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To See Ourselves as Others See Us: Foreign Travellers in England

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> Travelling consumes at present so much less time, and is attended by so much less fatigue, that instead of being regarded as an evil, it is one of the pleasures of the English; and people, as is our case at this very time, set out upon a journey of two hundred leagues to amuse themselves. (Espriella, 202)

Improved roads and better carriages went hand-in-hand in eighteenth century Britain, making travelling for pleasure as popular a pastime by the end of the century as it is for us today. Foreign visitors noticed and commented on things that English travellers often took for granted, and their journals and letters home give many details of the pleasures, discomforts and dangers of travel in Jane Austen's time.

Foreign travellers shared a curiosity about the English people and their way of life, and a determination to see as much as they could in the time available to them. They visited the great houses and estates on their routes, descended into mines and natural caverns, inspected mills, factories, hospitals, jails, churches, Parliament and the Tower of London. From their accounts – effusions of delight or bitter complaints – I have selected some of their comments on travelling, which help us appreciate the background of journeys in Jane Austen's novels – Catherine Morland's trips to and from Northanger Abbey, or Elizabeth's protracted tour to Derbyshire with the Gardiners.

The foreign visitors came from varied backgrounds. Count de la Rochefoucauld was sent to England from France by his father in 1784 to perfect his English and to learn as much as he could about the country. He was specially interested in agriculture and his reports, which sometimes sound like school essays, describe farming methods and crops wherever he went. Louis Simond was another Frenchman, but he came to England in 1810 after spending some years in the United States, as a well-to-do ship owner. He compares England to France, sometimes in favour of one, sometimes the other. Johanna Schopenhauer travelled widely with her husband, a wealthy German merchant, coming to England in 1803. Pückler-Muskau came to England in 1815 in search of a rich wife. In this he was not successful, but his subsequent travel books became "best-sellers" when he returned to Germany. Moritz differs from the others in this group because he was travelling with limited funds, and did part of his journey on foot. A German pastor, he came to England in 1782 with introductions to other Protestant ministers and merchants in London. He was gentle and tolerant, even under abuse, and was predisposed to like anything English. Espriella does not really belong in a group of foreign travel writers because he was a fake. At the time of publication, critics guessed that the letters, supposedly those of a Spanish traveller, were written by an Englishman, and the book was soon known to be the work of Robert Southey, the future Poet Laureate. The author preserved very well his "Spanish" character, however, and the book was well received, although reviewers deplored the "trifling and minute description of the inns, roads, stages, etc." – details which today we find the most interesting.

Not counting the many small individual sporting vehicles, there were three main ways of travelling – by stage-coach, mail-coach or post-chaise.

The stage-coach was the least expensive and most often used by the average traveller, but was considered rather "common." Jane Austen wrote in 1796, "As to the mode of our travelling to Town, *I* want to go in a stage coach, but Frank will not let me." (Letter No. 6). Espriella describes his first sight of one: ". . . shaped like a trunk with a rounded lid placed topsy-turvy. The passengers sit sideways; it carries sixteen persons withinside, and as many on the roof as can find room; yet this unmerciful weight with the proportionate luggage of each person is dragged by four horses, at the rate of a league and a half [one league equals four miles] within the hour. The skill with which the driver guides them with long reins, and directs these huge machines round the corners of the streets where they always go with increased velocity, and through the sharp turns of the inn gate-ways, is truly surprising" (33). Later he gives a vivid picture of life "on the road": "the coachman seems to know every body along the road; he drops a parcel at one door, nods to a woman at another, delivers a message at a third, and stops at a fourth to receive a glass of spirits or a cup of ale, which has been filled for him as soon as the sound of his wheels was heard. In fact, he lives upon the road, and is at home when upon his coach-box" (171).

