

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE BEDFORDSHIRE  
HISTORICAL RECORD SOCIETY  
VOLUME XL

# SOME BEDFORDSHIRE DIARIES

"E vus ne poez ren fere outre  
le record ke est vostre garant."  
Louthar: Hereford Eyre, 1292.

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY AT  
STREATLEY, NEAR LUTON, BEDS. MCMLX

## BEDFORDSHIRE HISTORICAL RECORD SOCIETY

(Founded 2nd November, 1912)

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THE BEDFORDSHIRE  
HISTORICAL RECORD  
SOCIETY

Issued to the Society  
for the year 1959



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## SYMBOLS USED IN TRANSCRIPTION

Unreadable passages	— — —
Matter omitted by editor	...
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## ABBREVIATIONS

<i>B.H.R.S.</i>	<i>Bedfordshire Historical Record Society</i>
<i>B.N.Q.</i>	<i>Bedfordshire Notes and Queries</i>
<i>B.P.R.</i>	<i>Bedfordshire Parish Registers</i> , ed. F. G. Emmison
<i>D.N.B.</i>	<i>Dictionary of National Biography</i>
<i>V.C.H.</i>	<i>Victoria County History of Bedfordshire</i>
Beds. C.R.O.	Bedford County Record Office

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## GENERAL NOTE

This volume is a small portrait gallery of Bedfordshire men and women. Most of the documents included are diaries, but there are in addition a notebook, a lecture, and letters, which similarly reveal an individual.

There are four women. Christian Williamson suffered the loss of several children in infancy. Elizabeth Brown was a gentle, reflective soul. Catherine Maclear brought up two families. Priscilla Dodson was a pioneer emigrant to Australia.

The men are nearly all of at least moderate social standing. John Harvey is a country gentleman on tour. John Salusbury, from a small market town, devotes a good deal of his time to local affairs. Sir John Burgoyne and Major J. H. Brooks are soldiers on active service. The Rev. G. D. Newbolt kindles or revives religious spirit in a secluded village. Dr. Witt is a professional man.

Lower in the social scale are the farmer, John Pedley, and Edward Arpin, a barely literate parish clerk.

All these are respectable members of the community. The rogue, Henry Taylor, and the convict, Charles Cartwright, redress the balance.

The documents printed in this volume comprise most of the surviving Bedfordshire diaries (that of Benjamin Rogers was printed in an earlier volume). In addition, there survive a number of travel journals; the diary of John Wing, father of John Wing the architect (X 106; so brief as to be almost non-existent); the eighteenth-century notebook of Richard Livett at Dr. Williams' Library; the diaries of Joshua Symonds in Cornwall and Stockholm (*Bedfordshire Magazine*, iv, 338); and further Indian diaries of J. H. Brooks. A diary of Thomas Martyn of Pertenhall was in existence in 1934.

The method of editing has been in general to modernise spelling, punctuation and the use of capitals; but where the original indicates the educational level of the writer (as with Arpin) it has been printed unchanged. In some cases matter has been omitted for reasons of economy, but in each case this is explained where appropriate.

J.G.



# JOHN HARVEY OF ICKWELL, 1688-9

EDITED BY MARGARET RICHARDS

## INTRODUCTION

"If this world be a great booke, as St. Augustine calls it, none study this 'great booke' so much as the Traveller."<sup>1</sup> In the early years of the seventeenth century, travel abroad was unusual "except to merchants, and such gentlemen who resolved to be soldiers",<sup>2</sup> or ambassadors and their suites. The State maintained a close supervision over those individuals who did venture upon private travel, and Salisbury was gravely concerned in case they should return infected by Popery. Clarendon remarks that in his father's time travel in Italy "was very dangerous to all the English nation who did not profess themselves Roman Catholics",<sup>3</sup> and goes on to say "the wisdom and frugality of that time being such, that few gentlemen made journeys to London, or any other expensive journeys, but upon important business, and their wives never". Yet of his own times he writes "now very few stay at home, or think they are fit for good company if they have not been beyond the seas".

This striking change in the attitude of Englishmen to foreign travel owed much to the cultured atmosphere of the court of Charles I, which contrasted strongly with the homespun amusements of the previous reign. Gentlemen hoping for preferment had to conform to the new standard of politeness. The marriage of Charles I and Henrietta Maria eased relations with the Papacy, and after 1630 England was at peace with France for the greater part of the century. Travel in France was facilitated by the new roads, bridges and canals constructed under Sully's direction, and by the comparative peace and order of that kingdom, disturbed only temporarily by the Fronde. The growth of the diplomatic service and of commerce meant that more persons travelled on necessary business, while others went abroad to gain military experience in the campaigns of the Thirty Years War. In spite of the Civil War, there seems to have been a steady growth in the affluence of the English merchants and gentry dur-

1. R. Lassels, *The Voyage of Italy*.

2. Clarendon, *Life*.

3. *Ibid.*

ing the century, and the "frugality" of former times gave place to more luxurious and leisurely ways of life. Clarendon noted with approval the growth of "civility". By 1650 it was taken for granted that a gentleman's education was not complete without the knowledge of the world which only foreign travel could give; the "Grand Tour" was well established, and the State was ceasing to concern itself with the private traveller.<sup>4</sup> The journey made by Evelyn is typical, conforming as it did to a pattern imposed by considerations of climate, and by the major festivals—Easter at Rome and Ascension Day in Venice. After the Restoration the convention was reinforced by the increased influence of the French monarchy with the court, and by the undoubted ascendancy of France in the arts and in the world of fashion. France, therefore, rather than Italy as in the previous century, became the goal of the traveller, though Italy was still considered to be an essential part of the itinerary. Numerous "courtesy books" emanating from France instructed the reader in manners, deportment, dress and conversation. The influence of increased familiarity with the Continent is also apparent in the music and literature of the later seventeenth century, in the architecture of country houses, the layout of the gardens, in the furniture, in the libraries collected by the gentry, the prints, coins, medals and busts which they brought home with them, and in the growing interest in scientific studies and military engineering.

