



Travels
Europe
Wall

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FOREIGN ETCHINGS;

OR

Outline Sketches

OF THE

OLD WORLD'S PLEASANT PLACES.

BY

JAMES W. WALL



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P R E F A C E .

NOTHING but the oft repeated requests of friends, could have induced me to publish these fragments. Sir Henry Wotton is said to have given this advice to Milton when a young man, and about to travel in Italy: "*il viso sciolto ed i pensieri stretti*"—"an open countenance, but close thoughts," or, in other words, "keep your thoughts to yourself, but let your eyes wander abroad." This advice of the old statesman, might be very well given to those tourists, who after skimming over the surface of things in Europe, return home full of the conceit, that they are qualified to enlighten their countrymen upon the social, civil and political history of the countries they have visited. A tour of six months, or a year, flitting from city to city, as a general thing, confers no qualification upon a tourist, for so grave an undertaking. In these pages no such attempt has been made. They are mere outline sketches, thrown together at the solicitation of a few friends, upon whose indulgence I know I can throw myself for even the presumption of hearkening to their too partial requests.

Like old Lyly in his *Euphues*, "*I was inforced to preferre their friendshippe, before mine own fame—being more careful to satisfy their requestes, than fearfull of other's reportes.*"

This volume pretends not to be a connected account of an European tour; only a series of etchings, or outline sketches from memory, of pleasant places in the old world, whose historic associations clothed them with a pleasant charm, and surrounded them with a never failing interest. They are at best but random sketches, and lay claim to no great literary merit.

J. W. W.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Edinburgh — Holyrood and its Associations — The Castle, . . . 9

CHAPTER II.

Melrose Abbey — Abbotsford — Dryburg, 34

CHAPTER III.

A view of London from Waterloo Bridge — Excursion on the Thames — St. Mary Overies — The Tabard Inn — Temple Church, 45

CHAPTER IV.

The Parks — The Mansion House — The Exchange — The Bank of England, 66

CHAPTER V.

Richmond — Twickenham — Strawberry Hill, 81

CHAPTER VI.

Warwick — Kenilworth — Stratford — Charlicote, 94

CHAPTER VII.

Hampton Court — Bushy Park, 110

CHAPTER VIII.

Crossing the Channel — Paris — The Tuileries and its associations — The Louvre — Place de la Concorde — The Churches of the Madeleine, St. Roch, and St. Denis, 125

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Paris — Macon — Geneva — Ride to Chamonix — Mer de Glace — The Source of the Arveiron — Mont Blanc, 142

CHAPTER X.

Departure from Chamonix — Lake Lemman and its shores — Vevay — Visit to Castle Chillon, 155

CHAPTER XI.

Ride to Berne — Berne — Basle — Strasburg — Baden-Baden — Heidelberg — Mayence, 162

CHAPTER XII.

The general appearance of Berlin — The Thier Garten — The Brandenburg Gate — The Unter den Linden — Statue of Frederick the Great, 182

CHAPTER XIII.

The Royal Library — The old and new Museum — The Chamber of Art — Christmas in Berlin, 192

CHAPTER XIV.

Charlottenburg — Mausoleum to the Queen of Prussia — Her History — Potsdam — Tomb of Frederick the Great — The New Palace — Sans Souci — Death of Frederick the Great, 206

PART II.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ANTIQUITIES OF ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

Porto D'Anzio — Appearance of Naples — Confusion of its Streets — Pompeii — Its Destruction — Present appearance of the streets and buildings, 219

CHAPTER II.

The Grotto of Posolipo — Pozzuoli — The Temple of Serapis — The Amphitheatre — Solfatara — Cicero's Villa — Lake Avernus — Misenum — The Tomb of Virgil, 246

CHAPTER III.

Approach to Rome — View from the Capitol — The Seven Hills — The Roman Forum and its Ruins, 259

CHAPTER IV.

The Arch of Titus — The Colosseum — The Meta Sudans — Arch of Constantine — Ruins of Nero's Golden Palace — Baths of Caracalla — Baths of Titus — Temple of Minerva Medica — Baths of Diocletian — Forum Boarium — Arch of Janus — Forum of Nerva — Trajan's Forum — Column of Trajan — Temple of Vesta, 274

CHAPTER V.

St. Peter's and the Vatican — Dimensions of the Vatican — Christian Epitaphs — Museo Chiarimonte — Il Braccio Nuovo — Museo Pio Clementino — Ancient Sarcophagus — The Apollo — The Laocoon — Hall of Animals — Hall of Busts — Hall of the Greek Cross — Collection of Antiquities in Rome, 292

CHAPTER VI.

Origin of the Catacombs — Catacombs of St. Calixtus — Epitaphs — Little Chapels — Frescoes — Portrait of Christ — The Burial Place of St. Paul 314

TO
THE COMPANIONS OF MY TOUR;
IRRADIATING HOME
BY THEIR PRESENCE:
AND
GIVING AN ADDED CHARM
TO EVERY EXCURSION
FROM IT.





FOREIGN ETCHINGS.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORIC MEMORIES OF EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh — Holyrood, and its associations — The Castle.

EDINBURGH has well been styled "a double city"—first, an ancient and picturesque built one, set upon a hill—and second, an elegant modern city, extremely classic in the architecture of its public buildings.

The Capital of Scotland is situate in the northern part of the county of Mid Lothian, and about two miles distant from the Firth of Forth. Nothing can exceed the beauty of its site; while in the panoramic splendor, presented from the elevated points of the city and neighborhood, no city in Europe surpasses it. Taking our stand on the edge of the deep ravine which divides the Old from the New Town, we have on one side the lofty and picturesque buildings of the ancient city; on the other the elegant and classic structures of the modern Athens; while before you, surmounting its almost inaccessible crag is the Castle of Edinburgh; its formidable ramparts, still echoing with the tread of the military sentinel, as in those stirring

days, "when thronged with watchers waiting for the coming of the foe," and

"From each mountain top, a flame
Stream'd into the torpid air,
Bearing token from the Border
That the English host was there."

No city in Europe is more interesting to the American traveller, than Edinburgh. Its associations are familiar; they are interwoven with the pleasant memories of his childhood. The early tales and legends of Scotland, that startled his young spirit in the hours of childhood's ecstasy here come thronging back with a vividness and distinctness truly overwhelming. In the picturesqueness of its location, and the natural beauties of its surroundings, no city in Europe can compare with it, except Naples; and I know of no view in the world, that so closely resembles that of the Bay of Naples, as the one which bursts upon the spectator, who ascends Calton Hill, and looks out upon the magnificent panorama of stream, hill and woodland, which there unfolds in all its ravishing beauty before him. Below him, spreads the magnificent bay of the Firth of Forth, with its rocky islands—towards the south, are the pastoral acclivities of the Pentlands, and the more shadowy splendors of the Lammermoors, and the Grampians; while behind him, rise the summits of Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Crags, the haunted places of tradition;

"Traced like a map, the landscape lies,
In cultured beauty, stretching wide,
There, Pentland's green acclivities,
There, Ocean with its azure tide
There Salisbury Crag, and gleaming through
Thy southern wing, Duneddin blue :



While in the Orient, Lammer's daughters,
A distant giant range are seen,
North Berwick Law, with cone of green,
And blue its dimpled waters."

Go where you will in Scotland, you meet with some traces of the great and beautiful, the gifted, or the fascinating, of former days: not only the ancient walls, and castellated rocks of Edinburgh, teem with historic associations of the highest interest: but in the short space of twenty miles, between Falkland and Stirling, are no less than four battle fields, on which England's fate was determined by armies, almost as numerous, as those that met in conflict dire at Waterloo. Lochleven, exhibits the ruins of the mournful prison of beauty; Niddry Castle, the scene of her evanescent joys; the hills of Langside, witnessed her final overthrow; Cartlan Crags still show the Cave of Wallace; Turnbury Castle, the scene of Bruce's first victory; and Culloden, the last battle field of generous fidelity. Every step in Scotland is alive with historic incident; the shades of the dead arise on every side—The very rocks breathe, for

"Each rock has there its storied tale;
Pouring a lay for every dale,
Knitting as with a moral band,
The native legends, with the land.

And as it is with the rural localities of Scotland, so is it with the principal towns. There is hardly a street in the old town of Edinburgh, that has not its traditions; and the entire locality swarms with spectral beings of the past, that seem to start out from every nook, and corner. Yet there is no student either of romance, or of history, who does not give to the time-honored precincts of Holy-

rood, and its ruined Abbey Church, the preference over all others. How many wanderers from every region of the earth, have traversed the old thoroughfare of the Canongate, to visit these venerable piles!

