

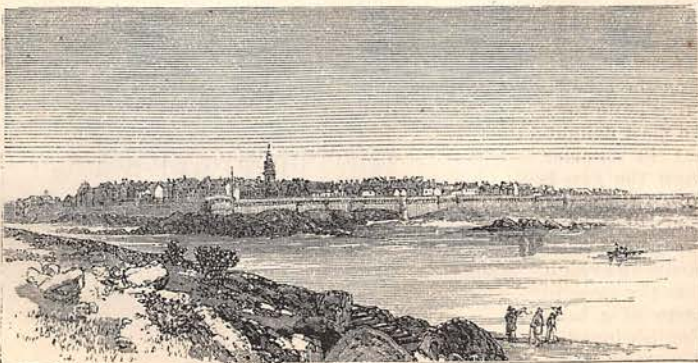
WANDERINGS IN BRITTANY.

ONE who sees Brittany for the first time should enter it at St. Malo. It is good to follow in the paths of the saints. St. Malclou or Magloire came to St. Malo; when he died, the place was called after him, and the name, for reasons to the writer unknown, was abbreviated to Malo, accent on the last syllable. The city entirely covers a small peninsula that is joined to the main-land by a spit two or three hundred yards wide at low water, and of course less at high water. The harbor lies on the inner side, and a vessel entering must pass through a channel resembling the circumference of the letter U before it is fairly in port, where it is safe from the severest gale that ever howled on that inhospitable coast. But to reach that snug haven a ship must first run a perilous gauntlet of shoals, shelves, reefs, and channels, more or less concealed at flood tide, but which reveal themselves with grim distinctness when the tide is down. The city is entirely surrounded by lofty walls, completed in the time of Anne of Brittany, and still in the most perfect preservation. The uniformity of these machicolated fortifications is rendered picturesque by several lofty and interesting towers, while an elevated and airy walk around the walls gives one a promenade of rare beauty and attractions. On the exterior view one has the port, crowded with vessels of various rigs and nations, and lively with the ring of ship-builders' mallets. Farther on one sees St. Servan, a suburb of St. Malo, although a dis-

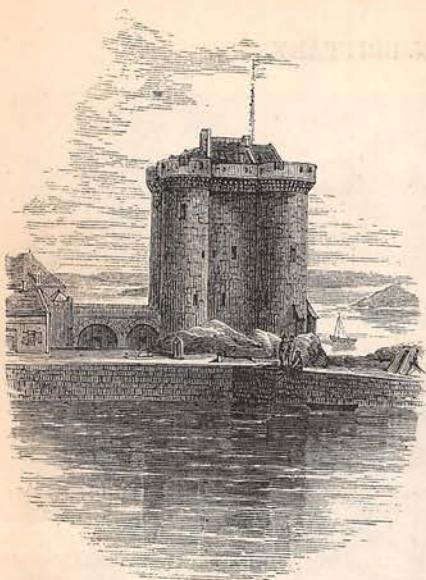


THE LITTLE COW-KEEPER.

distinct municipality, connected with it at low tide. At high water communication between the two places is maintained by a platform perched upon an iron trestle-work fifty feet high, moving on rails laid along the bed of the channel, and only exposed for one or two hours in the twenty-four. The machine is drawn by chains, and might be



ST. MALO.

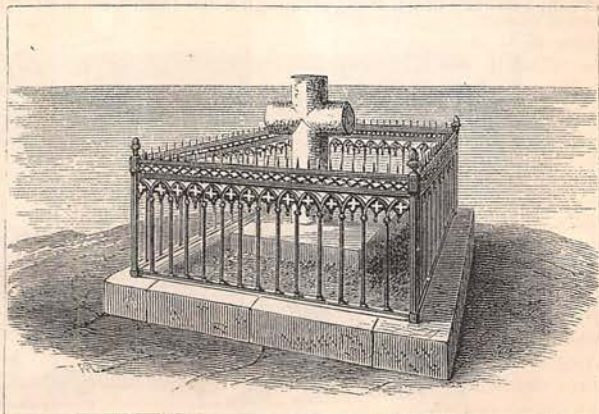


TOWER OF SOLIDORT.

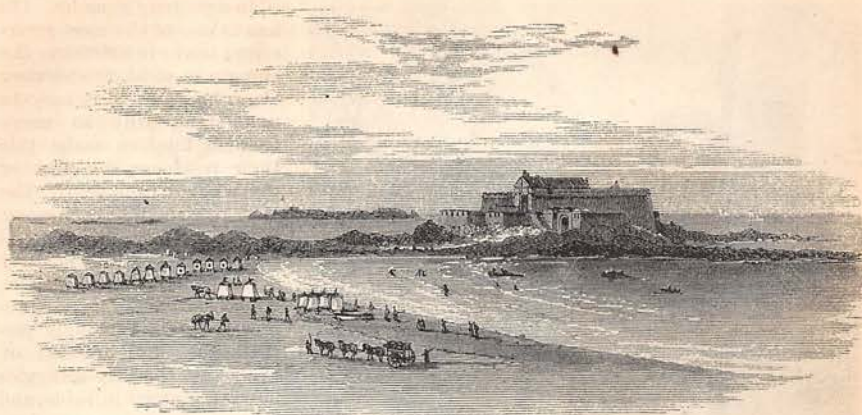
adopted advantageously, one would suppose, on some of our narrow ferries. The chief antiquity of St. Servan is a castle called the Tower of Solidort, built in trefoil shape by John of Montfort to restrain the ambition of the Bishop of St. Malo. Bishops then, as now, seemed occasionally to forget or ignore their sacred office, and preferred to grasp after civil power. But the bishop was only stimulated to increased energy by this implied threat, and, being ever on the watch, caught the governor, Soli by name, napping one day; Soli awoke to find the castle in the hands of the Bishop of St. Malo, and the castle has since then been called Solidort—Soli caught napping. St. Servan is also the scene of a great battle between the Emperor Maximus and the Celts. Proceeding on his walk, the traveler comes in sight of the beautiful river Rance, here widening to an estuary as it empties into the sea. On one side of the mouth is St. Malo; on the other is the charming little town of Dinan, a most delightful retreat in summer, and between the two is St. Servan. In the distance beyond Dinan looms the grand cape of Fréhel, several hundred feet high, and noted as the scene of the massacre of a large body of English invaders in the last century. Nearer are the islands fortified

by Vauban, La Cauchée and Cézambre. In the foreground, on the brow of the rocky isle of Grand Bey, and overlooking the vast ocean, is the grave of Châteaubriand. Farther on we complete the circuit of the walls, and come to the magnificent beach, where the marine painter may study some of the grandest rollers of the Atlantic, and the bather—and many resort hither in summer for that purpose—may enjoy every advantage desirable for sea-bathing. This walk on the walls never wearies; each day presents new attractions; not the least interesting to the lover of the picturesque are the peaked and time-battered old houses which crowd together and jut one story beyond another almost over the ramparts, as if to get the sea air and view.

But when one enters the gates, and picks his devious way up and down dark lanes, he finds a city composed of lofty stone houses crowded together in the most compact manner, redolent of various unsavory smells, and noisy with street cries and the clatter of sabots, of which one hears more and more as he penetrates into Brittany. Here, too, the women begin to show faces plump and red as Baldwin apples, flaunting odd head-dresses of white cambric starched stiff, while over the shops and at the street corners calvaries and figures of the Virgin and Child are common, and priests and soldiers are met at every turn. Evidently one has at last jumped into the Middle Ages, into a land where the motto, "Liberté, égalité, fraternité," which has sent so many myriads to the guillotine, has as yet little practical meaning—a land where for untold ages the Druids and Velledas held the people with a grasp of iron, and where since then the crosier and the cowl have ruled and still rule with a sway as arbitrary and scarcely less stern. Before day breaks over the pointed roofs of the mediæval town the great bell of the cathedral summons the faithful to matins, and the click-clank of sabots is heard far and near



GRAVE OF CHÂTEAUBRIAND.



BATHS OF ST. MALO.

along the dusky streets leading to the sanctuary.

St. Malo has been in former days famous for its privateers. Here was born Duguay-Trouin, who, as the French say, "chassé les Anglais sur toutes les mers," and whose statue stands in the Place. Here also, in the Hôtel de France, Châteaubriand was born—a fact inscribed over the gate of the hôtel. The capture of the city has often been attempted, once by the Duke of Marlborough, but its position and fortifications have always rendered it impregnable—"above insult," as Hume puts it.

