Dr. Thomas Kane's Continental Tour
16th July—13th September 1837

MARK TIERNEY, O.S.B.

A Note-Book containing the hand-written account of a tour of the Continent undertaken by Dr. Thomas Kane, of Limerick, in 1837 is preserved in the Library, Glenstal Abbey, Limerick. It measures 18 x 21 cms. and covers forty-four pages of manuscript. It is signed T. Kane and is dated 1838, which would suggest that the account was written some time after the actual Tour, probably from notes taken while on his travels. [See map (Fig. 1) for the principal places visited on the Tour].

Dr. Kane's passport which he used on the Tour is attached to the manuscript. It contains the "Regulations required by the French Government to be observed by foreigners in France", in English. It is signed by Lord Granville, the English Ambassador to the Court of Louis Philippe, and is dated Paris, 12 Août 1837.

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Thomas Kane was the eldest son of Captain Richard Kane and Elizabeth Holebrooke. He was born on 14 March 1805 at Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, where his father was stationed with the Royal Limerick County Regiment of Militia. When only nine years old his father purchased for him from Lord Muskerry, Colonel of the County Limerick Militia, a Lieutenant's commission, which is dated 5 June 1814. The regiment was on active service, but Thomas was too young to take up his duties; however, he drew his pay.

After Waterloo, the militia were no longer required and were disembodied in 1817. Thomas Kane was then made Quartermaster of the Regiment and continued on the regimental staff. His commission as Quarter Master is dated 24 March 1817. His father was Paymaster and carried out whatever duties the Quartermaster had, which were light, as only a band and a small number of sergeants were kept on.

During the Crimean War the regiment was again called out. Dr. Thomas Kane then resigned his commission and was given half-pay as Lieutenant for life. He drew military pay for seventy-six years but never had a uniform.

Thomas Kane was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, and took his B.A. in 1826. He then went on to the College of Surgeons and qualified as a doctor, in 1828. After taking his M.D. at Glasgow, he started a practice in Limerick in 1829, where he remained in practice until his death in March 1890 at the age of 85. He set up as a doctor first in Glentworth Street, then moved to 78 George Street, and finally, about 1854, to 90 George St., where he lived until his death. As a young man he lived at Whitehall, outside Limerick, which his father made over to him when he came of age.

Dr. Kane was the first medical officer at Cratloe and Meelick District. The original Account Book and Report of the Cratloe and Meelick Dispensary for the years 1835-48
is preserved in the Library, Glenstal Abbey. It is hoped to publish this Account Book at a later date. Dr. Kane gives some very interesting information about Cratloe: “I took the census myself in 1834 and noted that the number of houses was 507, population 3,119”.

Thomas Kane was made a Freeman Voter of the City of Limerick on 24 October 1846. The certificate is signed by J. Thighe, Assistant Barrister, and William Roche, Clerk of the Peace. Soon after this he was elected a member of the Limerick Corporation. His elder sister, Anna Maria, had married Martin Honan of Quinsboro, one of those who had brought about the reform of the old city Corporation, and who was elected first Mayor of the new Corporation in 1842 and again in 1843.

On 12 November 1851 Dr. Kane married Maria Gernon of Molesworth Street, Dublin, in the Catholic church near Rostrevor, Co. Down. Mrs. Kane died on 23 October 1888.

In 1854 Dr. Kane was elected Mayor of the City of Limerick, and again in 1857. In 1858 he was High Sheriff of the city. During his term of office as Mayor in 1852, an election for a Member of Parliament for the City took place and serious riots broke out in the vicinity of Bank Place. Dr. Kane, as Mayor, took charge of the situation, and by his diplomacy succeeded in restoring order. Details of the incident are available in the Outrage Papers, 1852, State Paper Office, Dublin Castle.

The year 1852 also saw the project for erecting a memorial to Daniel O'Connell in Limerick. Dr. Kane was treasurer of the fund and helped to collect £1,300. Hogan, the sculptor, was commissioned to make a bronze statue, which was unveiled on 15 August 1857. The statue is eight feet high and the pedestal thirteen feet, and it stands in the centre of the Crescent, Limerick. Dr. Kane's name is on the pedestal as Mayor. It was also during his second term of office that his son and heir, Richard, was born and Dr. Kane was presented with a silver cradle to commemorate the event in accordance with an old custom of the Corporation.

Dr. Kane continued to take an active interest in the affairs of the city up to his death on 5 March, 1890. He is buried in the family vault, in St. Munchin's churchyard, Limerick.

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**THE TOUR**

Started from Limerick by the Waterford Mail on the Evening of July 16th 1837—6½ o'clock—accompanied by James Bold Esq. and having a very pretty young woman opposite to me—who turned out an agreeable travelling companion. We arrived without any adventure at Waterford at 4 o'clock a.m. 17th July. Bold not well, walked about the town till 9 o'clock dressed and breakfasted—visited my fair companion, sauntered about the quays and spent a stupid day. Took an early dinner and left for Bristol by the Asprey Steamer at 3½ o'clock p.m.—but one gentleman in the Cabin—and our companion of the proceeding day was the only occupant of the Ladies' Cabin. Her name—Ruth Snelling. Had been four months in Limerick—returning to her friends in England. Fare in Packet very high in consequence of no opposition on that
Fig. 1. Map showing principal places visited by Dr. Thomas Kane, 1837
day. Sail down the river pleasant—rather a heavy swell at sea—made me and Miss Snelling sick for 3 or 4 hours—could not sleep from the noise of pigs in the hold, next my cabin—besides the pigs in the hold the deck was rendered impassable from the number of pigs and sheep, besides 47 horses, 8 cows and some crates full of ducks, geese and chickens. Several English horse dealers appeared to be actively engaged at one meal from Waterford to the Bristol Channel—obliged to wait several hours for the tide and got into Cumberland basin at 7 o’c. in the evening—put up at Purser’s Hotel—dined and walked to Bristol. The Great Western Steam Ship—the largest probably ever built—was launched before our arrival.—Returned much tired to Clifton, which we left the following morning at 6 o’c. for Southampton by the Red Rover coach—arrived at 2½ o’c. July 20. The drive from Bristol to Southampton is very beautiful, particularly about Bath, where we breakfasted. Went to Sun Hotel—small but convenient being near the jetty—walked about the pretty town a long time and got passports from Mr. Lefevre. The following morning had a most refreshing cold bath which gave me an enormous appetite for breakfast. Left the English shore at 10 o’c. p.m. by the Monarch Steamer—passed the Isle of Wight and touch’d at Portsmouth for passengers—had a delightful passage and arrived at Havre at 1 o’c. on Saturday morning—escorted to the Custom House—no delay or trouble given—got into a bad bed at the very top storey of the London Hotel, from which some females of the family had just turned out to accommodate us—but left their trunk and dresses in all parts of the room—quite a novelty to me—however I slept tolerably well until 6 o’c. Stroll’d out and saw much of the town—a very old Church in a Market place—lots of birds for sale, shells etc. Breakfasted as at home, got luggage from Custom House and exchanged passport for a provisional one. Left for Rouen by the “Normandie” Steamer at 11 o’c. A great number on board—several English and a tolerably good Brass Band, which played in the course of the day ‘God save the Queen’ in compliment to us islanders. The weather very fine—the novelty and beauty of the scenery pleased me much—passed the town of Harfleur and on the opposite side of the river Honfleur embosomed in hills—also Quillebeuf—the Chateau de la Maillerie—Caudonbec and many others—the steamer arrived at the quay of Rouen before 5 o’c.—got an excellent room at the Albion Hotel and dined at an excellent table d’hote—the first and one of the best I have dined at—soup fish and other eatables very good and to which I did ample justice—walk’d about the Town in the Evening till after dark—drank some Brandy and Water and went to bed. Awoke early in the morning by the never ceasing sound of drums, whips etc. The houses along the river at Rouen are fine and handsome—but in general the streets are narrow and dirty and some of the houses very old. Visited the Place de la Pucelle where Joan of Arc was executed—a shabby fountain surmounted by a statue marks the spot. The Tour de la Grosse Herbage is a curious old concern—also the Palais de Justice in which there is a curious oak roof or ceiling.

