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We to-day conclude the very interesting letters on Belgium and France, written by a friend of ours who lately visited those countries; and we hope that our correspondent may, on some future occasion, favor us with another series of letters on his travels in the other parts of the old world.

Beaune, 31st March, 1858.

"Immediately after mailing my last letter, dated 25th inst., I left Paris by rail for Dijon, of which place I shall now give you a short description. Dijon was formerly the capital of the Duchy of Burgundy, and is now the Chief lieu of the Department de la Cote d'Or; it is just, we may say, at the entrance to the most famous vineyards in France, situated between the rivers Duchie and Suzon, on the canal du Bourgogne, and the railway from Paris to Lyons. It does a large wine, wool, corn and dry goods trade: so you see its importance. From a neighboring hill, it presents a noble view; the immense churches and palaces of the Dukes of Burgundy, looming up here and there, stand out boldly from the other houses. It is completely surrounded by a road, which is beautifully planted with trees, forming a drive or walk, which made me think what we might do with our Montreal mountain, if we had any taste. It has only a population of 29,000; yet I know of no city in Great Britain or America which could compare with it in Fountains, Parks, Squares, Boulevards, and Promenades; and as to cleanliness and neatness, nothing can excel it, except Paris. There are several little spouts, or streams, of water in every street, running from ornamental stands about two feet high, and falling over the kerb stones, trickle along the gutter, and keep everything nice and clean.

"I must refer to my journal, and say a word about the churches; for I know that will interest you. Let me see; I arrived in the afternoon at half-past five, dined at six, and at seven strolled out. I soon discovered St. Benigne; although night had just fallen, the church was open; I went in: a solitary lamp burned at the altar: a few women were kneeling around it, others were creeping in and out along the old aisles: the moon was just stealing in through the Clerestory windows, casting the shadows of the great columns on the opposite side. The scene was impressive, and came on me in full force: after having travelled all day, nearly, in a railway carriage. You have no idea how these things affect me, never having seen anything of the kind till now; I sometimes think they affect me too much; and yet it is better thus, than to be callous, cold, and unimpressive; such people lose a world of pleasures they know not of. I visited the other churches next day. St. Benigne is of the 13th century. (In the nave I saw the tomb of Udislaus, King of Poland, 1388). It has a wooden spire of great celebrity, 375 feet high, and so constructed that it appears as if it was just going to fall. Notre Dame (1229) is also a fine Gothic building. On one corner of the facade is a clock brought by Philippe le Harde, in 1382, from Courtrai; the hours are struck by figures; it must have been well made, as it still keeps time as well as ever; St. Michael's (1529) Renaissance, with a superb portal of three arches, covered with statues; St. Jean, once a grand building, but now a mere shell, and used as a market (shame!) having been desecrated, as well as many others, by the cursed Vandalism of the Revolution. In it Bossuet was baptized; the house in which he was born stands close by, and is now a shop; I went in, and asked permission to see it, which was kindly granted. I may here add that Buffon, Crebillon, Daubenton, and some other eminent men first saw light here, and the great St. Bernard was born at Fontaine, about 4 kilometres from the town; of whom more anon; Buffon afterwards lived at Montbard; and coming down in the train, we passed close to his garden; an old tower still stands, in which he used to work. I little thought that I should ever see the scene of his birth and labors. This puts me in mind of another place of note I saw en route from Paris. We remained just long enough at Sens to enable me to run up to the Cathedral, which is celebrated as being that in which Thomas a Becket officiated. You may remember that he fled to Sens from England in 1164. His girdle, stole, and some other relics are still preserved. Here also St. Bernard condemned the doctrine of Abelard. This is what my guide book says: "The Cathedral is one of the finest of its style, early Gothic, or Transition-Norman, resembling Canterbury, which was built by William of Sens. The Tracery is the perfection of the flamboyant detail, and the stained glass deserves particular attention." I do not like copying descriptions from my guide book, and for this reason, that I always make local inquiries for myself, which I note down; at Sens I had not time. I like to have my own ideas and pickings up better than "Murray's," who, I may add, is generally good as regards most coun-

tries; but to France he is not always favorable, and frequently unjust.