One may go from St. Malo to Dinan up the Rance by steamer, or by diligence, or by course by land. I chose the latter method, and spent several hours shaking over roads more or less passable. Starting early in the morning, a capital opportunity was afforded of seeing the peasants going to St. Malo to market. For miles it was a constant stream of people on foot or driving carts, chiefly women. I may mention here that throughout Brittany, owing to the conscription, the exodus of young men to Paris, or other causes, the women are every where and in almost all departments of trade to be seen in the majority. What we call women's rights have been practically adopted in France for centuries, the constant wars having drained the supply of men.

It was therefore with in-

tense entertainment, and yet with a pensive feeling of sadness, that I contemplated the groups of peasant women hurrying to market that day with their wares, shod in enormous sabots, and taking crane-like strides, any thing but graceful, and the more noticeable on account of the brevity of their black kirtles, exhibiting legs thin, sinewy as



GOING TO MARKET.



A BRETON GIRL.

an athlete's, and covered with coarse black hose. Those who rode drove little donkeys of extraordinary activity and thickness of hide, judging from the meekness with which they bore the cudgeling of these feminine Jehus. The vigor displayed by some of these matronly viragoes in thwacking their steeds made me cry mentally for the unfortunate lads whom a mysterious Providence might have placed under their tutelage. One young virgin near six feet high stalked beside a demure beast scarce taller than a Newfoundland dog, and when the obstinate brute chose to go out of the track, she would push him, load and all, to leeward with a vigor that was absolutely astounding, and boded ill for the marital happiness of her future husband.

The road to Dinan is quite pleasing, and passes through Châteauneuf and several hamlets sufficiently dirty to give the traveler a foretaste of the filth and squalor for which Brittany enjoys a reputation almost equal to its historic celebrity.

Giving a long fusillade of extra cracks and flourishes to his whip, the driver urged his horses across a fine viaduct spanning the valley of the Rance, and through the old gate under which Du Guesclin and so many other famous steel-clad warriors have pass-

ed in ages long gone by. Dinan is one of the most interesting towns in Brittany; the climate is mild, the scenery charming, and it is easy to understand why so many English families make this their residence for part or the whole of the year. The city, which numbers some 8000 souls, is built on a hill 300 feet high, and is entirely surrounded by the old walls, which are very well preserved and exceedingly picturesque. But outside of the walls the city straggles down the steep hill-side, and presents some very curious groups of houses and narrow, winding, and, let it also be added, filthy lanes along the banks of the Rance, which is here especially pleasing. Inside the walls are some of the most curious old houses in the province. In one of them lived Du Guesclin and his wife, the Lady Tifane. In the place where his statue now stands he fought a famous duel à l'outrance with Sir Thomas Canterbury. The history of Dinan is intimately connected with the feudal times, and one who is familiar

with the stirring pages of Froissart will find himself, from this place onward through Brittany, constantly reminded of some scene vividly impressed on his memory from boyhood. The church of St. Sauveur, which seems never to have been completed, still offers much to interest the student of mediæval architecture; the interior view from the apse is very striking. On a tablet in the wall of one of the aisles one may read with profound interest the epitaph, "Cy git la cœur de Messire Bertrand du Guesclin, qui fut autrefois Connétable de la France," etc. His body was buried at St. Denis. The church of St. Malo is also a beautiful building, the flying buttresses very venerable and graceful, while the interior, only entirely completed within a few years, is equally effective. At Dinan one begins to perceive that in addition to its historic associations and Druidic, feudal, and Roman antiquities, in which it is surpassed by no other part of France, Brittany is above all a country of beautiful churches. Every city presents one or more of rare excellence, while almost every country parish possesses a village tower carved of granite, overgrown, it may be, with the hoary lichens of ages, and falling to decay, yet still beautiful, and in striking contrast to the rough, thatched, squalid hovels hud-

dled around them, indicating by their aspect extreme ignorance and poverty.

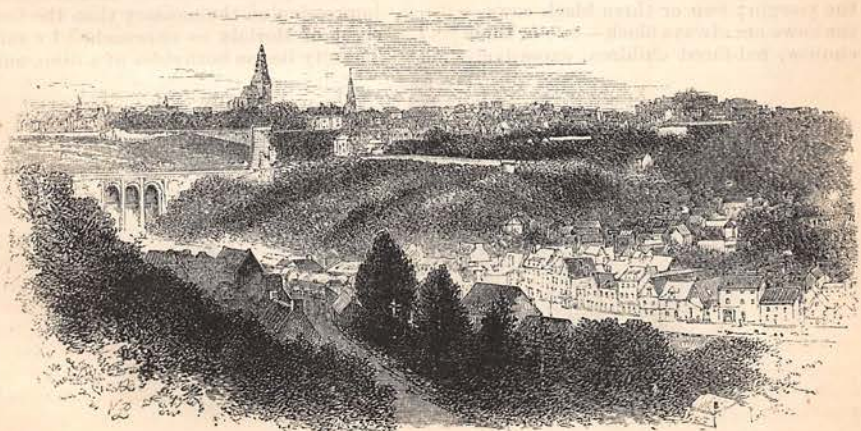
From Dinan I proceeded to Pleine Jugon by diligence. A priest sat opposite me—it is astonishing how numerous these black robes are in that country—rather stolid on first appearance, and spending the first hour in reading the prayers to himself in an under-tone. I was afraid I should find him but a poor traveling companion, a regular muff. But after leaving the first halting-place he became very communicative, and showed himself polite and agreeable, if not quite as conversant with matters abroad as an average English or American clergyman; but Frenchmen generally take little interest in foreign affairs unless relating to the Church. The army, the Church, and the theatre are topics usually discussed, and those who discuss one generally know little of the other, always excepting the theatre and the opera. My friend professed himself very well satisfied with the progress of Romanism in America. "They are building many fine churches there," he said; and according to the gospel as practiced in Brittany, perhaps his satisfaction was well founded.

At Pleine Jugon we took the cars, passing or touching at various points of much historic interest, among them Lamballe, the former seat of the princes of that name. The Princess of Lamballe, it will be remembered, was the intimate friend of Marie Antoinette, and shared the fate of the royal family. I was informed on good authority of a fact of which I had been before ignorant, that the unfortunate princess was a Freemason, and that a few of her sex have for many years belonged to the order in France. After Lamballe comes St. Brieuc, an interesting old sea-port town, carrying on a large trade in exporting the eggs, vegetables, and butter of the interior to England. From thence we came to Guingamp, a really charming and very quaint little city of the olden time, on



GATEWAY, DINAN.

the idyllic banks of the Trieux, which, as it murmurs through pastoral meadows, hardly suggests in its gentle music the blast of clarions, the ring of steel mail, or the roar of cannon which mingled here when De Montfort stormed the frowning battlements of yon city, and put out the eyes of all the garrison, or when Henry IV. and the League here hurled their forces against each other, buckler to buckler, falchion against falchion, and war-horse against mailed steed, in the



DINAN.



FEMALE COSTUME, NEAR DINAN.

rush and din and confusion of a great but indecisive battle.

