

## Rhine Journey, July 29th-August 25th 1816

**From Calais, down the Rhine to Switzerland***July 29th-August 25th 1816**Edited from BL.Add.Mss. 56536 Iv.-103r.*

**Sunday July 29th 1816:** Set off with Scrope Davies his servant<sup>1</sup> and Poisson<sup>2</sup> at half past eight in the morning in Scrope's carriage to Dover – arrived there by half past five – dined, etc, at Wright's. Up late writing letters.

**Monday July 30th 1816:** Set off in the Flora packet at twelve, about, and arrived at Calais at four am. A pretty Miss Liveday<sup>3</sup> sick and supported by me. We went to Quillacq's<sup>4</sup> – found the carriage I had left at his house in last July all safe. Supped with the banished Beau Brummel<sup>5</sup> who after beginning on £15,000 lived for twenty years on £8,000 about a year, and is run away owing about £50,000<sup>6</sup> – in its way as great a fall as Napoleon's. He is as tranquil. He told us the particulars of the Regent's conversation with Lord Jersey<sup>7</sup> – Jersey had the best of it. He has some [ ] letters of the Prince's. Sheridan, he says did force Lady Bessborough:<sup>8</sup> by holding her down by the hair – she owned it to Paget<sup>9</sup> who was then living with Sis. I could hardly believe my eyes seeing Brummel in a great coat drinking punch in a little

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<sup>1</sup>: Name perhaps Guthridge; see 27 Apr, 16 n.

<sup>2</sup>: Joseph Poisson is H.'s valet, replacing the faithful Parsons, who accompanied him to France in 1814 and 1815.

<sup>3</sup>: Miss Liveday otherwise unidentified.

<sup>4</sup>: The livery-stable where he had left it on 23 July, 1815.

<sup>5</sup>: George Bryan "Beau" Brummell (1778-1840) the leading dandy.

<sup>6</sup>: Scrope Davies is by this time seriously in debt, and must feel uneasy in Brummell's presence. He does not leave England until 1820.

<sup>7</sup>: George Villiers, fifth Earl of Jersey (1773-1859) fox-hunting and racehorse-owning husband of Lady Jersey.

<sup>8</sup>: See June 18, 1816.

<sup>9</sup>: Henry William Paget, Marquis of Anglesey.

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room with us – he is learning French and Italian – he says.<sup>10</sup> He lives like a patriarch at 15 francs a day.

Displaced a waiter who was looking at my girl undressing – wrote letter to Sophie<sup>11</sup> – bed, good.

**Tuesday July 31st 1816:** Took leave of Brummell. Wished him well.

At half past ten set off, Scrope and I in my landaulet, the servants in a cabriolet. First for 100 francs to Brussels,<sup>12</sup> and 240 if taken to Geneva. Went to Gravelines through a flat rich bean country. Gravelines – five drawbridges, but fortifications neglected. Did not stop but went on to Dunkirk – five posts and half from Calais – not much fortified, apparently. We stopped at posthouse, a good handsome inn. Fine town – the port a long one capable of receiving small frigates only. The *destroyed* port is a league to the south. There is a large church of St Eloi, with tall Corinthian columns and an old tower worth seeing. We went into it. S.B.Davies returned a passing bow from one who was genuflecting to God as he came in. We were kept by the tide, which would not let us set off for Furnes,<sup>13</sup> until half past five.

We dined then at our inn. Set off went along the seashore – hard sand for the most part – until within a half an hour’s drive of Furnes, where we entered Belgium at near seven o’clock, and were stopped a little, and but little, for fifty sous at the Douanes at some cottages. Glad to leave the sea shore and come into shadowy land – flat, over a *pavé* which had grass upon it, yet we met two carriages on the sands. Arrived at Furnes, a town of 300 souls, at eight, and drove to the Noble Rose, recommended by my sisters – where we were shown into two bedded rooms – d[ ]d but c[ ]ted. Supped at *table d’hôte*. Host Napoleonist – talked very freely against Louis and his own king.<sup>14</sup> Went to bed after writing journal from beginning of this book. In the same room with S.B.Davies – contrivances thereupon. Remark the large market places in Belgium.

**Wednesday August 1st 1816:** Davies frightened me in the night by crying out – I slept hardly at all.

<sup>10</sup>: Compare B.’s in-joke at *Beppo*, Stanza 62, 1-4:

*Crushed was Napoleon by the Northen Thor,  
Who knocked his army down with icy hammer,  
Stopped by the Elements – like a Whaler, or  
A blundering Novice in his new French Grammar ...*

B. explains in his 1821 journal: “When Brummell was obliged ... to retire to France – he knew no French & having obtained a Grammar for the purposes of Study – our friend Scrope Davies was asked what progress Brummell had made in French – to which he responded – “that B[rummell] had been stopped like Buonaparte in Russia by the Elements” – I have put this pun into “Beppo” ... (BLJ IX 21-2).

<sup>11</sup>: Explaining his unexpected departure.

<sup>12</sup>: H. goes the same journey in late July 1822.

<sup>13</sup>: Veurne.

<sup>14</sup>: King of the supposedly United Netherlands.

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Got up at half past four – set off at half past five. Went three posts and a half to Ghistelles – [ ] barrier at six sous a pair – between the two – post horses thirty sous each a post. Postillions we pay at forty sous each per post, so more than necessary, but something gained in civility.

Road to Ghistelles all *pavé* – over flat marshes, drained for most part, and producing the noblest thick crops of beans and wheat. Many steeples seen in the distance. Davies tells me that the falcons, most of them, come from Ghistelles (the name of a hawk). Reckon heights by so many steeples. We crossed the road from Ostende near Ghistelles, by which I came last March year, 1815, going to visit my dear brother. Almost immediately after we got into a country of woods, half cut down, and went through rows of oaks, chiefly – to Bruges, two posts – all highly cultivated, and frequent villages.

We breakfasted at the posthouse at Bruges, a magnificent house, but where we had rotten eggs. At this place the plan I had formed of going to Brussels first and then to Antwerp was given up, on the information of a Yorkshireman who came into our old quilted room to pay his bill, and told us we should go from Ghent to Antwerp.<sup>15</sup> We staid to breakfast only at Bruges, and set off at eleven, about. The town is well built – streets large and clean – noble market place as usual. The cold had subsided. We passed through rows of trees and gardens with villas for some way out of the town, and went chiefly on *pavé*, and always between rows of trees – to Ecklow, or some such name, a small town with a large street, looking like Sodbury – three posts. The country improving, if possible, in fertility – like a shrubbery, between gardens and woods – thence to Ghent,<sup>16</sup> two posts and a half.

It rained the latter part of the way, and prevented us from going on towards Antwerp as we intended, and were glad we did not do. It is one complete village of good houses all the way from these parts to Ghent, the latter portion by and near the canal. Entered Ghent (two posts and half) saw it to be a fine town with large streets squares and public buildings, with the quays and bridges which distinguish the Netherland towns. Drove to the Hotels des Pays Bas, which Joseph and the postillion said was the best – arrived there. Seemed to have some little difficulty about beds, but got them.

Walked out with a stammering blockhead, who took us to the noble cathedral church dedicated to St Bartholomew, who is dressed in armour over the principal rich altarpiece. Saw in the church *The Descent from the Cross* by Reubens, from Paris,<sup>17</sup> and also the decollation of St John – by — a famous painter. In the different chapels saw good pictures, but particularly that of *The Sacrifice of the Lamb* from Paris, said to be by the painter who invented oil painting in 1415. The marble sculptured pulpit – the figures of St Peter and St Paul by artists of Ghent

<sup>15</sup>: As a result of taking this advice, they miss the Field of Waterloo, as B. had not (see B. to H., May 16th: BLJ V76). H. may not have wished to visit it anyway, as to do so would have reminded him of his brother Benjamin, killed at Quatre Bras.

<sup>16</sup>: Spelled “Ghent” *passim* (Ms)

<sup>17</sup>: The pictures had been taken to Paris as booty by Napoleon, but were now returned. B. to H., May 1st: “At Ghent we stared at pictures – & climbed up a steeple 450 steps in altitude – from which I had a good view & notion of these “paese bassi.” (BLJ V 73).

about 50 years ago – are delightful – also the figure of the bishop who gave the bronze candlesticks brought from St Pauls' London to the church.

The fresco pictures of the quire have a peculiar effect – the whole church, in ornaments of the highest taste, surpasses any thing I have ever seen. Below we went to a church underneath, just the size of the quire, built in 800 – in singular preservation – all the bishops of the church are buried there. Also we saw there the preparations made for the jubilee, which is played by fifty of the townswomen, many at once. Left the church, dabbled through the rain with our dragoman, and shewed the house in which the late peace was signed between America and England, and close by the large house in which Louis XVIII reigned whilst Napoleon was in France in 1815 – it belongs to a noble of the country.

Came back – dined. A large table saw an Irishman, who told me that the English were abused in the *Journal de Ghent* of today, for having given Belgium to the Dutch – he said the talk was most open on that subject. When S.B.D. went to bed, three fellows came in, and ate supper quick, and knocked glasses very lordically. The hotel seems very grand, but can't say much for dinner. Hackney coaches in the town – a play to night. 55,000 inhabitants – waiter large. It seems to me much handsomer than Brussels – good *Boγoi* – chimes very musical – Davies made melancholy by the church – I had the propensity to flux.

**Thursday August 2nd:**<sup>18</sup> Woke in a fever – got up at half-past five – set off at a quarter to seven towards Antwerp.

Went on a road made by Napoleon, which was once sand, to Lockeren, two posts and three quarters the whole way between trees, and a well-wooded highly cultivated *cottaged* country, beyond anything I ever saw elsewhere. Crops of flax in quantities cutting down, corn fields, potato grounds, in small fields, divided by hedgerows of trees. From Lockeren we went a post and three quarters to St Nicholas, a market town where the large market place was filled with booths and country people in good dresses. Saw two or three beggars only, no more, which announced the town.

Breakfasted well on eggs, bread, cake, and excellent butter, with good cold *buil* beef, at the inn, where were decent market folk in blue smock frocks sitting. We were told the rain had spoilt the hay harvests. At Ghent the landlord mentioned that they were taxed up to the eyes, but that 60,000 English had passed through the town.

From St Nicholas we passed through the same garden woody country towards Antwerp, and seeing a high spire at the end of a long vista of trees on the road,<sup>19</sup> took it for Antwerp, but found it to be Beveren, a neat town with a large market place, and all clean as usual in Flanders. The next tower we saw was that of the famous cathedral of Antwerp, and after going a very gentle ascent to the end of the avenue, which runs, as it were, all the way from Ghent, came to the outlet of a large green plain, beyond which, in a long line of houses, rose the vast cathedral of

<sup>18</sup>: There are, according to the diary, two August 2nds, a Thursday and a Friday.

<sup>19</sup>: B. to Augusta, 1 May: "Imagine to yourself a succession of avenues with a Dutch spire at the end of each – and you see the road" (BLJ V 75).

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Antwerp. Nothing could be more proud than the general appearance of the city on this position.

We did not see the Scheldt. Rising up a little higher, we wound round a wide ditch water, where were some green embasures forming part of the entrenchment of the town planned by Napoleon, of which we saw afterwards the whole circuit from the tower of the cathedral. This town was to have been a sister of Antwerp, but it could never have been joined (so our *lacquey de place* told us) by a bridge, as the ice would carry the bridge away in winter. The Scheldt we soon saw after going over a drawbridge of another ditch, and came to the ferry and posthouse. Here was discharged our postillion, paying for two posts and a quarter and four horses. Our carriages were rolled to the water's edge and taken, commodiously enough, into a large boat with sails, which crossed this stream "*Rapid* and not *slow*," as Goldsmith calls it,<sup>20</sup> very speedily. It is about one half again as wide as the Thames at Westminster.

Arriving at the other side just under the town on the quay we were shown up to the Hotel de l'Ourse chosen by Poisson, in preference to that of the Grand Laboureur, where my family went and were pleased. La veuve Fontaine was very civil – gave us No.s. 17 and 18, and a good humoured waiter. The inn is in the Place de Mer – one of the finest streets in Europe – bending, and very wide.

We procured a *commisar*, and went about with him. He took us at first to the tower of the cathedral, said to be twenty-four feet higher than that of St Paul's – very light, and ascended by 624 steps. We got up tired enough – went under the bells – when they struck *two* – one weighs 1,000lbs. Saw the whole country round – Malines [??] – the site of Breda – the windings in [ ] of the immense Scheldt – the island of Walcheren<sup>21</sup> like a cloud – the fortress of twenty-two pieces near the town defending the river. The man who showed us the place owned it would have been very easy for the English to have advanced to Antwerp in 1809 – they were expected. We saw the vast plain of the Pays de Wals, formerly all sea. Also, on this side, the solitary windmill on which was placed the most advanced English battery in 1814, when Carnot defended the place with 14,000 men, and made three sorties. The English however were thought not to be in earnest ... nor to wish to destroy the town nor the fleet – although they threw 1,200 bombs into it, and sunk eight or ten small ships in the great basin.

It requires, our lacquey said, 50,000 men to defend Antwerp. The citadel looks strong – it is apart from the town to the south – there are no works on the side of the river. It is not easy to discern the strength of Antwerp – we were told that Carnot knocked down the country houses on the side of the Brussels road, where the Prussians were. The whole of the town towards the English batteries was evacuated, and some houses were then beaten down. We saw afterwards some marks of the bombs in the walls of the great basin, and in a large rail by the quayside.

We came down the tower and went into the church. There we saw *The Descent from the Cross* and *The Elevation*, each in three compartments, to shut up with

<sup>20</sup>: Goldsmith quotation unidentified.

<sup>21</sup>: Island in the Scheldt estuary, attacked by the English in 1809, with the loss of many of their lives from fever. A famous *débâcle*.

pictures on the outside, by Reubens. I was much struck with *The Descent* – it is truly wonderful. Over the great altarpiece is a picture brought from Paris also. There were formerly thirty-six altars in this church: only one remains – the others are carried away or destroyed by the French because the priests of that church would not, as the other priests of Antwerp had done, accept the composition offered. Then we saw the great organ – saw an immense girls' school under instruction in the church – a priest walking by the ranks of infants sang out a string of sentences. We went to the Jesuits' church, and the Dominicans', and saw some pictures brought from Paris in each. We then went to the Academy of Painting, transferred to the present building about eight years ago, and there saw 206 restored pictures, chiefly by Reubens and Van Dyck. These, and the seven of the cathedral, and the five of the other churches, are all that are come back to Antwerp – twenty-eight are still missing.

We went to the house of the owner of the famous *chapeau de paille* – Mr Van Harven was in the country, and besides orders precise had been given against strangers without introductions, so our lacquey knocked, but it was only opened to him. We saw nothing but the poster. We saw, however, in the Church of St James, the tomb of Reubens,<sup>22</sup> forming the altar of a chapel in which he left by his will three masses a day to be said – but Sir Paul Peter's funds have been misused and his soul is now not prayed for.

