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CAUTIONS

TO

CONTINENTAL TRAVELLERS.

BY

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LATE FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; VICAR OF
HARROW, MIDDLESEX; AND DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN
TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD NORTHWICK.

Would thou hadst hearkened to my words, and stayed
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence, possessed thee! We had then
Remained still happy. PARAD. Lost, b. ix.

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[PREFACE.—The following remarks are designed to apply, not so much to the class of Travellers who merely snatch from the toils of a busy and anxious life a few weeks or months to refresh themselves by a rapid glance at the scenery of the Alps or the Rhine, as to those who either *domesticate* themselves and their families in foreign countries, or so *protract their Continental visits as to allow themselves leisure to catch something of the manners and spirit of the countries which they visit.*—The very simple and obvious Cautions at the end of the volume, may not, however, be altogether without their use to the first class of Travellers; and, if so, the Author desires to confine this little book to no class of his fellow-countrymen, but to put it into the hands of all who will do him the honor of perusing it,—humbly begging them to pardon its deficiencies, and to assure themselves that they cannot, either at home or abroad, be happier or better than these few remarks are designed, under the Blessing of the Almighty, to render them.]

CAUTION, &c.

THE circumstances of Great Britain with regard to the other nations of Europe, are such, at the present moment, as to demand the most serious consideration from every well-wisher to his country. Since the cessation of hostilities, our native land has been visited by a few foreigners of the very highest distinction, and by others of inferior ranks; but the whole number of visitors, especially when distributed amongst the respective nations to which they belong, has not been considerable. The want of money in foreign countries; the known expenses of English travelling; the wide difference between English and continental tastes and manners; our serious and somewhat haughty national demeanour; our indisposition to converse, upon our own soil especially, in any language but our own;—these, and various other circumstances, erect a sort of barrier between us and all foreigners whom the ardor of science, or love of vagrancy, or strong perception of the excellence and elevation of the English character do not dispose to break through every obstacle. The danger, then, arising from the influx of foreigners into our own country, does not appear to be considerable.

But, on the contrary, if we examine the list of travellers from this country to various parts of the continent, it will be found to be large beyond all previous calculation. It was stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in Parliament, that more than 90,000 persons had embarked, in little more than two years, from one port alone, of whom 12,700 remained abroad.

Now this fact, taken in all its bearings, cannot, I conceive, but be regarded as likely to exercise a considerable influence on the national character: and our countrymen, or countrywomen, who are perhaps on the wing for a continental expedition, will forgive me, if, in somewhat of our plain, home-spun English manner, I endeavour in the following remarks to point out the real nature of this influence. We belong to a great and happy country; and this greatness and happiness we owe, not certainly to any intercourse with foreign countries, but, next to the blessing of a merciful Providence, to our insular situation, to our political constitution, and to our religious and moral privileges. It is my wish to inquire, to what extent, and in what manner, the measure of our elevation and comforts is likely to be affected by our new circumstances.

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To abridge my labors, I shall not think it necessary to inquire into the *advantages* of travelling. However great and numerous they may be, they appear to be fully appreciated. Hundreds embark upon the strength of them every week. They are blazoned in volumes of all sizes and complexions; they are traced in ink, sketched in mezzotinto, and painted in every hue which colors the gay banks of the 'arrowy Rhine.' No man, who can either read or hear, is at the present moment likely either to be ignorant of these advantages, or to forget them. My endeavour, therefore, will rather be, to call the attention of my readers to the following questions:—

1. Whether our numerous travellers are of a class likely to be much influenced by the scenes they visit?
2. Whether, if so influenced themselves, their influence upon their native country is likely to be considerable?
3. Whether much is to be apprehended from the actual state of foreign countries?
4. What is the precise manner in which the character of travellers is likely to be affected?
5. Whether the evil, if proved to exist, admits of any remedy?

Let not my readers, however, be alarmed at this formidable catalogue of topics, as it is my intention to be very brief on all of them. And still less let them impute what may be said, to presumption, to narrowness of spirit, to religious bigotry, to home-bred prejudices, to personal unacquaintance with every country but my own, or to a headlong determination to condemn travellers of all classes, and under all possible circumstances. I know, from personal experience, that *virtue is not confined to that happy corner of the earth where we have the happiness to dwell. I can conceive the circumstances where travelling may become a positive duty. I can as easily discern the cases in which it may be considered as a*

lawful recreation. I wish not impertinently to scrutinise any man's principles of action, and far less rashly to condemn them. But I could also wish every man, deeply and solemnly, where the very highest interests are at stake, to examine the grounds of his own conduct. If it is true that travelling has its advantages: it is also true that it has its dangers: that these dangers are not of ordinary dimensions; that every man is not in a state to encounter them; that they are not to be encountered in a careless spirit, and without an adequate motive; and that it is a primary duty at the present moment to take these dangers into serious consideration, and to endeavour to erect some bulwark against them. Proceeding upon these principles, may I not hope for the pardon of my readers, if a few very popular topics should be handled in these remarks not precisely in the courtly manner in which it is now customary to handle them?—if I should borrow the privilege of my country, to call things, principles, and even men, where the case demands it, by their just and legitimate titles? The times have been, when this moral jealousy of continental habits and vices was neither rare nor unpopular; and it is well, however ardently we may desire the extinction of every bad feeling between ourselves and our neighbours, to keep this spirit alive. Sincerely wishing the continental powers every benefit which an improved system of thinking and acting would be likely to secure to them, I have no other desire for my own country than that she should be as great, as good, and as happy, as our laws, our government, and our religion are calculated to render her.

After this preface I shall enter upon the proposed discussion.

I. The first question, then, which we are to consider, is—
 “Whether our numerous travellers are, generally speaking, of a class likely to be much influenced by the scenes and individuals they visit.”

This question I feel no hesitation to answer in the affirmative; and this for the following reasons:

In the first place; the great bulk of our travellers are persons not occupied by any specific object or pursuit—persons, I may say, in a somewhat indolent, oscillant, unoccupied frame of mind. A part of them, at least, are forced out of their country by restlessness, by an ill-defined curiosity, by ennui, by the love of dissipation; by a spirit of wandering, by a fancied regard to works of art; by the love of novelty, by the all-governing consideration that “every body travels,” by the superabundance of money, by the fond persuasion that although in their own country care is found usually to mingle a few of her bitters with the sweets of life, things are managed better on the Continent, and that sorrow and weariness

ness will not presume to climb the bold mountains of Switzerland or darken the sweet valleys of Piedmont. I am far from thinking that others are not influenced by better and weightier considerations; but persons such as I have described constitute a large part of the motley groupe.—Now, of travellers in such a frame of mind it is not hazardous to affirm, that they are in a state of all others the most susceptible of new impressions. The emigrants of other days have fled from religious persecution, or political tyranny, or revolutionary madness and proscription; or else they have been stimulated to travel by the spirit of scientific research, or commercial speculation. But, in such circumstances, men ordinarily carry about with them a subject of thought and interest vast enough to absorb the heart, to steel it against new impressions, and to attach it to the habits of the mother country. Business of itself has a tendency to fortify the mind; and, at least, leaves it little leisure to be wrought upon. Distress, in like manner, excludes men from society, disenchants the world of its attractions, occupies men with their own calamities instead of the tastes and fashions of others; and thus, in a measure, shuts out all foreign influence. But the indolent, the careless, and the mere lovers of pleasure, are apt, like a certain little sensitive animal, to take the complexion of every object which they approach. They travel, in some measure, in quest of excitement; and whatever excites, gives a new impulse, and often adds a new feature to the character. There is all the difference between the two classes of travellers here noticed, that there is between hard metal merely subjected to a momentary grasp, and metal locked up in a state of fusion in the mould. The change in the two cases will be widely different. And, thus, men deeply interested or occupied will, I conceive, in a thousand instances, return safely from scenes where the less occupied would sustain the most fatal injury.