"Now to return to Dijon: I must leave the churches; I cannot even stop to take you into the interiors: I dare not trust myself, for I know I should wander off into six pages at least. I went to the theatre one night; a building with a colonnade of Corinthian columns, like our Montreal Bank. Externally it is far superior to any theatre in New York or London. The interior is plain and neat; the play was good; I counted in the orchestra 42 performers, and blushed to think how often I have seen the people of Montreal, who have good taste in music, content to listen to the scrapings of five or six fiddlers, and some of them even not much good. Here is a city with only one-third the population can have 42! and this too for one franc in the parterre, or 50 centimes in the gallery! We fancy in America that we are "a long way ahead" of the rest of the world; but I assure you that, not only in this but in many respects, France is immeasurably before us. The old Palace of the Dukes, now the Hotel de Ville, is a great and venerable pile, retaining many of its original features. It now contains the civic offices, a Protestant chapel, and a museum; in the latter are many objects of interest: the crozier of St. Robert, (1098), first abbot of the Cistercian Order; the wooden cup of St. Bernard; a purse of Isabella, Queen of Philippe le Bon; the tomb of Philippe le Harde, (1400) and of his son Jean Sanspeur, (1419). These tombs were destroyed with others in the Chartreuse in 1793, but have been carefully restored and placed here. They are splendid: a model of La Sainte Chapelle, which was destroyed at the Revolution, and in which the Chapters of the Order of the Golden Fleece were held fifteen centuries. There is a good collection of paintings. Dijon is also very interesting in numerous old feudal chateaux, scattered through the town. It has a fine large park, some good squares, among which is the Place D'Armes, of horse-shoe shape; and the streets, for an old town, are very regular, broad, well paved, and, as I told you in the beginning, neat and clean. Now you will hear how well St. Bernard rewarded me for making a pilgrimage Fontaine. When I arrived, I found the Chapel locked up; so I found out the Cure's house, and was handed in by an old woman. Monsieur le Cure received me most warmly, and armed with a bunch of ponderous keys, accompanied me to the Chapel, through which he conducted me, pointing out everything of interest: busts and paintings of St. Bernard; the font in which he was baptized, &c. The Chapel was built by St. Bernard's mother; the family was noble and wealthy, and lived in the chateau which is close by, and in which I saw the room he was born, which was subsequently converted into a Chapel by Louis XIV., when he visited the place. This gem was plundered and turned into a stable in '93, but was since restored by the Cure's predecessor. This chateau stands on a hill, whence I had a grand view of the country which as far as the eye can reach, is covered with vines; it is well named the "Cote d'Or." Descending to the village, I had to go in and taste the "Vin de Fontaine; tasting means opening a bottle and finishing it; I was tired and enjoyed it well. Before parting me, the Cure invited me to breakfast with him next morning; you may be sure I was surprised at this kindness; as he had, of course, never seen me before: I had not even a line to him; I consented, and next morning was in attendance. I went up at 11, and we breakfasted at noon—a plain, nice repast it was: omelette, fish, bread and wine. This is not perhaps right; but it is to show you how simply they live in France.—The wine was very good, and grown at his own door; and you can fancy how mild it is, when each of us drank a champagne bottle full, large size. We next adjourned to a summer house in the garden, where we had almonds, walnuts, grapes, and preserved apricots; all grown on the trees by which we were surrounded, and which were planted by the Cure himself; he is about 50 years of age; he took as much pride in these trees and their productions, as you do in your little ones. I had to eat of everything, and pronounce on their merits. We had a long conversation about Canada: its climate, soil, produce, people, Indians, rivers, lakes, falls, &c. I was surprised at his information; he had read Chateaubriand, and some other works, and was well posted in such matters. He is a musician, and an amateur in church architecture, on both of which subjects I was able to converse pretty well. He walked back to Dijon, and came to the museum with me, of which I spoke before.

"I almost forgot to mention that there is a little lake near the place, in which the Cure told me St. Bernard plunged in the middle of winter, to purge himself of an unholy passion which some lady had excited in him.

"I must hurry on, though I leave the subject with regret; for I spent two of the happiest days of my life with the good man. At parting he

gave me a little "souvenir de voyage," which I shall ever cherish for his sake; and hereafter when I look back through a line of years, the happy moments spent at Fontaine will stand out clear and bright on memory's tablet, as stars in the vault of Heaven. Adieu! then, Monsieur l'Abbe Merle, de Fontaine; you opened your house to a stranger, and made his heart glad, and awakened in him feelings of love for his fellow-man, which he knew not before; and may God Almighty bless you for it, and may He spare you to your little flock for many years in health and happiness.