Guide books like the *Tour of Italy*, written by a member of a new profession—the gentleman's tutor—became common, so that the average traveller was bound to be influenced by the accepted notions of what constituted travel with profit. The educational theories of the day advised the keeping of journals to help direct the attention of the traveller to the approved objects of the Tour, and also insisted that careful preparation was necessary. Edward Leigh, in his *Hints for Travellers*, declares that eighteen or twenty was the proper age to begin the Tour, though Lassels would say that fifteen was a competent age, provided the boy had a good tutor. Leigh adds that those embarking upon travel must have a good knowledge of Latin and of the "liberal sciences", and be able to sketch "the situation of a castle or of a city, or the platform [plan] of a fortification". The traveller must also be well grounded in religion "lest he be

4. An account of the development of the Grand Tour is given in J. W. Stoye, *English Travellers Abroad 1604-1667*.



seduced and perverted"; further, he must know the forms of government and something of the history of the countries through which he would pass, and must take good maps with him. Finally, since travel was still hazardous, as the following journal shows, if of age he should make his will. "Profit" is assumed to be the improvement of manners and character, so that in France, according to Lassels, the traveller must concentrate on acquiring the graces of civilised society—polished conversation, dancing, fencing, horsemanship, good deportment, the art of dressing well "but not phantastical", and knowledge of the French language as the medium of the best in European culture. In Italy he should make a particular study of architecture—"I would have him learn to make a fine house", and become familiar with the arts and learning of Italy so that he might acquire sobriety, wisdom and civility. Leigh instructs him to make a thorough survey of each country, its government, customs, economy, history, religious institutions, public buildings and fortifications, to endeavour to meet the leading families, the learned men and "such as have abilities of any kind". This formidable programme might occupy five or six years, two spent in Italy, three in France, and some months in Geneva, Germany, Holland and Flanders.

The journal which follows was probably written by John Harvey of Ickwell Bury when he was a young man,<sup>5</sup> and it covers most of the first year of such a tour, though the usual itinerary was upset by the "Glorious Revolution" and the danger of war with France. His father, a lawyer by profession, had recently acquired Ickwell Bury and owned several estates in other counties; the family seems to have owed its wealth to its marriage connection with Hugh Audley, lawyer and money lender, who made a fortune by sharp practice and miserly ways notorious in his lifetime,<sup>6</sup> and who is said to have settled considerable estates on his nephew Robert Harvey, John Harvey's grandfather. The improvement in the family fortunes enabled John Harvey to make the Grand Tour, which by 1688 had become a badge of social status. In common with many other keepers of journals both before and after him, he borrows largely from guide books; for instance, when describing the palace at Turin known as "La Valentine", the passage "On the other side of the town . . . the

5. There seems to be a discrepancy between the date of birth of John Harvey given in Burke's *Landed Gentry* and the evidence of documents in the Harvey family collection.

6. *D.N.B.* and *State Papers Domestic*.

Rape of the Sabines, the divers others " is copied verbatim from Lassell's *Tour of Italy*; again, the description of another palace at Turin—"The Duke's new palace . . . are the chief rooms and ornaments of this place"—is also taken from Lassells. The borrowing begins with his description of Lyons, and, as far as I can discover, the earlier part of the journal contains his own original observations, though there is a similarity between many of them and those found in other seventeenth-century travel books, indicating that the traveller in those days as well as in later times started out with preconceived ideas and a fund of stock remarks. Passages which he copied substantially from Lassells are indicated in the text by italics.

John Harvey was evidently interested in natural and mechanical curiosities; although Lassells describes the cabinet of M. Servier at Lyons at great length, an indication of the scientific interests of the age, Harvey has seen these things for himself and comments upon the items which interested him particularly; he also notes the cathedral clock, and his observations on Signor Setali's cabinet, and the "mathematical chamber" in the Grand Duke's palace at Florence all illustrate the same interest. His description of forts and armouries often owes something to Lassells, but again he includes many original remarks of his own. A future M.P. for Bedfordshire, he is already concerned to discover the political situation in the states he passes through, and to note the form of government: this is best seen in his description of Geneva, most of which is not borrowed. He briefly mentions the trade and notable manufactures of the various places he visited, and he shared the general interest in methods of poor relief and care of the sick, showing himself to be more enlightened than many of his contemporaries when he cites the extreme poverty of the countryside as the reason for crimes of violence in the Loire valley. He had a genuine curiosity about the history of places and objects which interested him, and seems to have been well informed about recent events such as the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the siege of Vienna, and the French bombardment of Genoa. He showed the traveller's natural interest in gossip about local notables, past or present, and in local festivals such as the Jour de l'Escalade at Geneva; unusual sights, such as the Siamese ambassadors or an attempt to exorcise devils, he also thought worth recording. His religious views are established in the first paragraph of the journal; while he was quite prepared to admire churches and shrines from an æsthetic point of view, he had no sympathy with "superstitious"



practices, and though he recorded stories of miraculous happenings, he was obviously sceptical.

Notably absent from the journal is any mention of books, plays, music, learned societies or acquaintance with persons other than English merchants abroad; the opera, "exercises", and the learning of foreign languages are mentioned only in passing, nor does he seem to have been interested in making antiquarian collections or in acquiring works of art. His descriptions of buildings are mainly taken from Lassels, as in the case of the paragraphs quoted, and he does not seem to have been familiar with architectural terms other than the vogue word "gothic" which was used to describe any outmoded, non-classical style. The Grand Duke's palace at Florence obviously overwhelmed him with the magnificence of its contents, and he had certainly seen these for himself, but he seems to have been more impressed by costliness or contrivance than by true artistic merit; a comparison with Lassels, however, shows that in this he was probably reflecting the tastes and preoccupations of his age. Lassels thought it was quite possible to become thoroughly acquainted with Florence and all its works of art in less than a month. The journal also shows that he had an extraordinary passion for factual detail—the cost of a work of art, how long it took to make, how many men were employed making it, or how many statues there were in the Grand Duke's gallery.

The journal also describes vividly some of the discomforts and hazards of travelling. Descriptions of natural scenery are rather formal, but he lived in an age which had not discovered the picturesque; of much greater interest to him than natural landscapes were the gardens he visited. With all its defects, the journal shows him to have been an enthusiastic and conscientious sightseer, with the interests one would expect of a country gentleman. It certainly throws more light on the way he conducted his tour than do the letters, over twenty years later, of Anthony, Earl of Harrold, to his father the Duke of Kent at Wrest Park. Writing from Venice in 1715-16, he makes comparatively little mention of specific sights, contenting himself with remarking that the "antiquities, buildings, paintings, etc." have been "no small entertainment", and that he has seen "some incomparable sights".