Holyrood, like all the religious houses of Europe, has the authority of a legend, for its foundation. David I. of Scotland, not having much reverence for holy-days, would a hunting go on the festival of the exaltation of the cross, or Rood day, as it is styled in Romish missals. When in the ardor of the chase he had ridden to the foot of the crag, (now known as Arthur's Seat,) there suddenly rushed upon him from the wood, the fairest hart that was ever seen, dashing the royal hunter and his horse to the ground with great violence. But, as the affrighted monarch threw back his hands, to avoid the sharp antlers of the enraged stag, a holy cross, fell as it were from Heaven into his trembling fingers, and the radiance of the sacred emblem, so dazzled the eyes of the wild animal, that he fled affrighted from the sight. The grateful King, thereupon resolved to erect upon the spot a House to be dedicated to the Holy Rood, the Virgin and all saints. Like all legends this no doubt was an after thought of some pious brother of the Abbey, for the purpose of throwing a supernatural lustre around the foundation of his House. Be this as it may, it is very certain that a Religious House, called the Abbey of Holyrood, existed on this spot, from the year 1128, to the days of the ill-fated James IV., who perished bravely, and like a King, on that fatal field of Flodden, where before the English focman, rose "that mortal rampart,"

"Which the boldest, dare not scale;
Every stone, a Scottish body,

Every step, a corpse in mail;
While behind it, lay the monarch
Clenching still, his shivered sword:
By his side, Montrose, and Athol,
At his feet, a southron Lord."

About the year 1502, this ill-fated monarch, built a palace adjacent to the Abbey; and no sooner was the royal dwelling fit for habitation, than the bride of its founder, stepped across its threshold—that beautiful Margaret Tudor, the capricious daughter of Henry VII., from whom has descended the long line of sovereigns of the British Empire.

In the year 1538, in the Abbey Church, whose graceful ruin, lingers like a thing of beauty; haunting the memory, was crowned the graceful and talented Mary of Lorraine, the second Queen of James V., and the mother of Mary, Queen of Scots—that Princess, whose blood courses now in more than two thirds of the reigning houses of Europe; whose personal charms, and tragic death have drawn eloquence from the pens of so many historians; filling the day-dreams of poets with glimpses of the serene loveliness of a face angelic in its beauty. In this palace erected by her ancestor, occurred those events which inseparably, connect Holyrood with her life; and its gloomy apartments, with memories of the most thrilling interest. Here, she first reposed upon her arrival from the sunny land of France: and, in an evil hour was married to Lord Darnley—here, Rizzio was murdered almost at her feet—here, she enchained all that loved her, by the extreme beauty of her person, and the ravishing graces of her manner—Here too, born in "o'ertrying times," she was forced to endure those memorable, and distressing interviews, with

the stern and iron hearted leaders of the Scottish Reformation; when Knox, "smote so hastily upon her heart, that it made her weep full sore."

This Palace witnessed the scene of her mysterious, and unnatural nuptials with Bothwell, and beneath its roof, she reposed the captive of her subjects, on that eventful night, before she was committed to the Castle of Lochleven, which she only left to be defeated on the Hills of Langside: and afterwards in a moment of mistaken confidence, to place herself in the power of Elizabeth, to be from that hour, the victim of one long train of dissimulation and vindictiveness; then in the end to perish, by the cruel and unjustifiable mandate of that

" False woman,
Her kinswoman, yet her foe."

The Palace, and ruined Abbey Church of Holyrood, are situate at the end of the ancient street in Edinburgh, known as the Canongate. The first is a gloomy looking structure, with pinnacled turrets, and a dark exterior, that send a chill to the heart. The existing palace consists of the northwestern towers, (the only remnant of the royal dwelling of Queen Mary,) and the more modern structure erected by Charles II. The palace built by Charles is a quadrangular building, having a square court in the centre. At either extremity is a massive square tower, four stories high, having three circular towers or turrets at its exterior angles, which rise from the ground to the battlements of the main tower, terminating in conical roofs. Ascending a stone stair case from the piazza of the court yard, you enter the Picture Gallery at the first landing, by a door on the right. An hundred portraits of

Kings of Scotland, from the misty times of Fergus I. down to the end of the Stuart dynasty look down upon you from its walls. This chamber is historically interesting from the fact, that it was the ball room, used by the Pretender, during his brief occupation of Holyrood. It was here he gave that celebrated entertainment, which has derived immortality from the pen of the great modern master of Romance, and the first perhaps that had enlivened its deserted precincts for many a long year.

The Young Pretender had that morning made his entrance into the royal palace of his ancestors. He had played the game most royally, in which the stakes were a coffin, or a crown. His daring foot had first pressed the desolate rocks of the Western Islands—and by the attractions of a handsome and youthful person, associated with the winning powers of a most earnest eloquence, he had overcome the scruples of a naturally cautious race: gathering round his standard, as gallant and devoted a band as ever fought in the cause of his family, beneath the banners of Montrose and Dundee—in the words of the old border song,

“Leaving their mountains, to follow Prince Charlie,
Follow thee! follow thee! who wad’na follow thee!
Lang hast thou lo’ed, and trusted us fairly,
Charlie! Charlie! who wad na follow thee,
King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.”

In the very square directly in front of the Palace, Lochiel gathered his gallant Camerons, who had made themselves masters of Edinburgh, at early dawn; and there on horseback, with a drawn sword in her hand, was that brave and enthusiastic woman, Murray of Broughton, distributing with her own fair hands to the crowd, the white

ribbon, or cockade, that emblem of devotion, to the cause of Stuart, and which originated the following spirited Scottish song,

“ My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen ;
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
He's ta'en the field, wi' his white cockade.

O! he's a ranting, roving blade ;
O! he's a brisk, and bonnie lad ;
Betide what may, my heart is glad,
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling kame, and spinning wheel,
To buy my lad, a tartan plaid,
A braidsword and a white cockade.

I'll sell my rokeby, and my tow,
My gude grey mare, and brindled cow,
That every loyal Buchan lad,
May tak' the field, wi' his white cockade.”

Very nearly at the same hour, with this gathering in the square, high up upon the mountain slope beyond the walls, and near the classic pool of St. Anthony's Well, stood the young Prince himself looking down for the first time upon the ancient palace of his forefathers, with all its glorious natural surroundings, every foot of which was intimately connected with the pastimes, the sorrows, and the brief triumphs of his strangely unfortunate race. At noon he entered the ancient city, the mob in their mad enthusiasm, pressing forward to kiss his hands, then actually “dimming his very boots with their tears;” and at night, plume and tartan were mingling in the dance, to the merry music of pibroch, and harp on the polished floor of this old Hall. There in that gay and gallant company, might be

discerned the bold devoted Fergus McIvor, the high-minded Flora McDonald, and the gentle woman like Rose Bradwardine. A few short days, and on Culloden's fatal field,

“There the broken clans were scattered,
 Gaunt as wolves, and famine-eyed,
 Hunger gnawing at their vitals,
 Hope abandoned, all but pride,
 Pride, and that supreme devotion
 Which the Southron, never knew,
 And the hatred, deeply rankling,
 'Gainst the Hanoverian crew.
 Chief and vassal, Lord, and yeoman,
 There they lay in heaps together,
 Smitten by the deadly volley,
 Rolled in blood upon the heather.”

