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A

TRANSATLANTIC TOUR:

COMPRISING

TRAVELS

IN

GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, HOLLAND, BELGIUM,
GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

By W. O. Fane
Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἶδεν ἄστεα. ODYSSEY, I. 3.

Printed by J. C. ...

PHILADELPHIA:

PERKINS & PURVES, CHESNUT STREET.

CHARLESTON, S. C., MCARTER & ALLEN.

1845.

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PREFACE.

THE solicitation of friends, and the favorable reception given to a part of these sketches, already in print, have led to the completion of the series, and to the present more permanent form of publication. This is all the apology I have to offer for adding another (it may be) *lead*en weight to the heavy load of modern Tours.

And now, reader, if we are to be fellow-travellers, it is a pertinent inquiry whether we are likely to prove congenial ones. Let me then say frankly, that if you are in search of *the palpable* and *the useful*, in the shape of minute description and accurate statistics, we shall probably soon part company. On the other hand, if eager to tread on ground, hallowed as the scene of great events, to gaze on varied landscapes, to view, beneath the halo so richly shed around them by the associations of history and romance, the time-honored castles, and temples, and palaces of the Old World—if inclined, now and then, to step aside from the common pathway, and exchange the tumult of busy life for a quiet pilgrimage to the shrines of the mighty dead—in a word, if pleased sometimes to live in the past, and, to the actual and the present, to

“ Add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream,—

then, O most courteous and friendly reader, thou art, indeed, a companion after mine own heart; wherefore let us, at once, without further prelude, set off together on our travels.

A TRANSATLANTIC TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.—Departure from New York.—Life on board the Great Western.—Liverpool.

AFTER a journey of nearly eight hundred miles, I arrived at New York, on a fine afternoon in May, 1843, having previously secured a berth on board the Great Western. Next morning, I saw, for the first time, this favorite steamer—externally, a long, black, unwieldy mass, but in her interior arrangements and appointments all that the most fastidious voyager could desire—an object of interest to the casual observer, but still more so to those whose fortunes, for a time, were to be bound up with hers. Here, for successive days and nights, were we to be, in some sense, at the mercy of wind and water, fire and steam; and hence, should these mighty agents leave us unscathed, were we to land on the soil of England.

At 2 P. M. of the appointed day, the ship, her decks covered with passengers, slowly moved into the stream, amid the parting cheers of a multitude on the shore. As we passed down the East river, groups of spectators on the wharves, and a more numerous crowd at the Battery, attested the interest still felt in the departure of the Great Western. It was a clear, bright day; the temperature of

the air was delightful ; the harbor of New York appeared in all its beauty ; and the receding city, seated proudly on the waters, looked worthy to be the commercial representative of a great nation.

Off the Battery, the *North Carolina* and the *Warspite* were lying peacefully at anchor, side by side. As we passed between them, responding to cordial greetings from each, we, who were hoping soon to be in the midst of the glories of the Old World, were very sincerely thankful that no boundary question continued to cast an ominous shadow over the political relations of the United States and England. Several miles below, the firing of cannon from a fort, at a mark set up in the water, gave us some idea of the *modus operandi* in war : and, as we watched the flash and smoke of each discharge, and the ball, skimming along the waves, we were, I presume, quite unanimous, in deeming this semblance of battle much more pleasing than the reality ; and especially in felicitating ourselves that our ship was not the target.

The varied scenery of the bay detained most of the passengers on the spacious promenade deck ; and some were doubtless busied in silently commenting on the demeanor of their neighbors, and mentally deciding who of them were likely to prove agreeable associates during the voyage, when the clangor of the ear-piercing gong, announcing the approach of the dinner hour, suddenly brought a different class of feelings into play. To find seats at table for more than a hundred persons was an affair of time ; but the saloon was capacious enough for all, and, in due season, dinner was served in a style in no respect inferior to that of the Astor House, which many of us had just left. As my state-room opened into the main saloon, I was entitled to the seat opposite ; which central post of observation gave me an ex-

tensive prospect of tempting viands, and of ladies and gentlemen zealously engaged in the discussion of them.

When the long labor was ended, I returned to the deck. The sun was just sinking beneath the horizon ; a crimson glow overspread the western sky, and was reflected from the placid surface of the water ; *Never-sink* was yet visible, and continued so till sky and sea were obscured by the dusky shades of evening. As the last light of day and the dim outline of the shore simultaneously disappeared, I mentally bade "my native land—Good Night," and soon after was snugly ensconced in my berth.

Next morning, the broad Atlantic, as far as our vision extended, was still calm and unruffled as a summer lake ; but towards noon the restless element began to appear more in character. False and treacherous as ever, Old Ocean, as if conscious that he had us now completely in his power, speedily exchanged his smiles and blandishments for ghastly wrinkles and portentous frowns ; and, in consequence, not a few bright eyes and sunny faces that had shone in full brilliancy the previous evening, were in dim and disastrous eclipse. Many of the sterner sex, too, were fain to withdraw from the public gaze—albeit not anticipating any great charms in solitude ; and I grieve to say, that my own recollections of the course of events, during the next three days, are somewhat shadowy and indistinct—visions of locomotive pitchers, cups and saucers, and stewards running about with tumblers of brandy and water, even now flitting before my eyes at the bare recollection. I incline, therefore, to "draw over the dismal scene soft pity's veil : " but whoever desires a minute description of the intense, yet ludicrous, miseries of sea-sickness, may find every wish gratified in that chapter of the "American Notes," in which, with evident *gusto*, and with a brilliancy and *fidelity* quite unknown to the

rest of his book, the illustrious "Boz" discusses the whole subject *ad nauseam*.

On the third or fourth day, most of the absentees emerged from their solitary retreats ; and, resuming their posts at the dinner-table, gave most indubitable signs of a disposition to make up for lost time. The usual monotony of life at sea was, with us, enhanced by the fact that, whether the wind was favorable or adverse, our noble ship, propelled by steam, steadily held on her course, at a rate varying from 200 to 280 miles in twenty-four hours—a substantial good, to which something of romance might well be sacrificed. The voyage was, indeed, signally barren of incidents, such as tourists delight to chronicle : neither whales nor water-spouts once crossed our path ; we saw no *mountain waves* ; nor was it our lot, either fortunately or unfortunately, to descry any tall iceberg, with turrets and pinnacles glittering in the moonlight—such as are sometimes wafted from those polar seas, where

" Pale suns at distance pass unfelt away,
And on the impassive ice the lightnings play :"

but these things, be it remembered, are somewhat more ornamental in description than desirable in contact.

As we advanced into higher latitudes, the greatly increased length of the days, the evening twilight extending to ten o'clock, was a striking novelty to those who were crossing the Atlantic for the first time. It was pleasant to linger late at night on the deserted promenade deck, and gaze on sky and ocean. Sometimes, while marking the variation of the magnetic needle, as demonstrated by the position of the north star, I found myself carried back in imagination to the times of Columbus, contrasting his mode of crossing the Atlantic with ours, and musing on the changes which the world has seen since his day. When the cool night-wind

rendered star-gazing uncomfortable, the saloon on deck was an agreeable resort, where a piano-forte, under the hands of more than one accomplished performer, discoursed most excellent music. Below this was the main saloon, where a larger company of ladies and gentlemen, seated at the tables, were beguiling the time with books, newspapers, conversation, and various games, with scarcely any thing, so equable was the motion of the ship, to remind one that he was not on *terra firma*. The Great Western is justly a favorite with the gentler sex, and doubtless it was in no small measure to be attributed to the humanizing and cheering influence of their presence, that mutual courtesy and good feeling were so conspicuous in the demeanor of the passengers. All seemed willing to be pleased, and disposed to communicate pleasure. Indeed, so sedulously had our comfort been studied and our wishes anticipated, that, if there *were* on board any of the tribe of confirmed grumblers, they must have been cruelly disappointed—finding absolutely nothing to grumble at.

A sea voyage, where a multitude of heterogeneous characters are brought for the time into close contact, with nothing in particular to do, affords fine scope for the exercise of the critical faculty. It is amusing to see how uniformly those who, in such circumstances, wish to pass for more than their true worth, defeat their own purposes. A young Swiss gentleman, my right-hand man at table, thus condensed the result of his quiet observations on the consequential demeanor of one of our neighbours; "He talk great deal—always bout himself—some great ting he have done—but I *do not see he have great soul*."

I occupied a state-room jointly with no less a personage than a Roman Catholic Bishop from one of the Western States. Our mutual attempts at proselytism, however, were

chiefly confined to a rivalry in friendly offices—not a bad method of asserting the excellence of a religious creed, where each was sure of finding in the other a pretty untractable antagonist on the arena of polemics.

On the eleventh day out, the steward opened our state-room door a little before midnight, in great glee, crying out that we had *made land*. The light at Cape Clear was visible. Next morning the coast of Ireland was in full view on our left. As we proceeded up the channel, the wind increased, but it was a favoring gale, and the steamer, with a single sail to steady her, moved majestically over the waves in a style very unlike the pitching and tossing of several vessels now sailing in company.

This being our last day on board, it was needful, in the estimation of those who directed the supplies, that it should be signalized by a memorable *dinner*. We had fared sumptuously throughout the passage—no unimportant matter where the animal so predominates over the intellectual nature; breakfast at nine, lunch at twelve, dinner at four, tea at half-past seven, and supper (for those who called for it) at ten, had daily tasked the energies of the more seasoned passengers, and borne witness to the ample resources and untiring zeal of the steward. Still this distinguished official seemed morbidly sensitive to the possibility of, after all, sending some empty away. Accordingly, he resolved in the “recesses of a mind capacious of such things,” that this last should make all previous dinners hide their diminished heads. The main phalanx (whose usual muster-roll was a bill of fare of formidable length) with which he had hitherto kept the powers of hunger at bay, was now flanked by numerous well-appointed auxiliaries. All previous assaults were but light skirmishings compared with the vigor of this final onslaught. The havoc was tremendous. At length,

"the force of appetite could no further go," the field was cleared, and salvos of vocal artillery followed, in honor of *Victoria*, the President of the United States, the ladies, the Great Western, and her gentlemanly captain.

But while all went thus merrily in the saloon, on deck appearances were not altogether so favorable. As if to teach forgetful hearts how dependent is man on the protection of the Almighty, the heavens gathered blackness, the wind whistled, the waves roared; and as night set in, sea and sky were so threatening an aspect, that more than one pale face showed that the possibility of never seeing land was present to the thoughts of some. A severe fall disabled the chief mate, so that his duties were superadded to those of Lieut. Hoskin. Before midnight, however, the gale abated.

Waking from a sound sleep at earliest dawn, I perceived that the vessel was in smooth water. On reaching the deck, the first object that met my view was characteristic of England. It was a hill side covered with a richer and deeper verdure than I had ever before seen. On the opposite shore of the broad estuary was Liverpool.

As we neared the landing, the massive and time-worn buildings, to which the lowering sky gave additional gloom, looked quite unlike the slightly-built and gaily painted structures of our northern cities. I remarked the solid masonry that lined the *docks*—a term not indicating, as in America, mere spaces between wharves, but vast reservoirs or basins for the reception of shipping, extending for miles, an imposing demonstration of commercial greatness. I could not help noticing also the coarse dress and degraded look of the few laborers in motion at that early hour.

What, and how poetical, were my sensations on first touching the soil of England, I will not undertake to say. One very prosaic idea, however, I remember as quite promi-

ment, viz., that it was in order to repair forthwith to the Custom-House. So to the Custom-House depot I went, and there found a score of knowing ones who had hastened thither to secure precedence by entering their names in the register. What they gained, however, in one respect, they lost in another, for the trunks first opened were thoroughly ransacked; scattering cigars received due attention, and certain cheap American republications of English Books were made prize of, past redemption. Before my turn came, however, the inquisitorial ardor had greatly abated, and on my giving a negative to the inquiry after cigars and American books, my keys were returned, scarcely an article displaced. Such and so favorable was my first acquaintance with Custom-House functionaries.

One long day sufficed for Liverpool, which has few attractions for those who, like myself, are not specially interested in the price of cotton. I presented two or three letters of introduction, formed as many acquaintances that afterward proved of value, and, notwithstanding frequent showers, saw what was most remarkable in the architecture of the city. The splendid Exchange buildings form three sides of a square, in the centre of which is a statue of Nelson with four prostrate, abject figures, at his feet, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and *America*, the last in reference to the Spanish power in the New World. But even with this explanation, the figure, I thought, belonged rather to *hyperbole*, than to legitimate allegory.

CHAPTER II.

ENGLAND.—Railway Travelling.—English Ladies.—Warwickshire.—
Ruins of Kenilworth Castle.

FINDING, among the first class cars at the railway depot, one more sumptuous than the rest, with "ROYAL MAIL" inscribed on it in flaming capitals, I paid the shilling or two extra, and secured a seat in it to Birmingham. Each of its three compartments resembled a luxurious private carriage, differing from the other first class cars in having but two places, instead of three, on a seat. The places were numbered, and corresponding tickets given; and each having its limits accurately defined by a projection, so as to resemble an arm-chair, seemed studiously adapted to the independent spirit, as well as the burly figure of John Bull—allowing ample scope and verge enough for the "Stout Gentleman" himself, should he at any time chance to be a passenger. Large glasses at the sides, affording an unobstructed prospect, well-cushioned seats, straps with buckles for the disposal of hats, umbrellas, ladies' bonnets and baskets, and whatever else is always in the way, where such appliances are wanting—and the smooth and equable motion, causing no fatigue—all were characteristic of a country in which no luxury need be wanting to him who has money in his purse; but, as I afterwards heard an omnibus driver say with great emphasis of London, "If a man hasn't got money, he's *no business here*." The cars of the second class are as superlatively uncomfortable, as those of the first are sumptuous; yet the multitude of well-dressed persons that

patronize them rather than pay the highest price, (perhaps twice the average on our roads,) is such as to astonish the traveller fresh from democratic America.

From the depot we passed at once into a tunnel a mile and a quarter long. Away we went through this long underground passage, with houses, churches, and busy streets, high over our heads—a very small lamp neatly inserted in the roof of the car, just serving to make darkness visible. When we emerged into daylight, a wide extent of country came in view, all cultivated like a garden, clothed in the deepest verdure, intersected with beautiful hedge-rows, and shaded here and there with groves of majestic trees. This first glimpse of the rural scenery of England surpassed my expectations, high-raised as they were, and I gazed on the landscape with unaffected delight. My companions in the car, (or *carriage*, according to the English nomenclature,) were two gentlemen, the elder of whom sat opposite to me, “You look about you,” said he, “as if you were not an old railway traveller.” “Not on this side the Atlantic,” was the reply. This introduced a very agreeable conversation. Both gentlemen were intelligent and courteous; the elder especially had that mellowness of character, which belongs to the later period of a life extensively conversant with men and things. He had been in the United States, as to which his opinions differed materially from those of the Trollopes, Fidlers, *et id genus omne*. Happily no allusion was made to that stigma on our republican fame, repudiation; but on the scarcely less critical question as to the comparative beauty of English and American ladies, he was rational enough to admit that the *young* ladies of our country were the most delicately beautiful in the world, strenuously insisting, at the same time, that English beauty, instead of being that fragile, evanescent thing that it too often is with

us, generally *wears well*. That we measured from different standards, was presently proved, for, as the train stopped at a depot where two young ladies were waiting its arrival, he praised the good looks of one of them, at the same time expressing commiseration at the sickly appearance of the other, while, to my thinking, the latter was only a delicate beauty, and the former quite too "robustious" for a belle. One cannot be long in England, however, without gradually adjusting his principles of taste to a more fully developed model, at least so far as to appreciate beauty in full rosy bloom, as well as in the tender bud.

Passing through an extensive region of coal mines, iron foundries, and manufactories of various descriptions, whose tall chimneys sent up thick columns of smoke, darkening the air, we reached Birmingham, having travelled not quite 100 miles in four hours and three quarters. Half an hour was allowed here for lunch, an interval which I spent in strolling through a street near the outskirts, where a fair, with its accompaniment of booths, shows, &c., exhibited one phase of English character. Proceeding then by railway to Coventry, I there left the direct route to London, and took the coach for Leamington, a beautiful watering-place in Warwickshire. The weather being cool and cloudy, I chose an inside seat, and had the agreeable company of two ladies, and a gentleman, who, as I afterwards found, was a colonel in the army. The ladies took part in the conversation, in a style equally removed from reserve and forwardness, just suited to the temporary acquaintanceship of a stage-coach, and such as constitutes a very pleasant item in a tourist's reminiscences. The English coaches, though carrying eight or ten, outside, have but four inside seats—whose occupants are thus brought into very neighborly proximity.

The winding road led through a country even more beautiful than any which I had seen on the line of the railway. The exhilarating sensations of a rapid drive through such scenery, and in such circumstances, were enhanced to me by that peculiar pleasure with which we observe, for the first time, the reality of what has often given us delight in the description. The thatched cottages, the gentlemen's seats, the deep verdure of the fields, the stately avenues of oaks, the perfect smoothness of the road, all harmonized well with what I had read of England.

At length an object came in view, the sight of which called up a throng of recollections, associated with the romantic feeling of earlier years. It was the massive ruin of Kenilworth Castle, interesting from its connection with several of the most distinguished names in English history, but far more so from that which the genius of Scott has established between its mouldering walls and the tragic tale of the murdered Countess of Leicester.

Half an hour after passing Kenilworth, we reached Leamington, where I took lodgings at the Regent Hotel. After a few turns in the beautiful grounds adjacent, shaded by noble trees and ornamented with shrubbery, I dined in the best style at my solitary table, monarch of all I surveyed, and as assiduously attended as monarch need be. After dinner (about 7 P. M.,) the head-waiter procured me a copy of Scott's Kenilworth, and I plunged at once into the fascinating story, which, in spite of the fatigues of the day, held me captive till midnight. The charm of re-perusal under such circumstances those can imagine whom its thrilling pathos, at a distance of thousands of miles from its localities, has moved to tears.

Next morning I visited the Ruin. It stands on a gentle elevation, in the midst of rural scenery, such as can be found

nowhere but in England. What this princely castle was in its palmy days, what it is now, and how many historic names are associated with it, cannot be better told than in the following passage from "Kenilworth."

"The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure garden, with its trim arbors and parterres, and the rest formed a large base-court or outer yard, of the noble castle. The noble structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the castle, was of uncertain, though great antiquity. It bore the name of Cæsar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the tower of London so called. On the exterior walls frowned the scutcheon of the Clintons, by whom they were founded in the reign of Henry I., and of the yet more redoubted Simon de Montfort, by whom, during the Barons' wars, Kenilworth was long held out against Henry III. Here Mortimer, Earl of March, famous alike for his rise and his fall, had once gaily revelled in Kenilworth, while his dethroned sovereign, Edward II., languished in its dungeons. Old John of Gaunt, 'time-honored Lancaster,' had widely extended the castle, erecting that noble and massive pile which yet bears the name of Lancaster's buildings; and Leicester himself had outdone the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner's ambition. Beyond the lake which

adorned and defended the castle on the south and west sides, lay an extensive chase, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from among which the extended front and massive towers of the castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty.

“Of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valor won—all is now desolate. The massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendor once was: and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy an humble lot in virtuous contentment.”

Entering the enclosure near its north-east angle, by a gate-house, or barbican, erected at enormous cost by Leicester, and almost in itself a castle, I stood in the base-court, directly in front of the main structure. Cæsar's Tower, the most ancient part of the pile, was at my right; Leicester's Buildings, the most modern, but the most dilapidated, at my left; and, between them, but farther from me, and in rear of what was formerly the inner court, were Lancaster's Buildings, erected by John of Gaunt. The sheep, feeding peacefully in the shadow of the ruined towers, and the quiet of the rural scenery around, formed a strange contrast to the purpose and the history of these gray and massive structures.

With the aid of a guide-book, I soon traced out all the interesting localities; such as the *Pleasaunce*—where the fiction, deviating in this instance from local accuracy, represents the unhappy Countess as taking shelter—the Banqueting-hall, Mortimer's tower, the Gallery-tower, and, between these last, the Tilt-yard, where the tournaments were held. During the first hour of my visit, I was repeatedly driven for shelter to the more protected parts of the building,

by showers of rain, coming up with a suddenness peculiar to that climate. When these had passed by, I climbed to the highest accessible part of the ruin, and, while the gusty breeze rendered my position almost perilous, gazed on the lovely landscape, its vivid green at one moment bathed in sunlight, and then veiled in the shadow of fitting clouds.

The description given in the romance, of the "princely pleasures of Kenilworth," on occasion of the Queen's visit to the castle of her favorite in 1575, is founded on authentic history. An eye-witness has left on record a graphic account of the festivities—which were kept up nineteen days, at an expense to Leicester of 1,000*l.* a day; the great clock of the castle, meanwhile, being stopped, "as if time had stood still, waiting on the queen, and seeing her subjects enjoy themselves." An inventory (still extant) of the furniture of Kenilworth, in the days of the Earl of Leicester, displays a lavish sumptuousness, that throws all modern luxury into the shade.

As I stood beneath the gray and time-worn remains of these once proud towers, the gorgeous scenes and the illustrious personages of other days seemed to rise before me. "Time-honored Lancaster," and that unhappy king, Edward II.—with whose miserable death the half history, half romance of Goldsmith had made me familiar in childhood—were present to my thoughts. There, too, where I was standing, Queen Elizabeth had stood, surrounded by the nobility and beauty of the land. These winding turret-stairs of stone which I was ascending, had been trodden by the feet of warriors and statesmen, long since vanished from the earth, but whose names still live on the rolls of fame. What sounds of mirth and revelry had the walls of this banqueting-room often echoed! My thoughts went back to the ninth of July, 1575, and to the countless multitude that then thronged every avenue to this ancient castle, hastening to

witness the festive visit of the queen, and eager to catch a glimpse of the " princely pleasures of Kenilworth." What a sea of human faces was then visible from these battlements, beneath that summer sun ! These battlements still stand, majestic even in ruin ; that summer sun still shines upon the fair scenery of nature ; but those human hearts have ceased their throbbings—those material forms have long since mixed with the elements.

" The clouds and sunbeams o'er their eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew."

The ruin of Kenilworth is singularly rich in the romance of authentic history ; but the creative genius of Scott has thrown around it a still deeper enchantment, and imagination loves to trace the more doubtful connection between its ivy-mantled walls and the tragic story of the ill-fated countess. That the general voice of the times accused Leicester as the cause of her death, is certain ; and her loveliness and her cruel fate had been the theme of pathetic poetry before the time of Scott. Yet, even where the great Magician evidently follows only the guidance of his fancy, we still delight to follow him, and to cherish the temporary illusion. Though conscious that no such scene ever actually occurred on that spot, still it is when standing on the threshold of the crumbling ruin that bears the name of the proud Earl, that one most feels the power of that passage, where the incensed queen drags before Leicester the pale and sinking form of his almost expiring wife. " In a voice that sounded to the ears of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet-call, she demanded, ' Knowest thou this woman ? ' As, at the blast of the last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts in-

voked the stately arch, which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself, who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones on which she stood."

It was interesting, too, to recall on the spot, the description of the approach of the forlorn countess to that castle, of which she was rightfully the mistress, at the time when all were in breathless expectation of the arrival of the queen. "When the lady obtained the first commanding view of the castle, with its stately towers rising from within a long sweeping line of outward walls, ornamented with battlements, and turrets, and platforms, at every point of defence, with many a banner streaming from its walls, and such a show of gay crests and waving plumes, disposed on the terraces and battlements, and all the gay and gorgeous scene, her heart, unaccustomed to such splendor, sank and died within her, and for a moment she asked herself what she had offered up to Leicester, to deserve to become the partner of this princely splendor. But her pride and generous spirit resisted the whisper which bade her despair. 'I have given him,' she said, 'all that woman has to give. Name and fame, heart and hand, have I given the lord of all this magnificence at the altar, and England's queen could give him no more.'"

The poetic version of the story gives these simple but pathetic lines, as the lament of the forsaken countess:

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized!

'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, Oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?"

Hour after hour passed away, and still I lingered among the ruins. There was a charm in this, the first relic of antiquity that met my eye in the Old World, which I could scarcely expect to feel again. I had read, too, the romantic fiction connected with it, at a time of life when the imagination exercises its most powerful sway; and those proud towers and frowning battlements had been imaged forth in many a youthful dream. No wonder, then, that I left the ruined castle with reluctance, and often turned back to gaze on its lofty and masive walls.

I returned to Leamington, dined, and recurred again to those passages in the romance, which relate to the localities of Kenilworth. It was near ten o'clock at night when I laid down the book, and walked out to enjoy the fragrant evening air. The moon was emerging from the clouds, and the scene was just fitted to bring to mind those sweet lines:

"The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

It was this stanza, which, captivating the youthful ear of Scott, after dwelling in his memory and kindling his imagination for a series of years, at length gave origin to the splendid romance of "Kenilworth."

Cumnor Hall, where the murder was perpetrated, is not

now standing ; but the ruins of Kenilworth are not less associated with the memory of the lovely countess ; and I felt an irrepressible desire to view them once more—and by moonlight. A phaeton was speedily procured, and in thirty minutes I was once more at the entrance to the castle : but, behold, *the gate was locked*. The keeper would not give admission at so late an hour, and the outer wall was evidently too lofty to be scaled. Finding at a neighboring cottage, a young Yorkshireman, I at once enlisted him as a body-guard against adversaries, canine or human, and, in the spirit of the motto, "*Viam aut inveniam, aut faciam*," set off in quest of some opening in the massive wall. After making a circuit of half a mile, we approached the south-east angle of the enclosure, through the Tilt-yard, by the very path which the Countess and Wayland are described as taking, and which was, in fact, specially constructed by Leicester for the queen's approach. Then, a broad lake washed the southern and western walls of the castle ; and on it a raft, made to resemble a floating island, illuminated with torches, and surrounded by Tritons and Nereids, approached the queen, as she crossed the bridge ; and a beautiful woman, in rich and rare attire, landing from the island, announced herself as the famous Lady of the Lake, renowned in the stories of King Arthur. Now, a wide extent of marsh alone marks the bed of the lake, which was drained by one of Cromwell's generals, to whom the castle was assigned.

As thus, at dead of night, I walked through the tall, dewy grass quite round the outer wall to the south and west, seeking an entrance to the castle, I could not but think of the novel strangeness of my situation, contrasted with the quiet uniformity with which, but five weeks before, I was discharging my professional duties on the opposite side of the Atlantic, no more dreaming of a visit to Europe than of one

to the moon. At length we found an opening, where only a fence and ditch barred our entrance. When I asked my guide if he would follow me, his question, "Would there be any thing *awkward* about it?" plainly indicated that to trespass on enclosed ground was not the same thing in populous England as with us; but, as I had given the keeper a liberal fee at my former visit, I felt no scruples of conscience, and the fence was presently overleaped.

After again visiting every remarkable spot among the ruins—Leicester's buildings, the desolate dining-hall, &c., I sat down on a fragment of rock in front, and gazed on the gray walls on which the moon was now shedding her silver radiance. It was "the very witching time of night"—the hour when the ghosts of departed warriors might be looked for, "in complete steel, revisiting the glimpses of the moon." I thought of the scenes that had taken place on that spot, in ages past, and of the actors in those scenes, long since in their graves. I seemed to be treading on enchanted ground. That silent hour, with its thick-coming fancies—that pale moon, sinking behind the ruined towers of Kenilworth—I can never forget.

CHAPTER III.

ENGLAND.—An Adventure.—Rambles in Warwickshire.—Leamington.
—Regent Hotel.—Warwick Castle.

It was near midnight, when I parted with my trusty guide, taking care that he should not regret his share in the evening's adventures. Being now quite satiated with romance, I took a seat with the driver, and, listening encouragingly to his talk about the "werry nice osses at Leamington, the turn-outs, fit for my lord duke," &c., found it an admirable sedative to poetic feeling. At length, as we were passing over a part of the road newly opened, and quite solitary, the now dim moonlight showed me a man standing just in the way before us. Instantly I pointed him out to the driver, who at the moment commenced lashing his horse most furiously, while the noble animal, bounding forward at the touch of the whip, just escaped the grasp of the fellow, who meantime, had sprung at his head. Before I was fully aware of what had happened, we were flying from the spot with the swiftness of the wind. The driver's attention had been attracted to a man skulking under the hedge, (evidently an accomplice,) and, at first, he did not see the one in the road; so that, to the fortunate circumstance of my being on the box, coupled with his promptness and self-possession, I owe my escape from a *finale* to the evening's entertainments, not set down in the *programme*, and unquestionably having something too much of romance.

Occurrences of this kind, though formerly not unfrequent in England, are, of late years, almost unknown. I after-

wards learned that, in that neighborhood, a large number of laborers had recently been thrown out of employ—some of whom, driven to desperation, might very naturally agree with Falstaff in deeming purse-taking a venial vocation. To how many poor wretches, in the densely populated countries of Europe, is misery the mother of crime? Strong, able-bodied men, willing to labor, cannot get employment, while their children ask for bread! What interest have such in sustaining those social institutions, which are known to them only by their iron pressure? “The world is not their friend, nor the world’s law.” Where want and wretchedness so powerfully tempt to transgression, philanthropy should be at least as prompt in diminishing the cause, as is justice in punishing the effect.

Passing through the old town of Warwick, a fellow-passenger directed my attention to the spacious, and, I fear, populous jail; and, pointing to a scaffold in the rear, remarked rather unfeelingly—“There’s where they die their death.” And are such, indeed, the only or the greatest criminals that society harbors? Who can tell what their temptations were—what utter destitution and hopelessness, in the absence of all the benignant influences of moral and religious instruction, may have impelled them in their downward career, while crimes, involving deeper guilt, go unwhipped of justice, because less in collision with human laws?

The penal code of England is not now as sanguinary, as when a poor girl was hanged for concealing a sixpence; but still it is full of provisions, setting life in one scale and property in the other. What right has society to institute such laws? “Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed;” but to protect mere property by this extreme penalty—to make crimes which touch not the person,

such as horse-stealing, for instance, punishable with death—seems to be nothing else than judicial murder. The mere convenience of society, the security of worldly possessions, cannot justify the taking of human life.

Between Warwick and Kenilworth is Blacklow Hill, where Piers Gaveston, the favorite of Edward II., was put to death by the barons, into whose hands he had fallen. The place is designated by this inscription: "Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, beheaded here, 1311." Half a mile from Blacklow Hill is "Guy's Cliff," where, as old chronicles tell, Guy, Earl of Warwick, after his return from foreign lands, lived as a hermit, not knowing that his beloved countess was still alive. Many stories are told of this hero's gigantic size and strength, his valorous exploits and stainless chivalry; and to those who delight in legendary lore, there is a romantic charm connected with the picturesque spots that bear his name.

My rambles in Warwickshire were exceedingly delightful. It being the month of June, every thing was in beauty; and never, surely, is the sense of pleasure from rural scenery more exquisite than when it immediately follows the dreary vacancy of life at sea. How exhilarating was it to wake in the morning, and, instead of the dismal watery waste, and the mournfully monotonous dashing of the waves, to look out upon green fields, to hear the birds singing in the trees, and to feel that I was in Old England! The groves of majestic oaks and elms, the thriving orchards, the fragrant shrubbery, the laburnum with its golden blossoms, the hawthorn, and even the yellow broom, all were beautiful in themselves, and recalled many a pleasing association with English literature. The company at the hotel, and the persons that I fell in with in my walks and rides, were gene-

nally agreeable and well informed, and prompt to render every facility to a stranger. To one who had thought to find the higher class of the English supercilious, and the lower class rude, so much of courtesy and civility was the more gratifying from being unexpected.

There is scarcely a sweeter place in all England than Leamington. Its mineral springs having rendered it a fashionable resort, it has grown up within thirty years, a thing quite unusual in that country. The buildings are almost uniformly elegant, the streets wide, and as clean as constant sweeping can make them, with broad, well paved side-walks. Connected with the various springs are extensive gardens and grounds, beautifully laid out, shaded with ornamental trees, and affording many delightful walks on the banks of the river which flows through the town. The hotel where I staid, is one of the most sumptuous in the kingdom. Soon after it was opened, the Regent, afterwards George IV., was entertained in it so much to his satisfaction, that he was "graciously pleased" to permit it to be called after him, the Regent Hotel. The style in which things are done in such a house, *me judice*, is far superior to that of our hotels. There is a quiet comfort, an elegance in the furniture and the dinner service, and an attention paid to each guest by well-dressed and well trained servants, which satisfies every wish.

All this, to be sure, must be well paid for. Each dish which you select from the bill of fare, forms a distinct item in the account, and you can hardly get for two or three dollars a solitary dinner, comprising half as many varieties as an epicure would experiment upon at the public table of the Astor House, for one fourth that sum. Nevertheless, in the perfect style in which you are served, and in the independ-

ence of a solitary table, there is something exceedingly agreeable, especially when it comes immediately after the gregarious feasting on shipboard.

I wonder that my countrymen do not take more kindly to the English custom of feeing servants. If a certain sum must be expended every day, what matters whether or not it all go into the hands of the landlord? It is not difficult to ascertain the amount reasonably expected by the different servants, and if one rather exceeds than falls below it, he secures the advantage of always seeing smiling faces—no small ingredient in pleasurable travelling. In England, one understands what the poet meant, when he spoke of finding “his warmest welcome at an inn.” When a traveller arrives, every body about the house is most unaffectedly *glad to see him*. All, from the chambermaid to the “*Boots*,” look on him as a *blessing*. Their regard is not, indeed, very disinterested, but how much disinterestedness does a reasonable man look for three thousand miles from home? Attention and civility are as truly worth paying for, as a good dinner, and he who knows when he is well off, will not trouble himself as to motives.

I must confess, however, to feeling a little awkward, at first, in being so obsequiously waited on by a *gentleman in black*, with white neckcloth—and still more so, when ushered to bed by a *young lady*, (so she would be termed in America,) in muslin dress, with showy cap and ribbons—to wit, the *chambermaid*.

After three pleasant days at the Regent Hotel, my bill was presented on a silver waiter, which I sent back to have the servants' fees included, as had been done at the Adelphi at Liverpool, a memorandum of which served me as a guide to the proper amount. Accordingly a reasonable sum was added, the bill was receipted,—“Messrs. Breach and Jef-

frey presented their compliments, and were very much obliged,"—the head-waiter attended me to the coach, and I took my departure, satisfied myself, and having satisfied others.

From Leamington I went to Warwick, and proceeded at once to the castle, the magnificent residence of the Earls of Warwick, and one of the very few old baronial castles in England that remain in perfect preservation, combining the rude grandeur of other times with modern elegance and splendor. The castle stands on a rock, at the foot of which flows the river Avon. Cæsar's Tower, probably the most ancient part of the structure, is 147 feet high. Guy's Tower, 128 feet in height, was erected in 1394. The principal suite of apartments extends 333 feet in a straight line, and in sumptuousness of decoration, is all that a princely palace need be. Bestowing such attention as my limited time permitted on the splendid paintings, collections of ancient armor, and numerous curiosities, at length I reached the further end of the apartments. "This is all, sir, that I have the pleasure of showing you," said my conductor, into whose willing hand a half crown presently found its way, acknowledged by a low bow. I next ascended Guy's Tower, which commands an extensive and most beautiful prospect of the princely domain. Descending, I was met by the old gardener, who came hobbling up to assure me that unless I saw the green-house, I should have seen nothing, so I went with him, and, among orange trees and other rare productions, which, however, I had often seen in their native climes, was gratified with a sight of the celebrated Warwick Vase.

Another turn of the silver key unlocked to me the Porter's Lodge, where several pieces of armor are exhibited, *said* to have been worn by the redoubted Guy of Warwick. The

most remarkable relic however, is a huge kettle which goes by the name of "Guy's Porridge Pot," and certainly might contain a breakfast for a giant. This capacious vessel being found too large, in these degenerate days, for the purpose to which tradition says it was originally applied, is only brought into requisition when an heir of Warwick Castle comes of age, at which important epoch it is regularly used as a punch bowl, and filled to the brim with that generous fluid, compounded according to a recipe traditionally handed down.

From the castle I went to St. Mary's Church, where, in the centre of a magnificent Gothic chapel, stands the superb monument of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick in the reign of Henry VI. and Edward IV., better known as the *king-maker*; "the greatest," says Hume, "as well as the last, of those mighty barons who formerly overawed the crown." His monument is considered the most splendid in the kingdom, with the single exception of that of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey. Near it is that of the celebrated Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and Lord of the magnificent Castle of Kenilworth, whose ruins I had so lately visited. Their effigies, extended at full length over their tombs, as of warriors in their last repose, are strangely impressive to the imagination. The cold monumental marble seems instinct with life. To the beholder unaccustomed to such sights, history seems thus more real than before. He feels almost as if introduced into the living presence of those whose likeness is preserved in the recumbent forms on which he gazes.

CHAPTER IV.

ENGLAND.—Stratford-on-Avon.—House in which Shakspeare was born.
—His Grave—Monuments and Epitaphs.—Scenery of the Avon.

FROM Warwick Castle, an hour's ride brought me to Stratford-on-Avon. Leaving my baggage at the White Lion Inn, I hastened down the street to where a rude sign-board, over the door of a very old two-story building, bore this inscription: "*In this house the immortal Shakspeare was born.*" I entered, and was at once conducted to the chamber in which, it is said, the poet first drew breath. Its walls are completely covered with the names of pilgrims from all parts of the world, attesting thus the universality of his fame. Amid hundreds of unknown names, the autographs of WALTER SCOTT and WASHINGTON IRVING were pointed out to me. Around the room were disposed numerous relics, more or less authentic, such as likenesses of the poet, articles made of the wood of the famous mulberry tree, &c. I looked at these, walked back and forth in the apartment, and strove to make it real to myself, that in that room SHAKSPEARE was born; but, (shall I confess it?) was sensible of no inspiring impulse whatever. In truth I was altogether in a most matter-of-fact and anti-rhapsodical state of mind. So capricious is feeling! Here, where I had thought to be deeply moved, as if admitted to the very presence of the immortal bard, I found myself looking round on the old walls with the coolest self-possession, insensible as a clod to poetic rapture, and conscious of no presence, save that of an elderly and very unpoetical matron, waiting quietly for the customary

fee. Not to be wholly wanting to the occasion, however, with her consent I severed with my pen-knife a splinter from the massive oaken mantle-tree, apparently coeval with the house, which I preserve as a relic.

After all, what real connection has that sombre locality with SHAKESPEARE, such as he was in the full maturity of his wonder-working genius? Its walls may have echoed his childish cries, may have borne testimony to what he was when an infant in his nurse's arms, but these are not the recollections that throng upon the mind in connection with the sweet bard of Avon; unless indeed we can contemplate even his childhood's hours, through that poetical medium which GRAY has so beautifully conjured up in his *Progress of Poesy*.

“Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
This pencil take, (she said,) whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.”

Yet, even here, it is not pent up within gloomy walls, but gracefully reclined on the green banks of Avon, in the midst of the sweet scenery of nature, that we view the infant minstrel; the illusion fades when the scene is transferred to a low room over what has been a butcher's stall. This must be my apology to the sentimental for the phlegm and apathy with which I surveyed the room in which, if tradition may be credited, the great poet was born.

Certainly, a very different feeling took possession of my bosom, when, a few minutes after, I found myself within the chancel of the parish church, bending over the flat stone that marks his grave. As I read the well known lines inscribed on it—

Good frend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare ;
Blest be the man that spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones—

it seemed almost as if his voice were speaking to me out of the grave. Solemn and strange were my feelings, when I thought that it was indeed the dust of Shakspeare that reposed beneath my feet. The lines above cited are considered his own, and no sacrilegious hand has dared to violate a grave doubly guarded by so touching an appeal, and so awful a malediction.* Here, then, beyond all doubt, I was standing on the very spot, where, more than two hundred years ago, the kindred and townsmen of Shakspeare had gathered to consign to their last resting place his mortal remains. There he slept in death, whose genius, as if instinctively familiar with whatever lies within the range of the intellectual vision, or can touch the springs of feeling, has embalmed the experience of universal humanity in diction, that, wherever the English language shall open its treasures

* This singular inscription may have reference to the practice of removing the bones of the dead, after a certain period, from the grave to the charnel-house—a practice which the poet may himself have witnessed, and which, it is evident from allusions in *Romeo and Juliet*, and other parts of his writings, that he held in great horror. The crypt, or charnel-house of the Church of Stratford-on-Avon, was standing till A. D. 1800. It had every appearance of being the oldest part of the church, and contained a vast collection of human bones, the accumulation of many ages. The practice alluded to was gradually discontinued after the Reformation.

to cultivated minds, can never cease to be "familiar in men's mouths as household words." What nobler ambition, what loftier prerogative of genius, could there be, than thus to touch a responsive chord in millions of human bosoms—thus to leave an enduring memorial, an ineffaceable impress, of itself in the hearts of men, by enshrining in language that can never die, the sentiments and emotions that agitate our common nature? That one whose human existence was but a shadow—whose mortal remains a little space of consecrated ground encloses, should so perpetuate on earth his intellectual being, so live again, as it were, in distant ages and in remotest climes, by the vital energy of his genius, inspiring myriad minds with its own breathing thoughts, and thrilling them with its own burning emotions, is indeed, (if we except transcendent moral excellence,) the proudest triumph that Heaven permits over the ordinary conditions of humanity. One thing was wanting to Shakspeare—we feel it most when we stand at his grave—it was that his wonder-working genius should have been subservient to the loftiest aims of virtue—that his harp's soul-subduing strains should have been in unison with the deep-toned and awful morality which sometimes breathes in them, so that, on that imperishable record, which he has left to successive ages, there might have remained

"No line, which, dying, he could wish to blot."

But let it not be forgotten, that while Shakspeare's sublime morality is characteristic of himself, his offensive grossness is but the reflection, in the mirror which he held up to nature, of the licentiousness of his times.

A niche in the wall near the grave of the poet, contains his bust, probably the most correct likeness of him that now exists. The expression of the countenance is rather good-

humored and cheerful, than deeply intellectual. Beneath are the following inscriptions :

Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus moeret, Olympus habet.
Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast ?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument, Shakspeare, with whome
Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck ys Tombe
Far more than cost: sith all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.

Obiitt. Ano. Doi. 1616. Aetatis 53. die 23. Ap.

On the grave stone next to Shakspeare's, I read the following: "Heere lyeth interred the bodye of Anne, wife of Mr. William Shakspeare, who depted. this life the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 yeares." This was that Anne Hathaway, whom his verses have rendered famous. The grave of his eldest and favorite daughter, Susanna, the wife of Dr. John Hall, is also near his own. The following quaint, but smoothly flowing lines, commemorating her virtues, though now obliterated from the stone, have been preserved by antiquarian care :

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall,
Something of Shakespere was in that, but this
Wholy of him with whom she's now in blisse.
Then, passenger, ha'st ne're a tear
To weep with her that wept with all ?
That wept, yet set herselfe to chere
Them up with comfort's cordiall.
Her Love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne'er a teare to shed."

Her Husband's epitaph is as follows :

"Hallius hic situs est medica celeberrimus arte,
Expectans regni gaudia laeta Dei ;

Dignus erat meritis qui Nestora vinceret annis,
In terris omnes sed rapit aequa dies ;
Ne tumulo quid desit, adest fidissima conjux,
Et vitae comitem nunc quoq. mortis habet."

Shakspeare had two daughters and one son. The register at Stratford shows that the son, named Hammet, died at the age of twelve years. His daughters survived him ; the youngest, Judith, was married, but her three children died young ; the eldest, Mrs. Hall, left one daughter, Elizabeth, with whom, though twice married, the poet's family became extinct.

Within the chancel, and quite near the grave of Shakspeare, are several monuments of the Combe family, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy. My attention was arrested by one of these, erected in memory of a young lady who died shortly before the day fixed for her marriage. In a niche in the wall, the busts of her lover and herself, in white marble, are placed side by side, her hand clasped in his, as if at the bridal hour, and her face turned toward him with a sweet and sorrowful expression, in harmony with her mournful story. I copied the inscription, which, however, can hardly be as interesting to others as it was to me, when, standing in front of Shakspeare's monument, I looked on the counterfeit presentment of the sorrowing lovers, and thought of *his* lines, so verified in *their* experience—

" Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

The inscription on the monument is literally as follows :

" Here lyeth the body of Judith Combe, (daughter of William Combe, of Old Stratford, in ye county of Warwick, Esq.,) who was to have been married unto Richard Combe, of Hemsted, in ye county of Hartford, Esq., had

not Death prevented it, by depriving her of life, to ye extreme griefe and sorrow of both their friends ; but more especially of ye said Richard Combe, who, in testimony of his unfained love, hath erected this monument for perpetuating her pious memory. She took her last leave of this life, the 17th day of August, 1649, in ye armes of him who most intirely loved and was beloved of her, even to ye very death."

So true is it that the sorrows of humanity are the same in every age. In the graves of those that have gone before us were buried hopes as fond, affections as warm, as any that thrill *our* souls.

" Where longs to fall yon rifted spire,
As weary of the insulting air,
The poet's thoughts, the warrior's fire,
The lover's sighs, are sleeping there."

At the east end of the chancel is the monument of John Combe, on whom Shakspeare is said to have composed a jocular epitaph during the life-time of the former, to whom, as the story goes, it gave mortal offence. This, however, in common with several other anecdotes of Shakspeare, is pronounced fabulous by the more sagacious of his biographers. The first two lines of the epitaph in question are proved to be not Shakspeare's ; and that the friendship between these two townsmen of Stratford continued unbroken to their death, is evident from their respective wills, still extant ; John Combe bequeathing the poet five pounds, and the poet leaving his sword to John Combe's nephew and residuary legatee. The effigy of John Combe, habited in a long gown, with a book in his hand, lies at full length on his monument ; the inscription records his legacies to the poor. The copy of a deed of valuable land, from John and William Combe to Shakspeare, (now in the possession of

R. B. Wheler, the antiquary of Stratford-on-Avon, to whom I was introduced,) is one of numerous proofs that the poet's revenues were by no means scanty. Indeed, if we put out of the account the doubtful report of some irregularities in his mode of life in early years, he seems to have had very little in common with the ragged regiment of Parnassus.

One can hardly stand at the grave of Shakspeare, without being strangely moved at thought of the power which that creative genius has exercised over his own mind. Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, Desdemona—what beings have lived, more real to us than these? Whose history has so agitated us? Whose dark and stormy passions have so thrilled our souls? Whose heart-breaking sorrows have more become by sympathy our own? Yet, there, beneath that flat stone, repose the ashes of the bard who has called all those beings into life—whose magic wand has roused up from their graves the mighty ones of the earth, and caused them to pass before us in gorgeous procession—who has opened to us a new world in which imagination delights to revel, peopling it with creations of his own, and giving “to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.” Inasmuch as time has spared no monumental relic of the “blind old man from Scio's rocky isle,” no well authenticated shrine of the Mantuan bard, the grave of Shakspeare stands without a rival in its power to connect the sweet realms of fancy with the actual world; and thither shall pilgrims congregate, from all lands, in all coming time.

“Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare would dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.

Flow on, silver Avon! in song ever flow,
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow;
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,
And the turf ever hallowed which pillowed his head.”

The church which encloses the grave of Shakspeare is an imposing edifice of most venerable antiquity, a part of the structure being between four and five hundred years old. Its architecture is a mixture of Saxon and Norman Gothic, in some parts highly ornamented. It stands on the green bank of the Avon, at a little distance from the town, in the midst of a spacious cemetery, and embosomed in majestic elms. An avenue of lime trees, whose branches intertwine so as to form a complete bower of over-arching foliage, extends from the gate of the cemetery to the principal entrance to the church. In a still summer's day, no sounds disturb the sacred solitude, save the low murmur of the river, which flows within a few yards of the poet's grave. That it was not to him a matter of indifference where his ashes should repose, is sufficiently evinced by the inscription with which he sought, not ineffectually, to protect the slumbers of the tomb from profane intrusion. When it was once in contemplation to remove his remains to Westminster Abbey, the awful lines upon the stone availed to retain them, where alone they can appropriately rest, in the midst of those scenes which, dear to him while living, are now imperishably associated with his memory—where the gentle murmur of the river as it flows, and the sighing of the wind among the majestic elms, that droop their branches to the stream, seem to soothe his last slumbers.

The hours that I spent at Stratford-on-Avon, I look back to as constituting an epoch in my life. A visit to the shrine of Shakspeare is of itself a thing to be remembered: I know not that I need scruple to add, that mine was also a pilgrimage to the graves of my ancestors, his cotemporaries, whose coat-of-arms I saw sculptured on their tombs.

A letter of introduction to one of the principal citizens of the place, led to an acquaintance which I shall always re-

member with pleasure. My hospitable entertainer was a gentleman, somewhat advanced in life, who had been a great traveller—having seen the Falls of Niagara, the Pyramids of Egypt, and the Wall of China. His lady had also been in each of the four quarters of the globe. She gave me an impress from the seal of Shakspeare, bearing his initials, to add to my memorials of Stratford. At table I met a lady, descending from Sir Christopher Wren, who chanced to be their guest. I was also introduced to several individuals, who, had they been (as they were not) in other respects uninteresting, were yet worth forming an acquaintance with, if only as inhabitants of Shakspeare's town.

After dinner we took a most delightful ramble through the fields. We crossed the Avon by a foot-bridge, just above the church, and, from several points of view, admired its venerable and picturesque appearance, half-hidden by the embowering trees. As we followed the winding path, sometimes beneath the shade of aged oaks, I felt a peculiar pleasure in thinking that it was amid these rural scenes that "Shakspeare strolled and laughed with Warwick Swains," while yet unconscious, perhaps, of that genius which was destined to delight the world

CHAPTER V.

ENGLAND.—Oxford.—Blenheim Palace and Park.—Woodstock.—Windsor Castle.—Arrival in London.—View from the top of St. Paul's.

THE massive and time-worn structures of Oxford would suggest the idea rather of baronial castles, than of the calm retreats of literature, were it not for the magnificent gardens and groves that mark the place as a fit haunt for the muses. One is here constantly reminded that he is treading on classic ground. There is something strange, especially to an American, in walking the streets of the populous city, so totally withdrawn from the sway of mammon. Here literature sits in high places, and receives that homage which is elsewhere divided between rank and wealth. The antiquated scholastic costume, which is never out of sight, (diamond shaped caps and black gowns being worn by all connected with the university, from the vice-chancellor down to the student in his earliest novitiate,) materially enhances the impression on the visitor, that he is breathing a very different atmosphere from that of ordinary life.

Under the guidance of an American acquaintance, residing at the university, I spent several delightful hours in visiting the different colleges, and walking in the extensive grounds connected with them. "Addison's Walk" was particularly attractive. The luxuriant grass and shrubbery, and the foliage of the trees, were all in the deepest verdure of June; the birds were singing; the air was filled with fragrance; the delicious sensations inspired by perfect natural beauty, mingling with the classic recollections associated with these lite-

rary retreats, made me feel as if one day at Oxford were worth months of common-place existence.

The university comprises twenty colleges and five halls. So extensive are the grounds, and so numerous the quadrangles, one opening into another, around which the massive edifices are built, that I was completely lost in the labyrinth, and found myself, at the end of our walk, just as ignorant as at the beginning of the relative position of the different colleges. The vast piles of buildings, gray with age—the churches and chapels with their lofty windows of stained glass, admitting a “dim religious light”—the towers and steeples, rising above the surrounding groves—the literary riches of the ample libraries—the old gothic archways—the long colonnades—the statues and paintings of the illustrious men whose genius still seems to hover around the scenes which they once frequented—make up an assemblage of objects, alike imposing to the eye and the imagination. No wonder that the organ of *veneration* is largely developed at Oxford, where the very air is redolent of antiquity, and science, far from the noise and strife of the busy world, sits secure in her ancient fastnesses.

The grouping together of so many remarkable edifices gives Oxford a very striking appearance, viewed from the surrounding country; and when the stranger enters High street, the effect is exceedingly grand. A beautiful monument, recently erected, marks the spot where Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer suffered martyrdom. The Isis and Charwell, which here unite their streams, add much to the beauty of the town. Walking on their banks, I counted scores of gaily painted rowboats, the property of the students, whose regattas are famous.

From Oxford I rode out to Blenheim Palace, erected in the reign of Queen Anne, for John Churchill, Duke of

Marlborough. Over the gate by which I entered the magnificent Park, I read the following inscription :

“Porta hæc extructa est anno post obitum illustrissimi Johannis ducis de Marlborough, jussu atque auspiciis Saræ conjugis dilectissimæ cui testamento commendavit opera quibus ultimam ipse manum non imposuerat.

“Quanta fuerint ducis in rempublicam merita ingresso tibi pluribus dicet columna quam optimæ conjugis pietas poni voluit ut perenne esset ipsius gloriæ suæque dilectionis monumentum. A. D. MDCCXXIII.”*

Johnson's line, “from Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,” conveys an incorrect idea. He had, indeed, two paralytic strokes six years before his death, but recovered his strength and faculties, except that there were a few words which he could not distinctly articulate, and continued to attend Parliament till within half a year of his decease. Still the history of his life affords no unimpressive illustration of the *vanity of human wishes*. During those wars in which he was developing the character of a consummate general, and filling Europe with the renown of his victories, he was harassed beyond measure by the slow and vacillating measures of the allies with whom he co-operated, while a powerful opposition at home used every art to depreciate his services and tarnish his fame. At one time he speaks of the wearing vexations of four days, making him feel “ten

* “This gate was erected the year after the decease of the illustrious John, Duke of Marlborough, by the command and under the direction of Sarah, his beloved wife, to whom, in his will, he left in charge the works which he had not himself completed.

“How well the duke deserved of his country, entering thou shalt more fully learn from the column which the devoted affection of his most excellent wife caused to be erected, that it might be a perpetual monument of his glory and her love.”

years older." The victory of Blenheim, the most memorable of modern times, till thrown into the shade by that of Waterloo, did indeed rouse for a time the enthusiasm of the nation. The crown-lands at Woodstock were bestowed upon him, and the queen undertook to erect there, at her own expense, a magnificent palace. Yet, a few years later, we find this great man dismissed from all his offices, assailed with the bitterest malignity by the dominant party at court, out of favor with the queen, who left him to complete the pile of Blenheim at his own expense, and at length seeking a refuge from persecution and insult, in voluntary exile from his ungrateful country. And although recalled to court on the accession of George I., the closing years of his life were comparatively unhonored.

That the accusations of his enemies, by which his memory has been blackened, were chiefly malicious calumnies, is now generally conceded, although his most partial biographer is obliged to admit the existence of defects, materially obscuring the lustre of his great qualities. The recent publication of his extensive correspondence, certainly exhibits many points in his character in a very favorable light. His habitual recognition of Divine Providence, as directing the course of human events, is particularly worthy of notice in a military leader so renowned.

The ardent affection subsisting between himself and the duchess, is a pleasing feature in the history of both. They were alike remarkable for personal beauty. In early life Turenne distinguished him as "the handsome Englishman;" and her personal charms, we are told, excited the admiration of a licentious court, while, at the same time, her lofty and commanding character secured its respect. Less partial biographers describe her as proud and imperious.

The cumbrous magnificence of Blenheim Palace reminds

one of the satirical epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect:

“Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.”

Aside from mere dimension, there is nothing at all imposing in its exterior. It is a vast pile of brick, forming three sides of a square. The site is not elevated, and *red bricks*, multiplied to whatever extent, certainly make but a slender approximation to the sublime. Within, however, the long series of apartments present a continuous display of princely splendor. They are profusely decorated with costly paintings, chiefly of the Italian school. The Titian gallery contains several pictures, decidedly less fit for the public eye than any that I afterwards saw in Italy; and indeed in all the apartments, a large party of ladies, that happened to arrive just after me, were evidently at a loss to know which way to look—and American ladies would have been still more so. Among the curiosities is the great duke's heavy watch, somewhat of the warming-pan order. A ten minutes' visit to the library, containing 17,000 volumes, many of them “dark with tarnished gold,” was about as satisfying as a glimpse of a Lord Mayor's dinner to a London beggar. Last, we came to the beautiful chapel, where I could not but think that the true gospel, if preached at all, must be announced under rather unfavorable auspices.

A half crown to the well-dressed attendant elicited a low bow, and a most obsequious “much indebted to you, sir,” and I walked forth into the park. In front of the palace, an artificial body of water, covering not less than 250 acres, is crossed by a noble bridge, the disproportion between which, and the shallow stream below, suggested to some hostile wit the pointed epigram:

“The lofty arch his high ambition shows;
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.”

On an eminence beyond the bridge, stands the monument to his memory, erected by the duchess—a tall column, surmounted by his statue, and having inscribed on the pedestal various records of his victories, and acts of parliament acknowledging his great services.

No circumstance in Marlborough's history exhibits his character in a more amiable light, than the homage which he once paid to the genius and virtues of Fenelon. The estates of the good archbishop's see being exposed to plunder by the victorious English army, Marlborough ordered a detachment to guard the magazines of corn; and afterwards, fearing that, in consequence of the great scarcity of bread, this protection might not be sufficient, he despatched a corps of dragoons, with wagons, to convey the grain to the precincts of Cambray.

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the beauty of Blenheim Park, clothed as it was, when I saw it, in that dazzling, vivid green, which only the ever-weeping skies of England can produce. As far as the eye could reach, in every direction, the same emerald verdure decked the ground; the grand old oaks extended their thick branches, covered with the most exuberant foliage; stately swans (the first that I had ever seen) were swimming in the lake, and hundreds of beautiful deer were scattered over the extensive domain. Rosebushes and shrubbery of various kinds mingled their fragrance; and every thing to delight the eye and feast the sense seemed to be brought together, as if to form a delicious paradise.

Yet, in the midst of this luxuriant display of almost regal opulence, there were not wanting signs of poverty, rendered more squalid by the contrast. As I walked along the principal avenue, three or four miserable-looking old men assailed me with their importunate begging; and, in another

part of the grounds, some thirty women were busy with hoes, weeding out nettles from the grass, under the supervision of a man who seemed as distinct from the poor and meanly dressed laborers, as any white overseer on a Southern plantation. The distance between these poor people and the present possessor of Blenheim Palace and Park, has no parallel in our country; yet who can say that they may not be as happy as he? Not equality, as some theorists maintain, but *inequality*, seems to be, *to some extent*, the law of nature, the ordination of Providence among men, as respects things external; yet is there often in the mind itself—in the different degrees of cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit—a compensative principle, securing a far more equal distribution of actual enjoyment than would at first appear.

The old town of Woodstock, adjoining Blenheim, is interesting from its association with many an ancient tale of "Fair Rosamond," as well as with the modern romance which bears its name. I cannot aver, however, that I discovered in the park any vestiges of Fair Rosamond's Tower, or of the famous Labyrinth, designed by her royal lover to secure to her a way of escape from her enemies; nor was I fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of sweet Alice Lee, the sturdy old knight, her father, or the noble hound Bevis. Chaucer long resided at Woodstock, enjoying the patronage and friendship of John of Gaunt.

My next move was to Windsor. Its ancient Castle, founded by William the Conqueror, has been the residence of several of the British sovereigns, and the chapel within its walls contains the graves of Henry VIII., Charles I., George III., and George IV. The cenotaph of the lamented Princess Charlotte is a remarkable object. The state apartments are in a style of luxury, such as is to be looked for in king's houses. But all the splendor within gave me not half

the pleasure that I derived from the unrivalled prospect from the terrace. This noble promenade, bordered by a rampart of free stone, is 1870 feet in length, surrounding three sides of the castle. The glorious panorama spread out there, beneath the first perfectly bright sunshine that I had seen in England, seemed the very perfection of enchanting scenery. Nor was it wanting in the charm of poetical association. On one side were the towers of Eton College, recalling that exquisite ode of Gray, the first stanza of which gives a picture of the whole scene from Windsor terrace :

“Ye distant Spires ! ye antique Towers !
That crown the watery glade
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade :
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way !”

On the opposite side is the old withered tree, still designated as “Herne's Oak,” around which, (if of easy faith,) you may believe that Herne, the Hunter, “sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,” still walks at midnight, with “great ragged horns,” such as the merry Wives of Windsor persuaded the unlucky Falstaff to endue. “From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, a summer's day” I thought would not be too long to gaze on such a landscape—although, by the bye those summer days extended almost to the hour of 10 P. M.

But now that we are so near the great city, which the stranger in England is always feverishly impatient to visit, it will not do to linger ; even

"Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,"

must not detain us from the Metropolis.

After a rapid passage in the sumptuous cars of the Great Western Railway, I entered London just after dark. On the way to the hotel, the brilliantly lighted shops, and the stream of passengers on the broad side-walks, led me to suppose that we were in one of the great thoroughfares; and I asked my next neighbor in the omnibus the name of the street, thinking to hear, perhaps, some familiar designation in reply. "Really," said he, "I can't tell; I know London *middling*, but I can't say what street this is." I soon found that all the streets in that quarter were much of the same description. Their width and cleanliness, and the perfect order that prevailed, notwithstanding the crowd of carriages and pedestrians, were quite unlike what I had imagined. But this was the newer and more fashionable quarter—the West End. At length we reached Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly, and I was presently shown to my room, resolving to be fresh for London sights in the morning.

When I awoke from a refreshing sleep, the sun was shining as clear and bright as it ever does through the smoke of the Metropolis. After breakfast, I took a seat in an omnibus, and proceeded to the Bank, two miles distant, traversing one of the great thoroughfares that lead from the West End to the heart of the city. My eyes were pretty well occupied by the novel sights on the way. At the east end of Piccadilly, we turned to the right down the Haymarket, which runs a short distance southward towards the river; then, passing Charing Cross, we proceeded along the Strand, (which extends in a line parallel to the Thames, whose course is here to the northeast,) to Temple Bar, the

ancient western gate of London, where the heads of persons, executed for high treason, were formerly exposed. Passing under the centre arch of this structure, we proceeded along Fleet street, a continuation of the Strand, (running, like the river, in this part of its course, directly east,) up Ludgate Hill and by St. Paul's Cathedral, just beyond which the Fleet street and High Holborn thoroughfares, the two great lines of communication from west to east, flow together into the main trunk, Cheapside, which leads to the Bank, in the very heart of the city.

A young gentleman in the omnibus politely pointed out the more remarkable edifices on the way ; and, before getting out, gave me a ticket of admission to the United Service Institution, which I afterwards visited. I now mingled with the throng of pedestrians, keeping withal a "bright lookout" for pickpockets. From the Bank it was not difficult to find the way to the Barings, where my pecuniary arrangements were presently despatched ; and thence, after procuring a map and guide-book of the city, I hastened to St. PAUL'S. This edifice has been so often described, that, merely stating that it covers more than two acres, and that the top of the cross over the great dome is 400 feet from the ground—for the rest I leave the reader to draw on his imagination. I entered the Cathedral at the north door—gazed awhile at the vast concave formed by the inner surface of the dome—tried the effect of the Whispering Gallery—took a hasty survey of the numerous monuments, among which the statues of Dr. Johnson, Howard the philanthropist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Bishop Heber, interested me most—and then ascended to the outer gallery above the dome.