## TEXT

1688

July 11/21. I set out<sup>1</sup> from London in the stage coach, and in company a Jesuit and a young boy that was going with him to the seminary of St. Omer, and a north country man that was Popish likewise and a very bigot. We were agreeable enough in our conversation, never entering upon the head of religion, though the Jesuit would willingly have engaged Mr. St. Clare to reason with him, but he waiving it. We reached that night to Sittingbourne where we lodged, and the next day we dined at Canterbury where we saw the cathedral church. They showed us the place where St. Thomas Becket was killed and the marks of his blood upon the stones; they tell such a story at Blois of the death of the Duke of Guise, but they are alike fabulous. We went that same night to Dover and saw no robbers though it was reported that the road was very full, but we having other coaches full of strangers well armed, I believe they did not dare venture to attack us.

We lodged at the Ship at Dover, and early the next morning went on board the packet-boat for Calais, the wind being pretty fair for us. So before noon we got upon the French coast, but the packet-boat not daring to go into harbour because it was low water, we were obliged to go out in small boats—not without reluctance because two weeks before several English gentlemen had been drowned,<sup>2</sup> but nevertheless, thanks to God, we got safe to the shore, and lodged that night and the next day at the Golden Lion in Calais. There is nothing there worth the remarking but the fortifications which are strong but not equally good all round the town. We took the stage coach to go for Paris in company with the Comte de Breda who is of Bohemia, and his tutor, with two Danes that were Lutherans. We reached the first night to Boulogne, the town that Henry VIII took from the French. It is divided into a higher and a lower town; the first is situated upon a hill which makes it strong and difficult to be taken, the other is not fortified at all. The next days we went to Montreuil which is likewise situated upon a hill and commands

1. The journal is contained in 82 pages of an oblong note book measuring  $8\frac{1}{2}'' \times 4\frac{1}{2}''$ , bound in vellum and inscribed in ink "J. Harvey Esqr. Journal 1688." In 1870 the Historical Manuscripts Commission listed it among the manuscripts belonging to John Harvey Esq., of Ickwell Bury.

In their second report the Commission mentioned part of a diary apparently kept by John Harvey when he was in Rome in 1710; among the family papers there are further fragments which seem to come from this diary, kept while he was in Florence, Genoa and Naples 1709-1714. There is also a third journal but its author is not known; it describes travels in Holland 1698-1699, Leyden being the centre for tours of the surrounding countryside. The handwriting is quite unlike John Harvey's and it is not known whether any member of the family did study at Leyden.

The journal which follows is published by kind permission of Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Harvey, M.B.E.

2. This seems to have been a usual hazard: "As we went on shore, mistaking the tide, our shallop struck on the sands, with no little danger, but at length we got off" (*Evelyn's Diary*).



all the plain round it. It hath likewise a little citadel that commands the whole town and hath a garrison in it commonly of about 200 men. From Montreuil we went to Abbeville, a fair and pleasantly situated town in which there are many gunsmiths that make abundance of arms of all sorts and sell them at very reasonable rates, but their arms are not strong, for we bought there two pair of pistols and one of them brake some months after in the gentleman's hand that shot it off. The next days we dined at a little place called Airaines where so much water comes running out from the foot of the rock that it makes a pretty large brook; the water there was very cold and pleasant to drink. We lodged that night at a village called Poix, and the next day went to Beauvais, having dined at a little village called Ouduil.

In Beauvais there is a large, stately church built in former times by the English when they were masters of Picardy. From that we went to Beaumont and dined the day following at St. Denis. We went and saw the treasure which is very rich. In the church there are cut in brass many histories of the New Testament and the whole story of St. Denis carrying his head in his hands. We saw likewise the body of Louis XIII which is covered with a large velvet cloth and will not be interred till the present king dies and then his body will be placed where his father's is now. We saw the burial place with the tomb of Pepin with this inscription [omitted in original]. The Vicomte of Turenne, that noble captain, is interred here likewise, and hath a chapel very finely beautified. There were several epitaphs made upon him, but this seeming to me to be the best I thought fit to set it down :

Turenne a son tombeau entre ceux des rois,  
 Pour le prix glorieux de ses fameux exploits,  
 On a voulu par la, couronner sa vaillance,  
 Afin que les siècles à venir ne sçauroient faire de difference,  
 De porter la couronne et la soutenir. [*sic*]

His body was brought to St. Denis about the end of August 1675, and the king is resolved that he shall be buried among the kings of France in the burying place which he designs to build for the house of Bourbon, till which time he lies under a very stately monument which the Cardinal Bouillon, his nephew, erected for him.

From St. Denis we went to Paris where I stayed but eight days, hoping after I had learned the language to return there, but the apprehension of a rupture between England and France made us leave this country sooner than we designed. The structures here are indifferently fair, though the streets [are] generally foul all the four seasons of the year, which I impute first to the position of the city, being built upon an isle (the Isle of France), made so by the branching and serpentine course of the river Seine, and having some of her suburbs seated high, the filth runs down the channel and settles in many places within the body of the city which lieth upon a flat; as also for a world of coaches, carts and horses that can move neither forward nor backward by reason of some sudden encounter of others coming a cross way, so that often-times it will be an

hour or two before they can disentangle. In such a stop Great Henry was slain by Ravaillac. Hence comes it to pass that this town (for Paris is a town, a city, and a university) is always dirty, and 'tis such a dirt that by perpetual motion is beaten into such a thick, black, unctuous oil, that where it sticks no art can wash it off of some colours, insomuch that it may be no improper comparison to say that an ill name is like the crotte (the dirt) of Paris which is indelible. Besides the stain this dirt leaves, it gives also so strong a scent that, as I have been told, it may be smelt many miles off if the wind be in one's face as he comes from the fresh air of the country.