"I arrived in Beaune last night at seven, and dined; the moon being at the full, I went out to see the Cathedral by its light. I found great numbers going in, and, on inquiry, found that a Dominican Friar of celebrity was going to preach. I entered; four or five men were chaunting with double bass trombone voices: in a few minutes the Friar entered the pulpit; I selected a seat in one of the chapels just opposite to him, where I could hear well. His subject was the observance of the Sabbath; he dwelt forcibly on the necessity of it. I was glad I heard this sermon, (or part of it rather, as you shall learn) as it confirmed what my good friends at Issy told me, that the Church did not countenance the desecration of the Sunday, which is, unfortunately, so general in France. It is one of the results of the infidelity of the Revolution; but, I am glad to say, the custom is wearing out. Well, to return. I was listening very attentively on a good dinner, when I suddenly ceased to hear; and the next thing I remember was a tap on the shoulder, and some person saying, "Monsieur!" looking up I saw the Bedeau with a lamp, standing by me. I had fallen asleep; for I was very tired and after dinner; the crowd had gone, and he had, by accident, discovered me when going his round previous to locking up. It was my hat he saw: I had laid it on the step in front of me; and had it not been for this he would have passed me, and I, like "goody two shoes," would have waked up about midnight with no very pleasant feelings. I told the old man I was a stranger, and, travelling all day, had made me tired. We walked out together, and he insisted as we passed his door, that I should go in and taste his wine, which I did, and spent a pleasant hour there with his wife, daughter, and a "young man," who looked very tender at *melle*; their whole desire was to hear about Paris, and I amused them by describing its wonders to them. There now you see was another adventure; perhaps you may think I have too many; but you will not, I am sure, accuse me of "coining;" far from it; in fact, I do not tell you half what I fall in with; even were I inclined to do so, I could not find time; I never even exaggerate—I have made that a principle from the beginning. I know I meet more adventures than most travellers; but it is easily accounted for.—I do not rush through places following a guide-book a l'Anglais. How many would have walked out to Fontaine, and hunted up the Cure, just to see a little chapel and an old chateau, when there were so many better ones in the town; yet see what a delightful result. How few again would have gone last night, tired and wearied out as I was, to see a church by moon light; and if they had, how many would have gone in? Yet see again the result: I saw a poor humble family at home in their own house, just where I want to see them; for it is not in hotels that we learn anything of a people. Dijon is the mart for the wines of Upper Burgundy, and Beaune for those of the Cote d'Or: it does a large business, and exports generally 30 to 40,000 butts per annum. Beaune is a pretty town, containing a population of 10,000 inhabitants. On the Bouzoise a limpid stream about 30 or 40 feet wide, which they have made to run round the city, outside the ancient fortification walls, on the top of which there is a lovely promenade, the little river below, and next that again a boulevard runs all round, forming a beautiful drive or walk. I went round this morning before breakfast. The streets are very clean, and the pavements are scrubbed every morning; little fountains as at Dijon, and everything nice, sweet and clean. There is a magnificent hospital here, over 400 years old, as a stone over the door indicates—"Hôtel-Dieu, 1443." I was shown through the hospital by a Nun; there is a fine Gothic hall, and a painting of some note—"The Last Judgment," Flemish school. The church is large, but not imposing outside: the interior is better, and constructed in a singular style: the arches are much like the Moorish; but enough.

"I leave to-morrow morning by diligence for Chalons-sur-Saone; I prefer this mode of conveyance to Rail, as I will see the country better, and get information from passengers; stop a day or two there; thence to Macon, where I intend to remain a day or two more, and then to Lyons; at the latter place I will have my letters. The weather here is warm: everything is budding, and some trees are in flower. Adieu for the present.

Lyons, 4th April, 1858.