But, *secondly*, a considerable proportion of our modern travellers are *persons in the earlier stages of life*.—Those who have been journeying on the Continent have been much struck with this circumstance. They have found the towns, villages, mountains, and dells, crowded with the *young* of both sexes. At one post they have met a party of the junior members of an inn of court solacing themselves for a winter of professional expectation at home, by a summer of professional forgetfulness abroad;—at another, a larger party of youths relaxing from the iron severity of university discipline in the beams of Italian sun-shine;—at another, a company of young ladies carrying to the cities of the South attractions which we may safely say they would rarely have found, and which we earnestly hope they may not leave, in those more relaxed regions.—Nor is this, if an evil it is to be considered, the whole of the evil. Who-

ever enters the great cities or towns on the Continent, and visits the various institutions for education, finds almost every where a small company of English boys and girls plunged into the mass of a French school in such a proportion as infallibly to secure to the party who deserve least to enjoy it, all the preponderating influence of numbers and authority. Now, can any thing be more formidable, to those alarmed at any foreign invasion of our national character? There is a sort of toughness in age, which often defies impressions of every kind. Hervey asserts, that no physician of more than sixty years of age adopted his new theory of the circulation of the blood. But, in youth, every avenue is open, and every point vulnerable. How, generally speaking, can a boy be expected to endure the laugh of a whole "institution" at his country's "prejudices?" How can it be expected, that, in ordinary cases, he shall come back to us without having a new image stamped on him, after passing through this foreign mint? How can we hope to nurse up an English spirit in these foreign cradles—to form our youths to habits of thinking and acting, which few English parents would be content to surrender, by arming them with a set of tastes and feelings the most hostile to these habits?

But more especially may we expect the influence of modern travelling, whatever be the nature of that influence, to be considerable, when we reflect that a large proportion of our travellers are *females*. Formerly, travelling was almost confined to our own sex; but now—and as far as the gratification of the party is concerned, this can be no matter of surprise—no continental party is deemed complete unless a certain proportion of the other sex be enlisted into it. More will presently be said of the precise *nature* of the influence likely to be exerted on the female character: for the present, let us confine our attention to the *degree* of this influence. And as to this point, it will not, I trust, be deemed any calumny upon that portion of our species to whom we owe so large a part of the solid pleasure and advantages of life, to affirm, that females are, on the whole, more susceptible of impression than males. It arises from that tenderness which constitutes one of their peculiar charms, that every object affects them more quickly and sensibly; that every touch, as it were, tells on their softer system. But if so, then the measure of foreign influence will increase in proportion to the number of these more impressible surfaces which are exposed to it.

Another reason for anticipating large results from this spirit of migration, is, that *travelling is not now, as formerly, confined to persons in the highest ranks of life*. Formerly, with the exception of a few merchants, scarcely any but persons of some distinction and property quitted their own country, to seek the real or supposed advantages of another. Now, although the Great travel, and

that to a wider extent than at any period of our history, the subordinate classes of society have also caught the same mania; and there is scarcely any class of persons in this realm who have not members of their own body scattered in greater or less profusion over every part of the Continent. And this will, it may be conceived, among other causes, deepen and extend the impression produced upon the mass of our travellers. Men of high rank, in many instances at least, carry abroad with them a spirit too lofty and aristocratical to submit to the control or to the impress of foreign habits and manners. Pride often does the office of a better principle, and prompts them rather to lead than be led; rather to communicate what is English, than to appropriate what is foreign. But, in the present state of things, men of lower rank and influence will, in the absence of religious and moral principle, have little to sustain them against the tide of foreign habits. They will be more tempted than their exalted countrymen, whose rank is their general and all-sufficient passport to society, to seek admission into foreign circles by undue concessions and conformity. They will feel the difficulty of exercising an authority in a foreign country, to which they could not aspire in their own. They will be likely to ape the manners of the only refined society into which they have been admitted; and thus to bring back to us tastes and vices which men of higher ranks would have disdained to import. Men of distinction will, like the Roman Emperor after his pretended victory, bring us back, perhaps, "shells," or other harmless trophies of their expedition; but our middling classes will transplant to the desk and to the counting-house the habits of those noblesse whose hollow hearts, and sceptical opinions, have, in some instances at least, assisted to hurry on the storm by which anarchy and irreligion have been conspiring to desolate some of the fairest portions of the globe.

Thus much, then, for the measure of influence which the present system of continental travelling may be expected to produce on the character of those who travel. Let us turn to the next question which it was proposed to consider—*viz.* :

II. "Whether these various classes of travellers are likely to exert any considerable influence on the national character."

Here, again, I am disposed to answer in the affirmative; and to assign the following reasons for this reply.

In the first place, *almost all our travellers deign to return to us*,—When men have fled from the lash of persecution or tyranny, they have commonly felt either no very great wish to return, or no very lively hopes of accomplishing that wish. Now, in such cases, any change wrought in the habits of emigrants was of importance chiefly to the wanderers themselves, and to the country of their

adoption. Transplanted from the soil of the mother country, it was of little comparative importance to her what might be the fruit they should bear in the land to which they were removed. But in our own case, the bulk of our countrymen leave us with the fullest purpose of returning. An Englishman does not, under any circumstances, easily adopt the idea of finally abandoning the land he so dearly loves. Even those who are about to seek their fortune at the distance of a hemisphere, fully calculate upon consuming in this country the fruits they have gathered in another. And as for our modern travellers, they are as far as possible from the design of any long expatriation. They abhor the idea of not giving their country the full benefits of all their foreign discoveries. In the midst of their tour, they are consoling themselves for all their travelling perplexities, by anxiously anticipating the triumphant moment when they shall deposit upon their own shores all the riches of their diaries and theories, sights and oversights, apprehensions and misapprehensions. Nor can we desire any change in these feelings and intentions. We love them too much not to wish them back, even at the expense of all their importations. But this circumstance gives a new feature to the case. It is probable, that, except for military purposes, so large a body of travellers never, of their own good-will, issued from their own country with a hearty purpose of returning at no distant period. Soldiers, indeed, have gone abroad; but they have often embarked only to buy with their blood the liberties of their country; and have sent us back nothing but their bones to animate us, like the skin of old John Zisca wrought into a drum, to fresh struggles for the land they loved so fondly, and defended so well.—A few merchants, also, have gone abroad, but have sent us back only a dead stock of luxuries or comforts, which inflicted no further injury than perhaps a fit of the gout. But our modern travellers are not satisfied with such gifts. They mean to give us nothing less than themselves, with all the accessions to their original character, with all the "*splendida peccata*," the polished follies or iniquities, they may have collected in the various courts of Europe. Having gone through the wards of the continental hospital, they hasten back to let loose this "*nova cohors febrium*" to do its work upon the national constitution.

But, next, in order to estimate the probable influence of these travellers upon the national character, let us touch once more upon their various ranks and circumstances.

Some, we have seen, belong to a class who are for the most part *indolent and unoccupied*. From them, unless a continental journey, by reducing them to absolute poverty, should invest them on a sudden with new and extraordinary energies, little is to be feared. Should they be so changed as to begin to exert any influence upon

others, none will be more astonished than themselves. An idler thus roused and stimulated, like the tree in Virgil,

“Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.”