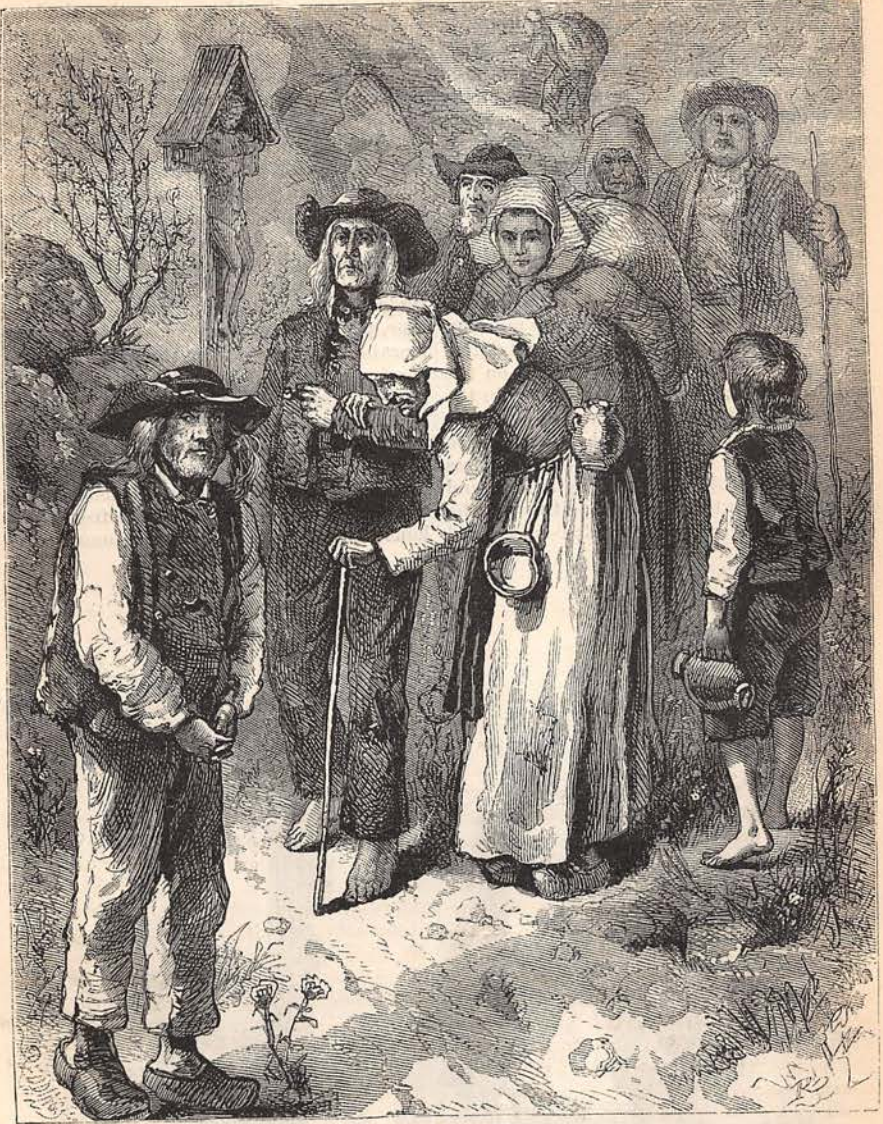
The railroad from here passes over an exceedingly broken country, and is very finely and skillfully engineered. The aspect of the landscape is pleasing, often hollowed into deep valleys almost amounting to gorges, and is probably as striking as any Breton scenery. The highest land in Brittany is not over fifteen hundred feet high, and generally much lower, so that its beauty consists rather in choice little bits encountered here and there in some half-hidden nook—a little stream, a quiet pool, an old mill, a hovel and several barns of granite, with thatched roofs green with fresh moss; several hay-stacks, a few pollard willows and feather-like elms in a slender row along the margin; two or three black cows—the cows are always black—two or three chubby, red-faced children, excessively

dirty as to person and raiment, tending the aforesaid cattle; a woman of similar description in sabots the size of canoes, turning over a heap of muck; a nondescript bull-dog, with cropped ears and tail and a very rakehellly make-up generally; two or three gray horses, tandem—the horses are usually iron-gray—with enormous collars covered with sheepskins, drawing with rope traces a huge wain loaded with hay or manure, and a driver in an equally enormous, excessively rusty black velveteen sombrero with long ribbons, a blue blouse, leather leggings, and sabots the size of scows, and cracking a whip with the gusto of a Western bull-whacker, and displaying almost as rich a *répertoire* of choice Breton oaths: such are the usual and most interesting features of man and nature in the land of Lancelot du Lac, the land where King Arthur fought, fell, and passed to the land of Avilion. The landscape is often marred by the minute subdivisions to which it has been subjected by the French laws of inheritance. The hedges and stone walls, crossing in all directions, make it look too often like a checker-board, and the almost entire absence of what we should call forests renders this more apparent. What trees remain in Brittany are, with few exceptions, planted along the territorial lines, while the branches are carefully lopped to within a few feet of the top to serve for fire-wood, and also that the foliage may not keep the sun off the fields: in Brittany one needs to be economical of sunlight. It is a land often obscured by mists; even in summer cool gray skies prevail, and frequent showers weep over the battle-fields of this much-contested soil. The appearance of land and sky is more sombre than gay, more sad than cheerful, often lonely where most populated, for what with wars continuing from age to age, and other causes, Brittany is but thinly peopled at the present day.

It is difficult to imagine any thing better adapted to produce a vivid and startling impression on the memory than the first sight of Morlaix as approached by rail. The city lies on both sides of a deep, nar-



CHURCH OF ST. SAUVEUR.



BRETON BEGGARS.

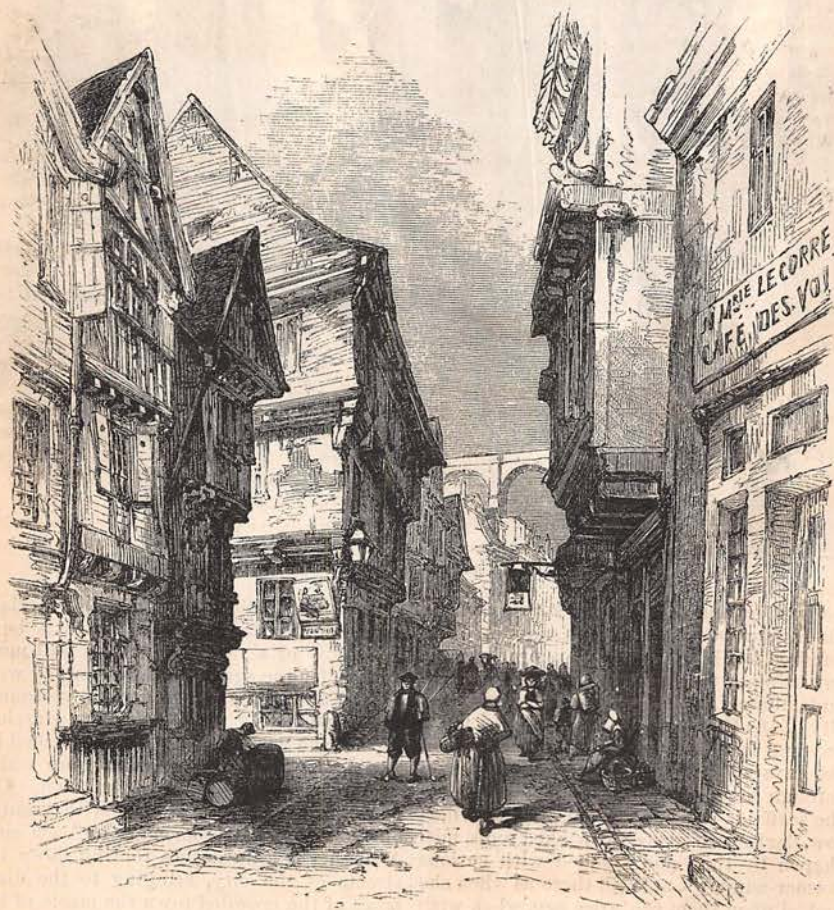
row valley, and the railroad springs across the chasm on a magnificent viaduct three hundred feet high. Entirely unprepared for any thing of the sort, the traveler suddenly finds himself taking a bird's-eye view of a city of the Middle Ages. There it lies, three hundred feet below, almost as if it were in the days when Mary Queen of Scots passed through here on her way to Holyrood and the scaffold. The precipitous, winding, narrow, darksome streets, the peaked roofs, misshapen by time and studded with curious dormer-windows, are still there as when she looked upon them centuries ago, when with brilliant pageant she and her cortège of

knights and ladies swept through Morlaix with laughter and song. Should it be a festal day or a fair, the sight is still more unique, for the square is then crowded with booths and peasants in various costumes, and is positively white with the starched caps of the women. The city is divided by the river of Morlaix, an estuary up which ships come into the heart of the town. The banks of the river are faced with granite, and afford a fine promenade on each side. A smaller stream dashes roaring down the streets of the city, bringing to the dirty lanes of the crowded town the music of the pure fountains whence it came.

At Morlaix one finds himself literally in the land of the sabot. Almost without exception it is worn by all—of various forms and sizes, colored or uncolored to suit the whims or purse of the wearer, but always the sabot. The clatter when the streets are crowded is almost deafening. A crowd of forty or fifty women walking together down the quay from the fair gives exactly the sound of the tread of cavalry, the same confused and indescribable ring of many hoofs on the pavement.