You pass on by the door of the chamber, that has awakened such reflections to the suite of gloomy apartments, known as Darnley's. There is nothing very remarkable in these chambers, save some hideous-looking portraits of the Hamilton family so celebrated in Scottish history. There is in one of the apartments, a portrait of Charles II., an ill-looking dog, on whose features lust has stamped its impress. Returning through Darnley's apartments, and leaving them by the left hand door of the Audience Chamber, you ascend a narrow, and dark stairway, to enter what historians, poets, and novelists have combined to render the most interesting suite of apartments in Europe—the chambers once occupied by the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots. The first is the Presence Chamber, where on all state occasions, Mary had her receptions. The roof is divided into pannelled compartments, adorned with the initials and armorial bearings of royal personages, and the walls are hung with ancient

tapestry, the color of which has been almost obliterated by the uncourtly hand of Time; a few of the embroidered chairs that once graced this chamber still stand against the walls; a large double one is shown, with the initials of Mary, and Darnley worked in, by the Queen's own hands, which once stood upon the raised platform of the throne of Scotland. There is a portrait suspended near the ancient fire-place, said to be of Mary, though it is clearly not her's; but looks in the sharpness of its lines, and with the crisp red hair curled so primly at the temples, more like the portrait of her hateful rival and persecutor Queen Elizabeth. An old high-post bedstead, with its velvet curtains mouldering and moth-eaten, stands in one corner of the room. It was upon this, Charles I., reposed the night after his coronation in Scotland, and the young Pretender, here slept for the last time in the Palace of his ancestors. It was in this chamber, that the stern Reformer Knox, had his insulting interview with Mary, when in her rage, she exclaimed, "never was Prince handled as I am. I have borne with you in all your rigorous manner of speaking, both against myself, and my uncles; yea I have sought your favor by all possible means. I offered unto you presence and audience, and yet it seems I cannot be quit of your unbridled insolence. I vow to God, I shall be revenged." To all this, with unblenching brow, and unshaken front, Knox replied: "most true it is, madame; your Grace and I, have been at divers controversies together. Without the preaching place, madame, I am not master of myself; for I must obey Him, who commands me to speak plain, and to flatter no flesh upon earth:" and then turning to the gaily dressed ladies, who surrounded her, and fixing his keen grey eyes upon them,

he said in a bantering tone ; “ O fair ladies, how pleasing is this life of yours, if it would ever abide, or if in the end ye might pass to Heaven, with all this fine gear. But fie upon the Knave Death, who will come, whether we will or not; and then when he has laid on his arrest, the foul ugly worms will be busy with this flesh, be it ever so fair, and tender ; and as for the silly soul, I fear it will be so feeble, that it will not be able to carry with it, gold garnishing, targetting, and precious stones.”

Visions of the many thrilling scenes, enacted in this old Audience Chamber, come thronging upon the mind, as you stand within its now desolate precincts. Here Mary received the homage from many a noble Scottish heart, but oftener from hearts that, even in her presence, were hatching treason against her realm, and person. Arras, and cloth of gold, once covered these old walls—cabinets from Ind, and Venice, of filagree gold and silver, ornamented the interior of this chamber—lamps of silver were hanging from the pendant pinnacles of the fretted ceiling, emblazoned with the royal arms of Scotland, and the escutcheon of the Queen, impaling the royal lilies of France. It was over this old polished floor of oak, the ruthless murderers dragged the screaming Rizzio, to pour out his life-blood, from sixty-two gaping wounds, that had been opened by Scottish daggers.

From this Audience Chamber, you pass by a low door into the bed room of Mary. The ceiling, like that of the Audience Chamber, is divided into compartments of diamond form, adorned with the emblems and initials of Scottish sovereigns—while its walls are rustling with the fluttering of decaying tapestry. The historic and romantic incidents connected with this chamber, render it unques-

tionably the most interesting apartment in the Palace; while its melancholy and faded aspect, are in perfect keeping with its tale of sorrow, and of crime. It is indeed a melancholy looking apartment now, with its wretched paintings o'er the mantle, its shreds of silken tapestry fluttering from the walls, and the high-backed and grotesquely looking carved chairs, alone attesting its former magnificence. Here stands the bed, where care so often visited her unquiet pillow—its once beautiful canopy in rags, its richly carved oaken posts mouldering, and worm-eaten; while the embroidered coverlid that adorned it, is in shreds and tatters. Close by it, stands a large round basket of wicker-work, once used by the unfortunate Queen to hold the baby-linen of her son. Upon a stand near the window is her work-box, once no doubt very elegant, as it was a present from the young Dauphin of France before her marriage; but it bears now very few traces of its former magnificence. As you lift the lid and look into its tarnished French mirror, with the lustre almost gone, you think how often it must have reflected the sad sweet face of its fair owner. How often she must have gazed mournfully at this memento of early affection, recalling as it did, those halcyon hours of youth and happiness, gone never to return, and appearing all the stronger, by the contrast with the gloomy hours, which so often struck a chill to the heart, in the dark and sombre chambers of Holyrood.

From this bed-room, doors lead into two small turret-like chambers. That chamber on your left hand as you enter the bed-room, was used by Mary as a dressing-room and oratory. Her private altar was erected here, and they still show, the exquisitely carved candelabra that adorned

it. A few articles that once graced her toilet, may also be seen upon the table, together with the fragments of an old French mirror, its silvering gone, and frame decayed. Directly opposite the door of this oratory, is the memorable little turret chamber, where Mary was seated at supper, with Rizzio, the Countess of Argyle, and one or two other friends; when the poor Italian was torn screaming from her presence, and dispatched by sixty-two wounds, in one corner of that Audience Chamber, we have just left. The true story of that murder most foul, I believe to be as follows :

Mary was seated in this little turret chamber, that opened into her bed room, at one of those small parties, in the easy cheerfulness of which she took great pleasure. Beside her sat the Countess Argyle, her sister, and one or two others; while Rizzio occupied a seat at the other end of the small table. No noise is heard, no suspicion entertained. The Palace is quietly surrounded by several adherents of the conspirators under Morton. A private staircase, led from Darnley's apartment below, to Mary's bed room; and by this the young Prince ascends, seats himself at the side of the Queen, and with the easy familiarity of the husband, puts his arm around her waist. Shortly after, upon a given signal from Darnley, the curtain of the door, leading into the bed chamber is lifted, and in stalks the fierce Ruthven, in complete armor, his face ghastly alike with sickness and ferocity. Mary quickly disengages herself from the clasp of Darnley, confronts the miscreant, and with that courage for which she was so remarkable; and the early manifestation of which once induced her uncle of Guise to say to her; "had you lived in the days when women went into battle, you would have taught your troops how to die well"—she sternly demanded the

cause of the intrusion, and ordered him instantly to leave her apartment. But ere he could reply, the door opening into the bed room, was crowded with men bearing torches, and brandishing daggers. The next instant, Kerr of Falconside, and George Douglass, a kinsman of Morton's, rush in, dash down the table almost upon the Queen, then dart upon Rizzio, who in an instant shelters himself behind Mary, seizing upon her gown and screaming frantically, justice! justice! madame, save my life! For a moment, his appeal and entreaties keep them back: but Darnley seizing the Queen, tries to tear Rizzio's grasp from her gown, and Douglass snatching Darnley's dagger from its sheath, stabs the crouching Italian, over Mary's shoulder, and left the weapon sticking in his body. The rest of the conspirators, now at this first sight of blood, rush like furious hounds upon their prey, tear him from the grasp of the agonized Queen, and drag him shrieking and struggling on, through the bed and Audience Chamber, stabbing him as they went, until in one corner he fell, and died pierced with sixty-two wounds.

Nothing can show more strongly the ferocious manners of the times, than an incident which now occurred. Ruthven faint from weakness, and reeking from this scene of blood, staggered back again into the Queen's cabinet, where Mary still stood, overwhelmed with apprehension. Here he insolently threw himself upon a seat, called for a cup of wine, and being reproached for the cruelty of his conduct, by the outraged Queen, not only vindicated himself and his associates, but plunged a new dagger into the fluttering heart of his young and beautiful sovereign, by declaring that Darnley her husband, had advised the whole. Mary was then ignorant of the com-



pletion of the murder: But suddenly one of her ladies rushed into the room exclaiming, "poor Rizzio is slain." "And is it so?" said the indignant Queen, fixing her flashing eyes upon Ruthven—"then farewell tears, it shall be dear *blude* to some of you. I will now study revenge." The other assassins escaped from a window on the North side of Darnley's apartments, leaping over the garden wall near a small lodge, which is still standing, and where but a few years since, a rusty dagger was found deeply corroded with blood, and bearing the stamp of the family crest of Douglass, one of the conspirators.

It would be hard now, in looking at the little turret chamber, where this dreadful scene was enacted, to imagine that it could ever have been the favorite retreat of royalty, although traces of its former splendor are still discernible in the fragments of silk-hangings still fluttering from its dreary walls. It is a gloomy looking spot now, and really seems as if blasted by the terrible tragedy once enacted within its precincts. A portrait of Rizzio hangs over the door, a sweet melancholy face, with large lustrous Italian eyes: in gazing at it, one knows not how to reconcile its genuineness, with the contemporary tales of his frightful ugliness. One chronicler gives us this portrait of the Italian secretary—"He is quite ill-favored, having a deformed body, and a most ungracious visage." How far this portraiture was colored by personal hatred to the subject, we cannot say. In one corner of this chamber, is a helmet and breast-plate very much rust-eaten and corroded, said to have been the very one worn by the fierce Ruthven, when the foul deed of Rizzio's murder was done. As you pass out again through the Audience Chamber, just by the head of the ricketty stairway, your attention is called to a

large dark stain upon the floor, said to have been caused by the blood of the murdered Italian. It is a large stain, but not larger than would be produced by the crimson fluid, pouring from sixty-two gaping wounds: and when it is remembered that the bleeding body lay here all night, one is readily inclined to believe the story.