This class of persons, unless so transformed, will be characterised rather by receiving any form which society may chiose to impress upon them, than by stamping it with their own seal.

Another class of travellers, to whom we have adverted, was the *young*.—These, if possessed of little influence now, will soon escape from the inefficiency of youth, and will influence the circles in which they move in proportion to their rank and attainments; and it will be no fault of the parents and guardians of many of them, if the whole of their prepossessions are not opposed to the habits and institutions of their country; if the reminiscencies of their earliest, and perhaps happiest years, do not associate themselves with foreign manners so as to leave them no taste for what is purely British.

A third class, to whom we have referred, were *females*. And when their just and natural ascendancy in refined society is considered, every change in their habits and manners must be contemplated with deep solicitude. The extent of the control exercised by the female sex on national manners, few, I conceive, will be disposed either to question, or, in the present state of our own country, to regret. While this mild authority is chiefly exercised in softening the manners and quickening the sensibilities of man—in lessening our sorrows and doubling our joys—checking our too feverish pursuit of worldly objects, and winning us back to the quiet charms of domestic life—who would be disposed to break a single link of his silken chain? And, still more, when this ascendancy is employed, as in the case of those females who are living under the deep and abiding influence of religion, in taming down the fiercer passions and more turbalent humors of man—in prompting us to acts of benevolence—in discovering to us the worth of religion by displaying its fruits in our own family—in exhibiting all that is good, in alliance with all that is tender and interesting and lovely—in supplying to us an example of humility—in showing us the effect of prayer, and the value of a deep and intimate union with God;—who is there that would not consider the overthrow of this gentle dominion as the loss of one of the main instruments of personal improvement and domestic happiness? Nor is the exercise of this mild and persuasive power, this despotism of affection, by any means rare. Without giving in to the coarse and vulgar sayings upon this topic, it must be admitted, both that it exists, and that, in our own state of society at least, it is possessed to a wider extent than it is deserved. Any change, therefore, in the character of

those who to such an extent give the tone and complexion to society, must be attended with large results to the national character.

But, lastly, it has been stated, that the body of modern travellers is a heterogeneous mass, composed of men of all ranks and classes in society.—In many instances, the nobleman, who by the natural influence of property commands with almost feudal authority the whole population of his neighbourhood, is studying for the future discharge of this high function among the enlightened nobles of Italy and Venice! Country gentlemen are rehearsing their duties to their villagers, amongst nations to whom the character, name, and office of a country gentleman is unknown!—Nor does the evil terminate here. Our travellers have, as we have seen, been draughted from all classes of the community. Lest any rank of our stayers at home should by any chance forfeit the peculiar benefit which springs from direct and intimate communication with travelled persons of the same rank of life, some “*voyageurs*” will be found who occupy precisely the same level with themselves. There are nobles for the nobility, commons for the commonalty, clergy for the clergy, tutors and pupils, painters and musicians, and tailors and milliners, and students and apprentices, and tradesmen and servants, all prepared to inoculate their respective classes. None will have to complain that he is cut off from the benefits of free and confidential intercourse with those who have quitted their own country to grow wise and good amidst the wonders of another. We are like a company of men, each having hold of some link of an electric chain: all touch it, higher or lower, and all, whether for their benefit or injury remains as yet to be seen, must expect to feel the shock.

And let it be remembered, that the control exercised by the travelled over the untravelled, will be strengthened by a great variety of causes. There is an universal disposition in our nature to consider men wise in proportion to what they have seen; to esteem what is “unknown, magnificent;” and especially to admire others for attainments which we do not ourselves possess. There is also a certain ease, and polish, and security of pleasing, communicated by intercourse with varied society, and especially with society of the higher classes, which will often invest those possessed of it with very unmerited authority. Who will presume to dispute with those on the results of infidelity, who have themselves measured them in the Louvre or the Thuilleries? Who will rashly pretend to canvass the evils of Popery with a disputant that has himself conversed with Cardinals, heard Grand Mass at St. Peter's, or talked over the matter with some picturesque monk at St. Bernard's?

There is, besides, one peculiar quality, not unfrequently acquired

in travelling, which is of prodigious efficacy in all ranks of society: I mean, that species of latitudinarianism which is dignified by the name of liberality. Let me not be conceived to dispute the value of real candor and liberality. I would desire to search for the spirit of candor and of Christian charity, as for hid treasure; and to lay it up among the choicest riches of our inheritance. But, "*decipimur specie recti*:" there is a species of indifference to all modes of thinking, believing, and acting, which is a not unfrequent result of journeying amidst men of various opinions, and which is as far from Christian liberality as error is from truth. I shall have occasion presently to consider this question in relation to the individual thus liberalized: I am now speaking of its effects on society at home; and I contend, that this latitudinarianism gives a man an incredible advantage in society over his less easy, because more orthodox, brother. Such a person can deal charitably with all opinions, because he cares for none. He has no low-minded partiality for one mode of faith, because he has no regard to any. He would admit Christ into the Capitol, because he could admit Jupiter into the Church. He can deal most tenderly with vice, because he does not contemplate it in all its overwhelming results. He does not see it as a Christian sees it, surrounded with its innumerable victims—care, disease, death, perdition. Whilst the plain, home-bred, sincere Christian, contemplating vice in the mirror of Scripture and in the results of experience, views it with horror, contemplates the vicious with alarm and with sorrow, gives sin its proper name, and rebukes the vicious as the Master he serves would have rebuked them; these more generous spirits allow themselves in no such austerities; they have soft names and elegant apologies for every thing. But be it observed, this spurious liberality will be almost sure to win the day, in the eyes of an unthinking world, against serious orthodoxy; and travelled scepticism will wear the honors which ought to be yielded to Christian firmness and consistency.

Having thus endeavoured to show that the influence of foreign travelling will be considerable, both as respects the travellers themselves and the country from which they have emigrated, I go on to inquire—

III. "What the real nature of this influence is likely to be."

Before entering upon this discussion, I must observe, that it would far exceed the limits prescribed to these observations, if the survey were to be extended to all the nations of the Continent. As France, therefore, is the nearest of those countries; as it will be visited by an infinitely larger number of persons than will visit any other country; as its probable influence upon our own manners

and principles will bear a proportion to the number of such visitors; as the evil thrown over many of its enormities is so dexterously woven as apparently to deceive the eye even of some keen examiners; I shall chiefly confine this inquiry to the actual state of France. And for the sake of brevity, I shall notice only a few main features of the case; arranging what I have to say under the heads of Manners and Religion.