Early the Sunday morning after my arrival the great bell of the cathedral awoke me. It was still dark as midnight, but the multitudinous sound of sabots gave unmistakable evidence that the city was already on the way to mass. I was soon ready to join the army of the faithful. How can I describe the impression made by the scene presented to sight, or rather to hearing? The darkness was made visible by a dim light here and there at long intervals blinking through the small window of some peaked-roofed old

house. On all sides arose the shadowy forms of venerable and decrepit houses, one story jutting beyond another, the eaves almost meeting toward the sky, where two or three stars shone serene and undisturbed by the pother of this little world of ours. It was among such scenes that Doré got the inspiration for the weird groups of sky-pointing roofs which give such an astonishing effect to some of his illustrations of the *Wandering Jew*. Dusky shapes were moving through the gloom all in one direction, often only distinguished by the white caps on their heads, while from every street and lane, paved alley-way or court, down innumerable stairways from the city above or the town below, now loud, now far off, now two or three together, then hundreds in harmonious hubbub, came the stamp and ring, the click-clank, click-click, of an army of sabots. I could think of nothing but Robert Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," and the description of the children from every house and lane following the summons of



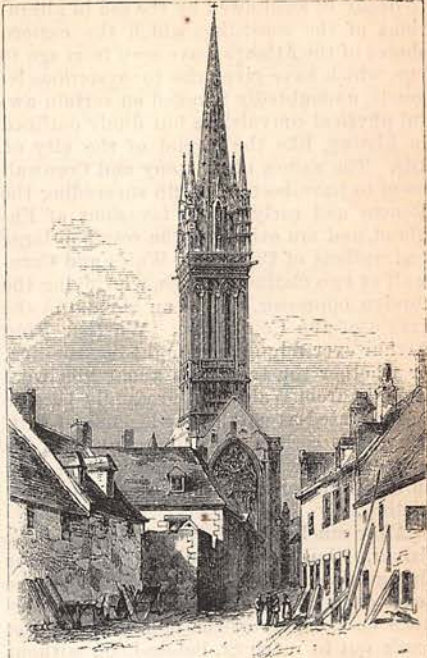
STREET IN MORLAIX.

the irresistible bagpipe of the mysterious musician. Over every sound, as if to render the scene solemn and impressive instead of ridiculous, the great bell of the cathedral tolled louder and louder as we approached the porch, which was thronged with a vast multitude surging like a tidal wave into the aisles, dimly lighted and almost suffocating from the smoke of incense and candles blending with the breath of such a dense mass of human beings, all kneeling so close together I could hardly find room to stand; and still they crowded in. The devout character of the audience in a city like Morlaix left no room to doubt their sincerity, or that in Brittany at least the grasp of Rome over the masses is still very much what it was five hundred years ago. When I turned to leave, it was with difficulty I could reach the street. The women, and not a few men, were kneeling in the porch, on the steps, and in a line reaching some way down the street. It is true that on this day was celebrated "La Fête aux Rois," the "Feast of the Kings," but I was told that such was the general character of the audience attending mass, and that at the cathedral it is celebrated thrice every Sabbath morning, besides vespers, and twice at every other church in the city.

While at Morlaix I took occasion to visit St. Pol-de-Leon, a small town twenty miles from the railroad, in a northerly direction, on the coast-line. The ride was pleasing, without presenting any striking features.



HOUSE INTERIOR, MORLAIX.



SPIRE OF NOTRE DAME DE KREISKER.

The spire of the Kreisker was visible for many miles before we reached it. We were now traveling "all down the lonely coast of Lyonnese," so associated with the names of King Arthur, Lancelot, Guinevere, Tristram, and Isolt, and others whose names are emblazoned on the magic pages of legend and song. Brittany, the Armorica of old, is now divided into five departments—Finisterre, Morbihan, Ille-et-Vilaine, Lower Loire, and Côtes-du-Nord. Up to the French Revolution it retained the old territorial names and boundaries established by race or political events from the earliest times. First was Cornouailles or Cornwall, which included the district of Leon or Lyonnese at the north, and is now represented by Finisterre, the most western department. Tréguier is now substantially represented by Côtes-du-Nord; Vannes, in some respects the most picturesque district of Brittany, is very nearly indicated by the Morbihan. The other two departments, although included in the modern limits of Brittany, are somewhat in excess of what it covered in the times of Cæsar, who first introduced this old fastness of the Celtic race into history. When he entered the country he found the Venetii at Vannes a powerful nation, able to send two hundred and fifty large galleys to battle with the fleet of the Romans. Many kings, dynasties, and dukes, after the Roman conquest and subsequent overthrow of the Roman yoke, ruled part or the whole of Armorica; many cities existed, now gone

to decay, or swallowed by the sea in alterations of the coast-line which the eastern shores of the Atlantic have seen from age to age, which have given rise to mysterious legends, undoubtedly founded on certain awful physical convulsions but dimly outlined in history, like the legend of the city of Dis. The names of Brittany and Cornwall seem to have been of origin succeeding the Roman and early Saxon invasions of England, and are evidently the result of large emigrations of Celts from Wales and Cornwall at two distinct periods, who, flying the foreign oppressor, sought an asylum in the cradle of the Celtic race. Whether King Arthur ever reigned or fought in Armorica, or whether the traditions about him were brought from Wales and gradually became incorporated as part of the legends of Brittany, it is certain that for many ages his name and fame have been credited and sung in this wild, lonely land as part of its early history.

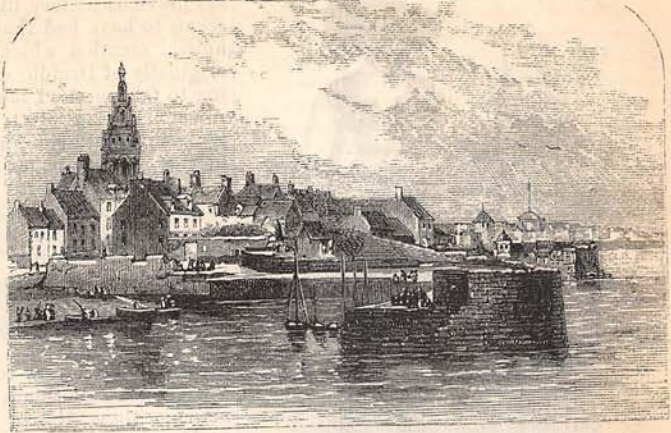
After much whipping on the part of the driver, who was stimulated by copious draughts of *eau-de-vie* and cider of the *coupe gorge* brand, and much patient endurance on the part of the horses, we at last made out to reach St. Pol-de-Leon without meeting any fire-belching dragons, or losel knights dragging virgin princesses into durance vile, and with a falchion—in our day it would be called an umbrella—wet only with showers, I leaped impatiently from the carriage, and hastened to survey the Church of Notre Dame de Kreisker, whose miraculous spire is the most beautiful in France.

St. Pol-de-Leon is the Assisi of Brittany, almost entirely an ecclesiastical town. Here formerly was the see of a bishop, with seminaries where large numbers of students, called cloareks, studied for holy orders. The place still owes its importance entirely to the convents and churches which yet remain. The Kreisker church is the chapel of the college, a small building, pretty, but not specially noteworthy; but the daring genius who built it, and whose name has, alas, perished, seems to have then obtained permission of the fathers to carry out an inspiration which may have been the aspiration of his life. On the four piers supporting the roof at the juncture of the nave and transept, presenting a base only thirty-three feet square, and supported at the corners alone, he reared a tower three hundred and ninety-two feet high—a tower of most exquisite proportions, and while very elaborate, yet preserving truly artistic breadth and purity of outline. From the ceiling, which extends across the piers and forms the floor of the spire, one looks up to the finial at the extreme top, through a hollow shell of stone tracery-work nearly three hundred feet high, and entirely clear of brace or buttress, pier, beam, or bracket—nothing to break the astonishing sight but the doves flying in the dizzy cavity, or the sun flashing here and there through the open carvings, while the wind breathes from age to age a grand æolian chant through that organ of granite, that seems to the beholder as if it would topple over with a light breeze, but which has withstood the storms of five hundred years.



ANCIENT CHIMNEY, TIME OF FRANCIS I.

One can ascend to the gallery by a very narrow passage inside of the wall itself, often opening without protection on the interior of the spire, and so small that no man of over average size would have any chance of either getting up or down. The view from there is of course very extensive, and in some respects very interesting. Near at hand was the little fishing port of Roscoff, from



ROSCOFF.

which Queen Mary sailed, and where Prince Charles Edward landed when flying from England. Beyond lay the island of Batz, with its splendid light-house. Farther still the grand coast-line of Brittany could be clearly discerned, the land of Tréguier, Lannion, and the famous Seven Islands of Perros-Guirec, where Breton legends tell us King Arthur held the court of the Table Round. In one of those mysterious, often mist-enshrouded, islands called Agalon, or Avalan, the true Breton yet believes is the land of Avilion, where the good king still dwells entranced. Just below, and immediately adjoining the college of which Kreisker is the chapel, we overlooked from our lofty position a convent whose inmates can well say, "All hope resign who enter here," for, having once taken the vows and entered within its barred gates and windows, the unhappy prisoner can never more pass out until they bear her forth in her coffin to that silent land where neither vow nor cloister is of any avail. We could see the nuns walking in the grounds of the convent, which were surrounded by a lofty wall, like gardens where the wives of the Sultan take the air on the Bosphorus.