On Sunday went at 11 o’clock to hear High Mass at the Cathedral but understood little of it. However the Church is well worth seeing—a Gothic Building of most chaste, grand and truly elaborate architecture. The interior is also very fine, contains 25 chapels, also many curious monuments, many of persons connected with English History, which a richly laced Beadle took great trouble to shew and spoke French slowly and distinctly. The Church of St. Ouen adjoining the Hotel de Ville (in which there is the picture gallery) is also a beautiful structure the spire very lofty and the interior in my opinion to be preferred to that of the Cathedral or of any other Church.

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I have seen. There is now being erected on one of the towers of the Cathedral an iron or metal spire to correspond with the other—and which when finished will look very well. A new and handsome Suspension Bridge has been thrown over the river—to replace a Bridge of Boats. There is also a Stone bridge, which connects a small Island in the middle of the river with either shore,—in a kind of semi-circular place is erected a Statue of Corneille who was born in the Town. In the upper part of the Town I visited a neatly arranged Museum—which was visited by many of the lower orders as is usual in France and who seemed to take much pleasure in seeing the different curiosities.

After an early dinner walked to the opposite side of the river the Fauxbourg of Saint Sever—here the Barracks are built also some theatres on a small scale, wine shops etc., all appeared life and gaiety—a public walk planted with trees in straight rows extends along the river side, which was much frequented—on the opposite side is Mont Sainte Catherine.

July 24th. Left Rouen with much regret this morning—preferring to travel to Paris by water. We started at 4 o'clock in the morning, by the Batteau de Vapeur "Ville de Paris". The morning was cold, foggy and comfortless. However as it advanced it became warm and pleasant. The corn was being cut in some places. Saw very few vineyards and was much disappointed in their appearance, as they more resemble rows of peas than anything else—The journey by water is tedious enough—the steam boats small, narrow and of little power, the stream rapid and running the other way—in some places the country is flat and uninteresting—and one gets tired of the endless regiments of poplars in many instances trimmed of their branches except at the top, which makes them look at a distance like grenadier's caps—eat a French breakfast for the first time, meat, bread and wine and dined on nearly the same fare—we did not arrive at Maison Lafitte till nearly 10 at night.

The scenery at each side of the river is occasionally pretty. We passed Vernon, Mantes, Pont De Arche, Elboef, also the remarkable rock and Chateau de Gaillaud, celebrated as a fortress built by Richard Coeur de Lion and destroyed after a gallant defence by the garrison commanded by Roger de Saul governor, after the death of King Richard—Philippe Auguste being then King of France—a new suspension is being erected close under the rock—The Rocher de Guyn is also worth seeing. All together the journey to Paris by the Seine is extremely agreeable. However as the Steam Boat did not proceed beyond Maison this evening we started by a diligence crowded with passengers, amongst whom I observed some strange but natural familiarities. Reach the Rue de St. Honoré at about 10 o'clock a.m. July 25th—immediately went to the Hotel Prince Regent rue Marche St. Honoré drank brandy punch and went to bed. 26th spent the entire day walking about the City and learning the names and directions of the principal streets etc. met my friend Dr. Carroll and his lady different times—did not visit the interior of any public building with the exception of the Church of Notre Dame—breakfasted and dined at the Hotel—in the evening visited the gardens of the Palais Royal and was much pleased and surprised at their appearance when illuminated—can already find my way tolerably well. The following day Mr. Osborne called and after breakfast (a late one) he shewed and explained many of the wonders of Paris—among others he recommended us to a Restaureteur (Maison Passage de Pyramids) where we got a very good dinner—with a bottle of wine for 2 francs and a half—adjourned to Musard’s concert where there was a great crowd and very good music—admired the ladies here much more than those I
had previously seen in France—there were a few Jewesses among them. Met my
friends Mr. McNamara and Mr. Carbery Scully, who had arrived the same day. Left
the Prince Regent Hotel next day for the Hotel d’Etrangers, Rue Feydeau, where we
were recommended by Mr. Osborne—paid our bill at the former Hotel which was
very dear and altho’ a liberal charge was made in it for servants, we were annoyed
by them at our departure for an additional gratuity—and an ugly mistake was made
by the waiter in getting English gold exchanged for French silver more than once for
Mr. Bold but not in his favour. We at length arrived at our new lodging. Spent
the day as usual, the evening in the Gardens of the Tuileries listening to the Band and
thence strolled to the Champs Elysées where we were much amused. On preparing
to go to bed I observed something very resembling Bugs which decided me (altho’
much fatigued) to rest in a chair for the night—awoke next morning but little re-
freshed—breakfasted at “Billands Passage de Panoramas” on coffee, bread and
butter and radishes—dined at Masson’s in Company with Osborne—ate for the first
time a lobster salted very excellent—drove out to Passy—saw Ranelagh—walked
about the Bois de Boulogne, which abounds in straight avenues and altho’ accom-
panied by Miss Osborne, who knew the place tolerably well, we were near losing our
way owing to her being shortsighted, but very agreeable.—returned to Paris by an
Omnibus. Visited an exhibition next day—got a note from Mr. McNamara requesting
to join us in our perambulations, which we willingly agreed to—changed my bed that
night and slept well. July 20th. This is the last of the great fête days—we accordingly
repaired early to the River which was to be the scene of a Mimic fight. All the gay
Parisians seem’d to throng both sides of the river—every person seem’d happy and
without exception well and comfortably dressed. The day was not very propitious
at least in the morning. However the latter part was very fine. That part of the river
between the Pont de la Concorde and the Pont Royal was reserved for the fight, under
each of those bridges large luggage boats were drawn across and secured to prevent
any but the appointed boats to pass on this part of the river—at either side between
the water and the quays, seats covered in were erected with great taste for the Royal
Family etc., and those who chose to pay for them—those represented buildings
ornamented with gilding—there were two sets of boats distinguished by different
coloured flags—the object of the combatants appeared to be to tumble each other
into the river by a blow of a pole with a round end at which event a rocket was dis-
charged to announce the feat—and the unfortunate combatant picked up by boats
stationed for the purpose. Large detachments of troops of the very strong garrison
of Paris were stationed in different parts of the town during the day. In the evening
the garden of the Tuileries was very crowded—a very numerous band played in an
Orchestra erected for the purpose opposite the Centre of the Palace—at the large
central window of which the King, surrounded by his family appeared for some short
time—nothing could be cooler than his reception—scarcely a dozen vivas were given
by his loving subjects. At nightfall the illuminations began,—these were confined
to the public buildings and streets adjoining the Tuileries. In the garden large wood
frames were erected at certain distances—all were lighted by lamps arranged in tri-
angles—between the trees in the Champs Elysées festoons of lamps were suspended
and the Arc de Triomphe was brilliantly illuminated—The view from the Centre of
the Palace—along the avenue in the gardens etc., to the Arc de Triomphe being lighted