From this height let us look down on London. The tops of the two towers at the west front of the Cathedral, seeming from the street so high in air, now appear at a com-

paratively short distance from the ground; the living mass in the swarming thoroughfare below, seem but an inch from the surface. What an immense expanse of house-tops, in every direction! The Thames, with its massive bridges, and gliding steamers, and river craft of every variety, is dimly visible in its sinuous course, almost from where it enters to where it leaves the city. To the west, just beyond a great bend in the river, the towers of Westminster Abbey, Westminster Hall, and the new Houses of Parliament, (yet unfinished,) are conspicuous objects; beyond them, St. James' Park, Green Park, and Hyde Park, with its serpentine river, extending westward nearly in a straight line, and Regent's Park at the north-west, form a beautiful green edging to the picture. To the east, at some distance down the river, the Tower of London, easily distinguishable by the turrets at its four corners, rises high above all the neighboring buildings; beyond it, the immense docks, with their forests of masts, stretch away almost as far as the eye can reach. A thin canopy of smoke overhangs the scene, although it is one of the brightest of London days.

By the friendly aid of a young man, (the second courteous stranger that I had chanced to meet within an hour,) I soon obtained so clear an idea of the position of the more remarkable edifices, and the direction of the principal streets, that, from that time, with the free use of map, guide-book, and *purse*, I found my way with ease to every part of the vast city: and when, next day, I took possession for three weeks of private lodgings, not far from the Quadrant in Regent street, I felt almost as much at home in London, as if I had always lived there

CHAPTER VI.

LONDON.—A Walk in the Metropolis.—The Parks.—Westminster Abbey.—House of Commons.—House of Lords.—Westminster Hall.

LET us take a walk in London. From Charing Cross, a broad open area, the starting-point of crowds of omnibuses, we will proceed southward along Whitehall, a wide street parallel to the Thames, whose course is here directly north. Here, at our right, is a long line of government buildings. The first is the Admiralty, where the affairs of the British navy are managed. Next to it is a large stone building, called the Horse Guards, whence are issued the orders regulating the army. On each side of the iron gate in front, is a small guard-house, under whose arch stands, like a statue, a noble horse, magnificently caparisoned, with his rider in full armour, reminding you of a knight of the olden time. A passage beneath the building leads into St. James's Park, the east end of which affords an extensive parade ground. A more splendid military display than that made by the Horse Guards, when they parade there in full numbers, is rarely seen. I saw nothing of the kind on the continent to compare with it. The horses are magnificent, the men tall and well proportioned, and their accoutrements superb.

Beyond the Horse Guards are the Treasury buildings, the offices of the colonial and home departments, the privy council, &c., presenting to the main street a magnificent front with Corinthian columns, and abutting on *Downing street*, a name familiar to most readers from its association with government affairs.

On the opposite side of the street is Whitehall Palace. Here let us pause, for on a scaffold erected close to this edifice, Charles I. was beheaded, January 30, 1648. What a scene was presented on that day to the multitudes that thronged around!

Further on is Westminster Abbey; but we must reserve that for a contemplative hour, when the first impression from the novelty and tumult of the great metropolis has had time to subside. We will now enter St. James's Park from the Horse Guards. These beautiful grounds cover an area of about 270 acres, shaded by noble trees. In the centre is a body of water, where are kept a great variety of aquatic birds, the property of the Ornithological Society of London. The water is surrounded by shrubbery, through which are numerous winding paths, affording a delightful promenade. In the early part of the day, you can enjoy this *rus in urbe* almost in solitude; towards evening, all the parks are the resort, in good weather, of a throng of well-dressed persons, of both sexes, presenting a very gay and animated scene.

About half way along, on the north side of the park, stands St. James's Palace, where the queen holds her court. It is a huge pile of plain red brick, looking vastly more like a hospital, (for which, indeed, it was originally designed,) than a royal palace. Buckingham Palace, the town residence of the Queen and Prince Albert, is at the west end of the Park. Though by no means a model of chaste architecture, its appearance is somewhat imposing, viewed from the park. The principal front, however, is to the west, looking toward the extensive private gardens, which interpose a barrier between the abode of royalty and the dwellings of humbler mortals. When the Queen holds a drawing-room, the carriages of the nobility, foreign

ambassadors, &c., as well as that of her Majesty, approach the palace of St. James from the west through the park. On these occasions there is a goodly show of splendid and splendidly dressed ladies, as well as of magnificent equipages. The footmen stuck up behind the carriages, with their showy liveries and cocked hats, present a most ludicrously striking likeness to our militia generals, and apparently surpass them in conscious worth.

From Buckingham Palace, a broad avenue, having Green Park on the right, and the palace gardens for some distance on the left, extends to *Hyde Park Corner*. This is the main entrance to Hyde Park from Piccadilly, the great road leading towards the heart of London from the south-west. The *coup d'œil* here is very imposing. On each side of the street is a Triumphal Arch, one forming the entrance to Green Park, the other to Hyde Park. At some distance within the latter is a colossal statue of Achilles, erected in honor of the Duke of Wellington, and cast from cannon taken at Waterloo, Salamanca, &c. In the midst of these trophies of a life which will have a sure place in history, I once saw the "iron Duke" himself taking an evening ride. Apsley House, his residence, adjoins the entrance to the park; and beyond it a series of splendid edifices extends along the north side of Piccadilly, with Green Park on the other side.

Hyde Park covers nearly 400 acres, and is the great resort for carriages and horsemen, as well as pedestrians. The Serpentine River flows through it, and on a fine summer afternoon it is really exhilarating to mingle with the crowd that throng the numerous avenues, delighted to exchange the dust and smoke of the populous city, for the refreshing coolness and beautiful scenery of these extensive grounds. When grand military reviews are held here, it is

estimated that 150,000 persons are sometimes present. Kensington gardens adjoin Hyde Park on the west; and at some distance to the north-east is Regent's Park, comprising 360 acres, beautifully laid out, and bordered on three sides by magnificent edifices.

I was particularly fortunate in the time of my visit to the great metropolis. It was the height of the London season, Parliament being in session, and the nobility in town; the pride and pomp of royalty and aristocracy were in full blow; the Queen was visible almost every fine afternoon in Hyde Park; the kings of Belgium and Hanover were visitors at her courts; fêtes and drawing-rooms were frequent, the latter yielding a rich harvest to the milliners; the debate in the House of Commons on the Irish Arms Bill, the great exciting topic of the day, called forth nightly the most distinguished speakers; the Duke of Wellington, Brougham, Macauley, the Countess of Blessington, in short, all the lions and lionesses, great and small, were congregated within the metropolis—some roaring (in the Parliament house) pretty savagely, others as sweet “an it were any nightingale.”

These, however, were not to me the chief attractions. I wished to become familiar with those localities which were associated with my childish recollections of the “Spectator”—with London as it has existed for ages—with the haunts of Addison, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, &c. The singularly fine weather that prevailed, with scarcely any interruption, during my stay, was most favorable to my plans. It had rained with little cessation for nearly a month before, and I had the great and rare advantage of a long succession of bright sunny days, and as the twilight lasted till near ten at night, there was time for rides and walks on a very extensive scale. To appreciate the importance of

these things, it should be remembered, that, a few months later, it becomes dark before five o'clock; the weather has the reputation of instigating suicide, and there is "nobody in town," i. e. nobody but several hundreds of thousands of people that "*nobody knows*."

On the Monday after my arrival I paid my first long visit to Westminster Abbey. Its grand and gorgeous architecture impresses the gazer with awe and admiration, but, as the mausoleum of England's mighty dead, the ancient gothic pile possesses a far more potent charm. As you pass within its hallowed walls, you seem to leave the breathing world, the shadows of dim antiquity darken around you, and you feel almost as if introduced to the august presence of those whose monuments and statues, silent, yet eloquent, greet you on every side. The east end of the Abbey is semicircular, and around it from the north to the south arm of the cross, extends a range of chapels, nine in number, enclosing a great number of monuments, some of them dating as far back as the thirteenth century. There is something very impressive in the numerous ancient effigies, of warriors in full armor, bishops in their canonical vestments, kings and queens with the insignia of royalty, extended at full length over their tombs. As you gaze at the marble figures, composed as if in slumber, you *feel* that such beings have lived, and that now they sleep that sleep that knows no waking. I felt this with strange and thrilling emotion, as standing by the magnificent monument of Mary Queen of Scots, I surveyed the recumbent figure of the lovely but ill-fated queen, and thought of her mournful history. The oppressor and the victim sleep near together. In an adjoining aisle of the same chapel, (that of Henry the Seventh,) is the lofty monument of Queen Elizabeth.

In the chapel of Edward the Confessor, the only one which is enclosed in the body of the church, are several monuments of the early sovereigns of England, many of them mutilated and defaced by ruffian hands. Here is the empty tomb of Edward I., the invader of Scotland, by whose order William Wallace was condemned to an ignominious death—the tomb of Edward III.—the black marble monument of his Queen Philippa—the tomb of Richard II. and his Queen—and the monument of Henry V., of Falstaff memory. The old oaken Coronation chairs are kept in this chapel, and here, surrounded by the monuments and effigies of departed monarchs, the sovereigns of England are crowned.

Henry the Seventh's Chapel, at the east end of the Abbey, is a spacious and gorgeous church of itself. The entrance to it is beneath a magnificent arch, through richly wrought gates of brass. According to Hollinshed, this chapel alone cost nearly a million of dollars. So exquisitely delicate and minute is the ornamental stone work of this structure, that a connoisseur has well described it as appearing "as if the artist had intended to give to stone the character of embroidery, and to enclose his walls within the meshes of lace work." Here is the magnificent tomb of Henry VII., and Elizabeth his Queen, the last of the house of York that wore the English crown. Beneath the pavement are several royal vaults, where lie the mortal remains of James I. and his Queen, Charles II., William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George II.

As I walked amid the sepulchral monuments, so thickly clustered in these caves of death, and, pausing on some marked spot, reflected that I was standing over what once had been a king, the sense of the emptiness of all earthly power and pageantry, of the vanity of all human ambition,

was awfully overwhelming. Beneath my feet reposed the dust of sovereigns once renowned, who had filled a large space in the eyes of mankind, and whose actions form no unimportant part of the enduring record of history ; but of all their glory and kingly state, what now remains ? A little dust is all. “ *Mors sola fatetur quantula sint hominum corpuscula.* ” I thought of that passage in Isaiah, where the deceased monarchs of the earth are represented in the regions of the dead, reposing, in grandeur suitable to their former dignity, each on his royal couch, surrounded by his arms and trophies. “ All of them lie in glory, every one in his own sepulchre. ” When the funeral vault in this ancient Abbey is opened anew, and another monarch is gathered to his fathers, one can almost imagine the awfully sublime description of the prophet verified, and the shades of the mighty dead rising from their couches to receive to their companionship another of their race. “ Hades from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming ; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth ; it raiseth up from their thrones all the kings. All they shall speak and say unto thee, ‘ Art thou also become weak as we ? Art thou become like unto us ? ’ ”

After visiting the chapels, I next sought out the most remarkable monuments in other parts of the Abbey, such as those of the Earl of Chatham, Lord Mansfield, Sir Isaac Newton, and others whose names are conspicuous in the annals of England. In one spot beneath the pavement, William Pitt, Charles James Fox, the Marquis of Londonderry, and George Canning, lie very near each other. The grave has composed the differences of discordant statesmen ; side by side they sleep in death. Near them is a beautiful monument to Wilberforce, the Christian statesman.

But the most interesting part of the Abbey is the *Poet's*

Corner. Here are congregated the memorials of departed genius, whose more enduring monument is in the minds of myriad men. Here the eye rests on the Statue of Shakspeare, to which the sculptor's art has imparted all that intellectual dignity, that intense and sublime expression which we so readily believe must have marked the aspect of the great poet, when lofty themes were working in his soul. His hand grasps a scroll, on which are inscribed his own well-known lines, whose power can nowhere be more deeply felt than within the walls of Westminster Abbey :

“ The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind.”

On the pedestal of the monument are three heads, representing Henry V., Richard III., and Queen Elizabeth, three sovereigns whose histories are lastingly associated with Shakspeare.

“ O RARE BEN JOHNSON,” is the inscription which designates Shakspeare's distinguished contemporary. Of the lines on the monument to GRAY, I recollect only the last two, where England is represented as rivalling ancient Greece in the choiceness of her poetical treasures :

“ She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the Lyre of Gray.”

Feelings not easily expressed crowd upon the mind, as the eye distinguishes the names of Chaucer, Milton, Dryden, Goldsmith, Thompson, &c., and glances from monument to monument of those whose sweet strains have been familiar from early youth, and incorporated, as it were, into the very texture of the mind. Addison has a statue. One

of the more recent monuments is that to David Garrick, who died in 1779. A flat stone in front of it, marked "*Eva Garrick*," designates the grave of his wife. Dr. Johnson lies near Garrick. Close to these is the recent grave of Campbell.

I lingered in the Abbey, on this first visit to it, till the close of the evening service, which is held daily in the Choir. The solemn notes of the organ, swelling through the vast edifice, penetrating to its dim recesses, and echoed back from its lofty arches, was inexpressibly grand. As I glanced for the last time, at the sombre magnificence of the august pile, how perfectly did it realize the poet's conception.

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight ; the fombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart."

The House of Commons is a plain unadorned hall, about 80 feet by 40, convenient enough for the members, but evidently constructed with no reference to the great public, who in order to get in, would have to shrink like Milton's demons in Pandemonium. Perhaps if the profane and vulgar *could* gain admission, they would sometimes greet the ears of the legislators, in the style of said demons, with "a dismal universal hiss, the sound of public scorn ;" to prevent which, it is thought best to exclude them. Behind the Speaker's chair is a small gallery, appropriated to the reporters ; but even these are admitted only by sufferance, as there are laws in existence authorizing their exclusion. The side-galleries are for privileged persons, such as the

members of either house; and at the opposite end from the Speaker, are three or four rows of seats, constituting the Stranger's Gallery. Of these, only the front row affords a favorable position; and to secure a place in this, it is necessary to get a special order given *on the spot*, by a member to an officer of the House. This I was fortunate enough to obtain at my first and longest visit. The Irish Arms' bill was under discussion. The speeches were generally short and to the point—more like spirited conversation, with occasional sharp hits and prompt rejoinders, evincing what Pope calls "harmony not understood." The principal exception to this was an elaborate speech by Macauley, whose epigrammatic style gave edge to the weapons of argument and sarcasm with which he assailed the dominant party. Indeed the opposition had the floor the greater part of the evening, Sir Robert Peel reserving his forces till near the close, when, in a business-like fashion, without display of rhetoric, he replied to his assailants. He had the *votes*, and therefore was not very sensitive to mere verbal attacks. There was nothing to my eye at all remarkable in the Premier's face, figure, or manner.

The members generally seemed a little more intent on doing business, and getting through with it, than is the case at Washington. There was no "speaking to Buncombe;" no one begun with the origin of the government,—(which there, indeed, would be taking a somewhat wider range than with us,) in order to get at the subject in debate, nor was there any declaiming of bulky pamphlets to be sent off to constituents. Although the debate was on an exciting topic, there was little disorder, with the exception of the cries "hear, hear," and certain bursts of laughter and ironical cheers, with which a pretty ardent Hibernian was greeted; though, sometimes, when the mirth "grows fast

and furious," there is no question that the House of Commons in the multitude of its strange noises and unearthly discords, bears no slight resemblance to an ill-regulated menagerie.

I left the house shortly before midnight, congratulating myself that what I lost as an auditor, I could make up at breakfast from the copious report in the "Times." So perfect is the division of labor among the newspaper reporters, one taking the place of another after a short interval, that the first half of a long speech is in type before the speaker has sat down, and a few hours after the night session has closed, the proceedings are on their way to every part of the kingdom. The circulation of the "Times" newspaper must be enormous. Its eight ample and closely printed pages, contain just what is needful to keep one apprised in brief, of all that is going on in the world, and well requite the labor of perusal.

The House of Lords is much smaller than the House of Commons, with something more of ornament. At one end is the space allotted to the throne; on the floor in front of it, the famous *woolsack* affords—I speak from experience—a very comfortable seat. One morning, when the House was sitting in its judicial capacity, I heard a speech of some length from Lord Brougham. At its close, he came and conversed in a very animated style, with a gentleman near me, giving me just the opportunity I wished to study his countenance and bearing. He reminded me slightly of Henry Clay. With larger and more rugged features, he has the same indescribable manner, that tells of the intellectual power lurking beneath the homely exterior. He gets hard punches, now-a-days, from "*Punch*," and other organs of popular sentiment. When the Lord Chancellor (Lyndhurst) spoke, he left the *woolsack*, and took the floor

like the other speakers, as is the etiquette, instead of speaking *ex cathedra*. The Twelve Judges of England, completely enveloped in black gowns, their heads buried under most portentous wigs, appeared to my irreverent eyes, a group of exceedingly grotesque figures.

Westminster Hall, in the immediate vicinity of the House of Parliament, is a grand old Gothic edifice, 270 feet long, 74 wide, and 90 high. Here Richard II. entertained 10,000 guests at his Christmas festivals; and here the Parliament met that deprived him of his crown. Here, too, Charles I. received sentence of death. The trial of Warren Hastings, which called forth the splendid oratory of Burke and Sheridan, was held in this hall. At the time of my visit, its walls were covered with Cartoons; premiums having been offered by government for the best designs for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, with fresco-painting. The subjects were limited to British history and the works of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, and the competition was restricted to British artists; still no less than 140 cartoons were offered. Cæsar's first invasion of Britain, Caractacus led in triumph through the streets of Rome, Boadicea haranguing the ancient Britons, Canute reproving his courtiers, King John signing Magna Charta, and the execution of Lady Jane Grey, were among the more striking subjects. They may suggest to future orators as impressive allusions as did the ancient tapestry of the House of Lords to the Earl of Chatham, when he eloquently denounced the project of employing the Indians in the war against revolted America.

CHAPTER VII.

LONDON.—The Tower.—Thames Tunnel.—Rev. Messrs. Noel and Melville.—Dr. Croly.—Charitable Institutions.

THE Tower of London, the palace first, and often afterwards, the prison of royalty, is situated on the left bank of the Thames, about a mile below St. Paul's. The entire works cover twelve acres, enclosed within a strongly fortified wall, and surrounded by a moat, once filled with water, but now drained and in process of being transformed into a garden. The principal structure rises far above the rest of the fortress, and is distinguishable at a great distance by the four lofty turrets that rise from its corners. The visitor passes through four successive gates, and then along a narrow street, which runs entirely round the fortress, separating the outer from the inner ward. On the left is a tower, said to have been the prison of Queen Elizabeth, before her accession; and on the right, the "Traitor's Gate," through which State prisoners were brought by water to the Tower. "Who enters here, leaves hope behind," might well have been inscribed over the grim portal. Opposite is the "Bloody Tower," where (according to somewhat doubtful tradition,) the two infant princes were smothered by the command of their uncle, afterwards Richard III. Beyond this, is the place formerly occupied by the arsenal, destroyed by fire three years since; and near it, a church, interesting as the burial place of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, the Queens of Henry VIII.; also of Lady Jane Grey and her husband, and

many other distinguished persons who suffered on Tower Hill. It seemed strange indeed, to walk among these visible and tangible memorials of histories, that had been familiar from childhood.

The Horse Armory is an apartment 150 feet long, in which is ranged a series of equestrian figures representing kings or nobles, from the reign of Edward I. to that of James II., habited in the complete armor of their times. Among numerous other curiosities is a splendid suit of armour, worn by Henry VIII. From this apartment you pass up a staircase into Queen Elizabeth's Armory. This part of the building is said to have been the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh, and a small dark closet which opens from it, his sleeping room. Here are deposited a great variety of ancient weapons, halberds, pikes, battle-axes, &c., in use before the introduction of fire arms; also a thumb-screw, and other instruments of torture, and a beheading-axe, *said to be* that with which Anne Boleyn was beheaded. In the Jewel-room, in which the *Regalia* are deposited, I looked, till the eye tired of gazing on crowns of gold, studded with precious stones, golden sceptres, spoons, salt-cellars, spurs, &c.; the value of which is estimated to be between fourteen and fifteen millions of dollars.

From the Tower I went to the Thames Tunnel, completed only a few months previous. It is 1200 feet in length, consisting of two parallel arched passages, wide enough for carriages, with a narrow pathway for pedestrians. Instead of wearing the gloomy and forbidding aspect which I had anticipated, it is brilliantly lighted with gas; and although one feels rather oddly, when pausing in the middle of it, and considering that the mighty river, with its constant burden of ships, is rolling over his head, there is nothing in the appearance of things to suggest the

thought of danger. A continual stream of pedestrians passes through it, and, in the intervals between the pillars that separate the passages, are numerous tables occupied by venders of small wares. The idea of constructing such a road beneath the bed of a river, partakes of the sublime: but there is little prospect that the vast expenditure upon it will be reimbursed. It is at present accessible only to pedestrians, by long staircases at each end; and, in consequence of the value of land, the expense of opening a carriage road by an inclined plane from either extremity, will be enormous. The toll for foot-passengers is a penny apiece each way; at which rate, though millions pass through it, no very great sum will be realized.

After visiting the Docks, perambulating the streets of Wapping, walking through the "long room" of the Custom House, (a building 480 feet long and 100 broad,) and glancing at the *Billingsgate* Fish-market, so famous for the choice dialect of its female dealers, I returned westward, with somewhat expanded ideas of the commercial greatness of London. Passing up Fish Street Hill, I stopped to view the monument, erected to commemorate the great fire in 1666. It is 200 feet in height, a fluted column of the Doric order. It no longer "like a tall bully lifts its head and lies," the inscription which caused Pope's allusion being now obliterated. Not far from the monument is *Eastcheap*, the name of which recalls so many memories of Falstaff and his merry companions, the Boar's Head and Mistress Quickly.

On the evening of my first Sunday in London, I attended service at the Foundling Hospital Church. Two hundred girls and as many boys, fine, healthy looking children, were seated in a gallery by themselves, on rows of seats rising one above another, so as to be in full view of the

preacher and the audience. The girls looked very pretty with their little white caps, capes and aprons; the boys were equally well dressed in dark-colored cloth, with red vests and bright buttons. In prayer, it was pleasing to see them standing up together, with their arms crossed, the girls holding their white aprons to their faces. Several wore medals, the reward of good conduct. A large audience is always attracted to this interesting place of worship, and a considerable sum is thus raised by the collections taken at the doors. The music is particularly fine. The organ was presented by Handel, who for several years performed here his celebrated Messiah annually, for the benefit of the institution. This Hospital, founded about a century ago, has an annual income of near 50,000 dollars, and affords maintenance and education to between four and five hundred children.

On another occasion I attended morning service at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, and had the pleasure of hearing the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel. The sermon (from Matt. xxvi. 26,) was preliminary to the communion, which he took care to free from all Popish and semi-popish additions. His first point was, that this sacrament was instituted only for true disciples. He next vindicated the right of all Christians to partake of the wine, as well as the bread—spoke of the posture of kneeling as sanctioned by the Church, and not unnatural in itself, but by no means essential to a right participation, inasmuch as that was not the posture adopted at its first institution—demonstrated the ordinance to be commemorative, not sacrificial, and the partaking of the body of Christ not literal, but spiritual, as the language, "this is my body," is to be interpreted on the same principle as the similar expressions, "I *am* the true vine," "that Rock *was*

Christ," &c. He maintained that the passage, John vi. 43, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, &c.," did not refer to the sacrament, uttered as it was before that ordinance was instituted, and containing no allusion to *bread* and *wine*; and affirmed that the Scriptures nowhere speak of "eating the flesh" of Christ, but of eating *bread* in the sacrament. He cautioned his hearers to be jealous of all *exaggerated* views of this ordinance—alluded very pointedly to the corruptions of the Romish Church, in consequence of human additions to divine appointments, and bore heavily upon the kindred dogmas of the Oxford theology—denied that there was any mystic change in the elements, or that they had any inherent virtue dissevered from the faith of the recipient, or that the efficacy of the ordinance depended at all on its being administered by men who had been ordained by bishops in lineal succession from the Apostles, so that such, irrespective of character, and such only, could convey the sacrament to the people—and maintained that the name of *priest* was not applied in the New Testament to ministers of the gospel, but, with similar terms, to Christians at large. The language of the Apostle, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily; eateth and drinketh damnation, (condemnation,) to himself," he explained as not referring to a final sentence of exclusion from heaven, but to a sin, which even a Christian *might* commit, and which was committed *each time* that he partook unworthily, the apprehension of which was not to keep him back from the sacrament, but to operate as an incentive to that previous self-examination enjoined by the Apostle.

The discourse was delivered in a simple and natural manner, commanding the attention of a very crowded auditory. The style of the speaker was chaste and classical,

without any attempt to play the orator; nor was there any thing to convey the idea of any marked *originality* of thought. All was plain and unambitious, intelligible to all classes of hearers. It was refreshing to hear from this patrician minister of an Established Church, sentiments so truly evangelical, so genuinely catholic. Mr. Noel's personal appearance is prepossessing. His voice has great compass and sweetness of tone. I looked with interest around the old church, whose walls have echoed the accents of Cecil, Newton, Scott, and Henry Martyn.

On the evening of the same day, I rode out to Mr. Melville's Church, at Camberwell. For some time before the service commenced, the aisles above and below were filled with persons who, like myself, had come out from London to hear this popular preacher. His regular congregation were more slow in making their appearance, and, till they came, no one, lady or gentleman, presumed to take a seat in the pews. When these were at length occupied, their proprietors showed a disposition to accommodate the strangers as far as in their power, and I had the good fortune to attract the favorable notice of a fat dowager-looking lady, who, with that good nature so often characteristic of goodly proportions, graciously gave me a seat in her pew, just in front of the pulpit. A little rising of democratic feeling, which the prospect of standing had excited, was now happily allayed, and I felt myself decidedly in a better mood to profit by the service than before. Mr. Melville's discourse turned on a single maxim, to illustrate and enforce which he devoted his whole strength. The text was from Psalm cxix. 60, "I made haste, and delayed not, to keep thy commandments." The maxim deduced from it was, that, however in matters of worldly interest, *second thoughts* may often be *best*, in matters of conscience, *first*

thoughts are best. This proposition, which, at its enunciation, seemed to require some modification and restriction,—at least in its relations to an unenlightened or weak conscience—than which scarcely any thing is more intractable—was so developed, as to impress very forcibly the necessity of guarding well that early sensitiveness of conscience, which, once lost, is not easily restored.

The personal appearance of Mr. Melville is striking, although his countenance bears the marks of exhausting mental effort, and his hair, once of raven-blackness, already inclines to gray. Unlike Mr. Noel, he scarcely raises his eyes from his manuscript, and his manner of utterance is peculiar and somewhat artificial. Both these distinguished preachers officiate in churches exceedingly plain and unadorned.

I was also present one Sunday at Dr. Croly's Church, on occasion of a charity sermon, preached by him before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, but having come late, was at such a distance from the speaker as to hear but little. Dr. Croly is a large man, with rather coarse features, and is somewhat pitted with small pox. After service I lingered at the door, wishing to obtain a nearer view, but was disappointed, he having gone into the vestry, as a gentleman informed me, "to take a glass of wine with the Lord Mayor."

I went once to the chapel of the Magdalen Hospital, in Blackfriar's Road. Since the foundation of this charity, nearly a century ago, by private munificence, about 5,000 females of that unhappy class for whose benefit it was designed, (being more than two-thirds of the whole number received,) have been effectually reclaimed, and restored to society. Most of these rescued ones have been under twenty years of age. A collection in aid of the charity is

received at the doors before service. The inmates of the institution occupy seats in the gallery, but are not visible to the audience. Their voices, mingling with the solemn roll of the organ, formed a sweet and plaintive music, rendered the more touching by the associations connecting the unseen performers with the story of the penitent Magdalen. I read the following inscriptions in conspicuous parts of the chapel: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." "He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." These beautiful and well selected mottoes, in such a place, are exceedingly impressive.

In all the English churches, the greatest order and decorum prevail during divine service. It is customary here, as in Roman Catholic countries, to show some reverence for the place at all times, so that if you enter a church on a weekday, to look at the monuments, the sexton will request you to take off your hat. A *slight* infusion of this spirit into the manners and habits of our democratic country, would probably be an improvement, for while the excessive culture of the feeling of *veneration*, so naturally induced by the existence of hereditary distinctions of rank, and a religion of forms, leads to servility and superstition, the total absence of that feeling, on the other hand, is often connected with a vicious excess, or rather a spurious form, of republican independence, akin to that levelling spirit which neither fears God, nor regards man. The external respect paid to religious institutions, almost universally, by the better class in England, is probably one good result, among many evil ones, of a church establishment. It is a part of good-breeding, to pay homage to the church, and

those who make any claim to personal respectability, are, more generally than with us, inclined to treat sacred things as sacred.

A State religion gives its ministers a certain worldly consequence; the humblest curate may one day become Archbishop of Canterbury, and hence, whether from regard to the sanctity of the Church, or to the dignity of the State, the clergy have a favored position in society. If the full advantage of this position were thrown into the scale of spiritual religion, the effect would be most happy; but even a stranger will soon discover some tokens of the evils inseparable from the union of Church and State. To multitudes the church is known only through the medium of her pecuniary exactions; vast revenues, which the spirit of the gospel would cause to be appropriated to the temporal and spiritual wants of millions of poor destitute wretches, serve but to enable a few dignitaries to be "clothed in purple and fine linen, and to fare sumptuously every day," while many a rector, doubtless, like more than one that I chanced to hear, goes through the stereotyped ritual, in a style savoring more of the State official, than the Christian pastor. It is odd, too, to see ladies, after spending no unimportant part of six days at the card table, on the seventh, bending over their prayer-books, and giving the responses, as devoutly as so many nuns.

One cannot be long in London without occasionally meeting in the streets one or more boys, always *without a hat*, and a long, oddly shaped, coarse blue frock coat, drab small clothes, with large buckles at the knees, yellow worsted stockings, yellow vest, and a leather girdle round the waist. This quaint attire distinguishes the *eleves* of one of the noblest benevolent institutions of London, Christ's Hospital, founded by Edward VI., "for the inno-

cent and fatherless." The building is on the site of the ancient Franciscan convent, founded in 1225. Part of the present structure is of great antiquity, and a hall has been recently built in the Tudor style of architecture. The annual expenditure is not less than 200,000 dollars; and nearly 1300 boys are maintained on the foundation, four of whom are sent every year to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Ample provision is made for the comfort of the inmates; their dormitories are spacious and airy; neatness and cleanliness are conspicuous every where; and instead of that depressed, work-house look, too often found associated with public charities, the "blue coat boys" wear their singular dress, (which veneration for antiquity forbids to be changed,) as if conscious of its being a badge of honor, and not of humiliation.

Observing, one day, a notice of the opening of an Orphan Asylum at Wanstead, at which Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, and other distinguished personages, were to be present, I availed myself of the opportunity to see how such things are managed in England, and, by paying rather more than three dollars and a half, procured a ticket of admission to the building, and to a *breakfast* at half-past four, P. M. The road to Wanstead, a distance of about nine miles, was swept clean, kept free from dust by constant sprinkling, and lined with men, women, and children, eager to see the show. Arrived at the gates, we found hundreds within, who paid five shillings each for admission to the grounds alone. After a brief religious service in the chapel, the company, ladies as well as gentlemen, sat down to the *dejeuner a la fourchette*, which was served in elegant style. Every delicacy appropriate to a cold collation was furnished, and there was no lack of Rhenish wine, Sherry, and Champagne, which, however,

as far as my observation extended, were quaffed with exemplary moderation. There was no boisterous mirth, although the hilarity suited to an occasion at once festive and benevolent, seemed to pervade all hearts. It was my good fortune to have a place assigned me at table in very attractive company. The chairman of our division made a speech as full of common-places, gracefully uttered, as such speeches generally are, in other parts of the world. "I am satisfied that you will agree with me" (hear, hear, "smiles of so many kind ladies," &c.) came to my ear in disjointed fragments, not unlike Mr. "Tittlebat Titmouse's" electioneering speech. It is curious to observe what enthusiastic approbation the veriest nothings call forth from an audience ready to be pleased, and consequently propitious to the feeblest effort at wit or eloquence.

Prince Albert was detained, by *indisposition*, (?) but the occasion was graced by the presence of the King of the Belgians, who appeared in perfectly plain dress, with the exception of a star on the breast of his coat. His manner was very courteous, as he responded to the greetings of the company. His face is one that leaves an impression, as I can testify, for walking in Kensington gardens a week after, a glance at a gentleman passing me on foot, impressed me instantly with the idea that I had passed some familiar acquaintance; turning back, I recognized the Belgian king, walking unattended amid the crowd. He was once a strikingly handsome man, but now "care sits on his faded cheek." The Protestant king of a Roman Catholic country, he is admitted to be one of the most enlightened sovereigns of Europe, yielding to none in intelligence and care for the improvement of his people, unless the King of Prussia be considered as holding the first place in reference to these rare and valuable attributes of

royalty. The elevation of his family from a rank among the poorer German princes, to its present remarkable connection with the principal royal houses of Europe, seems mainly attributable to himself; although *good fortune*, rather than distinguished qualities, may be thought by some to have ruled the destinies of the house of Cobourg.

Before we left the tables, a little company of the orphan children were introduced by the Directors of the Institution. Two or three of the youngest they brought in their arms, and one of these received this attention from royalty itself, in the person of the King of the Belgians. The little creatures sung a hymn composed for the occasion, which the melody of their infant voices rendered exceedingly touching. "God save our gracious Queen," was the burden of the song. There was a large attendance of the nobility and gentry, and a very attractive display of female beauty. The liberal subscriptions taken up on the occasion, showed that the managers had acted wisely in providing on a liberal scale that good cheer which is no mean prompter to benevolent deeds. I left Wanstead after a day the pleasant recollection of which will make me always feel rather peculiarly interested in its Orphan Asylum.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON.—Zoological Gardens.—Poetry and Prose.—An ugly Customer.
—Environs and Sights of London.

THE Regent's Park Zoological Gardens are a very attractive resort. Here are congregated numerous specimens of animated nature, whose tastes are studiously consulted in every thing but the important item of liberty. The beaver and the otter has each a house to himself in the midst of an artificial pond; camels, elephants, and giraffes, rove about under the shade of tall trees; and even lions, tigers, hyenas, and such like, can either snuff the fresh air, and bask in the sun in the piazza of their habitations, or indulge their misanthropy in the solitude of private apartments. The bears and monkeys are victims to the teasing propensities of the multitude: Bruin, especially, thinks himself hardly treated, no doubt, to be compelled to make sport for others, at so great a sacrifice of his personal feelings. In the Surrey Zoological Gardens, on the other side of the river, the collection of animals is nearly as large, and there is still more space for them. I saw there five noble giraffes, in a large field, careering over the ground, which they seemed scarcely to touch. The Regent's Park Gardens are beautifully laid out, and, on such a morning in June as that on which I visited them, might well remind one, in their profusion of flowers and shrubbery, and thick-leaved trees, of that "verdurous Paradise," where, while our first parents were yet happy in conscious innocence,

“ About them frisking played
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase,
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den ;
 Sporting, the lion ramped—bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gambolled before them ; the unwieldy elephant,
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
 His lithe proboscis.”

Before leaving the garden, however, I had a pretty forcible reminder that it was not exactly an Eden. While strolling through a retired part of it, I was startled by a loud scream, and turning, descried a ferocious beast bounding towards me in the full exultation of newly acquired liberty. I instantly gave indications, not to be mistaken, of a most sincere wish to decline the honor of acquaintance, and he, taking the hint, passed me by without notice. The self-emancipated proved to be a savage wolf-dog that had broken his chain.

“ Namque me silva lupus in Sabina
 Fugit inermem.”

So says Horace, and so, *mutatis mutandis*, say I.
 From the top of Primrose Hill, in the neighborhood of Regent's Park, I had a fine view of the West End. The dome of St. Paul's was dimly visible through the everlasting smoke that canopies the city, while on the side toward the country, the prospect was extensive beneath an unclouded sun. The beauty of the environs of London, and indeed of all the more cultivated parts of England, surpasses description. When the sun *does* shine in that country, the deep and dazzling verdure that every where meets the eye, is unequalled by any thing of the kind in our own, or any other land. The valley of the Connecticut, viewed from Mount Holyoke, and the environs of Boston, approach the nearest to it. The prospect from that celebrated spot, Richmond Hill, which I visited on one of the sweetest of summer days,

is truly enchanting. As I marked the course of the winding river in the beautiful valley, the remembrances of the Poet of the Seasons, whose grave is on Richmond Hill, came to my mind in all their fascinating power. One must visit that scene in the brightness and beauty of a summer's day, in order to appreciate fully those exquisite lines, ("In yonder grave a Druid lies," &c.) in which kindred genius has embalmed the memory of Thomson.

Several miles beyond Richmond is Hampton Court Palace, built by Cardinal Wolsey, and taken (or *received*) from him by his imperious master, Henry VIII. Down to the reign of George III., it continued to be a royal residence. Not being in season to get admission to the interior, (which I saw after my return from the Continent,) I took a stroll through the grounds, where verdant lawn, and majestic trees, and the Thames "drest in summer wreaths," made up a lovely prospect. In the private garden, I saw the celebrated vine, 110 feet long, which in favorable seasons supplies the Queen's table, (so says the Guide-book) with nearly 3,000 bunches of grapes. A ride on the top of a coach through Bushy Park, whose trees are the largest I ever saw, and thence twelve miles to London, over a perfectly smooth road, winding through richly cultivated fields, may be set down as one of the luxuries of life. The site of Pope's Villa was pointed out, as we passed through Twickenham.

London abounds in institutions of various sorts, which a stranger thinks he must visit. If thoroughly imbued with love of the antique, and a connoisseur in science and art, and, withal, not deficient in patience, he will spend days in exploring the treasures of the British Museum—half a day at Sir John Soane's Museum—an evening at the Adelaide Gallery, and another at the Royal Polytechnic Institution,

where scientific lectures are given, models of machinery of all kinds exhibited, and diving bells and dissolving views divide the interest; he will do justice to the collections of statuary and painting in the National Gallery and the Academy of Arts, in Trafalgar Square, and at the British Institution in Pall Mall, and will look into the United Service Institution, where, among other stuffed specimens, he will see a unicorn, well answering to the name which, in the book of Job, has so much puzzled commentators,—also a cocked hat of Lord Nelson's, and divers other matters of grave or ludicrous interest, according to the temper of the beholder. For myself, being not in the least a virtuoso, when I had worked my way, from a sense of duty, through lots of musty antiquities, I felt like shaking hands with the author of that pithy couplet,—

“Give me the thing that's pretty, odd, and new;
All ugly, old, odd things, I leave to you.”

Exhibitions of *wax figures* are usually the veriest humbugs; but Madame Tussaud's may be taken as an exception. A spacious hall, brilliantly illuminated, contains numerous groups of figures in appropriate costume, representing with great fidelity the most distinguished personages of modern times. At the upper end of the hall is a representation of George IV., in his coronation robes, the figure modelled from life, and the attitude copied from his portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of which the spectator is instantly reminded. Another group represents the most celebrated characters of the war terminated by the battle of Waterloo, including figures of the late Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, Napoleon, Wellington, Blucher, and others. Another represents the Coronation of Victoria, and gives a very vivid idea of that imposing pageant.

A figure of William Cobbett, in the style of dress which

he usually wore, is seated on a bench otherwise appropriated to visitors, and being so constructed that the head slowly turns from one side to the other, as if eyeing the different groups, is generally taken, at the first glance, for a living person. Much mirth is excited, when the figure is addressed, as is not unfrequently the case, by some stranger unconscious of the trick. On the whole, this exhibition, frivolous as at first it might be supposed to be, is by no means the least interesting of the sights of London. To please all tastes, the proprietress, a true French woman, has added to the principal hall a "Chamber of Horrors"—a dismal, dimly-lighted apartment, where the vulgar appetite for the horrible may be fed to satiety, by the inspection of casts of the heads of Robespierre, Hebert, and others, taken immediately after their execution, dripping with "gouts of blood;" and numerous delightfully hideous figures of murderers of note.

The *Colosseum*, on the east side of Regent's Park, is an edifice on a truly grand scale, constructed for the purpose of exhibiting a panoramic view of London, as it appears, (or rather would appear, if the constant smoke did not forbid) from the top of St. Paul's. This vast panorama covers 46,000 square feet of canvass, and when you stand in the different galleries near the top of the colossal building in which it is exhibited, the illusion is almost perfect: it is as if you stood on the dizzy height of St. Paul's, and looked down on the city beneath. Time has given a dimness to the picture, which but enhances the effect, so well does it correspond with the smoky appearance of the city, even in the clearest sunshine. The chief difference is, that a much more extensive view is given of the remote parts of London and its environs, than the eye can generally distinguish, when the reality lies before it.

The *Queen's Concert Rooms*, in Hanover Square, are much resorted to during the fashionable season, by the nobility and gentry, to whose purses the price of admission is accurately graduated. The Queen herself, who is very fond of music, is sometimes present. I spent a delightful evening here, on the occasion of the performance of a grand Oratorio, "the Fall of Babylon," by Dr. Spohr, one of the most celebrated of living composers. There were about eighty musical instruments, and as many vocalists; a few distinguished performers, (among the rest Madame Caradori Allan,) sustaining the more prominent parts. The composer himself presided. Tickets, two dollars and a half. Some of the choruses were almost overpowering. At the close, after the first applause had subsided, a gentleman rose and proposed "three cheers to the *great master* and the *good man*," which call was instantly responded to with the greatest enthusiasm by the whole assembly. Such spontaneous homage to genius and moral worth from an assemblage so select, awoke in my bosom a warmer feeling of sympathy with the unknown multitude that surrounded me, than even the finest strains of music had called forth. They seemed to me no longer strangers.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

It was interesting, too, to mark the demeanor of the honest German, whom the movement evidently took by surprise, and whose countenance and manner indicated a mixture of the homely simplicity and good faith, characteristic of the Father-land, with that sensibility which belongs to true genius.

One fine day I went to Woolwich and Greenwich, partly by omnibus, and partly by steamer, down the Thames. As the Lord Mayor of London chanced that day to feel the

same inclination with myself for an excursion on the river, I had the opportunity of observing the splendor and pageantry with which the city takes care that its chief magistrate shall be surrounded, in his barge as well as in his State carriage, both of which are overloaded with gilding and finery. The dignitary himself appeared the very *beau ideal* of a Lord Mayor—his goodly rotundity giving ocular demonstration of the seas of turtle soup on which he had floated to his isolated eminence.

The *Marine Hospital* at Greenwich is one of the noblest of structures, dedicated to purposes of charity, and looks vastly more like a palace, than does the residence of the Queen. It stands on the bank of the Thames, on a terrace 865 feet in length, and consists of no less than five grand edifices, named from the sovereigns in whose reigns they were erected. "Painted Hall" contains numerous portraits of celebrated naval commanders, and paintings of the most remarkable naval battles. In a glass is deposited a coat worn by Nelson in the battle of the Nile, August 12th, 1798. The chapel contains a fine painting of West, representing the Apostle Paul's escape from shipwreck and landing on Melita. Nearly 4,000 persons reside in this institution.

The beautiful Park in the rear offers a most delightful resort in summer for pic nic parties, and many such from the city were reclined on the green grass in cheerful mood, the afternoon that I was there. From the side of the hill there is a fine view of the city, the windings of the river, and the country round. On the summit is the Royal Observatory, from which longitude is reckoned.

On the night of the Queen's birth-day, there was, as usual, a *grand illumination*. Crockford's, and the other splendid club houses in its neighborhood, and the shops of

those tradesmen that boast the patronage of royalty, were in a "blaze of glory," and all London seemed to be in the streets. It was indeed a gorgeous show, in presence of which all common illuminations would "hide their diminished rays." "*Victoria Regina*," and similar mottos, in letters one or two feet long, each letter formed by several cups of colored glass, enclosing lights, glowed and sparkled in every variety of hue, interchangeably with the gas-light illuminations, flickering in the wind, and of still superior vividness and brilliancy. The perfect order maintained by the hundreds of thousands that moved about till past midnight, through the different streets, was truly surprising. The carriage in which I was riding, (in company with the lady and gentleman at whose house I had dined, and a near relative from South America, whom I had had the unexpected pleasure of meeting that morning,) was several times completely hemmed in by the immense throng of pedestrians; but the way was soon cleared by the police, without violence on their part, or resistance on that of the multitude.

Scarcely any thing in London is more remarkable than the perfect order secured, even in the most crowded streets, by the agency of a well organized and omnipresent police. This body includes between four and five thousand men, each having his number wrought in the collar of his coat, so as to be at once identified, and held responsible for the smallest departure from the straight line of duty. I found them uniformly civil, and very ready to give information as to localities, in which respect they differ from the military sentries in the continental cities. If a crowd collects in the streets (a pretty frequent thing in London,) you will presently see half a dozen policemen opening a passage; if coaches and omnibuses get entangled in the thronged

thoroughfare, they are instantly on the spot, pulling horses' heads to the right and left, and enforcing their orders on the usually untamed and rebellious race of drivers. Passing one day down Fleet street, just where the crowd was thickest, I saw a procession of boys and girls, apparently from an orphan asylum, approaching from a side street; instantly two or three of the police stopped the carriages on each side, and made a way for the little creatures across the thoroughfare, which, in the brief interval requisite for their passing, was full of vehicles above and below, as far as the eye could reach. It was interesting to see the great tide of London life arrested in its course, for such an object, and by so simple means. The security to person and property, resulting from a police system so perfect in its organization, naturally suggests the inquiry whether the growing spirit of riot and rowdiness in some of our large cities does not call for a similarly effective method of maintaining law and order.

To the student of human nature the *Streets* of London are vastly more interesting than all its museums. Here is life in all its varieties. The splendors of aristocracy and royalty, and the lowest depths of human misery, are here in close contact. Begging is now prohibited, but there are numerous devices to evade the law. A man in rags, with wife and children following, goes along singing some song, perhaps about a poor sailor, which furnishes a commentary on his appearance; or a woman, with a child in her arms, takes a station on the side walks, and without speaking, looks so much the picture of misery, that the appeal is not easily resisted. Here comes along a cart with a high top, from which hangs down, in letters visible at a great distance, some such striking aphorism as this: "When you marry, buy your bedding at No. 12 Fleet street." This mode of

advertising is very common. A hand-bill that I one day noticed, well illustrates London notions of the geography of the United States. It announced that discourses would be delivered at a certain chapel by two American clergymen, one of whom was stated to be from "Boston," and the other from "*Maine, Massachusetts.*"

At length, having seen the most distinguished persons, and the most remarkable places—having three times looked in the face of Majesty, without discovering there any very striking beauty, except by the aid of that halo that encompasses a Queen—having crossed the seven bridges over the Thames and got a glimpse of Vauxhall Gardens, the favorite resort in Addison's time, but now quite deserted—having trod the pavement of *Bolt Court, Fleet street*, where Dr. Johnson long lived, and where, now, whoever so pleases may drink a glass of ale at the "Doctor Johnson"—having glanced at the *outside* of Newgate and Bridewell, and got one glimpse, (quite enough,) of the purlieus of St. Giles'—having seen the interior of the Mansion House, the Bank, the Post Office, and Guildhall, with its colossal figures, Gog and Magog,—in fine, having sufficiently perambulated the streets to get a vivid picture of the *tout ensemble* deeply engraved in memory, I felt satiated with London. As I doubt not, friendly reader, that you are by this time, a hundred times more so, we will, if you please, bid good-bye to the Great Metropolis.

CHAPTER IX.

ENGLAND.—Portsmouth.—Stonehenge.—Bath.—Bristol.—Brighton.—Cambridge.—King's Chapel.—Byron and other Poets.—Quaint Epitaph.

Not the least pleasant part of my tour was an excursion (which, though not in the order of time, I may briefly notice here) to Portsmouth and Southampton, by railway, and thence by coach to Bath and Bristol. At Bristol, I went on board the mammoth steamer, *Great Britain*. At Portsmouth I saw the *Victory*, the flag-ship of Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, on the quarter-deck of which a brass plate bears the inscription, "HERE NELSON FELL!" Here is also a gun, raised from the wreck of the *Royal George*, that went down with "brave Kempenfelt" and all his men, in 1782.

Nine miles from Salisbury, in the midst of Salisbury Plain, (which is no *plain*, but an assemblage of bleak, barren hills) stands *Stonehenge*, the oldest monument in England; of doubtful origin, some ascribing it to the Romans, others to the Druids. It consists of large upright masses of stone, ranged in two concentric circles, surrounded by cross-pieces of stone. The desolate solitude of the place, and the dim antiquity of the structure, were impressive. On my way from Salisbury (from which I took a private carriage) I passed near the site of *Old Sarum*. A part of its ancient fortifications still remains on a hill, surrounded by a deep, dry ditch. As I returned from Stonehenge, sunshine alternated with showers; the bleak waste around, a black thunder-cloud,

and the lofty spire of Salisbury Cathedral, piercing it like a wedge, made up a striking scene.

In the mail coach from Salisbury, I met with a "stout gentleman" a genuine John Bull, (in the coachman's dialect, a "'earty old boy,") repulsive at first, but after a little soothing and a little contradiction, developing first-rate qualities as a fellow-traveller. He was greatly surprised to find, after half an hour's conversation, that I was an American. "You speak the language so well—give the accent so perfectly," said he, "that I should not have dreamed of your not being a native." He appealed to the two ladies that sat opposite us, who fully agreed with him. I trust that I was not too much elated by this flattering testimony that I could indeed speak English.

At Bath, (which is beautifully situated, partly on a hill-side, partly in a valley) I visited the Abbey Church, of exquisite Gothic architecture, called, from its fifty-two windows, the Lantern of England.—St. Michael's, also Gothic, with a tall, graceful spire—the Royal Crescent—the Circus—and the Pump-room, having, without, a Greek inscription, intimating that "water is the best of things," and within, between the *busts* of Newton and Pope, a *full length* of Beau Nash—as Chesterfield said—

"Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length."

I regretted that my stay at Bath was too short to admit of my making the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Jay, so well known in this country by his excellent devotional works.

In the Cathedral at Bristol, I saw the monument to Bishop Butler, author of the "Analogy." Near it is a monument to Mrs. Draper, (Sterne's Eliza)—also one to the wife of the Rev. Wm. Mason, on which I read those beautiful lines,

long familiar, "Take holy earth," &c. Adjoining Bristol is Clifton, a beautiful town, from whose rocky heights you look down more than 200 feet to where the river Avon flows through the narrow ravine. Between Bristol and Gloucester, there is a fine view of the extensive valley of the Severn, and beyond it, the mountains of Wales. Delightfully situated in the vale of Gloucester is Cheltenham, than which there is not a more fashionable watering-place, or beautiful town, in all England.

Another great place of resort, in a different direction from London, is Brighton, just on the sea-shore. The day that I was there, was as clear and bright as our sunniest days, giving full effect to the magnificent prospect of land and water from its elevated position.

I entered Cambridge, as I had entered Oxford, about midnight, and attended service next morning (Sunday) at the church nearest the inn at which the coach had left me. I was struck with the fine countenance and manner of the clergyman, and the unction with which he preached. As I was leaving the church, my attention was arrested by a marble tablet in memory of HENRY MARTYN, well and truly styled "the one heroic name that adorns the annals of the Church of England since the days of Elizabeth." On the opposite side, was a similar tablet to the apostolic CHARLES SIMEON. This was then the church which, of all others, a stranger from America would choose to visit, among the numerous sacred edifices of Cambridge. I found on inquiry that the preacher was the Rev. William Carus, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He gave me a truly kind and cordial greeting, and invited me to his rooms; nor in all my tour did I meet with any one who left on my mind a more delightful impression. He is a worthy successor of Mr. Simeon, thoroughly evangelical in sentiment, and rendering

his important station in the University, and his popularity as a preacher, in the highest degree tributary to the advancement of sound theology and spiritual religion. His sympathies are too large and Christian to be circumscribed by the limits of his own ecclesiastical connection; instead of that littleness of church pride that turns so many weak heads, his conversation, equally remote from the scholastic pedantry and the bigoted exclusiveness which the position he occupies might be supposed to engender, breathes only those genuinely catholic sentiments that mark the true Christian gentleman. I set him down as one of *nature's nobility*.

At two, P. M., I repaired to the University Church, and heard a very dry discourse from a young theologian, delivered, according to prescribed rule, before the Vice-chancellor, who occupied an elevated and closely-curtained pew at some distance in front of the pulpit. Whether he ever avails himself of his sublime exclusion to yield to the soporific influences which sometimes attend this part of his official duty can only be conjectured.

From University Church I went to King's Chapel. This gorgeous edifice, erected in the 15th century, is the very gem of Gothic architecture in England. It is 304 feet long, 73 broad, and 91 high. It has two roofs, the lower of stone, most elaborately wrought, and the upper of wood, both upheld, (such was the skill of the architect) without the support of a single pillar. The windows, except the one at the end of the nave, are all of stained glass, and of extraordinary dimensions. The floor of the choir is of black and white marble, the gift of Henry VII. No language can convey an adequate idea of the carved work of the interior. Stone seems wrought like lace. Wherever the artist could introduce a rose, (the emblem of the royal house,) he has done so. As I sat near the entrance to the choir, and listened to

the solemn roll of the organ, echoed from the fretted roof, the effect both to the eye and ear was most grand and impressive. Might not this be the reality that suggested to Milton those fine lines in "*Il Penseroso*?"

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

At Mr. C.'s invitation, I dined with the Fellows of the University in their ancient Hall. It would be doing injustice to their hospitality not to bear witness that these chosen sons of *Alma Mater* keep an excellent table, thus plainly eschewing all hereticeal tendencies to monkish austerity and asceticism. At the close of the repast, a long Latin grace, beautifully conceived and expressed, a relic, I suppose, of antiquity, was read by one of the Fellows.

After evening service, it being not yet dark, I took a solitary walk among the thick groves, and along the banks of the Cam, lingering with peculiar delight amid scenes which had been the frequent resort of Henry Kirke White and Henry Martyn. The holidays had commenced, and the students were absent, so that the charm of solitude was added to the effect of these sequestered shades, the tranquil retreats of literature, hallowed by their association with so many illustrious names. Cambridge seemed to me, if possible, even more beautiful than Oxford; and, as I continued

my lonely walk till long after the moon was shedding her silver radiance on the verdant lawn and majestic trees, I thought that imagination could scarcely invent a sweeter refuge from the turmoil of life, than here offers itself to the votary of letters.

My conversations with Mr. C. and other English clergymen, led me to conclude that the numerical strength of Puseyism was a question as open to speculation in that country as in ours. The dignitaries of the Church of England, being generally men advanced in life, are naturally somewhat averse to the new teaching, which is more in favor with the younger clergy. A Church, divided professedly on account of differences in doctrine, the nature of which not one member in a thousand is subtle enough to understand—and a Church, vacillating between Popery and Protestantism, and at the same time boasting its unity, are spectacles about equally edifying.

In the Library of Trinity College, I saw several letters of Sir Isaac Newton, Milton's original sketch of *Paradise Lost*, in the form of a tragedy, also his *Comus* and *Lycidas*—several manuscript sermons of Barrow, and other similar literary treasures. Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton, in Philosophy—Jeremy Taylor and Barrow, in Divinity—and a long list of Poets—Spenser, Cowley, Waller, Milton, Dryden, Prior, Gray, and last, but not least, Byron, are the great names connected with Cambridge. It is remarkable that so many votaries of the Muse should have been educated at a University, where the exact sciences are chiefly cultivated and held in honor. Indeed, the Poets seem to have found little congenial society among the Mathematicians. That gentle spirit, Henry Kirke White, mourned that he was "all alone;" and Gray, in one of his letters to his friend West, satirically quotes the prophecy respecting

Babylon, which he considered a manifest type of Cambridge:—"Their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and *owls* shall build there: there shall the *great owl* make her nest, and lay and hatch: the screech-owl also shall rest there," &c. The wayward temper of Byron showed itself, during his residence at the University, in a practical joke, very unpalatable to the rectangular men of Cambridge; he procured a young bear, and kept him in his room, announcing that he was educating him for a fellowship. I imagine that the Fellows of the University still retain a traditionary grudge at the Poet; for as we were crossing one of the quadrangles, one of them, (a Mr. *Smith*, probably a brother of the well-known and ubiquitous *John Smith*,) pointed out to me the room once occupied, as he said, "*by the eccentric Lord Byron*." I thought of Burnet's mention of "*one Prior*," and the indignant response of an admirer of the Poet.

" '*One Prior* !' and is this, this all the fame
The poet from the historian can claim ?
No, *Prior's* verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote."

This, however, can hardly be deemed a true prophecy. How the case may be between Byron and Mr. *Smith*, time will show; but those that can appreciate "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," will be slow to assent to the designation of the former, however sensible they may be of his moral obliquities, as simply "*the eccentric Lord Byron*."

An amusing anecdote is told of Byron and his pet—the candidate for the fellowship. The creature was quite tame, and they were inseparable companions. On one occasion, after spending some time in London, Byron secured two seats in the Northern Mail coach, entering the names, "*Byron and Bruin*." The coach was to start at ten

o'clock at night. Byron came in a hackney coach to the inn, a little before the time, put his travelling cap on the bear's head, and smuggling him into the coach in the dark, made him "squat" on the seat beside him. These were the only *insides*, till at Islington the coach took up a retired cockney, whose dialect, even in his brief colloquy with the coachman, so disgusted the sensitive aristocrat, that he forthwith feigned sleep, and only answered the new-comer's overtures to acquaintance with a very audible snore. The loquacious cockney, thus foiled by Byron, next sidled over to where Bruin was ensconced, and sought to open a conversation with *him*. "A werry dark, cold night, this here, sir," he began. (*Ursa Major* was invisible.) No reply from Bruin. "He's deaf, p'r'aps," says the cockney. Reaching out his hand in quest of a button, the better to attract the stranger's attention, he encountered nothing but fur. "I say, sir, this here's a *werry nice warm travelling coat* of yours." The bear replied with a growl—quite in the style of John Bull. The cockney, finding all his efforts at conversation so decisively repulsed, shrunk within himself, and slept. But what was his horror, when, awaking just at daylight, he found his opposite neighbor—the proprietor of the "nice warm travelling coat" aforesaid—no other than a real live bear! "Help! murder! let me out! let me out!" he shouted; and, making a hasty exit from so formidable a neighborhood, to the great satisfaction, doubtless, of the Messrs. B——, took an outside seat for the rest of the journey. The way-bill, with "Byron and Bruin" registered as passengers, is said to be still extant.

In one of the churches at Cambridge is the grave of that *Hobson*, who gave rise to the proverb, "Hobson's choice, this or none," from his letting his horses to the students, only in regular rotation. Among Milton's minor poems,

may be found two jocular epitaphs on Hobson, in a style scarcely worthy of the author of *Paradise Lost*. If Dr. Johnson's surmises may be trusted, Milton had still less reason to remember Cambridge with pleasure, than any of his brother poets.

The following epitaph on an ancient mural monument in the Church of the Holy Trinity, seemed to me worth transcription :

“*Aeternitati sacrum—audi viator—vocale hoc marmor et religiosi cineres paucis te volunt—jacet Elizabeth Peyton, filia, uxor et vidua eximia. Undecimum circa ætatis sue lustrum—relicto hujus mundi hospitio—commigravit in patriam ubi nulla obstante lege Salica, coronata est Fœmina. Illa hic dormit—tu interim vigila—cui isthæc perlegenti idem obrepit somnus.*”

“Hear, traveller, this speaking marble consecrated to eternity, and these sacred ashes, briefly apprise thee, that here lies Elizabeth Peyton—as a daughter, a wife, and a widow, blameless. (Here follows an extended eulogy.) Near the completion of her eleventh lustrum, leaving this world in which she had sojourned, she took her departure for her native land, where, no Salique law prohibiting, woman wears a crown. Here she sleeps: do thou meanwhile watch, for to thee who readest these lines, the same sleep is stealing on.”

CHAPTER X.

ENGLAND.—Route to Scotland.—Cattle Show at Derby.—Missing Cloak.—York.—Durham.—Alnwick Castle.—Coast of Northumberland.—Berwick.

ON the morning after my return from Cambridge, I left London for York, on my way to Scotland. A continuous line of railway extends between the two cities, distant about 220 miles; the different sections being owned by four distinct companies. The disparity between the English railways and ours, as regards cost and solidity, is immense. Like the other structures of the Old World, they are slowly built, and seem designed to last for ages. For a first class ticket, through to York, I paid about 15 dollars. A second class ticket would have been a third less; but one who comes from a land of sovereigns, feels out of place in the inferior cars. I had had enough of them the previous afternoon; when, having taken an outside seat on the coach at Cambridge, I found, on its reaching the railway then in progress from London, that my ticket through entitled me to a seat in a car, contrived to be as uncomfortable as possible, and so open at the sides, that even the winds of summer were quite too rough for pleasure. Happily, my penance was but for an hour; but it wrought thorough repentance for having got into such a scrape, and utter renunciation of second class cars to all future time.

The return to the first class car was a change from misery to luxury. For several hours I was sole occupant

of a sumptuous apartment at the forward extremity of a "Royal Mail" car, having but two seats, and with large glasses in front and at the sides, affording a perfectly unobstructed view, without the least exposure to the drenching showers which fell at intervals during the forenoon. Sheltered thus in a sort of glass house, I enjoyed the heavy rain exceedingly; just as the sense of comfort by a warm fireside in winter, is enhanced by the sound of the howling storm without.

As we approached Derby, I casually learned that the Royal Agricultural Association of England was that day celebrating its Anniversary there. This was an exhibition not to be lost; so leaving the cars, I made my way at once to the fields where the cattle show was held. Some specimens of animated nature there, surpassed all that I had previously supposed possible. A dray-horse that attracted the chief attention, was in size about half way between an ordinary horse and an elephant; and several oxen and cows, the property of the Duke of Devonshire, were scarcely less remarkable. Such a cattle show would have been a feast of fat things to some of my agriculturalist friends, whose presence I greatly desired. I walked about in the crowd, and spent the time very pleasantly, where in the manners and dialect of the people so much was new, resembling what I had seen in books, but never before in real life. That rudeness which I had imagined to be inseparable from the manners of the lower class in England, is by no means a characteristic of the country people, however it may be of the most degraded inhabitants of the large towns. I talked with several of the farmers and country gentlemen, and found them exceedingly courteous and friendly.