The Cathedral of St. Pol is another beautiful edifice, claiming careful study. The exterior, flamboyant Gothic, is excellently preserved, and the façade is flanked by two fine spires of open-work; the interior, recently restored, is really beautiful, although it would be greatly improved if mellowed by stained glass in all the windows. Being a festal day, the church and streets were crowded with peasants in holiday attire and holiday sabots. It was noticeable that the men were generally very handsome, while the women were of inferior mould—a fact I have observed to be the case among the peasantry of most countries where the women work in the fields, Italy and England excepted, while as soon as one enters the cit-

ies he finds the balance again inclining the other way. The costumes of St. Pol differ slightly from those of other parts of Leon; in fact, almost every district and town of Brittany presents some local peculiarities in the dress of both sexes, although it must be added that the distinctive and often rich and picturesque costumes of Brittany are gradually giving way to the more convenient if less showy fashions for which Paris gives the law to the rest of Europe. Those who would see these old costumes before they have been entirely relegated to the past must visit Brittany soon. In the eastern part of the country they are now mostly confined to varieties of head-dress, with occasionally a richly embroidered belt or vest on festal occasions; but in Finisterre, around Brest and Douarnenez, and among the sailors and fishermen, the old costumes are still much worn, and are often quite rich in form, color, and embroidery. The wearing of the hair long over the shoulders by the men, or undressed sheep-skin cloaks, except in Finisterre and the inland regions around Carhaix, is confined chiefly to old men who do not care to alter life-long habits. The language of the people is still the old Celtic or Breton, allied to that of Wales, and reputed to have been the language spoken in Paradise—a fact of which I am unable to speak with certainty; a Welshman can make himself understood in many parts of Brittany. And yet it is not a little singular that, as with costumes, each town and district has a dialect of its own, while the dialect of Tréguier so far differs from that of Cornouailles or Vannes as to be to a degree unintelligible to those of the west and south of Brittany. The fact must also be admitted that in the eastern parts and in the larger sea-ports the Breton is much modified, and sometimes almost confounded with the French. In Finisterre Celtic is still the general language, while



COSTUMES OF FAOÛET.

some are still found there and in the interior who do not even understand the French, as I can state from personal observation.

Leaving St. Pol-de-Leon, Morlaix, and that very interesting region abounding in beautiful churches, calvaries of extraordinary elaborateness, like that of Guimiliau, which a young Breton lady described to me as "tout à fait délicieux," and many spots of historic and legendary interest, I came to Landivisiau, and saw beyond, perched on a lofty precipitous crag by the peaceful waters of the Elorn, the remains of the castle of Roche Maurice, one of the finest bits in Brittany. Landerneau I found to be an antique town of some seven thousand inhabitants, with narrow streets and curious houses, but prettily situated on each side of the Elorn, which here winds through meadows very inviting to the sauntering wayfarer or fisherman. Brest I left on the right, having visited it once before, and also because, excepting its splendid port and modern fortifications, it presents few points of interest. It was a "château fort" in feudal times, and was honored by an assault at the hands of De Montfort, but little of this now remains. Quimper I found to be a very charming city on the Odet. It is clean, and the streets display a certain modern coquettish air that is not out of harmony with the remains of ivy-covered walls and towers and clumsy but picturesque luggers moored to the quays. The Cathedral of St. Corentin is one of the largest, best-preserved, and most beautiful buildings in Brittany. The towers are especially worthy of study, and the building is so situated on the Place that it can be advantageously seen. The choir curiously curves toward the northeast. St. Corentin was, or is at present, a Breton saint. Of

his previous history little is known, but he seems to have had that sympathy with the animal creation which looks as if he was originally of Druidic extraction. Proceeding to Quimperlé, I found here another curious and very pretty little town, struggling up a hill-side, and often mentioned in the glowing pages of Froissart. A famous *pardon*, or saint's festival, is held here in summer, appropriately celebrated in the forest of St. Maurice, because it is called the "Pardon des Oiseaux." It is essentially a bird festival, for all kinds of birds, not only fowls, but orioles, woodpeckers, larks, and various woodland songsters, are brought on this occasion in cages, and are bought and presented by lovers to their sweethearts. We should call this a bird fair, but they manage these things better in Brittany. St. Maurice, who seems to have been a bird-fancier, possibly a naturalist and taxidermist, has been named the patron of this festival. Such a saint is indeed one worth having! Political economists pretend that the division of labor is comparatively a modern device, suggested by the higher civilization and increasing needs of society in these latter days. It is time that these gentlemen should be informed that they labor under a mistake. One has but to look over the saints' calendar of Brittany to find that ages ago the system of the division of labor was introduced into heaven, and to each saint was assigned a specialty to which he was to devote his undivided attention for the remainder of eternity. To one is awarded the cure of lunatics, to another the charge



MALE COSTUME, PLOUARET.

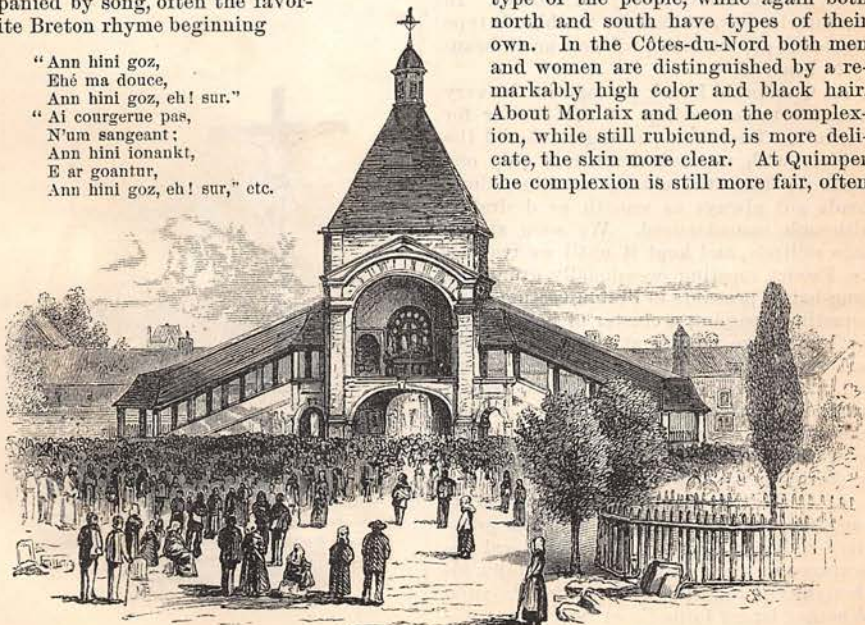
of rheumatics, another yet must listen to the prayers of those afflicted with earache or chilblains; one takes care of lambs, and another protects dairy-maids; another makes a speciality of healing cows, or horses, or pigs; and veterinary surgeons may stand aside, for in Brittany their fees are small compared with those paid at the shrine of St. Mathurin, the patron of sick cows. If only St. Eloi had been consulted and well feed when the epizootic was in New York, how much might have been saved! As things are managed in Brittany, the doctors have but a poor time of it, while the saints grow rich, or the priests who tend their shrines. The Church of St. Anne at Auray is called the milch cow of the Bishop of Vannes, such is the wealth it brings into his coffers. For every possible need of succor a saint exists to grant the aid required; as, for example, a legend on one of the stained windows just put up in the shrine of St. Anne runs as follows: "Santa Anna, port assuré aux navigateurs." While the saints thus have their allotted departments, the Virgin Mary exercises general superintendence over this corps of ministering spirits, and affords a source of final supplication and aid in extreme cases; hence no one need apply for assistance to Christ or God, who are thus quite set aside in the conduct of human affairs.

The dances at the "Pardon des Oiseaux" are of a character indicating their Druidic origin. Dancing, such as the *ronde* or the *gavotte*, forms an important element at all the festivals of Brittany, accompanied by song, often the favorite Breton rhyme beginning

"Ann hini goz,
Ehé ma douce,
Ann hini goz, eh! sur."
"Ai courgerue pas,
N'um sangeant:
Ann hini ionankt,
E ar goantur,
Ann hini goz, eh! sur," etc.