Under the head of Manners, may be classed that *spirit of trifling* by which the French, as a people, are so eminently characterized. Voltaire has left many mischievous legacies to his country; but, perhaps, none which is at once a greater evil in itself, and will do more to perpetuate every other evil, than the spirit of universal badinage and trifling. To laugh, is with him the great business of life. In securing materials for laughter, he lavishes all the powers of his genius, and immolates truth, decency, and religion. If he begins by reasoning, he ends with a joke. Submit to his arguments, and he laughs at you: push him by your own argument, and he escapes by laughing at himself and you. He has been termed, in imitation of the witticism upon our countryman Goldsmith, who was once called an "inspired idiot"—the "inspired monkey:" and it would not be difficult to assign many features, and especially this of everlasting grimace, which would justify such a classification. Had this quality, however, been confined to himself, we might have been satisfied to grieve over the loss and perversion of his extraordinary powers; but the misfortune is, that it has diffused itself over a vast proportion of his countrymen. A Frenchman is rarely serious for a length of time about any thing. He trifles alike with all subjects—with the most serious questions in politics, and the most awful topics of religion. Chemists have succeeded in reducing the most solid substances to gasses: and the most substantial truths attenuate into "trifles light as air," in the grasp of this extraordinary people. But can any habit of mind be at once more contagious and destructive of all that is manly and great? Seneca says, "*quicquid est boni moris extinguimus levitate.*" Lord Bacon maintained, that no majesty of character could be combined with a light and trifling spirit. Madame de Stael, who will not be suspected of any undue leaning to superstition, or disregard to philosophy, considers the introduction of a more serious temper into the south of Europe by the northern barbarians, to have been more than a compensation for all the evils inflicted by them. And, in truth, real greatness or goodness never long survive the impregnation of the mind with a love of trifling and persiflage. Those great topics upon which our highest duties and destinies are suspended, refuse to be approached except with the decent homage of a thoughtful and reverend mind.—Now, in this particular has consisted as yet

one of the main distinctions between ourselves and the French nation. They account us a grave people; a nation of shop-keepers; busy, thoughtful, serious;—and we admit the charge, but contend that these very qualities constitute the elements of our moral and national greatness. Let our communion with that ill-fated country be sensibly increased; let our vagrants be mixed up a little more in its dense population; let the two nations come into closer contact; and this distinction will soon melt away, and we, with a little practice, become as arrant triflers as our neighbours. Nor let it be thought that changes as extensive as this, in national manners and character, are either impossible or uncommon. France herself passed, almost by a leap, from a state of abject political submission to a state of the most unbridled anarchy. Spain, formerly the most enterprising and quixotic of nations, surrendered all her grand qualities to a single satirist. And, under new circumstances, it is not impossible that this nation may soon undergo this sort of transformation, and exhibit only the relics of her former self—the “*Magni nominis umbra.*”

2. A second quality, which may be ranged under this head, is *vanity*.—Perhaps it is not too much to say, that no nation ever discovered the same portion of self-conceit and the same love of display with the French. Every other feature in the national character seems to exist in combination with this. It accompanies them into courts and senates, into the field of battle and the shades of retirement: it equally dives with the *poissarde* into her cellar, and squeezes with the minister into the crowds of his levee. The beggar in the street knows so well the constitution of his countrymen, that he flatters while he begs. The preacher flatters while he rebukes; so that even the sermons of Massillon and Bourdaloue present a sort of chequered exhibition of stern reproof and the most revolting sycophancy.—Thus, also, in military matters. Bonaparte governed the nation by cajoling its vanity. Even now, it is difficult to persuade a Frenchman that their armies, in the late conflict, have sustained any defeat; and there is said to be a picture in Paris, of a grenadier keeping the allied armies in check by the mere terrors of his countenance. But it is needless to establish a charge against the French, the justice of which none will deny. Nor is it possible, in an essay such as this, to attempt any enumeration of the evils of vanity, either to nations or individuals. I will rather direct my readers to a masterly writer, who has the merit of first exhibiting vanity in its true size and colors, and surrounded with its proper consequences.

“Vanity,” he says, “when disappointed, (and it is often disappointed,) is exasperated into malignity, and corrupted into envy. In this stage the vain man commences a determined misanthropist. He detests that excellence which he cannot reach. He detests

his species, and longs to be revenged for the unpardonable injustice he has sustained in their insensibility to his merits. He lives upon the calamities of the world; the vices and miseries of men are his element and his food. Virtue, talents, and genius, are his natural enemies, which he persecutes with instinctive eagerness, and unrelenting hostility. There are who doubt the existence of such a disposition; but it certainly issues out of the dregs of disappointed vanity: a disease which taints and vitiates the whole character wherever it prevails. It forms the heart to such a profound indifference to the welfare of others, that whatever appearances he may assume, or however wide the circle of his seeming virtues may extend, you will infallibly find the vain man is his own centre. Attentive only to himself, absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections, instead of feeling tenderness for his fellow-creatures as members of the same family, as beings with whom he is appointed to act, to suffer, and to sympathize; he considers life as a stage on which he is performing a part, and mankind in no other light than spectators. Whether he smiles or frowns, whether his path is adorned with the rays of beneficence, or his steps are dyed in blood, an attention to self is the spring of every movement, and the motive to which every action is referred. His apparent good qualities lose all their worth, by losing all that is simple, genuine, and natural: they are even pressed into the service of vanity, and become the means of enlarging its power. The truly good man is jealous over himself, lest the notoriety of his best actions, by blending itself with their motive, should diminish their value; the vain man performs the same actions for the sake of that notoriety. The good man quietly discharges his duty, and shuns ostentation; the vain man considers every good deed lost that is not publicly displayed. The one is intent upon realities, the other upon semblances: the one aims to *be* virtuous, the other to *appear* so."¹

"The same restless and eager vanity which disturbs a family, when it is permitted in a great national crisis to mingle with political affairs, distracts a kingdom; infusing into those entrusted with the enactment of laws a spirit of rash innovation and daring empiricism, a disdain of the established usages of mankind, a foolish desire to dazzle the world with new and untried systems of policy, in which the precedents of antiquity and the experience of ages are only consulted to be trodden under foot; and into the executive department of government, a fierce contention for pre-eminence, an incessant struggle to supplant and destroy, with a propensity to calumny and suspicion, proscription and massacre."²

¹ "Modern Infidelity considered;" a sermon, by the Rev. Robert Hall.

² Hall's "Modern Infidelity considered."

Here, then, is another source of danger to our English travellers. Vanity, among its other evil qualities, is of a nature so highly infectious, that our countrymen cannot breathe the air of France without running some risk of contracting it—of exchanging their simplicity for a spirit of display—of learning to be fops, in aiming to be gentlemen. What La Harpe said of an individual, is true of the nation to which she belonged: “Il est difficile d’avoir moins de sensibilité et plus d’égoïsme.” And shall we not tremble at the approximation to a disease such as this?

3. A third blot in the minds and manners of our continental neighbours, is the *almost total disregard and disrelish for domestic pleasures and virtues*. It has been said a thousand times of the French, and in general of the southern nations of the Continent, that the word *home* is scarcely known among them. In France, no one stays at home, except to receive company—except, that is, to be as much in public as though they were not at home. Men, women, and children, live in public—in theatres, and gardens, and promenades, and exhibitions, and coffee-houses. Of course, in such a state of society the cultivation of domestic graces and virtues would be superfluous. But suppose our countrywomen, especially, to contract this taste for publicity; what a blow would be struck at our national happiness! It is, next to the favor of his God, the highest joy of an Englishman, that he has a bosom at home on which to cast his sorrows, and perplexities, and disappointments;—that, released from the feuds of parliament, or the oar of professional duty, or the din and hurry and anxiety of commercial speculation, he may return to a companion who, dwelling amidst scenes of comparative repose, has been providing in his own little mansion a balm for his aching heart and a cordial for his exhausted powers;—that, when his jaded mind is sinking under the accumulated burdens of life, he has a hand prepared to lead him beside the “still waters and green pastures” of heavenly consolation. With this species of “pleasures,” we fear that other countries are less acquainted. But, who, that has once tasted of them, will be contented to exchange them for the smooth indifference, the stratagems, the dexterous double-dealings, the subtle prettinesses of foreign politeness?

