

railroad to Paris. There was nothing interesting in this road. Few parts of France look attractive to the passing traveller. Saintes, on the Charante, was a pretty-looking place ; and they gave us an excellent dinner there for about the same money they had charged at the pot-house at Blaye for an infamous breakfast : but these pages are not to tell of European travel, and I speed me onwards. I would only pause to recommend the Hôtel du Faisan at Tours, and the Hôtel d'Orleans at the latter place. We returned a second time to the Hôtel de l'Amirauté at Havre.

The English Consul at Hâvre was a very gentlemanly man—rather above his place, as most of our *employés* are. The one of Bordeaux had been absent all the winter, and his substitute could only charge heavy fees for the deeds he witnessed for me. Our Consul at Havre did not know what the fees were ; but his clerk did, who sat in the ante-room. Said clerk also insisted upon *viséing* my passport, and making me pay for his doing so ; but the police assured me that such *visé* was unnecessary. I called on the American Consul, also,

at Hâvre : he kept three or four clerks ; but he sat in the same room with them, and came forward and gave me, gratis, all the information I needed, with the willing *prévenance* that I have found more amongst American than any other *employés*. Much of national feeling and national manners may be learnt in the bureaux, whether of government or railway or other companies, in the different States : and those who have travelled enough to understand manner and intonation of the voice as well as spoken words, will probably agree with me that the French of every class, in and out of office, used to evince to us more incivility and ill-manners than any other people in the world. They could not overcome their national antipathies. We shall see what will be the effect of our anti-Russian alliance.