The first day is sacred to religious observances; the second day of the pardon, on which national traits and customs inherited from pagan times have full play, is devoted to making amends for the piety of the previous day; wrestling matches between the champions of villages or districts, and games established by long traditions, arouse the interest and passions of the assembled multitude to a pitch which prepares them for the dances, in which every one, of high or low degree, of character good, bad, or indifferent, joins without reserve. The musicians, already well moistened, are placed in the centre of the arena, armed with the binion, or bagpipe, and bombard, and with a barrel of cider within arms-length. The music proceeds with an energy truly astonishing, and the dance goes round with ever-increasing vivacity. The variety of costume and the enthusiastic performances of these pious bacchanals render the scene very entertaining, and toward the close peculiar to a degree. "L'on peut dire que le champ de la fête n'est lui-même qu'un immense cabaret," says a writer whose church predilections and strong advocacy of the fêtes de pardon would lead him to avoid exaggeration. Notwithstanding the religious character of the festival, it often terminates in an orgy where scenes are enacted that will hardly bear allusion. "Mais il n'en prouve pas moins la foi vive dont le Bas Breton est animé," says another writer.

I could not help noticing at once on proceeding from the northern to the southern part of Brittany the different physical type of the people, while again both north and south have types of their own. In the Côtes-du-Nord both men and women are distinguished by a remarkably high color and black hair. About Morlaix and Leon the complexion, while still rubicund, is more delicate, the skin more clear. At Quimper the complexion is still more fair, often



SCALA SANCTA ON A "PARDON" DAY, ST. ANNE'S, NEAR AURAY.



BOY OF QUIMPERLÉ.

nearly colorless, while the hair verges to a brown, and the women are of a different and more refined style of beauty. This continues along the southern sea-board; but at Hennebont the type again so far alters as to lose the delicate features of the west, and continues so beyond Vannes. In the interior toward Carhaix the blonde type seemed to predominate, without much beauty to boast of.

At Quimperlé I took passage in the very uncomfortable carriage of the courier for Carhaix. Two other passengers shared the vehicle with us, and there was only one horse to draw the clumsy machine along roads not always as smooth as desirable, although macadamized. We soon struck into solitude, and kept it until we reached Le Faouet, meeting occasionally groups of long-haired peasants in Breton costume, and sometimes passing a cluster of hovels. At Le Faouet we put up at the "Lion d'Or" auberge, on the Place. We found a very old, antediluvian little town here, ranged around a square, a convent in one corner, and strange rows of quaint houses jutting over the street, leaning their chins or lower stories on squat pillars.

At Carhaix one is in the heart of Brittany, far from railroads, and near the primitive civilization. It is a place of local importance on account of its curious fairs, although claiming little over 2000 inhabitants. Whether larger formerly or not, it was relatively more important. It was a walled

town, and was besieged by De Montfort. Richard Cœur de Lion fought a battle here. Roman and Druidic remains are also not uncommon in the neighborhood. Quite recently the workmen laying a new road discovered a Roman cemetery containing many vases, urns, gold ornaments, and the like. The towers of the two churches, although much dilapidated, are also quite worth attention. In the place is a bronze statue of Latour d'Auvergne, by Marochetti. His real name was Théophile Malocret; he was born here, and died at the battle of Neuburg, in 1800. So fine a monument looks quite inappropriate amidst such surroundings. Auvergne was a brave, conscientious, patriotic soldier, whose merits often made him a fit subject for promotion, which, however, he steadily refused, preferring to serve his country in the ranks, in which he had enlisted. In consequence he received the title of "le premier grenadier de la France," and, to honor his memory, after his death his place was always retained in his chosen regiment, and at regimental roll-call his name was always the first called, and the reply was as uniformly, "Mort au champ d'honneur." A street in Paris has also been named after him. Some of the finest traits of the French character are illustrated by the impressive story of Latour d'Auvergne.

The country around Carhaix is very broken, hills and valleys rising and falling in graceful forms like ocean waves, and fading away in silence and solitude in the pearly



A COMMON SCENE IN BRITTANY.



VIEW IN HENNEBONT.

gray of the dim distance, like an ocean horizon. Every where the hills are shorn of the primeval woods, but good pasturage, tillage, and some game give value to the land. However, the chief interest attaching to Carhaix at the present day is its peculiarly Breton aspect. Here things remain much as they have been for centuries. The onward wave of progress has hardly been felt here. Primitive ignorance and superstition continue to rule the mind, and primitive customs and costumes obtain. The hovels are huddled together without much attempt at regularity, the cow and the pig sleep under the same roof with the family, separated at best by but a moderate partition, and one can see at a glance the realities which gave rise to the saying, when one meets a Breton, "Je ne savais pas les cochons si sales." It is but two or three years since they abolished the custom at Carhaix, which still holds in many hamlets, of disinterring the skull after it has been in the grave-yard a while, and having scraped it clean, labeling it with the names and titles of the deceased, and placing it in a sort of little kennel in the church porch as a species of *memento mori*, as well as an honorary mode of remembering the defunct *chef de famille*. Here women visit the neighboring menhirs in hope of overcoming sterility; here a tailor still continues to be only the ninth part of a man, being usually some unfortunate whom deformity or feebleness of constitution incapacitates for hard labor. He goes

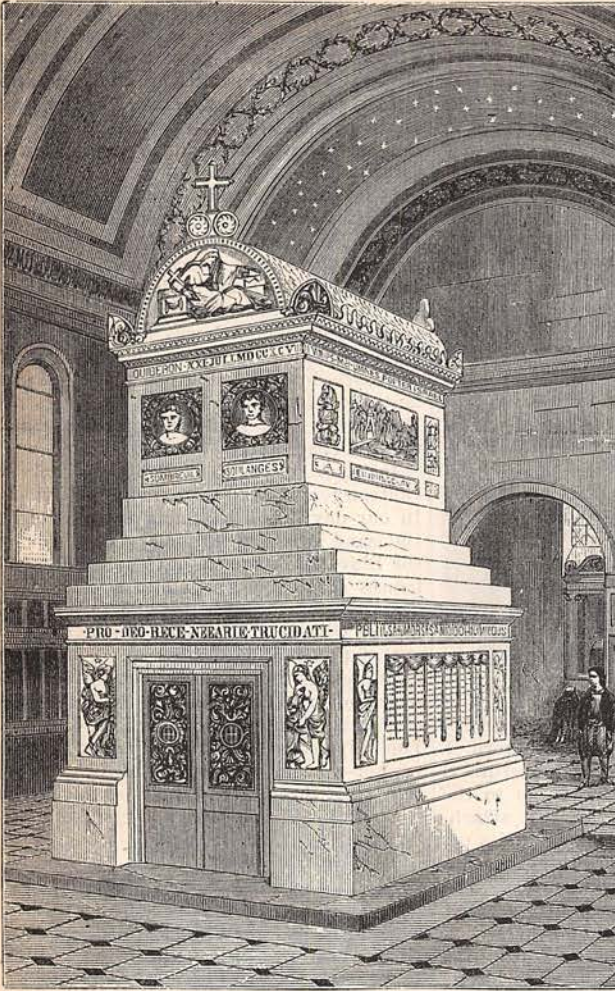
from house to house, and repairs or makes new clothes, and serves at the same time as a retailer of village news and a marriage broker—a go-between who is *au fait* regarding the means or attractions of this or that swain or damsel, and contrives all the arrangements which result in the marriage contract.

It was ten at night when I started from Carhaix to ride fifty-eight miles to Quimperlé. From this place, passing by L'Orient, interesting only as a naval station, I went to Hennebont. From boyhood the name of this place had stirred my fancy with strong emotion, for which I was indebted to old Froissart's graphic account of the siege of the castle by Charles de Blois, and the gallant defense, to which the Countess de Montfort contributed by her presence and spirited character.

In those days Hennebont was only a château fort strongly situated and fortified. In our day it is a charming town of eight thousand inhabitants, lying on each side of the Blavet. But much of the old walls and houses still exists, including several wonderfully picturesque gates and towers well draped with ivy. The church is externally one of the most noteworthy and beautiful buildings in the province, but the interior seems never to have reached the intentions of the architect, probably for lack of funds. The ships come up into the town, and the washer-women beat their clothes by a stream that runs through the shady square. The women of Brittany have a frame made ex-



FISH-WOMEN OF MORBIHAN.



TOMB OF THE MARTYRS OF QUIBERON.

pressly to kneel upon when washing clothes. At Hennebont the women walk through the streets spinning, with distaff under the arm, or knitting, while they balance loads of milk jars on the head or immense loaves of bread, one on top of the other.