You pass down from Mary's apartments, through the Quadrangle, and so into the ruin of what was once the Royal Chapel of Holyrood. It is certainly a graceful fragment of the fine old Gothic pile, with its long rows of clustered columns, still supporting many of their carved capitals entire. The aisles are literally floored with sculptured grave-stones, some of which belong to the period when "the Chapel Royal" was the Canongate Parish Kirk: but on most of them, may still be noticed the elaborate carved cross, indicating that beneath repose the abbots of the ancient monastery. Many and varied are the associations connected with this Chapel. Within it, until the royal sanctuary of the dead was sacrilegiously invaded, slept the buried majesty of Scotland,

"Life's fever o'er."

At the eastern extremity, just beneath this graceful Gothic window, which once through its gorgeous panes dyed with prismatic hues the high altar, did Mary in an evil hour give her hand to the unprincipled and dissipated Darnley. On that eventful occasion, she was attired in mourning, as if foreshadowing the gloom, which was so soon to lower about her house. She had worn that dress, as she stood a widowed Queen, by the remains of her husband, the young King of France: and it was proper, as she then stood upon the brink of that grave where her happiness

was to be forever entombed, that she should once more assume the habiliments of woe.

The ancient doorway of this chapel, is a noble, high arched, and deeply recessed one; in its architecture belonging to the best years of the early English style in Scotland. Above this doorway, on a tablet inserted by Charles I., is the curious inscription: "He shall build ane house, for my name, and I will stablish his Throne forever;" a text most strangely chosen, if intended in its prophetic spirit, to apply to that sceptre, which was already trembling in his grasp. The grave of the unfortunate Rizzio, is pointed out in that part of the chapel floor, which by the intrusion of the palace buildings, has been formed into a passage leading to the quadrangle. The marks of the old doorway, that opened into the private passage, leading through Darnley's, up to Mary's apartments, and by which the conspirators found ready entrance, may still be seen: Mary had it walled up, but the outlines of the old door, are still plainly visible in the plaster.

As the conspirators passed through that holy place, "on their fell deed intent," one might suppose, they would have hesitated, before they sent the poor Secretary to his last account.

"In the blossom of his sins,
With all his imperfections on his head,
Unhouselled, unanointed, unannealed."

It would not be proper to dismiss Holyrood, without a brief allusion to the tragic end of "Mary Stuart, the spell of whose presence haunts it," from turret to foundation stone."

On the 7th of February 1586, at Fotheringay Castle, where for eighteen long years, she had dragged on a weary imprisonment—two Noblemen of England were ushered into the presence of the captive Queen, bearing the dread warrant of her execution. Years of sorrow, had silvered o'er those locks, once so beautiful, that an enamored French poet, had declared them

“Streaming curls, steeped in golden sunshine.”

The agonies and privations of a long confinement, had robbed her figure of its elasticity and litheness; but failed to touch the majesty of her mien.

She was seated at the foot of her humble bed, busy with embroidery work, while near by stood her physician, and her women. When the dreadful mandate was read, to which she listened with earnest attention; she made the sign of the cross, and raising her melancholy eyes, lit with a tearful power towards Heaven; thanked her gracious God, that the welcome news had at last come; declaring “how happy she could be, to leave a world, where she had suffered so cruelly.” Then after a most eloquent and touching defence of the tenets of that Church, she loved so well—burst forth in that noble protest, which must have sunk into the heart of Elizabeth, (unless it was harder than the nether millstone,) as the iron at a white heat, sinks into the quivering, tortured flesh: “I have been treated with ignominy, and injustice—imprisoned, contrary to faith and treaties, kept a captive for nineteen years, and at last condemned to die by a tribunal, whose jurisdiction I deny, and for a crime, of which, I call High Heaven to witness, I am as innocent as a babe; and now my Lords, all I have to ask is, when is the time fixed for my execution?” “To morrow morning, madame, at

eight of the clock, in the large Hall of this Castle," was the quick and heartless reply: But her bold spirit blenched not—the blood of Charlemagne was beating full in that brave heart—The soul was hers of the gallant hearted King, her grandfather, who "had kept royal state and semblance on Flodden's bloody field, with the banner of Scotland round him for a shroud.

Upon the departure of the noblemen, Mary called in a calm voice to her women, and bid them prepare supper, that she might have time to arrange her affairs. "Cease weeping, Jane Kennedy, said she, to one of her faithful attendants and be busy! Did I not warn you, my child, that it would come to this, and now blessed be God, it has come, and fear and sorrow are at an end. Weep not, but rejoice, that you now see your poor mistress so near the end of all her troubles. Dry your eyes and let us pray together.

After supper, she called for her ladies, and asking for a cup of wine, she drank to them all, begging them to pledge her, which they did upon their knees, mingling their tears in the cup, and then asking her forgiveness, if in anything they had offended. At two in the morning she lay down, having made all her arrangements, while her women watched and read at her bedside. Read to me, said she, from the lives of the saints, the life of the repentant thief which treats of dying faith, and divine compassion: and after it was read to her, she remained silent, communing with her own heart for some time, and then said—alas, he was a great sinner, but not so great as I am! may my Saviour in memory of his passion, have mercy upon me, as he had on him! At this moment, remembering that a handkerchief would be required to bind her eyes at her execution, she bid them bring several, and selecting one of the finest, embroidered in gold, laid it carefully

aside, then ordered them to resume their reading : and so passed away the hours of early dawn, until it was within a short space of the fatal time. Then rising, she made her toilet, passed into her oratory, and after remaining some time in earnest prayer, came out, and awaited in silence and perfect composure the dread summons.

On the arrival of the Sheriff, she ordered him immediately to turn, and lead on. Her servants throwing themselves at her feet, clasped their mistress in convulsive grief around the knees, endeavoring to stay her advance ; but gently disengaging herself she reached the door : and at this point, the brutal official, sternly commanded them to proceed no farther. Mary remonstrated earnestly, but in vain. — She then bade them adieu, while they in frantic earnestness, clung to her robes, covering her hand with kisses, and bathing it with their tears. They were only taken from her by force, and locked up in the apartment. And there alone, that undaunted soul, with a majesty of port that awed the High Sheriff, passed down the lofty staircase, to the entrance door of that Hall, where she was to die. A dress of black satin, matronly in its fashion, but passing rich in its material, was worn that day, with more than ordinary grace. A long white veil of crape hung over her face, an Agnus Dei was suspended by a pomander chain from her neck, while her beads of gold hung at her girdle. Like Montrose,

“ As a *gay bride*, from her room
Came the *Stuart* from her prison,
To the scaffold, and the doom.
There was glory on her forehead,
There was lustre in her eye,
And she never moved to battle
More proudly, than to die !”

At the door of the great Hall, she was received by the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, who to use their own words, " marvelled at the perfect tranquility, and unaffected grace with which she met them." As she was about to enter the Hall, one more touching appeal was made by her, that " the poor servants might be permitted to see her die." At last even the flinty hearts of Shrewsbury and Kent, were moved, and faithful Jane Kennedy, and Elizabeth Curl, together with her much attached physician, were sent for. She then entered the great Hall, with the dignity of a Queen; Melville, who had joined her at the entrance bearing her train, the weeping servants following in the rear, and accompanying her up to the very scaffold, which had been erected at the upper part of the room. It was a raised platform about two feet in height, and twelve broad surrounded by a rail, and covered with black cloth. Upon it were placed a low chair, two other seats, and the dreadful block: By its side, stood the two executioners masked, while the gleaming axe flashed from between them. Mary gazed on all this dread array, without the least change of countenance, and smilingly mounted the steps, with the grace and dignity she ever manifested in ascending the steps of her throne. Just before she knelt down to receive the fatal blow, Kent in the excess of his bigotted zeal, and with that malicious cruelty, only to be found in the hearts of religious persecutors, observing her intently regarding the crucifix, said in a harsh tone: "Woman! renounce such antiquated superstitions, that image of Christ serves to little purpose, if you have him not engraved upon your heart." And oh! what a scathing rebuke, was that meek and christian-like reply of the gentle spirit who stood there face to face with death—"Ah! my Lord, there is

nothing more becoming a dying christian, than to carry in her hands the remembrance of her redemption: How impossible my Lord is it, to have such an object in the hands, and keep the heart unmoved." Then bowing her head she remained some time in prayer: and there upon her knees, with hands clasped together, and raised towards heaven, while divine serenity lighted up her beautiful features, did Mary Stuart invoke forgiveness upon her persecutors. Then kissing the crucifix, and making the sign of the cross, she exclaimed, "as thine arms, O my God, were spread out upon the cross, so receive me within the arms of thy mercy." She then repeated that beautiful Latin prayer composed by herself.