Late at night I reached Leeds. After seeing my bag-

gage put on the omnibus, I walked on with a fellow passenger to the principal inn. In a few minutes, the omnibus came along, but my cloak was missing. I accompanied the driver to another inn, where he had just left two female passengers, who, he thought, must have taken it out by mistake. The matter being stated to them, the "weird sisters" left their room, and from the staircase commenced quite a voluble harangue on the utter *impossibility* of their making any such mistake, &c. &c. By this time a numerous auditory was assembled, consisting of the landlord and all the servants in the house; the interest of the occasion being pretty equally divided between the said orators and the cloakless traveller, the "observed of all observers." Seeing that the fates (or the furies) were against me, I mentally resigned to them the new and warm garment in which I had trusted, as a defence quite apropos in Scotland even at midsummer, and was about (like them?) to *withdraw the suit*, when the good-looking bar-maid volunteered the suggestion that it might be as well to *see* whether the cloak *might* not by mistake have got with their baggage; and being withal something of a practical philosopher, she forthwith led the way to the strangers' room, and presently reappeared with the cloak. Another oration was begun from the stairs, which I cut short with the aphorism that "all's well that ends well," and made my exit.

York, the Eboracum of the Romans, is still surrounded by walls, and has many other relics of remote antiquity, which its citizens cherish with watchful care and pride. It is situated on two small rivers, and has long been esteemed the capital of the north of England, though of late years the population and wealth of several of the commercial towns have left it far in the rear. In my stroll through it, I saw no signs of any main street, or indeed of any street that

extended in a straight line for any considerable distance. I visited the Castle, originally built by William the Conqueror, but felt the poetry of the place sadly marred, by the fact that it is now converted into a *prison*. On a commanding height near the Castle, I surveyed with deeper interest the ruins of Clifford's Tower, said to have been erected by the Romans, and incontestably of greater antiquity than any structure which I had previously seen.

But the chief attraction at York is its celebrated MINSTER, which in grandeur far exceeds Westminster Abbey, and is ranked first among the Gothic structures in the kingdom. The nave is larger than that of any cathedral in the world, with the single exception of St. Peter's at Rome. A visit to such a Gothic pile is worth a long pilgrimage; but no detailed description of it that I could give, would be readable, and for so good a reason I shall attempt none.

I arrived at Durham in season to take a delightful stroll along the beautiful banks of the river, before daylight ceased. The Cathedral, situated on the high precipitous bank of the Weare, was the first ancient structure which I saw, the effect of which was aided by position. St. Paul's, in London, is in the very heart of the city, begrimed and black with its everlasting smoke. Westminster Abbey is, on three sides, somewhat more isolated, but is not on elevated ground. York Minster is closely hemmed in by the surrounding houses. But the Cathedral at Durham stands on a proud eminence, its base washed by a beautiful river, with the old Bishop's Palace just in the vicinity, and commanding an extensive view of a highly cultivated country. After my walk, finding the evening cool, I took a seat by the kitchen fire in the inn, around which the jolly landlord and two or three guests were solacing themselves, each with his tankard of ale. The scene reminded me of

Washington Irving's descriptions. I did not fail to remark the perfect neatness of the kitchen, and of the various utensils with which it was appropriately decorated. At length the coach came and took me on to Newcastle. During this night ride, the scene was rendered striking by the great number of fires visible from every elevated spot in this region of coal mines.

Next morning, a rapid drive of three hours and a half brought me to ALNWICK CASTLE, the magnificent residence of the Duke of Northumberland, in antiquity and historical interest unsurpassed by any similar structure in the kingdom. It stands on a gentle elevation, commanding a most enchanting prospect, with a beautiful stream, (the Alne,) flowing through the adjacent valley. The walls of the castle enclose about five acres of ground, and on its sixteen towers are ranged scores of statues, rudely executed in stone, which, from their number and variety of position, relieved against the sky, have a singularly striking effect. A silver key easily unlocked to me the splendid interior, but I was right glad, after a hasty survey of the apartments, and a more interested examination of ancient armor, carrying the imagination back to the days of Chevy Chase, to escape the attendance of menials, and during a long, delightful solitary stroll at the base of the castle walls, and through the beautiful grounds, to muse on whatever history and poetry have associated with the great Earls of Northumberland. How shall I describe the delicious sense of mingled natural beauty and inspiring, enchanting romance, that came over me, as, reclining on the green bank of the Alne, close to its silver cascade, I gazed up at the grand old castle, with the grim, gaunt, silent warriors on its proud battlements, and thought of Harry Hotspur, and of the time when

“The Percy owt of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Cheviot within dayes thre;
In the mauger of doughty Douglas,
And all that ever with him be.”

One of our own poets has so well described the scene, glancing at the remembrances connected with it, that I cannot forbear transcribing a stanza or two.

“A gentle hill its side inclines,
Lovely in England’s fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
Through this romantic scene,
As silently and sweetly still,
As when, at evening, on that hill,
While summer’s wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur’s side,
His Katherine was a happy bride,
A thousand years ago.

One solitary turret gray
Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
The Percy’s proudest border story.
That day its roof was triumph’s arch,
Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
The light step of the soldier’s march,
The music of the trump and drum.”

Except in the matter of the “thousand years,” in which Halleck has rather extravagantly availed himself of the poet’s license, his description, especially where he alludes to the warriors that “frown in stone on high,” is as true as it is beautiful. But the fine old ballad of Chevy Chase, which Addison deemed worthy of an elaborate commentary, and which could stir, “as with the sound of a trumpet,” the heroic blood of Sir Philip Sidney, lends a far surpassing charm to every thing connected with Alnwick

Castle. The ballad, as restored by Bishop Percy from a copy as old as the reign of Henry VII., is immeasurably superior to the modernized version, which, corrupted by the gradual alterations of different reciters, was moulded, in the course of two centuries, into a form that would but poorly justify the panegyric of Sidney. Take this stanza, for instance :

“ For Witherington needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps,
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.”

It would be hard to find poetry in this ; but how different is the original, (which I quote from memory)

“ For Witherington mine heart is wo,
 That ever he slain suld be,
 For when both his legges were smitten thro’,
 He kneled and fought on his knee.”

When I had rambled over the grounds, and surveyed the ancient castle from different points of view, long enough to fix its image permanently in mind, I returned to the “ White Swan,” (a bird of good omen,) where the landlady had meanwhile provided an excellent dinner, served in a style quite superior to that of hotels of much greater pretension in our country.

After dinner the mail coach came along ; I took a seat on the box with the coachman, and had a delightful ride northward, in full view of the German ocean. The ruins of *Warkworth Castle* were pointed out to me on the seashore, some miles from Alnwick. I saw where Grace Darling risked her life to save the shipwrecked, and was pained to hear of her then recent death. I saw, too, stretching along the coast of Northumberland, that *Lindisfarn*, or *Holy Island*, which the reader of *Marmion* will

easily remember. Often had I admired that powerful passage, where, at midnight, the injured and guilty Constance is consigned to the slow torture of her "living tomb," the awful penalty of her violated vow. How vivid is the description, when the stern judges, having pronounced the dreadful doom, ascend the hundred steps that conduct to the upper air, and the knell is rung of the parting spirit of the victim of seduction !

" Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,
They seemed to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung ;
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ;
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told ;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound, so dull and stern."

Crossing the Tweed by a bridge of fifteen arches, erected in the reign of James I., we entered Berwick, situated on a lofty eminence, close to the seashore. But few traces remain of its ancient castle, so famous in the wars between England and Scotland.

CHAPTER XI.

SCOTLAND.—Lammermoor.—Dunbar.—Edinburgh.—Moonlight Visit to Melrose Abbey.

ALMOST immediately on crossing the border, the different aspect of the country made me feel that I was in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." The quiet beauty of English rural scenery was now exchanged for wildness and rugged sublimity. Our road lay still along the border of the German ocean, whose waves were rolling and dashing against the rocky shore. Soon we were passing over *Lammermoor*, and the tragic tale of the unhappy "Bride," the first that I read of Scott's works, came vividly to memory—recalling that distant summer's day, when, in the company of a schoolmate, seated on the grassy bank of a little brook, at the foot of an aged oak, the hours flew swiftly by, while we drank in the rich romance of that powerful fiction. How strange was it to be passing over that Lammermoor, which then seemed as remote from the possibility of a visit, if not as little pertaining to the real world, as the "Delectable Mountains," or any other charmed locality, found only in the map of fancy.

The road, winding among heath-clad hills passed close to a ruined tower, bearing the name of Ravenswood. It does not answer, to the description of Wolfscrag in the romance—which applies better to Fast Castle, whose ruins are still visible on a rocky precipice, overhanging the German ocean. The wildness of the scene was now enhanced by the mountain mist, which for a time shut out all extended

prospect ; but I could not find fault with what was so much in keeping with my idea of Scotland. After a while, we ceased to be "Children of the Mist," and the charm of moonlight was added to our romantic ride. As the night advanced, my fellow-travellers, whose good sense and courteous manners had added much to the exhilaration attendant on a first visit to Scotland, successively left the coach, and I remained with only the company of the coachman and guard—the latter rather an ornamental than useful appendage to Her Majesty's mail.

Late at night, we stopped a few minutes at Dunbar, situated on a promontory looking out on the German ocean. I walked up its long, wide, silent street, endeavoring to recall whatever authentic history or the more romantic chronicles of the "Scottish Chiefs," had associated with its name. In this neighborhood, on the 28th of April, 1296, the Scottish army was defeated by the English, and the whole country brought into subjection to Edward I., whose power was afterwards held in check by the valor of William Wallace. The ruins of Dunbar Castle, so celebrated in Scottish history, are now scarcely distinguishable from the rugged, wave-beaten rocks, from whose tops they rise like pillars. In this Castle Mary Queen of Scots resided, immediately after her union with Bothwell.

The night becoming cool, I took a solitary inside seat, and, my romantic feeling being at length exhausted, solaced myself with the anticipation of a comfortable bed at Edinburgh. On we went, at the rate of eleven miles an hour, till at one A. M., the coach stopped at the "Black Bull." My baggage was taken off, my four shillings had gone to the coachman and guard, and I was in haste to get to a quiet bed, when mine host very coolly informed me that, as all his rooms were occupied, a settee in the coffee room com-

prehended the extent of the sleeping accommodations which he could offer. A servant was despatched to the two nearest hotels, but they too were full. To seek for lodgings at that dead hour of the night, in a strange city to which I had no guide book, was not to be thought of; so, with a sufficiently ill grace, I followed the landlord into the aforesaid coffee-room. But when my eye fell on a row of narrow wooden settees, to which a very slender man might cling by mere muscular force, as long as awake, with the comfortable prospect of rolling off at his first slumber—I unceremoniously turned my back on these “unfurnished lodgings for single gentlemen,” and choosing one out a group of ragged porters clustered round the door, under his guidance, set off in quest of lodgings—which I soon secured at the Waterloo House, one of the best hotels in Edinburgh. The landlord of the other house, as I afterwards found, looked on this with an evil eye, and, rather than send a stranger to it, would have doomed me to do penance on his oaken boards; in requital of which benevolent intention, I counsel all visitors at Edinburgh to give the Black Bull a wide berth.

It was near noon of a splendid summer’s day, when I left Edinburgh for Melrose, full of exhilaration at thought of soon being in the midst of scenes long familiar to imagination. After passing through several villages, and in view of numerous gentlemen’s seats, in the midst of a beautiful and well cultivated country, we crossed a long tract of wild upland, and then descended into the vale of Gala. ‘Thirty miles from Edinburgh, we passed Gala-shiels, a small town on the stream of Gala, which a mile below falls into the Tweed. Two miles further, as we gained an eminence affording an extensive prospect of the valley of the Tweed, **ABBOTSFORD**, with its turretted roof just visible above its sur-

rounding trees and hills, suddenly rose to view, on the opposite side of the river. Soon it disappeared, only to give place to another object still more attractive—the majestic ruin of MELROSE ABBEY. Descending a long hill, we crossed Melrose bridge, and proceeded along the south bank of the river to the village of Melrose, the Abbey being in full view all the way. The village, triangular in shape, is most beautifully situated under the shadow of the Eildon Hill, a mountain terminating in three conical summits, celebrated in legend as the haunts of Thomas the Rhymer. As I looked on the landscape, glowing in the beauty of a summer afternoon, I thought that there could scarcely be in Scotland, even aside from its poetical associations, a sweeter valley than

“Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain.”

Melrose Abbey is the most beautiful as well as the most entire ecclesiastical ruin in Scotland. The nave is two hundred and fifty-eight feet in length and seventy-nine in breadth. The most ornamental part of the structure is the east window, which is thirty-seven feet high, and sixteen broad, having four upright mullions straight from top to bottom. The exquisite delicacy of the carved work in this part of the ruin, is scarcely exaggerated in the poetic description.

“The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.”

Within the chancel, a slab of dark green marble marks the spot where it is believed that King Alexander II. was buried in 1249, beside the high altar of the church. Near the same spot the *heart of Robert Bruce*, was buried, after the ineffectual attempt of his friend, Sir James Douglas, to convey it to Jerusalem, according to the monarch's dying direction.

Within and without the building are the numerous niches, generally empty, but a few retaining the statues which originally ornamented them. Figures of monks and nuns are scattered profusely through the edifice; and sometimes the ludicrous is strangely intermingled with the sacred, here as in other relics of ecclesiastical antiquity. The unrivalled beauty of the carved work is thus described by a connoisseur: "Every where without and within, the doors and windows are surrounded with specimens of sculpture, at once so delicately conceived and so beautifully executed, that it would be quite ridiculous to compare them with any thing I ever saw, even in the most magnificent remains of Gothic architecture in England or Normandy. There is one cloister in particular, along the whole length of which there runs a cornice of flowers and plants, entirely unrivalled; roses, and lilies, and thistles, and ferns, and heaths, in all their varieties, and oak leaves, and ash leaves, and a thousand beautiful shapes besides, are chiselled with inimitable truth and grace; the wildest productions of the forest, and the most delicate ones of the garden, are represented with equal fidelity." With this description, it is interesting to compare the graphic touches of the "Last Minstrel."

"Spreading herbs and flowerets bright,
Glistened with the dew of night;
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there,
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair."

“By a steel clenched postern door,
They entered now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof,
On pillars lofty, and light, and small.
The key-stone, that locked each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim,
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.”

When I had done such justice as time permitted to the minuter details of the architecture, and had climbed to the highest accessible point of the ruin to gain a sunset view of the whole, I left the Abbey, having stipulated with the custodian for a second visit by moonlight. Meanwhile, I walked back a mile and a half to Melrose bridge, and, descending the steep bank, sat down on a rock, and watched the rippling waters of the Tweed, pleasing myself with the thought that one great wish of my life was fulfilled in a visit to these scenes, and revolving many a sweet fancy associated with the dreams of early years.

It was near ten o'clock, when I stood once more beneath the broken arches of Melrose Abbey. The moon, now wading through the clouds, now shining in a clear sky, shed down a silver radiance on the ruined pile. As I gazed on it from the extensive cemetery in which it is partially enclosed, the scene was one altogether of enchantment—a perfect realization of the poet's description.

“If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;

When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home, returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!"

As again and again I repeated these lines, which had been to me, for years, as "household words," I asked myself if it were possible that I was indeed treading that doubly consecrated ground. It seemed rather like an illusion of fancy. I lingered till midnight; now pausing on the spot beneath which the heart of Bruce was buried—now marking the exquisite delicacy of the carved work, as "the moon on the east oriel shone"—and again walking among the graves without, and surveying the exterior of the Abbey from different points of view. That gray ruin rises before me now, as it appeared then beneath the pale moon, in solemn melancholy majesty and beauty. All the associations connected with it are poetical:

"Come, pilgrim, saddened as thou art,
By earth's turmoils and woes,
Wander with me 'midst fallen fanes,
By desolate Melrose,
And when no light, save star-beams dim,
Illuminates the sky,
Betake thee where proud mitred monks,
And morion'd barons lie."

Solemn thoughts arise in the mind, as one walks at midnight and alone, beneath the Gothic arches of Melrose Abbey, and thinks of those who once frequented its long-drawn aisles, and trod its sounding pavements, but whose very

names have long since perished from the earth. Here, too, one can feel the full power of that magnificent passage in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, where Deloraine visits Melrose Abbey, to obtain by the aid of the aged Monk, the Book of magical art that had been buried in the grave of Michael Scott. How to the life is the interview described, between the rude warrior and the aged churchman !

“ From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
 With toil his stiffened limbs he rear'd ;
 A hundred years had flung their snows
 On his thin locks and floating beard.
 And strangely on the Knight look'd he,
 ‘ And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide—
 And darest thou, Warrior ! seek to see
 What heaven and hell alike would hide ?’
 * * * * *
 The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
 Then into the night he looked forth.”

The scene which follows, those can best appreciate who have sat down on the marble stone beneath which a Scottish monarch sleeps, and seen the midnight moon shining on the east oriel :

“ The silver light, so pale and faint,
 Showed many a prophet, and many a saint,
 Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
 Full in the midst his Cross of Red
 Triumphant Michael brandished,
 And trampled the Apostate's pride.
 The moon beam kiss'd the holy pane,
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.”
 * * * * *
 “ Lo, Warrior ! now, the Cross of Red
 Points to the grave of the mighty dead ;
 Within it burns a wondrous light,
 To chase the spirits that love the night :
 That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
 Until the eternal doom shall be.”—
 * * * * *

It was by dint of passing strength
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-browed Warrior's mail
And kiss'd his waving plume.
Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of might;
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee:
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face."

The effect of this strange death-scene on the Warrior and the Priest, the agitation of the one at the sight of the man whom he had loved with brotherly affection, the terror of the other, when, as he took the magic volume from the cold hand, the dead man seemed to frown—the strange voices as of supernatural beings hovering around, and the death of the aged Monk, are circumstances as finely conceived as they are exquisitely expressed. But enough (the reader will doubtless say, more than enough) of quotation. At midnight I left the Abbey, hastened to the inn, and retired to rest. But nowhere in my tour did I feel so little disposed to sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

SCOTLAND.—Abbotsford.—Scott's last return to it.—His death.—His grave at Dryburgh Abbey.

ON the morning after my visit to Melrose Abbey, I rose at a very early hour, and walked out to enjoy the cool, fresh air. It was fragrant with the perfume of roses; the dew was sparkling in the sunbeam, the birds were singing in the trees, and every object around seemed as beautiful as poetry could feign. Returning, I passed in view of the Abbey; my moonlight visit to it seemed like a dream, and when I saw its grey walls in the morning light, it was as if a vision of the night had been embodied in stone.

After breakfast, I set out for Abbotsford on foot. Some of the pleasantest recollections of my tour are associated with occasional solitary walks, giving opportunity for the undisturbed indulgence of those thoughts which natural scenery inspires, especially when connected with events of historical or poetic interest. On this occasion particularly I congratulated myself on being alone. Every object that met my view was associated with the memory of the mighty Minstrel, whose genius has spread the charm of romance over the hills and glens of Scotland, and rendered so many of her localities classic ground. I thought how often his eye had rested on the scenery around, and felt that I could now more than ever appreciate that deep, heartfelt love of his native land, so nobly expressed in the oft quoted lines—

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,” &c.

How affecting a commentary on this passage was furnished by the Minstrel himself, when returning, but two months before his death, from a "foreign strand," to breathe his last amid his own loved hills. On the road from Edinburgh to Abbotsford, he lay prostrate in his carriage, in a state of total unconsciousness, a mere wreck in body and in mind, till, as he descended the vale of the Gala, he began to gaze about him, and was evidently recognizing the features of the landscape. When the carriage rounded the hill at Ladhope, where Abbotsford and Melrose and the Eildon hills come in view, and when his eye fell first on the outline of the Eildons, and then on his own towers, he sprang up with a cry of delight. "After passing the bridge," says Lockhart, "the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable. Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in lifting him into the dining room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said: 'Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!' By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair—they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him."

By this same road I approached Abbotsford. The house stands on the side of a hill, sloping down to the Tweed at the right of the public road, from which it is separated by so thick a grove of trees as to be invisible, until you are close upon it. A short avenue leads down the slope to a gateway, through which you pass to a square court immediately in front of the house. Here I sat down on a rustic chair to take a view of the exterior. The edifice was well termed by a Frenchman, "a romance in stone and lime." Indeed,

Scott himself, in one of his letters, calls it "a romance of a house." It presents a front one hundred and fifty feet in length, and has an irregular castellated outline, being surmounted by turrets; there are also numerous antique chimneys, balconies, parapets, &c., and, wrought into the walls, a great number of stones, carved with armorial bearings and ancient inscriptions, which Scott had collected from various ruins in which he took delight; so that the general effect is less in accordance with the principles of chaste architecture, than with the caprices of antiquarian taste.

The style of the interior, and the extensive collection of curiosities which it contains, afford still more conclusive evidence of the secret sympathy in taste and feeling between the author of *Waverley* and his own Monk-barns. A house-keeper, less obsequious, and more intelligent than the servants to be met with in English palaces and castles, led the way through a projecting porch, copied from one at Linlithgow Palace, to a hall, perhaps forty feet long by twenty in height and breadth, whose two lofty windows admit just sufficient light to distinguish the curiosities with which it is filled. Along the walls are ranged numerous ancient swords, lances, cuirasses, &c., each, no doubt, associated in the mind of the founder of Abbotsford with some legend of olden time. The ceiling of the hall comprises a series of pointed arches, between each of which is a shield; the rows of shields present the armorial bearings of Scott's ancestors. The floor is of black and white marble, from the Hebrides; and in the fire-place is a small plain grate, which originally belonged to the parlor of Robert Burns.

One room, running through the whole breadth of the house, is fitted up expressly as an armory, and contains a great number of antique warlike curiosities. Among these, the most remarkable are a long Spanish musket which be-

longed to Rob Roy, and bears his initials, R. M. C. (Robert Macgregor Campbell)—a pistol of Claverhouse—a splendid sword, presented by Charles I. to the great Marquis of Montrose—the hunting-bottle of King James, &c. &c. There is a large collection of spears, arrows, and other warlike equipments; as also of old Scottish instruments of torture, and divers other matters, which may be well summed up in the words of Burns:

“ He had a fouth o’ auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airm caps, and jinglin jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets
A towmond gude;
And parritch pats, and auld saut-backets,
Afore the flude.”

A relic of a different character is preserved in the dining room: it is a picture in which beauty and horror are strangely blended, representing the severed *head* of Mary Queen of Scots, and said to have been painted by Amias Canrood, the day after her execution at Fotheringay. Scott took great pains to assure himself of its authenticity.

The largest and finest room in the house is the library, the windows of which look towards the Tweed. Over the fire-place is a picture of Scott’s eldest son, the present Sir Walter, a slender figure, more than six feet high, in regimentals. At one end of the room is a marble bust of Shakespeare, copied from that in the church at Stratford-on-Avon; and, in a corner, a silver urn, (the gift of Lord Byron,) filled with human bones, found in certain ancient sepulchres within the long walls of Athens.

But by far the most interesting object is the bust of Scott himself, by Chantrey. “There he stands,” said my conductress, “just as if he were going to speak to you.” It is considered an admirable likeness (the only faithful one,

indeed) of Scott, such as he was in animated conversation. The finest portraiture of him at such times that words could give, has been supplied by Mr. Adolphus—a keen observer of Scott's person and manner, as well as a most accomplished critic of his writings. "His eyes were wonderfully calculated for showing great varieties of emotion. Their mournful aspect was extremely earnest and affecting; and when he told some dismal and mysterious story, they had a doubtful, melancholy, exploring look, which appealed irresistibly to the hearers' imagination. Occasionally when he spoke of something very audacious and eccentric, they would dilate and light up with a tragi-comic, hair-brained expression, quite peculiar to himself. One might see in it a whole chapter of *Cœur de Lion* and the Clerk of Copmanhurst. Never, perhaps, did a man go through all the gradations of laughter with such complete enjoyment, and a countenance so radiant. The first dawn of a humorous thought would show itself sometimes, as he sat silent, by an involuntary lengthening of the upper lip, followed by a shy sidelong glance at his neighbors, indescribably whimsical, and seeming to ask from their looks whether the spark of drollery should be suppressed or allowed to blaze out. In the full tide of mirth, he did indeed, 'laugh the heart's laugh,' but it was not boisterous and overpowering, nor did it check the course of his words; he could go on, telling or descanting; while his lungs did 'crow like chanticler,' his syllables in the struggle growing more emphatic, his accent more strongly Scotch, and his voice plaintive with excessive merriment." Never, surely, was a laugh more exquisitely described than in this graphic passage.

From the library I passed to a small plain apartment, which Scott used as his *study*. Here I sat down in his arm-chair, in front of his writing desk. In an adjoining

closet, the dress which he last wore is preserved in a glass case. When I looked on the green coat, with its metal buttons, the striped vest, the well-worn white hat, the walking cane, &c., it seemed almost as if Abbotsford still retained its original tenant—as if his tall figure would presently appear at the half open door, by which he was accustomed to enter. These things may appear trivial in the narration, but to one on the spot, surrounded by those objects most familiar to him in life, and having but just before looked on the breathing marble that perpetuates his likeness, these simple memorials of the departed can hardly be viewed without emotion.

A melancholy interest attaches to the *Dining room*. Here I stood on the spot where he breathed his last. On his return from Italy, a bed was fitted up for him in this apartment, that he might the more easily be brought into the open air, and here, on the 21st of September, 1832, he died, in the presence of all his children. "It was a beautiful day," says his biographer,—“so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed.”

I left the house and strolled for hours over the beautiful grounds. The blossoming shrubbery and the thick leaved branches of the trees were waving in the fresh summer breeze, and there was just that alternation of sunlight and shadow over hill and valley, the green grass, and the dark rolling river, which forms the true poetry of a summer prospect. Yet when I looked around on these beautiful objects, a shade of sadness seemed to rest on them, as if they bewailed the departed Minstrel.

“ Call it not vain—they do not err
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies ;
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
These things inanimate can mourn ;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.”

It was the cherished dream, the ruling passion, of Scott, to erect a structure to which future generations of his kindred might resort, and he pleased himself with the thought that his children's children would rejoice in the shade of the trees, which he loved to plant with his own hands. The event illustrates that “ blindness to the future,” which Providence has mercifully decreed, in mitigation of human woes. A strange fatality has already swept away nearly all his family, and Abbotsford will probably soon pass out of the line of his immediate descendants. The house is at present unoccupied, and it is painful to think, as one wanders over the beautiful grounds, that they are tended only by mercenary hands.

I walked back to Melrose, and took a carriage thence to Dryburgh Abbey, four miles distant. This transition from the house and grounds upon which the founder of Abbots-

ford had lavished so much expense, and in the decoration of which he had so much delighted, to that narrow house "appointed for all living," conveyed to my heart a most solemn and impressive feeling of the vanity of human wishes, and of the short interval between the cradle and the grave. Half way between Melrose and Dryburgh, on a hill at some distance from the Tweed, stands Smailholme tower, a deserted border fortalice, close to which is the farm house of Sandyknowe, the residence of Scott's grandfather, to which the poet was taken, when a mere child, for the benefit of his health. Here, as he himself tells us, he first woke to the consciousness of existence; and his poetic commemoration of these haunts of his childhood, in *Marmion* and the *Eve of St. John*, has rendered the place classic ground. How exquisitely does he describe those feelings with which the infant mind regards the objects that first greet his vision, unconscious as yet that the world contains any thing more beautiful or grand—

" Then rise those crags, that mountain tower
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all his rounds surveyed;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power."

The infancy of the *Last Minstrel of the Border*, could not have been cradled in a more fitting locality. The view from Smailholme Tower takes in a magnificent expanse of that district of which "every field has its battle, and every rivulet its song." The groves of Mertoun, Dryburgh Abbey, the Eildon Hill, where, as the legend says, Thomas the Rhymer met the Queen of Faerie, the Cowdenknowes, Melrose, Lammermoor, the mountains of the Gala, the Ettrick, and the Yarrow, famous in song, are all in full prospect. It was from this spot that

“The lady looked in mournful mood—
Looked over hill and vale—
O'er Mertoun's wood, and Tweed's fair flood,
And all down Teviotdale.”

How different are hill and vale, that have been in past ages the scenes of great events, and which the muse has celebrated, from any landscape, however beautiful in itself, over which is spread no such charm of sentimental association ! From this commanding height, as the eye rests on the pastoral valley, it seems to possess a still more tranquil and touching beauty, from the contrast thus presented to the stirring scenes of its past history.

“Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore ;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doom'd to know ;
And darker as it downward bears,
Is stain'd with past and present tears.”

The road by which I approached the Abbey of Dryburgh was the same which was traversed by the funeral procession that conveyed the remains of Scott to their last resting place. It must have been truly an affecting sight to behold the minstrel borne insensible through that lovely scenery, so dear to him when living, and in view of so many objects to which his genius has imparted an enduring charm. There,

in grace and melancholy beauty, stood Melrose Abbey, whose broken arches his fancy had rebuilt, whose silent cloisters he had repeopled with their ancient tenants, and with whose gray walls his memory is now indissolubly associated. There, too, was Smailholme Tower, the loved and fondly commemorated scene of his early childhood. It was remarked that some accident caused the hearse to stop a few minutes on the hill of Bemerside, where a prospect of singular beauty opens, and where Scott had been accustomed to rein up his horse. The day was dark and lowering, the wind high, and over the whole valley a dense mass of cloud hung like a pall during the entire ceremony. It was near nightfall when the long procession reached the Abbey.

While passing over this same ground my thoughts recurred to a poetical production, (which I have never seen but once in print,) in which the ideal personages, called into life by the magic wand of the "Ariosto of the North," are represented as following him in mournful procession to the grave. The subjoined extract will not seem too long to those to whom every line recalls a throng of vivid and delightful recollections.

"There was wailing on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky,
When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral train swept by!
Methought—St. Mary shield us well—that other forms moved there,
Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young and fair!

Solemn and grave "Monkbarns" approached amid that burial line,
And "Ochiltree" leant o'er his staff, and mourned for "Auld lang syne."

Slow marched the gallant "M'Intyre," whilst "Lovel" mused alone,
For once "Miss Wardour's" image left that bosom's faithful throne!

With coronach and arms reversed, forth came "Macgregor's" clan;
Red "Dougal's" cry pealed shrill and wide—"Rob Roy's" bold brow
looked wan;

The fair "Diana" kissed her cross, and blessed its sainted ray;
And "Wae is me!" the "Baillie" sighed, "that I should see this day!"

“Balfour of Burley,” “Claverhouse,” the “Lord of Evandale,”
 And stately “Lady Margaret,” whose wo might nought avail !
 Fierce “Bothwell” on his charger black, as from the conflict won,
 And pale “Habakkuk Mucklewrath,” who cries “God’s will be done !”

A sound thrilled through that lengthened host, methought the vault was
 closed,

Where, in his glory and renown, fair Scotia’s bard reposed !

A sound thrilled through that length’ning host, and forth my vision fled;
 But ah ! that mournful dream proved true—the immortal Scott was
 dead !”

I left my carriage on the banks of the Tweed, and, crossing the river in a small boat, after a few minutes’ walk reached the entrance to Dryburgh Abbey. It stands at some distance from the road, its massive ruins completely embosomed in majestic trees. The young girl who kept the keys, guided me at once to St. Mary’s aisle, the most beautiful fragment of the ruin, where, in his ancestral enclosure, without monument or inscription of any kind, WALTER SCOTT lies buried. Just as I reached the place, the clouds, which for some hours had given a sombre cast to the landscape, suddenly broke away, and most glorious sunshine poured down on the deep, dazzling verdure of the long grass and magnificent trees. I thought that spot, under the circumstances in which I saw it, without exception the loveliest on which my eye had ever rested—nor in all my subsequent travels did I see any thing to diminish the charm of its remembered beauty. It is indeed well chosen for the Minstrel’s last repose. “After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well.” He rests beneath the Gothic arches of a ruined temple ; trees that have stood for centuries, extend their branches over him, and the river which he loved, makes a bend round the site of the hoary Abbey, as if, in accordance with his own beautiful conception, to

“Teach its rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.”

CHAPTER XIII.

SCOTLAND.—Edinburgh.—The Free Church.—Dr. Chalmers.—The Castle.—Holyrood House.—Stirling Castle.—The Highlands.

EDINBURGH is the most picturesque capital in Europe. From the ancient Castle, perched on the summit of a craggy rock, a long sloping hill extends eastward, on which the Old Town is built, principally on one street, with numerous lanes, called *Wynds*, branching off to the north and south. A deep ravine, now chiefly covered with ornamental gardens, extends between the Old Town and the New, which latter has a modern and elegant air, singularly in contrast with the massive, high-piled, antique structures of the High Street. These, when viewed in the rear from the bottom of the ravine, present a strange appearance indeed, being eight, nine, and ten stories high. A bridge stretches across the gulf from the Old to the New Town.

From the Calton Hill, at the southeast extremity of the New Town, a magnificent prospect of land and water is spread out. The hill is adorned with several beautiful monuments, of which those to Nelson, Dugald Stewart, and Professor Playfair, are the most remarkable. This hill bears no slight resemblance to the Acropolis of Athens, which will be materially enhanced when a national monument, designed after the ancient Parthenon, is completed. The lofty and bleak ridges of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, are in near prospect, the more interesting from their association with that model of humble heroines, "Jeannie Deans." A magnificent monument to Walter Scott is in process of erection in the main street of the New Town.

What are a tourist's notes worth, if he does not speak out his real impressions? Neither the picturesque position of "auld Reekie," nor the elegance of the New Town, arrested my attention so quickly as the abject, squalid poverty of the low class of inhabitants. I could not but notice the unusual number of miserable looking old women hanging out clothes round the Calton Hill, and performing menial offices in the streets—a night cap, *not* like "the driven snow," being the universal head gear. No wonder that Scott, with so many living models before him, could hardly get through a novel, without introducing some "withered witch." I looked in vain, however, for any originals that could vie in dignity with "Meg Merrilies." The poor in Scotland are industrious; but what can industry avail in the densely populated districts of the Old World?

The withdrawal of the Free Church party from the Established Church had taken place only a few weeks before I arrived in Scotland, and was of course a topic of general and exciting interest throughout the country. On Sunday, I found a multitude thronging to public worship in a spacious edifice adjoining the hotel where I stayed. Dr. Gordon conducted the service in a large hall, and in another part of the same building another minister of the Free Church officiated. Both had very full and attentive congregations, scarcely at all diminished by the fact that the last tie that bound them to the Church of Scotland as by law established, had just been severed. Whatever different opinions may be entertained as to the expediency and necessity of such a separation, all must respect that sturdy adherence to principle, in opposition to worldly policy, which this movement—exemplifying the *perferendum in-genium Scotorum*—has so extensively developed.

After morning service I had an interview with Dr. Cand-

lish, the most prominent leader of the secession, as far as relates to efficient agency in producing the result. He seemed to me to possess a little too much of the impetuous, Boanerges spirit. He preached that afternoon to a crowded auditory in a church recently built for him, very plain, but accommodating a large assemblage. His manner of preaching is vehement, more resembling the Methodist style and tones than is common on that side of the Atlantic. In the Scotch churches the people are supplied with Bibles as well as hymn books, and when a passage of Scripture is cited by the preacher, a general rustling of leaves follows.

Dr. Chalmers resides at a little distance from the city. His personal appearance is rather different from what I had imagined. Instead of that thin, spiritual-looking figure which one naturally associates with his writings, he is somewhat stout and robust—not one of those “sound divines,” that, according to Cowper, a light blow would demolish, or so delicately constituted as to “die of a rose in aromatic pain,” but rather “with Atlantean shoulders broad,” like a pillar in Church or State. When I alluded to the great pressure of occupation which the recent rupture in the church must have devolved upon him, he replied that it had been so all his life—he had never known what it was to be at leisure. He walked with me to Merchiston Castle, just in the neighborhood. Here I was introduced to the resident family, and, their consent being readily given, the doctor led the way to a small upper chamber, where, as I was wondering what there was remarkable in so ordinary an apartment, he told me that I was in the room in which *Napier invented logarithms*. A visit to such a spot, in such companionship, I thought an incident well worth recording.

On my way back I visited the Castle. Here is kept the curious old piece of ordnance, called *Mons Meg*, formed of

bars of iron hooped, and used by James IV. at the siege of Norham, in 1498. A century ago it was removed to the Tower of London, but in 1829, in compliance with the general wish of the people of Scotland, was restored to its present position. Here I saw, too, the Regalia of Scotland, as also the chamber in which Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to her son, afterwards James VI. and I.—and looked out of the window from whose dizzy height it is said that the infant was let down.

From the Castle I went to Holyrood House, at the eastern extremity of the Canongate, where the bed room and bed of Mary Queen of Scots are preserved in their original state, as when she occupied them, nearly three hundred years ago. The closet is shown, in which she was at supper when the conspirators broke in from a secret passage adjoining, and dragged Rizzio to a bloody death in the ante-chamber. The good humored Scotch lassie that showed the apartments was quite willing that I should join with other visitors, of easy faith in such matters, in regarding a streak of blood just discernible on the floor, as an authentic vestige of that tragic event.

From Edinburgh I set off for the Highlands, designing to devote two or three days to the scenery of the "Lady of the Lake." In the midst of a heavy shower I reached the steamboat just departing for Stirling. After we got on board the rain continued with little intermission, so that we lost the prospect, and were obliged to confine ourselves the most of the time, to the cabin below, there being no cabin nor awning on deck. An American steamer, especially for pleasure tours, would have been differently constructed. We reached Stirling an hour before dark, but the weather was such that I could only "take mine ease at mine inn,"

and solace myself with such creature comforts as the house afforded.

At an early hour next morning I went to the Castle, one of the four in Scotland, which, it was stipulated at the union with England, should be kept in repair and garrisoned. After viewing the interior, and remarking the style of architecture, which, with the rudely carved statues, sufficiently attests the hoary antiquity of this fortress, so famous in Scottish history, I turned to view at leisure the glorious prospect from its time-worn battlements. The morning mist had now disappeared, and the sun shone out brightly. On one side the windings of the Forth were visible to a great distance towards Edinburgh, giving me at a glance a large part of the scenery through which, obscured by mist, our steamer had conveyed us the evening previous. On the opposite side of the Castle, the same lovely valley was visible, bounded in the distance by Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and Benvoirlich, and other commanding summits in the Highlands. In full view towards the south, at two miles distance lay the scene of the memorable battle of *Bannockburn*, (June 24, 1314,) in which Robert Bruce secured the independence of his country by a signal victory over the English army, three times as numerous as his own. Thirty thousand of the English, including seven hundred knights, are said to have fallen on that battle-field. At nearly the same distance in the opposite direction is a craggy eminence, called the *Abbey Craig*, on which William Wallace planted his army, September 13, 1297, when a great English host, under command of Sir Hugh de Cressingham, advanced to give him battle, and were driven back with great slaughter. Several other battle-fields are visible from the castle. Just below it is the old "Stirling Bridge," almost as familiar and famous in Scottish story as the ancient Castle itself. Dun-

blane, on the banks of the Allan, is in view to the north, at the distance of six miles. With what feelings I looked from the towers of Stirling Castle, in the early light of a glorious summer's morning, on this magnificent landscape, associated in so many of its features with whatever is most interesting in the history of Scotland, the imaginative reader can conjecture.

The Castle itself is an exceedingly picturesque object, its ancient towers and palaces piled on the summit of a rocky eminence—on one side, a precipitous cliff, on the other, sloping gently to the plain. Outside the walls I sat down on the *Ladies' Rock*, from which the fair daughters of Scotland's nobility were accustomed in former ages to look down on tilt and tournament in the plain below. The time when Stirling Castle was not, is unknown in Scottish annals. As early as the end of the twelfth century, it was one of the four chief fortresses in Scotland. In the remains of a very ancient palace, which forms the south side of the quadrangle, there is a closet called *Douglas's room*, in which, (February 22, 1452,) James I. stabbed with his own hand, William the eighth Earl of Douglas, on his refusing to break a league which he had formed with other nobles against the king's interests. Just without the walls, between the Castle and the bridge, is an eminence on which State criminals were formerly executed. On this spot, from which they could view their strong Castle of Doune, and their extensive possessions, some of the most distinguished of Scotland's nobles were beheaded in the early part of the fifteenth century. These facts explain the apostrophe to Stirling Castle in the "Lady of the Lake."

"Ye towers ! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled ;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound,
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,

As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand."

A footpath, bordered by rose-bushes, and a part of the way shaded by majestic trees, extends round the outer wall of the castle, on the south side. Twice I went the whole length of this walk, enjoying the magnificent prospect, and exhilarated by the freshness and fragrance of the morning air, and then made the entire circuit of the castle, following a path round the precipitous crag, above which the outer defences of the fortress rose high in air. Descending to the valley on the north side, I directed my steps to the high-arched narrow bridge—a structure of stone, of unknown date, now in disuse, in consequence of the recent erection of a more spacious bridge at a little distance down the river. While standing on this famed relic of antiquity, I thought of those that in ages past had crossed that identical bridge, for centuries the only medium of land communication between the north and the south of Scotland. Here that kingly spirit, Robert Bruce, had passed—here successive kings of Scotland, now comparatively obscure, had moved along in pomp. Here, too, "in pride of power, in beauty's bloom," had passed that unhappy Queen of Scots, whose history has every attribute of the most tragical romance. The memory of another individual, famous on very different grounds, is also associated with Stirling and its environs; and I fancied the figure of sturdy *John Knox*, moving over the narrow bridge. Thus do a few illustrious and historical names survive in human remembrance, while countless multitudes are swept away by the tide of time, leaving behind no token that they have lived.

My romantic imaginings were at length effectually dispersed by the remonstrances of awakened appetite; for it was now near ten o'clock, and I had not yet breakfasted—a

circumstance furnishing no slight attestation to the view from Stirling Castle. Let no tourist in Scotland fail to visit this spot, as interesting from its historical associations, as it is unsurpassed in the beauty and grandeur of its scenery.

The Highland village of Callander is fourteen miles from Stirling, on the way to Loch Katrine. As no one, lady or gentleman, was willing to forego the prospect, we formed a very pleasant party on the outside of the coach. We passed close to Doune Castle, a picturesque ruin, alluded to in a fine old ballad that deploras the death of the "Bonny Earl of Moray," one of its ancient lords :

" Oh lang may his lady
Look o'er the Castle Doune,
Ere she sees the Earl o' Moray
Come sounding through the toun."

From this place we looked back to Stirling Castle, in full view, although eight miles distant, its towers, grouped together on the isolated craggy rock, presenting a very striking appearance. Not far from Doune Castle are two gentlemen's seats, Newton and Cambusmore, where Walter Scott, when a youth, was hospitably entertained. Here he first became familiar with that Highland scenery which his own works have invested with an added charm.

About noon we reached Callander, beyond which there is no public conveyance. Previous to the publication of the *Lady of the Lake*, this was an obscure Highland village ; but immediately on the appearance of the poem, tourists thronged to Loch Katrine, and Callander became the starting point for excursions, on foot or on horseback, and at length, when practicable roads were made, in small vehicles, to the borders of the lake.

During the ride from Stirling, I had formed a pleasant acquaintance with an English gentleman and lady, and we

agreed to take a carriage together that evening, after devoting a few hours to the scenery around Callander. Taking a Highland lad for our guide, we walked first to the *Bridge of Bracklin*, a secluded spot among the hills, where a mountain stream dashes furiously down a precipice of rock. Returning, we had a fine view of *Ben Ledi*, a mountain, three thousand feet high, which bounds the prospect toward the west. Its name signifies the *Hill of God*, and it was probably a Druidical place of worship. On its summit, a long walk of smooth turf, evidently artificial, may still be traced. It is not strange that the solitary mountain top should be chosen, even by those untaught by revelation, as a fit place for religious homage. There, even nature itself seems to prompt to adoration of the Divinity.

“The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man may commune with the sky.”

A walk of four miles satisfied the lady, although an excellent pedestrian. We left her at the inn, and proceeded in an opposite direction along the bank of the river Teith, to the Pass of Leny, a wild Highland glen, enclosed by rugged mountains and skirted with woods, interesting in itself to the lover of romantic scenery, and possessed of an added attraction, as answering to the description of that entrance to the Highlands through which Dugald Dalgetty is introduced as travelling, in the opening of the “*Legend of Montrose*.”

CHAPTER XIV.

SCOTLAND.—Loch Katrine.—“Lady of the Lake.”—Rob Roy’s Country.—Loch Lomond.—Leven Water.—Dunbarton Castle.—The Clyde.

A TOLERABLE carriage road now extends from Callander to within a mile of Loch Katrine, and we had a delightful ride of ten or twelve miles through its wild scenery, associated at every remarkable spot with the “Lady of the Lake.” The first six stanzas of that poem describe the dogs in pursuit of the stag, along this very track. We marked Loch Vennachar, Loch Achray—a most beautiful body of water, with a winding river flowing from it—and the bridge of Turk, all named in the poem. Close to this last is the entrance to Glenfinlas, a lonely wilderness, ten miles in extent, the scene of an ancient tradition on which is based the ballad of Glenfinlas, Scott’s first serious attempt in poetry. Further on is *Coilantogle Ford*, the scene of the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu. There is now a bridge over the mountain stream that here comes down close to the road. How many vivid recollections of early youth, and of the deep interest I took in the issue of the combat, when the passage was first read in my hearing by one who could appreciate its beauty, did these romantic scenes recall!

A little after sunset, we reached the solitary inn, within a mile of Loch Katrine, where the carriage road terminates. The house, which is not large, was already pretty well filled with tourists, but we succeeded in getting a parlor, and, in due time, a dinner, by ourselves. When my companions had retired for the night, leaving me in sole possession of

the little parlor, I took out a copy of the "Lady of the Lake," which I had purchased that morning at Stirling, and notwithstanding the pedestrian feats of the day, did not lay down the book till the poem was finished.

When daylight streamed into my bed room next morning, through many a chink in the sloping roof of the house, my first thought on waking, was of a cabin on the banks of the St. John's, in Florida, where I had once lodged for a night, and in which window glass was wholly unknown; but this reminiscence soon gave place to the more pleasing consciousness that I was in the midst of that Highland scenery of Scotland, which her latest minstrel has rendered attractive through all time. I rose, thoroughly refreshed with sleep, and, in mind and body, in the best possible preparation for the romantic pleasures of the day. The shrubbery around the house was glistening with dew, and filling the air with fragrance. At the breakfast table I unexpectedly met the Rev. B. W. Noel and family, who I found to my gratification, were to make part of the company in the excursion on the lake.

After breakfast we mustered in front of the house, about one third of the party being ladies, all in exuberant spirits; and, after the usual stir and delay, set off on foot, our baggage being carried on the shoulders of the boatmen. Would that I could impart to the reader something of the exhilaration with which I pressed forward, to explore the haunts of the sweet Lady of the Lake!

Our path lay through a defile, wilder than any thing we had yet seen, called the *Trosachs*, that is *rough* or *bristled* territory, the entrance to it being a narrow and crooked pass between two rugged mountains.

"There twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,

Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass."

"Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant and flower, the mountain's child.
Her eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower."

"Aloft the ash and warrior oak,
Cast anchor in the rifted rock,
And higher yet the pine tree hung
Its shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
Its boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

I lingered behind the party, to enjoy, alone, the wild and rugged sublimity on which poetry has lavished its most brilliant colors. How delightful was it to feel, on that lovely summer's morning, that I was in the midst of the very scene which had been for years familiar to my fancy, while yet the possibility of a visit to it had not been dreamed of! From my first reading of the *Lady of the Lake*, there has always been a peculiar charm to my ear in that graphic description of the noble stag at length eluding the hunters, and, "while every gasp with sobs he drew," sheltering himself in this same deep ravine.

"Then dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep *Trosach's* wildest nook
His solitary refuge took

There, while, close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again."

Formerly there was no mode of egress from this narrow defile to the border of the lake, but by climbing over a precipice by a sort of ladder, formed by the branches and roots of trees. By an easier process than that adopted by the royal hunter, we reached the top of the precipice—

"Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands, that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

Seats were found for our party in two large row-boats, and soon we were afloat on the placid water. Presently we saw the island described as the retreat of the Lady of the Lake. When the poem had rendered these sequestered spots enchanted ground, the proprietress of the island erected on it a building, half tower, half cottage, corresponding to that which the poet represents as the residence of the outlawed Douglas. To the grief of romantic visitors, this was accidentally burnt, some years since. Near the island, a part of the shore of the lake is called "Silver Beach," from its glittering white sand and gravel. Here those whose imagination is sufficiently active, may picture to themselves that fairy vision, in the delineation of which the poet's art seems to rival the sculptor's, as he describes the Lady, when startled by the hunter's bugle.

“ With head upraised, and look intent,
 And eye and ear attentive bent,
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,
 Like monument of Grecian art,
 In listening mood she seemed to stand,
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne’er did Grecian chisel trace,
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form, or lovelier face!”

“ Her kindness and her worth to spy,
 You need but gaze on Ellen’s eye;
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
 Than every free-born glance confessed
 The guileless movements of her breast;
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye, &c.

‘ Father !’ she cried, the rocks around
 Loved to prolong the gentle sound—
 A while she paused—no answer came—
 ‘ Malcolm, was thine the blast ?’ the name
 Less resolutely uttered fell—
 The echoes could not catch the swell.”

Loch Katrine is about ten miles long. Before we had got half way to its western extremity, the clouds suddenly gathered, and for a few minutes a heavy shower of rain brought into requisition all the umbrellas and cloaks that could be mustered. This gave a little variety to the excursion, while it rather added to, than diminished, the general good humor; and soon the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone out as before.

At the landing place at the west end of the lake a drove of shaggy Highland ponies was in readiness to convey our party through the valley, five miles long, extending between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond. My friend, having secured a pony for his lady, proposed that we should proceed on foot. He now informed me that she was a

grand-daughter of Rev. Thomas Scott, the author of the Commentary on the Bible. I was gratified that a casual acquaintance which had already much enhanced the pleasure of my excursion into the Highlands, should have this additional source of interesting recollection connected with it.

We were now in the heart of Rob Roy's country, the very scene of Bailie Nicol Jarvie's mishaps. In these wild solitudes, the appearance of the mounted party, moving slowly in single file along the winding pathway, was exceedingly picturesque. The pedestrians, however, fared the best, for the roughness of the road kept the ponies most of the time on a walk, and, just as we were in the midst of the wilderness, there came up suddenly a most furious and drenching shower, occasioning no little comic misery, especially to those who found it difficult to make their cloaks and umbrellas available. There was one rebellious little pony that would not endure an umbrella near him, and the Spartan heroism with which the fair rider bore the pelting of the pitiless storm, the rain soaking through her bonnet, and plentifully moistening her dark tresses, was a spectacle illustrating the sometimes close connection between the ludicrous and the sublime. It must have been the sight of some pleasure party in similarly evil plight, that drew from a certain drunken innkeeper in those parts the emphatic declaration that the weather was so bad, that he "was perfectly ashamed of it."

Fortunately, the shower was soon over, and in due time we reached the border of Loch Lomond. This, the largest body of water in Great Britain, is twenty-three miles long, and near the southern extremity five miles wide; but towards the north it gradually diminishes in width till it becomes a narrow stream, pent up between mountains.

While waiting the arrival of the Lake steamer, we were glad to avail ourselves of half an hour's sunshine, to dry our wet garments. There was a Highland hut at the landing place, into which the ladies at first hastened, but were soon driven out by the smoke.

When the steamer arrived, it was necessary to go out to her in a small boat; and just as we were making this short passage, there came up such a tremendous squall of wind and rain, that for a few minutes our situation was really dangerous. It was surprising to see how quickly the placid lake changed its aspect, and showed only black and stormy waves, tossing beneath an angry sky. The steamer, on board of which was a large party that had left Glasgow that morning, first proceeded north to the extremity of the lake, and then passed down its whole length. During the passage we had rain and sunshine, in rapid alternation—were again and again driven for refuge to the cabin, and as often eagerly hastened back to the unsheltered deck, the moment that the shower gave signs of diminution. In this way, we lost but little of the scenery, and perhaps saw it more to advantage, wild and sublime as it is, for the storm and sunshine that alternately enwrapped it. Ben Lomond, towering above the neighboring mountains, at intervals showed his head through the driving mist. The southern extremity of the lake is studded with islands, generally, like its shores, covered with dark wood.

At the lower end of the Lake, omnibuses were waiting to convey us to Dunbarton, a distance of four miles, through the beautiful vale of the Leven. We passed the house in which Smollett was born. Near it is an obelisk to his memory. The recollection of his fine ode to Leven water added a charm to this ride, although the progress of manu-

facturing industry has since his time obliterated some of the pastoral features of the landscape.

At Dunbarton, we took the steamer for Glasgow. The town of Dunbarton has little to interest, but the Castle (one of the four chief castles in Scotland) is a very remarkable object. Imagine a vast isolated rock, a mile in circumference, rising almost perpendicularly to the height of five hundred and sixty feet from a level plain, just where the Leven flows into the Clyde, surmounted by houses and batteries, and terminating in two sharp points. We passed immediately under the shadow of this stupendous rock, and had ample opportunity to gaze on its extraordinary aspect. I congratulated myself on having seen the English castles before those of Scotland; the latter, having so great advantage in position, if seen first, would have rendered the exterior view of the castles of England quite unsatisfactory to the eye.

On our way up the Clyde to Glasgow, many beautiful prospects on either bank attracted attention; but before we reached the city, the rain again set in, with evident tokens of continuance. It must have been here, I think, that a certain disconsolate tourist, on inquiring of one of the natives whether it rained *always*, received for answer, "*Na, it snaws whiles.*"

CHAPTER XV.

SCOTLAND.—Glasgow.—Ayr.—The “Bonny Doon.”—Grave of Burns
—Journey Southward.

ONE of the more remarkable places in Glasgow is the Cross, where the High Street intersects the line of the Gallowgate and Trongate. From this point, the view of massive edifices in every direction, conveys an imposing idea of the wealth of the city. The Town Hall is in this neighborhood, in front of which is an equestrian statue of William III., and at its eastern extremity is the old steeple of the city jail, all that remains of that *Tolbooth*, that figures so conspicuously in the novel of Rob Roy, as the scene of a midnight rencontre between Bailie Jarvie and the bold outlaw.

In a different part of the city is the Cathedral, a venerable pile, the crypt of which, used as a Presbyterian place of worship, is described as having been honored by the attendance of Andrew Fairservice and his nominal master. Separated from the Cathedral by a deep valley, and a brook crossed by a bridge, called the “Bridge of Sighs,” is the *Necropolis*, the ornamental burying ground of Glasgow, extending over a commanding eminence, from which is a fine view of the city and its environs. The grounds are beautifully laid out, adorned with trees and shrubbery, and “for one who hath no friend, no brother there,” a finer promenade could not be selected; but I cannot reconcile myself to the transformation of a cemetery into a place of resort for mere seekers after pleasure. The most interesting

monument is the pillar in memory of John Knox, surmounted by his statue.

From the Necropolis I went to the College. Over one of the gateways is a bust of Rev. Zachary Boyd, of pious, and (by courtesy) poetical memory. This worthy divine, who lived about two centuries ago, left the College his entire fortune, together with what he doubtless regarded as a still more valuable legacy, his manuscripts, comprising, among other matters, a series of poetical paraphrases of parts of the Bible. How far he was befriended by the Muses, may be judged from the following choice soliloquy which he puts in the mouth of *Jonah*:

“What house is this? Here’s neither coal nor candle;
I and my table are both here within,
Where day ne’er dawned—where sun did never shine,
The like of this on earth man never saw,
A living man within a monster’s maw!
Buried under mountains which are high and steep!
Plunged under waters hundred fathoms deep!
Not so was Noah in his house of tree,
For through a window he the light did see.
He sailed above the highest waves, a wonder,
I and my boat are all the waters under!
He and his ark might go, and also come;
But I sit still in such a straitened room,
As is most uncouth,” &c.

Some assert, that before bequeathing his property to the institution, Mr. Boyd stipulated that the professors should *print* his great work, from which the above is extracted; but this “wants confirmation.”

Glasgow is the most populous city in Scotland, containing 250,000 inhabitants. Its position on the banks of the Clyde, is exceedingly favorable to commerce, and its manufacturing establishments are numerous, and on an extensive scale. The finest modern edifice is the Royal Exchange.

"The streets are regular in arrangement, and substantially built of smooth stone." So says the guide-book ; but I testify that I was never worse jolted in my life than in an omnibus ride over this same "smooth stone" in the principal street of the city.

Few things are more pleasing to a stranger in the cities of Europe, than the monuments and statues of distinguished men whose names have travelled over the world, but the places of whose birth are perhaps for the first time indicated to him by these tributes to their memory. A monument to Sir John Moore adorns one of the public squares of Glasgow ; and now that Thomas Campbell is gathered to his fathers, his native city will doubtless be prompt to honor the memory of the poet.

Having had a surfeit of such things in London, and not being fully aware of the time of its pre-eminent claims to attention, I passed by the Hunterian Museum. I did not fail, however, to visit the "Saut-market," and other localities whose names had been previously familiar ; and having one or two introductions that availed to that purpose, I went through a Cotton Manufactory and an Iron Foundry, with which I was as much interested and gratified as the case required—and no more. The mammoth chimney, which ranks with the tallest structures in the world, I saw at a distance.

One day in this busy and smoky city was quite sufficient, as an interlude between my excursion into the Highlands, and the visit which I had now in view to the Land of Burns. Late in the afternoon I left Glasgow by the railway train for Ayr. During the latter part of the ride the clouds and mist dispersed, and gave to view, at a short distance to the right, the sea that washes the western shores of Scotland, and more than one mountainous island in the midst of its ever restless

waves. On the main land stands a tower of three arched stories, called Dundonald Castle, a favorite residence of one of the ancient kings of Scotland; an old rhyme describes the peculiarity of its structure—

“ There stands a castle in the west,
They ca’ it Donald Din :
There’s no a nail in a’ its roof,
Nor yet a wooden pin.”

Dr. Johnson visited it in company with Boswell, and made himself merry at the thought of a Scottish king contenting himself with so narrow accommodations.

I arrived at Ayr too late for any thing but dinner, but rose very early next morning, and rode out two miles and a half to the house in which Burns was born. It is no longer the “auld clay biggin” that it once was, but though altered and enlarged, a recess in the older part of it is pointed out as the place where Burns first saw the light. Among the various memorials of the poet, and engravings illustrative of his poems, nothing pleased me so much as a delightful picture, (I think, by Wilkie,) of the scene in the Cotter’s Saturday Night.

At a little distance from the house is the ruin of *Alloway Kirk*, and further on the “auld brig o’ Doon,” so famous from their association with the eventful history of “Tam O’Shanter.” The Kirk is roofless, but the walls remain, and the “winnock bunker in the east,” a small Gothic window, is still very conspicuous. A small stone in the church-yard originally marked the grave of William Burns, the poet’s father, on which was inscribed a brief poetical tribute to his memory, to be found in the works of the bard; but this was long since carried off piecemeal by unscrupulous visitors, and has been replaced by a larger one.

The monument to the poet (which was erected by sub-

scription some twenty years ago) is a circular edifice of chaste and elegant architecture, enclosed in a beautiful garden of shrubbery and evergreens. The interior contains a portrait of Burns, considered a faithful likeness, and numerous objects of interest, connected with his life and writings. In a grotto by themselves stand the original statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnie, by Thom, the self-taught artist.

But far more interesting than all the rest is the Bible, in two volumes, presented by Burns to his "Highland Mary," with a long tress of her hair, glossy and light colored, between the leaves. What an enduring charm can true poetry give to things in themselves not more remarkable than those happening every day, that awaken no interest, and pass unrecorded. *Carent vate sacro*. The character and fortunes of "Highland Mary," were probably not materially unlike those of multitudes that have lived and died in her rank of life ; yet who can look without emotion on that little relic of one whom a poet loved, and whose memory he has embalmed in his sweetest verses ? All his allusions to her are marked by peculiar tenderness. This appears in his apostrophe to the rural scenes that witnessed their last meeting.

" Ye banks and braes an' streams around,
The castle of Montgomerie,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters ever drumlie.
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
An' there they longest tarry,
For there I took the last farewell,
O' my sweet Highland Mary."

In a note appended to this song, Burns says : " This was a composition in my early life, before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted,

charming young creature, as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she would embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

"This adieu was performed," says Cromeke, "in a striking and moving way; the lovers stood on each side of a brook that flows into the Ayr; they laid their hands in the stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other." It was on this occasion that the poet presented these Bibles to the object of his love, as a pledge of plighted faith. On the first blank leaf of the first volume is written in his own hand-writing, 'And ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord.' Levit. 19th chap. 12th verse; and on the corresponding leaf of the second volume, 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath.' Matt. 5th chap. 33d verse. On the second blank leaf of each volume are the remains of 'Robert Burns, Mossgiel,' in his hand-writing, beneath which is drawn a masonic emblem.

His sweet and pathetic lament for her is familiar to every lover of true poetry:

"Oh! pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly,
And closed, for aye, the sparkling glance
That gazed on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
The heart that loved me dearly;

But ever in my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary !”*

Several years after the death of Mary, on the anniversary of the day which brought him the melancholy intelligence, Burns appeared, as the twilight advanced, “very sad about something,” and though the evening was a cold one in September, he wandered into his barnyard, where, after some time, his wife found him stretched on a mass of straw, looking abstractedly on a planet, which in a clear, starry sky, “shone like another moon.” On his return into the house, he wrote instantly, just as they now stand, his beautiful verses—

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

“Thou lingering star, with lessening ray
That lov’st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher’st in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O, Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See’st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hearest thou the groans that rend his breast ?
That sacred hour can I forget ?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love ?
Eternity will not efface—
These records dear of transports past ;
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah ! little thought we ’twas our last ! &c.

The Bibles have twice crossed the Atlantic. They became at first the property of Mrs. Campbell, the mother of “Highland Mary,” and afterwards of Mary’s only surviv-

* It is worth noticing that this beautiful stanza contains no genuine rhyme.

ing sister, who removed to Canada. From her family they were purchased some years since by a few Scotchmen in Montreal, and by them transmitted to Scotland, to be preserved in the monument.

The "auld brig o' Doon" is an ancient structure, crossing the river by one high arch. It is connected with the road by a sharp bend, such as might naturally have given Tam O'Shanter some trouble, as he approached on a gallop.

It was a lovely summer morning when I visited these scenes, and all nature was in beauty. As I strolled along the banks of the "bonny Doon," I thought of the time in early childhood, when the plaintive air, coupled with the more plaintive words of Burns, made me, for the *first time*, sensible of the power of song to touch the heart. The lines were suggested to the poet by the sad story of a certain beautiful Miss Kennedy, "a melancholy domestic drama, in which confiding faith became the victim of heartless baseness."