Thence we walked to the fortifications, and to the basins of Napoleon.<sup>23</sup> The large one is not quite finished nor the dry dock within it, the intermediate wall and sluices being wanting – twenty-two ships of the line lay in this great basin during the late siege. Eight small vessels were sunk by the English bombs – two struck one ship of the line. The basin did not strike me so much as I expected. The ancient building of the East India House divides the great from the little basin on the site of which stood 800 houses. Napoleon completed this work. There were no vessels of war lying in with, but many English and American merchantmen of some size.

Our lacquey told us the warehouses were “crammed” with goods chiefly English, and that the national export to Germany and Holland had now ceased, but there is still a trade and the town contains 60,000 inhabitants. Going along the quay we went over drawbridges across small docks, also made by Napoleon. We thought of going to the “chanteries” he had made and we saw from the tower, where no ships are now building, but turned aside to see a giant and giantess in pasteboard, twenty-five feet high, the former made under the direction of Reubens, and reckoned the *chef d'œuvre* of puppets. These monsters are only wheeled out on great occasions, such as the visit of Napoleon's wives: Europa's bull, Neptune's whale, and other things are to be seen in the same stalls – it is told as strange, “*voyez vous,*” that the giantess which was made only sixty years ago is in perpetual want of repair, but Reubens' monster is as fresh as ever.

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<sup>22</sup>: B. to H., May 1st: “... as for Rubens – I was glad to see his tomb on account of that ridiculous description (in Smollett's P[eregrine]. Pickle) of Pallet's absurdity at his monument” (BLJ V 73).

<sup>23</sup>: B. to Augusta, May 1st: “We saw at Antwerp the famous basons of Bonaparte for his navy – which are very superb – as all his undertakings were” (BLJ V 74).

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We would not go into the citadel but came home, and I dined very well although, at first a little disturbed by the exorbitant demand made by the porters of our carriage from the water – twelve francs, reduced by waiter to ten. In Antwerp are many English establishments and even signs in English. The Flemish speak a dreadful French – their “g”s are all guttural. I must put down here that Brummel told me the Place de Mer and the docks is not so striking as Ghent.

I saw Wilmot<sup>24</sup> today at a distance and Ward carrying a lady’s reticule. Scrope and I refused to see four cabinets of pictures. We were very well contented with our inn.

**Friday August 2nd 1816:** Got up at half past seven. At half past ten set off from Antwerp, after gazing about the fair, where a man was singing the adventures painted on a canvas of a soldier who kills his mistress and gets shot.<sup>25</sup> He said and sung and sold his ballads with great success.

We went along a road to which Paquet Syphereen objects because it is circuitous, but which appeared to us the prettier and more like England, to Malises, two posts and three quarters – arrived. We went to the cathedral whose tall [ ] [ ] tower is distinguishable for its great clockfaces. There we saw *The Descent from the Cross* by Monsieur Van Dyke, returned from Paris, and many other respectable pictures by moderns of the Antwerp academy. The admirable oak pulpit, representing a rock under which St Paul is falling from his horse, made me observe that St Paul looked like a woman. The pretty girl who showed the church very gravely said, “Ah oui, il etait fort jeune au temps de sa conversion.” John St John Ward and Wilmot had joined. W.<sup>26</sup> remarked this answer and said this spirit should be encouraged. W. said that a piece of sculpture there was “nulla magna quassationes” – !!! – and the other W. laughed heartily.

We took leave and went to Vilorde, a post and a half – same good road between hedges. At Vilorde came to the banks of the dyke, and a canal. We went to the great prison there, containing 1,000 captives of both sexes – they would not let us in. The road to Brussels (1¾ posts) is straight by the banks of the river and canal, with tall trees, and a bank crowned by country houses on the right. The last house is the palace of the Lacken.

We had one shower today just before entering Bruxelles – the haymakers were, as S.B.D. said, rather making water than making hay. We entered Brussels, and put up at the Hotel de Flandres, getting two little chambers, but good. we dined at six – went to the play – *Stratonice and Richard Cœur de Lion*. went to bed early.

**Saturday August 3rd 1816:** Breakfasted in company with Admiral Graves, who said his son was a better speaker than Pitt or Fox, both of whom he had heard – he is

<sup>24</sup>: Wilmot Horton, burner of B.’s memoirs in 1824; apologist for Peterloo.

<sup>25</sup>: Like Büchner’s *Woyzeck* (1837) except that there the protagonist kills himself.

<sup>26</sup>: It is impossible to tell from the following passage which “W.”, Wilmot or Ward, tells the Latin joke, and which “W.” laughs at it heartily.

an outrageous politician. Walked about – met Landford Graham, who told me Bruce and he had read my book in La Force, adding that *he* was much pleased. I met Graham at Danoot, my bankers, where I changed *all* my Harries' bills – £300 for money at 25 francs – two sous the pound – thinking I had best catch the exchange well. Walked with Graham and Davies, and afterwards Colonel Cope, to an English painter's, who showed us a smutty picture by Meyeris, excellently painted, and another in the same genre by Janson. I later met Raeleigh or Rally of Vienna, who said good things. Drew out my account with S.B.Davies. and balanced it.

Dined at the *table d'hôte*. Rally there, and three others at first, then came in a gentleman who put himself at the head of the table and ate enormously. He said nothing until one of us happened to touch upon politics – he then opened a tremendous fire. He said he was a Prussian by oath, but averred at last he had been counsellor of State to Napoleon, and had been the man who wrote Napoleon's first abdication from his dictation. He said that had been done by Ney. He told me that it was impossible to write shorthand so quick as Napoleon generally dictated – that his ideas were more *pressés* than those of any man – that he never wrote, but scrawled now or then a remark on the margin – that Montalivet, the Minister of the Interior, had once made a fine memoir for him, and he put – “Quoi me dire ce que vaut ces galimaties?”

He said Napoleon should have made himself king of the mob – he owned everything as to his wishing to reign imperially. He said an explosion was certain, and that France would now have been free had not Napoleon come back – every thing was ready. At present there was no organisation, but all were of one mind. He praised the Duke of Bassano – his only fault was admiration of the Emperor, but *de bonne foi*, not for interest. De Pradt was a rogue – he came one day suddenly to Napoleon's head quarters – “Que est-ce que vous faites ici, M. l'Archevêque?” said Napoleon – “Il faut qu'il soit un aumonier pour le dieu Mars,” said the sub-almoner. When Talleyrand lost his place in 1814 and was dropt into Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, De Pradt was employed to write his pamphlet about the 30th of March, in which he told all the world that the restoration of the Bourbons was owing only to Talleyrand, Abbé Louis, Vitrolles, and himself, who even persuaded the Emperor of Russia, at first adverse, to the measure. This was true, and a man who would tell so much would tell any thing. He was a clever man, however.

We had a deal of talk – I jabbered bad French. He told us that he was the man employed to take orders from Napoleon to Maria Louisa at Blois, in favour of whom at first he intended to abdicate – he could not however get across the lines. He and all present said the King of the Netherlands gave the completest protection to the French – that he had decidedly told the French ambassador that he could not infringe the constitution here by attacking the liberty of the press. A notion has got about here that the King has paid for his throne to the English, and that so dearly as to oblige him to tax his subjects so heavily. A pamphlet called *Les habitans de la lune* asserts this roundly.

After this colloquy I walked out to find Crevey, who is gone to Spain: poor C. Orde, I found, is dead – Graham told me he died at Paia – I never knew it before.



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Came home, wrote journal for two days, and shall now write a letter or two home and to Cullen, perhaps.

Rally told us that there was a report Louis XVIII had quarrelled with Wellington and that shortly after at court the King said “M. le Duc, on dit que vous nous sommes embrouillés” – the Duke was going to speak and to kneel to kiss hands – “Embrassons nous à la française”, said Louis, and embraced him before the whole court.

**Sunday August 4th 1816:** Got off at half past seven with the intention to reach Maestricht the same night. Went two posts and a quarter to Cotenberg, the road very wide and between trees, the country more open and with gentle declivities. From Cotenberg one post to Louvain – the road more up and down – country like England. We met many large carts on our way, with barrells of Louvain beer, of which — says 150,000 tons are brewed yearly. Scarcely see a beggar in the Netherlands, except boys standing on their heads.

Approaching Louvain, see the town through a cut in a hill the iron mountain, and coming near the ruins of old walls, narrowing on declivity. Breakfasted at Louvain – looked about us – the town old and narrow and the houses of a peculiar construction – gable end in front. Went to the town house, a lauded gothic building, very striking however, and looked into it where we saw a few pictures on tapestry and others – nothing particular. Then went to the *ci-devant* college, of which we thought we saw a doctor at first coming into the town. There we saw some putrid apartments, a private collection of paintings, and what they called the academy of painting, models, designs, plasters, etc. This is all that remains of the University of Louvain – the chief part of the building is converted into barracks.

From this place we went into St Peter’s church, which was crowded with worshippers. In the middle of the nave was a figure in a frame of gilt and flowers with a black face black hands and legs. A little boy who conducted us was asked who it was. “Christ Jesus,” he said, “taken out of his tomb on account of ten days’ rain”. I asked him why he was black. “The Jews did it,” he said.

We left the place went to our Inn and set off for Tislemont, 2¼ posts. The road grew more open, and the declivities increased – woods and thickets of the brushwood with corn plains reaching up to them reminded us of England, and the village churches also. It was a fine hot day – the people well dressed, in the smock frock chiefly – shooting with bows and arrows seems a favourite amusement at the ale houses. Coming into Tislemont we saw remains of old walls and fortifications. We turned aside through a miry lane to the post house, where we waited a short time for post horses. Leaving Tislemont we remarked the large market place – beyond the first village we had pointed out to us on the right the line of the plain of Neerwinden, where Dumouriez was beat in 1794. Our postillion had seen the battle – there were marks of balls in the village on the road. Also we saw the clumps of trees above Lander, the birth place of Pepin. I asked for Pepinshoff, which our *Travel in Belgium* tells us is found in this neighbourhood but, our postillions knew nothing of such a place.

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The road grew quite open, no hedges nor trees, and up and down declivities – corn plains and villages with woods like England. We came to St Trouel or Trayen, a small town, 2¼ posts, famous for a procession of pilgrims. At Tislemont I asked if the priests married, as Mr Pacquet Sypherend relates – they told me *one* had married.

At St Trouel we were told we were unable to go to Maestricht, the diligence being stopped by the badness of the roads, so after some ado we took horses for Liège – and went 2¼ posts over very irregular open corn country – not very populous – beggars increase. At St Troeul we entered into the ancient Bishoprick of Liège, quitting Brabant. We changed at a small village and went 2¼ posts to Liège. We were driven by drunken postillion who turned a girl on the road with our carriage, which much incensed even the placid Scrope.

Approaching Liège the roads became black – we met many coal carts – every body seemed half tipsy. We came down upon the town from the top of a hill; coming nearer every body seemed quite tipsy, and we saw a driver of a diligence on foot, reeling about and smacking his whip like a maniac to the great delight even of his fare. We drove through a dirty, loathsome suburb, showed passports to a drunken gate-keeper, and entered a filthy town, in which the effects of beer, bad living, and making pit arms the chief manufacture of the town, were most apparent. We felt a dreadful disgust for the first time, and would willingly have immolated all the 45,000 inhabitants of this city.

We were driven, in alarm for fear of killing drunken women or children, down to the banks of the river Meuse, a majestic torrent, two thirds as big as the Thames at Westminster, but so dry in the summers as to be here fordable. We went to the hotel recommended by Joseph, and were civilly received, but shown into putrid rooms, on the second storey. However, we took up quarters, and having mulct the drunken postboy, walked about the strand of the river, under the bridge, and in face of the ancient Jesuits' college. Remarkd the rock and tower standing in the middle of the river lower down.

Returned, dined at *table d'hôte* supper – three or four there who spoke not – the host civil. At last came in a merchant of France, who when the rest were gone, began – also a young German, Mr Lenz, who was much affected at not having kept an appointment that day with the other, who in vain endeavoured to excuse him. His not visiting “chaude putanes” was the object of his regret. We then talked politics – Napoleon was called “Emperor”, and Lenz said his system of excluding England from the continent had partially succeeded, and could entirely but for Russia – the continent now could do without England. He said England must be ruined if she could not bear peace.

With much other talk and stewerry [ ] [ ] about “chaude putanes” – I went to bed with too much claret.

**Monday August 5th 1816:** Up half past six – fine morning. Off at quarter to eight for the dreaded road to Aix la Chappelle, which we had been told had been so cut up by the cannon of the Crown Prince, &c. We ascended a hill out of Liège – crossed through a ruined wall – turned round to look at the noble view of the town standing

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on the banks of a rapid river, and by green hills of vines, and hops and garden trees, with its large buildings and cannon foundry crowning the hills on the other side.

Went slowly, on a road not so bad at first, it having been mended lately, but getting very holy, and all up and down steep declivities. The country beautiful – pastures, narrow enclosures with hedgerows – like the [ ] bottoms. Met crowds coming to market. Travelled on, a fine day, through the dirty town of Harve, to the post house a little beyond –  $2\frac{3}{4}$  posts ( $\frac{1}{4}$  towards) from Liège. Breakfasted at a post house but cheaply – eggs, ham and veals for three francs and a half. Remark the number of blind and sore eyed swell'd neck'd people in the Liège territory – the iron of the soil the cause.

Set off half past eleven, for Aix la Chappelle – forty sous a horse – three posts. Met many carts, with woollens, we supposed, as well as manufactured goods, from Germany. The country more beautiful every step – the road not quite so bad – steep woody valleys of enclosures, round between hedges, exactly like England. A little beyond half way, came into Prussia – not examined. Passed a copper mine belonging to the King. Soon came upon a wood which reaches all the way from Aix to Spa – walked up a hill – had a view of Aix, with church above. A delightful spot. Drove down into the town, which looked like Bath after Bristol, and against advice of postillions, who told us no Englishman would be let in at the Golden Dragon, went to the *Dragon d'Or*, and were very nicely lodged. Whilst straying about, General Matthew came up to us – told us news about roads, &c. – took us to the hot baths, which are hot and taste of iron. They show Josephine's bath, despoiled by the Cossacks. Davies went to bath – I walked with the General to the town house,<sup>27</sup> having Charlemagne in bronze upon it, in a fountain, and to the church, the tall windows of which, at the angle down the street, are very striking. In the church – a very plain one – saw the slab, with the words *Carlo Magno* only in the body of the church. We did not see the shrine which includes his pictured imperial ornaments.