"O Domine Deus! speravi in te;
O care mi Jesu! nunc libera me,
In dura catena, in misera paena desidero te,
Languendo gemendo, et genu flectendo,
Adoro! imploro! ut libereres me;

Which might be paraphrased thus;

"In this last solemn and tremendous hour,
My Lord and Saviour, I invoke thy power;
In this sad pang of anguish and of death,
Receive, O, Lord! thy suppliant's parting breath,
Before thy hallowed cross, she prostrate lies,
O, hear her prayers, commiserate her sighs.
Extend the arms of mercy, and of love,
And bear her to thy peaceful realm above."

Scarcely had the last sad tones of this beautiful prayer, died upon her lips, when the signal was given, that all was ready. Quickly blindfolding her eyes, she knelt down, and groping with both hands, seemed to feel eagerly for the block; which when reached, she laid her slender neck upon it, without a sign of trembling, or hesitation—Her last words, just before the dread moment, when

“The gleaming axe did part
The burning brain; from that true heart,”

were, “Into thy hands, I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth.” Surely, such a death, even in the estimation of her bitterest enemies, must have atoned for all the errors of her life—Surely, these Stuarts, if they knew not how to live, had strangely learned, what knowing how to live, always teaches, namely, how to die.

In going to the Castle, from Holyrood, you pass through the Canongate Street, so full of interesting localities. Near the head of the Canongate stands the old house, once occupied by John Knox. A small effigy in stone of the reformer rests upon the projecting angle of the building. Over the door is the following admonitory inscription ;

“Lufe God, above al, and your nighbour as, your self.”

An admonition little heeded by the stern reformer, if his biography is not a fable. This old thoroughfare, was once the court end of the Town, and occupied by persons of distinction. It is now abandoned to the vilest of the vile ; many of the houses are dilapidated, and the street flutters in rags and wretchedness.

From the lofty ramparts of the Castle of Edinburgh, you look down upon the most beautiful city in the world, surrounded by scenery that cannot be surpassed. The rock on which this fortress Castle is built, rises 383 feet above the level of the sea, and its battlements towering over the city, may be seen forty or fifty miles. The principal buildings now used as barracks are at the South East corner, and among these is an old Palace, built by Queen Mary in 1568. Most of the interest, always excepting the glorious view from its summit,

attaches to this part of the edifice. Entering by a doorway in a projecting staircase, fronting a quadrangle, you are conducted into a small vaulted apartment containing the Regalia—these objects being placed on an oval table, securely enclosed within a cage of upright bars. There with the light of eight gas burners flashing upon them, repose in silent majesty, the ancient Regalia of Scotland—a crown—a sceptre—a sword of state, and the Order of the Garter given to James VI., by Queen Elizabeth. The crown is very elegantly formed, the under part being a gold diadem, consisting of two circles, chased and adorned with precious stones, and pearls. This was the old crown, and once encircled the brows of Robert Bruce. James V., added two concentric arches of gold, crossing and intersecting each other above the circles. Upon a ball of gold on the summit, he placed a cross adorned with large diamonds. The cap or tiara of the crown is of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, and adorned with pearls. The sceptre is a slender rod of silver, chased and varied in its form. The sword of state is magnificent, both in form and proportion. It was a present from Pope Julius the II., to James IV., who was slain at Flodden. Being wrought in Italy, shortly after the revival of art there, it is an exquisite specimen of skill. The handle is of silver gilt, and the cross or guard, wreathed in imitation of two dolphins, the scabbard being adorned with filagree work of silver, representing boughs and leaves of oak, interspersed with acorns. You cannot fail to look with deep interest, upon those emblems, of what is now,

“The buried majesty of Scotland.”

That crown had once pressed the fair brow of Mary—that sceptre had often felt the grasp of her beautiful hand. It was only a few years since, these regalia, were discovered

walled up in this very room. Saved by friends of royalty during the civil war, they were afterwards deposited in a chest in this chamber, and on their discovery, some thirty years ago, Sir Walter Scott made a very interesting report of the circumstances, accompanied by a minute description of them. From the Regalia chamber, you descend to a small room below, where Mary gave birth to James VI., afterwards James I., of England, a most gloomy looking apartment, about eight feet square. You are at once attracted by a portrait of Mary on the wall, taken when in France, "in her sweet prime," just before her marriage with the Dauphin. The face is perfectly bewitching in its beauty—shaded by the richest nut brown hair, and lighted by a pair of the softest hazel eyes, that sorrow and suffering had not dimmed. A face, which once seen, like Mariana's,

"Encircles all the heart, and feedeth
All the senses, with a still delight."

An original portrait of her son, hangs near it, a long thin faced man, with a brow, upon which time and sorrow, seem to have driven their ploughshares deeply.

On the Bomb Battery of the Castle, stands the national palladium of Scotland, "Mons Meg." This gun is composed of long bars of beaten iron, hooped together by a series of rings, measuring twenty inches in the bore. It was first used in 1498, by James IV., in the siege of Norham Castle on the borders, and was rent in 1682, while firing a salute; since which period it has been useless. Edinburgh Castle is one of the Forts, enjoined by the Treaty of Union, to be kept up in Scotland.

CHAPTER II.

Melrose Abbey — Abbotsford — Dryburgh.

Melrose Abbey is now reached by Railway, from Edinburgh, a distance of some thirty-seven miles. Melrose itself is a charming village, nestling in the loveliest of valleys. A ten minutes walk from the Railway station, down a little narrow street; brings you face to face with the celebrated Abbey ruin, like

“Some tall rock, with lichen gray,”

it rises before you. Aside from its situation, it is the loveliest pile of monastic ruins the eye can contemplate, or the imagination conceive of. The windows, and especially the glorious East window, with all its elaborate tracery, are certainly unsurpassed, as specimens of gothic architecture. In the old cloisters are seven niches, ornamented with sculptured foliage, and reminding one of those lines of Scott, so life-like in their description :

“Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
Glistened with the dews of night;
No herb, nor floweret, glistened there,
But was carved in cloistered arch as fair.”

Each glance at the glorious East window, recalls in like manner, the stanzas from the same poem :

“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.”

Melrose Abbey was founded by David I., of Scotland, somewhere in the year 1136. The English on their retreat under Edward II., devastated it, and left hardly one stone upon another. Four years after this act of vandalism, the celebrated Robert Bruce, by a tax on the Baronies of the Realm, rebuilt it in a style of magnificence, far surpassing its former state. The present ruin which is a mere fragment of the perfect edifice in Bruce's time; clearly manifests by the rich tracery of its windows, and the elaborate carvings of the pilasters of its capitals, that it must have been among the most perfect works, of the best age of that description of ecclesiastical architecture to which it belongs. The entire edifice suffered very much during the Scottish reformation, from the insane zeal of the religious fanatics of that period; and after several devastations, the entire property of the Abbey passed into the hands of the family of Buccleuch, near the middle of the seventeenth century—where it has ever since remained. The ruins of the church alone, with remnants of the cloisters, are now all that exist of the extensive buildings of the once magnificent Abbey. The portions remaining of the church, which is in the cruciform shape, are the choir, and transept—the west side, and fragments of the north and south walls of the great tower, part of the nave, nearly the whole of the southern aisle, and part of the north aisle. Within its moss grown area, broken slabs tell where repose many a warrior, and venerable priest. Under the East window a slab of marble, greenish in its hue, with petrified shells imbedded in it, marks the last resting place of Alexander II., of Scotland. Here too, beneath where once the high altar, glittered with its rich gifts, was placed “the low and lonely urn” of the brave

Douglass, who encountered Harry Percy in the bloody fight of Otterburne: That grey slab, marks the spot where they laid "the dark Knight of Liddesdale," down to sleep among the bones of the long line of his noble ancestors of the House of Douglass, so famed in Scottish song, and story. And they still show the spot where the grave's huge portal expanded before the iron bar of William of Deloraine, when he looked into the vault, and saw before him

"The wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day."

and from which, the light of that mystic lamp beside his knee,

"Broke forth so gloriously,
Streamed upwards 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."