Regretfully leaving Hennebont, I arrived at Auray, the centre of a district offering more to interest the archæologist and historical student than any other part of Brittany. Vannes, within eight or ten miles of Auray, is the chief town of the Morbihan, and the seat of a bishop. As its name indicates, the Venetii, the most considerable tribe of Celts of whom history gives us any account, also made that city their capital; but I found Auray, on the whole, a more central spot from which to visit the extraordinary Druidic remains, which, while common throughout Brittany, are more numerous and more important around the Sea of Mor-

bihan or Gulf of Vannee than in any other part of Europe. Auray itself is a place of much interest. The old town is on the steep side of a hill two or three hundred feet high, and spreads across the river, where most especially are the narrowest streets and most ancient and picturesque groups of houses I saw in Brittany, with the exception of a few at Rennes and Morlaix.

Immediately on entering Auray one finds that three points of interest, three historic facts or legends, give an air to the place, invest it with a certain importance which it would otherwise lack, and render it a centre of attraction which draws the religious devotee or the tourist in increasing numbers from year to year. If the stranger calls for a carriage to see the lions, it is at once assumed that he desires to visit the Tomb of the Martyrs at the Chartreuse Convent, including the battle-field, close at hand, which decided the war of the succession, or the church and shrine of St. Anne, or the menhirs and dolmens of Carnac. In

these three spots, within a radius of ten miles, are illustrated the pagan, chivalric, and modern history of Brittany, and the superstitions, religions, and races which have held sway from prehistoric times to the present day. Druid, Roman, saint, knight, sans-culotte, chouan, cromlech, calvary, stone arrow-head, battle-axe, and bayonet are here "in one red burial blent." I doubt if any place in Europe exists which within the same space affords such variety of historic events, seems so suggestive to the imaginative mind, calculated to arouse alternately mysterious awe, wonder, enthusiasm, contempt, hate, admiration, horror, and pity stirred from the profoundest depths of the soul.

Attached to the convent of La Chartreuse is the Chapelle Expiatoire, which includes the Tomb of the Martyrs of Quiberon, as they are and may without injustice be called.

Our limits forbid more than the briefest outline of an episode which is at once one of the most chivalric and heroic, and one of the most painful and disgraceful, in the history of France. On the one side, devotion pure and elevated, even if to a degree misdirected; on the other, ill faith and cruelty without parallel in modern history.

In a southwesterly direction from Auray extends the long, low, desolate spit of sand called the Peninsula of Quiberon, exposed to all the gales and melancholy mists which beset that gray Breton waste of land and sea. There, June 27, 1795, an English fleet landed a corps of émigrés composed of the best blood of France, spared thus far by the guillotine. They were commanded by D'Hervilly, and latterly by Sombreuil, who was the brother of her who quaffed a goblet of human blood during the massacre of the 2d of September in order to save her father's life. Sombreuil arrived with reinforcements toward the close of the ill-fated expedition, in season to take command, and sacrifice his life for a cause and an army already doomed. The chouans, or peasantry, flocked to the royal standard, and a force of ten or twelve thousand was soon collected, which would have swelled to a large army but for the incompetency of D'Hervilly. Much precious time was wasted, and when the royalists were at last ready to move, Hoche, the ablest general of the Revolution, appeared, and, by a series of masterly movements, hemmed in the invading army, and forced them back on Quiberon, where they were caught as in a trap. The failure of concerted movements, caused partially by lack of confidence in the royalist general, resulted in the defeat of the émigrés near Fort Pen-thièvre, after heroic efforts. Treachery did the rest. Fort Pen-thièvre, the key to Quiberon, was given up by traitors. A heavy gale was blowing when Hoche made the final attack, which drove the ill-fated royalists to the extremity of the peninsula, and while some were able to escape to the English fleet, many perished, dashed against the rocks, in that fearful night when nature seemed to combine with man to increase the horrors of fratricidal war. Nothing was left but to surrender or fight to the last man. Sombreuil, who was in command after the fall of D'Hervilly and the dastardly flight of Puisaye, the next in command, advanced beyond the lines and held a parley with Hoche. A surrender was agreed upon.

Tallien, the member of the Assembly who had been detailed by the government to be present to give his sanction to the proceedings at the surrender expected, then returned to Paris with General Hoche, after having given his acquiescence to counsels of mercy. But there the courage of both these men gave way in face of rumors concerning their lukewarmness or infidelity to the

cause. With a perfidy which is but partially palliated by the state of affairs, when to be suspected was to be condemned, they both abandoned the prisoners of Quiberon to the tender mercies of the Jacobins, Tallien even descending so low as to suppress an appeal he had made in favor of mercy, and to urge the execution of the whole number. The Assembly sent orders that all over sixteen years of age should be shot. The executions were superintended by a tiger named Lamoine, and took place simultaneously at Vannes, Auray, and Quiberon. Every day at noon for thirty days the unfortunate captives were taken out by thirties and by forties, ranged facing a deep trench, and shot, and as they fell in the trench they were left, whether alive or dead, and the dogs were allowed to pick their bones. Many atrocities accompanied these wholesale executions. The number murdered was upward of five thousand. In four successive centuries the French people have horrified Christendom with the vespers of St. Bartholomew, the dragonnades of Louis XIV., the noyades of Carrier, the 2d of September of Danton, and the Commune of 1871, but all these yield to the cold-blooded edict which for thirty successive days deliberately murdered five thousand fellow-countrymen—all these yield to the disgrace attaching to French honor when the government and generals deliberately broke the word given on the field of battle. This, too, it must be also remembered, was done by the better men of the French Revolution months after Robespierre had gone to his account.

After the Restoration, in 1814, the curé of Auray collected the bones, until then left unburied as they had fallen in the trenches, and deposited them in a subterranean vault under the Chartreuse Convent at Auray, which he had purchased and made an asylum for deaf-mutes. Marshal Soult and other leading men also interested themselves in raising a subscription, and with the means thus obtained the Chapelle Expiatoire was built adjoining the convent, inclosing under its roof the tomb of the martyrs. The tomb is patterned after the Roman funeral type, and is very elegant and impressive. Numerous appropriate and touching mottoes are inscribed on the faces of the tomb. "GALLIA MORREUS POSUIT" is on the front. On each side, on a tablet of black marble, are graven in gold letters the names of nine hundred and fifty-two, known to have fallen in that massacre. Above are bass-reliefs of Sombreuil and D'Hervilly. The attendant was a mute, and thus no unseemly words disturbed the solemnity of the place or the thoughts suggested. After lighting a lamp, he opened the doors of the tomb; an aperture two feet square was revealed in the pavement. Through this he lowered the light into the crypt below, and disclosed a



STONES OF CARNAQ.

sight which one can never forget to his dying day. There, in a confused heap, lay the bleached bones of over five thousand murdered men. In that vault lies the arraignment and condemnation of the French Revolution. I left the place the more sadly, because I could not help feeling, from all I have seen of the French people, that the fearful scenes of the Revolution have left no lasting or valuable impression; that the blood shed so profusely in those awful years was poured out in vain.

A ride of half an hour by a very pleasing road took me from Auray to the shrine of St. Anne, the mother of Mary. In 1623 the saint revealed to Yves Nicolazie the spot where her statue, an effigy of wood, lay buried, and directed him to induce good Christians to rebuild her chapel at Bocinno, where it had lain in ruins for near ten centuries. Without going into all the particulars, which form a prolific narrative, it is enough to add here that the chapel was eventually rebuilt, and, together with a holy well adjoining, and a scala sancta, became the resort of the most numerous and remarkable pilgrimages in Brittany, which have received an additional prestige by the attendance of such pious and exemplary Christians as Louis XIV. and Louis Napoleon, besides an innumerable multitude of other kings, queens, dukes, countesses, and burgesses and peasantry without end. It is stated that as many as eighty thousand have been known to assemble at St. Anne at a single festival.

The Morbihan is crowded with Druidic monuments; wherever one turns he comes across a menhir or a dolmen. Near Auray, and especially in the contiguous hamlets of Carnac and Plonharnel, the largest numbers of remains are found. A word of explanation as to terms may not be amiss here. Menhirs or peulvans are long stones, generally upright and standing alone in a field, al-

though often found in clusters. Sometimes, like the menhir at Locmariaquer, they attain an enormous size; it is now overthrown, but when upright stood a single shaft sixty feet from the ground! Breton women have not yet abandoned a custom of pagan times; they still resort to menhirs to cure sterility. It is quite common to see a menhir by the road-side surmounted by a rude stone cross, and doing a service quite different to that for which it was originally hewn out of the quarries.