1 Louis Philippe was King of France from 1830 to 1848.
all the way, was exceedingly pretty. However the illuminations in other respects shewed but little taste. In the Champs Elysées two temporary theatres were erected to represent Military spectacles—whose performance continued all day. There were also several other sports to amuse the people—such as climbing a greased pole etc., at which an English Sailor was successful—but no description could give any idea of the numerous exhibitions, games, plays dances etc., which took place in the evening all was good humour and everyone seemed to enjoy himself. The grand fire works from the Bridge leading to the Chamber of deputies (which had been closed for some days) were the finest I had ever seen—large wooden structures were erected over the entire Bridge representing castles etc., from which the fire works were discharged, also four fire balloons which had a pretty effect and the discharges to represent the firing of cannon and then of musketry was exceedingly like reality. Sunday 30th heard High Mass at the Church of St. Roch, then hired a carriage and drove to Versailles which drive presents nothing of interest—the Palace is four leagues from Paris—was the favourite residence of Louis XIV but the present King has converted this magnificent residence to a purpose more worthy of a great nation—namely a Museum illustrative of the history of the French Nation—either side of the Court leading from the iron gilded gate is ornamented by large statues lately removed from the Pont Louis XVI. The interior of the palace has been renovated and furnished in the same way as in the reign of Louis XIV and imagination can picture nothing more magnificent—to me the ceilings with their paintings and rich gilding were particularly attractive. A numerous suite of rooms on the basement floor is appropriated to the gallery of historical paintings—all illustrative of the military history of France and arranged in chronological order—it appears to me that many of the rooms are too small for those immense paintings—some of which represent the earlier periods of history are but recently painted and appeared to me to be indifferently executed—too shewy.

The Gallery of Sculptures was opened immediately before our visit—among the others a statue of Joan D'Arc was shewn us—said to be from the chisel of one of the young Princesses.

The interior of the Chapel is the prettiest and most to my taste of any I have seen—altogether it would require a couple of weeks not days to inspect all that is worth seeing in the Palace and Park—our party was fortunate to see the water works on one of their field days—and if there was no other attraction there—one would willingly travel four times the distance to see them—so unlike are they and the scenery of the Park to anything English and so far do the waterworks exceed one's expectations.

The Orangery is well worth seeing and the immense flights of stone steps in its neighbourhood—Altogether I was truly delighted with my day's excursion—which by the way was a truly fine one. After leaving the Palace we dined at the Hotel de Bourgogne in the Place d'Armes—appetites not deficient—had some delay and difficulty to procure a conveyance to Paris—having probably delayed after dinner longer than Parisiens think fashionable. At length we tumbled into a one horse machine—a good one to go, but a bad one to look at. Before us all the way home an old dandy was making warm love to a pretty coquette of the humbler classes—they seemed quite indifferent to our observations.