On the subject of domestic “*virtues*” I shall be satisfied, with some apology for the explicitness of the language in which their judgment is conveyed, to let two very intelligent travellers deliver their opinion—the one, as to the state of France; the other, as to that of Italy. The following extract is from “Scott’s Visit to Paris.”

“These breaches of nuptial fidelity, it is affirmed, are less universal at present than they were before the Revolution; but, I believe, it is doing no injustice to the state of French morals to say

that they now constitute the majority of cases of conduct after wedlock in the genteel circles of Paris."

The rest of the passage, although of a still more decisive character, is too coarse for extraction.

Mr. Forsyth, a no less keen observer, in his *Observations on Italy*, speaking of Florence, says that the females "keep the conversation perpetually fluttering on the brink of obscenity, and often pass the line." And again: "Ceceseism, though perhaps as general, is not so formally legalized as at Naples, where the right of keeping a gallant is often secured by the marriage contract; yet, here, no lady can appear in fashionable company, or before God, without such an attendant. She leaves her husband and children at home, while her professed adulterer conducts her to church, as if purposely to boast before Heaven of the violation of its own laws."

If one half of this is true, can any motives, which are not of the weightiest nature, justify Englishmen in exposing the females of their family, especially by a protracted visit to these countries, to the contagion of such habits?

The truth is, that in France, especially, the whole education and discipline of the female sex is directed to a different object from that which is contemplated in England. A French woman is educated simply and exclusively for display. No virtue will atone for the absence of the power of drawing and fixing attention: scarcely any vice will tarnish the lustre of this power. What a "damning proof" of the truth of these assertions has a late trial in France supplied to the surrounding nations? A woman had been detected in most infamous circumstances. When brought to the bar, as a witness in a most awful case of murder, she admitted her own infamy—she repeatedly perjured herself—she insulted the judges—she trifled with the lives of the prisoners—she sported with the murder itself—and yet, because she fainted at the proper moment, because she encountered the queries of the court with frontless insensibility, because she strutted over this field of blood like an actress—because she played a part, and spoke in metaphor, she was almost worshipped at Paris under the title of "the Angel of Destiny." The judges, the lawyers, the people, the secretaries of state, all exhaust the power of language and fancy to panegyricize this infamous woman.—Such a state of society is little short of a moral plague; and no man should hope to escape the infection who rashly exposes himself, or those he loves, amongst its miserable victims.

But I must not dwell longer on the subject of manners, and shall now turn to the still more important subject of *Religion*.

I would be far from pronouncing any general sentence on the

principles or practice of the population of a mighty Empire. Doubtless, the Saviour of the world has sincere worshippers in every land where temples are erected to his honor. Even in the countries where Popery appears to have most effectually withered the growth of pure and spiritual religion, many a devout supplicant serves God by unconsciously violating the principles of a church which he does not venture to dispute or examine. Many escape from the mists of error and impurity into the sunny region of truth and holiness. But, admitting this, we shall risk nothing in asserting that France and Italy, and especially the former country, are almost universally divided between the most heartless infidelity and the grossest superstition. I shall dwell for a moment on each of these subjects.

1. And first, let us touch on the subject of *infidelity*.—The court of Louis XIV. was the proper seed-bed of infidel principles. By exhibiting a sort of religious profession in combination with ambition, inordinate vanity, and unbridled sensuality, it could not but bring religion into the most abject contempt. The preachers also, as has been already observed, conspired to degrade the altars at which they ministered, by casting upon them the gross offerings of unhallowed adulation. It is difficult to say, whether the preacher “*qui prouve la religion,*” or he “*qui la fait aimer,*” offended the most, in fuming the insatiable monarch with the incense of his own applause. After the death of this sovereign succeeded a Regency, whose profligacy was the common cry and bye-word of the civilized world. The succeeding reign of Louis XV., if less coarsely and disgustingly profligate than the Regency, was not less sensual and inwardly corrupt: and the constitutional timidity and indolence of the monarch and of his ministers, gave ample scope for those stratagems to strike root downwards, and bear fruit upwards, which were to scatter the seeds of moral ruin over the world. “*Après nous,*” said Madame de Pompadour, “*le déluge;*” and, sure enough, a deluge of enormities followed this disastrous reign, which swept away every land-mark of religion and virtue in France, and threatened the utter annihilation of civilized society. This is no place to enter upon a detailed account of conspiracies, on the banner of which was inscribed “*Ecrasez l’Infâme,*” and of whose leaders it was the fond prediction that Christianity would in less than a century be expelled from the face of the earth. It is enough to say, that as to France herself, the prediction was well-nigh accurately fulfilled; that, within a very few years of the present moment, she endeavoured to root out every vestige of Christianity from her soil; that she erected a strumpet into a divinity, and worshipped her as the “*goddess of reason.*” Let it never be forgotten, in forming our present estimate of France, that within a few

years she exhibited the only example upon record of a nation of professed atheists. In what respects the reign of Bonaparte was likely to recover this apostate country, let those judge who remember his own profession of Islamism, and the well-authenticated fact that on his return from Elba he consigned the administration of the new schools for the education of the poor to Carnot, with the express injunction that no letter of the Bible, and no particle of Christianity, should be introduced into them. And we venture to say, that whoever, since the cessation of hostilities, has held any extended intercourse with Frenchmen, will discover that the adherents of Bonaparte, the great body of the military, (that is, in fact, the mass of the community,) are not ill-prepared for the deification of any other image or person whom it may be thought desirable to substitute for their discredited goddess.

2. But secondly, where infidelity does not prevail, *superstition* has too generally occupied the place of real piety. Look at the actual state of those who are professed believers in Christianity.

In the first place, all the mumery of Popery is retained; and even some ceremonies, which the good sense of Louis XVI. had rejected, have been restored by the existing sovereign. He is, by a solecism in reform, attempting to force a gross superstition down the throats of an infidel people. What a re-action must this produce!

In the next place, there is literally no Sabbath. The Sabbath is not a day of rest, but of increased dissipation. The shops are open—the courts are held—the theatres are thronged—public shows and national celebrations are eagerly multiplied.

Next, the nation is suffering under that general curse of Popery, the detention of the sacred Scriptures from the mass of the people. The great mass of the nation is afflicted with a most perilous disease; and they are forcibly excluded from the only fountain of health.

Add to this, certain peculiarities, which have deep root and wide growth in that neglected soil.

Ridicule is the almost universal test of truth.—"A man had better," says M. Jouy (a gentleman who has given a very faithful though not very attractive sketch of the manners of his country), "be vicious than ridiculous."

All distinctions of character are confounded.—No woman is shut out from society because she has violated some of the most sacred duties which she owes to it.

Vice is reduced to a regular system.—Gross indecency is indeed prohibited, as being in bad taste; but, in return, secret profligacy is recognised and licensed. The Government lease out the public stews. "There is but one Palais Royal in the world," say the

French: "It is happy for the world," replies Mr. Scott, "that there is but one."

Now, I do not mean to state these as the necessary fruits of superstition; but they are its not unnatural concomitants. A religion which substitutes forms for principles constitutes a sort of marsh land in morals, where every thing noxious is generated, and, above all, licentiousness, simulation, mock homage and real contempt for all that is great, and venerable, and holy.