The discomforts are also pointed out by Espriella: "It is not very agreeable to enter one of these coaches when it is nearly full: the first comers take possession of the places nearest the door at one end, or the window at the other, and the middle seats are left for those who come in last, and who for that reason . . . may literally be said to bear the heat of the day. . . . The atmosphere of the apartment, indeed, was neither fresher nor more fragrant than that of a prison. . . . To see any thing was impossible; the little windows behind us were on a level with our heads, the coachman's seat obstructed the one in front, and that in the doorway was of use only to those who sat by it. . . . Heat, noise and motion kept me waking" (195). Simond, also, describes his amazement at the sight: "A monstrous carriage turned the corner of a street, overladed with passengers – a dozen, at least, on the top, before, and behind; all this resting on four high slender wheels, drawn along full speed on a rough unequal pavement" (14). When he travels in one himself, Simond gives a lively account: "I set out for town . . . in the stage-coach, crammed inside, and *herissé* [bristly, prickly] outside with passengers, of all sexes, ages, and conditions. We stopped more than twenty times on the road – the debates about the fare of way-passengers – the settling themselves – the getting up, and the getting down, and damsels showing their legs in the operation, and tearing and muddying their petti-coats – complaining and swearing – took an immense time. I never saw anything so ill-managed" (25). On another occasion, Simond expresses his amazement again: "These carriages, and the heavy wagons with conical wheels, ought not to be found in a country where the science and practice of mechanics are so well understood" (81).

In 1784 a new mail coach service was introduced, which proved to be the envy of Europe. Small, fast, well-built coaches, seating three or four passengers inside and two outside, travelled so regularly and punctually that watches could be set by their arrival or departure. A contractor supplied the coachman and four horses, the Post Office provided an armed guard. Horses were changed at the end of each "stage" of seven to ten miles, and new horses could be harnessed and ready in a minute and a half. Moritz called these coaches "quite elegant" (83). The guard carried a horn which alerted the toll-gate keepers, and the road was cleared and the toll-gates opened ahead of the mail-coach. In order to compete, private coaching companies improved their service and punctuality, and often also provided an armed guard, but none came up to the standard of the Mails.

Anyone who could afford it travelled by post-chaise, as Rochefoucauld writes, "the type of carriage in which a gentleman usually travels" (144). This was a small, light, four-wheeled vehicle, seating two or three persons. It was drawn by two or four horses, and driven by a coachman, or by a postilion riding one of the horses. Most landowners or professional men – almost all of the main families in Jane Austen's novels, for example – kept their own carriages, but not all kept their own horses. Mr. Knightley ". . . keeping no horses, having little spare money and a great deal of health, activity, and independence, was too apt, in Emma's opinion, to get about as he could, and not use his carriage so often as became the owner of Donwell Abbey" (*Emma*, 213). Even the Osbornes, in *The Watsons*, ordered horses from the local livery stable when they used their carriage: "Horses for two carriages are ordered from The White Hart, to be at Osborne Castle by 9" (*MW* 323).

Catherine Morland discovered the disadvantages of travelling with one's own horses – the long delay while the horses were rested after each stage: ". . . the tediousness of a two hours' wait at Petty-France, in which there was nothing to be done but to eat without being hungry, and loiter about without any thing to see" (*NA* 156).

For those travellers who did not have their own carriages, post-chaises and horses could be hired at the posting inns. Espriella reported: "Early in the morning our chaise was at the door, a four-wheeled carriage which conveniently carries three persons. It has glass in front and at the sides, instead of being closed with curtains, so that you at once see the country and are sheltered from the weather" (20). The young Count Rochefoucauld was impressed: "The post-chaises are drawn by two horses and driven by a postilion; they carry two or three passengers and are very fast; they charge eleven shillings a mile and travel at the rate of at least eight miles an hour and sometimes they cover twelve or sixteen miles, after which horses and carriage are changed. All the vehicles are drawn by excellent horses" (5). This was the way Catherine Morland travelled home after she was banished from Northanger Abbey: ". . . after the first stage she had been indebted to the post-masters for the names of the places which were then to conduct her to [Salisbury]; so great had been her ignorance of her route. . . . Her youth, civil manners and liberal pay, procured her all the attention that a traveller like herself could require" (*NA* 232); and the way Fanny and William were sent to Portsmouth: ". . . they were to travel post . . . she saw Sir Thomas actually give William notes [bank-notes] for the purpose" (*MP* 372).

Simond at first was critical: "the horses we get are by no means good, and draw us with difficulty at the rate of five miles an hour. . . . The post-boy sits on a cross bar of wood between the front springs, or rather rests against it. This is safer, and more convenient both for man and horses, but does not look well; and, as far as we have seen, English post-horses and postillions do not seem to deserve their reputation" (16). Later he changed his mind: ". . . the horses excellent, as we have found them everywhere, except in Cornwall and Devonshire" (64).