Yet I fancy this city is not so populous as she seems to be, for her form being round (as the whole kingdom is), the passengers wheel about and meet oftener than they do in the long continued streets of London, which makes London appear less populous than she really is; so that London for length (though not for latitude), including Westminster, exceeds Paris, and hath in Michaelmas Term more souls moving within her in all places. 'Tis under one hundred years that Paris is become so sumptuous and strong in buildings, for her houses were mean until a mine of white stone was discovered hard by, which runs in a continual vein of earth and is dug out with ease, being soft, and is between a white clay and chalk at first, but being pulled up, with the open air it receives a crusty kind of hardness and so becomes perfect freestone, and before it is sent up from the pit they can reduce it to any form. Of this stone the Louvre, the king's palace, is built, which is a vast fabric—for the gallery wants not much of an Italian mile in length and will easily lodge 3,000 men, which some told me was the end for which the last king made it so big, that lying at the fag end of this great mutinous city, if she should perchance rise, the king might pour out of the Louvre so many thousand men unawares into the heart of her. This king has not been in this palace ever since he was forced to flee out [of] Paris to St. Germain when he was young, all Paris being then in arms against Cardinal Mazarin, an Italian and the chief minister of state, whom they would have banished the kingdom.

From that we went into the garden which is called the Tuilleries where "tout le beau monde" (all the fine ladies) of Paris walk commonly in the summer's evenings. We saw there a great deal of company and we returned very well satisfied. There is never a night passeth but some robbing or murder is committed in this town so that it is not safe to go late anywhere, especially about the Pont Neuf (the new bridge), though Henry the Great himself lies sentinel there in arms upon a huge Florentine horse,<sup>3</sup> and sits bareheaded to everyone that passeth—a very improper posture, methinks, to a king on horseback. I went three or four times during my stay to the opera, and then proceeded on my journey.

From Paris I went the first night to Etampes, and the next day dined at Toury where they sell good knives and scissors and other knickknacks

3. It was the work of John of Bologna, and was sent from Florence in consequence of Henry IV's marriage with Marie de Medici.



made at Chatellroë [? Châtellerault], and so came that night to Orleans,<sup>4</sup> one of the largest and finest towns upon the Loire, where I stayed two days. In which town they perform every year a very solemn procession for the Maid of Orleans; her statue stands upon the bridge and her clothes are preserved to this day, which a young man wears every year in the procession, which makes me think that her story (though it sound like a romance) is very true, and I have read it thus: when the English had made such firm invasions of France that their armies had marched into the heart of their country, besieged Orleans, and driven Charles VII to Bourges in Berry, which made him to be called (for the time) King of Berry, there came to his army a shepherdess, one Jeanne d'Arc, who with a confident look and language told the king that she was designed by heaven to beat the English and drive them out of France. Therefore she desired a command in the army, which by her extraordinary confidence and importunity she obtained, and putting on man's apparel she proved so prosperous that the siege was raised from before Orleans and the English were pursued to Paris and forced to quit that, and driven to Normandy. She used to go on with marvelous courage and resolution, and her word of command was "har a ha"; but in Normandy she was taken prisoner and the English had a fair revenge upon her, for by an arrest of the Parliament of Rouen she was burnt for a witch.

Having stayed two days at Orleans we embarked upon the Loire for Tours, but the wind being contrary we got the first night no further than Beaugency, and the second to Blois where we saw the king's house and the palace where the Duke of Guise was killed by Henry III—the stones of the wall seem red, and the people there do really believe that it is the marks of his blood which, they say, could never be taken away. They related here to us many stories of Louis XI's cruelty, who had in a low vault of that house an engine which, when a man was let down into it, he was immediately ground to pieces.

We thought to have got the third day to Tours, but we were benighted, and so forced to lodge in a little village called Montlouis, a place infamous for murders and robberies that had been committed there some four years before. There was one man, they told me, that had murdered 25 men. We saw several hanged at Tours for murder, and they told us that there was above 60 more in prison; and there is no mercy given to a robber when he is taken, which is an excellent policy, for whereas formerly a man could not travel without manifest hazard of his life, now people go securely without fear; but it is the extreme poverty of the country that drives them to take these extravagant courses. We stayed in Tours two months and so had time to see everything at our leisure. The town is large and well peopled, but not as formerly, for the Protestants being forced [to leave] in the last persecution impoverished the town

4. It was the custom of travellers to leave Paris for the Loire valley during the heats of summer; Orleans was one of the chief summer resorts. Siena served a similar purpose for those wanting to escape from Rome in the heat, so that Lassels calls it "the Orleans of Italy".

much, and by setting up manufacturies of silk stuffs in England and Holland have greatly diminished the sale of the French silk. Yet they have a very considerable trade still, and twice a year the merchants come from Paris, Lyons, Limoges and Bordeaux and buy up all that they make, so that little remains in their hands. The castle is a great old building, but now altogether ruined; there are parts of the wall standing that were built by the Romans. The Duke of Guise was long a prisoner in it in the days of Henry IV; he escaped by letting himself down a rope which the Duchess of Maine sent him in a venison pasty, but the rope breaking, he got away with the breaking of his arm. They show to this day the tower and hole from whence he let himself down. The most considerable churches in the town are these two—the cathedral and St. Martin's; the first hath a good frontispiece of Gothic work with two high towers. The archbishop has his palace by the church and so have all the canons, and all are enclosed by a wall. St. Martin's is an old, dark church where there is nothing considerable but the place where the Protestants in time of the civil wars burnt the bones of the saints which were again recovered by a miracle. There is a port in the town called Hugo, whence, they say, came the name Huguenots.<sup>5</sup>

The streets of the town are straight and very dirty after rain; there is a Mall belonging to the town pleasantly set with trees, and upon the rampart another walk of the same length where all the gentry divert themselves and take the fresh air. There is another very pleasant walk on the river-side where the King's Lieutenant was erecting a magnificent arch with the king's statue, and he was to enlarge that street that leads to the place, which was computed to cost 29,000 crowns, and all this upon the town's charge. I remember an old gentleman told me that the town was displeased with the undertaking because it was publishing to the world their riches, whereas they were all so miserably poor that they could but just live. There was a house which did hinder the enlarging [of] the street, so the Lieutenant sent for the owner and desired him to sell his house—he refusing, the Procureur pressed him to do it, but he persisting in his denial, the Lieutenant told him, “Le Roy le veult, monsieur” (the king will have it), so the poor man durst say no more, but was forced to take what it pleased the Lieutenant to give him. There is at the turn of one of the streets the image of the Blessed Virgin with our Saviour in her arms. Every day there are many praying to it, for this statue of Our Lady does many miracles, and, as they say and believe, heals more sick persons than all the physicians in the town. You will see it every day in a new dress and on holy days in lace. As I was walking one day there I chanced to piss in a void place by a wall; a woman going by cried out to me and told me, “Un Huguenot, ou un chien n'aura pas fait d'avantage”. It was consecrated ground, which I did not take notice of, and perhaps that woman had some interest in that place, for otherwise they are not so scrupulous themselves.