Although, for reasons before stated, and especially from the apprehension of extending this discussion beyond its legitimate bounds, little reference has been made to the religious circumstances of the other southern nations; it need scarcely be added, that as these nations are almost exclusively under the influence of Popery, from which many of these evils flow, the same observations, to a considerable extent, apply to them. Popery has an almost irresistible tendency to inflict the opposite evils of superstition and infidelity, wherever it prevails. When the religious authorities of a country demand more than right reason and conscience allow us to yield, the obedient almost necessarily become bigots, and the disobedient infidels. Free toleration would supply an intermediate spot, a sort of border country, where the dissidents might rest; but Popery does not tolerate; and the dissatisfied have no temptation to embrace any other mode of religion, when it is the common belief of their country that one only can save the soul. Hence the land is almost necessarily, to a great extent, divided between those who believe every thing, and those who believe nothing. The actual condition of most Papal countries will be found to substantiate these observations. The thick night of unbelief is only here and there broken by the lurid glare of superstition.

Having thus presented a very brief and imperfect sketch of the moral condition of a part of the continental nations, I proceed to our next point of inquiry.—

IV. "What are some of the actual effects which may be anticipated from the influence of these *Continental visits*, on the minds and character of our travellers?"—The brief observations I shall be able to offer upon this point, may be arranged under the heads of *Letters* and *Religion*.

In the first place: Although it is obvious that considerable *literary* advantages may, under some circumstances, be reaped from travelling; under other circumstances, many evils are to be apprehended. The advantages I will, as before, suppose to be known: let us touch for a moment on the *disadvantages*.

1. In the first place, there is much danger of learning to rest satisfied with *superficial knowledge*.—Many quit their country with-

out any such qualifications for travelling as enable them to reap the real advantages which it offers. Others, although furnished with many pre-requisites for travelling, are seduced from useful pursuits by the dissipations or attractions of foreign countries. Others, who have journeyed with industry and care, neglect, on their return, to correct their own observations by comparing them with the observations of others; and thus lose the benefit of experience by a negligence in study. Now, in all such cases the traveller will, in spite of his wanderings, remain really ignorant; but, what is worse, he runs the risk of continuing satisfied with his ignorance. His measure of information, however scanty, is just enough to pass current with many for real knowledge; and if the counterfeit will pass, few, it is to be feared, will be at the cost of procuring the legitimate coin.

2. *The habit of rambling is apt to communicate a spirit of rambling to the mind.*—The benefit of those pursuits to the intellectual faculties, which collect, confine, and center the attention, has been universally admitted. But a change of place, and object, and pursuit, has the opposite tendency of distracting and dissipating attention; of scattering the powers of the mind among so many subjects, as to leave no fixed thought and deliberation for any; of teaching us to cut those Gordian knots which it is the most useful occupation of the understanding to untie.

3. Another common effect of travelling, is that of tempting the traveller, who is in the constant habit of combining pleasure with instruction, *to abhor all studies which cannot be thus agreeably associated.*—Every person, who has watched the operations of his own mind, is conscious of the inebriating effect of that species of reading which is calculated mainly to stimulate and to amuse. The student thus stimulated, finds great difficulty of returning, if I may so speak, to his sober cups. But it is peculiar to the traveller to live under a perpetual stimulus; to have all his objects and pursuits associated with attractive scenes and events. It may be expected, therefore, that he will find no small difficulty in exchanging his picturesque employment for the dull routine of the everyday student.

4. Continental travelling, also, has perhaps a tendency *to attach men rather to an elegant and trifling species of literature, than to those more hardy and profound pursuits, which involve the highest interests and duties of man.*—A taste indeed for the fine arts, for the classics, for many of the pursuits which embellish life may often be both inspired and nourished on the banks of the Tiber, or amidst the wild sublimities of the Alps. Nor am I by any means disposed to undervalue any attainments by which life may be stripped of its grossness, or its innocent delights be multiplied. At the same time, it is possible to polish our mind at the expense of its

marrow and substance; to sacrifice all the hardy and masculine qualities of the intellect at the shrine of imagination; to gaze away our understandings; to consume some of the most precious years of life in search of laborious nothings, in deciphering what ought never to be deciphered, in forgetting all that ought to be remembered, and remembering much that cannot be too soon forgotten—to return to our country the *petit maitre* purveyor to the wonderments of a dilettanti club, but with a heartless indifference to all those awful topics which command the attention of senates, or exhaust the energies of the patriot and the preacher. It is men of business that our country requires; and their place will be ill supplied by graceful copyists of the worn-out grace and majesty of of ancient Greece and Rome.

So much for the literary dangers to which some of our travellers appear to be exposed. Let us next turn to the more important topics of *morals* and *religion*.

Here, again, it is by no means difficult to imagine cases in which travelling may be productive of great moral advantages. The rank, the circumstances, the preparation, the peculiar temper, taste, and habits of the traveller, the company in which he travels, the places at which he stops—these, and other like points, must have much weight in any decision as to the probable results of the expedition. Instances may be conceived, in which a journey, pursued with a due regard to all these circumstances, may assist in liberalizing the mind; in forming it to independent habits of thinking and acting; in communicating a more kind and catholic spirit; in lifting the soul, by the contemplation of all the glories of the universe, to its Great Author and Architect. It is, indeed, often useful, to those whose minds have been cramped or stunted by the prejudices of a narrow education, to escape from this petty corner of the earth; to take their stand among the prodigies of creation; to survey the great family of God distributed over the face of nature; and to learn, from the characters of tenderness and mercy with which every spot is pregnant, some fresh lesson of forbearance and love to all mankind. But, even with this as a counterpoise, the moral dangers of a traveller seem greatly to preponderate over his moral advantages.

He is, in the first place, exposed to a wholly new class of temptations, arising out of the broad, naked, and shameless *profligacy of foreign manners*.—Upon this point, for obvious reasons, it is impossible to dwell.

He is, moreover, peculiarly exposed to the influence of a widespread and deep-rooted *infidelity*. And, especially, if he belong to a literary class, he discovers the walks of literature to be peculiarly infected with this spirit. And perhaps, with much national *mauvaise honte*, and with little comparative facility in reasoning in a

foreign language, he may find himself able to say less in defence of the strongest points in religion than the meanest dabbler in dialectics is able to say against them. And, by degrees, mistaking his own infirmity for the infirmity of the cause of which he is so defective a champion, he surrenders the faith, which has stood the test of ages, the scrutiny of the most profound examiners, and which has carried millions in peace and honor through all the stages of life, and will present them calm and undismayed at the tribunal of their God. The instances are not rare in which the whole of this process has taken place.

If the traveller, in his endeavours to escape from the hazardous region of infidelity, betake himself to the circles of more orthodox society, he is there assailed by an opposite danger. Perhaps whatever measure of religion he may himself possess, is seated chiefly in his imagination, and is therefore ready to retreat before any fairer vision which may present itself to his fancy: and, perhaps, he may discover this more seducing spectacle *in Popery itself*. Pious minds, of more susceptibility than strength, and the slaves of impressions rather than the simple and sober scholars of Christ, can scarcely fail, for a time at least, to have their attention arrested and their affections interested by some of the solemnities of the Roman Church. A celebrated living German poet is said to have embraced Popery from having seen a funeral procession issue at midnight from a church, followed by a picturesque train of monks with torches, whose dim lustre flashed across their wan countenances and solemnly lighted up the ancient edifice which towered above them, and whose chaunt seemed nothing less than the requiem of angels to the soul of the dead. Others have looked themselves into Popery at the solemnity of the Papal benediction at Rome; when the Pontiff appears, as it were, suspended in the air, and pronounces his blessing on the universe, and, at the firing of cannon, the whole of the innumerable multitude collected before him prostrate themselves as one man in his awful presence. Others, of a timid cast of mind, are perhaps frightened out of Protestantism into Popery by the solemn bodings of some smooth and solemn priest, who with an air of infallibility denounces everlasting ruin upon every soul which is not within the pale of the Roman Church. If such instances of apostacy from a pure to a corrupt faith are rare, I myself have known cases sufficient to convince me that the danger is not by any means chimerical.