On arriving in town we had coffee with brandy which I relished much. July 31st. Left the Hotel and joined our Munster friends at the Hotel Brighton 30 Rue Rivoli—a change infinitely for the better—visited in the course of the day the Chamber de
Deputies and Lords—the Hotel des Invalides, Polytechnic School, the Champs de Mars and Military School. Saw artillery practice, dined at Masson's and went to the Opera Comique. Liked the performance of Fra Diavolo—not the Dame Blanche. Next day Aug. 1 went to see the Mazarin Library, the Mint, the Palace of the Luxembourg, with its Chamber of Peers and the Chambre à coucher of Mary de Medici, then the Church of St. Sulpice—having determined to ascend the tower I did so preceded by a female guide and Macnamara for some time slowly—until I got above the bells here I stopped—overcome by fear and perspiration—I was left behind—however I again ascended much higher until the passage became so narrow that a large rope suspended from above in the centre of the circular stairs was the only support—still rather than be left alone and in the dark not knowing how to descend I persevered—a wooden flight conducted to the platform above on which was placed a telegraph communicating with Brest, Calais, Strasbourg, Bayonne etc.—here the view of Paris through a telescope was very fine—and gave a good idea of the different localities. The descent was more easy than I anticipated—aided by a lanthorn which the conductress kindly brought. Dined at the John Bull Tavern (a bad one) then went to the Theatre Française to witness the "L'Ecole de Veillards" and the Bal Masque—was pleased much with the performance of Madele Mars—who (Altho' advanced in years) looks and acts well. On our return I went into a shop to buy a bottle of brandy which I carried home—but when uncorked it turned out wine—however I drank my share and went to my flock bed—by the way a very comfortable kind of mattress. Aug. 2nd. Eat a french breakfast at the Palais Royal—visited the Hotel de Ville, Flour Market, a Church or two—Notre Dame at evening service, the morgue etc. Took a cab with Mr. B. and drove to Passy—dined with Mr. Osborne in company of his sisters and Capt. West—excellent music, wine etc. I seldom spent a more delightful evening. Walked home with a very pretty and lively widow to the Rue Monceau. Got up early next morning and walked thro' the Hotel Dieu with one of the surgeons, heard a lecture, again visited the morgue and saw a corpse there with the clothing hung up and they appeared to have belonged to a respectable person. The face of the corpse was easily seen—the head having been raised and a small stream of water constantly flowing over it from a cock. Spent the entire day at the Louvre to every part of which we procured tickets of admission. Mr. Carbery Scully left us this day for Boulogne. We gave up our sitting rooms and my bedroom being in front was made the general rendezvous. Dined at Masson's and walked to Tivoli Gardens where the grandly announced performance was deferred in consequence of the uncertainty of the weather. Saw the only railroad from the Metropolis of France—that to St. Germain not completed—strolled home leisurely. 4th Breakfast at Colbert's french—thence to Callaghan's Bank. Visited interior of Madeleine by permission (not quite finished) thence to the Bibliothèque du Roi—took a very warm bath at the Bains Chinois Bouvelarde Italienne—nearly caused me an attack of apoplexy—my face did not recover its natural colour for a couple of hours after—However I was able to go and enjoy the Opera in the Evening. Saw the Opera of La Juive—Singing and dancing good particularly Dupret's singing—his voice not particularly sweet—Scenery and dresses splendid. Drank brandy and water till long after midnight—Breakfast next day at Palais Royal (meat, wine and strawberries)—Spent the greater part of the day at Perc La Chaise—thence went to the Messageries Royal and Palais—after dinner walked to the Boulevard Poissonnerie—thence to Frescati's gambling house—played small sums and eventually won a trifling sum—this was the only licensed house then in Paris being
considered one of the most respectable—several well dressed and handsome females
were present and played—Aug. 6th. Heard Mass at Chapel in Rue St. Honoré—
walked to the Post Office and afterwards visited the interior of the Palais Royal—
with which I was much pleased—after dinner (at Masson's) we went to Tivoli gardens
—saw a tolerably good mock tournament on horseback and other equestrian wonders
—part of a play in another quarter of the gardens—some good fireworks—during
which having lost my friends in the crowd I tumbled over a stone bench in the dark
and cut my legs etc. not much—All manner of games were to be seen in the gardens—
among the best firing small rockets at a mark or bird (imitation) a military band played
at intervals in a corner where the smell much resembled that of a rank churchyard
—there was also a band for dancing, waltzing bad.

Aug. 7th. Practised somnabulism last night—sat for an hour to Mons. Dubartel
at the Palais Royal for a miniature—Breakfast at Cafe Delarue took our seats by
Omnibus to the Jardin des Plantes—much pleased by the Museum and gardens there
—paid a visit to the Hospital de Notre Dame de Petié adjoining the garden—from
thence went to the Church of St. Etienne du Mont and the Pantheon—the latter is
a very handsome building and as many houses etc., in its immediate vicinity are
being removed it will present a very imposing aspect—ascended the Cupola by an
easy ascent—the view from the lantern is very extensive and fine being the highest
building in Paris. Visited the very extensive vaults beneath this building in which
among others are deposited the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau—much fatigued by
day's excursion.

8th. Went to the Musée des Antiques—then to the Musée Egyptian and Musée
Marine—inspected all those curiosities minutely and was particularly pleased with
the Musée des Antiques—dined at Richfrères and strolled thence to the gardens of
Tuileries—afterwards to Franconi's "Champs Elysées" (the French Ducou). The
rope dancing was extremely good—the feats of horsemanship were well executed but
the horses appeared to be inferior. 9th. Set out for the town of St. Denis—was much
pleased with the venerable Cathedral which has been undergoing repairs for many
years—the exterior is nearly renewed and the interior is in progress of being thoroughly
renewed—the interior contains some splendid monuments of the old Kings and
Queens of France etc., also some fine painted or stained glass of old date—the vaults
underneath are well worth a visit. Here were interred the Kings and Queens and royal
family of France which were removed during the Revolution at which period the
ornaments of the Church etc., were stolen or destroyed—the candlesticks etc., were
then of silver gilt and have been replaced by others of a less costly description—
there are several curious statues, stone coffins etc., in the vaults—day very warm—
went to a fruit shop got plums, gooseberries, currants, cherries etc., for a trifle—from
a very agreeable French woman who could speak a very little English, but was very
civil and kind and gave us some rum and water from her own private stock—met a
regiment of the Line who halted here, covered with dust—from their dark complexion
they looked like an African Corps and were served out with dirty brown bread in
large flat loaves—After arriving in Paris read the Irish and English papers at Bennett's
—visited Frescati in the Evening and came home a winner—getting tired of sight
seeing in Paris.

10th. Went to Police Office then to the British Ambassador's, too late Left our
Passports and found we could not return from Belgium into Holland. Found myself
rather unwell—went however to dine at the Palais Royal "Aux deux Frères"—
tried among other dishes "foie Saute au vin" which was so bad that I could not touch it—eat melon etc., obliged to go home and continued very ill the remainder of that day—with a slight attack of cholera—got better towards midnight and finding myself very weak drank some brandy and water. 11th. Free from illness but still weak—went in course of the day to British Ambassador—thence to the Prussian—from the Prussian Ambassador to the Dutch who refused his signature which obliged us to get fresh English and Prussian passports—weather extremely warm—went to Frescati in the evening—was cheated by some fellow of 10 francs which he deliberately pocketed saying it was his own eventually won a trifle and went to bed. 12th arose early drank soda water and brandy before breakfast—I inspected a couple of infantry regiments—broke a large piece of glass in a shop window and at the same time scraped the skin off my nose—allowed moustache to grow—got new passports for Holland countersigned by Prussian Ambassador—then went to the Police Office and Minister des Affaires Étrangères—took home ice—while very warm from walking I got a return of sickness—got some excellent Riz au lait at home—spent a sick night—got up on the 13th early—walked part of the way to the Hospital of La Charité—obliged from weakness to return—on way home saw guard relieved at the Place of the Carousel—Heard High Mass at the Church of St. Roch—understood very little of it. During the ceremony bread of a yellowish colour—cut into small pieces was handed about in a basket by one of the attendants—an old woman near took a couple of handfuls of the little bits—but was obliged to disgorge most of it—what the bread was for I could not understand, some persons I observed to eat it but most of those who took pocketed it—One gentleman who had an elevated place for himself in the middle of the Church behind a kind of table or raised altar—got a very large piece wrapped in paper—Paid a visit to Miss Ash. Went to St. Germain au Laye to see Mrs. Molony and family—arrived too late for a visit. 5½ o'clock. Dined. Called at Hotel de Prince des Galles—left a card as family was in the Park—walked some time on the splendid terrace—the view from which is exceedingly pretty and extensive—the railroad from Paris completed and is to be open in a few days—met my friends or rather saw them at a distance—returned to Paris by 10 o'clock—drive there pretty enough—the water works at Marly are curious. 14th. Got passports signed for Baden and Frankfort intending to visit those towns on our return—made purchases of some trifling articles—drank some champagne. Took places at Lafittes for the 17th to Strasbourg. After dinner paid a farewell visit to Frescati to enable Mac to exchange some of the tokens he received there for Napoleons—all three of us played and lost—went early next morning to La Charité—Met Bouilland, saw troops paraded in the Place de Carousel—read an account of the Irish Elections the day turned out wet with thunder and lightning which confined us till evening.

