

**A JOURNAL KEPT DURING A
SUMMER TOUR, FOR THE CHILDREN
OF A VILLAGE SCHOOL. IN THREE
PARTS, PART I. FROM OSTEND TO
THE LAKE OF CONSTANCE**

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A Journal Kept During a Summer Tour, for the Children of a Village School. In Three Parts,
Part I. From Ostend to the Lake of Constance by Elizabeth Missing Sewell

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ELIZABETH MISSING SEWELL

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A JOURNAL
KEPT DURING
A SUMMER TOUR,
FOR
THE CHILDREN OF A VILLAGE SCHOOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"AMY HERBERT," "GERTRUDE," "THE CHILD'S
FIRST HISTORY OF ROME," &c.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

FROM OSTEND TO THE LAKE OF CONSTANCE.



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PREFACE.

THE following Journal was really written, as its title imports, for the children of a village school, in which the writer was personally interested.

It contains nothing but the remarks which every inexperienced traveller would be likely to make on first visiting a foreign country; and could in no way be worthy of publication, except as being written in simple language; and with the endeavour to bring it within the comprehension of children, whose knowledge of history and geography is too slight to enable them to enter into really valuable books of travels.

The book can claim no interest as regards incident: unceasing kindness and forethought having made the journey too easy to be adventurous.

The very trifling personal details which were noted down at the time for mere amusement, have been retained, as being likely to keep up a child's attention: and the style of travelling and living, though unlike those to which the poor are accustomed, are mentioned for the same reason, as

PREFACE.

giving an air of reality which children are amongst the first to appreciate.

It may also be a question worthy of consideration, whether, in the present day, when so many efforts are made to create a sympathy between the different classes of society, something may not be effected for the attainment of so desirable an object, by teaching the poor to take an interest in our pleasures, as well as by showing that we can enter into theirs.

JOURNAL OF A SUMMER TOUR.

PART I.

BRUGES: *July 4, 1851.* — My dear Children, — I determined before I left home that I would, if possible, write to you whilst I was away and give you an account of my travels. I am afraid, though, that I shall not find much time for letter writing, so I must try and put down every day in a book what I think will amuse you, and then you can read it when I return.

You know I went away from home last Tuesday: I travelled to London, and stayed more than a week there, and saw the Great Exhibition; but I am not going to tell you about that; for I have not time. But last night I left London with Lady H——, her two daughters, and a French maid, and set off on my travels.

We went as late as half past eight in the evening, just about the time, probably, when you were all thinking of going to bed. If I had been asked, I dare say I might have liked to go to bed too, for I was tired with packing, and did not at all fancy spending the night at sea. However, there was no help for it, so we got into the railway carriage, and in a shorter time than you would believe possible, we were at Dover in Kent.

Such a bustle there was when the train stopped! so many people calling for carriages to take them where they wished to go; and such a number of boxes, and bags, and parcels, lying about on the ground!—the noise and the confusion almost made me dizzy. It was nearly eleven o'clock then; and when a carriage was brought, we got into it, and drove through the streets of Dover to the water side. There we found, close to the shore, a large steam vessel, which was to carry us to Ostend. It was very strange, and rather awful, to stand and look at it by the light of the few lamps on the shore; for the night was dark, and the wind was blowing fresh, and every one said we should have a rough voyage. There was no good, however, in thinking of trouble beforehand; and as the vessel was not to sail for an hour, we thought it better to go to an hotel, and have some coffee and bread and butter, and wait there till we were told the steamer was ready to start.

About twelve o'clock we went on board: there did not seem to be many passengers, only when I looked round on the benches, I observed great bundles lying there, as I thought, which proved afterwards to be different persons, who had wrapped themselves up, and lain down to sleep on the deck of the vessel, because there was no room in the cabin. There was no room for us either; and as soon as I could, I lay down likewise on a bench, over which a piece of canvass was stretched, which served also to cover me; and when I had taken off my bonnet, tied a handkerchief over my head, and made a pillow of a little box and a bag, I said to myself, how comfortable and refreshing it was, and how much better than the hot streets of London, which I had been in such a short time before. And so it was at first: I lay and looked up into the

dark sky, and saw the lights from the houses on the shore, and then there was a cry from the men, and a great pulling of ropes, and the vessel was set loose, — and away we went over the sea.

First it was tolerably smooth, and I was quite warm ; then it grew a little rough and cold, and I wrapped the canvass closely over me, and put a cloak over my head, and tried to sleep. But it became rougher and rougher ; the ship went up and down, and tossed from side to side, and the water dashed over it, and wetted the canvass, and sprinkled my face ; and I began to feel that my own bed at home, or even in London, was much more pleasant than a hard bench in a steam vessel. I was far better off, however, than the persons about me, for the greater number were made very ill by the motion of the ship, and I was not. But I did not venture to sit up, for I knew that if I did I might suffer as much as others. Presently, to my great discomfort, a lady came up to the bench, and lay down upon my feet, and though I tried to move, she did not seem at all inclined to go away, but kept pressing me down with such a heavy weight that I could scarcely bear it. This was my great trouble all the night, but as I was well, and the poor lady was ill, I had no right to complain ; and I hope she was a little comforted by making a pillow of me, though I must say I would rather she should have chosen something else for the purpose.

It was not dark very long, but when it began to be daylight, I think it was almost more dreary than before. Every thing looked so cold and wet on board the vessel, and there was as yet no land to be seen, and the sea was tossing all round us — the heavy waves and the white foam rushing on, as if they were