At that early, and fragrant, and silent hour, amid scenes of no common natural beauty, which the presence of a true poet had hallowed, and with so many objects which his muse had celebrated recalling his memory, I seemed to be indeed withdrawn from the worn paths of ordinary life, and to revel in the sweet domain of fancy. It was an hour of delightful musing, and as a memorial of it, I plucked a branch from a tree, and a pebble from the "bonny Doon," just beneath the high arch of the "auld Brig."

Returning to the town of Ayr, I had time only for a hurried breakfast, and a glance at the old and new bridge of Ayr, (whose spirited dialogue is familiar to the readers of Burns,) before the coach set off for Dumfries. The first twenty miles, a nephew of Lockhart—the biographer of Burns and Scott—chanced to be my companion, and one

exactly to my taste. The country through which we passed was more fertile, and better cultivated than most which I had seen in Scotland, and the wide extended prospect from the green hills of Nithsdale, appeared in its highest beauty beneath the clear sunshine of the long summer's day.

Arrived at Dumfries, I visited the house, (situated in a narrow street, which now bears his name,) in which Burns resided, in the latter years of his life, and was shown into the room in which he died. Thence I directed my steps to the churchyard where he lies buried. That entire day was chiefly dedicated in my thoughts to his memory; in the early morning I had stood in the cottage where he was born, and wandered amid the lovely scenes familiar to his youth; his history had been a frequent topic of conversation with my fellow-traveller during our ride, and now, after a journey of near sixty miles, the setting sun saw me at his grave. Within the monument to his memory is a large piece of sculpture, in which the artist has attempted, (with no very brilliant success,) to embody in marble the idea which Burns intimates in his dedication to the gentlemen of Caledonian Hunt: "The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard, Elijah, did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." He died on the 21st of July, 1796, at the age of thirty-seven. Nobles sleep near him in unregarded graves, but a path *well worn*, conducts to the last resting place of "nature's true son."

The personal appearance of the poet has been described by more than one accurate observer. "His motions," says Professor Walker, who saw him when he first appeared among the literati of Edinburgh, "were firm and decided, and though without any pretensions to grace, were

at the same time so free from clownish constraint, as to show that he had not always been confined to the society of his profession. His countenance was manly and intelligent, and marked by a thoughtful gravity, which shaded at times into sternness. In his large, dark eye, the most striking index of his genius resided—it was full of mind.”

A still higher authority has sketched a very similar picture: “I was,” says Sir Walter Scott, “a lad of fifteen, in 1786–7, when he came first to Edinburgh, and saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson’s, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation. His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one’s knowledge of his extraordinary talents. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known who he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scottish school; there was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, and glowed, I say literally *glowed*, when he spoke with feeling, or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time.”

Scott adds a circumstance which finely illustrates the poetical sensibility of Burns: “The only thing I remember which was remarkable in his manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury’s, representing, on one side, a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath—

‘ Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden’s plain,
 Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
 Bent o’er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew ;
 The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
 Gave the sad presage of his future years,
 The child of misery, baptized in tears.’

“ Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were; and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne’s. I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with great pleasure.”

If merely animated conversation caused the dark eye of Burns to “ glow,” his look, when composing such a song, for instance, as “ Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,” must have well answered to the description of one of Dryden’s heroes—

“ Made up of three parts fire—so full of heaven—
 It sparkled at his eyes.”

In the churchyard of Irongray, six miles from Dumfries, is the grave of Helen Walker, the prototype of “ Jeanie Deans.” A monument was erected to her memory by Scott, within a year of his own death, and one of the last things which fell from his pen was this simple inscription, which no one who has dwelt with delight on the page of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, will read with indifference.

“ This stone was erected by the author of Waverley to the memory of Helen Walker, who died in the year of God, 1791. This humble individual practiced, in real life, the

virtues with which fiction had invested the imaginary character of Jeanie Deans. Refusing the slightest departure from veracity, even to save the life of a sister, she nevertheless showed her kindness and fortitude in rescuing her from the severity of the law, at the expense of personal exertions, which the time rendered as difficult as the motive was laudable. Respect the grave of poverty when combined with love of truth and dear affection."

From Dumfries, I continued my journey southward, passing the famous *Gretna Green*, near the English border, spending a few hours at Carlisle, in whose Castle Mary Queen of Scots was once a prisoner, and nearly two days in the midst of the fine mountain and lake scenery of Cumberland. I saw more female beauty here than any where else in England, out of the metropolis, and incline to give credence to the assertion that the sea-coast counties surpass the inland ones in this attractive quality. Near Keswick, (where I spent Sunday,) in the heart of the lake country, close to Derwent Water, and in full view of the "mighty Skiddaw," I saw Greta Hall, the late residence of Southey, and, in the burial ground of the old church near by, stood at his then recent grave, not yet distinguished by any monument. The setting sun was shedding his last rays on the deep verdure around; mountain and lake bounded the prospect on every side, and the Sabbath stillness of the scene was well fitted to dispose the mind to solemn musing.

"Hark ! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

Passing the beautiful lakes of Grassmere and Rydal, Rydal Mount, the residence of Wordsworth, Ambleside,

delightfully situated at the north end of Windermere, and Kendal, I reached Lancaster. Here, on an eminence, is a Castle, erected in the reign of Edward III., and once held by John of Gaunt. The most conspicuous part of it is a large square keep, called John of Gaunt's Chair. At Lancaster the railway commenced, and, of course, romance ended.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRANCE.—Havre—Passage up the Seine—Rouen—A Glimpse of Paris
—Church of the Madeleine—Boulevards.

WHEN the steamer for Havre left the pier at Southampton, between nine and ten o'clock of a summer's night, (daylight still lingering,) I felt as if one volume of the Old World was closed, and another about to be opened to my eager but transient gaze. What an influx of new ideas had the experience of a few weeks brought with it! How many interesting objects had this brief interval transferred, at once and forever, from the domain of imagination to that of memory! Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower of London, the classic and venerable edifices of Oxford and Cambridge, the time-worn castles and cathedrals of England, the romantic hills and glens and lakes of Scotland—these, which it had been for years delightful to dream of, were now so many vivid and beautiful pictures, repositied among the enduring treasures of the mind.

The sea that night was unusually smooth, and sleep on a sofa was almost as refreshing as in a quiet bed on land. When I went on deck next morning, the shores of France were in full view. Soon we were at the quay at Havre, which was covered with *commissionaires* and porters from the different hotels, each shouting at the top of his lungs, with true French volubility, the name and fame of the house to which he was attached.

A police officer stood by the plank from the steamer to

the wharf, to receive the passports, and I had here a gentle prompter as to the necessity of having that important document not only perfectly *en regle*, but also always at hand. I had locked it up in my portmanteau for safe keeping during the night, and till this was brought up from the hold, going on shore was out of the question. As respects this, the great plague of continental travelling, whoever will imprint on his memory that, without his passport in due order he is not a free agent, may go from country to country without once *losing his temper*; a most important piece of economy, of which travellers are sometimes strangely neglectful. As the *commissionaire* is a personage with whom a tourist on the continent has much to do, I may say, in passing, that his business is, for a "consideration," to obtain the requisite signatures to the passport, and "show the lions."

In some places, as at Havre, he is nearly as respectable and trustworthy as the landlord—(no great praise, by the bye;) but, more frequently, in addition to his other duties, he brushes the travellers' clothes and shoes. The cardinal virtue of this class of hangers-on, consists in allowing the traveller to be cheated by none but themselves.

Two francs were exacted at the Custom House for the *privilege* of having my baggage examined, and two more for a provisional passport, to serve till I should get to Paris, and reclaim the original one from the police office there,—an arrangement, whose chief use seemed to be to put money in the purse of the police. These matters despatched, I was at leisure to stroll through the streets and along the ramparts, and please myself with the thought that I was indeed on the soil of France—a fact which the softer air and clearer sky, as well as the costume and manners, and

especially the language of the people, very much assisted me to appreciate. This sudden transition in one night, from the scenes and manners of England, and the familiar sounds of my native tongue, gave a fresh stimulus to curiosity.

The sum of my first impressions was, that the narrow English channel separates two nations radically unlike in temperament, manners, and style of doing things.

Havre, the Liverpool of France, is situated on the coast, just at the mouth of the Seine. Its old walls and fortifications are retained, although quite useless in modern warfare, being commanded by the neighboring heights. The first object that meets the eye, on approaching the city from the water, is an old ruined fortress, called the Tower of Francis I. The advancing commerce of Havre has rendered the space within the walls too narrow for the inhabitants, and accordingly there is a populous suburb, and numerous beautiful villas of the wealthy merchants, on a finely wooded hill at some distance outside the gates. On the opposite bank of the Seine, here four miles across, the rich pastures of Lower Normandy begin.

After an early breakfast next morning, I went on board the fine large steamer "Normandie," for Rouen. After crossing to Honfleur, on the opposite bank of the Seine, to take in passengers, we proceeded many miles up the broad estuary, to Quilleboeuf, beyond which the river narrows, running between two lines of hills of moderate height, covered with trees, and ornamented with villas. It was a lovely day, and the beautiful scenery in view at every bend of the winding, tortuous river, kept us continually on the *qui vive*, and rendered the passage to Rouen exceedingly pleasant. Picturesque ruins, some of them the *cha-*

teaux of the ancient nobility of France, associated with many a legend of by-gone times, appeared at intervals on the banks.

At Rouen, half an hour was consumed in getting to the railway depot, and when there, it required nearly as much time to procure a ticket, and have the baggage weighed and registered. This is a fair specimen of the delay which the traveller on the continent must everywhere submit to. In the management of the public conveyances, caution and deliberation take the place of that feverish hurry which marks the "go ahead" propensities of our nation. The railway from Rouen to Paris had then been open but a few weeks, and I was too thankful for this further respite from the creeping *diligence*, to quarrel with the slow movements of its officers.

The grand old cathedral is the most interesting and conspicuous object in Rouen. One of its towers was some years since struck by lightning, and destroyed ; it has been replaced by a tower of *cast iron*, rising to a great height, and finished in a style corresponding to the architecture of the rest of the building. A statue of Corneille, who was a native of Rouen, stands near the centre of the stone bridge over the Seine.

My companions in the railway carriage were evidently of the class designated as "*nati consumere fruges*"—a common-place, humdrum, English couple, married rather late in life, as I conjectured, and about to spend the honeymoon in travelling. The gentleman was so busy in studying from his guide-book the *names* of the places that we passed, as scarcely to get a moment's leisure to look at the places themselves. In the absence of congenial society I solaced myself with perusing the great *Book of Nature*, which lay before me, handsomely bound in *green and yel-*

low; for as far as the eye could reach, the country was without enclosures of any kind, and regular squares of yellow green, alternating with equal squares of low green grape vines, made the surface of the ground appear like a carpet of brilliant colors, only too formal to be beautiful.

We passed in view of a steep hill, and I may as well tell the story connected with it. On its top was once a strong castle, possessed by a powerful and tyrannical baron. He had an only and beautiful daughter, whose hand he had destined for a wealthy noble of his own rank; but she, in the meantime, thinking herself entitled to a voice in the matter, bestowed her affections on a youth of humble birth, who, animated with the hope of obtaining her, sought distinction in the wars. The haughty baron, on discovering the attachment, purposed at first to sacrifice the young man to his offended pride, but afterward contented himself with announcing, in contemptuous raillery, one condition on which his suit should be successful. It was that he should carry his lady-love in his arms, from the foot of the steep hill to the gate-way of the castle on its top, running the whole distance, without once stopping to take breath. Desperate as was the undertaking, the youth accepted the offer. He reached with his lovely burden the appointed spot, but nature was exhausted; he laid her at her father's feet, sank down, and died. She, in the frenzy of grief, plunged a dagger into her bosom and expired on the body of her lover. Such is the romantic legend connected with *La Côte des deux Amants*—the Hill of the Two Lovers.

It was near sunset when we reached the railway depot, at the northwest corner of Paris. I must confess that my first impressions of the renowned capital of France—the “most beautiful city in the world”—were decidedly unfavorable. The truth is, I had missed dinner at Rouen, and

thus had fasted since seven in the morning ; and much depends, as old travellers need not to be informed, on the temper of mind in which one gets his first view of interesting objects. Between the depot and the *Victoria* house, (an English establishment that had been highly recommended,) there was nothing very remarkable, nor was I in the humor of admiring if there had been. But Paris, of all the cities in the world, is the last place for a man to be hungry in, who has money in his purse ; and it would have been cynical to slight what there alone has been raised to the dignity of a science. So, as soon as the hotel was reached, I called loudly for dinner, and was presently deep in the discussion of sundry hitherto unknown dishes. These disposed of, I was ready to see every thing *couleur de rose*, and accordingly set off alone, in the evening twilight, to take my first stroll in Paris.

On turning the corner of the street, my eye suddenly rested on an object, which, at the first glance, impressed me with the belief that I should nowhere see any thing more beautiful. It was a perfect Grecian temple, apparently of white marble, standing isolated in the centre of a spacious open area, with a peristyle of fifty-two Corinthian columns, seventy feet high, so arranged as to present a line of eighteen on each side, eight at the north end, and, at the south, where is the principal entrance, fourteen, forming a double row.

I walked around this most beautiful temple, and, gazing at its fair proportions, standing out against the evening sky, felt that there was a power in architecture to touch the soul, of which I had never before been conscious. It was the *Church of the Madeleine*, (Magdalen,) regarded as one of the most splendid specimens of the architectural

genius of the age, and, as I had anticipated, without a rival, even in Paris.

The interior, (which I saw the next morning,) is as gorgeous as marble, and gilding, and fresco-painting, on the most extensive scale, can make it. The inner roof is composed of three circular domes, and two semi-domes, and the only light admitted comes from the centre of each dome, which is covered by a sky-light in the outer roof. The doors are of solid bronze, thirty-two feet high, and fifteen wide, most richly wrought. The internal dimensions of this grand edifice, are three hundred feet by one hundred and thirty, in length and breadth, and ninety feet in height. It was begun, on its present plan, under the orders of Napoleon, as a Temple of Glory, which he designed to dedicate to the Grand Army. The progress of events suspended its erection, but, in 1816, Louis XVIII. ordained that it should be completed and dedicated to the Magdalen. Its exterior seen thus unexpectedly at evening twilight, (the most favorable time for viewing it,) was beautiful beyond description. I thought that a temple in the Doric style might be more simple and *sublime*, but architecture of more graceful and symmetrical *beauty*, it seemed difficult to imagine.

On the opposite side of the area from the place where I entered, I saw a very broad street, twice as wide as Broadway, New York, lined with trees, and filled with shops and *cafés* brilliantly lighted, the resort of crowds of ladies and gentlemen, seated within, or in the open air in front, refreshing themselves with ices, lemonade, beer, *eau sucrée*, &c. It was a cheerful and brilliant scene, enough to make even a misanthrope good-humored. As the Church of the Madeleine was a safe landmark for my return to the hotel,

I walked perhaps a mile and a half down this broad and magnificent street, but finding still no prospect of coming to the end of it, retraced my steps. These were the *Boulevards*, originally, as the name imports, the *bulwarks* of Paris, now among its chief ornaments. This long line of road is divided into twelve parts, distinguished by different names, as *Boulevard de la Madeleine, des Capucines, des Italiens, &c.* This glimpse of Paris satisfied, and more than satisfied all my anticipations. Indeed, I could not have adopted a better method to obtain, at first view, the most imposing idea of the gayety and splendor of this luxurious city, than was supplied by this accidental walk along the *Boulevards* at evening, when they appear in all their beauty, a constant crowd of well dressed persons thronging the broad pavements, brilliant lights glancing among the trees, and every shop, *café, restaurant*, and place of public resort, literally in "a blaze of glory." Truly, if this life were all, the Parisians might be congratulated, as those who best know how to improve its fleeting pleasures.

CHAPTER XVII.

PARIS.—The Palais Royal.—The Louvre.—The Tuileries.—Place where Louis XVI. and his Queen were put to death.—Public Institutions.—Situation of the City.—Manners and habits of the Parisians.

My first visits in Paris by daylight were to the *Palais Royal*, and the palaces of the *Louvre* and *Tuileries*. The *Palais Royal* is a vast edifice, of magnificent architecture, enclosing two courts of unequal extent. In the principal court, (which is seven hundred feet long and three hundred broad,) is a garden, ornamented with statues; and, outside the enclosure, are rows of trees, beneath which, in fine weather, hundreds of chairs are let out at a trifling charge to visitors. The lower story of the Palace, facing those interior courts, is occupied with shops and cafés; its architecture is Doric—that of the second story, Ionic—and of the third, Corinthian. This gradation of the three orders is often met with in the more splendid edifices of the Old World. In a summer evening, the *Palais Royal*, with the gay multitude that throng its gardens and cafés, presents a most brilliant aspect; and there a stranger may learn much of Parisian manners and habits, in little time.

The extensive and magnificent Palace of the *Louvre* is not far from the *Palais Royal*, but in a much more advantageous position, being immediately on the bank of the Seine. The interior is occupied by museums of painting and statuary, so extensive that weeks, if not months, are necessary to do justice to them.

The Palace of the *Tuileries*, extends westward from the

Louvre, also along the bank of the river. The extreme length of the *façade* is one thousand feet. In the rear of this imposing structure, and still along the bank of the Seine, are the extensive Gardens of the Tuileries, more than two thousand feet long, and nine hundred broad, ornamented with fountains and statues. Beyond these, the *Champs Élysées*, (Elysian Fields) extend still along the river, to a great distance, filled with a thick forest of trees. Thus the north bank of the Seine is covered for two miles with palaces and public gardens, the latter most charming places of resort, at all hours, for the Parisian multitude.

But in my first day's walk in the midst of all this splendor and beauty, I felt myself irresistibly attracted to one spot, interesting for a very different cause. It was the place where Louis XVI., and afterward Maria Antoinette, were put to death on the scaffold. I know of no blacker page in the world's history than that which records the unnatural atrocities of the first French Revolution; and as it happened that those tragic scenes had become familiar to me, even in childhood, through the medium of a work, entitled the "*Magdalen Churchyard*"—which, in its record of appalling fact, deals in horrors from which the soul would recoil in fiction—it was not without emotion that I found myself on the very spot where the chief tragedy was enacted. Here, thought I, beneath this sky, and with all nature smiling around, perhaps, as at this moment, a long-descended king, the most virtuous and gentle of his race, a queen, accustomed to all that homage which chivalry once delighted to pay to transcendent beauty and exalted rank, were led forth to a bloody and ignominious death, attended by every studied aggravation of insult, which fiendish cruelty could inflict.

And this identical spot is now the most beautiful place in Paris, if not in the world! After numerous changes of

designation, it is at present called (as if in mockery) the *Place de la Concorde*. It is a spacious square, between the Gardens of the Tuileries and the Elysian Fields, having in full view, to the north, the beautiful Church of the Madeleine—to the south, on the other side of the Seine, (here crossed by a splendid bridge,) the magnificent front of the *Palais Bourbon* and Chamber of Deputies, beyond which is seen the lofty dome of the *Hôtel des Invalides*; the gardens and groves extend to a great distance east and west, the prospect bounded in the former direction by the Palace of the Tuileries, and in the other by a Triumphal Arch, terminating a very long avenue, and one of the most splendid monuments that Paris can boast. In the centre of this *Place*, thus surrounded by all that is most exquisite in nature and art, stands a lofty Egyptian Obelisk, brought from the ruins of Ancient Thebes. The single block of stone is seventy-two feet high, and, being mounted on a lofty pedestal, is an imposing object from its height, and much more so from its history. A little to the west of the central point, now occupied by the obelisk, stood the scaffold on which Louis XVI. suffered; that of the Queen was at a similar distance to the east. The *Place* is embellished with most beautiful fountains and statues, and the prospect from it—all the edifices in view being of elegant architecture—is surpassingly fine. But vainly does this gorgeous magnificence seek to cover the memory of those miseries and crimes, of which this spot has been the scene. I visited it often; sometimes beneath the glare of day, and again in the stillness and repose of twilight; but never without finding in my solitary musings its present calm beauty disturbed and displaced by the shadowy phantoms of the past.

The Gardens of the Tuileries, the Champs Elysées, the Palais Royal, and the Boulevards, are all places of resort,

of which one does not readily tire. There is in Paris nothing of the smoke and fog of London; the clear sky adds brilliancy to every object beneath it; and the magnificent architecture and statuary suffer little from exposure to the air.

In the *Place Vendôme* is the triumphal pillar erected to Napoleon, commemorative of his German campaign of 1805. It is an imitation of Trajan's pillar at Rome, of which it retains the proportions on a scale larger by one twelfth. It rises to the height of one hundred and thirty-five feet, and is surmounted by a statue of Napoleon, eleven feet high, in that favorite costume by which he is so readily recognized. The bronze employed in this monument is estimated at 360,000 pounds weight. The pedestal and shaft are of stone, covered with bas-reliefs in bronze, composed of 1200 pieces of cannon, taken from the Austrians and Prussians. The whole cost of the erection was near 300,000 dollars. The bas-reliefs of the shaft, ascending spirally from the base to the capital, exhibit the principal events of the campaign, from the departure of the troops from Boulogne, to the battle of Austerlitz.

On Sunday I attended service, first at an English chapel, and afterward at the *Oratoire*, a place of worship belonging to the French Protestant Church. The notices put up in different parts of this large edifice, "*on ne paye pas pour les sieges*"—intimated a truly hospitable arrangement, in contrast with the practice (universal in the Catholic churches) of paying for seats. My want of familiarity with the sounds of the spoken language, precluded me from following the preacher. I remarked in his manner what I believe is a characteristic of French pulpit oratory—namely, a pause of some length between the principal divisions of his discourse; it seemed happily devised

as a sort of safety-valve for the restlessness of a French audience. All joined in the singing, a part of the service more interesting to me than the rest, as I had the words before me in print. The congregation was generally decorous and attentive, with the exception of some slight indications of the national character interspersed through the service; such, for instance, as a general smile, with some whispering and nodding, when the preacher (the previous service having been conducted by another clergyman,) for the first time made his appearance.

More than half the shops in Paris seemed to be open on Sunday. So much for business: but the claims of pleasure are far more exorbitant. After the service in the Catholic churches is finished, the mass of the population devote the day to festivity. Great multitudes go out to Versailles, to see the magnificent display of water-works, an exhibition which takes place only on Sundays and festivals.

The French are too polite, and too much accustomed to the dialect of English travellers, to laugh at even the most barbarous *patois*; and with as total an incapacity to speak the language, and especially to understand it when spoken, as is at all consistent with reading it easily, I got along in Paris without guide or interpreter, very nearly as well as in London. The servants at the hotel spoke English, (after a fashion of their own,) and in the *cafés* and shops, the topics of conversation are so limited, and withal so *tangible* and intelligible, where money is concerned, that the difficulty of intercourse soon becomes very slight. Necessity, too, makes apt scholars, and, where words are wanting, signs often supply the deficiency. I had an instance of this very soon after my arrival in Paris. Not knowing which of the many entrances to the Palace of the Louvre led to the gallery of Paintings, I accepted the prof-

ferred guidance of a man, who, on reaching the place, very politely pulled off his hat, and with a laughter-moving whine, said, "*Monsieur, un pour-boire.*" "*Je ne comprends pas.*" "*Pour-boire, Monsieur, pour-boire,*" he repeated, mimicking the process of drinking from a bottle, in a style so irresistibly comic, (as of one who could take as long a look up as any body,) that two or three sous presently found their way to his hat, which he acknowledged by a second very graceful bow, and copious thanks. A *pour-boire*, literally *drink-money*, is the expressive term applied to any and every gratuity.

The scientific lectures, and the rich and extensive collections in the fine arts, are thrown open to the public in Paris, with most praiseworthy liberality, and strangers, even enjoy peculiar facilities, as, to them, on showing their passports, the palaces are accessible at hours when they are not open to others. The vast halls of statuary and painting in the Louvre are the resort of numerous artists, (more than half of whom are females,) who are permitted to bring their apparatus, and copy the paintings.

It would be vain to attempt a description of the contents of the Louvre. One painting alone, which arrested my attention, I cannot omit to notice. It represented Mary Magdalene at the feet of our Saviour. The expression of sorrow, contrition, and love, in that beautiful face, drew tears from my eyes, "albeit unused to the melting mood." I was afterwards told that that female head was deemed the finest production of one of the great masters.

The Royal Tapestry and Carpet Manufactory *des Gobelins*, is well worth a visit. There are carpets here of which the manufacturing cost thirty thousand dollars. The pictures of Rubens and other great artists are reproduced in the tapestry with astonishing fidelity. The

largest carpet ever manufactured here, is that made for the gallery of the Louvre ; it consists of seventy-two pieces, its whole extent being more than thirteen hundred feet. The tapestry is designed chiefly for the royal palaces, and for presents made by the king.

The Exchange (*la Bourse*) is a modern edifice, one of the most sumptuous in Paris. It is two hundred and twelve feet by one hundred and twenty-six, surrounded by a peristyle of sixty-six lofty columns. Its cost was more than a million and a half of dollars. The roof is wholly formed of iron and copper; the pavement of the principal hall, which will contain two thousand persons, is entirely of marble. The vociferation of the brokers assembled here at certain hours of the day, is almost deafening.

Paris is situated in the midst of a vast plain, through which the Seine winds its serpentine way. The course of the river within the walls of the city is about six miles, from south-east to north-west. An island in the river, still called the *Ile de la Cité*, was the original site of Paris; at its south-eastern extremity stands the celebrated Cathedral of *Notre Dame*, whose towers are conspicuous in every general view of the city. Just above this is a smaller island, called the *Ile St. Louis*, which has been built on since the time of Louis XIII. In most of the older portions of the city, the streets are still narrow, although great improvements have been made since the revolution. Just before that eventful epoch, a writer pithily remarked, in reference to the streets: "We see, at every step we take in the mud, that the people who go on foot have no share in the government." In striking contrast with the unsightly appearance of the older and narrower streets, unprovided with side-walks, and in which it was formerly

a matter of every day occurrence for pedestrians to be run over by the carriages of the ancient nobility, are the spacious and magnificent *Boulevards*, extending many miles; the *Rue de Rivoli*, having the gardens of the Tuileries on one side, and a series of elegant buildings, among which are several of the principal hotels, on the other, can hardly be surpassed in beauty; and the *Rue de la Paix*, and many others that might be named, wide, clean, and well-lighted, and lined with shops (*stores* we should call them) of unrivalled splendor, vindicate the claim of Paris to a very high, if not the highest, rank among the cities of Europe in magnificence.

Paris is another Corinth—magnificent, voluptuous, licentious, as her prototype. If one could forget that there is a future life, none but pleasurable emotions would be felt by the stranger, as he looks upon a people wholly devoted to pleasure—gay, thoughtless beings, who study to make the most of this world, with whom cookery is a science, who are too luxurious to get drunk—skilled, as they are, to stop just on the smooth verge of the precipice of intoxication, down which less scientific voluptuaries make the headlong plunge; and who, of all men, best understand and practise those amenities of life, which add the greatest charm, at the least possible expense, to social intercourse. But beneath all this fair and smiling exterior, on what deep foundations of moral principle does the frame-work of society rest? What fear of God, what reverence for his laws, pervades this mighty mass, of human beings! As respects the mass, infidelity and superstition divide the suffrages of the nation; the more educated glorying in the one—the humbler class led captive by the other. What is the effect of this on public morals? In 1822, the suicides in the Department of the Seine, effected and

attempted, were three hundred and seventeen, of which one hundred and eleven were of *females*. The unnatural atrocities of the first French revolution, acquire an additional tinge of horror from the fact, that they were perpetrated by the most polished nation in Europe. Nor were they only the hasty acts of a famished, frenzied populace, long down-trodden, now suddenly possessed of power, and thirsting for vengeance; it was by the deliberate decrees of a Convention, that spoke in the name of France, that Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette were, after sufferings and indignities till then unheard of, doomed to an ignominious death; by their decree, the vaults in the Church of St. Denis were broken open, and the remains of the kings and princes of France disinterred, and thrown into trenches; under their authority, the whole land was deluged with blood. How dreadful was the spectacle, then exhibited to the world, of the brutal and fiendish passions that may lurk beneath the fairest external forms, and the smoothest surface of gay and polished society, when that society consists of those in whose heart no fear of God inhabits, and is held together by no bond of moral principle! How terribly was then demonstrated what our fallen nature is capable of, when, but for a moment, it glides from beneath the pressure of divine or human laws—when it overleaps, for however brief an interval, those barriers which God, in mercy to mankind, has ordinarily assigned to the development on earth of human depravity!

Nothing could be more attractive than the union of the agreeable manners of the Parisians, with sterling virtue and pure religious principle. Where these are actually found in combination, the result is a character worthy to be studied as a model, and to which it is impossible not to pay homage. Why should qualities so congenial to each

other, so fitted to intermingle, be so often, by a kind of fatality, dissevered and divorced? In the most moral and religious parts of our own country, one often meets persons, possessed of sterling integrity of character, whose company would be infinitely less desirable, as regards agreeable intercourse, than that of multitudes, who, paying little regard to rules of morality, thoroughly understand and practise those of good-breeding.

The French are not, indeed, that polite people they once were. The revolution wrought a great change in this respect—abolishing the old distinctions, and banishing that higher class, which, whatever might be its deficiencies, presented models to the world of graceful and polished manners. Nor is the present agreeableness of manner that prevails by any means a politeness that involves much sacrifice or self-denial. A Frenchman is as ready to secure to himself any little advantage as to position in a diligence, as if he were not one of a nation long quoted for politeness. Yielding the whole side-walk to two or three ladies whom he may chance to meet, is an excess of courtesy that he does not even dream of. Still there remain a thousand little *agremens*, which cost absolutely nothing, and yet add much to the pleasures of social intercourse; and in these the French are pre-eminently well skilled.

A Sicilian gentleman, writing from Paris, in the time of Louis XIV., says—"It is no exaggeration to remark, that Paris is one vast hotel. You see every where *cafés*, *estaminets*, taverns, and the frequenters of taverns. The kitchens smoke at all times, and at all times eating is going on. Fashion is the veritable demon of the nation, and one sex is as vain and desirous of pleasure as the other. Ribands, looking-glasses, are things without which the French could not live. The manner of the higher

classes is something charming—there are masters who teach *civility*, and a pretty girl the other day offered to *sell me compliments*. The women dote upon little dogs. The Tuileries are the resort of the idle, and those who wish, without taking any trouble about it, to be amused. Coffee is much in vogue, and is thought a remedy for low spirits. A lady learned the other day that her husband had been killed in battle. ‘Ah, unhappy that I am!’ said she, ‘quick, bring me a cup of coffee.’” After the lapse of more than a hundred years, and the occurrence of the most radical changes in the government, and in the organization of society, this picture of Paris is still, in many respects, strikingly accurate. There are eight hundred *cafés*, and a thousand *restaurants*; in the best of these the decorations are most sumptuous, and the bill of fare contains perhaps two hundred dishes. It is said that there are twenty thousand persons every night at the theatres. The “*Livre d’Adresses*” indicates the number of celebrated *dancing-masters* to be about equal to that of the celebrated teachers of mathematics; and an examination of the expenses of Paris, shows that the municipality, (which provides for both,) pays one-third more for its *fêtes* than for its *religion*.

An accurate observer has remarked, that “there are many places where a person can *live* upon as little, but no place where a person can *live so magnificently upon a little*, as at Paris.” The repasts and amusements of this pleasure-loving city, are graduated to every variety of purse, as well as accommodated to every diversity of taste. You may pay eight francs for a sumptuous dinner at some of the restaurants; you may dine at Meurice’s hotel, where is kept the most Epicurean public table in Paris, for five francs and a half, wine not included; or you may find places where, for twenty-five cents, soup, two dishes,

wine, and dessert will be furnished. Meurice's is the only place for a stranger not familiar with the language. I found there, on my second visit to Paris, so many *agremens*, as to make me regret every day spent at the *Victoria*.

It was not till after my return from Italy that I saw some of the most interesting places in and near Paris, such as the *Hotel de Ville*—the place of the *Bastile*—the Garden of Plants—the *Halle au Blé*, (Corn-market,) a vast circular edifice—and the *Halle aux Vins*, (Wine-market,) extensive enough to contain nearly half a million of casks, and divided into streets called after different kinds of wine—*rue de Champagne*, *rue de Bourgogne*, *rue de Bordeaux*, &c. Of *Versailles*, it is enough to say that not all the splendors of Italy could throw it into the shade. Fontainebleau, in the midst of its Forest, is most beautiful, especially by moonlight. I visited *Père la Chaise* on a most lovely day, paused awhile at the tomb of Abelard and Heloisa, (formed from the ruins of the Paraclete,)—of St. Pierre, author of Paul and Virginia—and others of different degrees of interest—and then took a carriage to a private cemetery, at some distance within the city, where by the side of his wife, and surrounded by his kindred, beneath a very simple tomb, LA FAYETTE, the noble, generous, pure-hearted, lies buried. Last of all, I visited the *Chapelle Expiatoire*, erected by Louis XVIII., an *expiatory* chapel, dedicated to the memory of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. I descended to a subterranean apartment, where an altar of gray marble marks the exact spot where the calcined remains of the king were buried, soon after the execution. In a corner, about five feet from it, the place was pointed out to me which originally received the relics of the Queen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BELGIUM.—A French Diligence.—Belgian Fortresses.—Belgian Dinners.—Mons.—Brussels.

ON the route to Belgium, my acquaintance with French Diligences commenced. Imagine a vehicle of enormous size, on wheels as large and heavy as cart-wheels in our country, the body divided into three compartments, the *Coupé*, in front, (for which the highest price is paid,) with seats for three, and glasses in front and at the sides; the *Interieur*, like a close carriage, with places for six, and the *Rotonde*, with door behind and seats at the side, like an omnibus, admitting perhaps, (for it was never my evil fortune once to enter it,) five or six persons. Being directly over the hind wheels, and having the heaviest baggage piled just above it, the *Rotonde* is resorted to only by the poorer class, and those who are too late to secure better places. Over the *Coupé*, and partly protected from the weather by a sort of chaise-top that can be lowered at pleasure, is the *Cabriolet*, which may contain three more, beside the *conducteur*. Add to this the baggage, and sundry heavy boxes of merchandise beside, all piled on the roof, and you have the idea of that lumbering, top-heavy monster, a French *diligence*.

The motion of this huge vehicle over the paved road was any thing but agreeable, each particular stone giving its distinct jolt; moreover, though the rate of travelling was scarce five miles an hour, the *Diligence* vindicated its title to the name, in this, at least, that "it kept moving." Scarcely

three minutes were consumed in changing horses, and consequently, except a half hour toward evening for dinner, we were close prisoners the greater part of the way. As the road was generally level, the driver was inexorable to any wish of the passengers to try their strength as pedestrians. There were six horses, three abreast, stout, ugly beasts, making, with their rude harness, partly of rope, a meaner figure than American dray-horses. The enormous collars they wore, absolutely hid their heads from us in the *Coupé*, who could see nothing but the alternate rise and fall of each side of this cambrous mass of wood and leather, as the beasts jogged on.

The country through which we passed was generally well cultivated, but too level to afford much attractive scenery. It was after dark when we reached *Peronne*, called "*la Pucelle*," from its impregnable fortresses, and near midnight, when rattling and thundering over a narrow draw-bridge, we entered *Cambray*. The memory of Fenelon added a charm to this place, which, in itself, approached thus by night, was uncommonly striking. The extensive fortifications of *Cambray* and *Peronne*, surpassed all that I had ever dreamed of "thick wall and battlemented round." I do not know that any thing in my whole tour took me more by surprise than this nocturnal entry into these old fortified towns. Most of the castles and cathedrals I had visited, did not exceed the raised expectations which previous descriptions had excited, and, as far as mere size is concerned, even London is not unlike New York multiplied by six; but these old fortified towns, entered so unexpectedly at dead of night, carried me back at once to the Middle Ages.

About daylight we reached the ancient and fortified town of *Valenciennes*—more interesting to me from the fact, that

a short time before leaving America, there had come into my hands a book two hundred years old, recording, in French almost obsolete as to orthography, the history of two martyrs, who were imprisoned and finally put to death at Valenciennes, for their faithful adherence to the truth in opposition to the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation.

At a little village near the border of Belgium, we breakfasted, had our passports and baggage examined, and then took the cars on the newly opened railway to *Mons*, where I spent the day. The extensive fortifications of this place, seen by daylight, had even a more imposing effect than those of Peronne and Cambray. Such enormous and costly defences seemed wholly disproportioned to the size and importance of the place, but the fact that Belgium has been for ages the battle-ground of Europe, affords the best explanation of the immense labor and cost lavished on its fortifications.

My first dinner in Belgium gave so satisfactory demonstration of the "fat of the land," that I made a record of its numerous dishes in my note-book, which, however, I shall *not* transcribe, seeing that such things are somewhat less pleasant to read about, than to partake of. The price of the dinner, including a small bottle of excellent claret, was about sixty-two and a half cents. The guests all seemed disposed to do equal and impartial justice to the viands, *ab ovo us-que ad mala*. They appeared to be regular boarders, and it is at such places, rather than at hotels crowded by tourists, that real comfort and luxury are to be had at the prices paid by the people of the country. The landlord presided, was polite and attentive to all, and seemed in high favor with his guests. How could he be otherwise? There were no ladies at the table, but perfect good breeding prevailed, and, although a total stranger, taking no part in the conversation, I felt quite at ease, and had no reason to complain of any

want of attention. The superiority of a continental *table d' hôte* in all that pertains to real comfort, over those of the hotels in our cities, is immeasurable. Each dish is brought in its turn to each individual, and as there is always enough for all, there are consequently no *hungry expectants*—no feverish impatience to secure some favorite delicacy, before it vanishes—no such palpable and striking demonstrations, as with us, of the *transient, evanescent* nature of all good things; and instead of the noise and confusion of servants rushing in all directions to procure the dishes for which they are sent, the quiet and repose of the dinner is scarcely disturbed by any call of the guests. They find their wants anticipated, provided they are willing to take things in their due course; and the Frenchman calls "*Garçon*," and the German "*Kelner*," scarcely once, where the impatient Englishman or American would summon a servant a dozen times.

The next day I spent at Brussels. This city is in many respects a miniature of Paris. The manners and tastes of its inhabitants, and of the Belgians generally, appear to be essentially French, and of course in marked contrast with those of the Dutch, with whom it was vainly sought to unite them under one government. No wonder that the Belgians could not live quietly in subjection to the King of Holland, when, in the popular sentiments, habits, and religion of the two nations, there was so much to render amalgamation impossible. Many places in Brussels are pointed out as the scenes of Belgian valor during their brief and successful struggle for independence, but I looked on them without emotion. The Museum, with its paintings, zoological specimens, &c., was still less interesting. But the *Hotel de Ville*, a noble edifice, four hundred years old, with a tower of Gothic open work, three hundred and sixty-four

feet high, is an object which one does not soon tire of gazing on, for, aside from the effect of its elaborate architecture, the historical associations connected with it are of uncommon interest. In the grand hall of this building, the ceremony of the abdication of Charles V. took place in 1555. Tapestries depicting this memorable event, are still preserved. On the opposite side of the market-place, stands an old Gothic building, called the *Maison du Roi*, which anciently served the purpose of Hotel de Ville. Here was held the Duchess of Richmond's ball, which was attended by the Duke of Wellington and several of his chief officers, on the evening of the day on which he had received a secret despatch, announcing Napoleon's march on Brussels. I paid a second visit to this spot by moonlight, and, as I looked on the silent and deserted Hall, thought of Byron's oft-quoted description of the effect on that gay and brilliant assemblage, when it was suddenly announced that Napoleon was advancing.

“ There was a sound of revelry by night, —
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell ! ”

Brussels has its Boulevards, and its Park, the latter ornamented with statues, (few and inferior,) and affording a delightful promenade beneath the thick trees. This was the scene of the principal combat between the Dutch and Belgians in 1830, and many trees still bear marks of the shot. The King's Palace, the Palace of the Prince of Orange, and the *Salle de Congres*, on three sides overlook the Park. That of the Prince of Orange was erected by

the city of Brussels, and presented to the Prince who inhabited it but one year before the revolution broke out by which he was dispossessed.

The Cathedral is a noble Gothic edifice, between five and six hundred years old. The painted glass in it is pronounced by connoisseurs among the most beautiful specimens in existence, and there is a most curiously carved pulpit, by Verbruggen, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, surmounted by the Virgin holding the infant Saviour in her arms, and aiding him to pierce the serpent's head with the end of the cross. Statues of the twelve apostles are placed against the pillars in the nave.

I wandered about Brussels without a guide, and at night-fall found myself in the outskirts of the city. Here were numerous *cafés*, and, at intervals, a well-lighted hall, the resort of the humbler class of both sexes, who were assiduously engaged in dancing, beer-drinking, and smoking, the usual evening pastime of the laboring part of the community. On the Continent, both sexes frequent those places of public resort, which, in our country, are visited only by men. This, which at first seems repugnant to our notions of propriety, is in fact a redeeming feature among a people that naturally desire a pleasanter mode of spending the evening than in their own confined dwellings. How much better that the father of a family should share his bottle of beer at a *café* with his wife and children, than that he should leave them at home, while he spends his evenings at a grog-shop or gaming-house.

It is characteristic, too, of most of the continental nations, that they know how to enjoy in moderation and quiet; there is no rude, boisterous, "uproarious" jollity in their places of public resort; so that the most rigid moralist could hardly find fault with customs among them, which, with

us, would assuredly degenerate to excess of riot. The cities and towns, and even the villages, of the Old World, are not, like ours, collections of edifices, allowing space for gardens, and for shade-trees in the streets; they are generally, especially the walled towns, a mass of stone, brick, and mortar, intersected only by narrow, paved, and often filthy streets. But they have their beautiful Parks and their shady walks without the fortifications; and these, at evening, with their numerous *cafés* and beer-shops, are the favorite and constant resort of the mass of the population during the warm season, who otherwise would have very little opportunity to get a breath of fresh air. The beer drunk on the Continent is a much weaker beverage than English ale; the wine is a very different thing from the fiery compounds we drink under the names of Madeira and Sherry; nor do I remember a single instance of intoxication at any public place which I visited.

CHAPTER XIX.

BELGIUM.—Ride through the Forest of Soignies.—The Field of Waterloo.—Antwerp by Moonlight.—Spire of its Cathedral.

AT an early hour I set off for the field of Waterloo, distant about ten miles from Brussels. It was a delightful summer's morning, and my solitary ride gave me just that opportunity for undisturbed musing, which best prepares the mind to feel the full inspiration of such scenes. Two miles from Brussels, the road enters the Forest of Soignies, which Byron, with something of poetic license, has identified with the ancient Forest of Ardennes, of which it may be deemed a remnant, and the very name of which, associated with Shakspeare's "As you like it," awakens a host of poetical associations. Southey has very accurately described the appearance of the wood.

"No cheerful woodland this of antique trees,
With thickets varied and with sunny glade ;
Look where he will, the weary traveller sees
One gloomy, thick, impenetrable shade,
Of tall straight trunks, which move before his sight,
With interchange of lines of long green light."

But one more favored of the Muse than Southey, has described the march of the British army through this Forest to that battle-field, from which so many thousands were destined never to return. I despair of communicating to the reader the feeling with which, passing over the same ground by which they advanced from Brussels, I looked on the sombre shades of the forest, its foliage glistening

with the morning dew, and recalled those mournfully magnificent lines :

“ And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature’s tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e’er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.”

The Forest of Soignies is about nine miles long, and seven and a half broad, with a perfectly straight road running through it. Emerging from its dense shades, I entered the village of Waterloo, once an obscure hamlet, now famous through the world. Just beyond it is the village of *Mont St. Jean*, which extends nearly to the verge of the battle-field. Here I left my carriage, and was immediately beset by some half-dozen guides, the great pest of the vicinity.

Ascending a gentle elevation, I passed the large farmhouse called *Ferme de Mont St. Jean*, which was filled with wounded during the battle, and soon found myself on the ridge of an eminence extending on the right and left of the road, having a valley in front, and beyond it a gradual ascent. Along this ridge the British army was stationed, while the opposite eminence was occupied by the French. The high road on which I was travelling passed through the two armies, separating the left wing of the British and the right wing of the French from the main bodies of their respective armies. Near the brow of the eminence it is crossed at right angles by another road, which extends along the elevated ground nearly in the direction in which

the main body of the British army was posted. At the angle formed by the crossing of the two roads, the Duke of Wellington took his position for a time, near the commencement of the battle. Passing this spot, I advanced on the main road to where, about half way down to the valley which separated the two armies, stands the Farm of *La Haye Sainte*, on the right of the road. This was the scene of dreadful carnage, and near it a place is pointed out where men and horses were buried in one vast grave. It was here that Marshal Ney led on his force to the charge. Four Scotch regiments were engaged in this neighborhood, to whose valor Southey alludes :

“ La Haye, bear witness ! sacred its height,
And sacred is it truly from that day ;
For never braver blood was spent in fight,
Than Briton here hath mingled with the clay.
Set where thou wilt thy foot, thou scarce can’st tread
Here on a spot unhallowed by the dead.
Here was it that the Highlanders withstood
The tide of hostile power, received its weight
With resolute strength, and stemmed and turned the flood ;
And fitly here, as in that Grecian strait,
The funeral stone might say—‘ Go, traveller, tell
Scotland, that in our duty here we fell.’ ”

Beyond the valley, on the opposite eminence, the white walls of the farm-house called *La Belle Alliance*, are conspicuous, to the left of the road. It is now a public house. The French lines were just in the rear of it, and in front of it Napoleon in person marshalled his Imperial Guard, his last hope, for the final onset. The spot which he occupied during the greater part of the day, was designated by my guide.

I now retraced my steps to the angle of the roads, where the Duke of Wellington had his first position, and taking

the small country road, which extends along the ridge occupied by the British, proceeded to the *Mound*, two hundred feet high, which marks the chief scene of battle, and beneath which the bones of friends and foes are heaped together without distinction. On this ridge, in front and on each side of the Mound, the British army, formed in squares, received without swerving from their position, the furious attacks of the French cavalry, from the commencement of the battle to the time when the Prussians made their appearance at the verge of the distant woods on the left. The aspect of this part of the field is somewhat altered by the excavations, which were made to the depth of two or three feet along the ridge, for the purpose of obtaining earth for the Mound. The *Belgic Lion*, on the top of the Mound has been justly censured as out of place—for what share has Belgium in the renown of Waterloo?

By the flight of steps, I ascended the Mound, and thence had a perfect view of the whole field of battle. When I had verified the description of my guide by comparing it with my plan of the field, and had extracted from him all the information that he could give, I dismissed him with his fee; and as I greatly preferred to be left alone to contemplate the scene, and he desiring “plenty English” advancing to the field, promised himself an accession of revenue from their purses, we parted to mutual satisfaction.

The field of Waterloo seems well selected as the scene of the most memorable conflict of modern times. The almost total absence of trees and enclosures, and the surface of the ground, diversified only by gentle elevations, render the place most favorable to the evolutions of cavalry and infantry, and apparently the fittest spot that could be chosen, to decide (if they must be thus decided) the destinies of mighty nations. From the summit of the Mound

there is an open prospect for miles. As I looked on the extended landscape, smiling beneath the summer sun, imagination recalled the scenes of June 18th, 1815. I have spoken of La Haye Sainte, as lying in front of the left wing of the British army; the still more celebrated *Chateau of Hougoumont* occupied a corresponding position to their right. The French could not advance on the English between these, without exposing themselves to a galling fire on the flank, nor was it safe for Napoleon to leave two such posts occupied by his enemy in the rear; hence these two positions, but particularly the latter, became the centres of the most terrible carnage of that bloody day. Hougoumont is perhaps the most interesting spot on the battlefield, retaining, as it does, the marks of the terrible conflict. The old house remains, somewhat shattered; the little chapel bears the marks of the rough treatment to which it was subjected; and the thick walls of the orchard, so famous in the history of that day, still show the loopholes formed by the English, and, externally, exhibit a surface worn and crumbling from the effect of the French musketry.

I spent several hours on the field of Waterloo, endeavouring to imprint enduringly on my memory every feature of the scene. When one is actually on the spot, it is impossible not to feel moved, whether the mind be occupied by the terrible carnage of that memorable day, or by the mighty destinies that it decided. From the contemplation of these, my thoughts turned to the principal *actors* in that tragic drama.

The Duke of Wellington I had seen a few weeks before, full of years and honors. How different were the fortunes of his mighty antagonist! An exile on a solitary rock,

lashed by the waves of the ocean—himself the doomed prey of fury passions, those “vultures of the mind”—

“He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.”

Even on the field of Waterloo, where thousands upon thousands died—where, for years after the battle, the darker color of the grain marked the scenes of deadliest slaughter, and where horror still “breathes from the silent ground,” I found myself less affected by the vast aggregate of human misery and death, which the objects around me suggested, than by imagining what must have passed in the soul of that iron-hearted man, to whose ambition such bloody sacrifices had been offered up, when he saw his last hope extinguished—when he left that battle-field a fugitive, from which he had so confidently expected to return in triumph.

The fortunes of an individual are ever more interesting than those of a multitude; in the one case, imagination is stimulated; in the other, it is perplexed and overpowered. Nor do gigantic crimes destroy this interest; by a strange perversity, perhaps, of moral feeling, they often aggrandize it. In *Paradise Lost*, Satan, despite his fiend-like malice, and his fall from heaven, is yet an object of contemplation at the farthest possible remove from want of dignity or interest.

“His form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured.”

It may be on the same principle, that, on the field of Waterloo, the mind is more occupied with the fate of Na-

poleon, than with that of the multitudes that there fell victims to his cruel and remorseless ambition.

I left Brussels about sunset by the railway, and in an hour and a quarter was at Antwerp. The bright moonlight lent an added charm to the architecture of this ancient and exceedingly interesting city. As soon as I had secured a pleasant room at the *Hotel du Grand Laboureur*, I set off on a stroll through the streets. The tall spire of the Cathedral attracted my first attention. It is one of the loftiest in the world, being more than four hundred feet high; but still more remarkable than its height is the exquisite delicacy of its workmanship, which was scarcely exaggerated by Napoleon, when he compared it to Mechlin lace. The Emperor Charles V. said that it deserved to be kept in a case. To one whose observation of architecture has been confined to the edifices of the New World, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of such an object. Though apparently constructed wholly of stone, it consists, in fact, of a framework of iron bars, on which pieces of stone are strung like beads, and held together by copper bolts, the interstices being filled up with plaster or lead. Thus, instead of being a solid, heavy mass, seeming to cumber the ground, it tapers upward to the sky, an airy and graceful fabric, its Gothic open-work so minutely and exquisitely carved as indeed to resemble lace. As I walked back and forth on the bank of the river, near which it stands, the moon, just sinking behind the tall spire, gave the fullest effect to its beautiful proportions and delicate tracery, and rendered it a most gorgeous and imposing object—far more so than any structure of the kind that I had ever seen.

Although I had walked extensively that morning on the field of Waterloo, there was yet novelty and excitement

enough in the moonlight view of Antwerp, to keep me from my bed till a late hour. Sound sleep followed. I rose next morning in high spirits, prepared for a trip to Holland, and soon after breakfast went on board a steamer just departing for Rotterdam. In a few minutes we were moving down the Scheldt, and I had ample leisure to gaze on the beautiful spire which had so charmed my eye the evening previous. It stood up gracefully against the blue sky, proudly eminent above all the surrounding edifices, and remained in view, a solitary landmark, long after every other sign of the populous city had disappeared.

CHAPTER XX.

HOLLAND.—Steamer to Rotterdam.—Bergen-op-Zoom.—Dort.—Quay at Rotterdam.—Delft.—The Hague.—Leyden.

THE Scheldt, just below Antwerp, was the scene of a very remarkable occurrence, during the war which issued in the separation of Belgium from Holland. A Dutch gun-boat, sailing up the river to the citadel, in a heavy gale run aground, close under the guns of Fort St. Laurent, held by the Belgians. Here she lay perfectly helpless; there was no chance of rescue or successful resistance, and a crowd of Belgians were presently on board to take possession of the prize. But her commander, a young officer, named Van Speyk, had vowed never to yield his vessel; he rushed down to the powder magazine, laid a lighted cigar on a barrel of gun-powder, and falling on his knees to implore forgiveness for the crime of self-destruction, calmly awaited the result. In a few moments the explosion took place; and he and all but three of his crew of thirty-one men were blown into the air. Van Speyk was an orphan, and had been educated at the public expense in an orphan-house at Amsterdam. A monument was set up to his memory by the side of that of De Ruiter, and it was decreed that henceforth a vessel in the Dutch navy should always bear his name.

I saw afterwards, in the Royal Cabinet of Curiosities at the Hague, among the treasured relics of Holland's ancient renown, the sword and the portrait of Van Speyk. In that youthful and handsome face, a mild and amiable ex-

pression seemed to predominate; beneath it, I thought I saw (but this perhaps was imagination) some traces of that acute sensibility, and that collectedness of soul, "firm, and unmoved by dread of death, to flight or foul retreat," which alone could have prompted the act that will perpetuate his memory. The self-sacrificing heroism which it displayed, would have ranked high in the annals of Roman or of Spartan virtue; the Christian moralist will contemplate it with mingled and conflicting feelings.

The company on board the steamer was well fitted to produce a favorable impression on a stranger. Instead of that cold reserve and repulsion which so often prevail among English and American fellow-travellers, there was a quiet kindness of manner, in the groups seated around me on the promenade deck, that soon made me feel quite at home, and on the best of terms with men, women, and children, with whom I could not exchange a word. They seemed to sympathize with me in my isolation. One fine little boy, at the suggestion of his mother, offered me some pears—an expression of courtesy and good feeling that really went to my heart. A gentleman at length commenced conversation in French, parts of which he translated into jaw-breaking Dutch, for the benefit of his lady; so that the circle of my intercourse gradually enlarged. Wishing to identify the forts and villages that we passed, I had recourse to the captain, whose good-humored face invited acquaintance. Our communications were indeed models of the laconic; pointing to the place, I uttered, interrogatively, the name which my guide-book supplied, and then, my conjecture usually proving correct, his "*Ya, Mynheer,*" came out slowly and courteously in reply.

Before noon we reached the border of Holland. Here we lay at anchor half an hour in front of Fort Batz, which

commands the passage, while the Dutch custom-house officers inspected our baggage. After a careful search they saw it stowed away in the hold, which they fastened down and sealed, and then permitted us to pursue our course. We now left the Scheldt, and proceeded northward by a very shallow channel, marked out by a line of posts and branches of trees. We passed in view of *Bergen-op-Zoom*, one of the most strongly fortified places in Holland, and memorable for numerous sieges.

The quiet comfort of the dinner on board this steamer, suggested a comparison, rather mortifying to the patriotic pride of an American, with the turmoil of such occasions on board many of our floating palaces. Here there was no room for the display of that selfishness of human nature, which rarely appears in a more repulsive form than in the scrambling at public tables. In ensuring to all their "equal rights," the stewards showed themselves to be true republicans; and time enough was allowed to all, so that none seemed inclined to "make a toil of a pleasure." So many faces, beaming with good humor and self-satisfaction, were enough to move the heart of a confirmed misanthrope.

We stopped a few minutes at Dort, one of the oldest towns in Holland. Here, in 1572, was held the first assembly of the States of Holland, after their revolt from Spain; and here, in a Gothic building, still standing, but degraded to a public house, the famous Synod of Dort met in 1618, '19. Enormous rafts from the forests of Switzerland are brought down the Rhine, and at Dort are broken up and sold; a single raft has sometimes a crew of four hundred men, and produces more than a hundred thousand dollars.

The scenes now in view were strikingly characteristic of Holland. Far as the eye could reach, were low, level

fields, which apparently a very little rise in the river would inundate; on every side, windmills, brandishing their colossal arms, might well suggest to a Don Quixote the idea that an army of giants were defying him to the encounter; we passed numerous flat-bottomed vessels, with large pieces of wood appended to their sides, resembling a half-spread fan, to answer the purpose of a rudder, which the shallowness of the water in many places would not admit; and at every turn, country seats and pleasure gardens appeared, in true Dutch taste, the buildings often painted a bright red color, with a garden of fragrant flowers on one side, and, on the other, a very *unfragrant* canal. Almost every villa had its name or motto inscribed over the gateway, such as "*Lust en rust*," (Pleasure and ease.)—" *Myn lust en leven*," (my pleasure and life,)—" *Niet zoo kwaalyk*," (Not so bad,)—" *Het vermaak is in't hovenieren*," (There is pleasure in gardening.) Over the gateway of a country-house, where Dort first came in view, I noticed the inscription—" *Dort-sicht*," (in sight of Dort.)

Goldsmith's description of scenes in Holland I had often admired, years before this opportunity was afforded me of appreciating its graphic accuracy and beauty.

"To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall vampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;

The slow canal, and yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign."

Late in the afternoon, Rotterdam came in view, situated on the right bank of the Maas, and built in the form of a triangle, one side parallel to the river. Although twenty-four miles from the sea, the water is deep enough to admit vessels of the largest size close to the houses on the quay. I was heartily glad to have at length reached a city where there were no sights to be seen, save those that meet the eye in the open air—no museums or picture galleries, that I must either explore with fatigue, or leave unvisited with regret, assured of being afterward told that I had missed the finest thing in my route; for that is ever the finest thing in the description of some travellers, which their fellow-tourists have chanced not to see.

What remained of daylight, and some hours afterward of moonlight, I spent in wandering about the city. It has as many canals as streets, most of them supplied with drawbridges, but some so wide as not to admit them, and hence only crossed by ferry-boats. The canals are generally deep enough to admit large vessels. The moonlight view of bridges, canals, streets, trees, and shipping, thus strangely grouped together and intermingled, in the heart of a populous city, was exceedingly picturesque.

Rotterdam derives its name from an enormous dyke or *dam*, running through the centre of the town, erected at the junction of a small stream called the Rotte, with the Maas. The High Street stands on this dam. The Hollanders (not to speak it profanely,) live in a dammed country; they dam every thing; *Amsterdam*, on the

Amstel—*Schiedam*, on the Schie—*Zaandam*, on the Zaan, &c., are compounds, formed on a very simple and obvious principle.

A bronze statue of Erasmus, who was a native of Rotterdam; stands on a wide bridge over one of the canals. The house in which he was born, now used as a *gin shop*, bears a small statue of him, with this inscription: "Hæc est parva domus, magnus quâ natus Erasmus." This great scholar, imitating the learned of his time, merged the roughness of his original name in well-sounding Greek and Latin designations—translating plain *Gerrit Gerritz* into *Desiderius Erasmus*. The only other particularly remarkable object in Rotterdam is the Cathedral, built before the discovery of the New World, and which therefore a New World pilgrim naturally looks on with veneration.

At nine next morning I set off for Amsterdam. The road extended for some distance along the bank of a canal, as is often the case in Holland; it was of course perfectly level, but the well cultivated fields, the deep green of the grass, the neatness of the country-houses, with here and there a distant spire, made up an agreeable landscape. We passed at some distance on the left, Schiedam, surrounded by windmills, and canopied with smoke from its numerous distilleries of gin. We stopped a few minutes at Delft, once famous for its pottery, (Delftware.) Here William I., Prince of Orange, was assassinated, on the 10th of July, 1584. The *New Church* contains his monument; as also the burial vault of the present royal family of Holland. In the *Old Church* is the monument of the great Admiral Tromp, the veteran of thirty-two sea-fights, who vanquished the English fleet under Blake, in the

Downs, 1652, and afterward sailed through the channel with a broom at his mast-head, in token of having swept the sea of the English.

It was important for me to ascertain, before reaching the Hague, the hours when the Picture Gallery there would be accessible—a matter which varies according as the King is present or not—also the distance to which the railway was completed, &c., so as to decide whether to proceed at once to Amsterdam, or remain that day at the Hague. I looked round me in the *diligence* to see what was the prospect of my being understood, should I attempt to make inquiry. Of eleven fellow-passengers, six were ladies; of the gentlemen, three proved themselves to be natives by their continual smoking, and all had a decidedly Dutch look. One, however, had a face, to my thought, more intellectual than the rest, which, with his dress and manner, induced me to think him perhaps a clergyman, or a Professor at Leyden, which place was on our route. At any rate, I determined to put the matter to the proof; so drawing out pencil and paper, I wrote in such Latin as the case admitted, an inquiry about the railroad, which, although a thing unknown and consequently unnamed by the classic Romans, might well enough be designated as *Via Ferri*, (or *ferrea*), in imitation of the French "*Chemin de Fer*." I watched the countenance of the stranger, who sat at some distance from me, as the slip of paper reached him, and was gratified to find that my conjecture was correct, at least as far as a knowledge of the "*communis lingua doctorum*" was concerned. The information which I obtained from him enabled me so to adjust my plans as to get access to the Galleries, both at Amsterdam and the Hague, which otherwise would have been impossible. Let no schoolboy denounce his Latin grammar, as of no pos-

sible *practical* utility. It may yet befriend him where he little expects it. This brief intercourse with my learned friend established a sort of good feeling between us, which was attested by sundry bows and signs, in default of words, when he left the diligence.

How the Dutch, accustomed for ages to their canal boats, could bring themselves to tolerate the introduction of the fiery-footed iron steed, and to be whirled along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, is hard to be conceived. The speed of railway locomotion must have given a ruder shock to their ancient customs, than to those of any other nation, while, on the other hand, the perfectly level surface of their territory renders it peculiarly adapted to railways.

Some miles beyond the Hague, we reached the terminus of the railway from Amsterdam, and, entering the cars, were soon at *Leyden*, so celebrated for its ancient University, which numbers among its distinguished professors and scholars, Grotius, Descartes, Salmasius, Scaliger, and Børhaave. *Arminius*, the expounder of the system of theology that bears his name, was also a professor here. The university is rich in its collections in natural history, and numbers, at the present time, between six and seven hundred students. The country seat of Børhaave is in the neighborhood of *Leyden*, and still bears his name. In the Church of St. Peter is his monument, with this inscription—"Salutifero Børhaavii Genio sacrum."

Leyden is situated on that branch of the Rhine which alone retains its original name as far as the sea. Here it seems like a broad canal, making its way sluggishly to the sea-shore, where, for nearly a thousand years, a vast accumulation of sand, rolled up by a tempest, barred its egress till, in 1809, a canal with enormous sluice-gates was constructed, through which the river, no longer rolled back

and stagnating on the level surface, is discharged into the sea. The most stupendous dykes in Holland are those raised at the entrance of this canal. At ebb tide the gates are opened by machinery, and thus the Rhine, or rather the sluggish branch which here bears its name, makes its exit.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOLLAND.—Approach to Amsterdam.—Stadtholder's Palace.—View from its Tower.—Picture Gallery.—The Hague.—Scheveningen.

ANDREW MARVEL speaks of "Holland that scarce deserves the name of land," whose inhabitants

"To the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground :
Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played ;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what's their *mare liberum*.
A daily deluge over them does boil ;
The earth and water play at level coil.
The fish oft times the burglar dispossess'd,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest."