Went thence to the *redoute*, a very large saloon with attached rooms. Company was playing *rouge et noir* in the saloon – this is their employment after dinner – the town all talk theatre [ ]. The set seemed respectable, and the whole establishment good. Dined at our Dragon – well, with good Rhine wines – fifty-eight had dined at the *table d'hôte* here today. The lady hostess wore feathers – we saw her after in her equipage, a very good one. Matthew came in – gave us a paper of route, and his company for a walk. We walked about the town, and came to the promenade without the gates, where is a pond, etc, pretty enough.

Came home – took coffee – wrote journal. This day I met John Fuller going back to Liège for luggage he had left there. General Matthew says the Crown Prince of Sweden is thought secure against all but England – he has been in Sweden. The Emperor of Russia and Bernadotte are exchanging ribbons and crosses for their respective armies.

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<sup>27</sup>: Not the last time that Davies has a bath, while H. refrains. See below, Aug 23, 1816.

**Tuesday August 6th 1816:** Slept ill – got up a little after four – set off for Juliers<sup>28</sup> half past five in the rains. From this place the *deutschlanders* made us pay forty sous a horse as a reward for not riding on the box: road between hedges as before, but low declivity. Cleared up half way to Juliers, which we entered after going three posts and a quarter. There were throwing up works in continuation of Napoleon's fortifications – a Prussian guard there. It is a small town in the midst of a flat wet country, now, however, covered with corn. We breakfasted at a fat weary landlady's, and set off at half past nine for Berghem, called Benham by Matthew, who thought a steam boat was driven along by steam filling the sail.

The country was more open and flat, the roads not at all paved nor altogether so bad as we had reason to expect. Berghem a small town, two posts and a half. Set off thence to Cologne – road open, but a little up hill half way – ten miles per hour upon the vast plains of corn bordering on the Rhine, and see the churches and towers of the long city of Cologne. Descended the hill, drove along in the true jog trot German style into which we are now fairly initiated, towards *Kölln*.

We entered the gates of Cologne under the black eagle of Prussia. The walls in the old fashion, but here and there repaired. We did not see the Rhine. Drove through miserable streets, or rather lanes, to the post house, all dirty and squalid. Thence went with a boy to the *dom*, or cathedral, where we were no sooner in the magnificent choir of this half-finished church than we were told to join a party of gazers who were in the act of being shown in the sacristy some precious shrines &c., for the host, as well as one of St. Engelbert, vastly rich. Massive silver plate and sword, carried before the ancient electors (bishops) &c. Thence went to the shrine of the three magi, or kings. This we were shown by three of the church, for they will not suffer less to be present at this vastly wealthy and well-worked monument: an immense topaz, very large pearls, diamonds – a head of Minerva patently – lastly, on withdrawing a screen, we saw three skulls crowned with radiant crowns with plots of diamonds – the true relic of the three wise men. The shrine was removed to Frankfurt for security, but the Elector of Hesse Darmstadt seemed to have a wish for it, and it was sent back by order of the french minister. It has been valued at eight millions of francs without the antiques. Without is this inscription: *Sanctum reabunt hic tema majorem – Est nihil illium subtatum alicud locutum*. A flat slab under this cross, the remains of Mary of Medicis – we were next shown a precious picture by a

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<sup>28</sup>: *Juliers* is the French version of *Jülich*. H., who has no German, prefers French names.

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painter of *Kölln*. We then admired the extraordinary unfinished Gothic, which as far as it goes surpasses Kings College – it was begun in 1200 about. One of our fellow spectators was writing a tour, and took down names and dates apparently.

We went away to go to the Ursulines where the 11,000 virgins rest – but one absurdity was enough. We did not go, but set off for Bonn. We did not see the Rhine for some little time, but it burst upon us at last with great splendour, broad as the Thames at Westminster<sup>29</sup> – Scrope said first Windsor. It was a fine evening – the road wove delightfully along the plains on this bank of the Rhine, the seven *gebirge* opposite Bonn before us to the left attracting a volume of black clouds. We should have been entirely pleased, had we not been uneasy at the absence of our cabriolet, which did not come up.

We lost the Rhine a little more than half way – the cabriolet came up just before we finished this three-post stage at the alley of trees before Bonn. We drove through deserted fortifications to a better town and the Imperial Court, where we had our choice of rooms. Went with a boy to the gardens behind the deserted palace of the elector, from a walled terrace of which we looked directly down upon the Rhine and saw the *pont volant* crossing it in eight minutes going over, and you give two sous per passing and re-passing. The river looks most grand – we were told 700 yards across – but the banks are flat and covered with vineyards chiefly on the left bank, and cornfields thickets and villages the other – very delightful. Several English are settled at the ferry house as well as at the inn a league off. On the side coming from the gardens saw the town promenade and had a view of the chateau of Poppelsdorf.<sup>30</sup> Attacked by a visitor to the place, the walks seem extensive.

Came home, supped and dined at near nine – chiefly enjoying our Rhine wine – a splay foot wench our waiter – an English family arrived. Mem: a cabriolet horse here never brings a selletic<sup>31</sup> 4 – you get one with your cabriolet. Wrote to Harriet last night – and sent it off today from and ...

**Wednesday August 7th 1816:** ... set off from Bonn (where, by the way, I saw for the first time folks singing and praying before a stone crucifix without the church, for fair weather), at half past six. The landlord gave us a specimen of German

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<sup>29</sup>: H.'s chauvinism gets the better of his judgement. The Rhine at Bonn is much broader than the Thames at Westminster. See later in this entry.

<sup>30</sup>: Poppelsdorf is a rare example of an eighteenth-century Rhine castle.

<sup>31</sup>: The word relates to the French *selle*, meaning saddle.

manners by desiring me never to come to his inn again because I objected to an exorbitant charge.

A fine morning – went in the delightful road along the Rhine – in two or three miles passed the little isolated mountain with a ruin upon it (Gotenberg) under which is an inn – an establishment much resorted to by the English, as being opposite nearly to the seven mountains, a picturesque chain, on the highest of which is a ruined tower.<sup>32</sup> We got on an excellent road between vineyards, sometimes having the Rhine close to us, sometimes at vineyards, or cornfields between us. Passed an island – Donnarzt<sup>33</sup> – on the which is a large convent, deserted once, but where five nuns are now returned – an inviting spot indeed.

Came to the small town of Remagen, two posts and a half from Bonn, and got a good breakfast, although overtaken by John Fuller and party. We observed that the other side of the Rhine is more spotted with villages and single houses than this, on which are beautiful declivities interspersed by dells of small meadows – the slopes covered with vineyards. Here we found that the postillion was contented with thirty sous a post, and his horse with thirty-five.

After breakfast, left our landlady at the posthouse, who gave us breakfast for fifty sous – went on towards Andernach – three posts. This is admirable beyond all description – the banks on both sides become mountains – but the river is not less wide – towns, villages, vineyards, woods pass before us in quick succession, on each side washed by a mighty stream: the road quite flat. We saw Reineck, a castle perched on a hill on our right, inhabited even now. We passed through one or two walled towns in half ruins and saw in the midst of the Rhine large islands, the banks chiefly vineyards, on which we saw as yet no fruit. Andernach seemed to half shut up the river – passed through its old walls and gateway, the work, it is said, of the Austrian kings, and found it but a very small town. Whilst horses were changing went to look in the parish church for the tomb of the Emperor Valentinian, of which we were told the last vestiges had lately been lost – or taken away, or pumelled down – I could not exactly make out which. On the road we had seen an inscription stating that Theodore Wenceslas had repaired the work of the Romans. The road runs in many places close upon the water edge, on a precipice not very high, but high enough to break neck and bones. I was sometimes reminded of the Menai straits,<sup>34</sup> with the exception of the vines, and the immediate vicinity of the hills. The ruined castles look like part of the crags – they contrast wonderfully with the high cultivation below.

From Andernach set off for Coblenz. This stage we were not so close to the Rhine and the banks were not so high – they were however not less picturesque. Nearly opposite to the large town of Neuwied on the other side we saw the pyramid,

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<sup>32</sup>: This is Drachenfels, best viewed from the south (upstream) and apostrophised by B. at CHP III between Stanzas 55 and 56 and n, a passage addressed to Augusta.

<sup>33</sup>: The island is now called Nonnenwerth.

<sup>34</sup>: In North Wales. Now overlooked by a statue of the Marquess of Anglesey, who had been rendered one-legged at Waterloo.

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a little above a village on the road, erected to the memory of General Hoche,<sup>35</sup> killed as I understand in the battle of Neuwied. We ran up to see if the Prussians had destroyed the inscription and found in large letters – *L'Armée de Sambre et Meuse a leur general en chef Hoche*.

Here Fuller passed us, and made us forget the beauties around us in our loss of the race for beds. However, we recovered by degrees, and saw near Coblenz another tomb, of General Marceau,<sup>36</sup> which we did not run up to. Saw the towers of ruined Ehrenbreitstein<sup>37</sup> at a narrow pass, and shortly those of Coblenz. Passed the gate, where the passport was examined, for an Inn, the Imperial Court, which we found did not exist, and saw Messrs Fuller squabbling at the posthouse, where they were told there was no inn in the town. Got, however, all of us into the *Cour de Treves*, of which Coblenz was once the capital, in an open place, the bottom of which is composed of walks under trees. The *Gasthouse zum Trieschen Hoff* is very good indeed. Joseph rather jockeyed for our rooms. S.B.D. and I walked down to the river's edge and went over in the flying bridge, an inimitable contrivance, to the other side. In crossing, the views of the woody contacting banks of the river are most lovely.

Paid a sous each for ourselves and a bear-leader, a boy – scaled the hill after climbing amongst vast masses of ruins. Came to the top of the fortress Ehrenbreitstein, which completely commanded the town, and which was blown up by the French fourteen years ago – a cross with an iron top is planted on the highest spot. The Prussians are fortifying the lower range of the hill and are said to intend to fortify the whole again, if they can.<sup>38</sup> The destruction is most complete – whilst we were looking at the noble view,<sup>39</sup> as far as Andernach, one way, and very far the other, with the Rhine and Moselle joining as in a map, with Coblenz and its gardens and ruined Elector's palace (now barracks) beneath us. A Prussian soldier asked us for our passports, and was satisfied. I told him I had seen Blücher in London – he was unmoved. There is a ruined range of cottages amidst the ruins now tenanted by soldiers.

We saw today, and were stopped by, three long artillery trains, in all 24 pieces of cannon, removing from the French fortresses – *Garde Imperiale* was written on some cannons. A German officer in plain clothes on the bridge told us they were to

<sup>35</sup>: Lazare Hoche (1768-97) French general killed, perhaps poisoned, before or during the battle of Neuwied. See DJ I 3, 5. Subject of one of James Gillray's most brilliant engravings – *The Apotheosis of Hoche*. B. to H., May 16th: "We have seen all the sights – churches & so forth – & at Coblenz crossed the Rhine – and scrambled up the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein now a ruin – we also saw on the road the sepulchres – & monuments of Generals Marceau & Hoche & went up to examine them – they are simple & striking – but now much neglected if not to say defaced by the changes of times & this cursed after-crop of rectilignes & legitimacy" (BLJ V 77).

<sup>36</sup>: François Séverin Desgraviens Marceau (1769-96) French general. At CHP III Stanzas 56-7 and in a long note appended, B. celebrates his memorial and life. See also DJ I 3, 5.

<sup>37</sup>: B. celebrates the castle of Ehrenbreitstein at CHP III Stanza 58 & n.

<sup>38</sup>: The Prussians rebuilt Ehrenbreitstein at a cost of 25,000,000 golden guilders.

<sup>39</sup>: In his note to CHP III Stanza 58 B. claims he slept at Ehrenbreitstein and was shown the window where Marceau was shot.

be brought back again to the French towns. The same would not believe we were less likely to have war here, and far less commotion in England, now that we can sell our goods on the continent!!!

We descended the hill – came just too late for the bridge – Davies said this was emblematical of his life – but whether it was or not we took a boat for a franc and crossed to Coblenz. Dined with the three of Fuller’s party, well, on Rhine and Moselle wine at one franc eleven sous a bottle after dinner.

Later walked about down the promenade – heard a concert out of the windows next door. There are four generals, Müffling<sup>40</sup> being one, in the town, and one regiment of Prussians – it is a head quarters. The road today was chiefly lined on each side by apple pear or cherry trees – the last fruit is sold in great quantities and grows in this country.

**Thursday August 8th 1816:** Called at half past four. Up and off at six for Boppard,<sup>41</sup> two posts and a half – the mists were rising up the mountains and showed us the scenery in a different shade from what we had before seen it. The road was very good near the river generally, and always giving us prospects of it through the gardens of fruit trees – the hills opposite and on our side seemed more steep and picturesque – an island covered with the ruins of an old castle and palace<sup>42</sup> at the mouth of the river Lahn struck us much. Beyond this at a little distance the Rhine took a turn to the right, just opposite to an old castle on a peaked hill called Marksburgh, with a village at the foot of it belonging to the Elector of Hesse-Cassel. Driving down through rows of tree to this point, it seemed as if we were going in to the water, for the turn is abrupt and the country afterward is much changed – there is no sign of habitations. The banks are more high and wild. On the left side vineyards run up to the very tops of the rocks, on the other corn and brushwood are mixed with the vines – the road runs a little above the water. I was reminded of some of my rides in Grecian days, though there is nothing like the Rhine – a long reach gave us no sign of life – not even a cottage nor a traveller: this made me think of Pindus, or the valleys of Tomerit.<sup>43</sup>

Boppard seemed to shut up the end of this reach as we turned a little round and came in sight of this town close to the edge of the water. We breakfasted there very well indeed – cherries, ham, etc. The lad who waited on us told us there were 3,000 souls in the town, chiefly occupied in working cottons. Whilst at breakfast a courier of Prince Esterhazy ordered many pairs of horses, but did not stop us at Boppard. We went on – on the other side were two ruins on two peaks called *brüder schafis* and inhabited formerly, so says postillion report, by two brothers.<sup>44</sup> Passing a village

<sup>40</sup>: Baron Müffling, Prussian general, had been military governor of Paris after the Hundred Days in the previous year.

<sup>41</sup>: “Poppard” (Ms.)

<sup>42</sup>: The Burg Lahneck.

<sup>43</sup>: For the lake Pindus, see CHP II Stanza 47; for Mount Tomerit, see CHP II Stanza 55; B. and H. are both thinking in the same way.

<sup>44</sup>: B. refers to these two castles in his note to Stanza 1 of *The Castled Crag of Drachenfels* in CHP III.



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a little farther we thought the banks a little less grand – the summits of the hills were more flat and on the same level, but the river the vineyards and above all the fine weather were still the same.