It is while lingering in spots like these, the favorite haunts of Scott, and which he has made memorable by his genius; that one learns to appreciate his wonderful powers of description. As you stand in the ruined aisles of Melrose, and look round; there are the corbels, "carved so grotesque and grim"—the shafts of the columns looking as the poet so aptly describes them, like

"Bundles of lances, which garlands had bound;"

And there, the cloistered arches with the foliage upon their capitals, so nicely chiselled, that fairy's hand might well have traced them, and magic spell changed them when the work was done, to stone.

But Time the great devourer has been too surely doing his work on this old pile—gnawing at the edges of the ancient fret-work, crumbling the top from some buttress

pinnacle, or stripping the leaves of stone, off some ancient capital. Sunlight and moonlight, alike no doubt, suit this graceful ruin: by day its colors are richer, but to visit it aright, one must no doubt go there by the pale moonlight—for on every ruin that I noticed, the moon's rays appear to have a harmonizing power; edges of masonry soften, harsh tints are mellowed down, arches transmit a silvery light, and buttresses throw a deeper shadow. That which in the full glare of noon, had a matter of fact appearance, under the wierd influence of moonlight, puts on the garb of romance, and becomes at the same time dream-like and real—a dumb ruin, yet a speaking portent.

Standing within the shadow of such a pile as Melrose, thoughts come upon you, that will not down at a bidding. Those skeleton windows, once through their gorgeous medium of glass, stained with prismatic hues, the marble floor of this ruined nave. These aisles, once resounded with the pealing anthem of white robed choirs: Here, was the solemn and burley Abbot, and the dark files of cowed monks, and a vassal peasantry crowded at an awful distance from their holy superiors. On some high festival, how have these lofty arches shone with the glare of torches—and this grass grown nave exhibited its long perspective of brilliant and solemn colors, venerable forms, and awful symbols. Then came the age, (as it is now,) when children loitered, and clambered among the ruins, and the sheep fed quietly round broken images, and the defaced carved work of the sanctuary: And again with what an exultant joy, must the decay of this noble fabric, have been surveyed by the stern soldiery of the Covenant—while perhaps some highly gifted, and many scarred trooper, placing himself upon a mass of the ruin, may have dis-

coursed with his Bible in one hand, and his dented sword in the other, upon the mansions of the heavenly Jerusalem, which the elect were to inherit; then warming with his subject, amid the shattered buttresses, and roofless aisles, might have led the grim enthusiasts beneath him, in a hymn of thanksgiving and triumph, for the fall of Babylon, and the destruction of the high places of idolatry in the land. As a ruin, Melrose is now softened, made beautiful, and inspired with one consistent character and soul by the overgrowth of luxuriant ivy. The green foliage of trees, wave dappled shadows over the walls, and weed matted area within; and Melrose Abbey, with its broken columns, shattered arches, and crumbled ornaments, seems to have become a portion of universal nature, an original member of the landscape, in which it stands, born of the same mother, and in the same generation as the ivy which crowns, the trees which overshadow, and the blue sky, and bright sun which illumine, and smile upon it. The gray mossy stones, now look as if they had grown up like the hills and woods around, by some internal energy from the centre, and expanded themselves amid co-operating elements into a pile of silent loveliness—a place for solemn and lonely meditation, fit for the quiet reveries of the idly active, or the high and varied fancies of the poet. Those green and stately plants, and the rich leaved creepers, which enwreath and robe every pointed arch, and slender column, and wrap the harsh grey fragments of walls, have taken away all the roughness and soreness of desolation from the pile; and kindly nature, which manifests itself with so much glory in the heavens above, and so much sublimity in the rich landscape around, seems to press with her soft embrace, and hallows with

the serenity of her fresh beauty, the mouldering remains of the Abbey of Melrose.

Abbotsford, is but five miles from Melrose. The scenery around the Poet's retreat, is exceedingly impressive. Every mountain and streamlet, seem to tell of the departed bard. There, are the "Eildon Hills,"—there, the Gala water,

"Chafing, as it joins the Tweed;"

Yonder are "the bonny Braes of Yarrow," and the "Vale of Ettrick." The home of the Poet, occupies a crest of the last of a broken series of hills, descending from Eildon to the Tweed, whose silvery stream it o'erhangs. The grounds are richly wooded, and diversified with an endless variety of bushy dells, and alleys green: while through all, the beautiful bright river wanders, giving an exquisite finish to the picture—needing no association whatever, only its own intrinsic loveliness, to leave its image indelibly impressed upon the mind. Entering the grounds through a Norman archway, in an embattled wall, you approach the mansion by a broad and trellised walk, o'ershadowed with roses and honeysuckles. The externals of the mansion, defy description. At each end rises a tall tower, the one totally different from the other, while the entire front is nothing more than an assemblage of gables, parapets, eaves, indentations, and water-spouts, with droll corbel heads, painted windows, and Elizabethan chimneys, flung together in the perfect wantonness of architectural irregularity. A noble porchway admits visitors to the Hall of Entrance, which is lighted by two large windows, each pane deeply dyed with glorious armorial bearings. The

apartment is about forty feet in length, twenty in breadth, and the same in height. Round the cornice there is a line of coats-armorial, richly blazoned, belonging to the families who kept the borders—as the Douglasses, Kers, Scotts, Turnbulls, Maxwells, Elliotts, and Armstrongs. The walls are of dark, richly carved oak, from Dunfermline, and the roof is formed by a series of pointed arches; from the centre of each of which, hang richly emblazoned armorial shields. The floor is paved with black and white marble, brought from the Hebrides. Magnificent suits of armor—a helmet and cuirass of one of the Imperial Guard, with a hole in the breast-plate, where the death-dealing bullet entered at Waterloo—a profusion of swords and spears of every shape and pattern, are suspended around the walls, or occupy the niches. From this Hall, you pass into the private study of the Poet; a snug little room, with cases full of books of reference. Here, stands the high table, upon which so many of his charming works were written; while from the old fashioned ink-stand, towers the pen, made from an eagle's quill—the last he ever used. A small gallery runs round this apartment, leading to the door of his bed-chamber. A side door in this study admits you to the library, a most magnificent apartment at least fifty feet in length, and thirty in height; with an immense bay window in the centre, from which a most charming view is had of the surrounding country. The roof is of richly carved oak, as are also the bookcases, which reach high up the wall. The collection of books in this chamber amounts to some twenty thousand; many of them extremely rare and valuable. At the head of the Library, upon a column of choice marble, stands a bust of the Poet, from Chantry's chisel, a most life-like and

powerful head, with a brow that looks the very throne of Genius. Connected with the Library is the Armory: Here may be seen, a variety of curious weapons—Rob Roy's gun, Hofer's blunderbuss, the pistols of Napoleon, captured at Waterloo; and divers Indian spears and tomahawks. From the Armory you pass into the Breakfast Room, the favorite chamber of Sir Walter; and well it might be the favorite haunt of such a lover of natural scenery—for, from its magnificent window, the eye is entranced by the view of that landscape, whose marvellous beauty enkindled the fires of his imagination. It was in this room the Poet died. Here was the scene, so touchingly described by Lockhart, when the Poet, like the deer, "had returned to die," in the place "where he was roused."

"I was dressing," says Lockhart, "when on Monday, early in the morning, Nicholson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composurè, and wished to see me; I found him entirely himself, but in the last stage of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm. 'Lockhart,' said he, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you—my dear, be a good man—be virtuous, be religious—nothing else will give you comfort, when you come to lie here—God bless you all;' with this he sank into a quiet sleep, and scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness. About half-past one o'clock of the same day, he quietly breathed his last, in the presence of his children. It was a beautiful day; so warm, that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others, the most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible

as we knelt around the bed; and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. No sculptor ever modelled a more majestic image of repose."

The Dining Room, adjoining the Breakfast Chamber, is a very handsome apartment. It contains a fine collection of pictures, one of which at once rivets the attention. It is a painting of the head of Mary, Queen of Scots, on a charger; sketched the morning of her execution, shortly after her beautiful head had fallen beneath the executioner's stroke. The head is laid upon the centre of the dish, and placed in an oblique position, with the ghastly neck nearest the spectator, so that the nose is fore shortened, and the nostrils front you. Such a position must have been a very difficult one for artistic effect. Yet with all the disadvantages, the artist has achieved wonders. In spite of the fore-shortening, in spite of the livid hue of death, the face is superlatively beautiful; and in gazing at it, one can believe any tale of the witchery of her loveliness. The dark hair parted on the noble brow, rolls downward in luxuriant waves, as if to hide the ghastly evidences of decapitation. The nose, of the finest Grecian form, descends from the broad brow, which bears that "width of ridge," Lavater said, "was worth a kingdom." The eyebrows are exquisitely arched above the closed eyelids, from beneath which, you can almost fancy you discern the gleam of dark melancholy eyes. The mouth is slightly open, and though somewhat swollen by suffering, is of exquisite formation. The whole picture is terrible, yet lovely—a perfect image of death by violence—of beauty, unsubdued by pain. An adjoining apartment contains portraits of the Scott family, and two most interesting ones of Sir Walter, when a babe, and

in early boyhood. In the open, genial, and bright face of the boy, one may read, that

“The child is Father of the man.”