The author of Hudibras describes Holland as

"A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.
A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard."

To the traveller between Haarlem and Amsterdam these descriptions appear not wholly caricatures. Immediately on leaving the former place, a most singular prospect presents itself. The high road to Amsterdam, straight as an arrow, and, parallel to it, the canal and the railroad, extend as far as the eye can reach, along an elevated causeway on the top of a dyke of prodigious strength, on which the

waters of the Lake of Haarlem press on one side, and those of the river Y, on the other. We seemed to be travelling in the midst of the sea. The approach to Amsterdam resembles that to the city of Mexico, and both capitals gave their common enemy, the Spaniards, some hard lessons in the art of fighting in the water.

The Lake of Haarlem, which previous to the fifteenth century scarcely existed, by successive inundations since that time, has gradually spread itself over what once was cultivated ground, till now it is *eleven leagues* in circumference. Several villages which it has gradually surrounded, and partly submerged, present a very singular, half-drowned appearance. It is now hemmed in by dykes of great strength, and a corps of engineers is stationed here, as in all the more dangerous positions in Holland, to watch the state of the tides, and guard against inundation. The principal outlet of the Lake is through the Katwyk sluices, and on their accurate management depends the safety of a very extensive district. A plan is in operation to drain this lake, which, if successful, will be as signal a triumph of art over nature, as any yet achieved in this remarkable country, whose very existence seems a perpetual defiance of the elements.

Wind and water appear alike hostile to the Dutch, and, acting in concert, would soon work their ruin. The waves, when driven by furious storms, beat against their dykes with a force which nothing but the most massive structures could resist. But the Dutchman has found means to place his two great enemies in antagonism to each other, and thus neutralize their forces. Not only is the wind subservient to his purposes by setting in motion the numerous windmills, which are never absent from a Dutch landscape, and which are applied to almost as great a

variety of uses as a steam engine in other lands, but by the connection of about one half the windmills in the country with *water-wheels*, the water is pumped up from the canals, and the low land is thus kept in a fit state for cultivation. These windmills are of great size; the usual length of a sail is eighty feet, and some are even a hundred and twenty feet in length.

Approaching by a causeway, such as I have described, in the midst of a vast expanse of water, we at length descried Amsterdam, begirt on the land side, if land it can be called, with windmills; each of the twenty-six bastions, once used as fortifications, being now occupied by these long-armed warders, that to a poetic imagination might seem the guardian Genii of the capital of Holland, but whose prosaic office it is, in fact, to grind the flour which the city consumes.

At the *Hotel des Pays-Bas*, considered the best in the city, I paid as generally in this heavily taxed country, higher prices for plain fare, than for luxuries in France and Belgium. Nevertheless, Holland has many claims to the respect and good-will of a tourist, which countries more favored by nature have not. He sees every-where patient industry, and, although the number of poor is great, is not assailed by beggars, nor by the sight of that squalid misery that obtrudes itself on his notice in Belgium and Italy; for the poor receive aid liberally from their countrymen, instead of extorting a support from strangers by clamorous begging. Amsterdam abounds in charitable institutions; and in all the churches in Holland, collections for the poor are made every Sunday.

I had become acquainted in the car, with two Irish gentlemen, and we agreed to take a carriage together, and see as much as possible of the city that afternoon, as our time

was short; but whilst we were at dinner, there suddenly came up a storm of wind, rain, and hail, that effectually disconcerted our plans. The rain came down in a style, that, at home, would have certainly kept me within doors; but I felt that in the capital of Holland I had no time to lose, and accordingly, equipped in a light summer wrapper, which my London tailor had warranted *almost* water proof, I set forth alone, umbrella in hand, on a pedestrian tour, and for four hours walked through the streets and along the canals.

Next morning, I set off at a very early hour to see the city by daylight. It was a bright morning, the sun shining clear after the rain. I went first to the quarter which lies opposite the commencement of the Ship Canal, one of the great works of Holland. It is nearly fifty miles long, and wide enough to permit two frigates to pass. It was finished in 1825, at a cost of between four and five millions of dollars. By enabling ships to avoid the dangerous sandbanks of the Zuyder Zee, it is of the greatest importance to the commercial prospect of Amsterdam.

Among the many curious objects which one meets in this city, is a vehicle called *Sleepkoets*, serving the purpose of a hackney coach, but mounted on a sledge. But few wheeled carriages traverse the streets, over the pavement of which these sledges glide very easily, the driver walking along side, and, in order to diminish the friction, now and then dropping on the pavement in front of the sledge, a little oil from a rag which he carries in his hand. Heavy merchandise is conveyed exclusively on the canals. It is only since the completion of the railway that *omnibuses* have been seen in Amsterdam—a class of vehicles, which, though of so recent introduction, seem already to have found their way to every part of the civilized world, even

the Grecian Athens itself being not unfurnished with these truly democratic conveyances, illustrative of the spirit of the age.

There are two places which the stranger in Amsterdam *must* see, the Stadtholder's Palace, and the Picture Gallery. But, to our chagrin, the *Commissionaire* at the hotel had assured us on our arrival, that no consideration, not even the potent and all-prevalent influence of money, would avail to procure us admission to either, before ten o'clock the next morning; the very hour of the departure of the railway train, by which it was needful for me to leave Amsterdam. It so happened, however, that, on returning from my morning walk, I passed the building in which is the Picture Gallery. Aware that it contained some of the master-pieces of the Dutch school, I was exceedingly unwilling to leave it unvisited. While hesitating whether or not to ring for admission, a young gentleman and lady, both genteelly dressed, came up the steps to enter. I improved the opportunity to state my object in being there at that early hour, and, finding my auditors disposed to listen, enlarged on the necessity which prompted so unseasonable a visit—the probability that I should never see Amsterdam again—the extreme mortification which I should feel at leaving unseen so celebrated paintings—the great obligation that would be conferred on me by a relaxation, in my favor, of the rigid rule as to the hour of admission, &c. &c. All these weighty arguments I urged with as much eloquence as my imperfect French permitted, and, conceiving that it would be an insult to offer money, seconded them by as conciliatory and insinuating a mode of address as my republican education would allow. But all was in vain; the young gentleman listened attentively, and replied very courteously to my suggestions, seeming to feel their force, but always returned

to the same point, viz. that ten o'clock was the hour for admission, and that it was *not possible* to obtain entrance before that time. Still I lingered, and even looked appealingly to the young lady, hoping something from that compassion which belongs pre-eminently to woman; but instead of being moved in my favor, the good looking and well-dressed, but hard-hearted damsel, seemed more impatient than her companion at my pertinacity. Our colloquy had been held on the steps; she now opened the door, entered, and, (as I thought,) by her instigation, forthwith a footman made his appearance, advancing through the long hall to the door with so repulsive and savage an aspect, that I at once turned my back on the inhospitable mansion, wondering what put it into the head of the great traveller Ledyard to pronounce his famous eulogy upon womankind, as, in all lands, compassionate and benevolent.

"*Viam aut inveniam aut faciam*," and "Never say, die," are mottoes not equally dignified, it is true, but both not bad for a tourist. Recollecting that one of the Commissionaires at the hotel had held out some vague hope of entrance being attainable somehow to the Gallery before the usual hour, I promised him a handsome fee if he would get me admission at nine o'clock, assuring him, at the same time, that he would not get a single stiver, unless he succeeded. Meanwhile I went to the palace, formerly the *Stadthuis*; (the *Cerberus* of which had engaged, the afternoon previous, for a *consideration*, to give me admission at eight o'clock.) This remarkable edifice, originally appropriated to the use of the magistracy, and at present occupied by the King of Holland, whenever he visits Amsterdam, is built of stone, resting on no less than 13,695 piles. The whole city, indeed, is built on piles, driven deep through the loose upper sand and bog, into the deep sand beneath. Eras-

mus said that he had come to a city whose inhabitants lived, like crows, on the tops of trees. It is truly astonishing to look on so vast a structure as the *Stadthuis*, and think of the enormous labor necessary to supply even a foundation to it.

The most remarkable object within is the grand hall, the most splendid apartment, perhaps, in Europe, completely lined through its whole extent with *white Italian marble*. But the view from the tower of the building was still more remarkable. Here all Amsterdam was spread out before me; its broad canals and narrow streets; its houses with their projecting gables—many of them, (from the subsidence of their foundations, as some say,) leaning over as if threatening the passer-by; its extended avenues of green trees; its numerous towers and steeples; its crowded shipping, and its watery environs, formed a panorama truly grand, imposing, and unique. Fenelon probably had Amsterdam in view, when describing Tyre in his "*Telema- chus*." The evidences of patient, laborious industry, meet the eye on every side. Amsterdam has a population of more than 200,000, and carries on still an extensive trade with almost all parts of the world.

From the *Stadthuis* I hastened to the hotel, found the Commissionaire waiting for me, and in a few minutes we were on the steps of the house where I had exhausted my rhetoric an hour before in seeking admission. He rung the bell, spoke a word or two in Dutch, (an "Open Sesame,") to the recently so savage porter, who instantly threw the door wide open, and, bowing down to the ground, ushered me into the hall. Just as I entered, casting a triumphant glance on the interior of the forbidden palace, the identical young lady, previously so hard-hearted, chanced to be going up the stairs—our eyes met—a very conscious look told that she recognized me, and a dish in her hand, at the same

time, led me into the secret that said "young lady" was no other than an upper *servant*. This explained all; no lady of gentle blood could have been so inexorable.

I had less than an hour for the paintings, but improved it well. My trusty Commissionaire pointed out the more remarkable ones, and then went to procure a cab, so that I might lose no time in getting to the railway. At ten o'clock I left Amsterdam in high spirits, having, in spite of adverse circumstances, seen all that was most worthy to be seen, and fixed permanently in my mind a vivid picture of one of the most remarkable cities in the world. Had I yielded implicit credence to the statements of our first Commissionaire, I should have left the place, as I suppose my Irish friends did, about as unacquainted with it as we were at our entrance.

I reached the Hague in season for a visit to the very interesting and valuable collections in its Museum, confessedly the richest collection of Dutch paintings in the world. The most remarkable picture is that of a young Bull, by Paul Potter, more like life, certainly, than any painting that I ever saw. It was carried off to Paris by the French, and there ranked *fourth* among the great master-pieces then collected in the Louvre, of which the Transfiguration, by Raphael, was reckoned first, and the Communion of St. Jerome, second; both now in the Vatican. Another remarkable picture is that of an anatomical professor, surrounded by his students, proceeding to dissect a dead body. Repulsive as is the subject, the fidelity of the representation causes it to be regarded as a most wonderful production of art. Here are also two beautiful portraits by Rubens, one of his first wife, the other of his second; various portraits by Van Dyk, &c. &c.

In the lower part of the building is the Royal Cabinet

of Curiosities, containing a very extensive collection of Chinese and Japanese costumes and rare productions, and many historical relics, interesting from their association with the distinguished men of Holland. Here I saw the armor of Admiral de Ruiter, with the medal and chain given him by the States General; the armor of Admiral Tromp, bearing the marks of more than one bullet; the sword and portrait of Van Speyk; and the dress worn by William, Prince of Orange, when he was assassinated at Delft. This last is a plain gray leathern doublet, pierced by balls, and on which the marks of blood are still visible. A wooden ball was shown me, full of nails, each driven in by one of the confederate chiefs that freed Holland from the Spanish yoke. Here, too, I saw a piece of the bed on which Czar Peter of Russia slept, when he lived in a hut at Saardam (Zaandam) in 1696, while learning the art of ship-building. He was seen there, in a common carpenter's dress, hard at work, by the great Duke of Marlborough. The little cabin in which he lived is still preserved at Zaandam. The Queen of Holland bought it, and caused a case to be built over it for its preservation, and her brother, the Emperor Alexander, had a marble tablet placed over the chimney-piece, with an inscription importing that "nothing is too small for a great man."

From the Museum I went to the remains of the Palace of the ancient Counts of Holland, whose hunting-seat, built here in 1250, originated the settlement of the Hague, which takes its name, (in Dutch, *S' Graven Hage*.) the *Counts' Hedge*, from the hedge around their park. In front of the Gothic hall, the only remnant of the ancient Counts' Palace, I saw where the scaffold was erected on which, in 1618, the illustrious Barneveldt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, was beheaded, at the advanced age of

seventy-two, by order of Prince Maurice of Nassau. Not far from this was the place where the De Witts were ferociously murdered by the populace in 1672.

The Hague is rendered beautiful by its extensive avenues of noble trees. There is nothing at all remarkable in its edifices; even the palace of the king is plain and unimposing in its exterior architecture, although decorated within with many exceedingly valuable paintings. William III. of England was born at the Hague.

I met a very genteel company at the *table d'hôte* of the Hotel Bellevue, and after dinner took a delightful ride in an omnibus to *Scheveningen*, a village on the sea-shore, three miles from the Hague. From this place Charles II. embarked for England at the Restoration; and here, too, the Prince of Orange landed in 1813, after the defeat of Bonaparte: Just on the shore is a pavilion of the late Queen of Holland, and near it a new and very extensive Hotel and Bathing Establishment, much resorted to by residents and visitors at the Hague, among whom, during the summer, there are always many persons of distinguished rank. As I walked along on the sea-shore, admiring the view of the sun sinking beneath the waves of the German ocean, a carriage passed me, in which was the wife of Prince Frederick, of Holland, daughter of the late King of Prussia. Instinctively I raised my hat, and in return was honored with a gracious, but dignified bow from the princess, which my republican creed did not prevent my highly appreciating—especially as, being alone, I could take it all to myself, instead of sharing it, like Queen Victoria's in St. James's Park, with one or two hundred competitors.

A custom prevails in Holland and Belgium, which materially affects the comfort of the canine race. It is common to harness dogs to carts, and compel them to draw very

heavy loads. The fishermen of Scheveningen transport their fish to the Hague, three miles distant, in *dog-carts*, and, on the return, the lazy master stretches himself in the cart, and the laborious dog drags home this heavier burden. It is strange that animals so famed for sagacity, have not long since migrated in a body from these inhospitable shores. They ought at least to call a convention, and strike for better terms.

The last omnibus had now left Scheveningen; so I set off on a brisk walk, and reached the Hague just in season for the latest diligence to Rotterdam. Next morning I was on board the steamer for Antwerp, much gratified that a few busy, crowded days, had sufficed to leave on my mind many vivid and enduring impressions of HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XXII.

BELGIUM.—Antwerp. — Celebrated Paintings. — Novel Ceremony. —
Ghent. — Its Antiquities. — Bruges.

ANTWERP, in the sixteenth century, was one of the most prosperous and opulent cities in Europe. Her merchants were princes, and lived in palaces; five thousand of them daily congregated at the Exchange, two thousand five hundred vessels were sometimes seen at one time in the Scheldt, freighted with the products of all parts of the world, and five hundred loaded wagons on an average entered her gates daily from the surrounding country. Her population is now reduced to seventy-eight thousand; her commerce and manufactures are prostrated, and her once crowded streets silent and deserted. The establishment of the Inquisition by the cruel Alva, the siege and capture of the city by the Duke of Parma in 1585, the closing of the Scheldt by the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, and, lastly, the Revolution of 1830, which has turned the tide of commerce to the cities of Holland, mark the successive steps in the downfall of Antwerp.

But there still remain magnificent and enduring memorials of what she was in her palmy state. The imposing architecture which her streets and squares exhibit, and still more the splendid productions of her distinguished artists, preserved in the Academy of Paintings, and in the churches, render this city exceedingly interesting to the tourist. Rubens, Van Dyk, Teniers, Jordaens, and Quentin Matsys, were all natives of Antwerp or its vicinity, and many of

their choicest works, especially the masterpieces of Rubens, the greatest among them, are found here. From my inspection of these pictures I date my first genuine feeling of the power of painting. The most celebrated of all the works of Rubens, is the *Descent from the Cross*, which is preserved in the Cathedral. Of the principal figure, that of the Saviour, Sir Joshua Reynolds says—"I consider it one of the finest figures that ever was invented. The hanging of the head on the shoulder, and the falling of the body on one side, give it such an appearance of the *heaviness of death*, that nothing can exceed it." The crucifixion of Christ between the two thieves, by the same great artist, is in the Academy of Painting. The expression of torture in the countenance and whole body of one of the malefactors, who, in his convulsive agony, has torn one of his feet from the wood to which it was nailed, is really dreadful to look on. Near this is another celebrated work of Rubens, representing the Virgin mourning over the dead body of Christ, which is extended upon a stone table. Mary Magdalene, weeping, has an exquisitely beautiful and touching expression of countenance. I do not know that either of these great masterpieces of Rubens has left a stronger impression on my mind than a *Pieta* by Quentin Matsys, one of the older masters, which hangs just opposite the entrance to the great hall of the Academy. According to the custom of the painters of that age, it represents the body of Christ, emaciated as if starved to death, extended on the knees of the Virgin. It is a picture not easily forgotten.

The tomb of Rubens is in the splendid Church of St. Jacques. The revolutionary French, when, in 1793, they broke open and pillaged every other tomb in this church, spared that of Rubens. Standing on the marble slab in the pavement which marks the place of his interment, you have

in view the altar-piece of the chapel, one of his finest and most pleasing works, a Holy Family, in which he has introduced his own portrait as St. George, those of his two wives as Martha and Mary Magdalene, his father as St. Jerome, his aged grandfather as Time, and his son as an Angel. One of the female heads is said to be that of the famous *Chapeau de Paille*.

In looking at these delineations of some of the most remarkable Scripture scenes by artists of the highest celebrity, I have often asked myself whether the sacred associations with these themes were enhanced or degraded in the execution. A most vivid impression of reality is conveyed by the representation of such events as the crucifixion of our Saviour; there is something, too, of preternatural dignity in the countenance and attitude of the august sufferer; but still the soul desires a triumph of the uncreated over the human nature, it craves a beaming forth of divinity, which is not there—which not the most consummate skill of the artist can express.

“ His meek aspect,
Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
To mortal men.”

Milton's picture to the imagination is finer than any painting can present to the eye.

But even these representations of sacred scenes, admirable in their kind, and perhaps accomplishing all that art can do, are not enough to satisfy the demands of a religious system which seeks to bring every thing home to the senses. Outside of one of the churches of Antwerp is a representation of Calvary—an artificial elevation against the walls of the church, covered with rock work, the ascent lined with statues of patriarchs and prophets, saints and angels. On the summit the Crucifixion is represented; at the foot of the

eminence is a grotto, in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, in which is laid a figure of the Saviour. The flames and agonies of Purgatory are depicted on boards fixed at the entrance of the grotto.

While I was at Antwerp, a public exhibition of the High School, or College, was held in the spacious hall of the Museum, and attracted a numerous crowd of both sexes. As the names of those who had acquitted themselves with honor were called off, each in turn appeared on the stage, and received from the hands of the President, or some other of the dignitaries, a laurel wreath, or a book, or both, accompanied with a few words of approbation, according to the degree of merit. Those to whom were awarded the highest honors, were greeted by the audience with enthusiastic plaudits, in response to which a band of music set up a most deafening clangor. One part of the ceremony would certainly have created quite a sensation in an American audience, although to a Belgian one it seemed altogether appropriate and edifying. Beside the other honors, six or eight of the most distinguished scholars were graced with the additional distinction of a *kiss on each cheek*, most cordially and energetically bestowed by the presiding officer, and invariably proving the signal of rapturous applause from the audience. The interchange of this feminine salutation between individuals of the sterner sex, I afterwards found not at all uncommon on the continent, especially with the Italians; but on this occasion it took me as much by surprise as a similar demonstration would have done on the classic boards of Harvard, Dartmouth, or Yale.

When I had remained long enough in Antwerp to do some little justice to its works of art,—to visit its renowned citadel, famous in recent history for the siege of 1832—to become somewhat familiar with its exceedingly perplexed

streets, its magnificent, but now almost empty docks and basins, (where I saw the steamer *British Queen* lying useless)—and its *Bourse*, (Exchange) once so frequented, now desolate—and finally, when, from the giddy height of the glorious spire of its Cathedral, I had looked abroad upon the wide expanse of level and densely populated country, I left this ancient and interesting city, and proceeded on the railway to Ghent; stopping a few minutes on the way at *Dendermonde*, so often referred to by “my uncle Toby.”

Ghent lies in a valley on the rivers Scheldt and Lys. It has still a population of nearly one hundred thousand, and though very unlike what it was when the Emperor Charles V. (who was born here,) boasted that he could put all Paris into his glove (*gant*), is nevertheless more prosperous than most of the Belgian cities. Its walls are between seven and eight miles in extent. I visited first the *Beffroi*, or Belfry Tower, which has stood nearly seven hundred years. Having thus obtained a general idea of the position, extent, and most remarkable buildings of the city, I next went to the Cathedral, the interior of which is of surpassing richness, the walls lined with black marble, the balustrades composed of white or variegated marble, the gates of the different chapels, of brass, and the statues and paintings exceedingly numerous. The *Hotel de Ville*, is remarkable for having two *façades* in entirely different styles of architecture, the one Moresco-Gothic, dating from 1482, the other of mixed architecture, and more recent date. In this building the Congress of Confederates who met to expel the Spaniards from Belgium, in 1576, signed the treaty known as the *Pacification of Ghent*.

The *Marche au Vendredi*, (a spacious square, named from the day when the market is held in it,) is interesting from the scenes which have taken place in it in past ages.

Here the Counts of Flanders were inaugurated, with a pomp and circumstance unknown to modern times. More than one bloody conflict between opposite factions of the turbulent men of Ghent took place on this spot, and more recently it became, under the ferocious Duke of Alva, the place of execution for the victims of the inquisition. In a street adjoining, I saw an enormous cannon, ten feet in circumference, made of hammered iron, and used by the men of Ghent in the siege of Oudenarde, in 1382.

I saw also a ruined fragment of the Castle of the Counts of Flanders, built by Baldwin *Bras de Fer*, in 868. In this castle Philippa, the Queen of Edward III., gave birth to a son, afterward so well known in history as *John of Gaunt*, (or Ghent.) Edward III. resided here in 1338-9, and was on most intimate terms with the celebrated "Brewer of Ghent," a nobleman so called, from his having enrolled himself, for the sake of popularity, in the corporation of brewers. "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," if at all such as Shakspeare has described him, was a truly noble spirit. It is difficult to describe the feeling with which one looks on structures in the Old World which have stood for centuries, and beneath whose arched gateways have passed the mighty of the earth, whose names still live in the memories of men.

From Ghent I went to *Bruges*, another ancient city, once flourishing and prosperous, now in decay. Here, while Antwerp and Ghent were comparatively little known, the merchants of Venice, Genoa, and Constantinople, exchanged the rich products of Italy and India, for the merchandise of Germany and the Baltic. In the fourteenth century, privileged companies of merchants from no less than seventeen kingdoms, were settled here as agents, and twenty foreign ministers had hotels within the walls. The

ancient Counts of Flanders long resided here, and early in the fifteenth century, when its prosperity and splendor were at their height, it became the residence of the Dukes of Burgundy.

There was little daylight after I reached Bruges, but the moon was shining in a cloudless sky, and alone I traversed for two or three hours its extensive streets, pausing often to admire the unaltered splendor of its churches and other edifices, while, at short intervals, the chimes of the bells, "most musical, most melancholy," were wafted to my ear from the Gothic tower of the building called *Les Halles*. These chimes are considered the finest in Europe. This kind of music was invented in the Low Countries, and the Dutch and Belgians are still exceedingly partial to it. The soft moonlight was even preferable to the glare of day, so perfectly did it harmonize with the silence of the deserted streets, and the imposing grandeur of those ancient edifices, which, on every side told what Bruges once had been.

"Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame!
The season of her splendor is gone by,
Yet every where its monuments remain;
Temples which rear their stately heads on high,
Canals that intersect the fertile plain—
Wide streets, and squares, with many a court and hall
Spacious and undefaced—but ancient all.
When I may read of tilts in days of old,
Of tourneys graced by chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold—
If fancy could portray some stately town,
Which of such pomp fit theatre might be,
Fair Bruges! I shall then remember thee."

CHAPTER XXIII.

BELGIUM.—Liege.—“*Quentin Durward*.”—Begging.—Railway to Verviers.—A Dilemma.—Diligence to Aix la Chapelle.

AFTER several hours on the railway, as we were descending an inclined plane two or three miles long, Liege came in view, most beautifully situated in a rich valley, at the confluence of the rivers Ourthe and Meuse. It has a population of 66,000, and, unlike the other Belgian cities, is prosperous, having flourishing manufactories, particularly of fire-arms.

These and other facts are duly set down in the guide-book, but the romance of “*Quentin Durward*” is what chiefly makes Liege interesting to the tourist. I spent an hour in the inner court of what was once the palace of the Prince Bishop, erected in 1533. The colonnade round it remains entire; its stunted pillars, each carved in a style different from the others, bear some resemblance to the architecture of the Doge’s Palace at Venice. While standing here, I thought of the scene so thrillingly described in the romance, when the princely prelate, with dignity “somewhat between the bearing of a feudal noble and of a Christian martyr,” confronting the ferocious William De la Marck, sinks down murdered without a groan, at the foot of his own Episcopal throne.

The court of the palace is now surrounded by fashionable shops, where I saw a crowd of ladies examining the goods, of which there was quite a showy display. As I was leaving the place, a troop of little girls, all neatly

dressed in white, came round me, the oldest with a cup in her hand, which she held out to me for a donation. Scandalized at such barefaced importunity in one so well dressed, I turned away in disgust, internally denouncing Liege as holding a bad eminence, even in beggarly Belgium. Instead of taking the repulse meekly, the little mendicants absolutely set up a cry against me, as if my refusal was something most unreasonable; and I should to this day have recollected Liege as famous for impudent beggars, had I not ascertained afterwards that it was a Catholic fete-day, and that these donations were solicited for the *Virgin*; so that the youthful solicitors, whom I had taken for common beggars, were in fact only active members of a sort of Juvenile Missionary Society. As it was too late to make the *amende honorable*, I could only moralize on the danger of hasty inferences, and resolve to be more than ever distrustful of appearances—an obligation which, if held sacred by foreign tourists in our land, would have suppressed many piquant anecdotes designed to show up our want of civilization. :

After dinner a two story omnibus drove up, which was speedily filled with passengers, to the number of perhaps forty persons, with their baggage. The directress of the hotel, young, pretty, and well dressed, stood bowing and smiling at the door as we took our departure. The enormous vehicle had horses of commensurate size attached to it, and we went rattling over the pavements of Liege, those of us on the *promenade deck* having a very open prospect into the second story of the houses.

At the depot a vast crowd was assembled. Half the population of Liege seemed to be on the hill-side adjacent, while a respectable portion of the other moiety were securing seats in the cars. This section of the road had been opened but a day or two before; hence the excitement and

the crowd. The distance to Verviers was nineteen miles, and there was a tunnel, on an average, to each mile; the work has been aptly compared to a needle run through a corkscrew. Being the last link in the chain of railway from the sea-coast of Belgium to the Rhine, the government has expended vast sums on a work so important. One minute a high hill, or rather mountain, would be directly before us, the next we would be darkness, and the next in the open valley again, having thus saved many a bend of the serpentine river, (the *Vesdres*) along the green bank of which the road principally lies. The cars were filled to overflowing, ladies, as well as gentlemen, standing after all the seats were filled. In the car that I was in, were ten or twelve of the young men of Liege, all in high spirits—but there was nothing rude or boisterous in their mirth—their demeanor was truly polite, and I could not but acknowledge to myself that a stranger in America, similarly situated, especially if he dealt with the English language, as I did with the French, would probably have had reason to complain of a different style of manners. It almost seems peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race, to have their risibles irresistibly excited by any abuse of their mother tongue; while French, Italians, and others, will hear their language mangled and tortured to any extent, with the most imperturbable gravity and politeness.

English travellers are not generally popular on the continent; the repulsive and supercilious manners of the inferior class, who often affect a lordly style where they are unknown, exactly proportioned to their servility at home, has given the English a bad name, so that the truly well-bred of that nation, of whom it was my happiness to meet many on the continent, have not only a character to support, but one to redeem. I grew rapidly in favor with the young

Liegeois when they found that I was an American. When we reached the depot at Verviers it was quite dark, and every thing was in confusion, the small town being crowded full in consequence of the recent completion of the road. Despairing of getting a tolerable bed, I at first thought of proceeding to Aix la Chapelle, but finding that, in that case, I should have to travel all night, resolved to try what chance remained of lodgings in Verviers, and directed the driver to set me down at the *Hotel de Flandres*, where, to my surprise, as well as gratification, I was immediately shown to an excellent room. Having seen my baggage safely deposited, the next thing was to secure a conveyance onward the next day. At the door of the hotel I met an Englishman who had been detained since noon. He assured me that the town was full of travellers, some of whom had arrived the previous day, and that it was impossible to find out how or when a conveyance onward was to be obtained. Nothing could be gained, he said, by application at the omnibus offices; when the cars arrived, "first come, first served," was the motto. To be detained a day or two on my way to the Rhine, for want of a conveyance for seventeen miles, was "most tolerable, and not to be endured," so I set off on an exploring tour through the town, whose streets were yet gay and lively from the festivities of the day. At length a diligence came lumbering along. I followed it through several streets to the office to which it belonged, and ascertaining that it would leave for Aix in the morning, and that the seats were not yet all taken, entered my name at once on the list of passengers. I handed a five franc piece to the clerk, who pocketed it, and bowed, intimating that the transaction was complete. I called for a ticket; he replied that it was needless—they were not in the habit of giving them. "Give me then a

receipt, that I may have some security." This, after some hesitation, he did, and as I gave it a scrutinizing perusal to see that there was "no mistake," I observed that it was for *quatre*, not *cinq* francs, and pointed out the circumstance to the *honest* clerk, who, after some affectation of having acted inadvertently, restored the surplus franc.

It was now ten o'clock, and as, in following the diligence, I had not noted the direction of the streets, I took a guide to the *Hotel de Flandres*. Arrived there, I could not find the way to my room—the house appeared strange, and the landlord seemed, in the interval of an hour, to have become even more corpulent than before. "Is this the *Hotel de Flandres*?" I asked. The landlord assured me that it was. "Then I have a room engaged here for the night." He knew nothing of it—seemed greatly perplexed—thought it could not be so. Again I asked, "*Hotel de Flandre, est-il?*" "*Oui Monsieur.*" This was puzzling. I had already had proof that cheating was not unknown at Verviers, and felt some little doubt about the safety of my carpet-bag. I went out in front of the house—it was situated just like that at which I had been set down. At length I obtained a solution of the difficulty. This was indeed the *Hotel de Flandres*, but still it was not the hotel to which the omnibus had brought me; the driver had understood me to name the *Hotel de France*, probably from my not giving the *r* its full rolling sound—had taken me to the latter hotel, and there my room was. When this conclusion was at length reached, the landlord of the *Hotel de Flandres* seemed quite relieved—we had a hearty laugh together—and at the *Hotel de France*, I found all right.

Next morning I repaired to the diligence office an hour before the time, determined that neither force nor fraud

should deprive me of my seat. Other travellers soon gathered round, all keeping a watchful eye on the clumsy vehicle, which, as usual, was very slow in getting under way. Just as the horses were put to, there came along a dozen travellers, ladies, as well as gentlemen, just arrived from the railway depot, who, delighted to find so ready a conveyance, at once took possession of the seats without scruple—evidently congratulating themselves on being *just in time*, and seeming to feel as much at home as if they had chartered the concern a week beforehand for their express accommodation. But, alas ! how short-lived is mortal bliss ! When all was ready, the chief clerk made his appearance, and, first requiring the diligence to be cleared of all occupants, proceeded, schedule in hand, to call the names of the happy, the distinguished few, who, by previous enrolment, had obtained a title to the contested seats. These were not slow in depositing themselves in the vehicle ; the unregistered stood by, with faces marvellously increased in longitude ; the postillions cracked their whips, and we who had drawn prizes in the lottery, went on our way rejoicing ; for when do the successful in such cases find, in the petty misfortunes of their fellow travellers, occasion for any other feeling than self-gratulation on their own superior sagacity or good fortune ? The fracture of a leg or an arm will excite sympathy, but let no one hope for commiseration, who simply loses his hat, his dinner, or his seat in the diligence.

This forenoon's ride was exceedingly agreeable ; a fine breeze mitigated the heat, the landscape was varied and beautiful, and the company, (chiefly English,) unusually pleasant. I was particularly interested in conversing with two gentlemen, who were old travellers on the continent. They were inseparable companions, both highly intelligent, but quite at the antipodes of each other in temperament, one

being enthusiastic and excitable, the other, the perfect model of placid self-possession. I met them afterwards at Baden-Baden, and had my first impressions confirmed as to the marked contrast in their characters, by their demeanor as they sat discussing their *petit souper* in the great hall. The dishes were unpalatable ; one stormed at the servants ; the other the very embodiment of calm benevolence, sat, "like patience, smiling at *grief*."

CHAPTER XXIV.

GERMANY.—Aix la Chapelle.—Tomb of Charlemagne.—German beds.—Cologne.—St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins.—Cathedral.—Three Kings of Cologne.—The Rhine.—Drachenfels.—Cæsar's Bridge.—The "blue Moselle."

AIX LA CHAPELLE was known to the Romans, who found its warm springs a great attraction. It owes its eminence, however, chiefly to Charlemagne, who made it the second city in his dominions, and the place of the coronation of the German emperors. Here he died and was buried, A. D. 814. Within the Cathedral, beneath the centre of the dome, a marble slab marks the spot where once rested the mortal remains of this mighty monarch. It bears the simple inscription, "CAROLO MAGNO." By command of the Emperor Otho, the tomb was opened, A. D. 997. According to the chronicle, he found the body of Charlemagne not extended in his coffin, after the usual fashion of the dead, but "seated on his throne, as one alive, clothed in the imperial robes, bearing the sceptre in his hand, and on his knees a copy of the gospels. On his fleshless brow was the crown, the imperial mantle covered his shoulders, the sword *Joyeuse* was by his side, and the pilgrim's pouch, which he had borne always while living, was still fastened to his girdle." A bronze statue of Charlemagne, erected probably in the fourteenth century, stands on a fountain in the market-place.

Two hours on the railway brought me soon after dark to Cologne. Here, beneath the bright starlight, I first saw

“the rolling Rhine” in its glory. Unlike the stagnant canal near Leyden, which is dignified with its name, it here sweeps by, a broad, majestic, rapid stream, crossed by a bridge of boats, the only bridge which its impetuous torrent admits. Here, too—to descend from the sentimental associations which a first sight of the Rhine may be supposed to inspire—I first made unwilling acquaintance with a German *bed*, the peculiarity of which is that, the bedstead being short and narrow, with a very large pillow at the head and board at the foot, the unhappy *incumbent* (doubly miserable if he chance to be tall) is necessarily forced into an attitude more *semicircular* than rectilinear. To enhance his sufferings, he finds, instead of a blanket, a light feather-bed piled above him; with it, he is too hot, and without it, too cold; he wakes shivering in the night, sure to find it out of reach.

There are here twenty-four manufacturers of the celebrated *Eau de Cologne*. No where is it more needed.

“The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?”

As I was leaving my room in the morning, I remarked on the door a printed notice, in German, French and English, the latter version being *verbatim* as follows:

“Grand Hotel Royal.—In the interest of the visitors who will honour my hotel with their presence, i don’t fail to inform them that they have not to give any drinking-money to the people employed in my house, and that also the charge for luggage, &c., is *included* in the account they have to pay, and *there for nobody can request some what to a traveller, by what pretext it would be.*”

Mine host, however, it must be admitted, was not as unfortunate in his English, as one of his brother landlords,

who, wishing to set forth that his house was kept in a style that "left nothing to be desired," emblazoned on his card the following:

"Whoever stops here, *will have nothing to hope for!*"

The Church of *St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins*, is one of the most singular objects to be found anywhere. On entering it, you see, built into the walls and displayed in glass cases about the choir, an immense collection of human skulls and bones, *said* to be the relics of eleven thousand virgins, who accompanied St. Ursula from Britain, and, sternly adhering to their vow of virginity, were slaughtered by the barbarians. According to the legend, the relics of the saint herself rest in a coffin behind the altar, and several skulls, encased in silver, are affirmed to be those of the chief of her train. Some think that the legend of this host of female saints originated in some copyist's mistaking the name of one of St. Ursula's attendants, "Undecimilla," for the Latin numeral, *undecim millia*, (eleven thousand)—a caution to transcribers! However this may be, a vast number of human bones meet the eye on every side, and most ghastly relics they are.

The Church of *St. Maria in Capitolio*, on the site of the Capitol of the Roman city, is at least eight hundred years old. I remarked the very curious ancient doors at the north entrance, carved with Scriptural subjects. In the chapel of the Minorites is the tomb of *Duns Scotus*. The exterior of the "Apostles' Church," as seen from the adjacent square, with its towers and semicircular projections, in the Romanesque style, is beautiful and imposing, resembling the views of Constantinople. In another Church I found a company of near two hundred girls and as many boys, kneeling in front of the altar, repeating their prayers. It was a very pretty sight. The girls were all dressed in

20*

white, their hair very neatly done up with ribbons, and their appearance altogether pleasing. When, in the closing hymn, their voices mingled with the roll of the great organ, the effect was fine. This unexpected scene was more attractive to me than all the fine architecture. It was particularly refreshing in contrast with the hideous relics of St. Ursula's virgins.

Reluctantly leaving the pleasant sight of this youthful assemblage, offering up to God their early devotions, I repaired last of all to the far-famed *Cathedral*—which, if completed, will be the St. Peter's of Gothic architecture. It is, and has been for ages, in a state between a fragment and a ruin. A grand effort is now in progress to complete the structure, and vast sums have been collected for the purpose. The part which is finished satisfies every wish, its pillars, arches, stained glass, gilding, &c., rendering it exceedingly magnificent. Completed according to the original plan, the length of the church would be five hundred and eleven feet, and the height of the two towers, the same. The choir is the only part yet finished. Behind the high altar is the celebrated shrine of the "Three Kings of Cologne"—the Magi who came from the East to pay their homage to the infant Saviour! Their bones are deposited in a most sumptuous case or coffin, and their skulls, inscribed with their names in rubies, and crowned with diadems, are seen through an opening in the shrine. The treasures in this tomb are said by its guardians to be worth a million of dollars—a statement probably a *little* more authentic than the legend of St. Ursula, and of the Three Kings of Cologne.

From the Cathedral I hastened to the steamer, and soon we were ascending the rapid Rhine. For twenty miles above Cologne, the banks of the river are flat and uninteresting; but after passing Bonn, the prospect of mountains and

castellated ruins begins. Here the Seven Mountains come into view, the loftiest and most picturesque of which is *Drachenfels*.

“The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o’er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom’d trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine.”

It was a clear, bright summer’s day ; I soon formed an acquaintance with several agreeable fellow-tourists, and scarcely any thing seemed wanting to the fullest appreciation of scenes, rich in natural grandeur and beauty, and deriving a still deeper enchantment from their historical and poetical associations. The Rhine is often named in connection with the Hudson, and some say that the scenery of the latter is fully equal to that of the German river. However this may be, a passage between New York and Albany is not quite the same thing as going up the Rhine. Even the coldest and most unimaginative traveller, as his eye glances from the rapid current to the varied magnificence of its borders—the wide-spread fertile plains—the vineyards, here gently sloping, there clinging to the almost precipitous rock—the ancient towns, with their massive walls and white watch-towers—and, chiefly, the ruined castles, at every turn crowning the picturesque mountains between which the glorious river is often compressed, connected, as they are, with the richest romance of history and legend—can hardly fail to sympathise with the heart-felt love, the almost veneration, with which the Germans regard what they poetically call *Father*, or *King Rhine*. How they mourned his temporary alienation from their national domain, how they rejoiced in his restoration, is beautifully set forth in the

following verses, (sent me in manuscript,) translated from the original German by a gifted youth of that nation, who died not long since in New Orleans. They seem to me to breathe the very spirit of German love and homage to *Father Rhine*:—

“ Oh! sweet flows thy current by town and by tower,
The green sunny vale and the dark linden bower;
Thy waves, as they dimple, smile back on the plain,
And Rhine! ancient river! is German again.

The roses are sweeter, the air is more free,
More blithe is the song of the bird on the tree;
The yoke of the mighty is broken in twain,
And Rhine! dearest river! thou’rt German again.

The land is at peace, and breaks forth into song—
The hills in their echoes, the cadence prolong,—
The sons of the forest take up the glad strain,
Our Rhine! our own river! is German again.

Thy daughters, sweet river, thy daughters so fair,
With their eyes of deep azure and soft sunny hair,
Repeat, mid their dances at eve on the plain,
Our Rhine! our own river! is German again.”

When the German army of Liberators, returned home victorious, at first sight of the glorious river, so identified with their country’s history, they burst forth in a spontaneous and exulting cry, “*Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*” The enthusiasm was indescribable. As each band successively reached the heights that looked down on its waters, they renewed the song—so that rocks and mountains and the ruined walls of the neighboring castle of Gutenfels, were echoing the national chaunt for two entire days, during which the army was crossing.

Late in the afternoon we reached the place where Julius Cæsar, with his army, crossed the Rhine, nearly nineteen hundred years ago. What a scene for contemplation! Was

it possible that he, pronounced by competent judges the most accomplished man of whom profane history contains any record, had been on that spot? Had his eye looked on the landscape on which mine was then resting? The gray and venerable ruins which I had been gazing on with mingled awe and delight—what were they but things of yesterday, when compared with the dim and misty antiquity which shed its halo round the locality of Cæsar's bridge?

Certain schoolboy recollections imparted a somewhat less sentimental tinge to my musings. That celebrated bridge, which has proved to so many a *pons asinorum*, could scarcely have been a greater labor to the Romans in *constructing*, than, as I well remember, it was to me and my juvenile compeers of the grammar school in *construing*. Strange, indeed, would it have seemed to us, when grappling, at the tender age of nine years, with the structure which the strong-armed Romans threw across the rapid river, had it been told to us that one of our number would visit the spot. Scarcely less strange did it seem to me, when amid the glories of the Rhine, the scenes and associations of childhood rose up before me, after so long an interval, in all their vividness, the lights and shadows of that early period fresh as of yesterday.

The setting sun was shining on the magnificent fortress of *Ehrenbreitstein*, the Gibraltar of the Rhine, when our steamer stopped for the night at *Coblentz*, on the opposite bank, situated at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle. Just as daylight was fading away, I passed through the arched gateway of the strongly fortified town, crossed a long bridge, and walked perhaps two miles—

“ In the starry light of a summer's night,
On the banks of the blue Moselle”—

thinking of those whose voices in past years had made the

words of the song familiar. A solitary evening walk, after many hours spent in the company of fellow tourists, is exceedingly refreshing to the spirit; but if it be amid scenes that poetry and romance have rendered dear to youthful fancy, a delicious indescribable charm is superadded.

On the way back, my attention was attracted by a bright light streaming from a grove at some distance in a field. Approaching, I found that it proceeded from a little chapel, crowded with worshippers, chiefly of the humbler class. Not a fourth part of the number assembled could get access to the interior; the rest stood uncovered, in the open air, for a long distance down the avenue in front, all joining in the singing, and by their devout and reverential demeanor affording a model well worthy the imitation of many a religious assemblage, of much higher pretension as respects education and refinement. I could hardly tell which was the more striking—the music of the early morning choir of children, echoed from the Gothic arches of the gorgeous church at Cologne—or the evening hymn of the simple-hearted worshippers, beneath the starry sky, “on the banks of the blue Moselle.”

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RHINE.—Coblentz.—Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.—Glories of the Rhine.

GERMAN scenery, by attraction, and German beds, by repulsion, are enough to transform the veriest sluggard into an early riser. I breakfasted by candle-light, and walked out in season to read, at earliest dawn, two inscriptions on a fountain in the public square of Coblentz. The *first* was designed by the then French Prefect of the Department, to commemorate the invasion of Russia by the French under Napoleon, in 1812. Not many months afterward, the victorious Russians arrived here on their way to Paris, in pursuit of the French, and their commander, instead of erasing the offensive inscription, made the following sarcastic addition to it, which still remains: "Vu et approuvé par nous, Commandant Russe, de la ville de Coblenz, Janvier 1er, 1814."

The very ancient Church of St. Castor, distinguished by its four towers, stands close to the angle formed by the meeting of the two rivers, (Rhine and Moselle.) It was founded in 836, and within its walls the grandsons of Charlemagne met in 843, to divide his vast empire into Germany, France, and Italy.

Crossing the bridge of boats to the east bank of the Rhine, I ascended by a zigzag road the mountain height on which stands the celebrated fortress of EHRENBREITSTEIN, (Honor's Broad Stone.) Steep, rocky slopes, on three sides, render it almost inaccessible to assailants; on the fourth, three lines

of defence present successive obstacles to an advancing army. It is defended by four hundred pieces of cannon, is capable of holding a garrison of fourteen thousand men, and has magazines sufficient to contain provisions for eight thousand men, for a period of ten years.

From the summit of the fortress the view was most glorious. The wide-spread, richly cultivated vallies—the frowning, fortress-crowned mountains, with vineyards garlanding their sides—immediately below, the bridge of boats, and the town of Coblentz, with its ancient church, conspicuous by its four towers—the blue Moselle flowing into the more turbid and impetuous Rhine—made up a prospect which, beneath a clear sky, and in the solitude of early morning, filled me with exquisite delight. I look back to that scene as one of the choicest of my tour.

At nine o'clock I was on board the steamer. An English party that I had been in company with the previous day, had found the morning only long enough for breakfast and the necessary preparations for departure, and of course had not visited Ehrenbreitstein. The day before, they had not had time to see any thing in Cologne. It would seem that the race of travellers who go abroad, to say that they have travelled, has not yet died out.

This day we spent amid the glories of the Rhine. Immediately above Coblentz the mountains close in on the river, and ruined castles, sometimes crowning their summits—sometimes clinging, as it were, to their precipitous sides, present a succession of most picturesque and romantic views. One can here appreciate the truth, that

“Time

Has moulded into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible.”

These dismantled fortresses, whose mouldering ruins possess such attraction for the sentimental traveller, were once the strongholds of feudal chiefs, who exercised their power with very little regard to the nice distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*—as Wordsworth sings at Rob Roy's grave—

“For why ? Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them: the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

The Fortress of Rheinfels, the most extensive ruin on the Rhine, stands in the midst of some of the sublimest scenery of the river, with the town of St. Goar just beneath it. This castle was built near the middle of the thirteenth century, by a certain count, whose exactions led at length to that confederation of German cities, whose numerous armies reduced and dismantled nearly all the *robber-castles*, (as the Germans call them,) on the Rhine. The knightly freebooters, who so long exulted in the possession of these almost inaccessible fastnesses, seem to have exactly realized the poetic description of the Cretan warrior—

“My sword, my spear, my shaggy shield,
With these I till—with these I sow ;
With these I reap my harvest field,
The only wealth the gods bestow ;
With these I plant the purple vine—
With these I press the luscious wine.

My sword, my spear, my shaggy shield,
They make me lord of all below,
For he who dreads the lance to wield,
Before my shaggy shield must bow ;
His lands, his vineyards, must resign—
And all that cowards have is mine.”

An anecdote of an ancient archbishop of Cologne illus-

trates the system adopted by the occupants of the now ruined fortresses on the Rhine. This dignitary, having appointed a seneschal to the command of one of his castles, but without assigning him any revenue, the latter applied to him to know how he was to maintain himself, to which the prelate only replied by significantly reminding him that his castle stood close to the junction of four roads. "Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, was their gain."

Yet if we may trust, as in any degree true to nature, that noble delineation which Goethe has given of "Goetz of Berlichingen, with the Iron Hand," there were not wanting generous spirits who once looked down from these time-worn battlements on the "exulting and abounding river," which still foams and flows, uncenscious of the "thousand battles that have assailed its banks," untouched by that law of change and decay which has effaced all earthly vestige of so many generations that have looked in turn on its rippling waters.

"On the banks of the majestic Rhine,
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties—streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chieffless castles, breathing stern farewells
From gray, but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles passed below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

We passed in view of the Castle of Marksburg, which alone, of all the Rhenish fortresses, remains unaltered, as it

was in the middle ages—the ancient walled town of Boppard, some of whose battlements stand on Roman foundations—the rival castles of the Cât and the Mouse, (of which, however, the Mouse was the strongest)—and the castle of Schonberg, (Beautiful Hill,) which takes its name, according to the legend, from seven beautiful daughters of the house, whose charms held captive crowds of young knights, but who were cruel enough to repel all advances, and were consequently changed into *seven rocks*, which, when the river is low, are seen to this day, projecting out of its bed—a dreadful warning to all coquettes! Above Bacharach—an ancient walled town, defended by twelve towers,—the ruined castles are exceedingly numerous, meeting the eye at every turn of the river.

At four, P. M. we reached Bingen, situated just on the verge of the mountainous region of the Rhine. A solitary walk to the White Chapel of St. Roch, on the top of the high hill above Bingen, was rewarded by a most extensive and magnificent prospect, taking in toward the south the broad valley of the Rhine, and to the north affording glimpses of the grandeur and wildness of the mountain gorge below. The valley, perfectly level, extends along the river two or three miles, and back from it perhaps eight or nine; not a fence is to be seen; the deep green of the vineyards, alternating with squares of yellow grain, the flourishing orchards scattered here and there, the winding road, bordered with trees, the river, expanding here to its greatest breadth, (about two thousand feet,) and studded with islands, present a scene of uncommon beauty. The 16th of August is St. Roch's day, and then thousands of pilgrims assemble at this place to offer their devotions. Wisely does the Roman Church select such spots as the scene of her devotions; for who, with such a landscape before him, can be wholly insensible to religious influences?

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RHINE.—Chateau of Johannisberg.—Spicy Tea.—Duke of Nassau's Palace.—Forrest of the Niederwald.—Good Friends.—Virgil's Boat-race eclipsed.—Wiesbaden.—German manners.

AT five A. M., I went on board a small steamer, and proceeded up the river towards Mayence. The scenery was quite unlike that below Bingen, the hills receding, and broad valleys or gentle slopes extending on each bank, green with the vine, or yellow with golden grain. For many miles, the white-walled *Chateau of Johannisberg*, on an elevation at a considerable distance from the river, was a conspicuous object. It is surrounded by vineyards, which produce the celebrated wine to which it gives name. The Chateau and vineyard, after often changing hands, are now the property of Prince Metternich, presented him in 1816, by the Emperor of Austria. The vineyard covers sixty-two acres, and so precious are the grapes, that those that fall from the vines are carefully picked up. Farther up, on the right, is seen Ingelheim, at some distance from the river, once a favorite residence of Charlemagne, now a poor village; and just opposite it are several low islands in the middle of the Rhine, to which that monarch used to resort on fishing excursions.

These objects, though interesting, were not enough so to make me forgetful of breakfast. I asked if there was any tea on board. "O yes, they had tea," and presently a very diminutive teapot was placed before me, with the usual accompaniments. Though no connoisseur in the article, I

thought it rather the oddest tea I had ever drank, and, having endeavoured unsuccessfully to neutralize its taste with a double allowance of cream and sugar, I inspected the contents of the teapot, after the liquid was poured out, and found them to be three or four broad leaves of some unknown herb, with a small sprinkling of *spice*. The recollection of this beverage led me to take the advice of my guide-book, and purchase a small quantity of genuine tea at Geneva, before going into Italy.

At Biberich, I visited the palace of the Duke of Nassau, which stands just on the bank of the river, commanding an extensive and lovely prospect. The interior was splendid, as palaces usually are, and ornamented with numerous curious works of art, among which were several presents from the Emperor of Russia, with whom the Duke of Nassau seems to be a great favorite. The gardens in the rear of the palace are beautifully laid out, and are open to the public. Here I walked awhile, and then, feeling that I could not tear myself away so soon from scenes that I might never revisit, resolved to go down the Rhine and spend one more day among its highlands; so, leaving my carpet-bag at the inn, I went on board the first descending steamer. Having now the rapid current in our favor, we soon repassed the distance so slowly gained in the ascent, and at noon I left the boat at Rudesheim. Immediately on landing I was beset with offers of donkies for the ascent of the *Neiderwald*, the forest-crowned mountain above the town, but seeing the path plain before me through the vineyards, I set off on foot at a rapid pace. In forty minutes I reached the summit, and looked down on one of the loveliest landscapes in the world. The extensive view up the Rhine, of vineyards and fields of grain, stretching away on either shore from the broad majestic river to the distant hills, and glowing in all

the richness of summer beauty, was truly enehanting. I sat down in a little circular building supported by pillars, designed as a rustic temple, from which the view was unobstructed, and gazed on the glorious landscape. How vividly does it even now picture itself to the mental eye !

Advancing into the forest that covers the Niederwald, I found the dense shade of its beech and oak trees delightfully cool and refreshing after my sunny walk, and strolled along its numerous avenues, till at length, emerging from the deep shade, I found myself on the verge of a precipice, with the rolling Rhine, here compressed within mountain walls, far, far below me, a steamer, then passing up, appearing in the distance like a small boat. Half-way down, the ruined castle of Ehrenfels seemed hanging from the precipice. A little further on was the Magic Cave, constructed on a projection of the rock, where, within the compass of a few feet, three strikingly different views of the Rhine disclose themselves. One takes in the broad and smiling valleys to the south ; another the mountain gorge to the north ; and the third gives a glimpse of the impetuous current and turbid eddies just below.

From the Magic Cave I found my way with some difficulty through the forest, to the hunting seat of the Count to whom the Niederwald belongs, where bread and a small bottle of Rhine wine, mixed with cool seltzer water, supplied the place of dinner. Returning through the forest, I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting with an English family that I had first travelled in company with in Belgium. They belonged to the Society of Friends, and combined the characteristic simplicity of that sect with agreeable manners and cultivated minds. The family consisted of the father, mother, one son, and three daughters. This casual meeting in the forest of the Niederwald, made us in a few minutes much

better acquainted than two days' travelling in company had done, amid the crowd and hurry of railways and steamboats. We walked through the wood to the rustic temple on its verge, where some peasant girls awaited us with baskets of delicious fruit. Here we parted, with no expectation of ever meeting again; as their way back from the Niederwald lay in a different direction from mine, and it was not their intention to proceed further up the Rhine.

I now hastened down the mountain side, by the same path through the vineyards by which I had ascended, congratulating myself on being in ample time for the afternoon boat. But lo! before I had got half way down the mountain, a turn in the path revealed to me the steamer, already nearly opposite the place where I stood, slowly making her way against the current, there unusually strong. It was essential to my plans to spend the next day (Sunday) at Wiesbaden, and every thing depended on my reaching this, the latest steamer. I ran down the mountain in hot haste; arrived at the river bank, I saw the small boat with the passengers, already far out on the way to meet the steamer, which was now advancing up the middle of the channel; "a boat! a boat! my kingdom for a boat!" was the sentiment which words and signs conveyed to half a dozen loiterers; a boat was presently got ready, and every nerve strained to gain the steamer. They plied their oars well, stimulated by the prospect of extra remuneration; still the event was doubtful—the current was strong—the other boat had now reached the steamer, and was rapidly discharging her passengers. I thought of Gyas and Cloanthus in Virgil's boat-race, and of the bullock vowed to Neptune—instead of which I flourished before the eyes of the oarsmen a handful of copper coin.

This last appeal was irresistible—they seemed touched

with kindred enthusiasm—their oars flashed in the sunbeams—the next minute I was hurried on board the steamer, which was instantly in motion. From her deck I could distinguish, on the brow of the Niederwald, the courteous friends from whom I had so lately parted, and who I doubt not, had watched the dubious issue of my adventure with interest only inferior to my own.

Again I found myself in company with agreeable fellow-tourists, that I had travelled with before; we compared notes, and they came to the conclusion that, as the English excel all the continental nations in enterprise, so are they themselves outdone in this respect by their transatlantic kindred.

At evening I reached *Wiesbaden*, the most frequented of all the German watering-places. Having secured lodgings at the “*Englische Hof*,” I went to the *Kur-Saal*, in whose spacious halls the operations of eating, drinking, dancing, and gaming, are carried on by a heterogeneous multitude, on a grand scale. The bill of fare proffered a variety of dishes, among which *bifticks de mouton* were conspicuous. I chose, however a real beef-steak, which was presently served, very delicately cooked. Thinking that, as I had been all day in sight of Prince Metternich’s estate, now was the time, if ever, to get a taste of the real *Johannisberg*, I called for a *demi-bouteille* of that famous wine, which was duly set forth on the *Carte de Vins*. I cannot say that I felt at all confident of getting the genuine article: but when the waiter, placing the bottle before me, volunteered the information that that was “Prince Metternich’s table-wine,” I at once set down his statement as apocryphal. The supposition that he spoke *truth*, would have been contrary to all analogy. The wine was, however, a little better than most of the Rhenish wines—for which I have very little

partiality. Few, probably, taste the real Johannisberg, beside those whom the Prince invites to his table, or to whom he makes it a present.

The English Church at Wiesbaden was well attended on Sunday, the number of visitors of that nation being always large during the fashionable season. The walks beneath the shady trees are delightful. In the rear of the Kur Saal, are extensive grounds, beautifully laid out; in front of it is a large open square, on each side of which long colonnades, filled with shops, extend from the principal building. A sumptuous dinner is served at the Kur Saal at one o'clock, and another at four, to suit the differing tastes and habits of the Germans and the English. German princes are here in great abundance. They mingle freely with all classes, assured that the respect for rank, inherent in their countrymen, will prevent their courtesy and affability from being misinterpreted or abused.

The Germans are justly favorites with travellers. Their simplicity and good faith, their frankness and regard for truth, (I speak now of those who have some standing in society—not of porters, &c., who are the same the world over,) give them an honorable pre-eminence above nations whose superior vivacity and polish would throw this phlegmatic people into the shade, were it not that these homely virtues are specially prized by travellers. One who, in France or Italy, has sometimes felt as if (like the Scotch divine) he might say deliberately what David said in haste, (Psalm 116: 11,) is well pleased with truth-loving Germany, and contracts a real regard for the people—in spite of their everlasting *smoking*. A German's throat is a perpetual smoke-pipe.

In all classes of society titles are numerous, and it is deemed almost an affront, to omit the title in addressing a

person—even though the office designated be a very paltry one. A writer acquainted with their customs, says, (with something, doubtless, of caricature,) that “all over Germany, a wife insists on taking the title of her husband, with a feminine termination. There is Madame general-ess, Madame privy-counsellor-ess, Madame day-book-keeper-ess, and a hundred others.” An introduction must be a formidable thing, when a lady is to be addressed as *Frau Oberconsistorialdirectorin*, (Mrs. Directress of the Upper Consistory Court.)

The Germans of really high rank, however, are by no means so exacting in respect to forms and titles; their dignity sits easily upon them, and like all persons whose position in society is ascertained, they affect no airs of greatness, but are distinguishable rather by simplicity and courtesy of manners. Here, no icy, impenetrable barrier separates, as in England, the aristocracy from the commonalty; but all classes meet together, unrestrained except by that pervading sense of propriety, which secures the noble, on the one hand, from impertinent intrusion, and the artisan, on the other, from supercilious discourtesy.

This feature of German society is exceedingly attractive. Distinction in rank is everywhere highly valued and accurately defined; but it is not asserted in such a way as to give pain to those of humbler birth; these last pay their homage to it from spontaneous impulse, conscious of no self-degradation, and without any disposition to ape the style of those above them, or affect to be what they are not. Is not this system, which freely gives to all their due, a better and truer republicanism, than that which, denying all distinctions of rank, and boasting an equality that never exists in nature, yet places the more and the less favored classes in mutual repulsion and antagonism? Genuine courtesy of manners,

diffused through a nation, holding together its different classes by the common bond of human sympathy and friendliness, exerts a far more potent influence in smoothing the rugged inequalities of life, than any naked assertion of democratic principles, tending to no kindly results in the intercourse of society. The Germans possess not that political freedom which we boast; but they far surpass us in those minor courtesies, which make up so large a part of social enjoyment.

“How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.”

“Manners,” says Burke, “are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but *here* and *there*—*now* and *then*. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

GERMANY.—Wiesbaden Dinners.—Frankfort on the Main.—Imperial Coronations.—Dannecker's Ariadne.—Mayence.—Mannheim.—Heidelberg.—Baden-Baden.—Strasburg.

THE crowded appearance of the Saloon at the Kur Saal made me, for a moment, apprehensive of something like an American "rush," when dinner should be announced; but even at this interesting crisis, German love of order shone conspicuous. A servant pointed out to me a place at table, which a card marked "*Englander*," designated as mine. The numerous guests seemed all to slide into their proper places with equal ease, and the long succession of courses, comprising every delicacy that the veriest epicure could desire, appeared and disappeared, like Goethe's planet, "without haste, without rest," till the great labor was at last ended. Then all adjourned to the open air, and smoking, on the most extensive scale, followed; every chair in the garden behind the Kur Saal being occupied by some well-filled German, puffing away in his cloudy sanctuary, apparently in the seventh heaven of sensitive enjoyment.

As I passed through the gaming hall in the evening, a crowd of gentlemen, and *one lady*, were busy at one of the tables. These gaming establishments are the disgrace and curse of the German watering-places. They are usually licensed by the petty sovereigns of the territory, who derive a considerable revenue from the toleration of the evil, on the pretext that, being heavily taxed, it is thus kept

comparatively within bounds. The Austrian and Russian governments, however, have adopted the more honorable course of prohibiting gaming within their dominions.

A railway, traversed in an hour and a half, extends from Wiesbaden to Frankfurt on the Main. Here I saw the Cathedral, nearly 600 years old, in which the Emperors of Germany were crowned, and, near it, the Town-house, (*Romer*,) where the coronation festivities were celebrated. The latter contains a banquetting room, of a rhomboidal shape, in which the Emperors were feasted, while kings and princes waited on the table.

Goethe was born at Frankfurt, August 29th, 1749. In his autobiography he gives a very spirited description of the pomp and pageantry attending the coronation of the Emperor Joseph. The imperial quarter-master took possession of the town; the sound of trumpets proclaimed the approaching solemnity; next, the ambassadors and electors made their entree; and then came the regalia of Charlemagne, escorted into Frankfurt with great ceremony. When the imperial banquet was held in the great hall of the *Romer*, young Goethe stationed himself on the chief stair-case, along which there passed the "four-and-twenty Counts of Europe, all splendidly attired, bearing the dishes from the kitchen." These illustrious waiters did not, however, perform the entire duty of the tables; and Goethe, by persuading one of the attendants of the Elector Palatine to commit to his charge a silver dish, thus gained admittance to the hall. The Emperor and the King of the Romans sat under a baldachin in their full robes—the crown and sceptre were lying on golden cushions. The three ecclesiastical electors were seated apart from each other—but the seats of the temporal electors were empty; and Goethe says that the greater part of the hall wore "a

spectral appearance, as if the richly decked tables were laid for invisible guests."