"In my last from Beaune I told you I was going to Chalons, by diligence. Now, have you any idea what a French diligence is like? I think I hear you saying 'No?' therefore I will tell you. It is a large machine, strongly built, well hung, lofty and capacious; something resembling three stage coaches nailed together, and mounted on four wheels. It is divided into five separate compartments to suit the pockets of travellers—viz., *Coupe*, *Berline*, *Intérieur*, *Rotonde* and the *Impériale*. The *Coupe* is in front, holds three, and is most expensive; the *Berline* comes next, and holds three more; the *Intérieur* holds six persons—third class; *Rotonde* is behind like a footman's seat, catches all the dust, holds three, who are seely individuals; and the *Impériale* is on the top behind the driver, protected from the sun and rain by a hood, like a gig, with a leather apron: the latter I always had a longing for, as you see the country better, and are sure to meet a jolly fellow or two with pipes and flacons up there. You can imagine now what a French diligence is like. We had five horses: three abreast 'wheelers,' and two 'leaders.' Now for the road. Between Beaune and Chalons there is a continuous line of villages: out of one into another. The hills which form the famous Cote d'Or stretch along on one side, facing the south; forming a perfect wall clad with vines: vines, vines, everywhere: nothing else for miles. The principal vineyards are between Dijon and Chagny—viz., Clos-Vougeot, Nuits, Beaune, Pomard, Volnay, Richebourg, Chambertin, Romanee, Sarigny, and Meursault. These are all celebrated brands, the produce of certain favored spots: 'Clos-Vougeot,' the finest, is a vineyard about 20 acres in extent; yet I suppose there is more of it sold than would grow in 2,000. It is only a few miles from Dijon; 'Chambertin' is also quite close. These vines are worth from 500 to 1200 francs la piece; but very fair ordinary vines can be bought for 70 to 100f.—(the piece contains between 50 and 60 gallons.) Some of the *ordinares* are just as good as any one could wish to drink.—Now we have arrived at Chalons-sur-Saone; it has a population of 15,000 inhabitants; a very ancient place; and has many Roman remains. There is a very fine hospital here, and there are two old churches. It does a good business, being built on the canal which connects the Mediterranean and Atlantic on the Railway and the Saone. From this point the river becomes navigable, and I had intended coming to Lyons by steamer; but as I am pressed for time, and their hours not exactly suiting me, I had to take rail. I remained there one day and night, and the same at Macon. This town, with a population of 12,000 inhabitants, which is also situated on the Saone, is the centre of a large business in the neighboring wines, paper hangings, castings, &c. There is not much of interest in it; and nothing is left of its former churches but two old towers: religious fanaticism, and the Revolution, destroyed all; causing a remarkable event to take place in France—the building of a new church. The women there wear the funniest hats I ever saw, and I have seen a good many.

"I arrived here on Friday evening. I noticed, after leaving the Cote d'Or, that trees and hedges became more frequent (there are but few of either in the Cote d'Or); the fields are divided by an odd stone, so that every foot is cultivated) and pasture lands and green crops, just coming up, were now and then seen through the vine fields; this makes a far more picturesque country, although the former is of course by far the richest. The best soil for vines is of a reddish hue, mixed with the debris of the rock, on which it rests; the vines last for 20, 30, and even 50 years; the old ones give the best wine; they are not dug up, but the clay is loosened around them 2 or three times a year. Of Lyons I am not going to give you any description; it is a large place—over 200,000 inhabitants; but I must tell you what I did today. It is Easter Sunday, and I went to Grand Mass at the Cathedral—a fine old building, of the 12th century. It has four towers, and its stained glass excels all I have yet seen. As a great favor, I got up into the triforium (the church was crammed) whence I had a grand view. The Bishop (a Cardinal) said Mass, and everything was done up in sumptuous style, becoming the occasion. When the procession took place, the Coup-deuil from my position was splendid. The choir, consisting of at least 100 persons, was stationed behind the altar, the organ being there also; the performance was very fine. They sung the 'Kyrie Elieson' in a way which pleased me very much; when the trebles were saying 'Kyrie,' the tenor and bass portion struck in 'Elieson,' and so on *vice-versa*. You have no idea what a powerful choir this was, and how admirably they sung; this is a thing we do not understand at all in America: a great volume of sound without loss of perfect harmony. As soon as we get one, we sacrifice the other.—