5. According to Henri Estienne (*Apologie d' Herodote*, 1566), the name Huguenot originated from the habit which the Protestants of Tours had of assembling by night at the gate of King Hugo.



In this king's reign the number of the convents [is] much augmented, for whereas formerly there were but three—the Carmelites, the Benedictines and the Augustinians, there are now one and twenty. The best convents are without the town, as Marmoutier, which is upon the other side of the river. It belongs to the Benedictines and is their chief convent in France. They design to make the General Chapter of the Order here and have built a stately side facing the river; it is all of hewn stone and very uniform. Their church is large and well lighted, and high in the roof there we saw St. Martin's cell and the double staircase that was wrought by a miracle. They tell me that the devil, who was always skirmishing with St. Martin, designed one day to throw him downstairs, but St. Martin, finding another pair of stairs made to his hand, went down and so cheated Mr. Devil. Many such stories are to be found in Sulpicius Severus' life of St. Martin. They showed us the sainte ampoule, which is a little glass of oil of a red colour, brought from heaven by an angel in likeness of a dove. There is another at Rheims, wherewith the kings of France are anointed, but after the death of Henry III, Rheims being in possession of those of the League, Henry IV sent for this of Marmoutier and was consecrated at St. Denis. It hath this miraculous quality like the widow's cruse of oil, not to waste, for so soon as any is taken out of it, it is immediately full again. They here show likewise the cells of the seven sleepers who slept five hundred years without moving, also the winevat of St. Martin, which is a large vessel that may hold above twenty persons. They tell that in a year of great dearth there were no grapes upon the vines, and on all the vines of the convent there [were] but two grapes found, whereupon he ordered this great vessel to be made and then took one of the grapes and put it into the vessel and ordered it to be filled with water which immediately was turned into good wine, and the other he gave to the poor.

On the same side of the river, a little nearer the town, is a convent of nuns called La Calvaire. It is a large, square house built upon a hill; we went up to the gate but were allowed to go no further, so we were forced to content ourselves with the outward view. On the same side of the river is the convent of Capuchins, situated upon a high hill, for commonly they have their cloisters situated upon eminences, desiring always to be nigh heaven. They received us very civilly, showing us their convent church and garden; the upper garden is set with flowers of all sorts of which they are very curious, and from that you have a most pleasant prospect—you see all the town and the country on the other side all up the river. There is another convent on the other side of the river, upon the banks of the river Cher, which is very considerable. It is called St. François de Paula; the monks are Minims. The greatest devotion of the town is to this church, for St. François de Paula was reputed a very holy man and did many miracles. The church is little but very pretty, all adorned with delicate peinture and fine pictures. The convent is well built and large; they have a library a-top of it from which you have a prospect of that large plain that lies between the Loire and Cher, and of the country on the other side. They showed us their treasure where there

is the image of a little child of this king of France which the late queen gave them; also a heart of silver, the gift of the late Prince of Condé who made a vow to St. François to be cured of the gout; the image also of St. François in silver, holding the tail of his gown in his hand, in commemoration of a miracle he wrought: coming to a river which he was to pass, and finding no boat, he set up the tail of his gown for a sail and so passed over safely. They have a very fair garden and shady walks with high hedges cut in divers forms which are very delightful, and in their garden they have a large fish pond where they keep very large fish of divers sorts. In their sacristy they show a little hole in the floor which seems to have been burnt, of which they tell this story: St. François de Paula, desiring to make a reformation among them, and bring them from eating of flesh to live upon fish and herbs, made a long discourse to them to persuade them to it, and they all telling him it was impossible to live after that manner, he called for hot coals of fire, and taking them in his hands, held them a pretty while and set them down upon the floor and continued his discourse; the coals presently set fire to the floor, and they all being alarmed, he took them again in his hands, and holding them forth said it would be as easy for them to abstain from flesh by God's assistance as it was for him to hold the burning coals in his hand, upon which they all agreed to the reformation, and this hole is shown to this day. They showed us many relics, as a prickle of the crown of thorns, a piece of the cross, a letter of St. François de Sales, who was bishop of Geneva, to St. François de Paula, written with his own hand. The house in which he dwelt at Geneva is now their prison, and the wood of his bed is there hacked and cut, for as soon as any Savoyard gets in, he is sure to cut off a piece of that bedstead and keep it as a relic, such an opinion have they of the holiness of St. François de Sales.

Nigh the convent is the park and house of Louis XI, called La Plesse;<sup>6</sup> he stayed there in his melancholy, and considering that the inundations of the Loire and Cher did greatly damage the country, hinder the commerce, and make much ground useless, he enterprised to make a great work, called in French the *Levéé*, which separates the two rivers, reaching from Orleans to Nantes, whereby all that way is as plane as a floor. This is of wonderful advantage to the country, Besides, he made three bridges over the Cher, one by St. François de Paula, another called the Pont Long, and it is indeed near a mile in length, and a third higher than that. It was in that plain that Charles Martel defeated the Saracens.

We stayed two months here and then took boat for Angers. A little from Tours you see on your left-hand the Abbacy of St. Come situated silently in the midst of a little grove where there are pleasant walks. The church is old, and in it nothing remarkable but the oldness of its building, which is built after the Jewish manner. Every canon hath his own house and little garden. On the right-hand you see country houses and vineyards situated all along the river side very pleasantly. There is one they call

6. Plessis-les-Tours where Louis XI spent the last two or three years of his life in solitude, dying in 1483.



Le Paradis; it hath a roof that turns round like a windmill, and they tell a story that the house belong[ed] formerly to a courtier of Henry IV, who, coming into that country, made an appointment with one of his mistresses at this house. He was led into a room where he had the prospect of the river and the country; so, when he was caressing his mistress, on a sudden the chamber was turned round, and instead of the pleasant sight he had before, he saw nothing but a dark grove and a scraggy hill, which struck such a terror into the king that he forgot his designed pleasure, but the courtier was disgraced for his pains.

