies, emulous, without being envious, and doing that high justice to each other's merits which none but those conscious of high desert can render—but a sentiment which is taking possession of the minds of the people, and seems likely to endure long after the ambition of the Emperor of Russia has been chastised, and the balance of European power been redressed. The two great nations that inhabit the opposite sides of the British Channel have at length discovered that the endless wars of eight hundred years have only served to retard both, in the march of civilization and improvement; and to fritter away in objectless contest that strength which, if united, can give laws to the world, and accelerate in an incalculable degree the march of human progress, the development of commerce, and the spread of enlightenment. *Es to perpetua!* May this auspicious sentiment of union grow into a fixed principle in either nation, and so completely inoculate their public policy and private opinion as to make them regard a return of hostilities between them with no less horror than a civil war!)*

In such a spirit I have uniformly set foot on the opposite shore. *Hœni soit qui mal y pense!* There is not an element of good which may not be enjoyed between Calais and Nice by the traveller who knows

* From "THE TIMES," Dec. 1854.

how to elicit and appreciate it; and the knowledge which not only educates the eye and taste, but tends to open and enlarge the heart and its sympathies by wider intercourse with living Nature, and a frequent experience of Divine goodness and human kindness (often as they are associated on the scene of travel), makes many a gainer of such information a better as well as a happier man.* The acquired wisdom he may have to declare will in numerous cases spring from the discovery of many a blinding prejudice, and the detection of some detrimental bias, which had but too often prevented his doing justice to those who, however alien in country and creed, were probably his superiors in intellectual power—his equals, at least, in Christian attainments and graces. He that hath no such experience of his kind, and of that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, knoweth little indeed; while they who have sensibly availed themselves of the best opportunities of improving in the proper study of mankind, acquire as much prudence as liberality in judging of national foibles and delinquencies. Our countrymen, of all other foreigners, are prone to self-glorification when beyond their native land. True, they have much to be justly proud of; but they ought to have their eyes more open to see many things which read the most impressive lessons, and from which they may learn much to their edification and social improvement. It would be equally well, if they shunned all dis-

* The Reader is here referred to a very remarkable passage on Travelling, in the Book of Ecclesiasticus, chap. xxxiv., v. 9—12, my paraphrase of which is interwoven in this "conclusion."

reputable conformity with manifest follies and corruptions, and were more on their guard against compromising the English character, which, in spite of all the fantastic tricks played before high heaven and the Continental people, still stands most high—though it might, and, no doubt, *will*, stand higher; for the *entelie cordiale* strengthens every hour. By virtue of our high position among nations, we are the observed of all observers; and many a silly speech and foolish act must, from time to time, be "set in a note-book" by wittlings incapable of emulating our sterling excellence, though lynx-eyed in detecting our weaknesses. The British character abroad, like the flame of a moving lamp, shines always the brighter for being steadily upheld; "and this craves wary walking." Happy man be his dole who can quit the scene of foreign travel without a single recollection that annoys; who can confidently wave his hand towards the people he is leaving, with the Roman actor's parting words, "Vos valête et plaudite!" (farewell! and let me ask for your applause.)

This, by the by, is equally applicable to my own individual position at this moment; when I am about to take my gentle leave. My readers may remember how narrowly I escaped a fatal fall from the steeple in Caen;—I hope my footing in their good opinion has not been, for an instant, imperilled by unwary walk or talk in this Ramble undertaken by an Ecclesiastical tourist intent only upon Archaeology and the Picturesque. A merciful Providence watched over me "from floor to door," through nearly three hundred leagues, killing the sense of

many a grief and care;—and though I understand many more things than I have ability to illustrate or express, and have been compelled to touch subjects superficially which ampler space would have enabled me to treat at large, I shall not have journeyed or written in vain, if these published reminiscences shall gain one good man's favourable opinion, or confirm one estimable friend's or acquaintance's regard.

THE END.