Some of the travellers spoke of disadvantages and dangers in connection with the horses. Simond found that in Wales, "There is so little travelling in this remote part of the island, that the post-horses are commonly employed in husbandry" (67), and Johanna Schopenhauer also mentioned a delay: "For the first time in England we had to wait for our horses. At last, at six o'clock in the evening two appeared, tired after the day's hard work" (20). (Mr. Bennet, too, used his carriage horses on the land: "They are wanted in the farm much oftener than I can get them" (*P&P* 31)). Pückler-Muskau wrote that: "[On a race day] I found at every stage only miserable overdrawn horses, sometimes none at all; so that, according to the English standard, I travelled wretchedly" (54). Simond commented: "Post-horses do not seem under many regulations; the price, etc. appear to be left to the natural operation of competition; and in remote places where post-horses are kept by one person only, the traveller is pretty much at his mercy" (68).

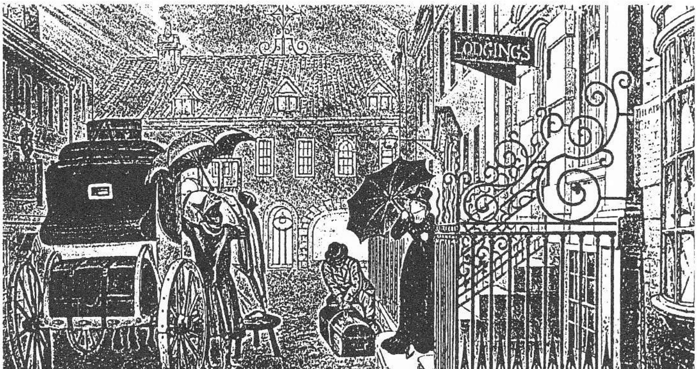
Espriella recounts the possible danger of using strange horses: "A pair were fetched from the field, as we afterwards discovered, who had either never been in harness before, or so long out of it as to have become completely unmanageable. As soon as we were shut in, and the driver shook the reins, they ran off. . . . The driver had no command whatever over the frightened beasts; he lost his seat presently, and was thrown upon the pole between the horses; still he kept the reins, and almost miraculously prevented himself from falling under the wheels, till the horses were stopped at a time when we momentarily expected that he would be run over and the chaise overturned" (31).

Moritz, too, had his story of danger caused by horses. "I own I was frightened and distressed when I saw the women, where we occasionally stopped, get down from the top of the coach. One of them was actually once in much danger of a terrible fall from the roof, because, just as she was going to alight, the horses all at once unexpectedly went on" (134). Johanna Schopenhauer also mentions a dangerous incident, but treats it quite casually with the aplomb of a seasoned traveller: "At one point our postilion fell off his horse and the horses bolted. On these good and busy roads such an incident is of little import, even though in English novels it is often used as an important motif. Our runaway horses were soon stopped and we reached Derby, admittedly a little shaken, but safe and sound" (103).

The greatest discomfort and danger in coach travel was for those "outside passengers." Espriella treats it with some nonchalance: "As the day was very fine, D. proposed that we should mount the roof; to which I assented, not without some little secret perturbation; and, to confess the truth, for a few minutes I repented my temerity. We sate upon the bare roof, immediately in front, our feet resting upon a narrow shelf which was fastened behind the coachman's seat, and being further or closer as the body of the coach was jolted, sometimes it swung from under us, and at others squeezed the foot back. There was only a low iron rail on each side to secure us, or rather to hold by, for otherwise it was not security. At first it was fearful to look down over the driver, upon four horses going with such rapidity, or upon the rapid motion of the wheels immediately below us; but I soon lost all sense of danger, or, to speak more truly, found that no danger existed except in imagination; for if I sate freely, and feared nothing, there was in reality nothing to fear" (170).

Jane Austen's nephews preferred to travel that way: "Edward and George came to us soon after seven on Saturday, very well, but very cold, having by choice travelled on the outside, and with no great coat but what Mr. Wise, the coachman, good-naturedly spared them of his" (Letter No. 59).