We changed horse with an English party at this village. We travelled over – saw a ruined castle opposite to us called La Souri<sup>45</sup> – and below a monastery niched between hills, evacuated by the French. We came to the post town St. Goar, opposite to which on a peak saw the ruined castle Le Chat,<sup>46</sup> and just above St. Goar, the castle of Rheinfeld of some extent. St. Goar, like the towns situated at the edge of the steep banks of the river, has remains of fortifications around it. You can enter through a ruined gate way half propped by falling walls. Here we were detained by Prince Esterhazy<sup>47</sup> and by Lord Hardwicke,<sup>48</sup> whom we found at the posthouse inn, and who discussed the comparative cheapness of inns with Scrope, whom he did not know. He showed us some notes of Lord Jersey's,<sup>49</sup> in which the arithmetic of the tour was the most prominent article. We tried to get peasants' horses, and secured them, but the postmaster preferred giving us horses in an hour, to letting any one share his profits.

We walked on – the day was delightful. The river was equally wild, the banks precipitous, woody and viney, but perhaps somewhat less high. We saw some solitary boats of salmon-fishers and, wanting one, bought a three pound and a half fish at two francs a pound – lounged on. Esterhazy passed us and his two other carriages. We were overtaken by our carriages at a village where we were looking at some washerwomen: this village is called Wesel,<sup>50</sup> with ruined fortifications, and crowned by an old schloss or castle called Horf.<sup>51</sup> Here is a fine reach of the river, whose banks are not peopled here as above Coblenz, but look like a stream worthy of a voyage of discovery. The road is generally good except through the villages. We arrived at Baccharach, one post and three quarters from the last relay. Burnett in his travels says this is *Bacchi ara*, an altar of the Romans to Bacchus,<sup>52</sup> the town now very narrow and mean like all the second sort on the Rhine. We went on with the same horses, a little after the Prince, for Bingen, one post and three quarters.

From Baccharach the hills recede and are less high – the river is less wider but still wide – vineyards on each side to the top of the hills – and on ours, apple, pear, walnut, and cherry groves. Every inch of land and even crumbled rock cultivated, as

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<sup>45</sup>: The Burg Maus.

<sup>46</sup>: The Burg Katz.

<sup>47</sup>: Austro-Hungarian; otherwise unidentified.

<sup>48</sup>: English; otherwise unidentified.

<sup>49</sup>: Husband of B.'s friend, the Whig hostess Lady Jersey.

<sup>50</sup>: Oberwesel.

<sup>51</sup>: Neither H. in his diary, nor B. in CHP III, refer to the Lorelei rock and its legend, which H. has just passed on the other bank. Their immortaliser, Heine, has not yet written his poem on the subject.

<sup>52</sup>: *From Mentz all along to Baccharach (which seems to carry its Name [Bacchi Ara] from some famous Altar that the Romans probably erected, by reason of the good Wine that grows in the neighbourhood) – Bishop Burnett, Travels through France, Italy, Germany and Switzerland, London edition 1750, p. 279.*

Burnett says was the case in his time.<sup>53</sup> Under the ruined castle of Fürstenburgh, we passed a village – Rheindiebach – where we bought more than a quart of excellent wine of 1811, for fifteen sous, and were told that if it should be a good harvest this year we might have the same quantity for six sous. We stayed to change horses with the diligence – I walked on. Observed Fürstenberg, or some such named castle, the last on this side. A man breaking stones was explaining the story, whatever it was, to two travellers on foot. Opposite Baccharach is a strange building in the middle of the stream.<sup>54</sup> I thought it was the *rats'* tower – but it was not: that tower, in which an elector was eaten up by rats who pursued him thither is opposite Bingen,<sup>55</sup> and has preserved the story told by Burnett 140 years ago.<sup>56</sup> Bingen is one post and three quarters – before we got to it we saw it some time and were obliged to wind round to the bridge over the river Nau, or some name,<sup>57</sup> which divides Lord Castlereagh's Prussian from the Elector of Hesse Darmstadt's dominions; we had no passports to show. At Bingen end the mountainous parts of the Rhine – the view up them from the town is delightful – the opposite bank all vineyards. We also had little else on our side – waited a long time for peasants' horses opposite to an apothecary's. The town seems rather larger and better than those from Coblenz. Walked on, and on, and on, some way – the banks now flat on our side, and the road very good indeed – it is called *La Route Napoleon* in Reichard.<sup>58</sup> Played at Trundling Stones<sup>59</sup> – I lost nine pence. At last in an hour and a half – half past six – the carriages overtook us, and in we got. Went up the first considerable hill since Bonn and Cologne, leaving the Rhine some way to the left, wider and studded with islands.

At the small town of Under— we [ ] horses with accustomed travel.<sup>60</sup> This was called “half way”. The Rhine not in sight. We went on up and down gentle declivities on an excellent road – the evening came on, the moon rose. We thought

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<sup>53</sup>: ... *the Ground in those Hills, which are in some Places of a considerable Height, is so cultivated, that there is not an Inch lost that is capable of Improvement; and this bringeth so much Wealth into the Country, that all along there is a great Number of considerable Villages* – Burnett, op.cit., p. 280.

<sup>54</sup>: This is the ship-shaped castle called Die Pfalz.

<sup>55</sup>: The Mauseturm: Southey's poem *God's Judgement on a Wicked Bishop*, in *Ballads and Metrical Tales* (1799) seems unknown to H.. Southey names the villain as Archbishop Hatto of Mentz.

<sup>56</sup>: *Here the Rats-Tower is shewed, and the People of the Country do all firmly believe the Story of the Rats eating up an Elector; and that though he fled to this Island, where he built a small high Tower, they pursued him still, and swimm'd after him, and eat him up: And they told us, they were some of his bones to be seen still in the Tower* – Burnett, op.cit., p. 279. Burnett, himself a bishop, restyles the villain, whose crime, according to Southey's version, was to lock many starving people in a barn and burn them to death.

<sup>57</sup>: The Nahe.

<sup>58</sup>: H.'s guidebook is Reichard's *Guide des Voyageurs en Europe* (numerous editions: I cannot work out which one he is using).

<sup>59</sup>: Schoolboy game unidentified.

<sup>60</sup>: The text is difficult here, and there is no town or village with the prefix *Under*, or *Unter*, on this stretch of the river.

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we should never get to Mayence.<sup>61</sup> Our “half way” was equal to the whole three posts – at last we passed between palisades over a drawbridge, saw the sentry pacing the ramparts above us, gave in passports at an Austrian picquet, and drove into the place, after going some way from the first outposts towards *Weissen Ross*, to which White Horse we were recommended by Poisson and the man at the gate, in preference to the Three Crowns.<sup>62</sup> Drove through narrow streets and landed at the White Horse. Surprised at the difficulties made and the bargains to be made for bad rooms – stinking of paint, one – ten francs per night a price, of which mine host was honest enough to forewarn us of, because, as we saw by his surprise, he never thought we should object to it. We agreed for a room at six and three – Davies won the former with the usual heads or tails. We went to this pot house chiefly that we might have our salmon dressed, which it was with butter and oil and S.B.D.’s anchovy sauce, and we dined off it with two bottles of decent Rhine Wine. Our host did us the honour to sit down near the table and begin the tale of his distresses, past and present: in the siege of 1814, 19,000 French had died and 9,000 of the town – in Napoleon’s time coffee was four livres a pound – then every body drank it, now it was thirty sous and nobody drank it – nankeens had sunk from nine francs to four the piece. 1,200 Bavarians, Prussians, and Austrians were in the town, at free quarters – he had two officers whom he found in lodging and boarding – he paid 360 francs a year contribution – he preferred the French – Mayence had always been miserable – it had, however, 33,000 inhabitants. Went to bed – slept well from twelve to half past seven – the longest night I have had for some time.

**Friday August 9th 1816:** Got up at eight; breakfasted; walked to Ackerman bankers hard by, about money for Scrope – he advised us to continue with Napoleons. Took guide, without hat or head, to the cathedral; saw marks of restoration ruins; they were starting a choir. The church had been a magazine for three years. In the market place were ruins of houses knocked down in 1794. Went to a windmill a little above the town and looked round; saw Hocheim the Main on the right and Wiesbaden to the left, where I had left it three years ago. The red village at the point of juncture of the Main and Rhine has been twice burnt in two years to the ground. Johannes’<sup>63</sup> long vineyard we could not see – it is opposite nearly to Bingen, as far as I could make out. Kellerman<sup>64</sup> had it given to him by Napoleon – he sold the grapes one year for 4,000 Louis. The merchant who bought it made 12,000 of it – it was seized by the allies and given, not to the old owner, but to Metternich.

Set off at ten o’clock. Fine day, with mackerel sky however – passing through the gate towards Oppenheim guarded by Prussians, observed marks of balls in the bastion walls. Went along a most noble road, the latter part of the way at the water’s edge, with gentle declivities of vineyards to our right and flats to the left. The Rhine like an arm of the sea – the other bank quite flat with mountains in the distance.

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<sup>61</sup>: Mainz.

<sup>62</sup>: *Les Trois Couronnes* is recommended by Reichard.

<sup>63</sup>: Johannes is an acquaintance from his tour, unidentified.

<sup>64</sup>: François Etienne Kellerman (1770-1835) French general, famous for his rapacity; co-signatory with Wellington of the Convention of Cintra.

## Rhine Journey, July 29th-August 25th 1816

Signs of overflowing. Changed at Oppenheim – small town, two posts and a quarter – paid for horses quickly. Off for Worms – three posts. The road pretty bad, through rows of walnut apple and pear trees. Then, coming to a village, went across the Rhine, which had burst over its banks, up to the tops of our wheels. Thence the road very excellent, close by the Rhine until near Worms, which is on a rising ground. Dreadful inundations everywhere.

Saw signs of old walls entering Worms, which is a very decent town, said to contain 5,000 inhabitants. From the post house we went in search of the *salle* in which Luther made his profession of faith, and of the picture mentioned by Burnet, in which Christ is thrown into the hopper of a mill and comes out wafers. We went by mistake into the cathedral or *dom*, a pretty church and neat, but with nothing curious. A young gentleman took us thence to his father's garden and *bellevue*, situated on the side of a chateau, burnt down by the revolutionary French because the Comte d'Artois<sup>65</sup> had resided there. Thence he showed us a view of the flat tract of vine country, and the great tree where Luther is said to have declared that "if there were as many devils in Worms as there were tiles on the houses he would make his declaration". Reichard mentions that some celebrated vineyards are between Oppenheim and Worms – our gentleman said they were beyond towards Mount Tonere, which we saw from his *bellevue*.

We found the *salle* in which Luther made his profession does not exist; but we were shown, "by a figure fit for Hogarth" as Davies said, the Lutheran church, which has a picture over the altar pictures in all the pannels of the gallery, and one large painting representing "Doctor Luther," as our old guide called him, speaking to the diet before Charles V answering "Doctor Heck," with the Elector of Treves behind him. Davies said the Doctor's face was exactly like a picture in the [ ] [ ] this year – the picture and church are 118 years old – built and finished by a prince and painter of Darmstadt. The Lutherans are the most numerous in the town; next come the Catholics, and next the Reformed. A franc made our old fellow very civil, and Scrope said he thought he saw a difference in the Lutherans toward us.

We took hock, bread and cherries, and set off for Mannheim – it rained over Mount Tonere and then a little over us. Went on a perfect Newmarket road to Aggerheim, a small neat town two posts from Worms. A village on the way with a flag hung out announced our entry into the King of Bavaria's<sup>66</sup> dominions. We had imperceptibly left those of Hesse Darmstadt, which had been made over about four weeks ago to that Prince, being before under a provisional government, so our garden friend told us.

We had some time seen the sun playing after the rain on some fine buildings to the left – this, we were told by the postillion, was Mannheim, so that we seemed beating to windward of it. Thence Mannheim appeared – some fine hilly scenery tinged with the rainbow of a partial evening. We had a liveried Bavarian postboy,

<sup>65</sup>: The Comte d'Artois was Louis XVI's younger brother; subsequently Charles X.

<sup>66</sup>: The King of Bavaria was Maximilian Joseph of Zweibrücken, who had succeeded Karl Theodor, Elector Palatine, in 1799. He assumed the title of King Maximilian I in 1805. Bavaria had supported France from 1800 to 1813.

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and whipped on a noble road towards Mannheim – one post, as is said.<sup>67</sup> The Rhine overflowed both sides, drowning gardens and cornfields – a dead flat. Did not see the river approaching the town – just as we came to the bridge of boats, we nearly upset, which made us go slowly over our trembling causeway. We paid toll – one guilder and twelve kreutzers – but the guard did not ask us for passports. Drove into this pretty regular town in the rain. It is not fortified.

Came to a square – could not get lodged at the Three Kings so went to the Golden Sheep, where we were decently lodged and more civilly treated by a purse-proud landlord. Boggled a little whether we should wait for the *table d'hôte* at nine, and at last got served in the public room, rather slovenly but well, by mine host, who spat with bad English and comically little French. He gave us to understand that we are in the territory now of the Duke of Baden,<sup>68</sup> who was not loved, nor loved them – that the old master, the King of Bavaria, was much regretted, and it was hoped when things were settled that they should have him again. Thus the Congress seems always to have contrived to make a false assessment. It is possible nobody cares for the King of Bavaria across the river, therefore they put him there: here, where he is liked, they displace him. The chief policy seems to be the non-consultation of popular feelings anywhere.

We gobbled up our dinner in time enough to take the warning of the hostess, who gave a signal to her husband to attend the table awhile by sitting down herself at top. We withdrew. I wrote yesterday's and today's journal. N.B.: Worms pays in contribution, 100,000 francs per annum.

**Saturday August 10th 1816:** Up eight; rained hard. Breakfasted at our Golden Sheep – went out to Mr Rheinart (banker), and got there for Davies £40 in silver of the country – eleven guilders, thirty kreutzers to the pound sterling. Looked about this pretty, straight-built, right-angled town. Took a *lacquy de place* and went to the palace of the Grand Duke of Baden, who married, our guide told us, a French Princess – meaning Stephanie de Beauharnais, the relation of Napoleon's first wife.<sup>69</sup> I find that Napoleon gave Mannheim, and the country up to Freyburg, to the present Grand Duke, and that it is to be expected the King of Bavaria, having lost the Tyrol, will again have Mannheim. Charles Theodore Elector Palatine, who died in 1798 or 9, is the man here recollected, or at least commemorated, with the greatest reverence.

In the palace we saw the picture gallery – containing 326 pictures and an immense collection of engravings – above 80,000 – the pictures have the names of the artists under them – they are exceedingly valuable. The Teniers reckoned the best, our conductor said, in the world,<sup>70</sup> is there. It was bought for 14,000 florins, and 3,600 francs are being offered for it. A Hamilton – game &c., out 10,000 florins

<sup>67</sup>: B. to H., May 16th: "At Manheim we crossed the Rhine & keep on this side to avoid the French segment of Territory at Strasburg – as we have no French passports – & no desire to view a degraded county – & oppressed people" (BLJ V 77).

<sup>68</sup>: The Grand Duke Karl Friedrich of Baden died in 1811, having reigned since 1738. He was succeeded by his grandson Karl. Baden had also supported France, from 1806 until Leipzig.