At Auray I took the boat for Belleisle. A steamer of forty tons and eighteen horsepower leaves every day to carry the mails—wind and weather permitting, may be well added, considering the size of the vessel and the extreme violence of the seas she has sometimes to encounter. We glided down the Auray River into the Sea of Morbihan, as the bay is called, which receives the estuaries of Vannes and Auray, and is studded with barren but not unpicturesque islets. The scenery on the river-banks pleased me more than any I saw in Brittany; oak woods, mossy and venerable and untouched



CESAR'S TABLE, OR TABLE OF THE MERCHANTS, LOCMARIAQUER.

by the axe, gave a bit of antique forest land quite unusual in Northern France. It was amusing to see the fishing and market boats rowed and sailed by women, rough, stout, and rosy, sometimes a little touched with liquor, and jolly, and with only one man at most on board.

Passing out of the Sea of Morbihan, we kept for a while under the lee of Quiberon, the wind being southwest. But on getting abreast of the Teignouse Light, in the channel between the rocks on which it is perched and the reefs which skirt the little islands of Gouât and Hedic, we encountered a most tremendous and irregular sea, for which this spot is noted when the tide, under-tow, and sea-waves conflict with each other. A very stiff breeze was blowing, and the little boat, although buoyant, buried herself in a way astonishing to behold. They made sail on her as soon as possible to keep her steady, and stood away to the eastward, taking the sea more abeam, until we got under the lee of Belleisle, when we came to on our course, and arrived there toward night. I stepped ashore with the proud consciousness of being, so far as I could learn, the first American traveler who ever landed on the island. Belleisle-en-mer is the pet name applied to this quaint little isle some twelve miles long by five in width. Every thing here is in miniature, and there is little of the very striking or impressive character belonging to many of the Atlantic isles; in two days or three one can see it all, and yet there is a certain nameless charm about it which is both novel and piquant. The climate in winter and spring is milder even than that of the main-land of Brittany, besides being more free from fogs, more sunny, more bland; for an invalid nothing can be imagined more agreeable or soothing than some of the cheerful sunny days of charming little Belleisle during two or three seasons of the year. The prevalence of easterly or land winds and absence of shade in summer make it rather warmer than is generally the case on islands, although quite bearable, while the fine beaches on the northeastern coast afford fine bathing-places, much resorted to by those from France whose means or tastes lead them to avoid Boulogne or Biarritz.

Palais is the chief, in fact the only, town



PALAIS, BELLEISLE.

of consequence. It is situated on a long narrow port, protected by a mole, and inaccessible at half tide, but the inner port is always provided by flood-gates with water for vessels of moderate size. The entrance and the whole land side of the town are admirably fortified by massive walls and bastions, designed by Vauban. Vessels of any size can ride in the roads in the heaviest weather. Palais is entirely a modern town, having been built chiefly during or since the time of Louis XIII. But the island has a history dating back to the earliest periods. It was originally covered with forests, and governed by the Druids, who left important monuments, most of which have been destroyed.

The chief business of the island has always been the fishery of sardines. During the season, which is in summer, many fishermen from the main-land flock to the island, and near a thousand boats, large and small, are engaged in laying the nets. The fish are, for the most part, cured at Palais. Besides these boats, a number of extremely picturesque *chasses-marées*, or two-masted luggers, admirably effective, whether on the gray-green sea of the Bay of Biscay or in a marine painting, are owned at Belleisle, and are engaged all the year round in dragging for turbot and lobsters.

The island is divided into four parishes, Palais, Port Philippe, Bangor, and Locmaria. Each of the three country parishes has a nucleus where the parish church stands, and collects around it the peasantry on fête days and Sundays. Besides this nucleus, the houses of each parish are scattered in little knots of five to ten houses a quarter to half a mile apart; I counted at one time fourteen within a radius of a mile and a half. Port Philippe alone numbers thirty-five of these miniature villages. At this place is a harbor with a mole and lighthouse. A beautiful valley continues across

the island from this little port to Point Stervrose, a small peninsula, with a narrow bay, called the Port Vieux Château, on one side, where the largest ships can ride at any tide, but evidently more inaccessible in our day than in the time of the Roman conquest, owing, probably, to a change in the prevailing winds. The plateau of this peninsula has from the earliest times been called the Camp of the Romans. Before the invention of cannon it could afford an impregnable position for 5000 or 6000 men—say, a legion. On the sea side the cliffs fall vertically over 100 feet every where, while the land side is protected by a rampart and trench extending entirely across, perhaps 200 yards; it is excellently preserved, and there is little question of its Roman origin. The coast-line from Point des Paulins westward to Locmaria on the east is very wild and grand, generally perpendicular, presenting some very remarkable rocks and cliffs, and a notable soufflé near Vieux Château. The islanders graphically call the western surf that breaks all the year round on the cliffs, "la mer sauvage." In Bangor is a light-house 165 feet from the ground and 302 above the sea, constructed in the most massive and careful manner, and lighted by a Fresnel light of the first class. The lantern is finished on the interior with polished slabs of variegated marble. It is worth a visit to Belleisle to see this light-house, which is probably the finest in existence, unless we except, perhaps, the one at Cordouan at the mouth of the Gironde, built by Henry IV., if I remember rightly.

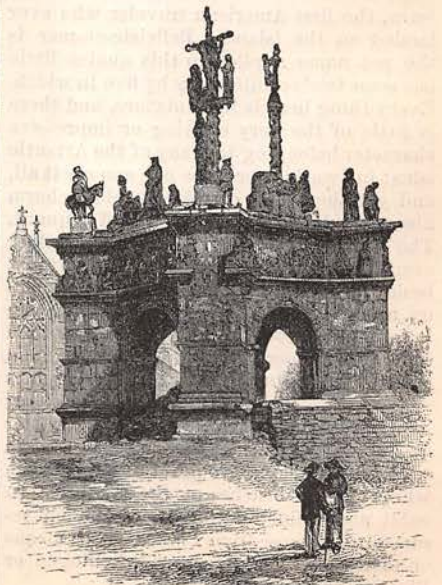
Vannes, the chief town of the old Venetii and of the modern Morbihan, is still surrounded by the picturesque walls and towers of the days of chivalry, and the cathedral offers some points of interest; but after what I had seen at Auray, I found less to detain me at Vannes; at the same time, it is the centre of many Druidic remains, and some very interesting excursions may be made from here on foot or by carriage.

Rennes, on the Vilaine River, is not far from the eastern boundaries of Brittany. Here one can advantageously terminate his Breton trip. Its name, it is claimed, proves that it was a city of the Redones. Two centuries ago the larger portion was burned, and it is now, at first sight, a modern city, a provincial Paris, of 40,000 inhabitants. But spite of its modern airs, Rennes is still Breton at heart and in character, and a stranger who devotes a day to inspecting it will be rewarded by discovering among rows of new buildings, and in streets and squares apparently recent, the finest peaked roofs to be seen in Brittany, so far as my observation goes. Such admirable types of the picturesque are rare any where. I do not recollect seeing elsewhere dormer-windows more resembling Capuchin friars pulling their

black cowls well over their eyes, and standing, with shoulders doubled up, in a corner to repeat a pater or an ave. Here also are several fine churches in excellent preservation, either lately restored or now undergoing the process of restoration. The cathedral is entirely in the Italian or Renaissance style. The façade is very effective, with two fine towers; otherwise the exterior is bare and unfinished. But the interior takes one entirely by surprise. It is now being entirely restored. The renovation is not yet complete, but is estimated to cost considerably over two millions of francs. It is doubtful whether for mere magnificence any church in France will surpass it, unless it be one or two of the royal chapels.

To complete the round of Brittany we should go to Combourg, Cancale (noted for its oyster fisheries and curious fishermen), Nantes, Pleyben, Baud, and, in fact, to a hundred other places which are as well worth seeing as any thing I have described, always excepting Auray, which, with its vicinity, seems to me, on the whole, the best worth visiting and thoroughly exploring of any place in Brittany.

For the rest, the climate of the country is mild—milder than that of Normandy, for example—being influenced by the sea on three sides. In summer never very warm, in winter never very cold, and unvisited by snow or frost to any appreciable degree, the most I have against it is that the sky is often overcast. But to some this is no objection, and it is certainly quite in harmony with the historic associations which invest every acre of Brittany.



CALVARY OF PLEYBEN.