

leads no whither, and no one ever comes there. Happily being unknown, the town cares only for itself. The produce of the immense produce of the salt marshes, paying no more than a million francs in taxes, is at le Croisic, a peninsular town communicating with Guérande across a tract of salt sands, where the road traced each day is washed out at night, and by boat: indispensable for crossing the inlet which forms the port of le Croisic, and which encroaches on the sand. Thus this charming little town is a Herenlanen feudalism, *minus* the winding sheet of lava. It stands as if not alive; its only reason for surviving is that it has not been pulled down.

If you arrive at Guérande from le Croisic, after crossing the tract of salt marshes, you are startled and excited at the sight of this immense fortification, apparently quite new. Coming on it from Saint-Nazaire, its picturesque position and the rural charm of the neighborhood are no less fascinating. The country round it is charming, the hedges full of flowers—honeysuckles, roses, and beautiful shrubs; one might fancy it was an English wild garden planned by a great artist. This rich landscape, so homelike, so little cultivated, with all the charm of a clump of violets or lily-of-the-valley found in the midst of a forest, is set in an African desert shut in by the ocean—a desert without a tree, without a blade of grass, without a bird, where, on a sunny day, the marsh-men, dressed all in white, and scattered at wide intervals over the dismal flats where the salt is collected, look just like Arabs wrapped in their burnouse. Indeed Guérande, with its pretty scenery inland, and its desolation bounded on the right by le Croisic and on the left by Baie de Bourgneuf, is quite unlike anything else to be seen by the traveler in France. The two types of nature so strongly contrasted and linked by this last monument of feudal life, are quite indescribably striking. The town itself has the effect on the mind that a soporific has on the body: it is as soundless as Venice. There is no public conveyance but that of a carrier who transports travelers, parcels, and possibly letters, in