From Abbotsford, you retrace your steps to Melrose, and so on to Dryburgh, the last resting place of him, whose spell is on you, as you tread each spot haunted by the memorials of his genius.

Dryburgh is a venerable ruin, now much defaced by the hand of Time. The Poet sleeps beneath a low table monument, in St. Mary's aisle, (the most beautiful part of the ruin) by the side of his faithful wife: while many an added stone, now show, where cut off in life's prime, sleep the sons and daughters of his House—that House, he hoped to establish, so that it should transmit his name and fame to generations. When one remembers how Scott hungered and thirsted after a title, and longed to be the founder of a great name, that should be handed down through a long line; and then looks upon the tablets in this ruined transept, the line of the Christian poet springs instinctively to his lips;

“He builds too low, who builds beneath the skies.”

As you stand by the grave, and memory calls up in rapid succession, the trials and triumphs of a life so full of interest, one can almost imagine the Muse of Scotland, her head crowned with Cypress, and her Harp at her feet, repeating the following invocation:

Ye splendid visions of the shadowy night!
 Ye spectral forms, that float in fields of light!
 Spirits of beauty, that in mid air dwell,
 Come to the shrine of Him, who loved you well;

Shades of departed heroes, from the tomb,
 Covered with dust of ages, hither come:
 In your bright panoply, and crested might,
 Such as he called you forth to life and light.
 And ye, too, brethren of the cloistered vow!
 And ye, pale sisterhood, that loved to bow
 Your virgin beauties to the holy thrall;
 Come to this festival of death—come all!
 Ye mighty ones of earth, uncrown your brows,
 A mightier head lies here, and sweeter vows
 Than ever king received, embalm this spot,
 Where sleeps the Wizard of the North, immortal Scott.
 Come! sportive lovers of the moonlight hour,
 Ye fairies, that obedient to his power,
 Played off your merry pranks in hall and bower."

* * * * *

But chief of all, come Nature's holy wells,
 Yielding your silver tribute, freshest bells
 Plucked from the blooming heather, echoes fair,
 Chaunting his golden lays, till earth and air,
 Are full of melody. Come all!—come all!
 Ye nations too, come at the solemn call!
 And first his own dear land, bring offerings meet,
 Such as his spirit loved, bright flowers and sweet,
 For he has sung your beauties; he has thrown
 A magic round them, greater than their own;
 'Till not a mountain, reared its head unsung.
 Come then! awake the harp, and let earth ring,
 With one deep dirge of woe, from voice and string.

CHAPTER III.

A DAY'S WANDERING,

IN LONDON.

A View of the City, from Waterloo Bridge — Excursion on the Thames — St. Mary's Overies — The Tabard Inn — Temple Church.

THE great Babylon, is seen to advantage, from many of the noble bridges spanning the Thames. Among them may be mentioned Blackfriars; observed from which St. Paul's has by far the most imposing effect, while some of the more ancient parts of the City lie in close proximity. But by far the finest point of observation, is from Waterloo Bridge, from which the view on a clear, bright morning, is certainly very fine. Beneath you, in Wordsworth's charming words,

"The river wanders at its own sweet will."

The thickly clustered houses on every side, proclaim the vast population of the City; and the numerous towers and steeples, more than fifty of which, together with five bridges, are visible from this spot, testify to its architectural wealth. The features of the south shore, on the right hand are comparatively flat and uninteresting, there being on this side of the river, few other buildings besides timber wharfs, tall chimneys, and erections belonging to the worst part of London. The ancient Church of St. Mary Overies, with its four pointed spires, and square tower, is

the only object of interest. There the good old Poet Gower, Chaucer's honored master, sleeps awaiting the resurrection morn. There too, reposes Cardinal Beaufort, that wealthy and ambitious prelate, whose death-bed has been painted by Shakspeare in such awful colors :

“ Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand! make signal of thy hope:
He dies—and makes no sign.”

Beneath its venerable roof assembled the Papist commission to try heretics—and on its sacred floor, Smithfield's noblest martyr, Rodgers, received sentence of death, by fire. Within its hallowed cemetery, close by its ancient wall, sleeps Beaumont's “twin worthy,” Fletcher, while in close communion with such honored dust lies Massinger.

On the north shore of the river, the features of the view are impressive in the extreme. In the foreground, with its noble terrace overlooking the water, Somerset House stretches magnificently along the river. Farther on, “Temple Gardens,” with their trees and verdure down to the water's edge, contrast refreshingly with the masses of brick and stone around. Glancing over the graceful steeple of St. Bride's Church, St. Paul's towers above every object, as it were with paternal dignity; its huge cupola forming the most imposing feature in the scene. Behind these, among a cluster of spires and towers, rises the tall shaft of that Monument which “lifted its head to lie,” when it ascribed the great fire of London to the Papists. And there, close along the water's edge, in gloomy magnificence, you may behold the pointed towers of the once great State Prison of England, so pregnant with associations of the romantic and fearful; while the extreme distance presents a bristling forest of masts, belonging to

every nation. Turning westward and looking up the river, several objects of interest meet the eye. The Lambeth shore is marked by little, except a lion-surmounted brewery, which somewhat relieves its monotony. The sombre dome of Bethlehem Hospital, is seen behind, fraught with the most gloomy associations, while Lambeth Palace rears its towers in the distance, interesting as the scene of so many Church Councils, and within whose walls, Wyckliffe the first Reformer, read his startling doctrines, after he had been previously cited at St. Paul's. On the opposite side is the interesting locality of the Savoy, reminding us of good old Geoffrey Chaucer; for here he resided so long, under the protection of the Duke of Gaunt, and his amiable Blanche. Here he composed some of the sweetest of his poems.

Still farther on, stands Hungerford Market, while behind rise the Column of Nelson and the towers of Westminster, the great national Walhalla. And there too, stretching their vast length along the waterside, with a dignity and grandeur befitting their high vocation, are the new Houses of Parliament.

As the busy eye glances around from spot to spot, and from spire to spire, how the recollections of the past crowd upon the mind. The Tower, which forms so prominent a feature in the distance, how much of history and romance does it suggest. Kings, Queens, Statesmen, form the almost unbroken line of its captives for five or six centuries. There is hardly a single great event in English history, where this gloomy edifice does not loom forth in terrible distinctness—and scarce an ancient family in England, to which it has not bequeathed some fearful and ghastly memories.

How many associations are awakened at the sight of Temple Gardens ! There, in former times, proudly lived in splendor, the Knights Templar ; and the admirers of "the Essays of Elia," will not forget, that close by was the residence of good Charles Lamb. Farther on, and near the water side stands the little Chapel, where Milton was baptized ; and nearly opposite, on the other side of the river, is the site of the celebrated "Globe Theatre," so intimately connected with the lives and early fortunes of Shakspeare, and "rare Ben Johnson."

The sight of the venerable Towers of Westminster, evoke feelings of deep interest. Who can stand within the shadow of its ancient pile, without being o'erwhelmed by the solemnity of its associations ? How are you impressed with solemn and religious veneration, at the thought of the uses to which it has been applied ; the great events of which it has been the witness ? Here are crowned the monarchs of England ; and here all their pomp and vanity fled away, they moulder like their subjects. Amid such an assemblage of architectural grandeur, as the Abbey presents, the mind is filled with a rich confusion of imagery, as if incapable of grappling with the whole. To use the words of quaint Thomas Miller, "it seems like the sunlight, that flames through the deep dyed windows—you stand amid the dazzle of blaze and brightness, that appears to have neither beginning or end. Here flashing like gold ; there stealing into the dim purple twilight, and gilding as it passes a shrine, or a stony shroud, then settling down amid the vaulted shadows of the tomb ; or just lighting faintly in its passage upon the uplifted hands of the recumbent image that have been clasped for centuries, in the attitude of silent prayer. And

there too is the Poet's Corner, a spot haunted by sad and sweet associations. In it stands the massy and solemn looking tomb of Chaucer, that morning star of English poetry. He, the earliest child of English song, was the first bard interred within this great national mausoleum. The monument was erected shortly after his death, and there is a look about it, which would seem to indicate an antiquity almost as great as that of the Abbey itself."