The main temptation, however, of the traveller, is not perhaps to any open and violent rejection of the faith of his fathers, but rather to such an adulteration of the fundamental principles and precepts of his religion by an infusion of Popery, or to such a complete though secret surrender of them, as to render his professed little or no value.

Consider how many circumstances tend to this formidable result.

The traveller, generally speaking, is excluded from all means of public instruction, and therefore, from all the checks, warnings, encouragements, and exhortations, which these merciful provisions for our spiritual welfare are calculated to supply. He may wish to "go up to the house of his God," but perhaps wishes it in vain. He may wander on mountains which never listened to the bells of the Sabbath; or may dwell in cities where the still voice of truth is stifled by superstition and mummery. He may halt in a spot, either where there is no religion, or where religion is degraded to a mere pantomime. And who can calculate the probable effects of such a change of circumstances, especially if of long duration?

In the next place, he lives in countries of which it is scarcely too much to say, that "they keep no Sabbath;" where, at least, the dissipation of one part of the day is calculated in the strongest degree to neutralize every conceivable benefit of the other—where any possible spark of religion which may be kindled by what may be termed a very heavy "spectacle" performed by the priests in the morning, is thoroughly and almost inevitably extinguished by a far gayer and more attractive species of "spectacle" in the evening. Let those who have felt the powerful influence of the Sabbath upon themselves, in prompting holy resolutions, in stimulating the drowsy affections, in quickening the dull conscience, in solemnizing, instructing, strengthening, consoling, sanctifying the heart—decide what must be the result of even a temporary suspension of all the benefits of this sacred day.

Again: the traveller resides for the most part, in countries where, from various causes, and especially from the vices of the religious orders, a religious profession is to a considerable extent identified with hypocrisy and priestcraft, and where he must feel it no small difficulty to maintain a respect for that which it is the general usage to suspect and despise.

Add to these the following new sources of temptation;—that he is, perhaps, far more drawn into promiscuous society than when at home; that he has less opportunity of knowing the real character and designs of those with whom he associates; that he has stronger inducements to frequent even the more questionable scenes of public amusement; that, as a stranger, he has little or no character to sustain; that he lives in that state of perpetual whirl and dissipation the least favorable to reflection, to meditation, to prayer; that his moral superiority to most of those around him is likely to betray him into high notions of himself; that he is possibly without friends to advise, or ministers to instruct, or restraints to control him; and it is surely no evidence of timidity, or bigotry, or homebred narrowness, to anticipate the most serious results from the

operation of these combined causes. Nor is it the part of a good citizen to be silent when so large a proportion of our more intelligent countrymen are about to be subjected to this novel process—this “*experimentum crucis*”—upon their morals and piety.—It is, indeed, no small evil that two millions and a half of the national property have been now for two years annually consumed in foreign countries, and at a moment when our looms and our laborers have been standing still for want of employment. It is no small evil, that, at a period when the standard of disloyalty and confusion was unfurled, our nobles and gentry had deserted, in quest of mountain scenery and Roman relics, the posts at which they ought to have rallied the slumbering patriotism of their country. It is no small evil, that, when blasphemy lifted her voice in the land, many of those teachers by whom it ought to have been stifled were studying the picturesque amidst the glaciers of Switzerland. But all these evils are as nothing, in comparison of the fact which it has been the object of these pages to establish,—that we are threatened with the demoralization of a large and important body of our countrymen—that this plague spot appears already upon some—that the virus is gradually circulating—that we may expect every day to have emptied out upon our shores fresh materials for diffusing this moral pestilence, till “the whole head shall be sick, and the whole heart faint.” Other causes may perhaps assist in some measure to check its progress; but there is evidently much cause for alarm.

V. The point at which we have now arrived leads naturally to the last subject of inquiry—viz. “*Whether the evil admits of any probable remedy?*”

And here, as I conceive, in the first place, that some travel who ought to stay at home; and, secondly, that some who might lawfully travel, neglect the precautions for travelling safely; I shall take the liberty of briefly noticing each of these cases.

And, first, I would address myself to those the reasons for whose emigration do not appear as decisive to some others as to themselves.

May I be permitted to ask of such persons, what is *your* motive for quitting your own country to pay a visit of any length to another?

We quit it (say some) for “*economy!*”—This plea cannot be confidently urged in the face of recent accounts from those who have visited the same scenes, and who tell us that the charges to travellers are in many cases exorbitant. Besides, is it necessary, or just, to try the effects of economy in another country, when you have not as yet tried them in your own?

Is the plea “*health?*”—your own health, or the health of those you love?—Doubtless there are cases where this plea may be ho-

nestly urged; and, where there is a rational hope that disease may be overcome, or even mitigated, I have no disposition to add to the already heavy burden of such wanderers by condemning the motives by which they are guided, or the course which they deem it best to pursue. This is a case in which individuals must be left to their conscience and to the directions of their medical guides. Instead of contending with them, I will cordially wish them the blessing of God, and every success which HE may see good to grant them in their arduous and melancholy struggle with pain and disease.—Perhaps, however, I may be permitted to suggest, to some of my untravelled readers, that the winter months in many parts of the Continent are more trying, to those accustomed to the comforts of an English fire-side, than all the gales of our churlish climate. And, in summer, I cannot but conceive that the clear and burning suns of the South must be as likely to injure as to restore a weak constitution. Charles II., it is well known, was accustomed to maintain that England was the finest climate in the world, because it supplied more hours than any other, in every day, in which a man might get air and exercise. And let no man expect to see greener valleys and fresher mountains, or to catch clearer breezes, than those which invite us within our own sea-girt country. Health is by no means as often found as it is expected, by a change of climate and soil. Physicians have lately employed, with astonishing success, applications for bracing the very class of patients before dispatched to die in more relaxing climates. And in those less doubtful cases, where there is reason to fear that the patient is afflicted with some incurable disease, surely it is, generally speaking, a hardship, to drive out the sufferer, perhaps without a single companion, from the circle of those who love him and of those he loves—Surely it is happiest, and best, in such a case, to sink surrounded by dear friends, by the ministers of the church to which we belong, within the reach of wise instruction, of tender consolation, and of those sacred elements which are the precious memorials of “Him who loved us and gave himself for us.” But, even in such cases, I would not presume harshly to dictate to the afflicted. The course of disease is uncertain; and even in the worst cases, the aching heart continues to “hope against hope.” In such circumstances, and where the sufferer is not dismissed to wither alone, but carries abroad with him the tender guardians of his soul and body—friends who will cheer him in the hour of depression, and point his eye to the only Source of peace and joy—I have no complaint to make; but desire rather to mingle my grief and my wishes and my prayers with the mourners, whatever soil they water with their tears, and under whatever sky they bend their knee to the compassionate Father of a guilty and afflicted world.

Is the plea "*improvement of mind?*"—But is the residence of many of our wanderers in foreign countries of such duration as to warrant the indulging any well-founded hope of such improvement? Have they the previous qualifications for such an expedition? Have they well digested the saying of Lord Bacon, that "to journey in a country of which we do not know the language, is to go to school, and not to travel?" Have they carefully considered the pre-requisites for travelling stated by one of the most interesting and intelligent travellers of the present day?¹

Is the plea "*improvement of your children?*"—To say nothing of the risks to which they must be exposed abroad, it is an indisputable fact that this country contains the best masters of every kind—for this simple reason, that it is best able to pay them.