Moritz gives another description: "Persons to whom it is not convenient to pay a full price, instead of the inside, sit on the top of the coach, without any seats or even a rail. By what means passengers thus fasten themselves securely on the roof of these vehicles, I know not. . . . This they call riding on the outside; for which they pay only half as much as those pay who are within. . . . He who can properly balance himself, rides not incommodiously on the outside; and in summer time, in fine weather, on account of the prospects, it certainly is more pleasant than it is within: excepting that the company is generally low, and the dust is likewise more troublesome than in the inside" (86). He does not write so calmly, however, when he experiences it himself: "This ride I shall remember as long as I live. The coach drove from the yard through a part of the house. The inside passengers got in in the



yard, but we on the outside were obliged to clamber up in the public street, because we should have had no room for our heads to pass under the gateway. . . . The getting up alone was at the risk of one's life, and when I was up I was obliged to sit just at the corner of the coach, with nothing to hold by but a sort of little handle fastened on the side. I sat nearest the wheel, and the moment that we set off I fancied that I saw certain death await me. All I could do was to take still safer hold of the handle, and to be more and more careful to preserve my balance. The machine now rolled along with prodigious rapidity, over the stones through the town, and every moment we seemed to fly into the air, so that it was almost a miracle that we still stuck to the coach and did not fall" (177).

At the back of the coach was a "boot" or "basket" where the baggage of the passengers, and any parcels to be conveyed, were stowed. When Moritz could no longer stand the terror of riding on the top of the stage, he "crept from the top of the coach and got snug into the basket" (178) in spite of warnings from his fellow passengers. When the stage was going up hill, he relaxed and almost dozed off, but when it started downhill, "Then all the trunks and parcels began, as it were, to dance around me, and everything in the basket seemed to be alive, and I every moment received from them such violent blows that I thought my last hour was come . . . I was obliged to suffer this torture nearly an hour, till we came to another hill again, when quite shaken to pieces and sadly bruised, I again crept to the top of the coach, and took possession of my former seat" (178).

The speed and regularity of coaches could not have been increased so markedly without a corresponding improvement in the roads. The main routes were divided into sections or "stages" with a surveyor in charge of repairs. The surface was built up with gravel, hard packed and well drained. Almost all these foreign travellers commented favourably on the roads. Moritz was enthusiastic: "The roads too are incomparable; I am astonished how they have got them so firm and solid" (13). Simond found the roads, "hard and smooth – the horses fly along" (58); and Espriella mentioned "It was a great relief when we exchanged the violent jolting over the stones [in a small town] for steady motion on a gravel road" (168).

Of course, the standard of road up-keep would depend entirely on the amount of traffic and the efficiency and honesty of the surveyor in charge. Robert Watson complained to his sister on his arrival: "Your road through the village is infamous, Eliz:; said he, worse than ever it was. By Heaven! I would endite it if I lived near you. Who is Surveyor now?" (*MW* 349).

Johanna Schopenhauer had some reservations: "English roads are, on the whole, rightly praised as excellent, but close to the large manufacturing towns, where heavily laden carts and wagons ply back and forth all day, they are much less so" (99). Later, she comments: "From Winchester onwards we encountered very bad roads. In order to make our various expeditions [to visit country houses along the way], we were forced to leave the main road and now we had to find it again by a maze of almost impassible side-roads. We often left the carriage and walked up the steep hills, as it rattled wearily onwards, and had a small reward for our pains in fine open views" (129).

Espriella explained the system of toll-gates along the way: "At certain distances gates are erected and toll-houses beside them where a regular tax is paid for every kind of conveyance in proportion to the number of horses and wheels; . . . These gates are rented by auction; they are few or frequent, as the nature of the soil occasions more or less expense in repairs: no tax can be levied more fairly, and no public money is more fairly applied" (25). Rochefoucauld disagreed: "You also have to pay at the 'turnpikes,' that is, at the barriers where toll is demanded for the use of the road – and sometimes the toll is quite heavy. In the twenty-seven miles between Bury and Cambridge there are four of these toll-houses. At three of them you pay 6d. for the carriage, at the fourth 9d., making a total of 27 English pence . . . simply for the use of the road. Such a tax is really enormous" (144).

Espriella also commented on signs: "Another useful peculiarity here is, that where the roads cross or branch off a directing post is set up. . . . The distances are measured by the mile . . . and stones to mark them are set up by the way-side, though they are often too much defaced by time or by mischievous travellers to be of any use" (25).

Most travellers supplied themselves with one of the excellent guide books or maps which were being published by the end of the eighteenth century. Espriella describes his, "I bought here a map of England, folded for the pocket, with the roads and distances all marked upon it. I purchased also a book of the roads, in which not only the distance of every place in the kingdom from London, and from each other, is set down, but also the best inn at each place is pointed out, the name mentioned of every gentleman's seat near the road, and the objects which are most worthy a traveller's notice" (30).