<sup>69</sup>: The Grand Duke Karl was the husband of Josephine's daughter Stephanie de Beauharnais.

[?]. I was delighted with the collection. It is observable that in all his pictures here Teniers introduces a man urinating. Went from the gallery to the antiques – altars and reliefs, all Roman, and found chiefly on the banks of the Rhine: little brass plates designating the title and place of discovery on each, very comfortably for the spectator. Went to the cabinet of natural history, which is vastly inferior to Bullock's museum. We could not get into the vast derelict palace of the Grand Duke until after dinner, so we did not see the apartments. We went to Fontaine the bookseller, who seemed to have a very neat library establishment, and one of whose young men civilly recommended to us two books for travelling, and also did his best to explain for us the cursed money of the country.

The banker gave us pieces of ten kreutzers which pass for twelve, and of twenty, which pass for twenty-four. Also of one guilder and twenty-one kreutzers, the kreutzer being the sixtieth part of the guilder or florin.

We learnt from the bookseller that the posting in Baden is at the rate of one florin and thirty kreutzers per horse per station of four leagues, but that the postmaster sometimes has a right to charge for bad roads. The postillion, he told me, he gave 72 kreutzers per post or station – but this I have not found to be the general rule.

We dined alone at the *table d'hôte* and at about half-past two, left Mannheim. This is a charming town – the Italian opera house was burnt down by the French in the bombardment of the city in 1796, but there is a German playhouse. Our host shook our hands at parting – he had been in England. She whom we took for his wife was a stranger. We found that out at the Three Kings they had plenty of room, but would not let us in, we being English. They say the English always make so much fuss about payment!!! This is to come to a pretty pass. John Ward told me that the Italians divide the Englishmen into “I milordi ricchi” and “I milordi che non hanno niente”. We went along a fine road – three-quarters of a station to Schweitzsingen, the latter part of the way between majestic poplars. At this place we saw the show Kammer house – garden in the English fashion – nursery – temples of Apollo – Mercury &c., vistas – baths – Turkish mosque – artificial view – in stucco basins, jets d'eau &c, of the Grand Duke, who resides there three months in spring, and has plays acted in the open air under the temple of Apollo. This is reckoned a *chef d'œuvre* and I find by our new guide bought today that whole books have been written about it. It is a pretty thing, and extensive, covering 186 acres, but was too much praised before hand for us.

We left Schweitzsingen for Heidelberg, three-quarters of a station, on a noble road between trees of fruit going straight to the mountains, and having Heidelberg generally in view in its niche. The range of woody hills extending from each side of the town is very picturesque. We approached through gardens and orchards and vineyards as it were at the foot of the hills, and turned into the gate of Heidelberg. The streets seemed neat, and the houses also. We saw young men with big bushy hair and no cravats, with shakoos, chiefly, short coats and pantaloons, as if in

<sup>70</sup>: David Teniers the Younger (1610-90) Flemish painter. See *Don Juan* XIII 72, 5-8: “But lo! a Teniers woos, and not in vain, / Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight; / His bell-mouthed goblet makes me feel quite Danish / Or Dutch with thirst – What ho! a flask of Rhenish!”

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uniform, belonging to this university, which has not 600 students and 25 professors, but had 1,000 students before the war of 1813, when the young men went into the militia of their respective countries to fight the French.

We walked about after the rain (for rain it did at that time) with a German soldier/sailor, who had fought and been wounded at the battle of Hohenlinden.<sup>71</sup> Our guide showed us the superb ruins of the castle of the Electors Palatine, which was taken by the French in 1696 about and partially blown up. The ruins are quite affecting. There is one side of a room or saloon, with statues of knights in niches. There are marks of balls in the portal tower of the church, which is on a gigantic scale: an enormous mass of one tower towards the hill is lying a little before the fragment which stands. The depth of the ditch, which is now cultivated and filled up with pine trees, is considerable, and the height on which the castle stands commands a view of the whole country beyond the Rhine, as well as some little way up the valley of the Neckar, at the mouth of which Heidelberg stands, squeezed up by the hills on both sides. These hills are crowned with woods and are very picturesque – they command the castle completely from both sides, but our guide told us that Louis XIV bribed the governor to let his castle be taken, or it would have been impregnable. The castle was repaired by the Prince Palatine Frederick in 1551, as an inscription on the wall records. The gardens still are kept in repair – they are built on arches on a line with the first battlements of the castle, and what with the ruined monument in front and the noble country in the distance are most delightful. One house in them is opened for concerts on Sundays.

We left the castle, and descended through the town to the bridge over the Neckar, which is here of considerable breadth, although flowing between precipitous banks. We saw the house a little way up the valley on our right belonging to an Englishman, Mr Picard, in which the Emperor Alexander lived during part of his stay at Heidelberg in 1814. The town gate of the bridge shows many marks of the balls fired during the storm of the town by the French in 1796, when, after having eight hundred men killed on the bridge by two-pounders placed at the gate way by 500 Austrians, they took the place. There is a statue of the favourite Charles Theodore, *patri palatinum* – on the bridge. Saw the outside of the church of the Holy Ghost, in which many of the Electors Palatine are buried, and which is divided between Reformed and Catholics – there are two doors, nearly side by side for the entrance of the respective congregations. Shown also was a Jews' school.

Highly pleased with Heidelberg, but not so much with its town, which is in the castle, and the ribs of which do, as Burnet says, look like those of a wall. It has not been full for forty years. The hill opposite to the town is planted half up with vines, which in 1811 gave as good a wine as Rhine Wine – which is a name, we observe, not given to any wine we have seen on the tables since Mayence.

At the castle we saw a party of German travellers – chiefly ladies, a young one of whom was taking notes. I have several times seen parties of curious natives travelling, which I did not expect to find. The people of this country appear of a better blood than those higher up the Rhine – but their two dinners, at one and nine,

<sup>71</sup>: Battle of 3 Dec, 1800, in which the French under Moreau defeated the Austrians.

depress their souls – we were not half ourselves today for having dined at one. We were well off at The Court of Baden and sat down at nine to a respectable little *table d'hôte*. The company was chiefly young men, who had their own conversation to themselves – perhaps they were of the University – one looked English. The last remove was a joint of veal and pickled salmon,

A *Travel in Belgium* says that at Aix-la-Chapelle or Spa you can tell the natives of different countries by their breakfasts – “An Englishman” he observes, “calls for sprats and smoked meats with champagne or burgundy”!!! Thus people write, so I shall say no more of my friends the Germans, lest what seems a rule should be only an accident. The watchman is blowing his cow’s horn. I shall go to bed.

**Sunday August 11th 1816:** Breakfasted. Set off at eight for Wiesloch – one station – which ought to be four leagues but is only three. The morning suspicious: mists etc. Went on a good road, a little damaged by the rains, under the range of hills which runs turns the valley of the Nekar. Breakfasted at the Three Kings. The post boys were not contented with a guilders a post each, but the post master tells me that sum was enough, the regular pay being forty-eight kreutzers a post. Went from Wiesloch, 1¼ station, to Bruchsal, the road still on the acclivities of small woody hills, with a plain of corn and marshes to the right, bounded by a long range of wood. Saw many storks. The peasants (male) in cocked hats. At Bruchsal did not go to see the view of the Rhine from the ruins of the castle, nor saw the ruins, but paid, as usual, *post gelt* and went on towards Carlsruhe one way.

I thought we had gone into the hills instead of continuing at the foot of them, and was much struck by finding we were going to a place not marked in my map. At last I asked the postillion if he knew we were going to Carlsruhe – which [ ] [ ] in “*Sacrament Yesus!*” and a long quarrell – he was going to Bretten, according to the postmaster’s orders. We made two turns before we could determine to go on to Bretten, to which the post boy thought himself bound to carry us against our will. A whiskered man begged to explain reason. He said we were equal as to time, Bretten being the same distance from Carlsruhe as Bruchsal, but that we should have to pay instead of the postmaster if we went on to Bretten.

However, on we went, and came to a village near which we saw the road to Carlsruhe. Here we changed horses for peasants’ horses and amidst the assembled villagers set off to go backwards – to Carlsruhe one station and a quarter. The road was tolerable, the country woody acclivities with corn fields now and then a hop ground – but no vineyards. Strips of wood stretched down to the road, under the trees children were dancing – the country looked like the best parts of England. Passed Durlach, on which we came from a height, and had a fine view of the town and towers, embosomed, as it were, at the foot of the hills. Our passports were examined both going in and out of the town; the soldiers could make nothing of our being neither soldiers nor merchants, in spite of Joseph giving us out as *Hershafft* and *Adeliter*.

We did not see the Roman antiquities of Durlach, the mile stones &c, but went on through the straight avenue of immense poplars to Carlsruhe. On the road we overtook and met many parties, decently dressed – the blood looked better than



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before in the northern part of the Rhine. Coming into the gate of Carlsruhe, gave our names again. I was struck with the Baden troops which looked like the Russians – tall with immense feathers. Our *Bauern* drove us to the Court of Darmstadt, where we were very well lodged – I got the best room for the first time. The people civil, but bad Frenchmen. We had a man to show us about. Went to the palace, which is, as to its exterior, admirably disposed. The town is so regularly built that all of its twenty-three streets seems to belong to the palace, as they look upon it, and have the palace for their centre. The palace itself is an arc of a circle, but the houses that enclose the large space of ground in the middle belonging to the ministers of the Duchy are in [ ] green [ ] of the palace. The space is now planted with transplanted trees. We entered the gates between the grenadiers of the body guard, of which there are 1,500 in the town.

Went to the palace, and were shown about by a man in a red coat, boots and pantaloons. The rooms have nothing particular, but the shower chiefly pointed out the dining room, in which “the Cæsar Napoleon” dined three times; also the room in which his bed was placed, which, by the way, was where the Duke’s throne now is, and most probably shut it out, besides his chapel. We were told that each time the “Cæsar” came to Carlsruhe, which was three, he cost the place 40,000 florins in rejoicing – the last time was in 1809, when his army lay a league from the town in its way to fight Austria – so said our guide, or so I understood him.

We went up the tower of the chateau and saw the surrounding country – the vista through the Hartwald at the back of the palace was striking. From the tower we saw the two little girls of Stephanie’s<sup>72</sup> playing in a room – the prince’s room, we were told, was in the other wing. The Duke was at Gribach taking the waters, the duchess at La Favourite. On the outside ledge of the window, indeed, we saw written or cut out by the Empress of Russia in her own hand:

*Elisabeth. 16. June –  
P.K. 1814 –*

Descending, we looked at Stephanie’s picture, brought from Paris.

Leaving the palace we walked a little about the town to the Corinthian front of the new Lutheran church – and then came home, very much pleased with Carlsruhe. Dined very decently, though we found the wine list had been altered for our sakes. Scrope in tremors about wet sheets.

**Monday August 12th 1816:**<sup>73</sup> Up at seven. Went to the picture gallery, badly arranged in small rooms – nothing particular. Did not go to the new Lutheran church which has [ ] Corinthian columns, but came home and breakfasted. Off at a little after ten. Went half a station towards the range of woody hills to Ettlingen, a small town where Napoleon’s troops lay when he came to Carlsruhe. Each of Napoleon’s three visits to Carlsruhe cost the place 40,000 guilders. Went on one post under the

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<sup>72</sup>: Children of Karl, Elector of Baden, and of Stephanie de Beauharnais.

<sup>73</sup>: H. writes a letter to B. on this date: BB 230.

same hills, with the plain of the Rhine bounded by the chain of Mt Tonnerre mountains to the right.

Came to Rastatt, a miserable little town, where, however, we saw the very extensive palace built by Sybilla Augusta, Margravine of Baden, containing long vistas of apartments with old pictures Gobelin tapestry, and a Cabinet of trophies taken from the Turks by Prince Louis of Baden. A wen-necked fellow, who was our *licerne*, showed us the bed in which Bonaparte, "General of the French," had slept nine nights after signing the preliminaries of the treaty of Campo Formio. He called him "the French general". The bed has four posts and red curtains. No one lives in the palace.

Returning to the inn, we saw the officers of a Baden regiment dancing with the girls of the house, to a very decent band of one man and three women. Took a bottle of hock in the pot house room, and went on 1¼ posts to Bühl, a small town. We observed that the women were prettier, the peasants better dressed, the post better regulated, with yellow and red postillions, in this part of Germany than the other side of the Rhine. The country the same, woody acclivities on the left and corn plain closed with a line of wood or mountains on the right.

From Bühl went to Achern,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a station, and near the walls of the village of Saasbach were shown up a country road by a little girl to the elevated spot of ground where Turenne<sup>74</sup> was killed. There is a green mound surrounded or rather shaded by a few weeping willows, in the middle of which is the unfinished acute angled pyramidal monument begun by Moreau but never finished. Beneath a little is the stone bearing the three inscriptions in French, German and Latin – "Ici fut tué Turenne – 27 Juillet 1675". Close by is a neat house kept by a Frenchman from Brittany, who showed us the position of the Austrian batteries near four solitary trees on a rising ground above the valley and rivulet which separated the Imperial and French troops, which battery firing a volley is said to have killed Turenne, The Heidelberg chain of mountains was close upon the left of the Austrian line and the right of the French. It seems singular to an ignorant man that Turenne should have talked of his victory as certain – he was fewer in number, and his position does not seem to have been better than that of Montecucculi.<sup>75</sup> The Frenchman showed us the ball which the mayor of Saasbach had preserved as the one which killed the Marshall. The man told me he had found another which as a volley was fired might have equal claims. The old trunk of the walnut tree, just below a yard or two the place where Turenne fell, is still standing. A branch of it fell three years ago – I took a little of the bark. The Emperor of Russia in 1813 made a great part of his army defile under the tomb. The King of Prussia wished to have done the same. Saasbach is in a lovely county. I took with me the paper copied from the life of Turenne by the Abbé, which I read on the spot fatal to him who was an honour to man. Leaving the tomb of Turenne, or the spot rather, were it once erected, and ought now to be erected if these slayers of men deserve to be commemorated.

<sup>74</sup>: Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscomte de Turenne (1611-75) French general active in the Thirty Years' War and in the wars of the Fronde. B. does not appear to have visited this spot.

<sup>75</sup>: Raimondo, Count Montecucculi (1608-1) Italo-Austrian general.

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We changed horses at Achern, then changed with the diligence on the road and baited at Appenweier, a small town up to whose Crown Inn we drove, thinking it to be the Crown Inn of Offenburg – it is  $\frac{3}{4}$  from Achern. The latter part of our road to Offenburg, half a station, was in the dark, but Joseph ran to us and pointed out the tower of Strasburgh under the mountains to the right. Came to Offenburg at last – were told we would have no place at the Sun Inn, which was by us attributed to the Sun being full, but by Joseph to the inn being unwilling to receive Englishmen. Joseph told me his companion from Switzerland, to whom he has given a ride behind the cabriolet from Bruchsal, heard the landlord say “the English might go to the devil!” We did not believe this, but were nevertheless obliged to put up at the post house, where we were very civilly treated and had a good light supper in the same room in which the King of Prussia and King of Bavaria slept in 1813.