16th. after breakfast started alone for St. Germain—met Mr. M.—saw his family—walked in the wood—before dinner weather very warm—was shown mosquitoes for the first time—dined with my friends and passed a very happy day on my return found that my travelling friends had followed me there and dined—but we did not meet.

17th. packed up my traps—paid bill at Hotel etc., and made arrangements for starting at 3½ o'clock—took an early dinner and left Paris a few minutes before 4 o'clock. p.m. Our travelling companions in the interior of the Diligence were a pretty looking

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2 William IV died on 20 June 1837. A general election followed the accession of Queen Victoria, the results of which were announced in August of that year.
girl, with her noisy, dirty, yellow paraquet—her father and a young man—all I believe Belgians—this being our first long journey in the diligence we were happy to find we had plenty of room—it was most comfortably filled in every part with lots of luggage on top, lined at least our part with leather and drawn by five horses three in the first row and two wheelers—immediately on leaving Paris we saw the old fortifications—the road flanked by Elm and Poplar trees seldom a fence was visible—The harvest works were in full operation and I observed that the corn was cut with a scythe attached to which was a cradle of wood to turn the corn over—the wheat was bound in large, loose sheaves—these instead of being made into stooks were laid over each other and soon carted off in large rail waggons—the corn stooks are large and loosely built—the principal crops are beet, wheat, oats, vetches, beans, potatoes and vineyards—also a crop bore a white flower but the name was unknown to me—Very little pasture land was to be seen I observed a few flocks of sheep, but not a single cow until we arrived between Epernay and Chalons—then saw some large herds— We took some refreshment at Meaux and fruit—passed a restless night but contrived to get some sleep. Aug. 18. Admired the practice of ploughing in the stubble immediately after removing the corn—was rather surprised to see a woman handle the plough—we breakfasted at 10½ o’c at Chalons where we remained more than half an hour at the old Hotel Cloche d’Or—a most substantial repast we had as I presumed it was intended for our two meals—having no other resting place until evening—Vermicelli soup, made its appearance first with a brownish bread, then followed boiled corn beef—stewed beef—roast veal—boiled ducks and peas—Potatoes—French beans then a roast leg of mutton—succeeded by fish—cheese, plums, pears, almonds and sweet cakes, the whole washed down by a liberal supply of vin ordinaire and for the entire of which feed we paid 3 francs 4 cents— As we proceeded on our journey the country became less interesting if possible the soil is light, but dry—with a subsoil of gypsum or chalk—the road was narrower, repaired with gravel, not paved, not always planted, nor were there many plantations to be seen— As the day advanced the heat became extreme—the interior of the diligence was like a vapour bath, my female companion and her bird appeared to sleep all day— I remarked the Oats crop very light and no vineyards—rows of Fir trees near Vaucher. Nearing Vitry Le Francaise the country improved much in appearance—here are numerous vineyards and a few orchards. Our Passports examined at St. Dizier and found en regle.

We arrived at Bar le Duc where we supped at 8½ o’c in the evening—passed a restless night and arrived at 9½ o’c in the morning at Nancy. Aug. 19. The country is more enclosed around the Town—here I saw hop fields for the first time in France—much more picturesque than vineyards—As we were to stop at Nancy for six hours I at once proceeded to visit the town—which is very pretty and considerable— The square which can be enclosed with immense iron gates is very neat— At one side is the Hotel de Ville— The Cathedral is a fine building—the hospital is tolerably large—Here I remarked images of the Virgin in niches in the walls at the corner of streets, with lamps suspended before them—I never experienced more intense heat than at this town—had the luxury of shaving and dressing—after which we enjoyed a meat déjeuner with lots of fruit etc., which was our only regular refreshment until our arrival at Strasbourg. We left Nancy after two o’clock— In the morning passed thro’ Toul a fortified town with drawbridge etc.— From Nancy to Lunéville the country improved in appearance—the soil is deeper—I observed immense fields of potatoes, cotton, poppies etc.
At Mietesheim at 5½ o'clock in the morning partook of coffee and brandy after placing my head under the fountain in the street—which was most refreshing—heartyly tired of the Diligence— In this part of the country the dress of the women is peculiar—the hair of the back of the head is worn in embroidered bags—also plaited down the back with ribbons— Delighted to have passports examined at the fortifications— Put up at the Hotel de Ville de Paris Strasbourg about 9 o'clock a.m. Our first business was to enjoy the luxury of a warm bath—not a little necessary after a journey of 3 nights and nearly three days without changing our clothes— After breakfast we repaired to the Cathedral to hear Mass— I had no idea that masonry could be brought to such perfection as it is in the cut stone work of the Cathedral—with its unrivalled spire—The spire is 445 French feet in height—within three feet of the grand pyramid of Egypt— The interior is by no means so fine as the exterior— There is in one part of it a very curious clock which formerly shewed the movements of the planets and other heavenly bodies— It is however out of repair— Visited the Church of St. Thomas and other places during the day and returned to the Cathedral at 3 o'clock to witness a procession of the Virgin at the suggestion of a portly Beadle— I counted between 150 and 160 young women all dressed genteely in white with veils of the same colour covering their heads etc. They wore satin shoes and each carried a long candle lighted— They were arranged in two rows and between them the procession passed— It was headed by a boy fantastically dressed and carrying a silk flag—then came some beautiful children with garlands of flowers, then larger girls accompanied the figure of the Virgin on a handsome frame— Three or four musicians also preceded the procession who occasionally gave a flourish of trumpets accompanied by a double kettle drum which was also carried about—a very venerable Bishop and several clergymen took part in the religious ceremony— However I soon saw enough of it to satisfy my curiosity and left the Cathedral before its conclusion— I remarked that the streets of Strasbourg are narrow and present nothing remarkable—one half of the inhabitants speak German and most of the shop signs are painted both in French and German— The women are not pretty—they wear a kind of stomacher— The weather was insupportably warm— Dined at the Table d'Hote. Went in the evening to a public place where a very tolerable military band played till dark—on our return lightning began to appear behind a dark cloud at a distance— After dark it became much more vivid— I was induced to go to watch it for some time—never having seen anything of the kind so awfully beautiful before— The street would occasionally be either completely in a blaze of light or in utter darkness— Finding that we could not leave Strasbourg for Baden for another day we determined to start for Mannheim in the morning— Having paid our bill and ordered and paid for a coach to convey us to the Rhine in the morning we went to our rooms—the thunder was awful and the lightning continued while I remained awake which was for some time and scarcely had any sleep as we were called after 2 o'clock next morning—