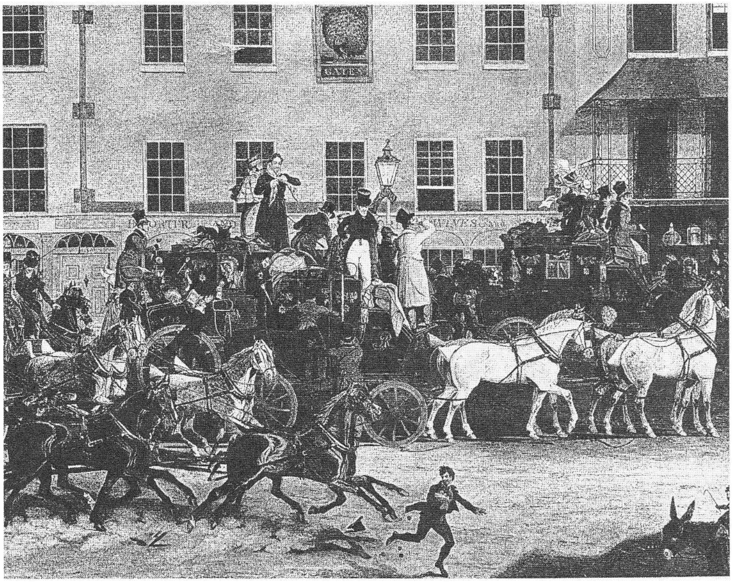
Several of the travellers mentioned the lack of armed guards or police along the way, in contrast to what they were used to. Simond wrote: "No armed watch, . . . is ever met patrolling the streets, or the highways; no appearance of police, and yet no apparent want of police; nothing disorderly" (29). Later he qualified this: ". . . except those occasioned by political factions" (50). Moritz also commented, "It strikes a foreigner as something particular and unusual when, on passing through these fine English towns, he observes none of those circumstances by which the towns in Germany are distinguished from the villages – no walls, no gates, no sentries, nor garrisons. No stern examiner comes here to search and inspect us or our baggage; no imperious guard here demands a sight of our passports; perfectly free and unmolested, we here walk through villages and towns as unconcerned as we should through a house of our own" (95).

The foreign visitors were usually favourably impressed also by the inns along the way. Espriella is enthusiastic: "What a country for travelling is this! such rapidity on the road! such accommodations at the resting-places. . . . When we arrive at the inn there is no apprehension lest the apartments should be preoccupied; we are not liable to any unpleasant company; we have not to send abroad to purchase wine and seek for provisions; every thing is ready; the larder stored, the fire burning, the beds prepared; and the people of the house, instead of idly looking on, or altogether neglecting us, are asking our orders and solicitous to please" (23). He describes the identifying signs: "The inns are distinguished by . . . a large painting swung from a sort of gallows before the door, or nailed above it, and the house takes its name from the sign. Lambs, horses, bulls, and stags, are common; sometimes they have red lions, green dragons, or blue boars, or the head of the king or queen, or the arms of the nearest nobleman" (21). Moritz, too, feels this worth mentioning as distinct or different: "On my left was an inn, from which, as usual in England, a large beam extended across the street to the opposite house, from which hung dangling an astonishing large sign, with the name of the proprietor" (110).

Pückler-Muskau writes: "I must give the excellent inns their meed of praise. In the country, even in small villages, you find them equally neat and well attended. Cleanliness, great convenience, and even elegance, are always combined in them; and a stranger is never invited to eat, sit and sleep in the same room, as in the German inns, in which there are generally only ballrooms and bed-chambers. The table service generally consists of silver and porcelain: the furniture is well contrived; the beds are always excellent; and the friendly, flickering fire never fails to greet you" (114).

Espriella describes his first inn: "We arrived just as the evening was closing; our chaise wheeled under the gateway with a clangour that made the roof ring; the waiter was at the door and let the steps down. We were shown into a comfortable room, lights were brought, the twilight shut out, the curtains let down, the fire replenished" (22). Simond writes of his reception at Bath: "The chaise drew up in style at the White Hart. Two well-dressed footmen were ready to help us to alight, presenting an arm on each side. Then a loud bell on the stairs, and lights carried before us to an elegantly furnished sitting-room, where the fire was already blazing. In a few minutes, a neat-looking chamber-maid, with an ample white apron, pinned behind, came to offer her serivces to the ladies, and shew the bed-rooms. In less than half an hour, five powdered *gentlemen* burst into the room with three dishes, etc. and two remained to wait. . . . Our bill was £2, 11s sterling, dinner for three, tea, beds, and breakfast. The servants have no wages – but, depending on the generosity of travellers, they find it their interest to please them. They (the servants) cost us about five shillings a-day" (19).