A little lower is Malley, where is the castle of the Duke of Luynes, a large, square building with four round towers on the top of it; it is built upon a hill above the town and is seen a great way off. There is not far from this a square pillar upon the side of a hill, pretty high and solid; the common people say it was built by the Devil, but in all probability it was a Roman monument. We went that night to Saumur, and saw upon our left hand the church of Notre Dame, and the fine convent of the Pères de l'Oratoire; there is a great devotion paid to this church, and from it to the town they sell nothing but chaplets and beads which are touched by the relics of that church. Saumur is but a little town, but the suburbs are pretty large. It hath a castle upon a high hill which is seen a great way upon the river. This town was given by Henry III to the Protestants for a passage over the Loire, but since this late persecution it is almost ruined, the richest citizens being retired into Holland or England.<sup>7</sup>

From Saumur we went down the river to Pont de Cé, and there took horses for Angers where we stayed three months. Angers (upon the Maine which runs into the Loire) is situated very pleasantly; it is well inhabited and the streets pretty clean and large, and next to Paris it is thought the best abode for strangers in all France, for here exercises are well taught and the people are very courteous and civil to all strangers. The chief church of the town is St. Maurice which is the cathedral. The bishop was an old man near 80 years of age, and brother to that famous Arnauld the Jansenist<sup>8</sup> who hath writ so much. The chief convents are the Benedictine St. Julien without the town, and St. Nicholas on the other side of the river whither the women go to pray for good husbands, the Capuchins, who have a large garden, [and] the Minims who used to beg of us every week. There is upon the other side of the river a little house where they sell wine now, in which they say the King of Sicily<sup>9</sup> dwelt; they show his chamber and his chapel to this day. The town is walled round, with round towers after the old way of fortification; the ditches are the deepest and largest I ever saw. The castle is separated

7. In 1620 Peter Mundy, a Cornish traveller, noted that "on this river [the Loire] there are great store of Protestants and whole towns of them." Bishop Burnet, on his travels through France 1685-87, saw the persecutions which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

8. Antoine Arnauld, author of over 320 works but chiefly famous for his book *De la fréquente communion* which was responsible for popularising Jansenist principles. His sister Angélique was Mother Superior of Port Royal.

9. The Dukes of Aujou claimed the title.

from the town and is fortified after the same manner. In it we saw the cage in which the King of Sicily shut up his queen; it is made of strong oak, above ten foot square; she got her meat at a hole something bigger than the rest, for it is made like a lattice.

1689

At Angers we heard of the Princess of Orange's landing in England, and the king and queen's coming into France,<sup>10</sup> and the fear we had of war made us resolve to leave France, so we took horse for Lyons [on] January 3/13, and the first night we reached to Saumur. It was so cold weather that our cloaks were all frozen and the wind so sharp in our faces that made us almost repent our setting out. The next day it thawed and we rode very pleasantly upon the Levée, and lodged that night at Langeais where are to [be] had the best melons in France. The next day we went to Tours and dined there only, and went further four leagues and lodged at a little town called Ablared [? Bléré]. The next day was a little rainy, yet we passed Mont Richard, which is a little town, fortified after the old way, and went to Noyers, which is eight leagues. We dined there and went three leagues further to Selles. The Duke of Bethune hath a fine house there on the banks of the Cher, with very pleasant gardens. From that we went and dined at a bourg called Villefranche, and lay at Vierzon, a little town which is fortified. A little from this the Cher left us, or rather we it, and we went up on the side of the Yèvre till we came to Bourges. Never was there worse weather than we had that day, for it rained incessantly, and the way was so bad that our horses could but step. We saw at Bourges the famous church of St. Stephen which is large and well built, and also we saw the holy chapel; the bishop's house was a-building with hewn stone, and when it is finished will be very stately. Some advised us to go by La Charité, which was eight leagues out of our way, because there was no straight passage to Moulins because of the waters, yet we adventured and went six leagues to a little town called Don le Roy. Our landlord told us that we should do very well to tarry there all night by reason the waters were so very high. We followed his advice and the next morning, though we were on horseback by six of the clock, yet it was twelve hours before we got to Pont Sergis, which was reckoned but three leagues. We went two further, very much tired, and dined at a little village called Veins, and then went to Couleuvre two leagues further to lodge. The next day we dined at Bourbon—three leagues, where saw the famous hot baths and the old castle of Bourbon, and went that night to Moulins, five leagues further. This town is situated upon the river of Allier, which is navigable and runs into the Loire below Nevers. Here they make abundance of knives, scissors and razors; they did not fail to bring us their merchandise, so we bought every-one somewhat. We were now in the great road, which made us take heart.

10. On December 9, 1688, Mary of Modena and her child escaped to Gravesend and thence to France. James II, after his first recapture, was allowed to "escape" by William of Orange, and arrived in France on December 23rd. War was declared on France the following year.



We dined at Varennes and lay at La Palisse, which is eleven leagues from Moulins; here they make good boots. From thence we went to Roanne, where the Loire begins to be navigable, where we lay, and the next day we dined at St. Symphorien. There we saw the Siam ambassadors<sup>11</sup> who had been at Rome and were going in a diligence to Paris; they were tawny fellows, with red furred coats and caps. They had a Jesuit that conducted them. From that we went over the mountains which were all covered with snow till we came down to Tarare; the next day we dined at L'Arbresle, and from that went on to Lyons.