The Jews' Quarter comprises a collection of buildings of great antiquity, among which is the house in which the Rothschilds were born, and where the aged mother of the family still lives, preferring the humble dwelling among her people to a palace elsewhere. Till lately, the Hebrews have been an oppressed race in this free city. It is only ten years since the law was repealed which restricted the number of marriages among them to thirteen yearly—a tyrannical policy, apparently borrowed from their old enemy, Pharaoh.

In an edifice near one of the city gates, I saw Dannecker's celebrated statue of *Ariadne*, the pride and boast of Frankfurt—albeit somewhat abhorrent to American ideas of propriety. The figure, (perfectly nude,) seated in an attitude full of buoyancy and grace, seems the very perfection of female beauty—blushing "celestial rosy red"—for the light, admitted through stained glass, imparts to the snow-white marble a rosy flesh color, as if the propitious gods were about to grant the prayer of some enamored Pygmalion, and breathe into the glowing, conscious statue, the breath of life.

Toward evening I left Frankfurt, and was soon once more on the bank of the Rhine, opposite Mayence, to which place I crossed by the bridge of boats. As the river scenery above Mayence is uninteresting, the banks being flat, I determined to avail myself of a steamer which would proceed that night as far as Mannheim. A walk about the streets and to the public gardens outside the fortifications, opposite the junction of the Main and Rhine, and a *petit souper*, filled up two or three hours, and after nine o'clock I went on board the steamer, and proceeded at once to the

cabin to choose a berth. But I had reckoned without my host; no berths were to be found. Each passenger was *accommodated* instead with three or four camp-stools, ranged in line, on which he might extend himself, and, if possible, sleep. I divided the night between my hard couch and the deck, which afforded a promenade beneath a pale moon, and at the earliest dawn landed at Mannheim, where I had barely time for a walk to the Palace, an extensive edifice of red sand-stone—a glimpse of the beautiful gardens in the rear, extending to the Rhine—a glance at the house of Kotzebue, where he was assassinated by a deranged student—and a hurried breakfast—and then proceeded to *Heidelberg*.

In this interesting place I spent half a day, enjoying its unrivalled scenery, and musing on the recollections of the past, among which the fortunes of Martin Luther were specially interesting. The town is situated on a narrow ridge between the river Neckar and the rock on which stands the *Castle*, by far the most interesting object, from the lofty terrace of which spreads forth a most lovely view of the Rhine and Neckar valley. In the cellar of the Castle is the Heidelberg Tun, containing eight hundred hogsheads.

After long gazing on the landscape, which not all the fine scenery I had previously viewed, deprived in the least of its charm, I descended the steep and winding way, and mingled with the crowd in the town below. It chanced to be a political anniversary, and was observed by the worthy citizens of Heidelberg very much as the Fourth of July is among us. A long procession, including the professors and students of the university, the boys in the schools, and "the citizens generally," proceeded under a military escort to the principal square, where a temporary rostrum had been erected beneath an awning. This was in due time occupied

by the orator for the day, who held forth, very unintelligibly to me, but apparently much to the satisfaction of the audience, which they testified by occasional plaudits, much resembling the *grunt* of approbation ("ugh") with which our Indian tribes are accustomed to second the eloquence of their orators. All my respect for German simplicity, and for the historical and literary dignity of Heidelberg, did not prevent my remarking that the procession was a very unimposing one. Certainly I never saw together so many black coats, that seemed made for any body but their owners. The Museum here is enriched with two pairs of Luther's shoes, but as it was not open that day, I lost this opportunity of gauging the *understanding* of the great Reformer.

On the 21st of April, 1518, Luther arrived at Heidelberg, and took up his lodgings in the convent of the Augustines, where he maintained, in a public disputation, certain theses in opposition to the errors of the Church of Rome. An impulse was thus given to the Reformation in this important place, whose university then exerted a powerful influence over the west and south of Germany. Luther was kindly received and entertained by the Count Palatine Wolfgang, Duke of Bavaria, then the possessor of the magnificent Castle, which, now in ruins, is still most attractive from its beautiful situation and richly ornamented architecture.

From Heidelberg I went by railway to Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, a city laid out in the shape of a wheel, the main streets like spokes, all terminating at the Palace. After dinner a diligence took us on to *Baden-Baden*, (so named to distinguish it from numerous other Badens,) the most celebrated watering-place in Germany. On the way I noticed Indian corn and other products of the soil, reminding me, for the first time during my

tour, of New England. We reached Baden about sunset, and found that the beauty of its location had been by no means exaggerated. It is situated partly on a hill-side, partly in a valley, full of beautiful groves, watered by a small stream, called the Oes, once the boundary line between the Franks and the Alemanni. The company here is more select than at Wiesbaden. I visited the Castle, (Neue Schloss,) high up the hill, from the terrace of which is one of the most beautiful views in Germany. Within are extensive dungeons, a chamber in which instruments of torture were kept, and one, called the Hall of Judgment, where the remains of the stone benches on which the judges sat, are still visible. These subterranean prisons were, it is believed, the place of meeting of a mysterious secret tribunal, not unlike what Scott has depicted in "Anne of Geierstein."

At the foot of the castle terrace are the Hot Springs, thirteen in number. Their temperature is unaffected by the change of the seasons, and in the depth of winter snow never rests on the ground in the vicinity. The vault of masonry which encloses the principal spring is confidently asserted to be of Roman construction. On the opposite side of the little river, in the midst of a grove of trees, stands the *Conversations Haus*, the great resort of the company at the springs, and the most splendid establishment of the kind in Germany.

After a ride of several hours, rendered agreeable by unusually polite and pleasant company, about sunset I reached *Strasburg*, situated on the west bank of the Rhine. This city, the capital of the ancient province of Alsace, has belonged to France since 1681, when Louis XIV. obtained possession of it by a perfidious attack in time of peace. It is now a strongly fortified town, with a population of near

sixty thousand, and a permanent garrison of six thousand. By far the most interesting object in it is its magnificent Gothic Cathedral, whose spire, *the loftiest in the world*, rises to the astonishing height of four hundred and seventy-four feet from the pavement. One does not soon tire of gazing on such an object towering to the sky in graceful symmetry, with its airy openwork, so exquisitely wrought as to resemble lace.

The body of the church, of which the nave was begun in 1015, is truly grand. A professional architect, speaking of the exterior of the west-end, says—"The gigantic mass—over the solid part of which is thrown a netting of detached arcades and pillars, which, notwithstanding their delicacy, from the hardness and excellent preservation of the stone, are so true and sharp, as to look like a veil of the finest cast-iron—contains a circular window, *forty-eight feet* in diameter, and rises to the height of *two hundred and thirty feet*."

The earliest essay at printing was made at Strasburg, about 1436, by John Guttenburg, who afterwards removed to Mayence. Goethe was once a student in this city, and his autobiography gives a very lively account of his residence, and the manners of Strasburg at the time. It was here that he met Herder, who used to annoy him with impertinent puns on his name, of which Goethe complains with true German simplicity. "It was not well-bred," he exclaims, "in Herder, to allow himself to take such liberties with my name, for the *surname* of a man is not like a cloak, which only hangs loose upon him, but it is like a complete and well-fitting suit of clothes—nay, it adheres to him all over like his skin, which cannot be fretted or slashed without hurting the man himself." Goethe was a native of Frankfurt, and, for aught I know, his sensitiveness as to his *name*,

may be but a common trait of the citizens of that place, for I recollect noticing there a signboard with "*Alexander Magnus Schmidt*" in staring capitals. Certainly "Alexander the Great Smith" of Frankfurt is decidedly in advance of all others of his tribe, who, rebelling against fate, have sought to transform a *common* into a distinguished name.

From Strasburg a railway extends through the French territory to Basle (Bale.) The distant view of the Vosges Mountains was the only thing interesting on the way. At two, P. M., we entered the territory of SWITZERLAND.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SWITZERLAND.—Basle.—Grave of Erasmus.—Pass of the Jura.—Demolition of a Lady's Bonnet.—First View of the Alps.

BASLE, on the frontier of Switzerland, is situated near the head of navigation on the Rhine, which here sweeps by in a full, broad, rapid current of clear, light green water. From the high bank of the river the view is fine, bounded on one side by the hills of the Black Forest, on the other by the chain of Mount Jura. But more interesting than its scenery are those historical reminiscences which connect it with the Reformation and the Revival of Letters—with those illustrious names to which the lovers of religious liberty and classic literature delight to pay homage. The feeling of interest with which I surveyed the localities of this ancient town, was somewhat increased by the fact that I had happened to have in possession, for some years past, a copy of the Greek Testament printed at Basle in 1524 by John Bebel, only eight years after Erasmus gave to the world the first edition ever printed of the Greek Testament. The manuscripts which Erasmus made the basis of his edition, with corrections from his own hand, still exist in the public library at Basle, where are also preserved several autographs of Luther, Melancthon, and Zwingle.

After dinner, I repaired to the Cathedral, or *Munster*, more than eight hundred years old, situated on the high bank of the Rhine. This ancient pile has a striking and picturesque appearance, partially surrounded, as it is, by majestic trees. I was conducted to a small apartment within

the building, called the Chapter House—a low room with four Gothic windows—in which the committees of the celebrated Council of Basle were accustomed to assemble. The room remains without alteration, as it was when the Council was held, four hundred years ago.

An object of still deeper interest arrested my steps in the body of the church, on the left of the altar ; it was the red marble tombstone of ERASMUS, who died here in 1536. After lingering awhile over the spot where rest his ashes, musing on the changes in the intellectual history of the world which his mind assisted to effect, and recalling Pope's allusion to

“ Erasmus, that great injured name,
The glory of the priesthood, and the shame,”

I walked in the cloisters which were once, probably, his favorite resort—read the impressive inscriptions on the monuments of the distinguished Reformers, Ecolampadius, Grypæus, and Meyer—and when the shades of evening rendered the objects within the Cathedral no longer distinct to the eye, came out on the lofty terrace which overhangs the Rhine, and gazed on the rapid torrent, rolling and foaming below. The scenery around, and the solemn evening hour, conspired to give their fullest effect to those illusions of fancy by which, when we stand on consecrated ground, she seeks to conjure up the forms of the illustrious dead that sleep below.

It was quite dark when I left the terrace, and, crossing the Rhine by the bridge of boats, entered a public garden attached to a *café*, just on the bank of the river. Here was an assemblage, chiefly of the humbler class, solacing themselves with the “creature comforts” of pipes and beer, smoking with the least possible interruption, and, at intervals,

cheered by the enlivening strains of music from a band stationed in the garden, whose efforts to please were rewarded from time to time by a slight gratuity from the visitors. If the scene which I had just left, addressed itself powerfully to the higher sensibilities of the soul, this certainly savored as strongly of ordinary humanity and common life, and suited well with that reaction of the mind which generally follows high-toned mental and moral excitement. As I glanced across the dark-rolling torrent of the Rhine to the venerable and sombre pile, now dimly visible, which I had so lately left, it seemed, with all its stirring recollections, to pertain to a different world, and those, the shadow of whose mighty names still rested on it, to belong to a different order of beings, from that assemblage of men and things, which continues the series of ordinary existence. But this, too, is an illusion. Hoary antiquity covers with its venerable mantle the humbler details of human life, and "distance lends enchantment to the view;" but man never has been a being of pure intellect, and the greatest minds have, in their day, sympathized with the desires and appetites of vulgar mortals, from whom they have not been so far removed, in regard to the sensations of daily life, as we, who only know them through the medium of their intellectual manifestations, are often inclined to suppose. Luther himself was far from despising "that poor creature, small beer." Several capacious vessels are preserved in the museums of Germany, as "Luther's beer-jugs." A passage in his life touches at once the higher and the humbler sympathies of our nature. After his ever memorable speech before the Diet of Worms, he retired at night to his hotel, faint and exhausted, and no doubt *thirsty*. A servant entered, bearing a silver vase filled with Eimbek beer. "My master," said he, as he offered it

to Luther, "desires you to refresh yourself with this beverage. "What Prince is it, said Luther, "who has me in such gracious remembrance?" It was the aged Duke Eric of Brunswick. "His highness himself," continued the servant, "drank of the cup before sending it to you." Touched by such a token of kindly remembrance from a prince of the adverse party, offered at this solemn crisis of his fate, Luther poured out some of the Duke's beer, and after having drunk of it, said with deep feeling, "As on this day Duke Eric has remembered me, may our Lord Jesus Christ remember him in the hour of his last struggle." The aged Duke, in his last hours, called these words to mind, and, addressing a young page at his bedside, said, "take the Bible and read to me." The youth read the inspired words, and the dying man was comforted. How beautiful an illustration was this of the promise, recorded in Mark ix. 41.

The literary fame of Erasmus was at its zenith—he was the acknowledged head of the republic of letters—when he came, in 1516, from Oxford to Basle, which soon became a central point and place of refuge to the scholars and reformers of the age. Zwingle and Œcolampadius were the most distinguished in his train; at a later period in the history of the Reformation, their courageous zeal far outstripped the timid policy of Erasmus.

The present population of Basle is about twenty-two thousand. Its once famous University, which numbers on its list of professors the names of Erasmus and Euler, is now greatly reduced.

In former times, the worthy citizens of Basle were accustomed piously to place over their doors religious mottoes, which, when coupled with the signs of eating-houses and shops, made sometimes a very ludicrous conjunction. One blazoned his device, the "Ancient Pig," in close connection

with an expression of his religious faith. Another had the following inscribed over his door :

“Wacht auf ihr menschen und thut Buss,
Ich heiss zum *goldenen Rinderfuss*.”

“Wake and repent your sins with grief;
I'am called the *Golden Shin of Beef*.”

At an earlier hour in the morning than was quite agreeable, I left Basle in the diligence for Neuchatel. At a short distance from the gates, a cross marks the battle-ground of St. Jacob, where, in 1444, sixteen hundred Swiss resisted, for nearly an entire day, a French army of fifteen thousand men. Only ten of the Swiss survived that battle. The fame of this exploit spread throughout Europe, Swiss valor from that time became renowned, and thus originated the practice with the French kings of having a Swiss body-guard. The battle-ground of St. Jacob is regarded by the nation as their Thermopylæ, and to this day the red wine of the neighboring vineyards is called “Schweitzer Blut,” (*Swiss blood*.)

Our road lay through a fragrant and richly cultivated valley, on the banks of a winding river, the Birs. Finding that my companions in the diligence spoke only French and German, I surrendered myself to the impression of the romantic scenery, and to the exhilarating consciousness that I was at length in *Switzerland*—a country of which one can hardly think without enthusiasm. Gradually the valley grew more narrow, steep hills and rocky precipices rising on either side, with here and there an old castle or white convent crowning their summits. At length we reached the entrance to the passage through the range of the Jura. The view here was truly grand, resembling, but far surpassing, that of the Notch of the White Mountains in New Hampshire. A solitary walk of several miles in advance of the

diligence, which had stopped at a small village, left me at full liberty to enjoy the scene. Rocky precipices overhung the road, while, above, the mountain sides were covered with thick forests of black fir. In the midst of the deep ravine were several iron furnaces and forges, supplied with ore from the neighboring mines. As I walked on, the defile grew narrower, till the gigantic walls of rock on each side barely afforded a passage for the rushing and foaming river, and the road on its banks.

In one of the open valleys we dined at a decent inn. Soon after we all got out of the diligence to ascend a long hill, about half way up which the road passes under an archway of rock, forty feet high, probably a natural opening, enlarged by art. It is a singular and striking object in itself, but a *Roman* inscription on the north side of the arch made me contemplate it with no common interest. The Romans were the first who constructed a road through this mountain pass. When I looked on the half-defaced letters which their hands had engraved, so many ages ago, in the rock, and thought of them as having once traversed this same defile, I wished to linger amid the magnificent scenery that had met their gaze—from that spot to look upward to the silent sky, and around on those rocks and mountains which had witnessed their victorious march, and which are still the same, unchanged from century to century, while the generations of men, like the streams from the mountain-side, rush onward and pass away.

But high-wrought feeling never lasts long with travellers. In the hurry of taking our seats in the diligence, I stepped at once from the sublime to the ridiculous. My next neighbor was a lady, and her veil, adhering to my coat, forced her bonnet half off her head, and her head quite out of its

natural position. Her pathetic cry, "*Monsieur! Monsieur!*" half drowned by the irrepressible laughter of the lady opposite, first apprised me of the posture of affairs. The captive fair one was speedily released, but I grieve to say that the bonnet was hopelessly torn and crushed. The tragi-comic style in which the lady explored and displayed the full extent of the injury to which I had been thus an unconscious accessory—her animated ejaculations in French, as each effort failed to restore the bonnet to shape, and the air of philosophic resignation with which she replaced it, disjointed as it was, on her head, and joined in the general laugh, made up a scene which, however tame in the description, was in the acting quite irresistible; and it was long before the risibles of the party, of the ladies especially, yielded to control.

An hour's slow ascent up the mountain side by a zigzag road had at length effectually calmed the effervescence of our spirits, and even the charm of the scenery had begun to yield to the sensation of fatigue, when as we gained the last summit of the Jura, suddenly there burst upon me a prospect more glorious than any on which my eye had ever rested. A broad valley with a lovely lake lay at my feet; and, far beyond, full in front extended the long range of the ALPS,—their summits, covered with eternal snow, rising like towers and pinnacles perpendicularly to the sky, here, a few fleecy clouds hovering around their sides, and there, the western sun shedding its level beams full upon them, and tinging with a roseate hue their stainless and glittering snow. The moment when that scene burst upon me, I felt to be an epoch in my life. It seemed as if I could have gazed on it forever! Those everlasting mountains, in their calm majesty, in their awful repose, silent yet eloquent to

the soul, were proclaiming the glory of God! Each tower and pinnacle that pierced the sky, seemed to be uttering forth His name.

I might have spent weeks in Switzerland without beholding such a scene. Every thing conspired to enhance its effect. The weather was uncommonly fine, the sky almost cloudless; and as we approached from the west, the declining sun was shining full upon the entire range, fifty or sixty miles in length. It was my first glimpse of the Alps; and were there no other object of interest in Europe, that sight alone would richly compensate a transatlantic voyage.

As we slowly descended to the valley, the same prospect was in view. My fellow-travellers, to whom it was familiar, nevertheless sympathized cordially with my feelings; and my fair neighbor, forgetful of her injured bonnet, seemed thoroughly propitiated by my heartfelt homage to the unrivalled scenery of her native land.

At the foot of the mountain is the town of Bienne, beautifully situated on the lake of the same name. Here I parted with most of my companions, and resumed my route to Neuchatel in a smaller diligence, in which I was fortunate enough, by the aid of a small fee, to secure a seat with the driver—the only one from which the object was unobstructed. Had I been doomed to a place in the *Interieur*, I should have lost some of the finest scenery of my whole tour. For ten miles the road lay along the margin of the lake of Bienne, near the lower end of which is the celebrated *Isle of St. Pierre*, of which Rousseau has given so glowing a description in his “*Reveries*.” Years had elapsed since my perusal of that work, but the account he there gives of his residence on the island, and the hours which he spent in the midst of its lovely scenery, reclining on the green border of the placid lake, plunged in delicious

revery, has in it something exceedingly captivating to a youthful imagination ; it was still vivid in recollection when, with no common feeling of delight, I suddenly found myself in the midst of those scenes, the description of which had charmed me, when little dreaming it would ever be my lot to visit them.

Yet the island, with its lovely scenery and poetical associations, was but a subordinate feature in the landscape now spread out before me. In the distance, on the other side of the lake, the long chain of the Alps was still in full view ; and while the shadows of evening were gathering over the valley, the setting sun was still shedding a flood of golden light on the glittering, snow-crowned mountains. A more gorgeous scene can scarcely be imagined. Long and fixedly I gazed on it, with enthusiasm rising almost to rapture ; till, just as the sun's last rays were gilding the loftiest summits of the range, a nearer mountain intervened, and the glorious vision suddenly disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SWITZERLAND.—Lake Lemman.—Geneva.—The “Arrowy Rhone.”—
Grave of Madame de Stael—Clarens.—Castle of Chillon.

AFTER a pleasant passage over the quiet waters of the Lake of Neuchâtel, we landed on the green grass at Yverdun, on the site of the Roman Ebrodunum, from which it derives its name. Here an omnibus was in waiting to convey us to Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva. As we slowly ascended the height of land between the lakes, the Alps gradually rose again to view, their pure and snowy robes glittering in the clear sunshine. They were now much nearer than before, and the prospect, if possible, even more varied and sublime.

At length, having reached the summit of the ridge, we looked down on the celebrated *Lake of Geneva*, the “clear, placid Lemman,” reposing in its loveliness beneath the shadow of the everlasting mountains. It lies at the very base of the high Alps, and reflects in its peaceful bosom their summits covered with perpetual snow. On the southern shore, rocky precipices rise from the water’s edge; above these the mountain sides are covered with forests; next succeeds the region of sterility and desolation; and all above is *snow*, enveloping the lofty summits—the “palaces of Nature,” towering to the sky. On the opposite side, vine-covered hills slope gently to the water, presenting a beautiful contrast to the rugged and awful sublimity of the southern shore.

The lake is nearly in the shape of a half-moon, with its

horns turned to the south. It is the largest lake in Switzerland, being more than fifty miles in length, measured along its north shore—about forty along the south. In the broadest part it is six miles wide; its greatest depth is nine hundred feet. The hoary head of Mont Blanc, though sixty miles distant, is often reflected in the clear, still lake.

“Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.”

Soon the steamer from the head of the lake arrived, and for several hours we were borne over its placid waters, the ever-varying scenery of the shores presenting continually new attractions to the eye, till near sunset Geneva rose to view at its western extremity. Its appearance from the water is very fine, the houses rising one above another from the margin of the lake, out of which the Rhone here rushes in a furious torrent of intensely blue water. The town is built chiefly on the left bank of the river, but, within a few years, an extensive range of edifices has been erected on the opposite shore, immediately fronting on the lake. The principal of these is the *Hotel des Bergues*, a very extensive and well-conducted establishment, standing on ground running out into the lake, and connected with the town by two handsome bridges. A small island near, planted with shrubbery, is accessible by one of these bridges, and, as well as the ramparts close to the hotel, affords an agreeable resort from which to inhale the pure breezes from the lake, and enjoy the glorious prospect of the mountains.

The interior of the town does not correspond with the fine view from the water; the ground on which it is built is hilly and broken, the streets are narrow, and there is scarcely any thing of architectural beauty to delight the eye.

But Geneva has other and far superior attractions. It has been the cradle of political and religious revolutions that have shaken the world. The principle of a church without "a bishop, and a state without a king," had here its fullest developement. The tree of liberty, civil and religious, here took deep root and overshadowed the land; and its leaves have been "for the healing of the nations."

The house in which John Calvin lived, and where he probably died, is still shown; as is also that, now somewhat altered, where a very different character, J. J. Rousseau, first saw the light. John Knox was one of the many foreigners who found in Geneva ("the Rome of Protestantism,") a temporary refuge from persecution in his own land. He was made a citizen of Geneva in 1558.

The most celebrated of the present inhabitants of this place is Dr. J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, the author of the History of the Reformation. Having been favored by his friend, the Rev. Mr. Monod, of Paris, with an introduction, I had anticipated much pleasure from a personal interview; but unfortunately he was absent, it being then vacation in the Theological School over which he presides. This *contre-temps* was the great, and, I may add, the *only* disappointment of my tour. On Sunday I attended service at the *Oratoire*, where he usually preaches, and chanced to hear M. Gaussen, somewhat known in this country by his work on the Inspiration of the Scriptures.

One afternoon I set off on the road to *Ferney*, the celebrated residence of Voltaire, thinking to be overtaken by one of the omnibuses from Geneva; but, as none appeared, I soon came to the conclusion that the residence of one still more famous for infidelity than genius, was not worthy of the homage of a visit, certainly not of a *pedestrian* one. I retraced my steps, well pleased (for what but painful sen-

sations could the sight of Voltaire's residence inspire ?) and taking a path along the right bank of the Rhone, strolled leisurely along, admiring the evening prospect of the city and its environs, the lake and Mont Blanc towering in the distance, till I came in view of one of the most remarkable objects in the vicinity—the junction of the Arvé and the Rhone. The last named river, of which Lake Lemman is but an expansion, rushes out of the western extremity of the lake in a torrent of azure and crystal, corresponding well with its poetic designation—"the arrowy Rhone." The Arvé, on the contrary, fed by the melted snows of Mont Blanc, is the most turbid of mountain streams, and long after its waters flow into the Rhone, their currents refuse to mingle, and the line of demarcation between the deep blue waters of the one, and the impure torrent of the other, is distinctly visible. At length their streams become united, and flow on together, the pellucid Rhone losing its purity, and, like a reputation once stained, recovering it no more.

On a bright, clear morning, I went on board one of the steamers that ply to the head of the lake, touching at the villages on its northern shore. I wished to devote an entire day to the lovely scenery of Lake Lemman, before bidding it adieu, perhaps for ever, and accordingly chose this route in preference to the more direct passage by land to the Vale of Chamouny, the object of my next visit.

Geneva and its environs seemed more beautiful than ever, as they gradually receded from view. Soon we touched at the little village of Coppet, where, in full view from the water, stands the *Chateau* which once belonged to the celebrated Madame de Stael. Her writing desk and inkstand are still preserved ; and one of the rooms is shown as that in which many of her works were composed. A

small chapel near the house, embosomed in trees, encloses the graves of this gifted woman and of her father, M. Neckar. The place is interesting to such as pay homage to the exalted genius of the authoress of *Corinna*, and can appreciate the brilliant imagination and the depth of feeling which that work so exuberantly displays. She sleeps in death; the tumultuous throbbings of that impassioned heart are still, but the presence of one who could so transfuse into other souls her own deep emotions, and touch the chords of thrilling sympathy in kindred bosoms, seems still to hover around, as if fondly lingering amid the glorious scenery of Lake Lemman.

Some miles beyond Coppet, an ancient castle, said to have been built by Queen Bertha in the tenth century, is a conspicuous and picturesque object, distinguished by a lofty square tower, rising from the midst of a group of inferior turrets. Further on, Lausanne, with its Cathedral and Castle, came in view, beautifully situated on sloping hills, at some distance from the Lake. Beyond Lausanne the scenery had to my eye the added charm of novelty, and of comparative solitude, as most of the passengers had left the boat. Vevay, which we next reached, is perhaps the sweetest spot on the lake, and here Rousseau laid the scene of his "*Nouvelle Heloise*." In a church just above the town are the graves of the regicides, Ludlow and Broughton, the latter of whom read the sentence of death to Charles I. The Canton of Berne would not give them up at the demand of the English government, and here, in exile, they lived and died. Ludlow placed over his door this inscription; "*Omne solum forti patria*."

A mile or two beyond is Clarens, celebrated by Rousseau and Byron. The head of the lake is here in full view, a glorious panorama, half encircled by snow-clad

mountains, the rocky precipices at their base descending perpendicularly into the deep, still water—with vine-covered slopes in contrasted beauty on the opposite shore. But why should I attempt the description of a scene which a poet's eye has looked on, and which his purest inspiration has hallowed?

“Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth place of deep love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very glaciers have his colors caught,
And sunset into *rose-hues* sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly;”

“Here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne.”

And now, as we approached the head of the lake, an object of no common interest rose to view—it was the far-famed CASTLE OF CHILLON! Its white walls attract the eye at a great distance, and certainly no one who has read the “Prisoner of Chillon,” can view them for the first time without a thrill of emotion. It stands on an isolated rock, close to the shore, in deep water—though not so deep as the poet represents.

Soon the steamer reached Villeneuve, at the head of the lake, and I took my solitary way along the northern shore, to the Castle. I was conducted to the dungeon, in which the Prisoner of Chillon was confined. A dungeon, however, it can scarcely be called, being spacious and airy, its floor and one side formed by the living rock, and its arched roof supported by gothic pillars. The only light that enters is by several small windows high up in the wall, through which the sun's rays are reflected from the surface of the lake to the roof of the dungeon, slightly tinged with the deep blue of the water.

" Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls :
 A thousand feet in depth below,
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave enthrals.
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made—and like a living grave.

 There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old ;
 There are seven columns massy and gray,
 Dim with a dull imprisoned ray."

To one of these pillars the captive was chained. The massive iron ring still remains, and I saw distinctly where the pavement around was worn by his footsteps !

The *real* prisoner of Chillon was Bonnivard, a man of heroic courage and true greatness of soul, who, struggling to free the Genevese from the tyranny of the Duke of Savoy, was seized in 1530, and, by the Duke's orders, confined in this dungeon till 1536, when the Castle was taken by the combined forces of Berne and Geneva. Byron was not acquainted with Bonnivard's history, when he wrote his " Prisoner of Chillon," but afterward he composed that fine sonnet which will render the captive's name immortal.

" Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God."

Bonnivard was a scholar, as well as a hero ; and in his views of religious, as well as political freedom, was far in advance of his age. After his liberation, he resided at Geneva, and by the gift of his books and manuscripts, laid

the foundation of the public library there. His name is still freshly remembered, as of one worthy of the best age of ancient freedom, and to be ranked among the true benefactors of mankind. What must have been the sensations of such a captive, when pacing for six long years the pavement of this dungeon, within the narrow limits of his chain !

To one who has vividly before his mind's eye the scene from the Castle—the little island with its few trees,—the torrent rushing down the neighboring hill—and the glorious view of the snow-covered Alps of Savoy on the opposite shore—there is exceeding beauty in the description of the prospect that burst upon the Prisoner, when, after so many years of captivity, his chain at length broken, he made a footing in the wall, and climbed up to the high barred windows, that he might gaze once more on the everlasting mountains. The scene is all before me, as I write the lines.

“ I saw them—and they were the same—
They were not changed like me in frame ;
I saw their *thousand years of snow*
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush ;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down ;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view ;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze ;
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.”

I left the Castle, and slowly retraced my steps along the margin of the Lake. A white pebble, taken from beneath its blue waters, under the shadow of Chillon's walls, I preserve as a remembrancer of those hours of inexpressible delight which I spent that lovely day, amid the glories of Lake Lemman. To me, a lonely walk in the midst of such scenes, when the soul drinks in the sweet influences of surrounding nature, and the stillness of "summer's noontide air," serves to enhance the thrilling charm of classical and poetic association, seems worthy to be ranked among the most exquisite of earthly pleasures.

CHAPTER XXX.

SWITZERLAND.—Valley of the Rhone.—Waterfall of the Sallenche.—
Martigny.—Mule-path over the Mountains.—Near view of Mont
Blanc.—Vale of Chamouni.

FROM Villeneuve, at the head of Lake Lemman, a cool evening ride up the Valley of the Rhone brought me to Bex, a small watering-place, which I left next morning at daybreak. Our road still lay through the narrow valley of the Rhone, which wears a dreary and desolate appearance, being in many places covered with stones and gravel from the overflowings of the river, and the frequent avalanches from the enclosing mountains. The Rhone is here a muddy stream, wholly unlike the foaming deep blue torrent that issues from the Lake. As we advanced, the valley grew narrower, till at length the mountains on each side, closing in on the river, barely afforded a passage for its turbid waters. Just here the Bridge of St. Maurice spans it with one bold arch seventy feet wide, connecting the Canton of Vaud with the Vallais. Formerly there was a gate at one end of the bridge, and the narrow pass was fortified.

“Journeying upward by the Rhone,
That there came down a torrent from the Alps,
I entered where a key unlocks a kingdom.”

The traveller, crossing this bridge, passes at once from the smiling industry of the Protestant Canton, to an extreme of filth and squalid misery rarely seen even in Catholic countries. The small town of St. Maurice holds a bad eminence in these respects. After a hurried breakfast at

the inn, (the most decent building in the place,) I hastened out of the poverty-stricken town, leaving the diligence to follow at its leisure. In my solitary walk, I met a detachment of soldiers, armed and equipped for active service against their own countrymen. The insurrection which had then recently broken out, is scarcely yet suppressed.

The Swiss have no feeling of *nationality*; their attachments are purely local, confined to their own Canton, or immediate neighborhood; they are held together by no common bond of religion, laws, customs, or even language; German is spoken in one part of the country, French in the other; the line of demarcation between the Catholic and Protestant Cantons, is clearly defined: and thus religion itself, instead of exerting its healing and humanizing influence, is perverted into a hostile element, embittering those intestine feuds, which to this day are not unfrequently decided by bloody conflict. The cause of republican liberty is not much aided in Europe by the example of Switzerland.

On the way to Martigny, we passed the famous waterfall of the Sallenche. The stream descends two hundred and eighty feet, but the principal leap of the cascade does not exceed one hundred and twenty. The cloud of light spray, reflecting the rays of the newly-risen sun, gave to view a beautiful rainbow.

Arrived at Martigny, I immediately made arrangements to proceed, by a mule-path over the mountains, to the Vale of Chamouni. Now, almost for the first time in my tour, I felt the want of congenial society. How I wished for the company of those two College friends, with whom, just two years before, I had ascended Mount Washington! Amid the sublimest scenery in all Switzerland to have no companion but a mercenary guide, would be a real calamity.

As if to satisfy my every wish, before I had been five minutes in the breakfast room of the inn, two young Englishmen entered, just arrived from a different quarter, and, like myself, on the way to Chamouni. We exchanged greetings, and, having procured mules and a guide, set off in company, in fine spirits, and (what is invaluable in Switzerland) with every promise of good weather.

Our road lay for a mile along the valley of the Dranse, which here flows into the Rhone. Then commenced the long ascent, at first through cultivated and fragrant fields, and then through rich pastures, till at length, as we drew nearer the summit, vegetation grew more scanty, and only shrubs and wild vines covered the ground. A few cottages appeared at intervals along the road, which, barely practicable for the peasants' carts, wound up this first ascent. The sun was now near the meridian, and the heat oppressive. We alternated from walking to riding, and stopped several times to rest, and sometimes to drink, though sparingly, from the mountain springs which gushed up invitingly beside our path; at times, qualifying *medicinally* the pure and cold element with a slight admixture of brandy, which one of my companions, after the fashion of Swiss tourists, carried in a small flask. I found these chance comrades exceedingly well-educated, intelligent, and gentlemanly in their bearing, and heartily felicitated myself on having thus unexpectedly met with companions so congenial. They had that quiet style of manners, which marks true refinement, and by which, in the Old World, as well as in the New, the cultivated and well-bred are so readily distinguished from the more noisy and consequential *parvenus*.

It was about noon when, after an ascent of between two and three hours, we reached the summit of the mountain—

from which we had anticipated a splendid view of Mont Blanc. But nothing was visible before us but a deep ravine into which we must forthwith descend, and beyond it, a far more rugged and precipitous mountain than that up which we had been toiling. Soon we reached the narrow valley—through which a little stream flowed, swollen sometimes by the melting snows into a furious torrent. Here our guide exerted all his eloquence to persuade us to avoid the steep ascent immediately before us, (the *Col de Balme*,) and take another and less fatiguing path to Chamouni. My companions seemed inclined to listen to this interested advice, but I declared that I should never forgive myself, if I consented to give up the view which, under an unclouded sun, would burst on us from the summit of the *Col de Balme*. My remonstrance was effectual—nor did my companions regret the result.

Now came the ascent in good earnest. “Hills peep o’er hills, and Alps o’er Alps arise.” A footpath which in many places seemed too steep and dangerous even for the sure-footed mule, led up through a thick forest of trees, bringing us often to the dizzy verge of precipices, down which one false step would have hurled us into the depth below. For near an hour we were climbing this zigzag and perilous ascent; then we emerged from the wood to the naked mountain side, and, on the brink of a frightful chasm, looked down into the yawning gulf, hundreds of feet below. Higher up, we crossed the edge of a field of snow and ice, glittering and slowly wasting beneath the hot sun of August. Still there was no sign of Mont Blanc; above and before us, the blue, cloudless sky, as if resting on the smooth naked summit of the mountain, bounded our prospect. But it was certain that, that summit once reached, a glorious vision would burst upon us; and, being some-

what in advance of my companions, I hastened on to enjoy the first impression of it alone.

At last, the height was gained. How shall I describe the scene? The eternal snows of the highest Alps were above and all around me; I seemed to stand in the midst of them—so short appeared the distance in a straight line to their hoary heads; in front, stretching along from the foot of the Col de Balme, on whose top I was standing, the Vale of Chamouni was in full view, and from its base in that vale to its glorious summit, on whose pure and glittering snow the clear sunshine was now resting, MONT BLANC, the “Monarch of mountains,” stood forth in perfect distinctness to the eye.

“Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.”

The narrow strip of valley appeared completely enclosed and hemmed in by the numerous snowy peaks, ranged like guards around the Monarch, and separated from each other by glittering glaciers of enormous extent, streaming down their sides. Rarely is such a view of that scenery enjoyed, for that was one of the few *perfect* days which the tourist in Switzerland prizes above all price. Nor is there any other first view of Mont Blanc at all comparable to that from the Col de Balme.

Just on the brow of the mountain, a small house has been erected for the accommodation of tourists; and here we dined on choice mountain mutton, flanked with excellent

wine. Thus refreshed, we commenced our descent to the Vale of Chamouni in high glee. Leaving the mules to find their own way down, we set off on a full run, in company with two other travellers, who had preceded us that morning. The air is so pure and exhilarating on these mountain heights, that one is scarcely conscious of fatigue. Although in the valley the summer heat was intense, here the temperature was most delightful.

When at length the descent was accomplished, we were still seven or eight miles from Chamouni, although from the height above, it had seemed almost at our feet. The road, now practicable for carriages, extended along the Arve, into which the Arveron flows, both having their sources in the everlasting snows. The scenery of the valley throughout is most striking. The mountains are covered near their base with forests of black fir, contrasting singularly with the dazzling brilliancy of the snows above, and the glaciers which at intervals extend down into the vale itself.

It was near sunset when we reached the village of Chamouni. A large party that day commenced the somewhat perilous ascent of Mont Blanc. Formerly this was rarely attempted; and then at an acknowledged risk of life, as more than one melancholy catastrophe attested—the great danger being from avalanches. Within a few years a different path has been followed, which is comparatively safe; although serious consequences have often resulted from the mere exposure to so intense cold. Some weeks after my visit to Chamouni, while luxuriating in a café in one of the cities of Italy, I saw a newspaper account of the sufferings of one of this very party. Having neglected the precaution of providing himself with woollen hose, his feet at length were found to be frozen; he was taken to Geneva, and it was thought that amputation of both feet would be necessary.

A terrible penance this for the pleasure of boasting of having ascended Mont Blanc! For, where no scientific purpose is in view, glory rather than pleasure must be the incentive to an undertaking of so doubtful success and certain misery. One Englishman persevered in ascending, long after it was quite evident that the prospect would be wholly shut out by clouds, and returned, boasting that he had made the ascent in half an hour less than any of his predecessors! He had "*done*" Mont Blanc! In 1840, a French lady reached the top, and there got her guides to lift her as high as they could, that she might say that she had been higher than any other person in Europe. This reminds one of

"Some *Mrs. Hopkins*, taking tea
And toast upon the walls of China."

Even the Vale of Chamouni, where Alpine grandeur and wildness are in their perfection, is not sacred from the incursion of very common-place mortals. But its paths have also been trodden by the intellectually great; genius of no common order has contemplated its glorious scenery, and linked with it associations imperishable as its eternal hills. It is there, while gazing on Mont Blanc, that one feels that poetry is the natural language of the soul, when, ennobled and exalted by the sense of sublimity, it seeks to embody in words what it "can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

"Awake, thou mountain form!
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from earth to heaven!
Great Hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell the rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices calls on God."

Long after darkness had settled on the valley, the sun's rays continued to shed a crimson flush on the hoary head of

the "Monarch of mountains;" nor was the sight less grand and beautiful, when, at a later hour of night, a diadem of stars encircled his snowy brow, and the pale moon shone on the mantle of glittering glaciers streaming to his feet.

As often as I recall the scenery of the Vale of Chamouni, whether as it appeared at early morning, noon, sunset, or by moonlight, I feel an aching desire to be there once more, that the eye might, if that were possible, be satiated with gazing. Few travellers in Switzerland are favored as were the visitors at that time. Day after day the sun shone full on the glorious landscape, and the mountain forms stood forth unobscured, except by the fleecy clouds, which, from time to time, gathering round their sides and summits, enveloped them in a graceful, filmy veil.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SWITZERLAND.—Source of Arveron.—Last view of Mont Blanc.—Character and Manners of the Swiss.

IT was near nine, A. M., when, grasping my *Alpenstock*—a long staff or pole with an iron spike at the end, to prevent its slipping on the ice or rocks—I set off on foot to explore the source of the Arveron. The vale of Chamouni, smiling in summer beauty, offered to the eye a strange but lovely contrast to its enclosing icy mountains—

“ Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at their feet.”

After an hour's walk, at first through the beautiful meadows on the banks of the Arvé, and afterward beneath the deep shade of a forest of pines, I reached the lower extremity of a vast glacier which, extending down the mountain side, brings with it enormous rocks and fragments of ice, among which I with difficulty made my way to where the Arveron flows out from a grand vault of ice, the termination of the glacier. The arch varies from thirty to one hundred feet in height at different seasons. Blocks of ice occasionally detach themselves from the mass, rendering it dangerous to enter the vault. The whole scene is singularly wild and grand.

As I was now several miles on the way back to Martigny, which it was very important to me to reach that night, I returned to the main road up the valley, and walked on to

Argentiere, a little village near the foot of the Col de Balme, where I purposed taking a mule and guide to Martigny. I found, however, that there was not a mule in the place, a large party on their return to Martigny at an early hour that morning, having taken them all. I resolved, then, to attempt the return on foot; and accordingly commenced ascending at a very leisurely pace, the Col de Balme. My baggage being at the inn at Martigny, my only impediment was my cloak, which was quite needful, when stopping to rest in the cool and bracing atmosphere of the heights. In and near the valley, the weather was oppressively warm; but whenever the path approached the glacier, or the icy stream flowing from it, the coolness was exceedingly refreshing. The little cottage at the summit of the Col de Balme was in full view, and the fatigue of the toilsome ascent was lightened by having that goal in prospect. All the way up, I stopped every few minutes, threw my cloak on the flowery turf, and, seated or reclining, regaled my eyes with the magnificent view of Mont Blanc. Fleecy clouds were now congregating around, and gradually enveloping his giant form, but the sunshine still settled on his head; and with that scene before me, a single graphic stanza from "Manfred" seemed the most exquisite of all descriptive poetry—perfect painting to the eye.

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

A half hour of rest and refreshment at the cottage, coming in aid of the exhilarating influences of the scenery and the pure elastic air, wonderfully recruited my strength; I parted on the best of terms with my friendly host; and, with many a fond farewell glance at that glorious landscape, which I

may never more behold, commenced the descent of the Col de Balme toward Martigny. When the last snow-crowned summit had disappeared, I moved down the mountain side at a rapid rate—soon reached the steep zigzag path in the forest—then the narrow valley, with its mountain stream—then the shorter ascent to the opposite summit. When this last was reached, my strength was nearly exhausted, but with the self-delusion to which every weary pedestrian yields, I flattered myself that, with a tolerable road descending all the way to Martigny, it would be but as it were a few steps. I had now leisure to survey from this height the deep valley of the Rhone, one of the most remarkable views in Switzerland ; but it was not long before I ceased to care much for any prospect other than that of the inn at Martigny. I strove to beguile the weary way, at first by the recollection of the glorious scenes from which I had just parted, and afterward by the humbler solace of a handful of small but sweet cherries from the basket of a cottage girl ; but the road seemed interminable ; and when at last I reached the inn about sunset, I was more thoroughly fatigued and exhausted than ever in my life before. The walk from Chamonni, including the deviation to the source of the Arveron, must have exceeded twenty miles ; and twice that distance over a smooth road would have been less fatiguing.

After a night almost sleepless from excessive fatigue, I left Martigny at nine A. M. on my way to Italy. This day was one of the most disagreeable that I ever spent. My companions were of the lower class of Swiss, two of them continual smokers, all speaking German or a barbarous dialect of French ; our road lay up the valley of the Rhone, whose inhabitants seemed all poverty-stricken, and a large proportion of them, the women especially, dreadfully deformed with *goitre*, most miserable objects.

The heat and dust were excessively annoying, and the diligence, as usual, close, as if purposely to exclude the prospect.

In all my tour, nothing put me thoroughly out of humor but the structure of the diligences. The extortions of innkeepers, commissionaires, &c., were nothing; I had expected them, nor did they once disturb my equanimity, seeing that a few pence more or less comprised the whole matter; but in Switzerland, where the prospect is every thing, to construct vehicles as if with the express purpose of depriving the traveller of all view of the country, seemed such an excess of absolute stupidity as might rouse the ire of the most phlegmatic tourist, when doomed to a seat in the *interior*. This was my unhappy lot during the whole of this miserable day in the valley of the Rhone. The sides of the diligence were as usual of solid immovable material, so that light and air could only enter through the small side windows; and it was necessary to lean forward in an uneasy posture in order to get the benefit of the limited prospect and slightly improved atmosphere which these admitted.

It will hardly be believed by those unacquainted with Continental habits, that my fellow-travellers, not one of whom could make the least pretensions to personal neatness, wished to have the windows closed, to avoid the dust! Hot as it was, the two smokers kept the sash up on their side for miles; and at length the honest rustic opposite me, who carried with him the delectable flavor of a hundred hemp-pits, undertook to close the window on our side. This I was determined not to endure; so, laying my hand resolutely on the sash, I gave an intelligible hint of my views on the subject, to which he yielded. I offered the *conducteur* a liberal fee for his seat in front,

but in vain—he must guard the mails; nor had I strength for even a short walk in advance. How delightful is it in Switzerland, of all countries in the world, to escape from the haunts of men, and commune in solitude with nature! Whoever visits that country, thinking to discover in its inhabitants any mental characteristics corresponding to the sublimity of its natural features, will find himself most miserably disappointed. Those elevating and exhilarating sensations with which the stranger surveys mountain scenery, belong to an advanced stage of civilization—to a state of society raised above the mere pressure of physical necessities, and in which opportunity has been afforded for the development of refined and intellectual tastes.

“The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields—
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain’s sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven”—

what are they to him, whose thoughts are wholly occupied with the means of procuring a scanty subsistence from a few acres of ground, which an avalanche may bury? Walk among the meadows of a Swiss farmer, and the sense is regaled and the spirit exhilarated by an atmosphere of richest fragrance; approach his house and you find it seated in the midst of piles of manure; or your olfactories are still more hatefully assailed by the peculiar odor of rotting hemp.

Nor is there any thing to admire in the manners, or the minor morals of Swiss society. The extortion of the inn-keepers is so notorious, that within a year or two the more respectable ones have been forced by public opinion to agree on a tariff of prices, so that the cheating of travellers may have *some* limit; and even now it is absolutely ne-

cessary to make a bargain beforehand for almost every thing. In the printed scale of prices, I recollect observing a supplementary note, to the effect that in designating the servants' fees, it was by no means intended to dictate to persons of *high rank*—a pretty intelligible hint that said servants will consider liberal fees an unquestionable evidence of nobility.

There is true philosophy in those lines of Goldsmith, in which, after doing justice to the sterner virtues of the Swiss mountaineers, he thus gives the shading of the picture :

“If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast,
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.”

Toward evening, we took up at a way-side inn two young gentlemen, natives of Canada, one of them a student at Cambridge, England. My prospects now brightened. We agreed to take a private carriage together the next day, and exulted in anticipated emancipation from the detested confinement of the diligence. At dusk we reached Brieg, and were conducted to a large inn, where, as is not unusual in that part of the world, we found the dining room and sleeping apartments in the third story, while the lower part of the building was used as a stable.

We got, however, a very tolerable supper, were waited on by a stout and rather pretty young woman, with a queer sort of a black turban on her head, who alone seemed to do, and to do well, what it generally takes half a dozen servants to accomplish. My new Canadian friends, with whom I was already much pleased, united with me in bargaining for a *Char-a-banc* to take us over the mountains the next day. This is the Swiss national vehicle, in shape resembling a sofa on wheels, but, as respects comfort, very unlike that luxurious product of civilization, it being singularly addicted to jolting. It was, however, our expectation to walk a considerable part of the way up the mountain, and this would do very well to convey our baggage. We parted for the night with the purpose of breakfasting next morning at five, and taking our departure at six.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ALPS.—A Lonely Walk.—The Simplon Road.—Cross at its Summit.—Hospice.—Gorge of Gondo.—Entrance into Italy.

AFTER a most refreshing sleep, I appeared in the breakfast room, punctual to appointment, but my friends were invisible, and it was not till after waiting nearly an hour, that the younger of them came to inform me that his brother had been taken so unwell in the night, that it would be impossible for them to proceed according to our plan. Here was a disappointment! The diligence had set off two hours before; to lose a day in a miserable village, just on the confines of Italy, was not to be thought of; so I determined to proceed on foot as far as my strength would allow, leaving my baggage to be sent by the diligence next morning to Domo d'Ossola, the first town on the other side of the Alps. The next day being Sunday, I should, as usual, "rest according to the commandment," so that, if my pedestrian faculties should hold out well, (of which certain recollections of the Col de Balme alone led me to doubt,) I might perhaps lose nothing by the new arrangement.

Grasping my *alpenstock*, I set off in fine spirits from the inn at Brieg; the clock struck seven just as I was passing under the arched gateway of the town. Appearances indicated a clear, warm day, and I hastened on, eager to get under the shadow of the mountain, and to enjoy the cool and bracing atmosphere of its heights before the sun should reach the meridian. A few minutes' walk brought me to

where the road begins to ascend; I moved up the gentle slope with ease at the rate of nearly four miles an hour.

All that I had read of this most magnificent road, seemed to me to fall far short of the reality. Sir James Mackintosh was right in pronouncing it "the most wonderful of useful works—the greatest of all those monuments that at once dazzle the imagination by their splendor, and are subservient to general convenience." Here, directly before me, and extending on either side as far as the eye could reach, was a mountain barrier, piled up to the clouds—a gigantic and apparently insurmountable wall of separation, "soaring, snow-clad, to the sky," between the valley of the Rhone and the sunny plains of Italy. Yet over this stupendous natural barrier, human power and skill have constructed a *carriage road, thirty miles in length*—rising at its culminating point to the height of six thousand five hundred and seventy-eight feet above the level of the sea, yet with an average slope not exceeding six inches in six and a half feet—in breadth, from twenty-five to thirty feet—throughout smooth, perfectly macadamized—resting in different parts on terraces of massive masonry, miles in length—running through *ten* galleries, either cut out of the living rock, or built of solid stone, over the top of which torrents rush and avalanches slide—and carried over ravines and gaps, great and small, by no less than *six hundred and eleven bridges*.

This colossal undertaking was decided on by Napoleon immediately after the battle of Marengo, while the recollection of his difficult and perilous crossing of the Alps by the great St. Bernard pass was yet fresh in his memory. The road was begun on the Italian side in 1800, and on the Swiss in 1801. Six years were requisite for its completion, although, at one time, more than thirty thousand men

were employed on the work. Along the road are scattered twenty houses of refuge, to shelter travellers, and lodge the laborers employed in keeping the road in repair. One might respect the memory of Napoleon for this *useful* work, had not the object of its formation been revealed by the significant question with which, on two different occasions, he met the engineer sent to him to report progress—*“Le canon quand pourra-t-il passer au Simplon?”* (When will the Simplon be ready for the passage of the cannon?)

The appearance of the road in different parts of the ascent is most striking. Conspicuous, by its silvery whiteness amid the green forest that covers the lower part of the mountain, it winds its serpentine course, now skirting the dizzy edge of frightful precipices, now burying itself in subterranean galleries, over which the winter's torrent and the avalanche glide harmlessly, and again visible for miles, a succession of terraces, one above another on the mountain side, such that an hour's good walking often intervenes between points, which, in a straight line, are quite near. This singular aspect of the road, thrown from side to side of the mountain gorge, or twisting about like an uncoiled robe on the face of the central ridge, is well described by Rogers.

“O'er the Simplon winds

A path of pleasure. Like a silver zone,
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many a broken link,
In many a turn and traverse as it glides;
And oft above and oft below appears,
Seen o'er the wall by one who journeys up
As though it were another, through the wild,
Leading along, he knows not whence or whither;
Yet through its fairy course, go where it will,

The torrent stops it not, the rugged rock
Opens and lets it in, and on it runs,
Winning its easy way from clime to clime,
Through glens locked up before."

My alpenstock did me good service in this walk. It seemed perfect luxury to ascend the mountain by so smooth and gradual a slope, in contrast with the toilsome path over the Col de Balme, and I advanced with vigorous step, only pausing occasionally to drink moderately from the ice-cold rivulets from the heights above, (a most delicious beverage,) to glance at the receding valleys below, or to admire the magnificent scenery of the mountains and the stupendous monument of human science and labor which the road itself presented.

It is impossible to describe the exhilarating influence of the pure mountain air. As each succeeding mile was passed my strength and spirits rose with the elevation. How I rejoiced in being thus unexpectedly left to prosecute my journey on foot and alone! Indeed that day was one of the most delightful of my whole tour. From a point about half way up, the sky being perfectly clear, I had a most magnificent view of the Bernese Alps, which enclose the valley of the Rhone on the right. Three snow-crowned summits, and beneath them, one of the most extensive glaciers in Switzerland, seemed quite near at hand, and shone gloriously in the sunbeams. When the wooden cross which marks the highest point of the road came in view, I could hardly believe it possible that so many miles of ascent had been past. On the cross is an inscription assuring an *Indulgence* for a limited period to every traveller who shall repeat on that spot some twenty or thirty paternosters. Rather too easy dealing this with the conscience! To the smugglers by whom this road is at times

frequented, it must be a very consoling doctrine that a few repetitions of this sort, while resting on their packs, can confer so great blessings. Yet when I paused on that commanding height, and looked on the glorious scenery, I could not but feel that it was well to hallow such a spot by association with the sacred symbol of the Christian faith; nor did I, because distrustful of the *specific* benefit promised, therefore reject what was good in the suggestion, or refrain from repeating, more than once, as I stood alone on that Alpine summit, those words of supplication, so simple, comprehensive, and sublime, whose power I had perhaps never before so deeply felt. The very utterance of "*Our Father*," in a foreign land, and near the point of transition from one country, climate, and language, to another, seemed, in recognizing all as the children of a common parent, to make "the whole world kin;" and in what worthier temple could human adoration be offered to the Most High, than in these profound solitudes of nature—amid that awful silence, unbroken, save when

"The snow-mass, loosening, thunders, God!"

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from yon dizzy heights
Adown enormous ravines steeply slope—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge,
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven?
God! God! the torrents like a shout of nations
Utter; the ice-plain bursts, and answers, God!"

Within half a mile of the culminating point of the road stands the new Hospice, founded for the reception of travellers, and occupied by three or four Augustine monks of the same community with those by whom the Hospice of the great St. Bernard is held. The Hospice is a large,

substantial edifice, in neatness and cleanliness very pleasantly contrasting with the inns and ordinary farm-houses of Switzerland. Here I stopped about fifteen minutes, and was hospitably received by the Prior, who urged me to take some refreshment, from which, however, I excused myself, being anxious to get on, but accepted the offer of some wine, which I thought better than any that I had tasted in Switzerland. I shook hands at parting with the worthy Father, whose farewell sounded very pleasantly to my ear, "*Bonjour, Monsieur, et bon voyage!*" On leaving, I met in the hall five or six young ladies, well dressed and of courteous manners.

After two or three miles of descent, at one o'clock, (six hours from Brieg,) I arrived, still perfectly fresh and unfatigued, at the little village of Simplon, which gives name to the road. Here is quite a well-kept inn, where I rested an hour and a half, wrote a couple of letters, and dined, sharing the repast with a noble dog of the St. Bernard breed that I would gladly have taken with me.

After dinner, as I went on my way with elastic step, feeling as if I could walk till midnight, I met two heavy private carriages, each slowly dragged up the ascent by eight or ten mules, their occupants, especially the ladies, looking as fatigued, out of spirits, and peevish, as can well be imagined. And truly in this they might be excused, for they had probably been moving at this slow rate for seven or eight hours. The superiority of pedestrianism could scarcely be more signal than in such circumstances.

The scenery on the Italian side of the mountain is, in some parts, even more wild and grand than on that toward Switzerland. At the Gorge of Gondo, the road passes between overhanging precipices on one side, and a foaming, furious torrent on the other. In the midst of the Gorge is

the *Gallery of Gondo*, cut through the solid rock for a distance of nearly six hundred feet, a work of enormous labor, which employed for eighteen months more than a hundred workmen, relieved day and night—as many working together as the limited space would allow. At the end of this long, dark passage, a waterfall comes dashing down the rocks, so near the road, that I was wet by the spray. The wild grandeur of this secluded spot was well fitted to strike a solitary pedestrian with awe. Indeed, I would not have exchanged for the pleasantest society that any part of my tour made known to me, the delightful thoughts that filled my mind during this lonely walk from Switzerland to Italy. Mingling with the exalting influences of the glorious scenery, came the exhilarating consciousness that I was now on the borders of that classic land, a pilgrimage to which is, indeed, an epoch in one's life. As at each turn of the winding road I looked eagerly for some wide-extended prospect of her sunny plains, how many vivid recollections of childhood crowded upon me, associated with the long roll of her "bright immortal names"—chiefly with that of VIRGIL, with whom my acquaintance began, not in the drudgery of schools, but under the instructions of an aged relative, to whom it was a labor of love to inspire his pupil with a taste for the beauties of the Mantuan bard. Again that venerable form seemed to stand by my side—the tones of a voice never heard by me but in kindness, seemed once more to fall on my ear, as I blessed the memory of one, long since removed from mortal cares, whose life well answered to the poet's beautiful delineation of the village pastor.

I passed the border of Italy some time before completing the descent of the Simplon, and at the little village of Isella had my passport countersigned by the Sardinian police. And now the appearances of nature gave token of a different

climate from that of the other side of the Alps. A softer atmosphere, fertile and highly cultivated fields, and vegetation far in advance of what I had hitherto seen, told the influence of kinder skies, and made me feel that I was in *Italy*. I looked with pleasure on the luxuriant trellised vines, (unlike the low growth of the vineyards of France and Germany,) with their thick clusters of grapes nearly ripe. The road now entered a broad valley, whose distant enclosing hill-sides were covered with groups of white houses. A traveller of taste has pronounced this valley "one of the most delightful that Alpine solitudes enclose, or the foot of the wanderer ever traversed." The mountain torrent, along the brink of which the road had been conducted for several miles, was here crossed by a bridge of two arches, ninety feet high. Further on, it unites with the river Toccia or Tosa, which flows through the broad valley. For a long distance the ruinous state of the road, before it enters the valley, marks the effect of the tremendous storms of 1834 and 1839, which, causing vast slides of earth and rock, and sweeping away the bridges, long rendered the route wholly impassable, and gives it still, in many places, a desolate appearance.

It was now growing dark, and, being no longer under the influence of the bracing atmosphere of the heights, I began to wish for my journey's end, especially as I met hereabout several rather ruffianly looking fellows, who, for aught I knew, might prove ugly customers after nightfall. Presently I was overtaken by an open carriage, returning empty to Domo d'Ossola. Feeling quite able to walk to the town, a distance, as I supposed, of a mile or two, and having, moreover, been told that all the imposition practised upon travellers elsewhere on the continent, was but a trifle compared with that prevalent in Italy, I pleased myself with the idea

of making a bargain, at least once in my tour, where, instead of being completely in the power of the other party, I had the advantage, and could dictate the terms. Accordingly I offered the driver half a franc, which I judged to be a fair price for the distance. He insisted on having a franc and a half. I gave him to understand that I could walk to Domo d'Ossola just as well as not, and, to prove it, set off forthwith in the most approved style of pedestrianism. He drove on, but managed to be overtaken within a quarter of a mile, and again offered me a seat. "*Demi-franc?*" I asked. "*Un franc,*" was his reply. "*Non, non, demi-franc,*" I answered, and trudged on, intimating that I would be at Domo d'Ossola before he would, a response which he met by the counter suggestion that it would be morning before I got there. A quarter of a mile further, he stopped again. "*Demi-franc?*" I inquired. "*Trois quarts de franc,*" was now his demand. "*Non, non, demi-franc*"—I shook my head and went on. In five minutes he once more stopped. "*Demi-franc?*" "*Oui, demi-franc.*" I took the offered seat.

It was now bright star-light; I had had enough of walking, and enjoyed the ride exceedingly along the bank of the foaming mountain torrent, which, augmented by several tributary streams, had now become a large river. Having gained my point with the driver, I soon began to relent, and after some time, seeing yet no signs of Domo d'Ossola, told him that I had mistaken the distance, and should give him, not half a franc, but a whole one. This communication evidently raised me very much in his estimation; he drove faster, and was disposed to be very communicative. After a ride of at least three miles, we reached the town, the carriage drove into the court-yard of a large inn, and a young woman extended her hand to assist me to alight, an attention, cer-

tainly the first of the kind ever received from such a quarter, and which, however instinctively disposed to decline it, I presently found that a walk of nearly thirty miles over the Alps had rendered by no means superfluous.

The next afternoon the diligence came along with my baggage. The friends whom I had left at Brieg, ascertaining that there was a custom-house at Isella, where my carpet-bag, if locked, would be detained, had a small key manufactured for it, which, giving opportunity for examination, secured its passage. The key, which, with an accompanying note, I found appended to the bag, I preserve as a specimen of Swiss manufacture, as well as a memorial of the friendly courtesy of fellow travellers, of whom, as of many other chance companions of my tour, the recollection, brief as was our acquaintance, is exceedingly pleasant.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ITALY.—Lake Maggiore.—Milan.—Triumphal Arch.—Duomo.—Lake Benacus.—Amphitheatre of Verona.—Vicenza.—Palaces and Statues.—Arrival at Venice.

My first day's journey in Italy was from Domo d'Ossola to Milan, nearly one third the distance being along the western shore of the beautiful Lake Maggiore. The celebrated *Borromean Islands* were in full view, the most remarkable of which, the *Isola Bella*, (Beautiful Island,) originally a bare slate rock, has been formed, by the transfer of soil from other places, into a magnificent garden, consisting of ten terraces, rising one above another in the form of a pyramid, and covered with some of the choicest productions of tropical countries, such as the camphor-tree and coffee-plant, as well as the orange, citron, myrtle, and other natives of Italy. These plants are protected in winter by artificial heat; indeed it is as a creation of art, that the Island is specially remarkable.

On the borders of the Lake fine houses appeared at intervals; some of them surrounded by the most magnificent flower-gardens that I ever saw. Their richness and brilliancy, and the luxuriance of nature everywhere in these fertile plains, were doubly charming, from the contrast with the snowy summits of the Alps still in view, and the comparatively barren soil of Switzerland, which I had so lately left. Near the town of Arona, is a colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, sixty-six feet high, on a pedestal forty feet in height. The attitude is graceful, and the face

expressive of benevolence, as, saint-like, he extends his hand over the Lake and his birth-place, Arona, bestowing on them his benediction.