Pückler-Muskau is lavish in his praise. "What would delight you here is the extreme cleanliness of the houses, the great convenience of the furniture, and the good manners and civility of all serving people. It is true that one pays for all that appertains to luxury (for the strictly necessary is not *much* dearer than with us) six times as high; but then one has six times as much comfort. In the inns every thing is far better and more abundant than on the Continent. The bed, for instance, which consists of several mattresses laid one upon another, is large enough to contain two or three persons; and when the curtains which hang from the square tester supported on substantial mahogany columns, are drawn around you, you find yourself as it were in a little cabinet – a room, which would be a very comfortable dwelling for a Frenchman. On your washing-table you find – not one miserable water-bottle, with a single earthen or silver jug and basin, and a long strip of towel,



such as are given you in all hotels and many private houses in France and Germany; but positive tubs of handsome porcelain, in which you may plunge half your body; cocks which instantly supply you with streams of water at pleasure; half a dozen wide towels; a multitude of fine glass bottles and glasses, great and small; a large standing looking-glass, foot-baths, etc., not to mention other anonymous conveniences of the toilet, all of equal elegance" (40).

A vivid picture of an inn is given by Espriella: "The perpetual stir and bustle in this inn is as surprising as it is wearisome. Doors opening and shutting, bells ringing, voices calling to the waiter from every quarter, while he cries 'coming,' to one room, and hurries away to another. Everybody is in a hurry here; either they are going off to the packets [the boats leaving for the Continent], and are hastening their preparations to embark or they have just arrived, and are impatient to be on the road homeward. Every now-and-then a carriage rattles up to the door with a rapidity which makes the very house shake. The man who cleans the boots is running one direction, the barber with his powder-bag in another; here goes the barber's boy with his hot water and razors; there comes the clean linen from the washer-woman; and the hall is full of porters and sailors bringing in luggage, or bearing it away – now you hear a horn blow because the post is coming in, and in the middle of the night you are awakened by another because it is going out. Nothing is done in England without a noise, and yet noise is the only thing they forget in the bill"! (19). Johanna Schopenhauer echoed this last sentiment when she wrote of an inn: ". . . Where nothing but a well-filled purse is needed to feel at home" (91).

Espriella noticed the difference between travelling on the stage-coach and in a private chaise: "The room into which we were shown was not so well furnished as those which were reserved for travellers in chaises; in other respects we were quite as well served, and perhaps more expeditiously. The breakfast service was on the table and the kettle boiling. When we paid the reckoning, the woman's share was divided among us; it is the custom in stage coaches, that if there be but one woman in company the other passengers pay for her at the inns" (169).

Moritz, making part of his journey on foot, found even greater difference in his reception. The proprietor was "cold and surly," and Moritz was shown into the kitchen instead of the parlour, "to sup at the same table with some soldiers and the servants. . . . While I was eating, a post-chaise drove up, and in a moment both the folding-doors were thrown open and the whole house was set in motion, in order to receive, with all due respect, these guests, who, no doubt, were supposed to be persons of consequence. The gentlemen alighted, however, only for a moment, and called for nothing but a couple of pots of beer, and then drove away again. Notwithstanding, the people of the house behaved to them with all possible attention, for they came in a post-chaise" (110).

Rochefoucauld commented about Ipswich, ". . . there is not a single inn that is even passable; whereas generally you find them in unpretentious villages to be quite excellent and lacking in nothing – not even in cleanliness" (177). Johanna Schopenhauer found an exception: ". . . the house there was so dirty and in such disarray that we found it impossible even to leave the coach" (99). She also had another complaint: "One inconvenience for the stranger travelling in England is the difficulty of setting forth early in the morning. The host and his servants sleep on well into the day. Only the Boots is ready at any time, but his authority goes no further than perhaps getting the horses ready. . . . On the whole the English are used to breakfasting only a few hours after rising and usually travel one or two stages before they ask for their tea and toast." (99).