Aug. 21st. The porter at the Hotel could not speak a word of French and altho' the carriage we had ordered was at the gate, he carried off our luggage in a truck to the Office of the Diligence and we had the pleasure of making the best of our way on foot after it— Here we found the diligence about to start—hastily paid our fare to the steamer and to Mannheim and bundled in after our luggage— We left the Bridge of Boats which crossed the Rhine to Kehl at 3½ past 4 o'clock a cold bleak morning with very few passengers on board the small steamer— The banks of the river present nothing remarkable for some time as you descend it— You have a view of the black
forest in the distance—but not of the Alps—The river is rapid and shallow with sand banks running in all directions—We paid each 10 thalers 15 groschen for our passage of Mannheim—which is very high for so short or rather so easy a journey down the river. During the day we exchanged our small steamer for a large one—the Frederick William at a small place on the Prussian frontier—during the removal of the luggage from one vessel to the other in the quay it was examined by the Custom House officers who dress like the Irish police and had previous to our landing come on board—Unfortunately for me some shaving paste which I was commissioned to buy for a friend was detained (perfumery not being permitted to be imported from France without paying duty) I allowed it to be carried to the Custom House while I had the remainder of my luggage placed in the large steamer and then followed to ascertain its fate—I explained in bad French and no person in the office could speak any language except German—but I could see that I should pay—then there was great delay in ascertaining the amount of duty which when I was told I knew was nearly the cost of the article—so told them I would let them keep it and went to the steamer—which was about to start and I had no fancy to be left behind—At this time the heat was excessive and I was vastly annoyed—to add to it I was again sent for to say that a mistake had been made as to the amount of duty and the Capt. of the steamer most politely said he would give me a minute or two to return to the Custom House—I at once handed a Napoleon took in exchange some silver and a handful of copper coins and ran back with my valuable paste—The Capt. made me show him the amount of my money and by way of comfort told me I was grossly overcharged—I gave the perfumery and the Customs regulations my hearty good wishes and drank some Rhenish wine. We were joined by many English travellers Capt. Hartley, Littledale, Weirs etc. from Baden and Mannheim at which town we arrived at 2 o’c, having a short time previously seen the town of Spire with its fine Cathedral on the left banks of the river.

From the glimpse we had of Mayence it appeared a very pretty, regularly built town. We however again changed our intention of stopping there and paying a visit to Heidelberg. Until you arrive at Mayence, the banks of the Rhine are low and uninteresting, planted in many parts with willows etc., saw three of those curious flying bridges, which appear admirably suited to the river or to any river above the influence of the tide and with a sufficiently rapid current. At either side exactly opposite are two small quays—two boats connected together by a platform or deck, of large size and with immense rudders cross the river alternately from one quay to the other. Horses, carriages etc., can pass from one quay to the deck or platform which is surrounded by a strong railing and it is so large that a number of cattle of all kinds and luggage can be accommodated—a large gibbet is erected but for what purpose I cannot say—the machinery for moving the vessels across is simple enough—at some distance above the quays in the centre of the river, a strong chain is secured sufficiently long to allow the boats to swing across from quay to quay to the prows of which boats it is secured—The chain is kept over the water by being supported by cross beams erected in small boats to which it is fastened—these are at certain distances one after the other—according to the length of the chain—which of course varies with the breadth of the river—I have counted seven. To move the platform it is only necessary for the helmsmen to turn the rudders—when the action of the

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3 Mayence—Mainz.
stream on the prows of the large boats causes them to move across—In general the flying bridge starts from either side every half hour.\footnote{For the bridge at Mainz in 1830 see Plato II (illustration from H. Leiternak, Zweitausend Jahre Mainz, Mainz 1902, taf. 20). This kind of bridge is called in German fliegende Brücke, and is really a floating pontoon.}

Arrived at Mayence at 7 o’c in the evening—obtained excellent rooms at the Hotel du Rhine—a fine building in the street facing the river—On its roof is a balcony from which a fine view of the surrounding country may be had—Our party being too late for the Table d’Hote—got an indifferent dinner or rather supper—However tried some Rhenish wine to make amends. August 22nd. Arose early—had the pleasure of seeing a Prussian Regiment drilled—with the celerity of their movements I was much pleased—I observed some difference in their manual and platoon exercise from the British—in as much as it required fewer motions. I was inclined to approve. Mayence is as a fortified town very strong—It has many outworks, ditches etc., even on the riverside there is the remains of a loopholed wall—opposite to it and connected by a bridge of boats is Cassel also fortified. The town is garrisoned by Austrian and Prussian troops—the white uniform and heavy countenance of the former contrast strongly with the smart appearance of the Prussians. The streets of the town are necessarily dirty and narrow—Walked beyond the fortifications into the country which pleased me much—observed fields of poppies for the first time—Returned by a different gate and had another opportunity of seeing the troops drilled—in the dry ditches and of hearing bugles, drums etc. The advanced works extend to some distance as the town is commanded by the neighbouring hills.

The Cathedral is a striking object in the town it is built of red sandstone and must be very old—Its towers are finished towards the top in the Turkish fashion or Moorish—The lofty gates are of brass and covered by illegible inscriptions. The interior is imposing but not very elegant. It contains some fine old monuments and altars—one representing the different stages of the Passion in timber work compartments around the tabernacle was very curious and of old date. There are several stone statues of Bishops in their pontificals etc., Altogether it is a curious old building—Near it is a market place—in which I observed some barefooted women—Adjoining it a statue was just finished in honour of Joannes Geusleitch or Guttenberg, the inventor of printing who was born here. The figure is of bronze and is not very remarkable for design or execution—on one side is the following inscription—Artem quem Graccos lauit, latevitque Latinos—Germani solvers extudit ingenium. Nunc, quidquid veteres sapientius recernit non sibi sed populis omnibus id sapientium.\footnote{The art which escaped the Greeks and escaped the Latins, the clever German genius devised. Now, whatever wisdom the ancients and the moderns have, their knowledge is not confined to themselves, but is available to all peoples.}