The river Ticino forms the outlet of the Lake; this we crossed in a ferry boat, and entered the territory of Austrian Lombardy, at the small town of Sesto Calende, where our passports were examined with unusual strictness, each traveller coming separately under the inspection of the police, so as to be identified. Any unlucky wight that should find himself here without an Austrian minister's signature to his passport, would have to "gang bock agen" some two hundred miles, to get one, before setting his foot on Austrian soil.

Soon after leaving Sesto Calende, we passed near the celebrated battle-ground of the *Ticinus*, where more than two thousand years ago, Hannibal gained a victory over Scipio. In this vicinity is a very ancient cypress-tree, one hundred and twenty feet high and twenty-three feet in circumference, which is even said to have been a tree in the days of Julius Cæsar! Napoleon paid such reverence to the tree and the tradition respecting it, that he caused the Simplon road to diverge from a straight line in order to leave it unscathed.

We were now at the beginning of the great plain of Lombardy, and hence to Milan the level and dusty road runs between avenues of mulberry-trees and hedges of Acacia, through a country excessively fertile, but too flat to afford any interesting prospects. The name of each village is inscribed in large letters on the white wall at the entrance. A horseman, armed to the teeth, rode by our side, whose presence was the more apropos from a story then current of a recent attack on the diligence by robbers. This, however, was in the Sardinian territory; the power-

ful but (as I incline to think it) paternal government of Austria, takes order very effectually in such matters.

At length, at nine o'clock of a most lovely moonlight evening, we entered the beautiful city of MILAN. Here, at the end of a long avenue of noble trees, the Simplon road is terminated by a magnificent Triumphal Arch, one of the most celebrated in Europe, forming the entrance to the city. It is composed *entirely of white marble*. The grand central arch is flanked by two side arches of smaller size; and lofty fluted Corinthian columns, each a single block of marble, give the structure a richness and grace scarcely to be surpassed. Beneath the soft moonlight, it appeared a gem of perfect beauty.

After a brief detention at the gates, we crossed the spacious *Piazza d'Armi*, surrounded by thick groves, and I was soon in sumptuous quarters at the *Hotel de la Ville*. Presently I was again in the street, and turning a corner, came suddenly in view of one of the most gorgeous and imposing objects in the world. I despair of conveying any adequate idea of the "Duomo" of Milan. It stands alone, even in Italy. To see it for the first time, as I did, by *moonlight*, when all its exquisite delicacy and beauty appear in perfection, is an event in one's life. All the Gothic Cathedrals that I had previously seen were sombre and dark from the color of the stone; but here there rose before me, gleaming in the moonlight, a *mountain of white marble*—shooting up in spires and pinnacles, apparently innumerable—thickly sown with the richest sculpture, *thousands of statues* of saints and angels covering its surface in every part—having clustered around it, massive buttresses, graceful arches, towering pinnacles, and all the lavish profusion of Gothic ornament, exquisitely wrought, even in the minutest and most concealed details

—the *tout ensemble* surpassing all that I had ever dreamed of even Oriental magnificence.

“ The silver light so pale and faint,
Showed many a Prophet and many a Saint”

of colossal proportions, conspicuous among the silent population of this “ palace built for God.” They count of marble figures, large and small, within and without this wonderful edifice, no less than *seven thousand*—hundreds upon hundreds of which are of a size larger than life, and each worthy to be taken as a model by the sculptor.

Never had I formed an idea even approximating the imposing grandeur and exuberant richness of this unique Cathedral. Seen unexpectedly and by moonlight, at my first entrance into Italy from Switzerland, where art is as humble as nature is sublime, the impression it made upon me was overpowering. It seemed as if I stood on fairy ground—as if the gorgeous, yet graceful and airy structure on which I was gazing, instead of being the product of the toilsome labor of successive generations of human artificers, must have been the handiwork of superior beings ; I could almost have believed that, by the skill of angel architects, out of the earth it

“ Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.”

One delightful day I spent in beautiful Milan, and gladly would have lingered there a week ; but every hour in Italy was precious, and, anxious as I was to include all its most interesting cities within the limits of a tour necessarily brief, I counted myself fortunate in being in season to secure a seat for that evening in a diligence, which leaving Milan twice a week, after two nights and a day, arrives at VENICE.

Meanwhile, I strolled about the streets, observing with interested eye the novel sights to be met with at every turn. The temperature of the air was most voluptuous, corresponding, as did the deep blue of the cloudless sky, with all that I had read or dreamed of this fair and sunny land. I lounged at more than one magnificent *café*, which I found crowded with well-dressed and genteel persons, quiet and polite in manner, reading the papers, and solacing themselves with chocolate, ices, and a variety of cool and refreshing (not intoxicating) drinks. From Swiss poverty and toil, the transition to the luxury and the "*dolce far niente*" of Italy was very marked. The influence of kinder skies was also conspicuous on every side. The interior court of the hotel where I stayed was filled with flowers, at that time in full brilliancy and fragrance, and the very atmosphere, by its delicious softness, diffused through the soul the most luxurious sensations. The spirit of universal philanthropy took full possession of me, and, as I sauntered through the streets, I felt on the very best of terms with mankind in general, and the inhabitants of Milan in particular. The Royal Palace and the Ambrosian library were the only public resorts which I troubled myself to seek out, finding, as I did, so much more enjoyment in lingering around the "Duomo," than in hunting up the lesser lions.

The stranger in Italy is struck with the number of clerical personages in the streets, one or more of them (distinguished by their dress) being constantly in sight: and not less was my attention attracted, and certainly much more agreeably, by the beauty of the ladies of Milan. Perhaps they owed something of their charms to the contrast they presented to the horrible *goître* so prevalent in Switzerland; for after seeing nine women out of ten, in the

valley of the Rhone, more or less cursed with this dreadful deformity, the eye is not fastidious in its estimate of female beauty. Here, as elsewhere on the Continent, I could not but remark how, as to fashion, Paris gives laws to the whole civilized world. Notwithstanding the striking diversity of costume in different nations, among the women in humbler life, (all sorts of hats, turbans, and ornaments for the head, as well as many colored and variously-shaped frocks, being worn by the poorer class, in Holland, Switzerland, the Tyrol, &c.,) with the superior order, a Parisian bonnet, mantle, and white frock, seemed to be every where fashionable.

It was near sunset when I took my place in the diligence, and bade farewell to Milan. My companions, all Italians, were cheerful and polite. At ten o'clock we reached *Bergamo*, and stopped half an hour in its suburb, from which the city, built on a hill, or rather mountain, and enclosed by massive walls, showed most beautifully in the moonlight. Some hours after, we made a similar halt at *Brescia*. After sunrise, our road lay for many miles along the southern shore of a beautiful lake, from which the cool breeze was most refreshing. Here we were indeed on classic ground, for the lake, now called the *Lago di Garda*, is no other than that *BENACUS*, which both Virgil and Catullus have celebrated. From its southern shore there runs out into the lake, for an extent of two miles, a peninsula, the hilly extremity of which appears like an island, so low and narrow is the strip of the land connecting it with the shore. This is that *Sirmio*, which Catullus selected as his residence, charmed with the beauty of the site, which, at one time, he preferred, as he tells us, to every other region.

“Peninsularum **SIRMIO**, insularumque
 Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis
 Marique vasto fert uterque **Neptunus** :
 Quam te libenter, quamque laetus **inviso** !”

Here the poet could behold—as, after the lapse of so many centuries, the traveller at this day beholds—on one side, the vine-yards and olives that adorn the gradual ascent from the southern shore of the lake, on the other, the rude magnificence of rocky promontories, dark ravines, and, in the distance, the snow-covered Alps. Here, when summer smiled, he could look out on the wide expanse of placid water, reflecting, as in a mirror, the varied beauty and grandeur of its borders ; or could feel himself exalted amid the fierce war of the elements, when sudden tempests from the Alpine heights descended upon the lake, lashing its waters into foam and fury, and rolling up waves more resembling the swellings of the ocean, than the petty agitation of inland seas. Virgil must have seen it at such a time, as his brief but vivid description indicates :

“Teque
 Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, **BENACE**, marino.”

The shores of the lake are studded with pretty villages. At the southeastern extremity, is the fortified town of **Peschiera**, which contains an arsenal. Here the river *Mincius*, (which Virgil swam across to escape the myrmidons of Augustus,) flows out of the lake, emptying into the **Po** some leagues below **MANTUA**. Sweet sights to the classical traveller, sweet sounds to the classical reader, are **Benacus**, **Sirmio**, **Mincius**, **Mantua** !

About noon, we entered **VERONA**, situated on both banks of the river **Adige**, over which are thrown four beautiful bridges of stone. This city, so captivating to the imagination from its associations with “**Romeo and Juliet**,” and

the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," possesses, in visible reality, one of the most perfect and remarkable Roman relics to be found in all Italy. The celebrated *Amphitheatre of Verona* is, this day, in its interior structure, almost exactly what it was, when, more than seventeen centuries since, twenty thousand Romans, seated on its marble benches, watched with eager eyes the gladiatorial combats in the arena below. The exterior circumference of this vast elliptical edifice is fourteen hundred and thirty-four feet; the height of the cornice from the level of the street, one hundred feet. Within, the tiers of seats, forty-five in number, ascend from the arena to the level of the third story of external arches, of which only four remain of the seventy-two, that, arranged in three stories, originally formed the façade of this grand structure. Here one may sit down on the time-worn marble, and please himself with imagining the aspect of the place, and of the crowds that made it populous, seventeen hundred years ago. The first historical notice of this Amphitheatre dates back to A. D. 102, when Trajan gave a grand show of wild beasts in it, in honor of his wife, who was a Veronese. Verona was also the birth-place of Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, and Pliny the Elder.

After two hours' stay at Verona, we resumed our journey. Our road lay through a highly cultivated country, planted thick with rows of mulberry trees. Vines, covered with clusters of white or purple grapes, hung in festoons from tree to tree. At every stopping place, girls came round the diligence with baskets of grapes, peaches, and pears, of which an abundant supply could be purchased for a trifle. The peasants were at work in the fields, getting in the harvest, their large white long-horned oxen being not yoked, but harnessed to the carts, as horses or mules are with us.

Our *conducteur* was a personage of no little importance, especially in his own eyes, his office being a responsible, rather than laborious one, viz. that of taking care of the mails, directing the postillions, and fixing the times of arrival and departure. He wore an official cap and dress of blue, trimmed with red, and enjoyed the *otium cum dignitate*, his seat being in the *coupé*, from which he occasionally talked with us in the *interior*, through a small window. Opposite a handsome edifice by the road-side, a servant put into his hand a small package to take to Venice, and, by way of *douceur*, (*literally*,) a bottle of wine, which made the circuit of the company with great applause. It had a pleasant, sweet taste, as if of grape juice not perfectly fermented, so that even my total abstinence friends could hardly have found fault with my taking as long a look up as the rest.

An hour before sunset we reached VICENZA, a city of palaces, the enduring memorials of opulence and splendor long since departed. The celebrated architect, *Palladio*, was born here, and much of the magnificence of Vicenza is due to his genius and his attachment to his native city. I walked awhile through its silent and deserted streets, whose pavements were grass-grown, gazing at its beautiful architecture, which, in any other land than Italy, would attract crowds of admiring pilgrims from all quarters, and which seemed still more impressive to the imagination from being thus strangely contrasted with the air of desolation around.

At Vicenza, a gentleman and lady, the former in a half clerical dress, took places in the diligence, and I soon had occasion to congratulate myself on this accession to our party. My previous companions had been courteous in their manners, but, as they spoke only Italian, our verbal

intercourse had been very limited. This they probably intimated to the new comer, for he soon addressed himself to me in French, and finding that I was a pilgrim from a land so distant, entered into a very interesting conversation in regard to the most remarkable objects to be sought after in Italy. Rarely have I met with more courtesy and politeness than this stranger manifested. He was evidently a man of superior intellect, as well as polished manners, and I have since set him down as probably a Professor in the University at Padua.

At length, it being now dark, our conversation declined, fatigue overpowered me, and I fell asleep. When I woke, I found myself alone, the sole occupant of the diligence, which was no longer in motion. I looked out of the window ; the moon was shining on the high walls of a vast edifice, enclosing the paved court-yard, in which I thus unexpectedly found myself ; the horses had been taken away ; not a human being was in sight ; all around was quiet and solitary. Scarcely yet restored to full consciousness, I got out of the diligence, and passing under an arched gateway at one corner of the court, came out into the open street. Here the first object that met my eye was a magnificent palace of white marble, with a façade of perfect Grecian architecture, beautiful Corinthian pillars sustaining the extensive portico, on which the moon was shedding her soft radiance, presenting altogether such a scene as fancy conjures up in our dreams. I looked at my watch ; it was near midnight. Ascending the broad flight of steps, I entered a vast and sumptuous hall, rich in marble, brilliantly lighted up, but perfectly empty. Beyond this was another equally spacious hall, similar in appearance, and lighted like the first ; here were a few persons seated at small tables, and in one corner a sort of *bar*, or stand for refreshments. This last savored of

reality ; I approached and uttered the word "*Ciocolata* ;" this word broke the spell, and the enchanted palace seemed transformed almost to a café, when an attendant placed on a marble table a small metallic pitcher of chocolate, and some light cake. But what could this vast and magnificent palace be ? And why should its halls be so brilliantly lighted at that dead hour of night ?

In half an hour the diligence was again in motion. I now had the whole *interior* to myself, and soon fell asleep. An hour after, I awoke, and looked out on the road. It lay on the bank of a canal, extending through a country perfectly level. On the opposite side of the road from the canal, the soft moonlight fell on a long succession of palaces, the country residences of the ancient nobility in Venice, each with a beautiful garden in front, and adorned with a profusion of statues, some placed on the tops of the principal edifice, others ranged along the garden walls, or disposed among the shrubbery. The same prospect continued for miles. The great number of the statues astonished me, and, as the bright moonlight fell on them, exhibiting their various attitudes, some with the deep blue sky for the background, and others on the walls, so near that the expression of the face was distinctly visible, there was a loveliness and enchantment about the scene altogether unique. Was not this, too, the *very scene* described in the "*Merchant of Venice* ?"

"The moon shines bright ; *in such a night as this,*
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise—in such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew ;
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice,*
As far as Belmont."

Sleep again overpowered me, and when I next woke the palaces had disappeared, and the level road, straight as an

arrow, was in view for a long distance ahead. At three o'clock in the morning we arrived at a small town, (Mestre,) at the termination of the main land, where we left the diligence, and went on board a gondola for Venice, distant now but seven miles. 'This going out to sea in quest of a city, was something new. We soon passed from the narrow canal to the open water, and when the eastern sky was tinged with the first ruddy hues of morning, the domes and towers of Venice were in full view, the city seeming to rise out of the sea. Well was it said, "If Rome be the work of mortals, Venice is that of the gods." I shall never forget that view of Venice, with the crimson sky for the background, and the exulting feeling when I found myself in the vicinity of this "*ultima Thule*" of my wanderings in this direction.

At a police station, built on piles in the water, our passports were examined. Soon after, we entered the Grand Canal, the Broadway of Venice, lined with ancient and magnificent palaces. At the *Posta*, the mails were discharged, the *conducteur* and other passengers landed, leaving only two young Spaniards and myself, who had come from Milan in the "Ronde" of the diligence, and who had in view the same hotel which I had selected. It was situated near the termination of the Grand Canal, where it opens into the broader channel on the southeastern side of the city; the sun was just rising, as we stepped from the gondola upon its stone stair-case projecting into the water. I took possession of the room assigned me, closed the blinds, went to bed, and slept four hours. At ten o'clock I rose perfectly refreshed, breakfasted, and having entrusted my passport to the *Commissionaire*, repaired to the *Posta*, and there, to my great satisfaction, secured a seat in a diligence, which, after three days, would set off for Bologna and Florence. 'This done,

my mind was free from all solicitude. I had nothing to do, for the three days during which I was to be a "looker-on in Venice," but to see and enjoy as much as possible. I strolled through the narrow streets—so narrow, that, with extended hands, you can touch the walls on each side—and soon found my way to the grand centre of resort, the *Piazz di San Marco*.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

VENICE.—St. Marks.—Doge's Palace.—Marino Faliero.—Bridge of Sighs.—Historical Paintings.—The Rialto.—Churches.—Tomb of Canova.—Moonlight View.

“ I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles ! ”

THE glorious old Church of St. Mark, so intimately associated with every thought of Venice, was begun A. D. 976, and completed in 1071. How strange do these dates sound in American ears ! How indescribable are the feelings of a pilgrim from the New World, when he finds himself on the threshold of that grand and time-honored edifice, and feels that he is indeed in Venice, and amid the monuments of a national history even more remarkable than that of Rome ! A handful of exiles, driven from the main land by the incursion of barbarian hordes, take refuge on a narrow strip of barren sand, and lay there the foundations of a mighty empire ; without vegetation, without drinkable water, without building materials, almost without soil on which to build, they erect a city in the midst of the waves of the sea. This State without a territory, this city floating as it were on the Adriatic, strong only in the indomitable enterprise and invincible courage of its inhabitants, attracts

to itself the commerce of the world, sways the sceptre of the seas, itself a Republic, gives laws to proud empires, and, grown now to colossal size, overshadowing the nations, fills the measure of its fame by that splendor in the fine arts, which to this day remains, alas ! the only relic of its ancient glory. Such, in brief, is the history of Venice, from its origin about the middle of the fifth century, to the final extinction of its independence in 1796.

Some idea of the sumptuous architecture of the Church of St. Mark may be formed from the fact that the number of pillars of marble, porphyry, verd antique, &c. within and without, is not less than *five hundred*. Bronze, gold, and mosaics, every where meet the eye. In front, over the principal entrance, stands the ensign of the Republic, the winged Lion of St. Mark, famous in history ; and a little lower down are the celebrated bronze horses, brought from Constantinople in 1205 by the victorious Venetians.

“ Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun.”

The roof of the church is completely covered with gorgeous domes and spires. Near the main entrance, the spot where the reconciliation took place in 1177 between Pope Alexander III. and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, is indicated by some pieces of red marble in the pavement.

The *Piazza di San Marco* (Place of St. Mark) is a spacious square, having on one side the Church of St. Mark, and on the other three sides three magnificent palaces, united at the angles, and thus forming a complete enclosure. The basements of these palaces present in front an unbroken series of arcades, occupied with numerous *cafés* and shops, affording a most delightful shelter for the crowds that daily assemble there. Under these arcades there are also, at in-

tervals, passages to the narrow streets in the rear. On the side of the square near the church, is the splendid Clock Tower, rich in marble and gilding. Two statues in bronze are conspicuous on its top, and, by an ingenious piece of mechanism, these figures, called "the Moors," elevate their arms and strike the hours, in a style quite like life. Immediately in front of the church stand three lofty flag-staffs, resting on richly ornamented pedestals of bronze. From these were anciently displayed the standards of the Republic, indicating her dominion over Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea.

Close to the church stands the Doge's Palace, an edifice as grand and imposing in its architecture, as it is interesting in its historical associations. It occupies one side of the *Piazzetta*, a smaller square, which extends from one angle of the Place of St. Mark to the water, the two quadrangles together resembling in shape the letter L. This Palace was built near the middle of the fourteenth century, when Marino Faliero was Doge of Venice. As there is but one Venice in the world, so is there but one Doge's Palace. Its architecture, so unlike that of other palaces, is singularly exciting to the imagination. A long range of massive columns, with richly sculptured capitals, connected by arches, forms the front of the lower story, above which is another open arcade, with Gothic arches, and over them most curiously carved Oriental and Arabesque ornaments, in number, variety, and delicacy, displaying the lavish splendor of the gorgeous East. Entering the principal gate, and crossing the interior of the court, you ascend the celebrated Giant Staircase, so called from its being ornamented with two semi-colossal statues of Mars and Neptune—emblems of the military and naval power of the Republic. Just at the head of the staircase the Doges were crowned, and this

spot, Byron, following tradition, has represented as the scene of the execution of Marino Faliero. To this place he was led, arrayed in his robes of office, and here, the ducal crown being taken from him on the spot where it had been assumed, his hoary head was struck off by the axe of the executioner, and rolled down the Giant's Stairs. Such was the ignominious close of a life, protracted through seventy years, and, until its last fatal act, crowned with all the honors that proud and powerful Venice could bestow.

The Doge's Palace is pre-eminently the place to which the stranger must resort, in order to feel the full impression of the past—whose memorials here surround him. Its vast and numerous halls are filled with historical paintings, picturing to the eye those scenes and transactions which are imperishably associated with Venetian glory. In one of these I remarked a series of geographical paintings, delineating the different countries discovered and visited by the Venetians, in the proudest days of the Republic. In a chamber devoted to the portraits of Venetian navigators, the eye turns at once to that of the illustrious Marco Polo, on whom Venice prides herself, as Genoa does on Columbus.

Of the numerous pictures in the different halls, those interested me most which most vividly depict the ancient power and splendor of the Republic; such, for instance, as that of the Doge Cicogna, receiving the Persian ambassadors—Pope Alexander III., advancing to meet the Doge Sebastian Ziani, returning from his victory over Frederick Barbarossa—the Pope presenting a sword to the Doge, as he embarks—the return of a Doge after his victory over the Genoese—the crowning of Baldwin of Flanders Emperor at Constantinople by the Doge Henry Dandolo, who, more than ninety years old, and almost blind, ("O for one hour

of blind old Dandolo!") led on the Venetians to the attack and capture of the ancient Byzantium—a Doge, surrounded by his council, receiving the deputations of cities offering themselves as voluntary subjects of the Republic—numerous battles of the Venetians, &c. To gaze on these paintings, most of them the works of great masters—to feel that you are standing on the very spot where many of these memorable scenes occurred—to look out from the windows of the Palace on the Môle where the embarkation depicted on the canvass took place—to re-people, in imagination, the quiet squares beneath you, where in the heat of the day but a few loungers are seen, with those exulting throngs that crowded in past ages to these grand demonstrations of Venetian glory—these are things that take powerful possession of the soul, and cause it indeed to live in the past. Never before had I so felt the power of historical painting.

The portraits of one hundred and fifteen Doges extend along the upper part of more than one hall. In the place where should have been that of Marino Faliero, is this inscription on a black ground—“*Hic est locus Marini Falierii decapitati pro criminibus.*” The effect of this is most impressive. How terrible was that vengeance, which, not satisfied with the death of its victim, sought thus to blacken his memory to all time! The treason against the State of which Marino Faliero was guilty, was by no means unprovoked; but Venetian justice was never easily appeased. The decree of the Council of Ten, that he should be beheaded in the midst of his ducal dignity, and on the very spot of his investiture, and that his place among his illustrious predecessors should be left vacant, with only a scroll to consign his name to perpetual infamy,

was well fitted to protect the State from future conspiracy on the part of its chief dignitary, and at the same time to teach impressively that he who falls from such a height,

“ Falls, like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.”

It was (according to an ancient Chronicle) on Friday, April 16th, 1355, that Marino Faliero was beheaded. After the execution, the great doors of the Palace in front of the Giant's Staircase were thrown open, and the people rushed in to look at the corpse. It was afterwards removed in a barge with eight torches to his tomb in the Church of San Giovanni e Paolo. On the stone coffin were engraved simply these words: “*Hic jacet Dominus Marinus, Faletro Dux.*” But a couplet was composed, which some thought worthy to be inscribed on the tomb:

“Dux Venetum jacet hic, patriam qui prodere tentans,
Sceptra, decus, census, perdidit, atque caput.”

Of the numerous halls in the Doge's Palace, the Hall of the Senate, and that of the Council of Ten, are the most remarkable. Both are preserved as they were in the days of Venetian power. The former has at one end the Doge's throne, and, ranged along the sides, the richly carved seats of three hundred and ten Senators. Here, in past ages, were held debates, involving the destinies of nations. These worn seats, too, which the visiter still sees in the Hall of the Council of Ten, were once occupied by the members of a secret and terrible tribunal, skilled (as the stories of Marino Faliero, the two Foscari, and many a legend beside, too well attest,) to make its victims taste, drop by drop, the full bitterness of death, and to wreak its vengeance on them, even when in their graves. High above the water, a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, ex-

tends from the Doge's Palace to the prison on the opposite side of the canal. This is the *Bridge of Sighs*. A wall of stone divides it into two parts. The prisoner condemned to death by the secret tribunal, was conducted from the Palace through one division of the bridge to the prison, and thence was led back into the other compartment, and there strangled.

But we must not leave the Ducal Palace without noticing particularly one or two of its more remarkable paintings. One of these commemorates the origin of that singular ceremony, the *Doge espousing the Adriatic*. The aged Pope Alexander III., who, on the invasion of Italy by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, had taken refuge in Venice, meets on the steps of the Piazzetta, the Doge returning from a naval victory over their common foe, and places in his hand a ring. "Be it unto you, Venetians," he said, "as a chain to maintain your dominion over the sea—espouse her every year on the return of this day, with this ring, and thus commemorate the celebration of your nuptials, in order that posterity may know that the Venetian arms have acquired the mastery of the waves, and that the sea is subject to the Republic as a wife unto her husband."

Another magnificent painting records the proudest moment in the history of Venice, and in the life of Dandolo, her noblest son. It is at the capture of Constantinople. The heroic old man, with the standard of St. Mark in his grasp, descends on the hostile and dangerous shore—soldiers and sailors, inspired by his example, crowd after him—through stones, and darts, and burning bitumen, showered on them from above, they rush to the attack—they place the ladders—already the tower is taken, and the standard of Venice floats majestically over the heights of Constantinople. The Doge, standing on the captured tower, amid the dying and

the dead, his helmet broken, and his long white hair floating over his shoulders, was, says a poet, "as the image of time treading on the ruins of the city."

The *Campanile*, or Tower of St. Mark, is an isolated square tower near the church. From the top of it I gazed with no common delight on the beautiful city below, the neighboring islands, the blue waters of the Adriatic, and the distant Friuli mountains. When this glorious panorama was spread out before me, beneath the cloudless sky of noon, I felt sure that no other city in Italy, none other in the world, could rival the perfect enchantment which its scenery and its history impart to Venice.

The contrast between the past glory and present decay of this "gorgeously desolate, old Ocean-queen," is exceedingly impressive. Yet, politically and commercially unimportant as she now is, there are many things, which, to the stranger, materially diminish the painful sensations which such a contrast is fitted to produce. The sceptre has indeed departed from her, but the enduring glories of her architecture, statuary, and painting, still remain. There appears to be also more of industry and general comfort here, than in most of the other Italian cities. Not only are the crowds that congregate in the evenings at the Piazza and Piazzetta, well-dressed and genteel in appearance, but the lower class exhibit no signs of the squalid poverty to be seen elsewhere in Italy.

As there were no excursions to be made out of the city, three busy days sufficed for very extensive rambling through its narrow streets, as well as for repeated visits to the objects of greatest interest. A connoisseur in the fine arts would indeed wish to spend weeks or months here, but for those who are not so, it is perhaps the best policy to compress, in as small a compass as possible, the

pleasures of visiting such scenes, and to leave them before they have begun to pall on the sense. To me Venice will ever be enchanted ground, and the glimpse I had of its glories, brief as it was, yet sufficient for vivid impression and enduring remembrance, was a chapter of the purest poetry of life. It might have degenerated into prose, had I remained long enough to associate it chiefly with everyday occurrences and common-place companions. It so happened that here I was absolutely without acquaintances, and, except at the *table d' hôte*, of the hotel, had little occasion to hold intercourse with any one; and I was precisely in that mood of mind in which this circumstance was most delightful. The objects around me were eloquent, and it would have been truly annoying to have the effect of that eloquence frittered away by ordinary chit-chat. The gorgeous architecture of those time-honored palaces and temples, and the memory of the stirring events with which many of them are associated, furnished inexhaustible food for that delicious revery, to which the voluptuous softness of the air, and the repose of all nature beneath that cloudless sky, seemed of themselves to invite.

Venice is built on about seventy small islands, separated from each other by a great number of canals. The number of bridges crossing these canals is said to be three hundred and six. Even in Amsterdam there are wide streets traversed by light vehicles, and, since the opening of the railway, by one or two omnibuses; but in Venice, not a horse or carriage of any kind is to be seen. The narrow streets, and the high-arched bridges, (often at an elevation reached by stone steps,) are adapted exclusively to pedestrians. Besides the spacious squares (the *Piazza* and *Piazzetta*) adjoining each other near the Church of St. Mark, there are few public palaces large enough for

general resort, and accordingly these, with the *Riva*, (the broad quay running along the side of the lagoon,) constitute the chief promenade.

The Grand Canal, far exceeding the rest in width, winds its serpentine way through the city, dividing it into unequal parts. There is but one bridge over it, the celebrated *Rialto*, which thus connects the two groups of islands on which the city is built.

“On the Rialto, every night at twelve,
I take my evening’s walk of meditation.”

My “walk of meditation” on this spot was taken somewhat earlier, beneath a bright moon; and the scene was indeed well suited to fanciful musings; for which the “Merchant of Venice,” and “Othello,” supply ample material, in addition to the rich stores of authentic Venetian history. A double range of shops extends over this bridge, “where merchants most did congregate,” dividing it into three parallel streets. The *Rialto* makes a fine appearance from the water, being built of stone, and spanning the canal by a single high arch, beneath which the black gondolas are gliding continually.

The Churches of Venice are magnificent in architecture, and sumptuous in decoration, containing a great number of paintings by the first masters, and sepulchral monuments of most elaborate sculpture, in memory of the Doges and distinguished nobility of former years. Those erected in honor of distinguished artists are still more attractive, especially from the juxtaposition of the *chefs d’œuvres* which perpetuate their fame. In the Church of *S. Maria dei Frari*, I paused for a long time at the monument to Canova, erected in 1827. It is a pyramid of white marble, with mourning figures ranged on the steps leading to

a door, representing the opening to a sepulchre. Its magnificent sculpture is the result of the labors of seven of the most distinguished living Venetian artists, after a model designed by Canova himself for a sepulchral monument to *Titian*, who lies interred in the same church, and to whom a monument, just opposite to Canova's, is not yet completed. An account of the last hours of Canova, which I had read some years previous, made this visit to his tomb exceedingly interesting. I thought of him as one whose love for the beautiful had not been limited to material forms—whose soul had imbibed a pure and elevating influence from communion with ideal excellence. A peculiar purity and chasteness characterize his works, and are no where more conspicuous than in his celebrated *Venus*, which I saw afterwards at Florence.

Except St. Mark's, no church that I visited seemed to me to surpass that of *Santa Maria della Salute*. This gorgeous edifice was built by the Republic, then in its highest glory, in fulfilment of a vow made on occasion of the plague, which, in 1630, swept off thousands of victims. It stands in a conspicuous place not far from St. Mark's, on the opposite side of the Grand Canal, just where the latter opens into the broad channel. It is most profusely ornamented, comprising one hundred and twenty-five statues, beside numerous paintings, and is surmounted by a magnificent dome.

Not far from this church, on the same bank of the Grand Canal, is the Academy of Fine Arts, containing a rich collection of paintings, chiefly of the Venetian school. The two paintings here that interested me most were the Resurrection of Lazarus, and the Death of Rachel. In the latter of these, the beautiful face of her who lies extended on the couch, the deep grief of Jacob as the wife of his love is expiring, the

attitude of Joseph, and the infant, in charge of the nurse, make up a scene inexpressibly touching.

As an omnibus ride after dinner was not to be had in Venice, I took, as an excellent substitute for it, an excursion in a *gondola*. Setting off near the place of St. Mark, the gondolier proceeded leisurely along the Grand Canal, giving me time to admire the palaces on its banks, till, at some distance beyond the Rialto, by one of the numerous canals opening to the right, we passed through to the shallow water on the northern side of the city. When we reached this point, the sun was setting. Soon the full moon rose, and the prospect of sky and sea, the city, the islands adjacent, and the distant mountains, was indeed enchanting.

“The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli’s mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity:—
While, on the other hand, meek Dian’s crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest.”

Passing by the Arsenal, whose strong walls, flanked by towers, enclose a space nearly two miles in circumference, I stopped a few minutes at the public Gardens. Beyond these, the gliding gondolas, and an Austrian steamer, starting for Trieste, enlivened the scene. Returning to the *Piazza di San Marco*, I found it, and the adjoining *Piazzetta*, which fronts on the broad channel east of the city, crowded with promenaders. Hundreds of chairs in front of the cafés were occupied by ladies and gentlemen, refreshing themselves with ices and lemonade, and occasionally serenaded by musicians of both sexes, who, after their song was ended, collected a moderate tribute from the

audience. In one of the cafés I took up a Paris newspaper, which discussed at some length the question who would be the next President of the United States. It seemed strange to read of "*Monsieur Webster de Boston*," and "*Monsieur Clay de Kentucky*," at the very threshold of the Doge's Palace at Venice—amid the fading glories of that once proud and powerful republic, which had reached its zenith, while America was yet undiscovered.

The following evening was the last of my stay. At eight o'clock it was necessary for me to be at the *Posta*. In compliance with the usual requisition, my baggage had been sent some hours before, I had settled my bill at the hotel, and received the courteous farewells of my landlord, whose English "good-bye" had a very kindly sound, superinduced upon his customary French.

Once more, and for the last time, I stood in the Place of St. Mark, and yielded to the full inspiration of the place and the hour. The moon was shining upon one of the loveliest scenes imaginable. Every beautiful object was now more beautiful beneath its light, and to heighten the enchantment, the band connected with the Austrian garrison, numbering at least eighty musicians, with a great variety of instruments, formed a hollow square in the centre of the *Place*, and gave a magnificent serenade. To listen to those strains by moonlight, under the shadow of the Church of St. Mark and the Doge's Palace, was alone sufficient to compensate a pilgrimage to that distant city. Reluctantly I tore myself away from this enchanted ground, and hastened to the *Posta*, where I arrived just in time. The Gondola carrying the mail, which waits for no one, had received nearly all its passengers, and two minutes after I stepped on board we were in motion.

Thus I parted from Venice. But there is, indeed, "no

farewell" to such scenes. Neither Florence, in the beautiful and classic vale of the Arno, nor smiling Naples, with its unrivalled bay, nor Rome itself, with all its solemn grandeur, distinct and vivid as they are in recollection, have power at all to diminish the charm which memory throws around that unique and most lovely city, whose moonlight scenery still mingles with the most delicious of my waking dreams.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ITALY.—Padua.—Ferrara.—Bologna.—Church of San Petronio.—University.—Campo Santo.—Walk at night over the Appennines.

WHAT havoc does the spirit of the age make of poetry ! A *railroad* (I grieve to say it) will soon connect Venice with the main land. Then farewell to half the romance of the old ocean queen !

At Mestre we left the gondola, our baggage was brought to the *Posta*, and presently a diligence issued from the court-yard. "*Diligenza a Ferrara?*"—I inquired of the *conducteur*. "*No, Signor,*" he replied, with a sweetness of tone and manner known only to Italy. When this had received its passengers and baggage, another made its appearance. I approached the *conducteur* once more. "*Diligenza a Ferrara è questa?*" "*No, Signor, a Milano,*" he answered in the same sweet musical tones, quite unlike the surly impatience of English coachmen, when superfluous questions are asked. The politeness which reigns in Italy, more than compensates many little grievances to which the traveller is subjected ; one of which I now became acquainted with for the first time, viz. the custom of giving a "*buono mano*" to the postillion. The sum expected is a mere trifle, but, as a new postillion is taken every two hours, the frequency of the call annoys one seriously—especially if roused by it from a comfortable nap.

Again I passed the palaces and statues, silvered as before by the moonlight, and at length the diligence drove into the

identical court-yard in which I had so unexpectedly found myself on the night of my approach to Venice. I walked into the street—there was the enchanted palace, lovely as before beneath the bright moon, and, although it was now two o'clock in the morning, having its marble halls open and brilliantly lighted, as when I first saw them. All that had passed in the interval—might it not be a dream? And how enchanting a dream! The domes of Venice, ruddy in the morning light—the Palace of the Doge—the Church of St. Mark—the Bridge of Sighs—the Rialto—the gliding gondolas—the moonlight serenade—were these all real, or had I but dreamed of them, to wake and find myself, as in the “Arabian Nights,” just where I was when I fell asleep? An excellent cup of chocolate recalled me, as before, from fairy land to reality, and, being by this time fully awake, I obtained a solution of the mystery. The place was PADUA, so celebrated for its University; and the magnificent palace was but a *café*, although in size and splendor without a rival even in Italy, being under the special patronage of the students, who occupy the rooms above, and for whose accommodation, and that of the travellers passing this way to and from Venice, it is kept open and lighted all night.

Leaving the city by a different gate, we passed in view of the favorite promenade of the Paduans, “*Il Prato della Valle*.” In the midst of it rises a little isle, surrounded by canals, along the border of which are ranged statues of the illustrious men born at Padua, or associated with its history. The moonlight view of these was very striking.

The population of Padua is about fifty thousand, and more than a thousand students still resort annually to its once celebrated University, which at this time possesses a

library of fifty thousand volumes, very valuable collections in natural history and anatomy, a botanic garden, and an observatory.

A few miles from Padua is *Arqua*, where are still shown the house in which Petrarch lived, and his tomb, "reared in air," a sarcophagus of red marble, supported by four pillars. So greenly does the memory of genius flourish through successive centuries! The name of Petrarch has kindled the enthusiasm of many generations of his countrymen. After some months of languor, on the morning of July 19th, 1374, he was found dead in his library chair, with his head resting on a book. The chair is still preserved, and held in high veneration by the pilgrims to his shrine.

Next morning we crossed, first the Adige and afterwards the Po, by ferry-boats, so connected with a long line of boats fastened to one anchored some distance up stream, as to be swung across by the action of the current alone. The Po is the most rapid of Italian rivers, as Virgil described it nearly two thousand years ago.

——— "Quo non alius per pingua culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis."

On the southern bank of the Po the Papal territory commences, and as some of the subjects of his Holiness were then in a state of insurrection, the diligence was escorted to Ferrara by a mounted guard, that I thought looked pretty likely to take to flight, at the earliest token of real danger.

Ferrara is richer in its recollections than its present resources. Its wide streets are grass-grown, but its inhabitants boast of possessing the house in which Ariosto lived, and the cell in which Tasso, "their glory and their shame," was consigned to long years of captivity, doubly galling to

"the eagle-spirit of a child of song." Here we rested from two P. M. till midnight, and then proceeded to BOLOGNA, where we arrived about sunrise. Night is the time for travelling in Italy, during the warm season, and the public conveyances generally allow the traveller several hours of rest during the heat of the day.

Bologna is a city of *arcades*. The principal streets are lined with them, offering thus an agreeable shelter from the sun's rays, as well as a beautiful and imposing prospect to the eye. Beside those within the city, a magnificent colonnade, nearly three miles in length and consisting of no less than six hundred and ninety arcades, conducts to a superb temple on a neighboring height, called *Notre Dame de S. Luc*. The faithful stoutly maintain that the paintings which adorn the interior of this temple were executed by Saint Luke himself!

In company with an English gentleman whom I met first in the gondola in which we left Venice, I spent two days at Bologna, exploring leisurely its principal sights. It is a walled city, with twelve gates; its population, numbering seventy thousand, has the reputation of being more industrious than is common in Italy, and the trouble they are even now giving the Pope shows them less patient of servitude than the majority of their countrymen. No river flows near the city, but art has supplied the deficiency of nature, and a canal is made tributary in various ways to its flourishing manufactures and trade. Bologna, Gottingen, Oxford, and Cambridge are all alike celebrated for their *Universities* and their—*sausages*.

Stopping at a fruit stall, I chose a large pear, (which proved one of the finest I ever tasted,) and a quantity of delicious grapes, and asked the price. "*Un baioc*," (one cent) was the answer. This is a fair specimen of the

abundance and cheapness of the fruits of Italy. The currency in the states of the Church bears a singular analogy to our own; the crown, (*scudo*,) corresponding to one dollar, the *paul* to one dime, and the *baioc*, (one-tenth of a *paul*,) to our cent. Here, as had been the case at Milan and Venice, the hotel at which I stayed had once been a palace. Indeed I lived in palaces all the time I was in Italy. The contrast between what she was and what she is, can hardly be more strikingly set forth than by the simple fact, that the chief hotels in all her cities were originally the spacious and sumptuous abodes of her nobles. Strangers are in her desolate palaces.

In the matter of sight-seeing my new acquaintance proved a very desirable companion, being intelligent and indefatigable. We visited first the Church of *San Pietro*, more remarkable for vastness of dimension than architectural beauty. We saw the sun pass the famous meridian traced on its pavement by the distinguished astronomer Cassini. In this church Charles V. was crowned Emperor by Pope Clement VII.

In the principal square is one of the finest fountains in Italy, called the Fountain of the Giant, from a colossal statue of Neptune with which it is adorned, the work of the celebrated *John of Bologna*. Near one of the gates of the city are two very remarkable *leaning towers*. They are square, built of brick, of singular architecture, and have probably stood nearly seven hundred years. One of them, called from its founder, the Tower of *Asinelli*, is more than three hundred feet high, and has a deviation from the perpendicular of about five feet; the other (*Garisendi*) is but half the height of the first, but the inclination is much greater. Standing near together, and leaning in opposite directions, their appearance is very singular.

The University of Bologna, which for successive centuries attracted to itself students from all nations, sometimes to the number of ten or twelve thousand, shares in the decay universal in Italy. Of numerous colleges, bearing the designation of different states in Europe, that of Spain, founded by a Spanish cardinal, and that of Flanders, founded by a goldsmith of Brussels, alone remain. Its library and observatory are both famous; but science travels slowly down to the common people. In Bologna the show-loving populace once *hissed* the sun for going into a cloud during an eclipse. Dean Swift's device of announcing the *eclipse postponed on account of the weather*, might perhaps have soothed them.

Extensive museums of natural history, anatomy, antiquities, military architecture, &c., are included in the University buildings. The numerous Roman relics interested me much, as I had not then seen the extensive collections at Rome and Naples, which contain riches enough of this kind to satiate the most inordinate curiosity. In the anatomical museum, particularly in the department appropriated to morbid anatomy, we saw sights not to be described, fearfully demonstrative of the "ills that flesh is heir to." Here we "supped so full of horrors" as to have little appetite left for dinner.

It was truly refreshing to escape from these loathsome developments of the *interiora rerum*, to the Academy of the Fine Arts, where the creative touch of genius has given life to things inanimate, and caused more than mortal beauty to glow upon the canvass. Here are some of the choicest productions of Guercino, the three Caracci, Dominichino, Guido, and, above all, here is the celebrated *Saint Cecilia* of Raphael. The great masters, whose pencils can impart such divine grace and loveliness to congenial subjects, often

choose rather to inspire pity and horror by the delineation of the most painful and revolting scenes. The massacre of the children of Bethlehem is a favorite subject with them ; you find it in all the galleries ; in this at Bologna there is a painting of it by Guido, in which the agony, the exquisite torture, depicted in each maternal face, really harrows up the soul. The Decapitation of John the Baptist, is another very common subject ; the severed head, with the blood dripping from it, is only too real. From these, and such as these, the eye glances to where, amid saints and angels, the Holy Virgin looks almost divine ; or where—a glorious vision—all of mortal or immortal beauty that ever haunted a poet's dream, breathes in the form, and glows in the face, of Saint Cecilia.

Late in the afternoon we walked out of the city to the *Campo Santo*, the most celebrated cemetery in Italy. It is a vast edifice, filled with sepulchral monuments, the number and richness of which strike the beholder with astonishment. The aristocracy have their last resting-place in cells in the wall, which, after receiving the body, are closed up, and Latin epitaphs and weeping cherubs extol their virtues and deplore their death. The unhonored dead are buried in the extensive courts which the building encloses, without monument of any kind, separate squares being assigned to men and women, boys and girls ; an arrangement certainly quite at war with natural feeling. It sends a chill to the heart to see the differences in social position so palpably marked, where it would seem that the proud heart of man would rather be softened by the reflection that the grave levels all earthly distinctions. "The small and the great are there ; and the servant is freed from his master."

As we walked that night in the streets of Bologna, we were met by two men bearing a corpse to the grave on a

bier, preceded by a third who carried a lantern. No mourner attended; in silence and in darkness the dead was borne to burial, while the passers-by, turned hastily to the right and left, as if to avoid infection. The same ill-omened sight I saw afterward at Florence.

Toward evening, I left Bologna in an extra diligence, in which I had the good fortune to share the *coupe* with a very gentlemanly Italian. His face and manner were very prepossessing; on taking our places we exchanged friendly greetings, and at once attempted conversation, drawing on our mutual friend, *Virgil*, for words as well as topics. About sunset we stopped to change horses near a long hill, the ascent of which I commenced on foot, delighted with temporary escape from the slow-moving diligence. Soon outstripping my companions, I followed the winding road, expecting at every turn to find myself near the summit; till at length I became convinced that I was on the frontier of the Appennines. This being the first solitary walk that I had been indulged with, since entering the

“Bel paese

Ch’ Appennin parte, e il mar circonda,

E le Alpi,”—

I pressed forward, resolved to make the most of my freedom. An hour or two after sunset the moon rose, casting a doubtful light upon the extensive prospect from an isolated height which I had gained. Was I indeed amid the Appennines—near to fair Florence, and on my way to the Eternal City? How little had I dreamed, even but a few months before, that it would be mine to tread upon the enchanted ground, to breathe the inspiring air, of Italy—to muse amid the ruined relics of her ancient glory, and gaze on her priceless treasures of human art!

“ Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became
 A funeral dower of present woes and past,
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame.
 Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
 Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
 Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
 To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress!”

I cannot say, however, that the noble sonnet of Filicaja met at this time a *perfect* response in my bosom. An insurrection had just before broken out in Bologna, and I had been told, the evening previous, that within a few days a thousand men had left the city, and taken up their quarters in the mountains, whence they made predatory excursions at night. In this state of things, it was not perhaps altogether wise in me to take this solitary walk; but, whether from the influence of the pure invigorating atmosphere, or from some more intellectual stimulus, I felt unusually in the spirit of the sentiment that

— “If a path be dangerous known,
 The danger’s self is lure alone.”

Still the shade of Filicaja must forgive me for becoming for the time a thorough legitimist—and heartily wishing success to the Pope’s government—on the principle that a solitary traveller’s life and fortunes are materially safer in the guardianship of “the powers that be,” than in the hands of insurgents.

Along the road a few mean-looking houses appeared at intervals, but the greater part of the way was solitary. The soil on the heights was barren, producing only a few low shrubs. The Appennines, unlike the Alps, are an irregular congregation of mountains, between which vallies are interposed. Hour after hour I continued my lonely walk in

these solitudes, till at length, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, as I was entering a small hamlet, a company of armed men suddenly came round me, demanding with some *empressement*, in language not very intelligible in itself, but quite sufficiently explained by the circumstances, *who I was, whence I came, &c. &c.* Mustering for the occasion the best Italian that certain remote recollections of Tasso and Ariosto supplied, I endeavored to satisfy their reasonable curiosity, and having added to their stock of useful knowledge the important fact that I was a passenger in the diligence from Bologna, with passport in due order, &c., was permitted to proceed—their leader bowing with Italian politeness, in style more *civil* than military. Had this chanced to be a party of the insurgents, instead of the Pope's soldiers, I might not have got off so easily.

After long and loud knocking at the door of a dirty inn at the further end of the hamlet, I succeeded in rousing the landlord, who gave me admittance, and, on my calling for *pane e vino*, produced a long-necked flask of pretty good wine, from which he drew off with a little tow, a few drops of oil on the top supplying the place of a cork, as usual in Italy. Next he brought out a loaf of bread which he appropriately cut with an axe.

About midnight the diligence came rattling along, its heavy wheels grating harsh thunder on the roughly paved road. I resumed my seat in the *coupe*, and soon fell asleep. On waking, I found a couple of oxen harnessed ahead of the horses, and in this state we were slowly dragged up the ascent, till at length the driver made a halt in front of a large solitary edifice by the road side, guarded by soldiers, where we all got out, and gave up our passports for examination. We had reached the frontier of the Grand Duchy of Tus-

cany, and this was the Custom-house and Police office. After sitting awhile in the moonlight on the steps of the building, (the doors being inhospitably shut against us,) finding that there was no appearance of fresh horses, I followed my fellow-travellers over a fence and down a hill to the left of the road, where was an inn. A fire was burning on the hearth, the warmth of which was very agreeable, so different was the temperature of the air on these mountain heights from the oppressive heat of mid-day at Bologna. Our host brought out all his scanty stores, and my companions made an extemporaneous breakfast on bread, raw ham, and wine.

Resuming our places in the diligence, we soon passed in view of a brilliant light, rising out of the ground, in some places of a blue color, in others red, and in a dark night visible at a great distance. It rises out of a narrow strip of rich soil, in the midst of a barren waste. Water thrown on it seems to extinguish it for a moment, and then it blazes as brightly as before. Some think it the relic of an extinct volcano; others, the precursor of one not yet active. At the first light of dawn it began to "pale its ineffectual fire," and a turn in the road soon hid it from view.

At sunrise we had passed the highest summit, and were descending the mountains at a rapid rate. The part of the road within the dominions of the Grand Duke is much superior to that in the Papal States, being well macadamized; and the care of the sovereign for the safety of travellers is evinced by the thick walls which he has had constructed as a refuge from the furious storms which sometimes sweep through the mountain passes. Ovid speaks of "*Nubifer Appenninus*;" but *ventosus* would have been, at least, equally characteristic. We reached the plain in season for a second breakfast, a little better than the first, at a wayside

ian of no very inviting appearance. It was just on the bank of a little river, which I found a fine place for morning ablutions.

Two hours later, from the summit of a mountain we saw in the distance

“FLORENCE—with the Tuscan fields and hills,
And famous Arno fed with all their rills—
The brightest star of star-bright Italy!”

Before noon we were within her gates ; and at the *Hotel de York* I parted with our *conducteur*, who seemed exceedingly grateful that, notwithstanding my long walk, I did not at all curtail his *buono mano*.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ITALY.—Florence.—Venus de Medicis.—Pitti Palace.—Grand Duke's Daughter.—A youthful Patriarch.—Church of Santa Croce.—Vale of the Arno.—Pisa.—Leaning Tower.—Leghorn.—The Mediterranean.

THE windows of my hotel looked out on three most remarkable structures—the Cathedral, the Campanile and the Baptistery—and to these I paid an early visit. The Cathedral is a vast edifice, its exterior completely incrustated with marble of different colors, white, red, green, and black, giving to the *tout ensemble* an unparalleled richness. The dome is considered a prodigy of architecture. This Cathedral was one hundred and sixty years in building, employing the successive labors of several architects, the most celebrated of their times. Seven richly ornamented gates give entrance to the interior, which contains numerous paintings, and several magnificent sepulchral monuments.

The *Campanile*, a square tower, two hundred and fifty-eight feet high, is, like the Cathedral, incrustated with marble of different colors. So also is the Baptistery, a circular edifice near the other two, of great antiquity, and exceedingly magnificent. Its three bronze gates, on which are represented various scenes from the Old and New Testaments, are so exquisitely wrought, that Michael Angelo pronounced them worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

The two grand collections of statuary and paintings,

which give to Florence an unsurpassed celebrity, are contained in the Gallery of the Medici, and the Pitti Palace. Here are deposited the choicest treasures of art. In the Medicean Gallery, the first object that enchained my attention was the celebrated statue of NIOBE, one of the most exquisite productions of the Greek chisel.

“ To stone the gods have changed her, but in vain ;
The sculptor’s art has made her breathe again.”

Her only remaining daughter clings to her, as if for protection. One hand of the mother and one foot of the child, are modern restorations ; otherwise, the group remains as it came, centuries ago, from the hands of the original sculptor. “ Like Niobe, all tears,” is a key to the general expression, although, blending with the abandonment of woe, there is in the face and attitude a dignity, as of one whom nothing less than the power of incensed Divinity could crush.

The series of halls, nineteen in number, occupied by these vast and unrivalled collections, extends through two parallel galleries, each four hundred and thirty feet in length, united at one extremity by a third gallery, one hundred feet in length. Two halls are appropriated to ancient and modern bronzes ; several, to busts and statues ; others, to paintings of different schools—the Venetian, the Flemish, the Tuscan, &c. One is dedicated to portraits of eminent artists, more than two hundred in number, and, what is particularly interesting, many of them the work of the artist they represent. Such are those of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Guido, Titian, Dominichino, Rembrandt, Van Dyk, and several others.

Last of all, I came to the hall called *La Tribune*, an apartment of moderate size, in which are grouped together the great master-pieces both of sculpture and painting.

There stands "the statue that enchants the world," the
VENUS DE MEDICIS.

"The Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty ; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality ; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature's self would fail ;
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fullness ; there—forever there—
Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart."

Near the Venus, is an Apollo, attributed also to Cleomenes, a smaller and less celebrated figure than the Apollo Belvidere at Rome ; a dancing Faun, a most choice relic of ancient sculpture, admirably restored by Michael Angelo ; the celebrated statue of a Roman slave whetting his knife and listening ; and two Wrestlers, found with the group of the Niobe. Around the apartment are disposed six of Raphael's most celebrated paintings, and one or more by Michael Angelo, Dominichino, and all the most renowned artists. One turns away reluctantly from this charmed spot, whose trophies of art stand silently, from age to age, attracting the admiration of the world.

The Gallery of the Pitti Palace, which is second only to that of the Medici, contains five hundred paintings, many of them *chefs-d'œuvres*. None interested me more than a Madonna by Raphael, and another by Murillo. Last in the long series of apartments is a chamber exclusively appro-

priated to Canova's *Venus*, a statue worthy of the fame of the greatest modern sculptor.

The Pitti Palace has connected with it the magnificent gardens of Bopoli. Fountains, statues, obelisks, and grottoes, are here profusely disposed in the midst of the perennial verdure of orange trees, laurels, and a great variety of other trees, while the variety of hill and valley, sunny lawn and embowering shade, presents a constant succession of charming prospects. From the highest part of the gardens the eye takes in the whole of Florence, and a wide extent of its matchless environs. Here one may readily believe that Milton's conceptions of *Paradise* were materially aided by his recollections of the vale of the Arno. More than one allusion to its scenery shows how fondly his thoughts reverted to

——“Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arched, embower——”

and perhaps he had in his mind's eye an isolated rock there, called *Paradisino*, (little Paradise,) from which is a most enchanting prospect, when he describes the eastern gate of Paradise as a “rock of alabaster, piled up to the clouds.”

Taking a stroll one afternoon outside of the gates, at the extremity of a beautiful avenue I had the good fortune to meet no less a personage than the daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who, in company with three other ladies, had left her carriage to enjoy a walk among the trees. I could not but remark the elegant simplicity of her dress, which my lady readers will not disdain to be informed was of spotless white, with rich silk mantle, and bonnet of colored straw, trimmed with lilac ribbon. Born in a rank so exalted, graceful in manner, and in the first flush of youthful loveliness, she was one on whom a stranger could not but look with interest; and yet how little, thought I, is

this high-born beauty to be envied? She must either pine in celibacy, or give her hand to some petty sovereign, who will transplant the fair flower from the congenial soil and sunny clime of Italy, perhaps to some comparatively bleak and barren spot in central Europe. How unhappy a fate this may be, those who have never seen Florence may judge from the last words of the dying Medici, (the possessor of the same palace in which the Grand Duke of Tuscany now resides) who, when his confessor was directing his thoughts to the joys of heaven, replied, "Dear friend, I am quite content with the Pitti Palace!"

An evening stroll through the streets, or lounge at the cafés, is a very agreeable pastime in Italy, where, in manners, dialect, and costume, there is so much to attract a stranger's notice. In all the cities, the cafés are frequented by ladies as well as gentlemen. The freshness of the lemons and citrons gives a delicious flavor to the lemonade and ices, which are patronized on an extensive scale. Iced coffee is also a favorite drink. In the streets are tables covered with the finest figs, peaches, pears, grapes and watermelons (the latter kept cool with ice,) to which the multitude do ample justice.

The semi-clerical costume is fashionable here with many that are not of the clerical order. In the gardens of the Pitti Palace I met several ladies escorted by a young gentleman, evidently a Florentine *exquisite*, whose black small clothes, large knee-buckles, three-cornered hat, and shoes with buckles precisely in style of our old *revolutioners*, contrasted oddly enough with the finished dandyism of his demeanor. It was truly ludicrous to see this "juvenile patriarch" *doing the agreeable*.

In noticing the architecture of this magnificent city, the *Palazzo Vecchio* (Old Palace) and the adjoining *Loggia*

d' Orcagna must not be omitted. The former has stood for five centuries, unbroken, almost undefaced, by time. It is a square structure of stone, without exterior ornament, but supporting a high tower which is deemed a masterpiece of Gothic architecture. The court within has a fountain of porphyry in the centre, and is overloaded with beautiful sculpture and painting. In front of the gates stands, on one side, a colossal statue of David, by Michael Angelo, and, on the other, one of Hercules by Bandinelli. In one of the civil wars of Florence, this palace became the fortress and refuge of one party, who threw down from it statues, benches, and whatever they could lay their hands on, to crush their enemies; one of these fell upon the arm of Michael Angelo's David, and broke it into three pieces. Two young artists who had witnessed the mutilation, rescued these precious relics, which, after the return of quiet, they united to the statue with singular art. One of these youths, Vasari, became afterward the pupil, the friend, and ultimately the biographer, of Michael Angelo.

A magnificent equestrian statue in bronze, by John of Bologna, adorns the centre of the *Piazza* in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. Near it is a fountain of uncommon size and beauty, having a colossal marble statue of Neptune, with Tritons at his feet, and drawn in a car in the form of a marine shell, by four horses.

The *Loggia d' Orcagna* is an open gallery of three lofty arcades, unrivalled in its felicitous combination of solidity and lightness, grandeur and elegance. It is said to be the finest edifice of the kind in the world. The glorious statuary here draws off the eye even from the magnificent architecture. Here is the celebrated colossal group of the Rape of a Sabine woman, by John of Bologna. The Roman holds in his muscular arms the captive fair one, while his foot

rests on the prostrate form of the vanquished Sabine. Near this group is another by the same great artist—Hercules killing the Centaur. Two bronze statues by different artists, Judith, and Perseus holding the head of Medusa by the hair, complete the ornament of this celebrated edifice.

One of the most interesting places in Florence, and indeed, in all Italy, I reserved to the last morning of my stay. It was the Church of SANTA CROCE, the Westminster Abbey of Italy, possessing an interest altogether unique, as the mausoleum of the mighty dead. Here is the monument of MICHAEL ANGELO, ornamented with three statues, representing painting, sculpture, and architecture, arts in which he equally excelled. Not far from this is the cenotaph of DANTE, whose ashes rest at Ravenna.

“Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore.”

When the Florentines, after his death, repenting of their injustice towards the illustrious poet, desired that his remains might be removed to Florence, their petition was rejected, on the ground that that place should be held to be his country, which gave him refuge in his exile. The sculpture of the monument represents Dante, seated in the attitude of meditation; on one side is Poetry, a mourning figure, and on the other, Italy, pointing with her finger to a line taken from the *Divina Commedia*—“*Onorate l'altissimo poeta.*”

Alfieri, the great modern tragic poet of Italy, declared that he first felt the power of fame in the Church of Santa Croce. His own monument now holds a conspicuous place within the sacred enclosure where he first felt the inspiration of genius, prompting the thirst for literary immortality. It is the work of Canova, and represents Italy weeping over a funeral urn. Near it is the monument of that remarkable man, of whose moral character so different

estimates have been formed, *Machiavelli*. For two hundred and sixty-six years, no stone marked the resting place of his ashes, till, in 1787, this monument was erected. A figure, representing Sagacity, holds in the right hand a likeness of the statesman, and in the left a pair of scales, with a roll of paper balancing a sword; beneath is inscribed, "*Tanto homini nullum par elogium.*" Last, but by no means least in interest, is the mausoleum of the illustrious GALILEO. It is adorned by a magnificent painting, and a bust of Galileo, with statues representing Astronomy and Geometry, on either hand.

From the Church of Santa Croce I hastened to the diligence office, where I found the passengers all in their seats, and the vehicle just about starting. It was a lovely day, and our road lay amid some of the fairest scenes of Italy; and I was delighted to find that, instead of mean-looking horses, with rope harness, driven by postillions, and walking down as well as up the hills, as is common in those parts, we had four fine spirited animals, trained to run up hill and down, quite in the English style. Probably English capital stands connected with this great and happy innovation on the customs of the Continent.

As I gave a last look to the hill, or rather mountain, on whose top are the ruins of the ancient city of *Fiesoli*, I thought that Milton's allusion to

——"the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of *Fesole*,
Or in *Val d' Arno*,"——

would henceforth vividly recall a glowing and lovely picture, quite unlike the shadowy and indistinct impression with which Florence, Fiesoli, and the Vale of the Arno, had previously been associated in my mind. Down the vale,

for perhaps twenty miles, the road was bordered with trees, whose branches supported luxuriant vines, hanging in festoons from tree to tree, and covered with rich, ripe clusters of white or purple grapes. The peasants seemed industrious and cheerful; at the door of almost every cottage a group of women, girls and boys, might be seen, busily plaiting the clean, nice Tuscan straw. At a village where we stopped to change horses, the new team pertinaciously refused to start, and while the ostlers were ineffectually laboring to get them forward, almost the whole population of the place assembled to see the sport, many of them bringing their work in their hands. The lively interest which they manifested in the affair, and their merry shouts when at length the horses went "with a rush," showed them a very different race from the care-worn, poverty-stricken operatives of less favored lands. The rural population of Tuscany is, in fact, far superior to that of the rest of Italy. They enjoy the benefit, not only of a most fertile soil and kindly climate, but also of a better government, and a far more advantageous relation between landlord and tenant, than prevails in other parts of the country.

My sole companion in the *coupé*, was polite and inclined to be communicative. To my inquiry whether he resided at Pisa, he replied "*I am a Roman.*" I could not help thinking what different weight and impression those simple words would have carried with them in the days of Cato and Cicero.

At four o'clock I was dining, in solitary dignity, at the principal hotel in Pisa, ("*Le Hussari*,") in the public room of which was displayed, as is not uncommon in Italy, a catalogue of the Princes, Dukes, Counts, &c., from different parts of Europe, who, at certain specified dates, had honored said hotel with their presence. After dinner I crossed the

Arno by a fine bridge, and made my way through streets of palaces, to the celebrated *Leaning Tower*. This far-famed structure is by no means alone remarkable for its inclined position. Its architecture is singularly light, graceful, and beautiful. Seven circular open galleries, one above the other, gradually diminishing in compass from the base to the summit, are supported by more than two hundred beautifully wrought marble pillars. A spiral staircase within conducts to the uppermost gallery, and so great is the deviation from the perpendicular, that, in passing rapidly up the steps on the inclining side I was, as it were, forcibly swung against the wall. The steps are of marble, two hundred and ninety-three in number; the height of the tower is nearly two hundred feet. It leans so much that a weight let down from the top, strikes the ground at a distance of more than fifteen feet from the base.