Jane Austen found one hotel she stayed at, "most uncomfortable quarters – very dirty, very noisy, and very ill-provided" (Letter 50); at another, "the same inn . . . and had about the same bad butter" (Letter 51). Pückler-Muskau's complaint was more general: "I find that in England, as well as in France, as you go further from the metropolis you find a general deterioration – the inns are less excellent, the post-horses worse, the postilions more dirty, the dress of the people generally less respectable, and the air of bustle and business less" (135).

Most of the travel accounts, however, echo Simond's comment: "The comfort of the inns is our incessant theme at night – the pleasure of it is not yet worn out" (21), or Pückler-Muskau's, "[The host] received me with all that respectful attention which distinguishes English innkeepers" (37).

The travellers made few mentions of meals in the journals or letters. Simond wrote at one point, "Dinner . . . was served in our own apartments. We had three small dishes, dressed very inartificially (an English cook only boils and roasts), otherwise very good. The table-linen and glass, and servants, remarkably neat, and in good order. At the dessert apples no bigger than walnuts, and without taste, which are said to be the best the country produces" (15). Pückler-Muskau was more favourably impressed: "At table, the guest is furnished with a corresponding profusion of white table linen, and brilliantly polished table utensils; with a well-filled 'plat de ménage,' and an elegance of setting out which leaves nothing to wish for. The servants are always there when you want them, and yet are not intrusive: the master of the house generally makes his appearance with the first dish, and inquires whether everything is as you desire – in short, the best inns afford everything that is to be found in the house of a travelled gentleman, and the attendance is perhaps more perfect and respectful" (41).

Later Pückler-Muskau described breakfast: "I had ordered nothing but tea. The following is what I found set out when I quitted my bedroom – in a little town scarcely so extensive as one of our villages. In the middle of the table smoked a large tea-urn, prettily surrounded by silver tea-cannisters, a slop-basin, and a milk-jug. There were three small Wedgwood plates, with as many knives and forks, and two large cups of beautiful porcelain: by them stood an inviting plate of boiled eggs, another 'ditto' of broiled 'oreilles de cochon à la Sainte Ménéhould' [pig's ears!]; a plate of muffins, kept warm by a hot water-plate; another with cold ham; flaky white bread, 'dry and buttered toast,' the best fresh butter in an elegant glass vessel; convenient receptacles for salt and pepper, English mustard and 'moutarde de maille'; lastly, a silver tea-caddy, with very good green and black tea" (114).

Moritz' experiences were unique in this group of travellers, as he began his journey north from London on foot. His reception at the inns along the way was rude, rough and humiliating. "A traveller on foot in this country seems to be considered as a sort of wild man or out-of-the-way being, who is stared at, pitied, suspected, and shunned by everybody that meets him" (92). Usually he was denied lodging of any sort, "they had no room for such guests" (97), ". . . the cross maid . . . sneeringly told me I might look out for another lodging, as I could not sleep there" (101), "the whole house was full, and all their beds engaged, and, as I had come so far, I might even as well walk on the remaining five miles to Oxford" (119). Where he was allowed to stay, "Whatever I got they seemed to give me with such an air as showed too plainly how little they thought of me, and as if they considered me but as a beggar. I must do them the justice to own, however, that they suffered me to pay like a gentleman" (96). He accepted it all with great tolerance, however: "With all my partiality for this country, it is impossible . . . to approve of a system which confines all the pleasures and benefits of travel to the rich. A poor peripatetic is hardly allowed even the humble merit of being honest" (127). At last, when he had another door shut in his face, "This unmannerliness recalled to my recollection the many receptions of this kind to which I have now so often been exposed, and I could not forbear uttering aloud my indignation at the inhospitality of the English. This harsh sentiment I soon corrected, however, as I walked on, by recollecting, and placing on the opposite scale, the unbounded and unequalled generosity of this nation, and also the many acts of real and substantial kindness which I had myself experienced in it" (173). When he asked a fellow traveller why Englishmen did not travel on foot "merely to see life in every point of view," he was answered: "We are too rich, too lazy, and too proud" (133).

These early tourists (the word was first used in 1800) were indefatigable travellers; they knew where they wanted to go and they tried to see every famous, romantic or interesting sight along the way. Their comments occasionally showed disgust, amazement or anger, but generally they were favourably impressed with travel in Britain. They ended their journeys with feelings much like those of Simond: "We are waiting only for a change of wind to go on board the ship which is to carry us away, for ever perhaps, from a country, where we have been received with kindness, and where we leave a few friends" (166).

May we, too, always have similar sentiments as we turn towards home.

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