Spent an agreeable day, bathed in the Rhine—then dined at the Table d’Hote. Nearly 70 persons sat down at 1½ o’c. Music at dinner—during it young girls carried about small bunches of flowers and medals which they disposed of for a few kreutzers. The oberkellners or waiters have an extraordinary facility of carrying plates which they bring to the head waiter to lay on the tables. At Mayence Cathedral Charlemagne’s wife is buried. Crossed the bridge of boats to Cassel—saw a swimming school for the soldiers—an accomplishment which every Prussian soldier must learn—Walked after dinner to the Citadel—near which is a very pretty public garden over the river laid out in the English fashion. On a certain day every week a military band
plays here when crowds attend—Met a gentleman residing at Mayence who had been in England when a young man—he was very polite and kind—explained many things to us. His son and another young man accompanied us to Weisheim a small village on the Rhine—in it is a public house celebrated for Ale and bread and butter with German cheese—of which we partook for a mere trifle—Returned by boat and parted with our acquaintances with regret. Had an inspection of cavalry and saw a few pretty women while here. Nearly opposite is the small hill called Hoheimer where the Hock wine is grown. The first steam mill I saw on this river is just erected—but not at work. Met a Mrs. Dempster and two young ladies at our Hotel in the next apartment to mine—singularly impudent and forward—Had the good fortune of travelling with them in the steamer for a day—also a strange character—whom I afterwards travelled with from Bruxelles to Aix La Chapelle and turned out to be an English country doctor.

Aug. 23rd started for Weisbaden at 7 o’c in the morning—arrived there in an hour and a half—country pretty—sides of road planted with apple and chestnut trees etc., put up at the Port and Eagle Hotel in the old part of the town—the basement storey of one wing is occupied by stone baths into which the water is admitted in the evening in order to be cool enough for use in the morning—There are some splendid hotels near the Kursaal which stands at one end of a square—The building is one storey high—It contains a splendid concert with a gallery supported by red marble pillars—This is also used as the dining room and at either side are public gambling rooms. Behind is a garden with small ponds etc., and wildfowl. The Kochbrunner is the principal spring—heat 150 degrees (Farenheit) water of yellowish colour—not very transparent—taste agreeable, has been justly compared to that of weak chicken broth. Walked during the day into the country—thro’ woods of close firs etc., spent a delightful day but much too warm. Dined at the Table d’Hote of the Port and Eagle—nearly 300 persons sat down—plain large room—Lots of noise and music at dinner—very cheap including extra wine. Our bill of fare consisted of the following—soup followed by beef (right well boiled) then ham cutlets, omelettes, vegetables and pastry, then chicken (cut up as every dish is at a side table with huge knives) partridge etc., and fish, next fruit pudding with wine sauce (excellent) turkeys, roast fowls, hares, with preserved fruit, followed by sweet things bonbons (exploins) I observed in some places that a roast leg of mutton was one of the last dishes.

Left Mayence at 6 a.m. of a dark and cold morning. As you descend the scenery improves much—Many pretty houses and villages appear on either side. There are several small islands as you approach Elfeld. On the right bank is the small town of Brechtech, with the Palace of the Duke of Nassau—then the district called the Rhemgau—celebrated for producing fine wine vineyards extend to the tops of the mountains—even of the Taurus. Bingen is very prettily situated—on the opposite side of the river the mountain is so steep that it is necessary to raise tiers of terraces to the top—to prevent the earth being washed from the vines—In some places holes are made in the blackish rock and the vines planted in baskets are placed in the holes—They are said to ripen early in consequence of the retention of heat by the dark coloured rock. Prince Metternick has a residence over Johannesberg. Bacharach is next passed. At Oberwesel there is a good echo—but nothing like that at Killarney—A man is placed on the shore to fire a gun and sound a horn while the steamer is passing—

*It is impossible to make out this word properly.*
The scenery about Boppard is very fine—Arrived at Coblenz after 10 o'clock—Thursday Aug. 24th. Took our quarters at the Hotel de Belle Vue—facing the bridge of boats which leads to the strong fortification of Ehrenbreitstein—Started at once to explore the town which like other fortified towns presents nothing remarkable in building or streets—Heard a very fine Prussian band in the Place d’Armes, counted no less than 14 Clarionet players—The master did not play and stood in the centre of the circle—The town of Coblenz is placed at the junction of the Moselle with the Rhine—over the former is a stone bridge guarded by a Fort (Kaiser Franz)—Forts Alexander and Constantine are placed on hills overhanging the Town in a beautiful situation—Dined at the Table d’Hote nearly the entire party were English—Everything was good except the fruit—Our party went after dinner to visit the fort of Ehrenbreitstein by permission easily obtained—the ascent is toilsome enough—every wall loop-holed—at length we arrived at the top and enjoyed the magnificent view—examined barracks etc. After returning we visited the other outlets of the town—When about to go to bed the view from our windows was pleasing—the night was dark—the bridge of boats invisible—but the lights along it appeared as if suspended in air and the lights on the opposite lofty rock appeared like large stars—Aug. 25, Arose at 6 o’clock saw a steamer about to start for Mayence—heavy masses of cloud hung over the river and the opposite hills—observing the view as the sun rose the clouds were gradually dispersed—unveiling the beautiful scenery around—last of all the different works of Ehrenbreitstein opened to the view—presently I observed nine of the thirty seven barges on which the platform of the bridge is laid removed to make a passage for one of those immense timber rafts—which soon majestically floated down the stream.

Here as at Weisbaden I observed cows fastened by the horns to the pole of the waggons—a plan which they seem to understand well enough. Left Coblenz at 7 o’clock by the "Frederick William Steamer"—having arrived per the Concordia—descending the Rhine the first town which attracted my attention was Neuwied near which is an obelisk erected to the memory of Hoche—we afterwards passed the Drachenfels and Rolandseck and all the other legendary Castles of the Rhine; at length arrived at Bonn—where we took on board several students leaving College—who were greeted at parting by a song from their late companions who were assembled on the quay—From Bonn to Cologne the river scenery is very tame—arrived at the latter town at 5½ o’clock—drove to the Cour Imperial Hotel in the interior of the Town—After an excellent dinner went to visit the celebrated but unfinished Cathedral—which is well worthy of admiration—strolled thro’ the Town and took our places for Liège by the morning Diligence—Aug. 26 rose early and breakfasted—our Bill at the Hotel very high—Mr. B. and myself were placed in the same carriage with a former acquaintance (English) and a couple of merry young Belgians—Mr. M. and M. N were in other carriages which all started at the same hour—the country at first appeared to be rich and well tilled—I observed a curious kind of short scythe for cutting corn—at the same time a stick for separating the corn to be cut was held in the left hand and both moved together [a very schematic sketch of a scythe and angle-ended stick is drawn at this point]. Passed thro’ Juliers (called La Purcella) a strongly fortified but small town—Arrived at Aix La Chapelle at 2½ o’clock had our Passports examined at the old Hotel de Ville a fine building—much neglected—built on the spot where Charlemagne was born—A bronze fountain to commemorate the