The building of this tower was commenced near the end of the twelfth century. Whether it was originally constructed in this leaning position, or became as it is now by the sinking of the ground, is still matter of dispute. The most plausible supposition perhaps is, that the subsidence of the earth took place after the lower stories of the structure were complete, and that the architects, finding its solidity not thereby impaired, ventured to continue the work. However this may be, it is certain that neither the lapse of centuries, nor the jar from the daily ringing of seven large bells, suspended near the summit, have caused the slightest alteration in this remarkable edifice.

From the top of the Tower there is a fine view of the city and the vale of the Arno. The most interesting thought to me, however, was, that I was standing on the spot where "the starry Galileo" had often stood. While mathematical professor at Pisa, he was accustomed to repair to the top of

this tower, to make experiments in reference to the laws of gravitation. Here, too, I had a glimpse of the Mediterranean, over whose blue waters the sun was now verging to the horizon. Once, that classic sea rolled its waves almost to the walls of Pisa; but what was then an important sea-port, is now seven or eight miles inland, the *debris* from the current of the Arno having caused this remarkable change. In consequence, Leghorn has absorbed the commerce which once belonged to Pisa, and the latter city, like many others in Italy, offers to view an assemblage of splendid palaces, with but few living inhabitants.

The Cathedral and the Baptistery (a circular building) are both situated in the same extensive *Piazza* with the leaning Tower. Even in Italy, it would be difficult to find elsewhere three so remarkable objects in juxtaposition. The Cathedral was begun in 1061, on the ruins of a Church which had itself been erected on the remains of a Temple dedicated to the Emperor Adrian. Its façade is ornamented with fifty-eight pillars, of different kinds of marble and dissimilar capitals, which circumstance confirms the prevalent opinion, that they belonged originally to more ancient edifices. The whole exterior of both the Cathedral and the Baptistery, is completely encrusted with marble.

Next morning I proceeded to *Leghorn*. When the omnibus set me down at the corner of the principal square, it was curious to remark what an affectionate interest in the welfare of me, a total stranger, was at once awakened in the generous bosoms of at least a dozen individuals. They crowded round me with the greatest *empressement*, and, without waiting for any formalities of introduction, made me a most liberal tender of their services; indeed, I have never met persons more ready to gratify, and even prompt to anticipate, my every wish. They even *pressed* upon me

their good offices. "Would I have a cab?—a boat to the steamer?—a breakfast?—a cane?—a pair of suspenders?" &c. More than one condescending stranger was even anxious to brush my boots.

Leghorn, being comparatively modern and exclusively commercial, has little to interest after Florence and Pisa. Gangs of galley-slaves, chained in pairs, were employed in sweeping the streets, each having his crime inscribed in large letters on the back of his jacket; "*Omicidio violento*" was a very common label, and truly they all looked very capable of outrage and murder. This constant ignominious exposure to the public eye, must necessarily tend to make them more and more brutal and depraved. Squalid beggars were numerous, and scores of them, chiefly women, were seated on the steps of the Cathedral, which stands in the public square.

Near the Cathedral is a small church, on the door of which I read a long catalogue of the sacred relics alleged to be preserved within—such as the *heads* of two of the Apostles, some of our Saviour's *hair*, the *cloak* of Joseph, a piece of the true cross, bones of divers Saints, &c. &c. This church, so rich in its collection of fictitious relics and "lying wonders," is called, as if in mockery, the Church of "*Divine Instruction!*" In Italy one can appreciate the story of the *Cicerone*, who exhibited, among other sacred relics, a sword, which he affirmed to be that which Balaam had when mounted on his refractory beast. A bystander reminded him that Balaam did not have any sword, but only *wished* for one. "Ah, well," (said he) "this is the *very one he wished for!*"

Nothing in Leghorn was half so attractive to me as the glorious view of the blue expanse of the Mediterranean, and of the distant mountains along its curving shore to the north

and north-west. Still more exhilarating even than this prospect, was that of the steamer arriving from Genoa, which was to bear me over that classic sea—once (if we may trust to Virgil,) ploughed by the ships of the pious *Æneas*—whose storms the Aspostle Paul had known, whose shores—Greece—Italy—mystic Egypt—holy Palestine—are associated with all to which the soul pays homage in classic and sacred antiquity.

In the cool of the afternoon I went on board, and soon we were on our way southward. The sea was tranquil as a summer lake; (it was so, indeed, in all my acquaintance with it, even to the last parting view from the heights of Marseilles, after a most delightful passage from Genoa.) We had a distant view of Corsica, and passed close under the shadow of Elba, both calling to mind the strange, eventful history of Napoleon—truth more wonderful than fiction. The distance from Piombino, on the main land, to the nearest point of Elba, is but five miles.

The night advanced—but it was “the night of cloudless climes and starry skies.” Afloat for the first time on the Mediterranean, I could not endure the thought of going to my berth below, and called one of the stewards to bring my mattress on deck. He assented, but it did not come. I called again; this time he muttered something about the “*permission du Capitaine*.” “*Voilà permission du Capitaine!*” said I, offering him some loose coin. He took the money and the *hint*, and in a few minutes I was comfortably reclined, gazing up at a gorgeous canopy—the black over-arching sky, thickly studded with stars.

Next morning, we entered the strongly fortified harbor of *Civita Vecchia*, where we stopped several hours. Another night on the Mediterranean, and at daylight we were in the harbor of NAPLES—anchored close to the curving shore,

with the city in front, a castle projecting into the bay on our left, and, on our right, MOUNT VESUVIUS, from whose crater a column of smoke was rising, relieved against the sky, now ruddy with the first blush of dawn.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ITALY.—Naples.—Bourbon Museum.—Herculaneum.—Pompeii.—A Miracle.—Mount Posilipo.—Grotto del Cane.—Localities of the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*.—Virgil's Tomb.

IN the bosom of the deep crescent formed by its unrivalled Bay, NAPLES presents itself on the declivity of a mountain, its white-walled palaces, churches, and dwellings rising one above another, in the form of an amphitheatre, from the water's edge to the lofty summit, which is crowned by the Castle of St. Elmo. Along the shore, and over the intervening plains, its buildings also extend, more or less compact, (the city and environs comprising a population of nearly half a million,) to the base of Mount Vesuvius, which, though six miles distant, from its height appears quite near. In front of the city is a Castle, built on a rocky island, connected with the shore by a long bridge. From this central projecting point there is, on each side, a semi-circular sweep of the shore; that toward Vesuvius comprising the *Môle* with its crowded shipping, while on the other side the *Villa Reale*, a public garden, ornamented with statues (the grand promenade of Naples,) extends along the beach nearly a mile, toward the *Tomb of Virgil*.

To this garden, which was near my hotel, I often repaired, during my stay at Naples, to enjoy the "*dolce far niente*" in its most voluptuous perfection, where the blue cloudless sky, the not less blue expanse of water, the distant rocky islands, and the wide-encircling hills, and mountains, covered with vineyards, gardens and shady groves,

make up a panorama of wonderful, enchanting beauty, no where surpassed on earth; whilst the soft delicious atmosphere seems of itself sufficient to lap the soul in Elysium. One can here readily assent to the received opinion that Virgil had in his mind's eye the vicinity of Naples, when he pictured the abodes of the blest, who "breathe in ample fields the soft Elysian air."

"Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.
Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo; solémque stum, sua sidera nôrunt."

"They took their way
Where long extended plains of pleasure lay.
The verdant fields with those of heaven may vie,
With ether vested and a purple sky.
The blissful seats of happy souls below;
Stars of their own, and their own sun they know."

The Royal Museum at Naples, (*Museo Borbonico*) stands alone in the world in the richness of its antiquarian treasures; comprising, as it does, an immense assemblage of relics dug out of Herculaneum and Pompeii. As you enter, a collection of mosaics, and next a gallery of paintings, attract attention. Another hall comprises Egyptian curiosities; among the rest several mummies, in perfect preservation. Next comes a collection of bronze statues, of which that of a Fawn intoxicated is the most striking. The marble statues, ornaments, bas-reliefs and sarcophagi, are ranged in three porticoes and eight galleries. Among these are statues of Antoninus Pius, Titus, Marcus Aurelius, Demosthenes, Anacreon, Cicero, Euripides, Homer, and chief of all, *Aristides*. The great modern sculptor Canova, took pains to ascertain from what parts of the hall, the rare merits of this last statue could best be appreciated, and

marked them on the pavement. Other halls contain collections of papyrus, camens, and other precious relics, a library, paintings, &c. From a false delicacy, rather out of place in Naples, the statues of Venus are locked up; but a silver key easily gives admission. With much more manifest propriety, another chamber, comprising certain relics, illustrative of the *morals* of Pompeii and Herculaneum, is opened only to those who are furnished with a special order.

When I had wandered from hall to hall, looking on lamps, vases, bottles, cooking utensils, &c., till I felt as if introduced to the domestic life of the inhabitants of Pompeii, such as it was more than seventeen hundred years ago, I left the Museum, and procuring a carriage, was soon on my way to the buried cities. The road lay along the beautiful margin of the bay. About four miles from Naples is Portici, which is built over Herculaneum. Here, under the guidance of a lad, by the light of several candles, I descended to the subterranean city—of which I have little to say except that, after groping about the passages of an amphitheatre, different parts of which the guide pointed out, I was right glad to emerge *ad superiores auras* from the dismal darkness and humid atmosphere of this strange colossal tomb. Herculaneum was buried a hundred feet deep by a stream of lava, which, cooling, became as hard as rock, rendering the process of excavation slow and difficult.

The case was different with Pompeii, which being at a greater distance from the mountain, was overwhelmed with ashes and stones, that formed a crust over the city, comparatively easy to remove. Accordingly when I reached Pompeii, I found it, to my astonishment, perfectly open to the day, its walls and streets and columns appearing (ex-

cept that there was no discoloration from smoke,) much as if it had been lately burnt over. The first remarkable object that we came to was the *Amphitheatre*. Its seats are entire—as they were when the city was overwhelmed. I sat down, and thought of the multitude who, on that spot, beneath that sky, had gazed on the arena below, almost as long ago as that epoch from which we date our years. With sensations not easily described, I walked up the narrow street. Its pavement was deeply worn by the carriage wheels that had rolled there nearly eighteen hundred years ago! Around me were temples, with columns partly standing, the work of the chisel almost as distinct and fresh on the delicately wrought Corinthian capitals, as if it had been of yesterday. Here was the *Forum*, there the *tragic theatre*. I entered a public bake-house, and looked at its large oven—a shop where hot drinks were sold, (*Thermopolium*,) and saw on its marble counter the marks of the vessels that stood there seventeen hundred and sixty-four years ago—a shop ornamented with pictures of fish, probably occupied by a vender of fish and olives—a cook-shop—a wine shop—a soap manufactory—an apothecary's shop, with a serpent twined around the door-post.

The private houses are generally of very small dimensions, built round a central court, into which the apartments open; the sleeping rooms are often without windows, and only large enough to admit a couch. A few residences of the wealthier citizens are on a larger scale, and rich in their decorations. I went through the *house of Sallust*, which is one of the most sumptuous in Pompeii. The inner court has a beautiful fountain; the dining-room, the reception room, the sleeping apartments, are all indicated by appropriate frescoes, still perfectly distinct on the walls. I would have given something to know in which room he

wrote his histories of Catiline and Jugurtha. The most beautiful house is that called *the house of the dramatic poet*, from the character of its frescoes, which are considered the finest ancient paintings in the world. One house I noticed with emblems wrought in stone, indicating its character, and bearing permanent testimony to the fact that vice was even more unblushing in ancient Pompeii than in modern London.

At length I reached the gate of the city at the opposite extremity from where I had entered, and passed down the *street of Tombs*, lined with beautiful sepulchral monuments. The light clouds that had now gathered obscuring the sun's rays, gave a sombre aspect to the scene, singularly in keeping with the place and its associations. There was something awful in the profound solitude of the long-buried city. How strange that, after nearly seventeen centuries of oblivion, discovered by accident, it should stand revealed to modern eyes,—with here and there a few ghastly skeletons, the mother clasping her child, the sentry at his post, the master with his servants around him—attesting the suddenness with which the tide of busy life was arrested in its streets! As I gave a last look at these unique memorials of the past, it was as if centuries were at once annihilated. I seemed to have gone back, at a single step, nearly two thousand years in the world's history. They, to whose domestic life I had been introduced, whose carriage wheels I had traced in the pavement, the marks of whose drinking-cups I had distinguished on the marble counter of the *café*, were living when our Saviour was upon earth!

I had the good fortune, while at Naples, to see a *miracle*—the famous miracle of the *liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius*. By mere accident I stepped into the

church dedicated to the said Saint, about noon of one of the few days in the year when the miracle takes place. They have in this church (so they say,) the Saint's *head*, and two phials containing some of his *blood*, which last, though hard congealed, immediately liquefies when brought near his head. Accordingly, a priest within the altar held up to view a very dingy phial, within which, as he moved it in his hand, a dark-colored muddy liquid flowed slowly from one side to the other. A boy attended, who occasionally held up a lamp behind the phial, to make the liquefaction visible. Men, women, and children, chiefly but not exclusively of the lower class, knelt around the altar, while the priest, passing along, pressed the phial, first to the forehead and then to the lips of each; and also to the bosom of such as wore the clerical dress. As to these last, one might think (as was said of the Roman soothsayers in similar circumstances,) that it must be hard for them, on such an occasion, to look each other in the face without laughing. To my irreverent eyes the performance appeared by no means a brilliant one—rather a bungling miracle—as the warmth of the priest's hand, in case one part of the phial were of thinner glass than the other, would be sufficient of itself to account for as much liquefaction as was visible. *Credat Judæus Appella, non ego*, "Believe who will the solemn sham, not I." So said Horace of a similar miracle, performed in his time, in the neighborhood of Naples, by heathen priests. With the multitude, however, the thing seemed to go off well; they manifested, if not any special awe of the supernatural, at least such solemnity as befits a religious ceremony. Two old men that I particularly remarked, as they rose from their knees, grasped each other cordially by the hand, the tears in their eyes attesting the sincerity of their superstitious devotion.

My second excursion from Naples was in the opposite direction from Vesuvius and the buried cities. Half a mile beyond the Villa Reale, a mountainous ridge, called *Posilipo*, (Pausillippus,) divides Naples from the peninsula which, extending some miles between the Bay of Naples and the Mediterranean, is terminated by a promontory at the north entrance to the Bay. The Grotto of Posilipo is a vast tunnel running through the mountain, more than half a mile long, wide enough for carriages to pass each other, and in height varying from forty to eighty feet. It is well lighted with lamps, and is the great thoroughfare to Pozzuoli and its vicinity. When and by whose orders this great work was undertaken, is entirely unknown. Till I saw it I was not aware that, in any instance, the ancients had so anticipated and excelled our methods of tunnelling mountains.

Emerging from this long subterranean passage, I took a guide first to the *Grotto del Cane*. A stipulated price procured me the privilege of seeing burning torches immediately extinguished, and a dog rendered apparently lifeless, on exposure to the gas which here issues from the ground. The latter operation seemed rather cruel, but I found that the dog recovered very soon after the operation, and ate some bread from his master's hand, with great relish; he was evidently *used to it*—even more than eels to being skinned. The subterranean fires here manifest themselves by the high temperature and sulphureous vapor of numerous springs, which were anciently places of great resort. The Baths of St. Germano are near the margin of the Lake of Agnano, whose waters, though indicating to the touch no unusually high temperature, in some places seem to boil—doubtless from the escape of gas.

The strange contrast which all this region exhibits be-

tween the sulphureous exhalations and evidently volcanic character of the soil, and the rich verdure which, in so genial a climate, is nourished on the surface, very much favors the idea that many of the descriptions that Virgil has given of the shades below, in the sixth Book of the *Æneid*, were suggested by his own observation of this very locality. Indeed his account of the landing of *Æneas* on the coast, points directly to this vicinity. After the lamented loss of the hapless *Palinurus*, the Trojan leader, reaches the coast of *Cumæ*.

“Sic fatur lacrimans, classi que immittit habenas,
Et tandem Euboicis Cumarum allabitur oris.”

“He said and wept; then spread his sails before
The winds, and reached at length the Cuman shore.”

Cumæ lies along the Mediterranean, on the western side of the promontory that runs down between the Bay of Naples and the open sea. Classical enthusiasm, content sometimes to follow the shadow of a shade, and often *making*, where it cannot *find*, a way, has traced the steps of *Æneas* from the very spot of his landing, first, to the spacious cavern of the Sibyl—“*excisum latus ingens in antrum*”—and next, by a very circuitous path, to the *Lago d'Averno*, unquestionably identical with that *Avernus*, which Virgil makes the entrance to the infernal shades.

“Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris:
Quam super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis; talis sese halitus atris
Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat:
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon.” (*Avernum*.)

“Deep was the cave and downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky, rough descent;
And here the access a gloomy grove descends,
And here the unavigable lake extends,

O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
 No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
 Such deadly stench from the depth arise,
 And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies:
 From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
 And give the name *Avernus* to the lake."

Here, too, within the compass of this peninsula, are four other lakes, which, with some aid from a poetical imagination, may be easily identified with the rivers of the infernal regions, Acheron, and Cocytus, Lethe and the Styx. That nothing may be wanting to complete the resemblance, a modern Charon occupies the old place, and conveys passengers across the stagnant water, who would, I doubt not, be even more abusive and outrageous than his grim predecessor, in case any modern Menippus should attempt to cheat him of his fare.

A little stretch of imagination also enables one to trace, in this neighborhood, some of the elements of the description of the contrasted Tartarean gulphs and Elysian fields. The whole region is to a great extent volcanic; the soil emits sulphureous exhalations; the restless throes of the tortured Titans might well be symbolized by the occasional shakings of the earth; while in the stream of lava from two small, scarcely extinct volcanoes, the eye of the poet might see the flaming *Phlegethon*,

"Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds."

Yet in the immediate vicinage of those volcanic regions, are scenes that might well suggest some of the richest imagery of the Elysian fields. *Pozzuoli*, (*Puteoli*), where the Apostle Paul landed, and *Baiæ*, the winter resort of the Roman aristocracy, lie on the eastern side of the peninsula, in the midst of natural beauty quite unsurpassed; and all along the semi-circular shore of the Bay of Baiæ, the eye

takes in a succession of lovely prospects, scarcely exaggerated by Addison, when in imitation of Virgil he exclaims—

“ Bear me, some God, to Baiæ’s gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria’s green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.”

To the stranger at Naples it is a matter of some moment to stipulate beforehand the precise sum to be paid to cabmen, boatmen, and guides; the latter of whom, especially, are most importunate beggars, as well as most incessant chatterers. The youthful “*cicerone*” that I took into my service on leaving the Grotto of Posilipo, possessed these accomplishments in great perfection. When I dismissed him with his fee of four *carlini*, previously agreed on, he still ran along by my side, holding out his hat, and calling out incessantly, in the most conciliatory and insinuating, tones, “*Monsieur! Monsieur! Monsieur! pour-boire! pour-boire! pour-boire! votre sante!*” This he did for a full mile, but I had resolved at the outset not to give him a single additional *grana*; so, finding me inexorable, he at last very courteously bade me good-bye, and disappeared, much to my satisfaction.

I walked out one afternoon to the Tomb of Virgil. It is a small vaulted cell, with a rock overhanging it, situated part way up Mount Posilipo, just over the entrance to the subterranean passage cut through the mountain. Virgil died at Brundisium, on the south-eastern coast of Italy, where he landed on his return from Greece. In accordance with his dying direction, his remains were carried to Naples, at which place he had spent some of his most pleasant years.

The epitaph which he is said to have composed for himself, is familiar to every Latin scholar :

“ Mantua me genuit ; Calabri rapuere ; tenet nunc
Parthenope. Cecini pascua, rura, duces.”

“ I sang flocks, tillage, heroes. Mantua gave
Me life, Brundisium death. Naples a grave.”

Addison, for reasons which he does not state, is disposed to place the tomb of Virgil on the other side of Naples ; but uniform tradition, which it seems that Petrarch fully credited, points out the spot on the slope of Posilipo, as the real resting place of the poet's ashes ; nor would any one who has ever visited that spot, wish to think otherwise. In view from it is some of the loveliest scenery in the world—scenery, too, which must have been familiar to the poet in life ; for he has given, in his picture of the Libyan harbor that sheltered the tempest-tossed ships of Æneas, a perfect miniature of the Bay of Naples—at the entrance to which the high rocky island of Caprea breaks the violence of the waves that roll into the bay.

“ Est in secessu longo locus : insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos :
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique minantur
In cælum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late
Æquora tuta silent : tum silvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.”

“ Within a long recess there lies a bay,
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jetting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide,
Between two rows of rocks ; a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves forever green.”

It was with no common feeling that, standing on the spot

which successive generations have recognised as the Tomb of Virgil, I looked on that same magnificent scenery on which his eye had often rested, and which he so graphically described, eighteen hundred years ago.

Some of the most delightful reminiscences of my childhood are associated with the *Æneid* of Virgil. The story of ruined Troy was to me even more attractive than the wonders of the Arabian Nights; the arts of the perjured Simon and the crafty Ulysses awakened in my bosom a settled hostility against the wily Greeks, which afterwards the mighty magic of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and the milder genius of Fenelon in his "*Telemachus*," could only temper, not subdue: nor could Horace ever have ingratiated himself with me half as much as he did, but for that fine Ode:—

" Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera," &c.

in which he prays the Father of the Winds to speed safely the ship that bears his beloved Virgil, to the Grecian shore—that shore from which the bard returned, only to die.

My visit to Virgil's Tomb was not alone. Ascending the hill, I overtook a young German, whose gentlemanly manners prepossessed me in his favor, while the object we both had in view seemed to draw us together at once. On leaving the Tomb, we sat down on a rustic bench in the vineyard that covers the hill side, and had a half hour's agreeable chat, regaling our eyes the while with the sunset view of the Bay of Naples, and our palates, like true disciples of Epicurus, with the rich purple grapes that hung in thick clusters around us.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ITALY.—Departure from Naples.—Rocks of the Sirens.—Promontory of Circe.—A Long Walk.—First view of Rome.

DIRECTLY over the bow of the steamer, the sun was setting exactly in the west (for it was the autumnal equinox,) as we passed out of the crescent-shaped bay of Naples into the broad, tranquil sea. All that poetry has celebrated of the brilliant sky and soft delicious atmosphere of southern Italy, and of the scenery of that magnificent Bay, seemed even less than the reality, as I gave a farewell look to the glorious amphitheatre of mountains that encircle its deep-blue waters, and then turned to gaze on the descending luminary, recalling the poet's gorgeous description of the setting of the tropical sun :

“ No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay ;
With disk like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night.”

To the sweet influences of natural scenery without a rival in the world, was superadded the higher charm of classic association. I was now precisely on the track of the “ pious Æneas.” His voyage along this coast Virgil has so accurately designated by the capes and islands which he successively passed, as to leave no room for uncertainty. At our left, just off the island of Caprea, lay the *Rocks of the Sirens*, exposed to those tempests from which the island protects the bay within. Here the Trojan leader, safe,

through the promise of Father Neptune, notwithstanding the loss of the faithful Palinurus,

“ Glides by the Siren’s cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones ; the impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.”

And now I had only to go back some *three thousand years*, (first throwing *Niebuhr* overboard after the *Palinurus*,) and mark the localities which classic fiction, of the most distant antiquity, as well as of the loftiest inspiration, has consecrated to all time. Here at the right, is Cape Misenum, the burial-place of the trumpeter of Hector and *Æneas* :

“ Monte sub ærio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur.”

“And deathless fame
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.”

Subterranean passages, answering well to the abodes of the *Cimmerians*, whom Homer places in these parts are frequent along this coast :

“ The gloomy race in subterraneous cells,
Among surrounding shades and darkness dwells.”

Further north is the headland of *Gaeta*, still commemorating the nurse of *Æneas* :

“ Tu quoque litoribus nostris, *Æneia* nutrix,
Æternam moriens famam, *Caieta*, dedisti ;
Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperia in magnâ, si qua est ea gloria, signat.”

“And thou, O matron of immortal fame,
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name :
Caieta still the place is called from thee,
The nurse of great *Æneas*’ infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia’s plains,
Thy name (’tis all a ghost can have) remains.”

Beyond this is the rocky promontory of *Circe*, which, running far out to sea, and connected with the main land by only a narrow tract of low ground, is called by Homer an island, ("*Insula Æea*,") and might easily have been mistaken for one by the Greek mariners of his time. The roaring of the winds and waves around this rocky headland, in stormy weather, may have suggested (so thinks Addison,) the poetic fiction of hapless sailors, transformed, by the malignant power of *Circe*, into lions, bears, and wolves, whose roars and howlings disturbed the stillness of the night.

"Adspirant auræ in noctem, nec candida cursus
Luna negat ; splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
Proxima Circeæ raduntur litora terræ ;
Dives inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos
Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas.
Hinc exandiri gemitus, iraeque leonum
Vincla recusantum, et serâ sub nocte rudentum ;
Setigerique sues, atque in praesepibus ursi
Saevire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum :
Quos hominum ex facie Dea saeva potentibus herbis
Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum."

"From land a gentle breeze arose, by night
Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of *Circe*'s shores they run,
(*Circe* the rich, the daughter of the Sun,)
A dangerous coast ; the goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays ;
In spinning, or the loom, she spends her night,
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard, rebellowing to the main,
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves, that stun the sailors' ears.

These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's power,
(That watched the moon, and planetary hour,)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had altered, and in brutal shapes confined."

At my first reading of the *Odyssey*, the fortunes of its hero, who "saw the cities of many men," had no little enchantment for me; but I then did not dream of ever getting so closely on the track of his wanderings.

When morning dawned, we were opposite the mouth of the Tiber. A few hours later, we were at Civita Vecchia. Here, in company with several fellow-passengers, I chartered a diligence to Rome, distant about forty miles. At two P. M. we left the gates, and, proceeding southward along the rocky, barren shore of the Mediterranean, just before sunset reached a miserable hamlet at the water side, where we stopped to change horses. From this point, the road, diverging from the shore, extends in a straight line to Rome. I walked on a mile or two—in advance of the diligence, and, looking back from a rising ground, was delighted to find that the slow vehicle was not yet in motion. The sun was now setting; the glowing hues of the western sky were reflected from the placid surface of the Mediterranean; before me lay one of the most solitary and desolate wastes that the foot of traveller ever trod; and, beyond that, ROME. It seemed almost as if Virgil and Horace and Ovid were yet within her walls. Nothing could better prepare the mind for a visit to the Eternal City, than this lonely walk, at the meditative hour of evening, through the dreary solitude with which she is now so appropriately encircled. Every association with modern Italy was broken; I seemed to be going back to that dim antiquity which overshadows the origin of Rome. The scenes of

her eventful history passed before me in all their vividness, the voices of her departed heroes, orators, and poets, seemed to linger in my ear, as memory glanced rapidly from the times of Romulus and his kingly successors, to the glorious era of the Republic, and thence, downward through the long line of emperors, to those sad days, when, a prey to ruthless barbarians,

“She saw her glories star by star expire.”

It was now growing dark, but there was yet no appearance of the *diligence*. The solitude became still more dreary and dismal, and I felt the oppression of the insalubrious atmosphere, but, unwilling to retrace my steps, continued my walk, till, at length, from the tall, thick bushes at my left, there suddenly stepped forth a man, having as much the look of a brigand as any I had seen, even in Italy. He came into the road a few paces behind me. I had before doubted the expediency of further progress on foot, but the having such a neighbor in the rear soon changed doubt to decision ;—I forthwith faced about, passed him in silence, and walked back a mile or two to meet the *diligence*.

Still it came not ; and, as traversing such a road three times was manifestly doing it more than justice, I again set my face toward Rome. Daylight had now disappeared ; there was no moon, but bright starlight. At intervals of one or two miles, dismal-looking farm-houses were scattered along the road, the only signs of life about them being the barking of certain inhospitable dogs. The greater part of the way, however, was silent and solitary.

Hour after hour passed on ; and it was probably not far from ten o'clock, when, in a little hollow into which the road descended, I again heard a rustling in the bushes, I

turned, and lo! the brigand was once more at my elbow. His sugar-loaf cap, relieved against the sky, left me no doubt of his identity. As before, he came into the road a little behind me, and I, as before, after a moment's consideration, faced about to pass him. This time, as I passed, he made toward me and spoke; I could not distinguish the words, nor did I wait for a repetition of them, but, waving my hand toward Rome, called out, in an authoritative tone, "*a Roma*"—a response that he evidently took in the right sense, as a direction to him to *go on his way*; which he forthwith did, to my great satisfaction; whilst I again returned to meet the diligence. My passing and repassing, as if to reconnoitre, may have led him to take me, too, for a bandit, and he perhaps wished to propose that we should *rob in company*—a hopeful project, nipped in the bud by the unkindly frost of my reply.

What could have detained the diligence? Still it came not, and, at length, weary with passing over the same ground, I once more turned my steps towards Rome—though not altogether pleased with the prospect of another rencontre with my *bush-man*. The being alone and unarmed, at dead of night, in these dismal solitudes, was not quite agreeable; and as I advanced, looking warily to the right and left where the road was again closely bordered by bushes and low trees, I could not help wishing for the good *Alpenstock*, with which I had crossed the Simplon, which, with its iron spike, would have been no contemptible weapon. But, then, so near to Rome, could I forget the noble lesson that one of her own poets had taught me?

"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri *jaculis* neque arcu," &c.

I incline to think, however, that the panoply that Horace

praises, would scarcely have stood me so much in stead, in case of real danger, as the fact, that no Italian, meeting me in such circumstances, could have doubted my being armed to the teeth. However this may be, the bandit and myself had no third interview. After our brief colloquy, (in the words of the graphic John Bunyan) "he went on his way, and I saw him no more."

The road now wound up several long hills, and, on the summit of one of these, I descried a light proceeding from a large building at the right hand of the road. When I reached it, the light had disappeared; I walked round the building, but could discover no access to the interior, till, at length, through the crevices of a small door, I saw a man sleeping by the side of some mules, with a lantern near him. I entered, and, with no small difficulty, awoke the sleeper, who, leaning on his elbow, presented an exact and striking personation of *Somnus*, as Ovid describes him—"iterum iterumque relabens," &c. At last he opened his eyes wide, and stared at me in silence, while I explained that I was on my way to Rome, had walked on in advance of the diligence, and wished to get something to eat and drink, *pane e vino*, &c. While I was speaking, his eyes gradually closed, he sunk down on his hard couch, and, by the time I had got through, was fast asleep.

"To stir him from his trance it was not earth,
And his half-opened eyne he shut straightway."

However, with some effort I roused him again, and repeated my story; he stared, and, at length, muttering something unintelligible, pointed to the door that I had left open—as if to suggest that the night air was too cool for him, or, it may be, politely intimating that my disappearance through that aperture would be viewed by him as a

special favor. As it was pretty clear that I had "waked up the wrong passenger," I acted on this delicate hint and made my exit.

Resuming my walk, I came after a while to where the road forked, leaving me at a loss which direction to take. Certain juvenile recollections of the "Pilgrim's Progress" to the *Eternal City* (in a higher sense) decided me in favor of the right hand road. I now passed a magnificent villa, but its gates were locked and barred, and all was silent. The road seemed interminable.

At last, as I was descending a hill, the DOME of ST. PETER's, rising in faultless symmetry to the sky, appeared just at my left, behind a lofty wall. Few travellers, I venture to say, have hailed its first appearance with more *unaffected* delight than I did. After walking nearly a mile under the shadow of the wall, I came to a massive gate, to which an iron knocker was attached. It was about two o'clock in the morning, when I thus found myself knocking at one of the gates of Rome. Through a crevice in the gate, I hailed the sentinel, and demanded admittance. His answer was not intelligible, but one thing was only too much so, namely, that the gate remained shut. I now turned diplomatist, and offered first one, and then two crowns, for admittance, but in vain—it was against orders. I sat down on a stone, and gazed at the "*altæ mœnia Romæ*," which I now had ample leisure to study, *externally*—as well as to refresh my memory with their associated classical lore, of which the story of Remus jumping over them was that to which circumstances gave the most piquancy—whose example I should have been extremely happy to have followed.

At earliest dawn the gates were opened; and when I

found myself on the brow of the *Janiculum*, (the highest hill within the walls,) and looked down on the domes and towers and spires and palaces of Rome, all sense of fatigue vanished. After gazing a few minutes at the prospect, I hastened down the hill, and presently was on the bank of the *Tiber*—a rapid and somewhat turbid stream ; narrower, too, than becoms its fame. Taking a guide to the principal hotel (*La Grande Europe*), I had now a long walk through the city, but not in view of any of its remarkable objects, to the *Piazza di Spagna*, which I reached about sunrise ; having walked nearly thirty miles since the previous sunset.

Six hours of sleep perfectly restored me, and I then set off in quest of the *diligence* office, guided by a commissioner. Here I found the driver of the vehicle in which I had left Civita Vecchia, whose looks testified decidedly more surprise than gratification at seeing me. The secret of his delay was, that he had *no horses to change*, at the hamlet where we had stopped ; instead of which he had quietly put up his beasts to rest and feed till ten or eleven at night, and had reached Rome that morning. I found my baggage all safe, except my hat, which he had already confiscated. On my asking for it, he hastily disappeared, and after some time returned, bringing it with him, but so changed and renovated that only the manufacturer's name assured me of its identity ; and with him came also the hatter himself, (to whom he had doubtless sold it,) most clamorously urging his petition for *salvage*. I replied by throwing him all the copper coin in my pocket, value *two or three cents*, with which he went off satisfied, although such a renovation would have cost ten times as much, had I bargained for it ; a proof that he well understood the na-

ture of the transaction between himself and the driver. The claim of the latter for a "*buono mano*" I most peremptorily refused.

The remainder of this first day in Rome I devoted to rest and refreshment, eschewing all sight-seeing, and quite content with lounging at a sumptuous *café*, and strolling up the *Corso* to the beautiful *Piazza del Popolo*, adjoining the northern gate.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ROME.—St. Peter's.—The Pantheon.—Trajan's Forum and Pillar.

THE day after my arrival at Rome was Sunday. Whither should I direct my steps, but to the most gorgeous of all structures that man has erected in honor of his Maker? After a long walk through the *Via Condotti*, crossing to the right bank of the Tiber, I came suddenly into the vast and magnificent area in front of St. PETER'S. It extends nearly a *quarter of a mile*, having on each side a grand colonnade, consisting of a series of triple porticoes, sustained by two hundred and eighty-four Doric columns, and surmounted by nearly two hundred colossal statues. These porticoes, commencing at the north and south ends of the front of the church, extend forward in a straight line for some distance, and then make a grand semicircular sweep, so that the greater part of the area is of an oval form. In the centre of this splendid amphitheatre stands a lofty obelisk from Egypt, of red granite. Two beautiful fountains, one on each side of the obelisk, throw up to a great height their pure waters, which descend in showers of graceful spray. This area (*Place of St. Peter's*) is not a level surface, but an *inclined plane*. Standing in the centre of it, at the base of the obelisk, you have, on each side, the semicircular colonnade, and in front, at the summit of the inclined plane, the church itself, its grand central dome rising between two inferior domes, giving thus a pyramidal form to the *façade*. This fine effect is lost, when, advancing up the gradual ascent, you stand immediately before the entrance; for now the domes

are no longer visible, and the front of the church, notwithstanding its ornamental pillars and statues, disappoints by its tameness.

But when passing through the lofty vestibule, rich in gilding and sculptured marble, you enter the body of the church, how grand, how glorious, is the view that bursts upon you ?

“ Enter ; its grandeur overwhelms thee not ;
And why ? it is not lessen’d ; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.”

Vast as are the dimensions, it is not so much vastness, as *symmetry*, perfect harmony of proportion, that first strikes the eye. The length and breadth and height correspond so admirably, that the mind, accommodating itself to the gigantic scale of the whole, is slow to recognize and appreciate the vastness of the component parts.

“ Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
All musical in its immensities ;
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air, with Earth’s chief structures—tho’ *their* frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and *this* the clouds must claim.”

As you stand at the entrance, the edifice stretches away before you to the enormous length of six hundred and fourteen feet ; not far from an *eighth of a mile*. The breadth of the church is two hundred and seven feet. This vast space is paved entirely with marble. There are no stationary seats as in our churches, to obstruct the prospect ; the eye roves over the extensive marble surface, and takes

in, at a glance, the length and breadth of the edifice, as well as the height of its arched roof.

But the great wonder of the church is its *dome*. You stand beneath it and look up to the enormous height of almost four hundred feet. Stand at the foot of St. Michael's steeple in Charleston, and look up to its top—imagine another steeple as high, piled above it—and still you have only come within forty feet of the extreme interior height of the cupola of St. Peter's, as seen from the floor of the church. This is the height as seen from the *interior*; but, *outside*, from the pavement to the top of the cross, over the dome, the height is four hundred and forty-eight feet. Pile on the top of St. Michael's another steeple as high as itself—and on the top of that another, more than half as high—and you have the height of the cross over the dome of St. Peter's.

The vastness of the structure raised thus high in air, is overwhelming. Imagine yourself inside of a circular building one hundred and thirty-two feet in diameter, and over your head a magnificent dome, all incrustured with mosaics and resplendent with gilding, rising till it gradually tapers to a point, as high as the *steeple* of St. Michael's; suppose the whole of this vast structure raised so high in air that its base shall be on a level with the top of the steeple, and you have then some notion of the Dome of St. Peter's. When Michael Angelo saw the Pantheon, the most perfect relic of ancient Rome, he said, "I will raise it in the air." This "vast and wondrous" Dome is the fulfilment of that declaration.

Beneath the dome is the high altar, overshadowed by a canopy of bronze, supported by four tall spiral pillars of the same material. In front of this altar, a balustrade, surmounted by more than one hundred lamps, continually

burning, surrounds a descent to the sepulchre of St. Peter (!) at the entrance to which is the marble statue of Pius VI., (the work of Canova,) kneeling before the bronze gates leading to the tomb.

On each side of the nave, four magnificent arches conduct to as many chapels, each large enough for a church with us, and all enriched with most costly ornaments, of sculpture, architecture, and painting. In different parts of the edifice are numerous magnificent sepulchral monuments to Pontiffs and royal personages: among these I remarked those of Christina, Queen of Sweden, and the last of the Royal family of the Stuarts.

The effect upon the mind, of the Grecian architecture and the sumptuous ornaments of St. Peter's, is unlike that of the solemn Gothic and the "dim religious light" of the English cathedrals. Here, the brilliant light shed down on the rich marble that composes the pavement and lines the walls—on magnificent arches and altars, statues and sepulchral monuments—on gilding and mosaics—on diamonds, agates, chrysolites and precious stones of every kind, encircling the choicest productions of the painter's art—suggests ideas rather of surpassing beauty than of awful sublimity. The gorgeous edifice

" Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face,"—

it speaks of Divinity appeased and man accepted; the clear light of heaven, streaming through its airy domes—the soft and temperate atmosphere, diffused through its vast extent, seem to infuse into the soul the sense of "peace on earth and good will to men."

Adjoining St. Peter's, is the vast Palace, or rather pile of palaces, called the *Vatican*. Half a mile east of it, is the

Tomb of Adrian, a massive structure raised by that Emperor as a Mausoleum. It is now a fortress, and is called the *Castle of St. Angelo*. The vast pile brings to mind a more enduring memorial to that Emperor—those exquisite lines, the dying Adrian's address to his soul—

“ Animula, vagula, blandula,—
Horpes comesque corporis,” &c.

too felicitous to be well translated, but suggesting to Pope the finest touches of his “Vital spark of heavenly flame.”

Opposite the Castle, is the Bridge of St. Angelo, adorned with statues. The Tiber is here narrower than at any other point within the city, being but two hundred and twenty feet wide.

Returning from St. Peter's, I lost my way in the maze of streets, and, coming at length into a spacious square, adorned with a beautiful fountain, found myself in front of a most superb ancient portico, leading to a circular building. This was the PANTHEON; the noblest and most perfect monument that now exists, of ancient Rome. This temple, dedicated to all the gods, is by some considered as dating as far back as the times of the Republic. Over the portico, a few large letters which, after so many centuries, are still legible, indicate that *that* at least was erected by *Agrippa*, in his third consulship; about a quarter of a century before the birth of our Saviour. The body of the structure may have been built at an earlier period. The portico is regarded as one of the choicest relics of ancient architecture. It is formed by a double row of Corinthian columns, sixteen in number, each a single block of Oriental granite, fifteen feet in circumference; presenting a front more than one hundred feet in length. The capitals of the columns are of white marble, most exquisitely wrought. The columns sustain a cornice and a pediment, the harmony of whose proportions is unsur-

passed. Once twelve steps led up to this noble temple ; now, so changed has the level of the city become, in the lapse of ages, that you descend one or two steps to enter it.

Within the portico are two large niches, one on each side, which once held colossal statues of Augustus, and his favorite, Agrippa. The interior of the Pantheon, (which is *circular*,) is exceedingly majestic. Its walls still retain much of their ancient lining of precious marble ; and its ancient pavement, of porphyry and Egyptian granite, remains entire. Along the walls are eight niches designed for the superior gods—between which were pedestals for the inferior deities. Sixteen pillars and as many pilasters sustain a cornice of white marble which runs round the interior of the Pantheon ; and from this cornice rises the magnificent dome (composed of stone) to the height of one hundred and thirty-two feet, the exact diameter of the temple itself. At the summit of the dome is a circular opening, twenty-seven feet in diameter ; the effect is beautiful of the light, descending in one bright stream through this its only entrance ; or when you stand beneath, and without obstruction gaze up at the deep blue sky of Rome.

But the great charm of the Pantheon is its hoary antiquity. The other monuments of ancient Rome are more or less in ruins ; but with this, one of the earliest and most interesting, time has dealt lightly. Far more impressive to me than all that strikes the eye within its majestic walls, was the thought that Virgil, and Horace, and their contemporaries, had stood, doubtless, on that same spot where I was standing ; on much which I was beholding, their eyes had rested more than eighteen hundred years ago. Here had stood

———“ The great of old,
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.”

One comparatively recent association with this structure is interesting. The unrivalled artist of modern ages, the great Raphael, (whose master-piece—the Transfiguration—preserved in the Vatican, is accounted the finest painting in the world,) desired, when dying, that no monument might cover him, other than the glorious dome of the Pantheon; and here, accordingly, he sleeps, while a beautiful statue of the Virgin, the work of his friend, Lorenzetto, seems like a guardian angel, watching over his tomb. The Pantheon is now a Catholic church.

On the morning after my visit to St. Peters and the Pantheon, I set off at sunrise for the *Capitol*, eager to commence the exploration of *ancient Rome*. The Corso, which runs in a direction east of south from the northern gate of Rome, terminates within a quarter of a mile of the Capitoline Hill. Beyond this, the way is difficult to find, and, while wandering about in search of it, I entered a very spacious square, in the midst of which was an oblong area, sunk twelve or fifteen feet below the surrounding surface, covered with rows of broken pillars, which had once sustained extensive porticoes. At one extremity rose a lofty column, sculptured all over with representations of battles and victories. This was the famous *Column of Trajan*; and the broken pillars were the remains of the splendid Forum built by him, and adorned with the spoils he had taken in war; and beneath whose beautiful arches he gave audience to the poets and literary men of his time, who repaired thither to recite their compositions. The Column of Trajan is sixteen feet in circumference, and one hundred and twenty-five in height. It is formed by thirty-four great blocks of marble, so cemented as to seem but one piece, and covered with exquisite sculpture, representing the victories gained by Trajan over the Dacians, A. D. 101. No less than twenty-five hundred

figures of men, beside a vast number of horses, engines of war, military standards, trophies, &c., stand out on this magnificent pillar. Within, one hundred and eighty-five marble steps conduct to the summit, where once stood a colossal statue of Trajan, holding in the left hand a sceptre, and in the right a golden urn, in which, according to some writers, his ashes were deposited. The Column was erected by order of the Roman Senate. It is with peculiar pleasure that, amid the utter wreck of the vast palaces and other structures, associated with the crimes and cruelties of Caligula, Nero, and other monsters in human shape, who once wore the imperial purple, the eye rests upon the unfallen, undefaced pillar, which, after the lapse of more than seventeen centuries, keeps green in human memory, the character of Trajan, proverbially the best of the Roman Emperors. Eutropius, who wrote two hundred and fifty years after Trajan, says that, even down to his own times, "*Felicio Augusto, melior Trajano*," was the most rapturous plaudit with which Rome could hail her sovereigns; and the historian Dion pronounces upon him this magnificent eulogy: "When he ascended the throne, he was strong in body, he was vigorous in mind; he honored all the good, and he advanced them; he never listened to informers; he gave not way to his anger; he chose rather to be loved as a man than feared as a sovereign; he inspired none with dread but the enemies of his country." Well does it accord with that sense of justice, and reverence for moral worth, which God has implanted in the human bosom, that time, crushing in the dust the palaces of Caligula, and his imperial imitators, should spare the Tomb of Adrian, and the Pillars of Antoninus and the virtuous Trajan.

CHAPTER XL.

ROME.—The Seven Hills.—Roman Forum.—Arch of Titus.—Coliseum.
Dying Gladiator.—Apollo Belvidere.—Laocoon.—Conclusion.

FROM Trajan's Forum I soon found my way to the Capitoline Hill. On the side toward the Corso is a grand staircase, at the top of which are two ancient colossal statues, (representing, as is supposed, Castor and Pollux) with horses at their sides. Near these is a bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius; also a mile-stone, marked I., the first stone on the ancient Appian way.

Ascending the staircase, you have before you a square, enclosed on three sides by palaces. The one in front is the Senatorial Palace, where the modern Roman Senate meets ("O how unlike their sires of old!") on the left is the Capitoline Museum, and, on the right, another extensive collection of painting and statuary. The tower of the Senatorial Palace affords the best view of Rome.

Let us now, from this tower look around on the seven-hilled city. We are on the Capitoline Hill—on the interval, called *Intermontium*, between the Tarpeian Rock on the south, and the higher elevation on the north. First, let us look southward, and here, at our feet, is the ROMAN FORUM. It lies in a valley between the Capitoline and Palatine hills. On the *Palatine* Hill, Romulus laid the foundation of his city. It is now covered with the stupendous ruins of the Palaces of the Cæsars. Next to the Palatine, is the Cœlian hill; and these three, the Capitoline, Palatine and Cœlian, form an arc of a circle, opening to the north-west. In

a tangent with the west side of this, and south of the Capitol, is *Mount Aventine*. Almost opposite the crescent formed by the Capitoline, Palatine and Cœlian hills, extend three others, a little to the north, the *Quirinal*, the *Viminal*, and the *Esquiline*; (on which last Virgil once occupied a house, near the gardens of Mæcenas.) These are the *seven hills* of ancient Rome. Only the Capitoline and the Quirinal are much built over by the moderns. Over the others are scattered the massive ruins of the ancient city, in the midst of gardens, fields and vineyards. On the Quirinal Hill is the Palace of the Pope, (where I had the pleasure of seeing his Holiness, Gregory XVI.)

If now we look north-ward, at the very northern extremity of the city is the *Porta del Popolo* just within which is a beautifully ornamented square. On the east side of this square, a zigzag road leads up to the Pincian hill, a modern addition to the city, on whose summit is a public promenade. From this gate and square two similar streets diverge (resembling the letter A,) and, between them, the Corso, the *Broadway* of modern Rome, narrow, perfectly straight, and with lofty buildings on each side, extends in a direction east of south toward the Capitoline hill. The city thus runs up to a point at its northern extremity, the square and gate *del Popolo*. A little west of this gate, the Tiber comes within the walls. It runs half a mile in a direction parallel to the Corso, then makes an abrupt bend, and flows westward to within half a mile of St. Peter's (at the north-west corner of the city,) when it again turns to the south-east, and continues its course in that direction, till, just in a line with the Capitol, it bends to the east; and here it encircles an island. In this bend was the *Campus Martius*. Running up, between the Capitol and Mount Aventine, quite near the *Tarpeian Rock* and the *Forum*,

it then turns again to the south-west, and, washing the western base of Mount Aventine, leaves the city at its south-west angle. Within the city are three bridges over the Tiber, and there is a fourth outside the northern Gate. Just west of the Capitol, on the right bank of the Tiber, is Mount Janiculum, from which I first saw Rome. This was not one of the original seven hills. The circumference of the city, as marked out by its present walls, is about seventeen miles; its population, one hundred and sixty thousand. The modern city lies chiefly north of the Capitol, and east of the Tiber.

Now let us descend the Capitoline hill to the Roman Forum. On our way, we may turn to the right to see the *Tarpeian Rock*, which in spite of all its fame, is now but about fifty feet high; or on the other side, we may go down into the Mamertine and Tullian Prisons, (built by Servius Tullius and Ancus Martius,) where Jugurtha was starved to death, and where Catiline's accomplices were strangled.

The Forum is in a valley extending along the northern base of Mount Palatine. The greater part of this celebrated spot is now used as a *cow-market*, and hence called *Campo Vacino*. The ancient Forum was a rectangle, its length exceeding the breadth by about one third. Along the north side of it, immediately under the Capitoline hill, magnificent temples were crowded together, of which a few pillars still remaining attest the splendor. The Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus remains entire. It was erected A.D. 205, to commemorate the victories of that emperor, and his sons Caracalla and Geta, over the Parthians. Near this, close under the Capitoline hill, three lofty and magnificent fluted columns of the Corinthian order, sustaining a huge fragment of architecture

alone remain of the Temple of *Jupiter Tonans*. Next, is an entire front of the Temple of *Fortune*, consisting of eight Ionic pillars, with their entablature.

Near this is the site of the Temple of *Concord*, in which the Senate sometimes met, and where Cicero delivered his celebrated invective against Catiline. At some distance to the south, three lofty Corinthian columns, sustaining the fragment of an architecture, are the remains of the *Græcostasis*, where audience was given to foreign ambassadors. These columns, and those of the Pantheon, are esteemed the choicest models of the Corinthian order. It is interesting to look on the delicate tracery that still remains, scarcely touched by time, while the busy hands that formed it, ages upon ages ago, have mouldered into dust. The column of *Phocus*, thirteen and a half feet in circumference, stands alone. All these fragments of the magnificent architecture that once surrounded the Forum, have their base far below the present level of the ground. In the lapse of centuries, the gradual depression of hills and filling up of valleys, and the accumulation of massive ruins, on the top of which the structures of modern Rome are built, have elevated the present surface ten, twenty and even thirty feet above the ancient level.

These relics of ancient Rome are now enclosed with fences, and carefully protected from injury. Nor can any modern degrading association with the Forum destroy its charm.

To the contemplative mind, it is still the Roman Forum—the field where “a thousand years of silenced factions sleep”—it is still

“ The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero ?”

Here Romulus stood ; here stood Virginius, when

snatching a knife from one of the adjoining shops, he buried it in the bosom of his beloved daughter; it was here, at the base of Pompey's statue, that

" Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate—
 ———and called aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the Father of his country, hail !
 For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free !

Passing from the Forum, through an avenue shaded with trees, we come to the *Via Sacra*, so called from the numerous sacrifices offered here when peace was concluded between Romulus and Tatius. By this way, spanned by triumphal arches, and lined with temples, the triumphal processions passed to the Capitol. The *Via Sacra* was a favorite walk of Horace :

" Ibam forte Via Sacrà, sicut meus est mos."

A Portico, sustained by ten pillars of marble, forty-five feet high, is all that remains of the temple to Faustina. Further on was the temple of Romulus and Remus; and beyond that a vast ruin is considered to be that of the Basilica of Constantine, the dimensions of which were scarcely inferior to those of the modern St. Peter's.

But most interesting of all is the Triumphal Arch of Titus, erected to celebrate his conquest of Jerusalem. It is entirely composed of Pentelican marble, completely covered with most exquisite sculpture. There you see represented the triumphal procession of Titus; on one side the conqueror appears in his triumphal car, drawn by four horses, and accompanied by a numerous host; on the other side are the captive Jews, and with them you see

carried in the procession, the spoils of the temple at Jerusalem, and can distinguish borne upon the shoulders of the victors, the golden table, and the sacred vessels, the silver Jubilee trumpets, and the golden candlestick with its six branches,—all as described in the Scriptures. Thus, in the providence of God, is the pride and pomp of the conqueror of the Jewish nation, rendered a witness, contemporary and undisputed, to the truth of those Holy Oracles, of which the children of Abraham were the chosen depositaries.

Beyond this, a little to the right, is the Arch of Constantine, very magnificent and astonishingly well preserved. The finest part of its sculpture originally belonged to a more ancient Arch of Trajan, and represents his entry into Rome after the conquest of the Dacians. The figures of the vanquished Dacian warriors stand out in barbaric dignity.

Last of all, we come to the COLISEUM,—the most stupendous relic of ancient Rome. This immense structure, begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus, in the latter part of the first century, was designed as an amphitheatre for gladiatorial combats, and shows of wild beasts. The structure, which is of oval form, is sixteen hundred and forty-one feet in circumference, its surrounding walls one hundred and fifty-seven feet high, without a roof; its exterior is composed entirely of lofty arches, in four tiers, one above another.

“ Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands.”

The arena was two hundred and eighty-five feet long

and one hundred and eighty-two wide. From this, all around, the seats rose, one above another, to the very top of the lofty walls; and here in this edifice—capable of containing one hundred thousand persons—nobles and plebeians, young and old, the gentler as well as the sterner sex, looked down with exquisite *gusto* on the combats of the gladiators; in other words on wholesale, cold-blooded murder. At the opening of this amphitheatre, the shows were kept up for one hundred consecutive days, and it is said that more than two thousand gladiators were sacrificed, as well as thousands of wild beasts.

There is a statue in one of the museums at Rome, which answers to the description given by Pliny of a masterpiece of the sculptor's art, representing "a wounded man dying, who perfectly expressed what of life remained in him." This statue—the "Dying Gladiator"—Byron looked on with a poet's eye, and with a poet's fancy has conjured up those images which nature mingles with our latest consciousness:

"I see before me the Gladiator lie:

He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And thro' his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one;
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away.
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood—shall he expire
And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!"

It is strange to go into that half-ruined colossal structure, all garlanded with vines and flowering shrubs, and sit down in solitude and silence, on the stone seats, within walls, where, seventeen hundred years ago, Roman men and *women* assembled by tens of thousands, to feast their eyes on torture and butchery. Multitudes of Christian martyrs were here exposed to wild beasts. Surely something has been gained, as to the *amusements* of mankind, by the advance of civilization and Christianity, since the time when a young and lovely female was selected to give the signal for the gladiatorial combat to commence, and noble ladies, at its close, sat down to a sumptuous banquet in the arena, still smoking with human blood.

One of the most beautiful relics of ancient Rome, is the Temple of Vesta, a circular edifice with a row of Corinthian columns of Parian marble running round it, giving it an exceedingly light and graceful appearance. Near it is the Arch of Janus with four faces. In the same vicinity, one sees remains of the ancient *Cloaca Maxima*, whose solid masonry, after so many centuries, is still uninjured. Next, we may go to the ruins of the *Great Circus*, where, as early as the time of Romulus, games were celebrated, and where the Romans seized on the Sabine women. We may then visit the vast and magnificent Baths, with their subterranean apartments, fitted up with hundreds of bathing-places, many of them of choice marble, adorned with sculpture and fresco-painting, and attesting at once the luxury and the licentiousness of the ancient Romans. We may visit, too, their places of sepulture, varying in size and costliness, from the vast pile reared by Adrian and the magnificent tomb of Cecilia Metella, the wife of Crassus, (both of which were used as fortresses in the middle ages)

down to the *Columbaria*, filled with cinerary urns, and, last of all, the labyrinthine Catacombs.

The exceedingly numerous gushing *Fountains*, ornamented with magnificent sculpture and statuary, constitute no unimportant feature of modern Rome. Two beautiful ones are in front of St. Peter's; another is in front of the Pantheon; another pours its flood through lofty arches, just on the brow of the Janiculum. Indeed every remarkable place, almost, has these graceful ornaments; but the finest of all is the Fountain of *Trevi*, at the foot of the Quirinal Hill. The water gushes out most copiously from a mass of rocks, in the midst of which is a colossal Neptune, with all his retinue of Tritons, Dolphins, Sea-nymphs, &c.

Rome is full of magnificent churches, rich in sculptured marble and costly paintings. Of these, that of *St. John Lateran*, with its colossal statues relieved against the sky, is second only to St. Peter's.

Rome is also rich in *palaces*, whose galleries are filled with the choicest products of the sculptor's and the painter's art—to describe which would require volumes. The two public Museums on the Capitoline hill are exceedingly rich; but the vast Palace of the Vatican, with its seemingly endless galleries and halls, is without a rival. Here the relics of Egyptian, as well as of Grecian and Roman art, are collected in vast quantities. It is said that in visiting every department of this Museum, you walk a mile and three quarters. The paintings are comparatively few in number, but they are master-pieces. The Transfiguration by Raphael, and the Communion of St. Jerome by Dominichino, which hang opposite each other in one hall, are considered the two finest paintings in the world. Here, too, you see the greatest triumph of the art of the sculptor—

the APOLLO BELVIDERE. In the judgment of the great masters, the expression of conscious supremacy is the leading element in the *beau ideal* of a man.

Thus Shakspeare :

——“ The front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.”

And Milton :

“ His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule.”

And Byron has well interpreted the expression of the Apollo Belvidere—with brow

“ All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal’s vengeance ; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.”

In the Vatican is also the celebrated group of the LAOCOON. Virgil has told the story ; an aged man—a venerable priest, in the very act of sacrifice—a father, with his two sons clinging to him—and round the three the deadly serpent twined in horrid and poisonous folds ; in that face, the combination of dying *agony* with heroic endurance—the expression of an unconquerable soul, in its greatness rising superior to the very extremity of torture. But why should I thus speak of Laocoon, when the glowing language of the last, I had almost said, greatest, poet places the breathing marble before the eye ?

——“ Turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon’s torture dignifying pain—
A father’s love and mortal’s agony
With an immortal’s patience blending—Vain
The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain

And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
 The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain
 Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."

Rome, as she was in her pride of place, the mistress of the world, exists no longer. Her ancient palaces and temples are in desolation. Yet is she still the "city of the soul;" and monuments, more enduring than her triumphal arches, are still hers. While her poets, her orators, her historians, supply the living fountains of thought, in each successive age, to the educated, cultivated mind of the whole civilized world—while

"Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay, and Livy's pictured page,"

are the delight of scholars in all lands—it may be truly said that there is a glory which cannot pass from her, a charm which time cannot destroy. "The Niobe of nations," her motto still may be, "NON OMNIS MORIAR"—*I shall not wholly die.*

"Yet to the remnants of thy splendor past
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied throng;
 Long shall the voyager, with the Hesperian blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
 Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore."

Rome was the culminating point of my tour. Here, therefore, my own and the reader's labor may appropriately come to an end. *Longæ finis chartæque viæque.*

APPENDIX.

WHAT MAY BE DONE IN FIVE MONTHS.

THE traveller in Europe, though at no loss for guide-books of the different cities and countries, finds nothing in print to aid him in forming a plan, by which to see as much as can be seen to advantage within a limited period. The following outline of a Five Month's Tour, the result of the writer's experience, may help to supply this deficiency ; although the tourist's own taste will, of course, materially modify any general plan.

Suppose him to land at Liverpool the latter part of May. He may well allow *one week* for the journey to London, taking Birmingham, Leamington, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, Blenheim Palace, and Windsor, on the way ; *three weeks* to London and its environs, (it will then be the height of the London season ;) *one week* to Cambridge, Matlock Bath, York, Durham, and Alnwick Castle, on the way to Scotland ; *ten days* to Scotland, visiting Abbotsford and Melrose, Edinburgh, Stirling, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Glasgow and Ayr ; and *one week* to the return from Scotland, by the English Lakes, Lancaster, Manchester, Cheltenham, Bristol, Bath, Stonehenge, and Salisbury, to Southampton, whence (after a visit to Portsmouth) he will take the steamer which crosses the Channel in one night to Havre.

Havre, Rouen, and the journey to Paris, will occupy *three days* ; Paris, *ten days* ; the route to Belgium, *one* ;

Brussels and Waterloo, *two* ; Holland, (allowing a visit to Rotterdam, the Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and the return to Antwerp,) *five days*. Antwerp will require *two days* ; Ghent, Bruges, and Liege, *two days*. Give *ten days* to the Rhine and the watering-places in its vicinity, (not forgetting Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Heidelberg, and Baden-Baden,) and *twelve days*, (hoping for good weather) to Switzerland—of which the journey from Bâle to Geneva will take *two*, Geneva, *two*, Lake Lemman and the Castle of Chillon, *one*, the Vale of Chamouny, *five*, Martigny to Brieg, *one*, and crossing the Simplon, *one*.

In Italy, allow *one day* between the foot of the Alps and Milan; *two days* at Milan; *two* between Milan and Venice, stopping at Verona and Padua; *four* at Venice; *three* between Venice and Florence, stopping at Ferrara and Bologna; *five* at Florence; and *three* from Florence, by Pisa, to Leghorn, and thence by steamer to Naples. *Seven days* may well be devoted to Naples and the excursions from it, and *twelve days* to Rome. *One day* may suffice for the passage between them.

From Rome to Paris, allowing *one day each* to Genoa, Marseilles, and Lyons, will require *eight days* ; at Paris it will be pleasant to rest *two days* ; *one day* suffices between Paris and London, by Dieppe and Brighton ; and then, of the five months, there will remain *three days*, in which to compare *first* with *second* impressions of England and its metropolis.

The above allowance of time is on the supposition that the tourist travels by public conveyances—for the most part without the pleasure (and detention) of ladies' society, not going much out of his way to hunt up *distinguished persons*—and eschewing, generally, invitations to dinner, and all similar embarrassments. If his plans are so

arranged as to avoid, as far as possible, Sunday travelling, he will find abundant evidence, in his ability to accomplish more than he otherwise would have strength or spirit to do, that rest from secular cares, one day in seven, is as needful to the *physical* as to the moral nature.

When the appetite for travelling is moderate, the above bill of fare will probably suffice; but if it be somewhat voracious, and especially if the tourist aspire after the fame of a *great traveller*, he must by no means think of stopping at Rome or Naples. To do things *comme il faut*, he must go from Naples to Palermo, thence to Malta, Athens, Constantinople, Palestine, Egypt—thence across to Hindostan and China, and home by the Sandwich Islands, South America, and the West Indies. If then not satiated, he may sit down and grieve that there are no more worlds to circumnavigate.

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