*Lyons is one of the greatest and richest towns in France; it stands upon the rivers Saône and Rhône* (called anciently Araris and Rhodanus), the first running silently and the other swiftly. The first brings down to it the merchandise of Burgundy, Champagne and the parts adjacent, the other those of Italy with some from Turin and Geneva, on mules and are embarked at Seyssel where the Rhône begins to be navigable, and the same river carries to the sea all the goods that go for Italy. This town hath privileges beyond any other town in France, as not [to be] obliged to quarter soldiers, because in the civil wars they were faithful to the king. The merchants are rich and live well, they have good houses, many of them spend liberally—hence it is that they have an opera here little inferior to that of Paris. The streets are beautiful, being high and well built, and the town very populous. *The chief things to be seen in Lyons are these: first, the great church or cathedral called St. John's church* is stately and large, and hath a curious clock<sup>12</sup> which, next to that of Strasburg, is the best in Europe. The index that points the hours is upon an oval and draws in itself according to the diameter of the oval, so that it is still equal in length to it; it hath a cock on the top of it which crows every time it strikes and also it claps its wings, and shows likewise the age of the moon and many other curiosities. *The stately new town house of pure white freestone, the curious staircases and hall above, are things most worthy taken notice of, the one for its contrivance, the other for its painting; the Jesuits' college and fair library, the finest in all France, the Carthusians' monastery, the Mail, and the sweet place of Belle Cour* where all the nobility of the town walk and take the air. Not far from this there is a pyramid with several inscriptions showing that in such a year the two rivers, the Saône and Rhône met in that place. Then we went up a steep hill to a church called Notre Dame de Fourier from where you have a perfect view of Lyons and the meeting of the two rivers.

The cabinet of the old gentleman Mr. Servière<sup>13</sup> is seen by all strangers

11. In 1683 the chief minister of Siam, a Greek called Constantine Phaulcon, opened negotiations with France which led to the exchange of several embassies and the installation of a French garrison at Bangkok. A usurper seized power in 1688, the French were driven out, and the minister executed.

12. John Ray, F.R.S., who travelled this way 1663-6 states that the clock was the work of the M. Servier whose cabinet was so famous (*Observations*).

13. "We had good luck in seeing this M. Servier's cabinet, his humour being very difficult. He was a soldier in his young days, but about 22 years ago he retired hither and invented many ingenious pieces of clockwork, machines of water, etc." (Ray, *Observations*.)

that pass; he hath upon a board marked all the predominant passions of mankind, and a pin is in the middle upon which he fastens a index of ivory which, being touched by a man, shows him his predominant passion, and after it hath stood, if the same person touch a second time it will not move, but if another touches it, it turns round till it points at his. He hath another board which is no less wonderful, for at a certain distance, by moving a piece of ivory in his hand, he makes that which is fastened upon the board turn backward or forward as he pleases. He hath also many clocks and dials and other very curious things of which Lassels gives a large and true account.

The Archbishop of Lyons is primate of France and he is now old, but has not as yet given over his pleasures, for he is esteemed to be one of the greatest hunters in all France. The Canons of St. John are all Counts and must show that they are gentlemen before they can be admitted to that dignity.

From Lyons we set forward for Geneva. The first day we went to Cournon, a little village; the next day we passed over Mount Cerdon and lodged at a little town called Nantua situated amongst hills at the end of a lake which is above a mile and a half in length, and in some places half a mile over. From that we went to Mount Credo which is very high likewise; here the Rhône loseth itself and runs underground, not being able to force its passage through those huge rocks. From thence we went to the Fort de l'Ecluse where the king of France has a small garrison; it is situated on the side of a hill above the Rhône, and upon the other side there is another hill, very steep, so that there is no passing that way but through the fort, and since the fleeing of the Protestants they commonly demand passes of all French that go out of France. We lodged that night at a little village called Collonges where there hath been a Roman colony formerly. The next day we repassed the Rhône [and] went to dinner to Geneva in which town we stayed two months and a half.

Geneva, though it hath made a great noise in the world, is but a little town, and were it not for the multitude of strangers residing in it could not of its own inhabitants arm 3,000 men. It is divided in two by the river Rhône. The things most remarkable I saw here are these: first, the great church called St. Peter's in which *I saw the tomb of the Duke of Bouillon, general of the army of Germans (called then in France the Reiters) who, in the battle of Aulneau, were beaten by the Duke of Guise and forced to fly to Geneva, having lost 1,800 of their men upon the place, most of them with charms about their necks which they thought would have made them shot-free. Mounting up to the steeple I saw a fair silver bell with a crucifix on it showing whose it was, and two little pieces of ordnance that at the approach of an army they may give notice to the people, and a little below, in the belfry, there live in two or three chambers, families of husbands and wives and children. From the top of this steeple you have a fair prospect upon the lake and neighbouring countries. Second, I saw the arsenal—little, but well stored with defensive arms. They show you the petard [and] the scaling ladders which the Savoyards brought when they attempted to take the town, but they surprised a great many*



of the Savoy nobility and *beheaded and hung them "à la chaud" lest some prince might intercede for them.*<sup>14</sup> There is an anniversary thanksgiving for their deliverance at that time and the day is called *le jour de l'escalade*, which is their greatest festival. Third, the Town House with the chamber where the magistrates sit in counsel. Fourth, the public library—but little, and none of the best. Fifth, *admirable trout*, where I see some that weighed some 30, some 40 and some 48 and 50 pounds, and also most excellent fat capons called the capons of the Pays de Gé.

Geneva has sixteen syndics but is governed only by four, and four hundred senators. She lies like a bone betwixt three mastiffs—the King of France, the Switzers and the Duke of Savoy; they all three look upon the bone but neither of them dare touch it singly for fear the other two would fly upon him, but they say the Savoyard hath the interest title, for there are Imperial records extant that although the Bishops of Geneva were lords spiritual and temporal, yet they should acknowledge the Dukes of Savoy for their superior. This Duke's ancestors went frequently to the town and the keys were presently tendered to him. But since Calvin's time, who hath been once banished and then called home again, which made him to apply this speech unto himself—"the stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner", (I saw and drunk out of a cup which they say was the only thing that Calvin left behind him)—I say, since they were refined by Calvin they seem to shun and scorn all the world besides, being cast as it were into another mould which hath quite altered their very natural disposition in point of moral society. They [have] a garrison of about 600 men and three companies mount the guard every night in very good order. The king of France keeps a Resident here only to be a spy into their actions, and they would willingly be without the honour, but they are obliged to keep measures with so powerful a neighbour.