Some individuals, however, may have pleas for travelling far stronger than any of these—pleas so strong, indeed, that I might have no more the inclination than the power to resist them. Will, then, such persons forgive me, if I venture, in conclusion, to say a few words by way of "*caution*" to them? Should the maxims which follow appear to some of them exceedingly obvious and common-place, I may at least plead the apology for them and for myself, that I am speaking to the young as well as to the more mature;—that the most obvious precepts are often not only the most important, but the easiest forgotten;—and that, as a matter of fact, many who on this side of the water have enjoyed the reputation of very profound moralists, appear, by some property it may be supposed of the soil of the Continent, to forget even the plainest maxims of morality the instant they have planted their foot on a foreign shore.

Assuming, therefore, that some reader of these remarks, after considering the objections to a somewhat protracted visit to the Continent, discovers adequate reasons for such an expedition, I would humbly submit to his attention the few following very simple precautions—precautions which he will at once discover to have a distinct reference to some of the dangers that have been already enumerated.

In the first place, let him labor to *ground himself firmly in the Evidences of Religion*.—A man in many instances does not discover the unsoundness of the foundation on which his faith is erected, till it is assailed by some desperate trial. If he should make that discovery first in a foreign country, surrounded by the enemies of religion, and deprived of its ordinary supports, only one result, and that the most fatal, could be anticipated. Let him, then, with a view to such assaults, take nothing for granted in religion; but solemnly inquire, before he converses with infidels, why he himself is a believer.

¹ Preface to *Eustace*.

In the next place, let him strive to acquire just conceptions of the real objections to Popery.—The spirit of the times appears in many instances to combine, with much enmity to Papists as men, much indifference to the principles of their religion. We shall do well, I conceive, to reverse the order of our feelings as to these points; and to unite, with much charity to the men, an unbending and inveterate hostility to their principles. The facts which compel us to draw the line of demarcation broad and deep between ourselves and that body of Christians, is not that Papists are not often conscientious, zealous, and devout men, but that they hold opinions which, by their necessary consequences, in a measure shake the very foundations of the Gospel—that they too commonly substitute the form for the spirit of religion—that they offer unwarranted homage to the mother of Christ—that they suffer many subordinate mediators to usurp the office of the Son of God—that they subvert, by a variety of inventions, that doctrine of justification by faith which the great father of the Reformation has rightly termed “*articulum stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*”—that they lock up from the eyes of the community the volume of eternal truth. Let a man familiarize himself with these, which are the real objections to the Church of Rome, and it may be hoped that her gaudy pageants, and her pictured walls, her monks, and trains, and choirs, and processions, will all sweep before him, like the shadowy figures of a vision which are soon to melt and vanish in the beams of the rising day.

In the next place, let the traveller *daily, humbly, honestly, seriously, with much prayer, and with undiverted attention, study the Holy Scriptures*; endeavouring to collect from them aliment to sustain his own piety, and weapons to repel the irreligious assaults of others.

Next, let him increase *his private supplications to the Throne of Mercy* in proportion to that dearth of public means of instruction under which he suffers in his new circumstances. He has changed his country; but the God of his country equally “surrounds him on all sides, and touches him at every point.” Let him live as in *His* presence, and habitually and fervently seek his mercy and assistance.

In like manner, let him bind himself, by the most solemn obligations, *under no circumstances to violate the sanctity of the Sabbath*—by travelling, by secular employments, by promiscuous society, by visiting galleries, museums, palaces, and far less by a participation in the amusements by which the day is desecrated all over the Continent. The first step in a traveller’s downfall, is ordinarily some cowardly concession of the principles of his country as to this sacred day. Let it, then, be sacredly and scrupulously observed; and the services of his church, even if he is alone, be performed; so that the habit of meeting his God on this day may

be sustained, and the mind participate under another sky a part at least of the religious privileges it would have enjoyed at home.

In the next place, let the traveller *bridle his curiosity*. The present fallen condition of man is in part the result of unbridled curiosity; and a desire to see, to know, and to try things forbidden, is every day bringing down fresh curses upon human nature. Abroad, perpetual provocatives must be supplied to this thirsty passion of our nature; and he who indulges it by seeing every thing, will probably see much that ought never to be seen, and know much of which every good and wise man should unfeignedly desire to be ignorant.

Next, let our travellers *beware of approximations to what is wrong*.—Sir Thomas More said of the casuists, that it was their office to teach “*quam propè ad peccatum liceat accedere, sine peccato*—how near a man may approach to sin without actually sinning.” A more mischievous lesson it is impossible, I conceive, to study. The great business of life is to draw a wide and strong line between ourselves and the path of disobedience to the will of God: and the best means of pursuing this object, is not by splitting hairs in morality—by fancying nice distinctions, and creating invisible differences—but by cultivating, under the assistance of God, a spirit of real love and devotion to him. Love is, after all, the best casuist, and will settle a thousand points which heartless school-men, and philosophers so called, will continue to argue for ever.

Finally, let the traveller remember that *he is called not to import the principles or habits of foreign nations into his own, but to export to those less favored countries the principles and practices he has learned at home*.—The political constitution of Great Britain—the purity of her religious creed—the free circulation of Bibles, of the formularies of the church, and of other devout books—the somewhat grave character of her population—her insular situation—her comparative exemption from the storm which has recently “swept over the earth, like a Levanter,” shaking the foundations of religion to their utmost depths;—all these circumstances have conspired in some degree to elevate her in moral rank above the other nations of Europe. Now, if the inhabitant of a civilized country chance to travel among savages, he does not dream of degrading himself to their habits—he does not bore his nose, nor tear off his clothing, nor dine upon the companions of his expedition, nor choke his decayed parent in the mud of a river;—but he strives to cherish in these barbarians a love of cleanliness, and refinement, and gentleness, and morality; and thus gently rears them up to the habits and tastes of cultivated men. In like manner, when the rest of Europe has sunk below our own country in

the scale of morality, it is not just, nor humane, nor religious, nor sound philosophy, nor common sense, to descend to their moral barbarisms. It is our wisdom and our duty to 'shew them a more excellent way;' if possible, to rouse them from their criminal slumbers, and call them up to their proper level in the rank of humanity, England has, for a considerable period, under a far Mightier Ruler, swayed the political destinies of Europe; and shall she now truckle to receive her morals at the hands of the vanquished—to receive from them, opinions and practices which have been the very elements of their own degradation and ruin? Shall we, having planted our banner in the very heart of Europe, sit down in their Capua, and there unlearn all the principles in the strength of which we have triumphed? Rather let us, while we pity the conquered, respect ourselves. Let us watch over the ark of our own prosperity; and let us labor to impart to the prostrate nations of Europe, gifts which may avert the future tempest of war, and may render them practically great and happy, under whatever constitution or sky they may chance to draw their breath, or plead for mercy with a most compassionate God.

Having brought these humble observations to a conclusion, I will merely add, that, should any of our dear countrymen in a strange land feel themselves depressed or disquieted by the picture which it has been here attempted to draw of the perils of their situation, they may, perhaps, be able to cheer themselves by the consideration that the power and the compassion of the GOD they serve are diffused over every spot of His universe; and that, even in the country they have left, there are those who love them—who ardently desire their welfare—and who lift their hands and their hearts to the Throne of Mercy, that the tender Father of this weak and guilty world may take them beneath the wing of His sleepless providence; may gently "guide them by His counsel," and at length "receive them up into glory."

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