**Tuesday August 13th 1816:** Set out from Offenburg at half past six for Gengenbach –  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a station at one league about. Passed on our left the ruins of a castle on a woody knoll and the village of Ortenberg, famous for the best red wine in the Duchy of Baden. Entered the valley of the Kinzig river, a true mountain stream which from the first attracted the attention of my trout-killing companion. Only stopped to change at Gengart, a small town, and went on  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a station to Sticken, a small village, or rather solitary post house. The valley more romantic every step – woody acclivities on each side getting more high – lone, and not showing a ruined castle. Went on to Hausach,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a station, a small town within walls, where we breakfasted. This post way, every beauty of the Kinzigsthal was heightened.

The few peasants whom we met were in mountain dresses – the women in very broad brimmed hats, short hooped black petticoats, tight boddices with braided hair behind – generally without shoes. We breakfasted in a very decent room, where there was a bleeding Saviour and a bawdy picture. My host, with a shaking head, told us the chief trouble of the valley was timber which they floated down to Holland.

Scrope walked with his fishing rod to where the Kinzig flows down from a valley to the left and the road runs up another romantic suite of dells by the side of another mountain stream, called the .<sup>76</sup> The hills narrowed on each side and rose higher – the cultivation confined to corn and common seeds: a few hips – no vines. Sawmills every now and then on the stream. Got to Hornberg,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a post. Before coming to it were much struck with its old castle on a hill, shutting up the valley completely. Squeezed through the narrow streets of this mountain town, where as usual the roads within formed a strange contrast to the noble road we had passed up the valleys without the towns. We observed several excellent roads covering our way – not *pavés* but English roads – Scrope tried to catch fish, and got a bite by the bridge.

From Hornberg we ascended the mountain of the Black Forest, which begins here, and continued with scarcely the least intermission, scaling up a good road through woody hills of pine latterly. For two hours Scrope had his rod in the stream that gushed down from the hills, and at last caught one out of many trout. We met

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<sup>76</sup>: Gap in Ms.

two *Jägers*, but no Black Forest thieves. Stopped at a lone house in the hills for Rhine wine and bread. Toiled up again and at last arrived at the summit, a bare plain of grass and corn land, which although it had such deep valleys below, looked like latte land rather than mountain.

The sun burnt. We met goats for the first time. Saw a *congya* driven by three men. We went up and down a little steep, on the same open high land, to a solitary post house in a pretty spot. Grumenschittah, 1  $\frac{3}{4}$  posts from Hornberg. The house seemed a decent inn; the landlord had a little wood [ ] [ ] of trout, of which Joseph brought six tolerable [ ] ones for thirty-six kreutzers. Scrope fished down the valley without success. It was five o'clock, and we determined we could not go to Donaueschingen the same night – i.e. could not go forty miles in one day's constant travelling. We went up hill again for nearly the whole stage, getting into pine woods, till at the latter end of it, where were open meadow and corn downs. Arrived at Willingen, one post, a small walled town, by half past seven. Put up the post house The Sun Inn [ ] still smelling new painted rooms, but with a civil landlord. Ate the trout dressed by Joseph with six anchovies – excellent – to bed at eleven.

**Wednesday August 14th 1816:** Up at five – off at quarter past six for Donaueschingen – 1  $\frac{3}{4}$  posts. Went on the same high open plains, through a village or two, till we saw the tower of Donaueschingen church, and a stream running through a plain to the left of it. This we pronounced to be the Danube. Arrived at this little town, which seems of the better sort, and has a good post house. We took a very good breakfast with good bread, and mountain streph[ ] which as well as our anchovies we saw in great number sold for almost nothing here.

[ ] breakfast we were shown by a woman to “the source of the Danube” as it's called in the yard of Prince Fürstenburg's palace. This source is in a rectangular stone basin or small fount with an image of the Virgin in a little shrine just above the water. It flows out through a sort of stone gutter, and after running two hundred yards, about, discharges itself like a drain into a little river called the Brück, which is joined here in the Prince's grounds by another small river, both which together, after this important accession, go by the name of Danube, and are not so wide nor half so deep as the Avon at Bath. Our guide took us to see two painted boats on the river Brück. On the whole this source of the Danube is rather unsatisfactory – the real source should be that of the Brück.

We set out for [ ] Zolhaus, the day boiling. We continued to ascend. On the whole went round a small town, as we could not go through it on account of the pavement being under repair. Saw villages on the open plains, all on the high level above the woody summits of the mountain valleys. Scrope said he thought the descent must be something like it. Came to Zolhaus, a solitary post house rather in a bottom, and having paid for 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  posts for Schaffhausen, Scrope and I walked on. We ascended still; got again into pine woods; saw a village on the very summit of a high hill, and had a view, from the bare eminence which is the top of this whole range, of what we did not know was the lake of Constance to the left, low down without our coats, under a tree which has one only fellow opposite to it on this height. Began then to descend – were overtaken at a barrier and posthouse, where we took a draft

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of bad Swiss wine by our carriages. Went up another height, and after that began to descend for good from this high land. Went down a steep hill, on the side of a fine woody valley. Fired off our pistols – Scrope hit his mark.

Came to a little town in a valley which we were told was the frontier of Switzerland – which much-desired land I entered without ceremony, except paying eight kreutzers at the barrier at ten minutes past two.<sup>77</sup> We mounted a little, and then continued gradually to descend, winding through a beautiful woody valley which well ushered us into the country of the picturesque – the village is *zwei und halb stunden* from Schaffhausen. The road occasionally rather stony, but in general excellent.

We took leave of the Grand Dutchy, with admiration of its fine scenes and superior inhabitants – few beggars, or ill-dressed, or even ill-looking, people. The extent of the domain is very respectable, the road lined with one continued orchard of apples pears cherries and walnut trees. The squeaking of the wheel made us stop in time to save a conflagration. The wagon was taken in hand by Joseph and a blacksmith, and I walked on through the valley, hot as it was.

A stream runs through it of no size. The valley very romantic, and more so as you approach Schaffhausen, which we entered about half past four through a gate where we paid toll but showed no passports. Having seen no real town since Carlsruhe, we admired Schaffhausen, but more admired the Crown Inn where we put up. Were well received, and ate a decent dinner with good hock – they had no claret. Every thing announced a place used to strangers, and notably to Englishmen – very large teacups mustard – whole potatoes –

After dinner we strolled about. Went into a church of Protestants, as they all are in the county of Schaffhausen, and heard a band of girls rehearsing psalms. Picked our way to the banks of the Rhine – a very different river from what we left it at Mannheim – a green impetuous torrent, wide as the Thames at Richmond, roaring over small rocks not above water, between high banks of wood and vineyards. Went on the bridge of wood, built after the famous one destroyed by the French in 1799. A silly man asked us if we knew Mr Stuppurch, or some such name, Lutheran preacher in London. Came home – drank tea – wrote journal – and *am now* going to bed – ten o'clock.

**Thursday August 15th 1816:** A good night. Up at seven. Breakfasted and by nine set off with a *lacquey de place* with a past-coloured nose to the famous fall of the Rhine. Walked about two miles and came upon it at a tobacco mill close to the side of the cataract, from a ledge near which we saw about one fifth of the fall, and were really disappointed, although the Rhine has never been so high since the year 1770. We left the mill and went lower down to a building projecting over a point which forms a bay to the right of the fall, in which the green rippling water looked like the sea. Here is the *camera obscura*, which we did not see, and here is a better position

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<sup>77</sup>: The route to Geneva taken now by H. and Davies (Schaffhausen – Constance – Winterthur – Zurich – Lucerne – skirting Aarburg – Berne – Lausanne – Geneva, taking twelve days) differs from that taken by B., who writes (B. to H., May 26th, BLJ V 78) “from Basle to Geneva we were five days”, indicating a more direct route.

for seeing the fall, which, however, here does not look high and shows only a mass of foam struggling through five apertures formed by four masses of rock.

We crossed in a boat without a keel which rolled about but was pronounced very safe, to the other side, and climbed up the woody bank to the chateau of Laussen which immediately overlooks the fall. Here a lady with a key appeared and after we had gone down a tressine flight of wooden steps let us in to a wooden gallery just under the main stream of the fall, where it is indeed very tremendous and magnificent, and whence it ought at first always to be seen. The roar made my head ache and the spray wetted me through. The woman with the key made any delay unpleasant – she seemed as if she thought we were taking too much for our money. We went away and ascending to the chateau were let in through another unlocked door to a summer house projecting over the fall, where it looks better than at the mill but not so well as below. A book on the table showed us Tomline and Prettyman had been just before us – the Sulky Sphinx of this rock had forty-eight kreutzers for her trouble. The fall is in the canton of Zurich – or rather Laussen Castle belongs to the government of Zurich.

Leaving Laussen we went down the banks to the margin of the river – S.B.D. began to fish and caught one small trout. Our noseless guide told me one or two things about Schaffhausen. The canton has 33,000 inhabitants, is all on the right bank of the Rhine, is a complete democracy – every male on coming at twenty has a vote in the assemblies of the people, twelve of which are held at Schaffhausen to choose their two burgomasters and their greater and lesser counsel. The result of the votes in Schaffhausen and in the other districts is given in at once as at a Norwich [??] election. Every man is supposed to be acquainted with the use of arms and is liable to serve – the contingent of the canton to the confederacy is 1,000, and the men are divided into three classes – from 18 to 35, from 35 to 55, and from that age to ——. The thousand men are divided into ten companies, of which one or two as the state requires, serve in turn. During peace there is no force – the police is carried on by a few *maréchaux*. Levies are not very frequent, he said.

I just then saw a gallows – “Oh we don’t use that except for very bad offences – we behead.” – “What, then you have capital punishment?” – “Yes – a woman was beheaded four weeks ago for repeated thefts and teaching her children to thieve”. This looked sanguinary, and afterwards I was told that in eight days a man would lose his head for horse stealing – the third offence. Hanging is reckoned very disgraceful – the execution is performed with a short broad sword – one man holds the hair and the other cuts off the head generally at a blow – “Like butter,” our guide said. The last execution took place at twelve, on a hill out of the town, below the gallows hill.

All the canton is protestant – Jews are not permitted to live in the town – there is a village on the German side of the Rhine not far from Schaffhausen, inhabited entirely by Jews. The canton of Thurgau which is a mile below on the other side of the river next to Zurich is chiefly Catholic – a convent of eight or nine monks is close to the Rhine. The French under Napoleon interfered but little with the internal relations of this part of Switzerland – they hardly felt the dominion of the Emperor.

## Rhine Journey, July 29th-August 25th 1816

We observed the people here infinitely more civil than in Germany – pulling off their hats to us as we passed – “In token of respect,” so our guide averred, “for the English character”. Came home at two – wrote letters – without trying to open my secret drawer. Dined – strutted up and down the Rhine bridge – home to our Crown and finished letters to Sophy, Melly and Matty – bed!!

**Friday August 16th 1816:** Up at seven, having been disturbed by some lively middle aged men from Frankfurt all the latter part of the night. At nine went out fishing in the Rhine with S.B.D., our *lacquey* and a fisherman. Spent the day as usual on these frustrating excursions in rum hopes – Davies lost his two [ ]s – I went amongst the [ ] vineyards to look for them, found them not, and afterwards followed the fisherman up a narrow valley through which ran the brook we had seen in our journey hither. They caught three small trout.

This day was completely lost, but it was not a very fine day. It had rained all night and threatened showers repeatedly. Came home – wrote journal – dined on six-franc Hock, and trout dressed by Joseph, who prevented the second dish of butter from being oiled. After dinner S.B.D. went to bed at half past six. I walked out and passed the bridge where I met the fisherman of today, who told me wonders of what he had done. He was the first boat man who rowed the Austrians across in 1795 when the French burnt the bridge, and received two balls in his thigh. I paced the bridge and made it 162 of my paces. Came home – settled bills – money is here more embarrassed than ever – some reckon in francs, others in florins, and the common people in batze [??] – twenty of which make a half crown of <6/>81 [??] kreutzers or three francs.

I have some noisy Germans next to me to night as before – though the chambermaid tells me they are sober people.

**Saturday August 17th 1816:** Had a wretched night – got up at six – set off at seven, having hired horses at the rate of twenty francs *per diem*, a pair for Geneva and three francs a day for each of the postillions, paying also at the same rate for six days returning of the said horses and postillions from Geneva. Went at a good pace taking the short road near the Rhine through a beautiful country of woody acclivities, chiefly cultivated with corn and here and there a vineyard. Passed on the left Dishoffen or some such name,<sup>78</sup> with a covered bridge on the Rhine, then came at about ten o'clock to Stein, a town on the other side of the river with a suburb on this, and standing at the mouth of the under lake of Constance, or Untersee, whose more tranquill expanse we had seen for some time.

We breakfasted at an inn on this side – strolled on the bridge which on the other side showed we were next to the Baden territory. Tried to take a sketch of an old castle on a woody peak below the bridge – set off at half past twelve for Constance – took the road by the lake – we met a boat in the road. Went through defiles in villages; beautiful prospects, however, of the lake and of the opposite side. The island of Rheichenau. Saw a large town in Suabia at the bottom of a bay – arrived by three at Constance, where we got into the Baden territory again.

<sup>78</sup>: Diessenhoffen.

## Rhine Journey, July 29th-August 25th 1816

From Constance properly speaking begins the great lake – there it stretches out into a vast expanse, terminated by the mountains above the town of Lindau. Went fishing – Davies caught a four-pound trout, I a good trout and perch, near the bridge governing the neck of land in Suabia to the Swiss territory. Went to see the great chamber in which the Council of Constance sat – sat down in Emperor Sigismund's chair and Pope Martin's – also took a bit of John Hus's old black cloak, which by a singular reverse is now venerated in the place where the wearer was condemned to the flames. Saw some remains of an aquatic fête given to the Emperor Joseph – also of the ceremony proposed for the Empress Maria Louisa when she passed through this place on leaving Blois [??] in 1814. The Master of our inn – the Eagle – talks English, is very civil and has an excellent house and hockheimer. We dined well on my fishes. The Princess Hortense lives here on the Suabian side, in a decent house – after dinner, late, I left my name and a note wishing to know if she had letters for England – no answer. To bed eleven, and slept well, but overcharged.

**Sunday August 18th 1816:** Up six – off at seven in the rain for Zurich. Went up and down woody declivities through a well cultivated country, part of Thurgau. Passed the Thur river on a covered bridge near Opfer,<sup>79</sup> a village, and at eleven arrived at Frauenfeld, a town with a fine inn and good houses, disproportioned to its size. The reason was explained when the landlady told me that the diet of Switzerland formerly sat there. Breakfasted. Saw an old senator of Zurich, who talked of the independence of Switzerland being owed to England.

