

**JOURNAL OF A STEAM VOYAGE
DOWN THE DANUBE TO
CONSTANTINOPLE, AND THENCE
BY WAY OF MALTA AND
MARSEILLES TO ENGLAND**

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Journal of a steam voyage down the Danube to Constantinople, and thence by way of Malta and Marseilles to England by Robert Snow

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ROBERT SNOW

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DOWN THE DANUBE TO
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AND THENCE BY WAY OF
MALTA AND MARSEILLES
TO ENGLAND.

Robert Brown

"These Tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must live
A profitable life." WORDSWORTH.



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1842.

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DOGERRY.— "Truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all on your worship."—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR.

ON *Saturday, June 26, 1841*, at three o'clock in the morning, we left London for Ostend, with our two little boys, and a man and a maid servant. We had rather a rough passage, and arrived at Ostend at half-past five in the afternoon. We dined, and walked in the evening on the Dyke, which affords a fine dry promenade to the lovers of sea-views and sea-breezes. There is but little to detain the tourist at Ostend; but those who have never yet seen any of the carved wood-work for which Belgium is so celebrated will find some good specimens to begin with in the spacious church.

Sunday, June 27.—Sent the children and servants on by the railway to Brussels, whilst we stopped at Ghent to dine and see the town. The whole place was in a bustle, every one going to the races; English equipages rattling in all directions, and the English tongue predominant. We fell in with several acquaintances, who tried to persuade us to accompany them to the course to witness the sports of the day, but we

preferred the quieter scenes of the courts of the Bequinga, and the beauties and riches of the Church of St. Bavon. In this church the pulpit, carved in white marble and oak, is particularly fine. There are many other objects of interest and curiosity in Ghent: few of the cities usually visited by tourists are, on the whole, so well worth seeing.

But in the whirl of steam-power we have actually overlooked the city of Bruges, which we left behind us between Ostend and Ghent. Bruges—where

“The spirit of antiquity, enshrined
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet song,
In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined,
Strikes to the seat of grace within the mind.”

WORDSWORTH.

Our only excuse is that we visited Bruges not many years ago, when this same journey used to be performed by a conveyance keeping up the notion of “leisure,” and “sedate forbearance,” and a “decency,” more in harmony with the tone of these consecrated cities than the impetuous railway,—I mean the passage boat that was towed along the sleepy canal with an uniform dreamlike motion at the rate of four miles an hour, not to mention the excellent fish dinners served up on board those well-found barks: but these are bygone days, and, agreeably to the new laws of motion, we went on by a late train to Brussels, where we found the children comfortably established at the Hotel (*Belle Vue*).