We left Geneva April 6/16 1689 to go for Turin. We went the first day to a little village called [omitted in text] where we lodged, but so badly that we could neither get victuals nor beds; the next day we passed the river Fier over a stone bridge cut out of the rock and dined at Rumilly where an Irish priest called Father Butler came to us and was so kind to us as to give us of the wine of his convent by reason ours at the inn was so bad. From thence we came to a town called Aix which is famous for the hot baths there, and so we lodged that night at Chambéry, the chief town in Savoy; it is but little, but very neat and pretty well built. We saw the Duke's palace which is situated upon rising ground. Leaving then Chambéry we went to Montmélian to dinner, which is *a strong castle upon a high rock* and if it be well provided with provisions is impregnable. It hath always a good garrison, it being the chief fortress of Savoy; it *overlooks the river Isère and commands the passage here which lies betwixt the hills. The strength of this castle appeared* (the present Duke<sup>15</sup> being in it),

14. This took place in 1602.

15. The "present duke" in 1688 was Victor Amadeus II who died in 1732, so he could not have been in the castle if the siege took place in 1631.

when it withstood the army of Louis XIII of France for fifteen months and at the end forced him to raise the siege.<sup>16</sup> They showed us in it their deep well for fresh water in the midst of a rock, and culverins of a prodigious length, one of which is said to carry two leagues—that is, to Fort Barraux, a little fort belonging to France. From thence we went to Charbonnière to lodge, and thence up the river Arc all the way to the foot of Mount Cenis. The next day we dined at La Chambre and passed by St. Jean de Maurienne and went [to] St. Michel to bed. From that we rode between high hills and upon precipices till we came to Lanslebourg which stands at the foot of Mount Cenis.<sup>17</sup> *This hill of Mount Cenis, parting Savoy and Italy*, is accounted the highest of all the hills of the Alps. Before we were got to our lodging we were accosted by a great many fellows that offered to carry us up the hill but we let our voiturin bargain with them, for he was obliged to that charge. The next morning we got mules because they are surer of foot and more accustomed to mounting than horses are, and so after two hours mounting we came to Ramasa where men are posted down the hill in sledges upon the snow with great celerity, dexterity and pleasure. From that there is a plain of three leagues which was all so covered with snow and there was such a thick fog, though almost noon day, that we could not see one the other; so passing over the plain we came to the Grand Croix where we began to descend. Down the hill we were carried by Marons, that is, chairmen,<sup>18</sup> so about noon we arrived at Novalesa where we dined and then took horse and went that night to Bussoleno, having passed Susa. This town is famous in history for the victory the French got over the Piedmontese in forcing their passage into Italy; *this action is memorable in history by name of le pas de Suze*. Here at Susa begins Piedmont. The next day we dined at Avigliana, and passed by Rivoli, a pleasure house of the Duke's standing in a good air, and so that night we came to Turin.

*Turin, anciently called Augusta Taurinorum, is situated in a plain near the foot of hills which abound with all sorts of fruits, and on the banks of the river Po which begins here to be navigable and carries boats to Ferrara, Chiosa and Venice.* This town is the seat of one of the greatest princes in Italy—the Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont. His interest is to keep well with France and not fall out with Spain. As for the town itself, it is almost square; it was enlarged much by the late Duke<sup>19</sup> and the streets of that new part of the town are large and the houses well

16. Richard Symonds in his "note books" (1649) states that the siege was conducted unsuccessfully by Louis XIII and Richelieu in 1631. The garrison of 500 men held out for "fourteen" months.

17. Symonds says that March and April were the most dangerous months for this crossing, and that at this time of the year it was "a most fearful passage".

18. "They get their living by accommodating strangers with mules or chairs for the passage of the mountain . . . they are most notorious knaves and lie continually upon the catch to cheat strangers of their bargain" (Bodleian: Rawlinson MS 207, 1638). Symonds says that the descent on the Italian side cost five shillings; Lassels says that it was a "Spanish pistol" for each man. The alternative was to ride up on mules and walk down.

19. Charles Emmanuel II, 1637-1675.



built, so that if the other part did answer to this it would be the most beautiful city in Europe. It hath four gates to it, it is a university, and hath a citadel with five bastions to it; it is well furnished with all sorts of good provisions in the market, and it stands in a very fat soil which makes it a little too dirty in winter and when it rains. The chief things I saw there are these: first, the Domo, or great church, in which they keep the Holy Syndon—viz. Christ's winding sheet, to which is paid a great deal of devotion, for every night you see people upon their knees not only in the church but in the place before it, and they have this singularity which they have not in other places, as I observed, for they rise all with a great shout which put me in mind of a story which I heard they did in Holland; so soon as the dead body is laid in the grave all the boys that are there (and commonly there are a great many), run out of the church with a noise and a shout, for which custom no solid reason can be given.

[Secondly], the citadel, standing at the back of the town, consisting of five royal bastions well built and good ditches; this Duke and his mother<sup>20</sup> found the convenience of it when, by factions within the town against them, they were forced to this citadel and there weathered it out stoutly, till succour coming from France made them masters of the town and of their enemies. There is in it a large well, very curious for its plenty of water and its architecture, for horses can go up [and] down without hindering the one the other.

Third, the Duke's palace, handsomely built with a fair court before it, a great Piazza, and a large, open street leading up to it. The chambers are fair, and hung with hangings of cloth of tissue, with rich embroidered beds, chairs, stools, cloths of state and canopies; the great hall painted curiously, the noble staircase, the old long gallery 100 paces long, with pictures of the princess and princesses of the House of Savoy, with a fair library locked in great cupboards, are the chief rooms and ornaments of this palace. I saw also the apartments or lodgings of the old duchess, Madame Christiana, which join to the old gallery, and in her cabinet I saw many choice and curious pictures.

Fourthly, there is the new street which runs from the palace to the Piazza Reale, it is a fair street uniformly; in it I saw [the] Jesuits' College, a stately building, and if it were finished would not give place to many in Europe. Fifth, the Piazza Reale is built handsomely upon pillars like our Covent Garden and is full of nothing else but noblemen's houses. Sixth, the Augustinians' church, called St. Carlo, standing in this Piazza, adorns it much, being a very neat one and the best contrived I saw there. Seventh, without the town there is the convent of the Capuchins on the other side of the Po; it has a church, very beautiful, whose steeple overlooks all the town and all the country thereabouts. Eighth, the Academy, which is very good and maintained by the Duke himself; none here are allowed to ride but those that put themselves pensioners in the Academy,

20. This passage is copied from Lassels and therefore refers not to the reigning Duke but to Charles Emmanuel II and his mother Christina sister of Louis XIII. Her regency was troubled by the intrigues of the late Duke's brothers who captured Turin in 1639, but the Regent recovered it the following year.