Now as to this afternoon's work. On the right bank of the Saone the land, a short distance from the river, runs up nearly perpendicularly to a great height. On the level at the bottom, along the side, and on the top of this hill, the Romans built their city; I have to tell you this much, so that you will understand me better hereafter. On the very summit, 600 feet above the river, a church now stands on the site of the Roman Forum Vetus, built by Trajan—Notre Dame de Fourvieres. It has a steeple too, and my ambition looked up to that steeple; so I went to examine it. About half way up the hill there is a large hospital, where once stood the Roman Palace, wherein Claudius and Caligula were born. However I reached the church; the walls are covered with paintings, offerings, &c., to the Virgin for intercession; others again stating some prayer that had been granted. An old man, whom I questioned about it, told me that many miracles had been wrought in the church. After another climb I got to the top of the steeple; there I had a good view. Lyons unrolled like a map, away down, down nearly out of sight, the Rhone and the Saone like two glittering ribands twisting in and out among the houses, and just below. The Alps are on one side, the mountains of the Chartreuse on the other, and off, in space shoots up Mont-Blanc, as distant as the crow flies, nearly 100 miles; he looks so like a white cloud that even after a gentleman pointed him out to me: it was some time before I caught it. At some distance behind this church, there is another 'St. Irene,' built upon a vault where the early Christians met for prayer, and where they were afterwards murdered by Septimius Severus, A.D. 202. It overflowed with the blood of 19,000 martyrs! Their bones are still in a large recess. There are many interesting remains of the Romans here: a road cut by Agrippa thro' a rock: some arches of the aqueduct, constructed by the soldiers of Marc Anthony, to supply the town with water: remains of Agrippa's four roads; the amphitheatre in the Jardin des Plantes, &c., and a host of other antiquities in the museum; I must mention one: a bronze tablet, on which is carved the speech of Claudius in the Roman Senate, in favor of Lyons, A.D. 48.—The letters are just as sharp and clear as if but finished yesterday.

"Now for something laughable; at least I found it so. Yesterday morning I went out early for a walk, and chance led me into the celebrated suburb of Croix-Rousse, principally inhabited by the silk weavers, a volcanic kind of animal, who explodes at every revolution. This quarter was a perfect hot-bed in '93, and turned out a mob which held the town for several days.—Well, I was poking through a narrow street, lined on either side with tall houses, when my eye caught a sign, so original and *Gil-Blas-like*, that I could not avoid laughing as I read it: and taking out my memorandum book, transferred a copy of it at once:—*Beaumars, Coiffeur, Saigneur, Dentiste, et Pedicure, Arretes Messieurs les passants s'ils vous plait! Si vous avez la barbe longue, je la coupe; les dents avarees, je les arrache, les cors genants, je les extirpe, le tout pour le bien de l'Humanite, et la modeste somme de trente centimes!* which, being literally translated, reads thus:—*Beaumars, Hairdresser, Phlebotomist, Dentist, and Corn-cutter. Stop, gentlemen passers-by, if you please. If you have long beard, I will shave it; bad teeth, I will extract them; troublesome corns, and I will extirpate them: all for humanity's sake, and the modest sum of three pence.* I was so much amused that I resolved to go in and get my chin scraped, just to see the gentleman possessing such a combination of talent. I crept in through a low door, over which hung an immense razor of wood, with a yellow handle, and a slate-colored blade. As I entered, a little man about 50 years of age was reading a paper; he had good features, and wore a moustache and beard, a la Napoleon. He immediately jumped on his feet, and greeted me in a loud key: 'Monsieur, je vous salue, que desirez vous?' at the same time making a low bow, which I attempted to return, and told him I wished to be shaved. 'Monsieur,' said he, as he flourished me into a chair, 'you cannot address yourself better, as in me you see Beaumars, formerly of Paris, but now Hairdresser-in-Chief to the suburb of Croix-Rousse Lyons.' While he was at work I saw staring me in the face a label, on which was printed in large letters—*Friction d'Afrique a l'huile de Quinquilla, Vingt centimes!* As soon as he had smoothed off the beard of my face, I told him I wanted some 'Friction d'Afrique.'—With a smile, he motioned me into another chair which had a higher back and a place for the head, saying 'pour etre completement heureuse, asseyez vous, Monsieur, dans cette chaise, et dans une seconde je suis sur votre tete.' While he was preparing the Quinquilla, I could not but laugh at my position, and thought what you would say if you saw me wrapped up in a sheet in this little hole of a shop, in the very lowest and most