7 Aix-la-Chapelle = Aachen.
event stands in an open market place in front. Next inspected the old Cathedral—a massive building with very lofty windows and an angular Nave under which Charlemagne was interred. The new part of the town much resembles an English town here are the gambling houses and the hot springs which are exceedingly disagreeable to the smell and taste—they are of a sulphureous nature—they cannot be so disagreeable to the inhabitants as I saw a boy with a leather apron drink several tumblers full apparently with relish. We dined at the Table d'Hote of the Hotel du Rhine where the attendance was very bad and the fare nearly so. Amused ourselves as best we could till 10 o'clock when we started by the mail poste for Liège. It soon began to rain heavily and the passengers to sleep—until we stopped under an archway on the Belgian frontier to have ourselves and luggage overhauled—here—all the luggage was taken down and opened—our passports examined—while the passengers stood half asleep and shivering in the cold—the rain descending in torrents. The travelling was very slow—we however arrived at Liège at 5 o'clock on Sunday morning Aug. 27. Left in about an hour on the top of a diligence for Namur—Liège is a well built town on the Meuse—here a small river crossed by several bridges one of which a new stone bridge had partly given way—the houses are of stone—The University is a fine building—There are very many steam engines and manufactories at Seraing close to the town here are extensive iron works—the road to Namur runs along the Meuse and few drives can present more beautiful scenery. It resembles the Rhine in some respects but the rocks and banks are on a much smaller scale and tamer in character. The former in many places look like pinnacles and battlements. Crossed the Meuse at the fortified town of Nausa—Some of the passports examined—arrived at Namur at 12 o'clock. Rested here for some time after eating a most substantial meal—started for Brussels—The country became more enclosed and not so pretty—Observed large fields of a kind of thistle used in the manufacture of cloth—called Chardon—Passed thro' Charleroi, Jemeppe's etc., and stopped at Waterloo—Was pointed out the position of both armies and the plain by which the Prussians came into the battle field and the pillar erected in honour of that event.

Saw the mound, surmounted by the huge Belgian lion, Gordon's Monument, La Haye Saute, La Belle Alliance, the farm of Mont St. Jean—the English guide with his medal—The town of Waterloo is about two miles distance from the field of battle—Saw the house occupied by Wellington, the Chapel etc. Arrived at Brussels at 9 o'clock put up at the Hotel du Suede opposite the Mint. Aug. 28. Our party employed a cocommissionaire—visited under his guidance the Hotel de Ville, Chamber of Deputies, where we saw the dog belonging formerly to the Dutch soldier at his post outside the entrance. Then visited the Park and the really splendid and chaste palace of the Prince of Orange—admired in it the floors of polished wood inlaid—the tables and ornaments of malachite and lapis lazuli, the ballroom with its candelabra holding 600 lights etc. etc. Thence visited the collection of models of works of art, the museum in which there's a fine collection of Birds, the Botanical Gardens etc. Dined at the Table d'Hote—dinner very good—went to the theatre in the Evening. There are some splendid paintings in the Museum—the drawings in crayon are exquisite—I admired particularly a drawing of Cupid whetting his arrow executed by a young lady with a pen. Brussels is a clean, handsome town. The Cathedral is a fine old building. The pulpit which represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, is beautifully executed in Carved Oak.

Aug. 29 Left Brussels in course of the day for Antwerp by railroad. The arrange-
ment of the railroad regarding luggage—which is paid for and numbered—is very good. On arriving at the Station house in Antwerp you produce your ticket in which every article is mentioned and obtain them without any scrambling or trouble—10 o'clock arrived at the Hotel St. Antoine in the Place Verte—nearly opposite the Cathedral and the house next to that in which the French commander lived in 1814—the hotel is large but gloomy and badly furnished—Antwerp is an old town built in the Spanish style on the Scheldt—there are fine quays along the river—but little trade—Across the river there extends a flat country, partly inundated—this is part of Holland—Antwerp is 62 miles from Flushing at the entrance of the river—Visited the Museum and Gallery of pictures under the guidance of a Commissioner—also the Jesuits convent—There are several pictures by Vandyke and Rubens—The Church of St. Jacques is splendid—The Cathedral contains two of Ruben's best pictures, the Elevation of the Cross and the Descent from the Cross, also the Assumption.

It also boasts of a carved pulpit and fine bells—The interior is very large but neglected—the French stabled their horses in the Aisle and destroyed the altars (28) it requires 12 men to pull the great bell—In the Convent of St. James the pillars etc of the altar are of marble, carved and beautiful—After dinner at a tolerably good Table d'Hote went to see the Citadel—the interior contains only one new barrack and a few bomb proofs10 one of which is pointed out as that occupied during the siege by Gen. Chasse the approach made by the French and the different forts of Montibalte, Toledo etc., were pointed out—Had a good view of Breda etc., from the ramparts. On our return to the Hotel had a table placed in the courtyard and drank brandy and water for the last time and in sufficiently large doses Arise early the following morning—saw four regiments of the Belgian Infantry—much resembling the French—made sundry purchases and finally embarked in the Caledonia Steamer of 500 tons burthen. Had a good view of the country on our sail down the river. Short delay at Flushing. Began to blow stiff—dined and breakfasted on board—saw Sheerness, Gravesend etc., in the morning—Arrived at the Custom House stairs at 12 1/2 o'clock Aug. 31st. Waited two hours for luggage—at Custom House paid duty—started with Bold in a cab and had a glorious upset opposite Somerset House—which sent our luggage flying from the top in all directions—no harm done—Walked from thence to the New Huntington, Covent Garden. Got excellent apartments the house being empty. Dined at Shorts in the Strand—a cheap and good house—thence to Haymarket Theatre where we saw Power in some of his best characters—also Mr. Glover, Fitzwilliam, Nesbitt, Humbley etc.

Sept. 4 started for Oxford by Uxbridge, passed by Blenheim, Stratford on Avon saw the house in which Shakespeare was born and arrived in Birmingham in the evening—at the Hen and Chickens—Next morning saw Town Hall etc. and started by railroad at 8 1/2 o'clock for Liverpool—Arrived at the Angel Hotel about 2 o'clock. Embarked in the evening on board the "Argent," formerly the Callonson. The Royal William started after our vessel but beat us across.

Sept. 13th left Dublin for Limerick.

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8 These have recently been restored.
9 i.e., there were eighteen altars.
10 Shelters.
Bridge of boats across the River Rhine at Mainz, 1830