Set off at one for Zurich, which is seven hours off state-stunde [??]. We went along the same kind of country but getting near hills to the left – corn lands – woods – public grounds – here and there flax, the wetting of which gives a most unwholesome odour. Went in an hour and a half through Winterthur, the gates of which were shut – during church perhaps. A well-built town in a pretty situation under woody eminences. We did not observe the remains of the Vitodurum one league on the side of the town, nor went to look at the collection of Roman medals found there.

Soon after Winthertur, to which we went from Frauenfeld on a Roman causeway, we came to a hill, very strong and long for horses, and walked. All this country was illustrated [??] in the days of Massena, who beat the Russians and Mr Wickham. Zurich to Winterthur first, and then across the Rhine near Stein. [????]. The road between pine woods with flats of cultivated ground on the hill for some way, with fine views of variegated valleys to our left, closed by mountains. Crossed another river over a covered bridge in a lower country than we had for some time travelled, and high over [ ] another hill, from which we wound down into the vale and town of Zurich, which we entered through a fortification which I did not know existed.

We were much struck with the beauty of the lake of Zurich and its banks of villas and gardens as they curved to the swelling of hills of considerable height. The town seems half in the water, and our Sword inn on piles – we saw Swiss soldiers

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<sup>79</sup>: Opfershofen.



## Rhine Journey, July 29th-August 25th 1816

here for the first time mounting guard – the diet is now assembled at Zurich, in its two years turn with Bern Lucerne and [Zurich].<sup>80</sup> The debates are with closed doors.

We had some debates about entering the Sword but converted [??] to a bed in a parlour mulla gemester [??]. The town crammed with English. Walked about a little – looked at the Lake. It began to rain. Supped at *table d'hôte* at nine – met Edward [Edmund??] Bankes there. The consul of the Pays came in with silver trimmed collar and cuffs – the host an original. An immense ram led round, who had grown to his size after a wander of a year in the woods

After supper a little bit of paper brought to S.B.D. on which was written “Mr Baillie” – we rushed down and found our friend<sup>81</sup> just repairing [??] after a walk from Milan – not the least altered. Sat up with him until past one – determined to stay a day with him.

**Monday August 19th 1816:** Baillie breakfasted with us. Poured with rain. We strutted about at eleven – went into the public library – looked at the outsides of books – and a plan of *this* part of Switzerland. Zurich has much the air of a capital – the inhabitants look powerful – saw no beggars. “Libertatis amor stabile nos fecere pinxit” on their council house. We went into the Dichthouse, in a room below which is a map and picture shop.

Dined at *table d'hôte* one o'clock – two-thirds English. The folding doors of my room thrown open and a catch played to us from an adjacent chamber with a revolving star and two black figures to guard it, then a monkey dressed brought in who looked horribly human.

Took a cigar in my room, then walked out upon the river running into the lake. Baillie and I walked into the town walks on the banks of the river between high elms – passed a place where men were taking coffee and firing with rifles. Saw the monument erected by his fellow citizens to Solomon Gesner, with what Baillie told me was a very happy quotation from his own works. His son Conrad is now alive – a good painter, and his widow. Went to public library – saw the first Ms. of Quintilian found at St Gall by Poggio during the sitting of the council of Constance. Saw also three letters written by Lady Jane Grey, when not fourteen and fifteen, to Bullinger, the reformer pastor of Zurich.<sup>82</sup> In Latin: the hand most exquisite, particularly the few Greek phrases she introduces – except *τη της πρισεως δυναμει*<sup>83</sup> which is a little doubtful. She mentions she had begun *Hebraica*<sup>84</sup> and her progress. The style and the matter are absolutely miraculous. We saw an Ms. letter of Henry IV signed, “votre bon maitre” and of Catherine of Navarre.

<sup>80</sup>: H. misses out the word “Zurich”. The “Revolving Diet” was part of the post-Vienna constitution of August 1815.

<sup>81</sup>: David “Long” Baillie (so called from his height) is an old friend of H., B. (from Harrow) and Davies. He seems perpetually to be wandering about Europe.

<sup>82</sup>: The three letters to Heinrich Bullinger (Zwingli’s successor: 1504-75) are printed at *The Literary Remains of Lady Jane Grey with a Memoir of her Life* by N.H.Nicholas (1825) pp. 1-21.

<sup>83</sup>: Rendered at Nicholas, op.cit., p.20 as *with a saw like power*.

<sup>84</sup>: Hebrew (Nicholas, op. cit., p.11).

Came home after straying about in the wet – drank tea and smoked cigars –

**Tuesday August 20th 1816:** Very ill all night – got up ill and after some hesitation David Baillie set off with us for Zug. We crossed the Albis mountain, the steep ascent of which took us twenty-five minutes with three horses. It is green up to the summit, but I found it very cold. I could not get up to see the view from the top, but caught from the carriage noble prospects of the lake of Zurich first, and then that of Zug, with the snowy top of the Rigi and Mount Pilatus, which although not so high as some mountains I have seen, gave me a greater idea of height than I ever before had. We had two of our wheels fastened, the descent being perilous and a carriage having, they said, pitched over, for want of that precaution.

From the beginning of the descent nearly to Zug, which is six good hours distance from Zurich, we had had rain. Baillie told me that the Swiss have over 33,000 men on foot and have a reserve of 33,000, besides 20,000 on foreign service. I never observed a nation making such apparent preparations and [ ] for combat – often, in lonely spots by the sides of their lakes, in the [ ] of a wood, targets are seen.

We arrived at Zug at half past four at the Stag, where the dowdy talkative landlady was very attentive to me sick, and my companions in health, and provided us lodgings – three beds good at the State Secretary's. I had the Secretary's own bed, into which I got in a shivering fit, with my feet against a pewter vessel filled with hot water – to me a new invention. The State Secretary's room was ornamented with smutty French pictures, at least of a warm complexion. I was desperately ill and had horrid dreams – all night! —————

**Wednesday August 21st 1816:** Up at seven. Better – breakfasted at the Stag, which is a very good inn, and where we heard the landlady relate the story of the falling of the Rossberg<sup>85</sup> mountain at Goldau, when she had a party that left her thirteen in the morning and came back six, the rest being killed, and naively related the saying of a gentleman who escaped – a Mr. Schmidt: “Je ne serai pas tranquille avant de quitter la Suisse – dont les montagnes décroulent comme ça!” or some such words, which he kept good by leaving the country instantly. A woman who escaped, though she was for a short time buried, thought the day of judgement was come. Nearly two villages were overwhelmed. General Pfyffer, the [ ] topographer of this part of the country, who died in 1800 at his house in Zurich, foretold from a view of the strata that such a catastrophe was probable.

Our landlady likewise told us that an English party yesterday had objected to the plates of our party being put near their own at dinner, and had actually moved them down themselves. These worthies were Lord and Lady de Viny, and Lady Powerscourt.

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<sup>85</sup>: Compare *Manfred* I ii 99. On September 2nd 1806 a huge fragment of the mountain, which is near Goldau, slid into the valley below, overwhelming four villages and killing four hundred and fifty people. B.'s reference sets his play – perhaps fortuitously – in his own day.

## Rhine Journey, July 29th-August 25th 1816

We sent our carriages the road to Lucerne, and set off at ten o'clock by water for the same place. The price is regulated so much – man or woman rower – for we had one of each. We gave a lift to two women of Lothenbach, the valley famous for wrestlers and strong men. We had an opportunity of observing the singular costume of this country – short petticoats and disfiguring bodice, with the broad brimmed riformed epoule [??] hat and twisted hair. We went down this *delicious*!! lake, one hour and a half, to Immensee, a single house in a nook – I never saw any thing of this kind before.

We walked half an hour over a small isthmus of land to the lake of Lucerne, and were very near going by Tell's chapel where he shot Gessler, this being it seems of comparatively small interest to that where he leapt in shore from the Lake of Lucerne when Gessler was taking him from Altdorf. The chapel is open – and on the outside is painted "Tell (Thäll) shooting Gessler and other scenes of his life". The narrow path running by it may be that which Tell knew Gessler must pass – we embarked at the little town of Küssnacht for Lucerne. The Lucernan lake, or lake of the four cantons, is more wild and yet as picturesque as that of Zug – the Pilatus before us and Rigi at our left, covered with unusual snow. We kept near the right bank – little chapels and crosses in green islets targets – the old ruins of Hapsburg castle – the town of Lucerne and the white houses rising from the groves on its thousand green hills. This is reckoned the great beauty of Switzerland, and the people on the whole seem very happy, though you are now and then surprised by a petition from well dressed beggars. Joseph tells me the landlady of Zurich told him that a farm of 200 acres with a house and twenty-five cows might be bought in that country for 200 louis d'ors [??] – a good house may be bought for twelve louis.

We arrived at Lucerne at half past two – got passed [??] by a civil man at the Eagle, which seems a large establishment and was full of English. The White Colt here seems a good inn. Walked out. Saw General Pfyffer's plan of the mountains of these countries taking in 200 [??] square leagues which cost him twenty-five years and shows the wonderful patience of man. Baillie told me that on the craggy Pilatus there is a cavern containing the figure of a man carved in the rock – the Panœum of Switzerland – ten batz are paid for this sight, though in a gentleman's house.

Went to the arsenal and saw the arms of the republic of Lucerne: some five hundred or a thousand in good order, with an inner magazine of the small arrows shot from crossbows in the battle of Morat and Grandeson. Besides the other ancient arms, a spiked staff of a man of Entlibuch, a cross bow which we saw was charged by a small iron machine requiring no inconsiderable time to set it – the bow made of horn – very short and thick. Saw the armour of Leopold of Austria who fell in the battle of Sampach, and also the iron collars which he prepared for the Avoyer of Gunderlingen [??]. Also the battle axe and helmet of Zwinglius, killed in 1531 – the former had a bore and touch hole without a lock.

Dined so-so. Walked out over the long covered wooden bridges remarkable for having triangular paintings within the *pont*. Went to the church on the latte ascent [??] above the bridge. Observed this epitaph: "Here lies —, and here mourn his wife, seven children and the poor whose friend he was." The view through the wall of the church yard on the lake was enchanting. Observed the custom of decking out

the tombstones in the church yards with flowers in the places; here they have small white or gilt crucifixes. Saw Capuchin friars – the Lucernois appear devout Catholics. At the arsenal saw one of the Uri horns which Charles the Bold heard and trembled at before his last battle. Came home – took a dish of tea with Baillie – called in to quell riot – bed !!

**Thursday August 22nd 1816:** Whilst paying for the dear lice at this bad inn, called in to make Joseph's Swiss compatriots pay for a pipe he had broken out of the mouth of an English servant – *le petit cocher* of Lausanne. After many struggles with himself and [ ], paid the twelve francs. Just after a servant of Lord Uxbridge<sup>86</sup> gallantly undertook the quarrel, and struck Joseph for calling him liar. At this he called me down, and I in a manner made Joseph go on. Both fought marvellously – police came in and saved the advocate from further clawing. He since turned out to be a Piedmontese, just taken in London to accompany Lord Uxbridge, and not an old soldier of the 7th, as friend Baillie stated him to be. He had also, I since learned, to pay twenty-four francs for first blow – Joseph cried out “J'ai fini!” when winded or cowed.

Baillie took leave of us. He said we were going to the Pays de Vaud, he the other way. Poor fellow, I shall not record his strange perversity of manner, indeed partly by his old ill temper and partly by his tall vagabond habits, which have made him unsupportable company not only to me, but even to the tolerant Scrope, according to his own confession. The pleasant evening which they spent together when I was sick were passed, I since learn, in Baillie's telling all his course of high *amour*.<sup>87</sup> Still, I most sincerely wish him well, and God bless him.

We carried off Joseph from Lucerne. Went first along the side of the Reuss, a good sized stream smoking with the morning. Retired from the mountains into unequal country, highly cultivated between hedgerows like England. The road good – populous – picked up soup and carried it for the loser,<sup>88</sup> who received it. Came to the left bank of the small Sempacher See, at the right southward corner of which saw the small town of Sempach, so famous for the defeat of Leopold of Austria by the Zurichians – the country quite flat and open enough for battle.

Arrived at Zurze, five *stunde* from Lucerne, by ten o'clock. A small walled town with a terrace within the enclosure – still, a pleasant walk. Breakfasted at the Golden Lion – der – 5 [ ] and carriage at the door. Set off again a little before one through a fine country, not immediately mountainous. Saw on our left the Mauensee, a small lake with a solitary close-looking park, mansion, and artificial water. Going on the route, went through a narrow country between woody hills, like the valley of the Kinzig. The lands highly cultivated with corn – potatoes, French beans &c., on the side of the hills like vines. Man[ ]ing with a w[ ] of [ ] or other d[ ]ng each potato plant. A little rivulet to our left.

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<sup>86</sup>: Lord Uxbridge is the Marquis of Anglesey.

<sup>87</sup>: Not a subject Baillie and Davies would discuss with H. present. Not a subject Baillie and Davies would discuss with H. present.

<sup>88</sup>: Joseph, who lost the fisticuff-bout.

## Rhine Journey, July 29th-August 25th 1816

At half-past three arrived at Zofingen, or in Latin Johninium, a small walled town, before which we had just entered the rich canton of Aargau, notorious for good cultivation. The carriage waited in order that salt and bread might be given to the horses. At the Altehaus we went to the library, into which as strangers we were shown after it was shut up for the day. The books are accessible and well arranged, the room large enough for the number, the medal collection is chiefly curious, though the Greek and Romans are worth little – the Swiss coinage good – medals of great Switzers from Zwinglius to Lavater – also the first Swiss coins of Bractaria some struck by the little Zofingen itself. Saw a letter from Queen Elizabeth in Ms. – counter-signed by Thomas. Smith, who is mentioned in the text as secretary. It is dated Thermemouni [??] August 21st, year ——. She [ ]s to some Swiss reformer and doubts whether his letters have reached her. Smith wrote the letter, perhaps. An autograph in German of Martin Luther and Bollingen of Zurich. The library shower was loth to take any thing – oh wonder!

We went off in haste at past three – in twenty minutes got out of the valley of the Wigger river, or rivulet, which is too large in the map, into the great road from Zurich to Bern. Turned to the left instead of going into the fortress of Aarburg, which we saw just in front under some beautiful rocky hills dominating a length of woody vale. Lovely in the extreme – thick enclosures on our right and green *groovy* acclivities on our left. A vast range of mountains stretching on before us and to the right – and left – populous cottage country – vast farms – the peasants gathering the harvest. The new costume of Bern black body and ground – white bosom – and full white dress butterfly – black crepe wings flying from the head. Road noble like the finest English turnpike, but chiefly lined on each side with cherry trees; Langenthal being to the left. Crossed the small river Wigger. Went on through a long line of fir trees on our right into fields and meadows [ ]ed with cottages and hillocks of groves and hanging meadows on our left, till we came to the banks of the Aare, rapid and dirty, flowing underneath woody banks. Continued a short time through a picturesque country – during the fine evening of a fine day highly delighted – until near six, when we completed our twelve *stunde* by arriving at Mürgethal, a village and excellent inn kept by a homely kind woman, speaking a little French, which now has become more common – at Lucerne they put up at pot houses – “On vend beer and l’on parle Français”. Scrope went to fish below a sawmill – caught an *ambre* and *miller* apparently – begged to know if he had hooks or got to sell. An [ ] [ ] as very attentive. We supped plentifully with Neufchatel and lite wine – the best they had – we have seen no vines lately. Bed for ten.

**Friday August 23rd 1816:** Up at five – small [ ] for good cheer. Off six for Bern, nine *stunde*. Went through a rich highly cultivated corn Bechstone [??] country warm and [ ] wood with mountains to the village of Herzogenbuchsee in the distance to our right. There called at Höchstetten in front of Seeberg, over a most noble English turnpike road, to Kirchberg, five *stunde*. Arrived there by half past nine – had our first sight of the glaciers of Bern out before us in the distance – a white level mass high above the mountains.

Breakfasted at a good house at the small village. Afterwards Scrope angled in the Emme River in which it stands, and I mounted the eminence on which the church is built. Delightful view up the wooded banks of the stream as well as down – every thing in the highest state of cultivation, but not looking like the Switzerland either of us had conceived before hand. Scribbled verses on the church gateway. Felt perfectly charmed with all about me, not from its wildness but its perfect civilisation, distantly backed by the grander features of nature.

Half past twelve, set off, after Scrope had wetted himself, for Bern, four *stunde*. Same country. Stopped two *stunde* to the “famous” tomb in Hindelbank parish church, which we found most unsatisfactory, though the epitaph of Georg Langhans is written by Haller. Trotted on through the same scenes of civilisation – farmers like gentlemen overlooking large troops of reapers, and large country seats, large wealthy farms, to Bern, before we came to which we mounted a little and then saw it as it were in a deep valley surrounded on three sides by the river Aare, whose banks on both sides are steep in this place, and afford an enchanting prospect from terraces of the chain of Alps and glaciers above the lakes of Thun and Briere.

Wound down a noble road, constructed, as an inscription says – [ ] [ ] [ ] into the tower, crossing the river over a drawbridge. The moment we got into the broad streets with colonnaded houses we recognised something superior to whatever we had seen in Switzerland, and hailed the capital of the wisest government in Europe. Put up at the Falcon (saw that French is put under almost all the German signs and shop designations) where we had two good rooms. S.B. went to the famous baths – I walked about.<sup>89</sup> Library shut up: the woman offered to show me, but said “Les Anglais ne veulent pas donner quelque chose pour la peine,” a trap which I did not take – I spited myself and did not go.

Walked about to the promenades on the [ ] of the [ ] banks of the Aare, which are delightful, to the terrace under the Mint [??] which gives the best view of the Alps, to that under the great church, which is the chief promenade and is lighted at night. The large rapid river rolling in the depth beneath the gardens in the slope of the bank – the opposite heights yellow in the corn and swarming with reapers, all closed by the Alpine views beyond – made me envy this residence more than any I had seen. A man to whom I spoke, however, told me that there was no talking or writing against government acts in Bern, and that the censure was very strict over every work. The *Krankehaus* or hospital here is one of the finest buildings. The shops in the piazzas are not good. French seemed very generally talked, but oddly enough a bookseller to whom I went did not speak it. I was shown where the man was thrown over the rampart, and preached thirty years afterwards. Bought a dictionary on Switzerland<sup>90</sup> – read about Bern – dined – read – wrote journal – bed eleven.

Mem. In the first struggles at the reformation, the French cantons in which the reform was originally introduced were forced to give it up: those into which they had made it adopted, such as Bern, retained it – such is religion.

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<sup>89</sup>: Once again H. fails to bath when given the opportunity.

<sup>90</sup>: Perhaps Ebel’s guidebook (see next note).

## Rhine Journey, July 29th-August 25th 1816

**Saturday August 24th 1816:** Set off at half-past seven from Berne for Mortet, or Murthen – five *stunde* – the morning fine – the road very grand – wide and well made. Ascended through fir woods, and for some time went along the high woody bank above the Aar, which we did not see. Looking back, had the most magnificent view we had yet seen of the glacier Alps of Berne, stretching far above Thun to Lancy. Their white giant *orms* looked like figures in the clouds – we had then [our] first idea of Alpine height – we lost our view of them when we began to descend, but caught it again in going over other acclivities on our route.

The country to the right was all cultivation, as well as that immediately on our left – like the hedgy dells of Gloucestershire – before us in the distance were the ranges of the Jura beyond the lake of Neuchatel, of which we caught a transient view – apple and cherry trees as usual by the roadside. We had so much up and down hill that we went slowly, though the road was noble. Came on an eminence and descended through a wood to a small town, Gümmenen, where we crossed a bridge over the rapid Saane, a branch of the Aar – on which bridge a croud was assembled looking up the river – we learned they were expecting the passage of an annual boat from Freyburgh to the great fair of Surach, which is the boat only that navigates the river. It had been seen from the heights. Presently it came, round a woody corner and shot up the bridge, as it passed under which a deal of rustic wit was launched from those above and below.

We went on an hour more, and came on the heights which give the first view of the lake of Morat, then wound down into the old embattlemented town. Our Ebel<sup>91</sup> directed us to the Golden Lion, and we turned our postillion from the Crown because [ ] the Lion was nearer the edge of the lake. The Lion, however, offered us cheese for breakfast, and we fled back to the Crown where we had a good meal and a fine room giving a view of the lake. Met English. We arrived at half-past eleven at Morat, and at once after breakfast took a boat – crossed the lake in forty minutes, and ascended the summit of the valley hill, which stretches out as a kind of peninsular promontory between the lakes of Morat and Neuchatel. It is nearly covered with vineyards. From the top we saw both the *sees*, and that of Bienne, a little water in the hills in which we did not fail to recollect that J. J. Rousseau chose the island of St Pierre as his retreat.

We sat down on a large stone on the top of the hill, and pleased ourselves with fancying J. Jacques had often rested there, and enjoyed the view of the Alps and the Jura and the lakes and woods. We saw the roots of Mont Blanc and part of the glaciers of the Blumis Alpe, or Wilde Frau, on the other extremity – but the clouds intercepted the better part of our Mountain prospect. The lake of Neuchatel looked too big for its little town, which we saw. This principality would be an agreeable inheritance with that of Bienne for the younger son.

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<sup>91</sup>: Hobhouse refers for the first time to his guide-book, *Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse* (1816) in one volume, translated from the German of Johann Gottfried Ebel, and first published in four volumes in that language 1809-10: it remained standard for fifty years. He makes substantial use of it in his tour with Byron of the Bernese Oberland, Sep 17-29, 16.

## Rhine Journey, July 29th-August 25th 1816

Coming back we observed the [ ] of a quarry, in which was a single stone of immense dimensions. Reimbarked, S.B.Davies caught none of the salmon of sixty pounds [??] which we found in this lake.

At half-past three, set off for Payerne, or Peterlingen, four *stunde*. Went up and down acclivities in a cultivated country, by the side of the lake nearly, and came to Avenches, whose steeple spires we had before seen rising from an eminence. Entered through the gate, observed a sculptured stone in an angle of the wall – waited for a short time and took a man from his prayers to show us the remains of the Roman Chanticum formed by Vespasian. Saw two cornices and three inscriptions on the outside of the church – also a sea horse in the wall going out of the gate which Davies preferred to Elgin’s horse’s head. Were taken to the orchard now growing in the amphitheatre, which is green, but preserves its form and still shows the goul[??] from which the beasts were let into the Arena and the den itself. In a granary above on the outside corner high up we saw the head of Jupiter Ammon – and within the building the head of Apollo, large and mutilated, together with parts of the shafts and capitals of columns, and a stone inscribed thus:

In honoram domus divinæ  
(na)utæ Aruncani Aramici  
scholam de suo extruerunt –

We were shown a tower still standing of the old walls – I should think not Roman – and the corner of some building, which Ebel calls “a Corinthian pillar” in the fields to the left of the road. The site of the town must have been charming. We had not the fortune to see the chapel on the road from Morat, where the Cones of the Burgundians are collected – but in revenge Joseph brought away some with him.

[We] went along a more open country, still richly cultivated. We had entered the Canton of the Pays de Vaud at Faoug before Avenches, and at Mora, where we at first saw nothing but French on the signs, and found the common-looking people talking French.

Travelled with the small river, La Broye, on our right, to Payerne, which looked larger than it proved, and where we dined at half-past eight with a Berne noble and a Marseilles wine merchant. Talked politics – the Marseillois said Louis was detested at Marseilles, and that religion was not the cause of the persecution of the protestants in the South of France. The noble of Berne seemed to think otherwise, and talked of the restoration of the Edict of Nantes, and the declaration of someone at Strasbourg, that in a year not a protestant would be left in France!!! The Frenchman said there was no religion in France. The Bernois told us that of the sixty or seventy patrician families – the greater part were in employ, but never had a lucrative place such as a *bailliage* until past forty and then could not get more than 10,000 or 15,000 francs a year. He said the old Berne government had never been corrupt – that the patricians were not put in possession of their old privileges by Congress – that they had no liberty of the press at Berne, and that their fear of offending some of the great in the foreign states was so exceeding that their two gazettes were not worth reading. He mentioned, what I did not know, that the Pitt



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Diamond was lost by Charles the Bold in the battle of Morat. He said that the gala dress of a Bernois peasant will cost sixty louis d'ors –

We talked until twelve, and I went to bed.

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**Sunday August 25th 1816:** Off at half past six for Moudon, four leagues. Got between the woody hills of the river La Broye for the latter part of the way – road good. Crossed, at Curtilles, a village, the river well dressed. [ ],<sup>92</sup> in the Pays de Vaud more usual uniform, going to church. See no more of the strange bodice and hats of the little cantons, or of the black petticoats – white sleeves and butterfly caps of Berne. The women of the Pays de Vaud in large straw hats, that is all and that is found in the towns, where the lower dress is much French, especially the *chausée*. Observed the women to be good-looking, much more so than those of Canton Berne. [At] Moudon, a small town, one of the four good ones of the Canton, [we] arrived at nine, and got a bed [and] dear breakfast at the Stag.

N.B.: of the inns in [ ] – the staircase [is] dark and dingy – the privy decent – the rooms large and airy enough [–] but some smelling of the stall.

After [being] shown into bed rooms at a little past ten, we set off to walk to Lausanne, five leagues, which is reckoned so hard a stage that they advise you to put on two more horses – but which is far from distressing. We walked two leagues and should have beat a carriage which set off before us, had not the rain forced us into an outside shed, where a peasant brought us chairs. This was at the foot of a hill. The carriage passed and we got in after waiting some half hour – when we were up at the top of the hill, we had a view to the left of the snowy hills above Vevey, near the borders of the Pays de Vaud, and Vilar. Next we saw part of the lake of Geneva at twenty minutes to one, and the most picturesque part, namely that under the Savoy hills by Meillerie, and the lower bend of the lake. We wound down the hill of Jorat – met Lord Saltoun.

Arrived at Lausanne half-past one. Put up at the Golden Lion, where we got good rooms and civility. No letter from Byron.

Met young Bloomfield, who took us to Gibbon's house. We entered after some little enquiries, the master being at church, and went through the house at once, upon the terrace at the left of which is a summer house where Gibbon used to write. The terrace commands a noble view of the lake and mountains, but is neglected – the orange trees and hedge which run along its edge seeming to want more attention, as well as the fruit trees on the wall – the ground below, four acres and a half, all belonging to the house, did not seem sufficiently attended to, so that this narrow terrace was the only apparent walk. At the right end of the terrace we came to a broken bower, and a little beyond, in a dreadful state of neglect. The summer house in which Gibbon finished his great work, and went afterwards to take a cool satisfactory stroll in the small avenue lined with acacias beyond – of the acacias only one tree shoots from above the wall on the right. The place of those on the garden side is supplied with bare poles – I plucked a single leaf from the solitary tree.

<sup>92</sup>: Illegible word implies "people".

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Bloomfield told us that the owner of the house, who is a banker and a noble of Lausanne, totally neglected the spot until he found it was the pilgrimage of Englishmen lately, which has made him think of putting it into repair. He added that scarcely any one here thinks of Gibbon, only one old man, a theological professor, who was his friend, and Madame Motterville, at whose knees he fell and could not raise himself either by his own efforts or hers, who was obliged to ring for the servant.

They think nothing here but of nobility – Voltaire is not remembered – Rousseau partially. Haller they commemorate as a patrician of the place. There are two parties, the aristocracy and the democracy, the latter because triumphant by a revolution of their own which was preached by Laharpe at great risk, and actual imprisonment against the government of Berne, and was confirmed by Napoleon – hence the attachment of the Pays de Vaud to Napoleon. The congress has also confirmed the revolution, but the feud lasts to such degree that [it] is difficult to frequent the society of both parties. Laharpe is here, at the head of the most enlightened, that is the democratic, party. The English are not well received and much on account of their useless precautions of parsimony. The Bishop of Ossery has left his family in the carriage whilst he has gone up to bargain for rooms at inns – had refused the price, gone away and come again!!!

Bloomfield told us that the stories of literary institutions here in Lausanne are humbugs – Gibbon's library, bought by Beckford, is still here shut up and mouldering away. Bloomfield walked with us part of the way up to the signal on a knoll above the town under a wood, which gives a fine view of the whole lake nearby. In a grove behind are a set of two gardens.

Coming back we took a view also from the bank on which the cathedral stands. The whole town of Lausanne is built, as it were, on hanging terraces flanked both to the edge of the lake and above it and out side with vineyards and orchards, interspersed with country houses. The town is ill-built – the streets narrow – with few good houses. There is a great air of neatness, but [??] the dress of the lower classes and the women are generally very pretty and well-made.

We dined at half-past five very finely. Lord Yarmouth's anchovy sauce [was] brought into play. Walked out to the terrace and promenade out of the town on the way to Geneva, the walked shaded by noble trees, the terrace gives a superb view of the lake of Meillerie and its mountains, and of the Pays de Vaud, snow hills by the Vallais at the bottom of the gulf. The cold strong wind together with the sight of the snows on those hills made us shudder. There were but few in the walk, and we quickly yielded to the inclement season. S.B.Davies went in. I took another look from another terrace on the other side, and then came home. Saw that the counsel of government had by a regular law postponed the chance to the first of October and ordered the justices of the peace to grant no licences until that time on account of the uncommon inclemency of the weather.<sup>93</sup>

Everything French at Lausanne, but German is still understood by the great proportion of the people, so I hear.

<sup>93</sup>: This is the summer of 1816, which never occurred, owing to volcano eruptions in previous years. H. rarely refers to the bad weather.