Gentle Spencer is the next heir to undying fame, interred within this great national Walhalla; and Shakspeare and "rare Ben Johnson" bedewed the flag stones around that tomb with tears, as they stood mourners about his bier. Beaumont and Drayton were the next who sank into this city of the illustrious dead. The last great poet the vault opened to receive, was Campbell, whose head almost touches the feet of Chaucer.

But leaving the Bridge, where such an interesting view unfolds, and such pleasant memories are awakened, let us direct our steps toward Hungerford Stairs, for a short excursion on the Thames, to pay our tribute to the last resting place of Gower, who sleeps beneath the stone pavement of St. Saviour's. The barges moored side by side, here at the stairs, have little safety, and still less convenience: but a glance around us, when we have reached them, affords abundant amusement. A small knot of people in one corner, have been momentarily increasing, evidently waiting for a special boat. A portly matron with a collection of well-stored baskets—a group of city reared children, cared for by a very small Cinderella-like serving maid—a thin nervous gentleman, and ourselves make up the party, that set foot upon the dark, dingy little steamer, bound for different points along the river.

We start off with great rapidity. Let us note as rapidly as we are going, each point of interest as we pass. Look! but a stone's throw from the pier, is a Water Gate, now out of use, and when the tide is low, beyond the reach of the stream—banks of mud surround it, on which here and there are thick, dank beds of reedy grass. That Water Gate is clearly a by-gone, having outlived its original purpose. It is the only remnant of a once princely mansion, and in its day, was vaunted as the most perfect specimen of architecture, fashioned by the hand of the celebrated Inigo Jones. It was the river gate of the Palace of the Duke of Buckingham. The rustic basement, and graceful columns, still attest the taste and skill of the architect: but cankered lock and rusty hinges, tell that its day of usefulness is gone, with the old palatial mansion, to which it was an appendage. Its aspect of neglect, if not of ruin, revives the memory of by-gone times and manners, throwing the mind back to the days when the bank of the river was lined with the mansions of the nobility; when the Strand from Temple Bar to Westminster, was an open road, and the Thames the King's Highway between the Temple and Westminster Palace; when each house fronting the stream boasted of its "Water Gate," and gilded barges floated on the tide, upon "the silent highway," while liveried menials waited their Lords' pleasure at the stairs.

There are some exceedingly interesting associations connected with this portion of the Thames. York House which once fronted the River, almost at the very point from which we started, offers its share of stirring memories. The first breath of Francis Bacon was drawn within its walls; and through its terraced walks he disported in

childhood. In York House he passed his boyhood's happy days, and ere the sorrows of manhood had shaded his brow, he left it to engage in a vain strife for intellectual supremacy and empty worldly renown. Both were acquired and built up by the splendor of his achievements, and he returned to sacrifice to false ambition, all his vaunted nobleness of purpose, after forty years of struggle against poverty, rivalry, envy; and last, though not least, the baseness of his own moral nature. After nearly half a century spent in enduring duns and arrests for debt, suffering insult from Coke, his rival in the law, and in love—libelled by rumor, and frowned upon by his sovereign, he came back to this home of his boyhood. When he again left it, guards were around him, and he departed thence to the Tower. His domestics rose as he passed down stairs. "Sit down, my masters," he exclaimed, "your rise has been my fall." How bitterly must his wrung soul, at that moment have felt the degradation.

Next adown the stream, stood Durham House, the luxurious abode of Dudley of Northumberland, a spot most closely linked with the touching story of Lady Jane Grey. Here she lived—here she married, and from it she was tempted to take barge to the Tower, there to assume a crown, she was destined so short a time to wear. From Durham House, accompanied by her young and handsome husband, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of new born royalty, "did she take water in a gilded barge," decked with banners, and moving to the strains of merry music. Where Durham House stood, and where an eight month's drama of real life was played, terminated by the axe of the executioner, we now see the Adelphi, a noble pile raised upon foundations of immense depth and thickness.

And soon we are approaching Waterloo Bridge, the finest in its proportions of any bridge in Europe. Where those coal-barges, and coal-heavers ply their dingy trade, the ancient palace of the Savoy once stood, rearing its dark towers in all the pride of feudal magnificence. There the unfortunate John of France, taken prisoner at Poitiers by the Black Prince, was held in gentle, but safe durance. About the same period, John of Gaunt, "time honored Lancaster," made the Palace of the Savoy a residence, numbering the poet Chaucer in his retinue.

Clearing Westminster Bridge, Somerset House displays its imposing facade to the passenger on the river. Founded by the Protector Somerset, its princely magnificence aided the outcry against him; and before he had completed the Palace, he died upon the block at Tower Hill. Elizabeth, and Catharine the Queen of the merry monarch, successively occupied this Palace. It was in the old palace that stood upon the very site now covered by the modern structure, the remains of Oliver Cromwell laid in state—and from it, he was buried with great pomp and pageantry.

Quickly we pass the opening of Strand Lane—a dirty court of no repute—and are soon opposite to the site of the Palace, where once lived the handsome and brave, but headstrong Essex. Here audience was sought of him by nobles, princes, and ambassadors, when the sunlight of Elizabeth's favor was turned full upon him. Here the gallant and indiscreet court favorite wore the love tokens of his royal mistress; and from it he madly issued with an armed force to attack the city. That wild enterprize changed his abode from Essex House to the Tower—ending in Essex with a headless trunk upon Tower Hill; for his enamored Queen, in a broken heart. In Devereux

Court, fixed high in the wall of a Tavern, may yet be observed a bust of the Earl in stone; the only token beyond the name of court and street, of Essex House.

Next we may note the Temple Gardens and Temple Church, with the memories of the martial gatherings of Europe's early chivalry, to bear the banner of the Cross to shelter beneath its folds the Holy Sepulchre. Its circular Church, built in imitation of the fane, which in Jerusalem covered the tomb of Christ, was consecrated more than six centuries ago. Upon the floor still rest the sepulchral effigies of the Knights Templar, whose bones are mouldering beneath. Temple Gardens is now an oasis in the desert of coal barges, and dingy looking wherries; a spot still pleasant and cheerful, as a promenade. It was here Shakspeare located the scene, when those rose-emblems were plucked by the rival houses of York and Lancaster, afterwards developing in that civil strife, which deluged English soil with English blood. In later days these gardens were places of resort and solace to Johnson, Cowper, Goldsmith and Lamb—the gentle Elia says, “I was born and passed the first seven years of my life near, and in the Temple Gardens. Its church, its halls, its gardens, and fountains are of my oldest recollections. I repeat to this day no verses to myself with greater emotion than those of Spencer, where he speaks of this spot.”

Passing the Temple with its associations, we bestow a hurried glance upon some sooty-looking buildings, with circular iron receivers. These form part of the numerous Gas works, which make London the best lighted city in the world. They stand upon the very spot, once occupied by the ancient sanctuary of the White Friars, peopled by Sir Walter Scott so graphically in his *Fortunes of Nigel*.

There his hero, like other fugitives from the pursuit of bailiffs, obtained protection upon taking the rhyming oath,

“By spigot and barrel,
By bilbo, and buff,
Thou art sworn to the quarrel
For the blades of the huff.
For White Friars, and its claims,
To be champion, or martyr,
And to fight for its dames
Like a knight of the Garter.”

Slash bucklers and bullies, have now given place to coal-heavers, gas-men, and glass-blowers.

Soon we are under the shadow of Blackfriars' Bridge. Clearing this, St. Paul's becomes the most prominent object. The huge dome of the Metropolitan Cathedral is crowded round about by the spires and pinnacles of thirty other Churches, many of them the products of the same genius that reared this rival of St. Peter's.

Soon we are approaching London Bridge; and here we have in all its perfection, the scene and stir of busy commerce—crowded wharfs with huge cranes still drawing richer cargoes into their deep recesses, and barges floating by laden almost to sinking with country produce. Close to this is the central spot, where

“Lofty Trade

Gives audience to the world; the Strand around
Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm;
What bales! what wealth! what industry! what fleets!”

Now we shoot under the magnificent Bridge of Southwark, the first structure of iron, in the shape of a bridge, ever built. How light and yet how strong, its noble arches look! Almost in a line with the present roadway to this bridge, on the Surry side, stood the Globe Theatre, the

scene of Shakspeare's first acquaintance with the sock and buskin—the place where he is said to have carried a wick to light the actors on the stage—that stage, he was afterwards to purify, enlighten and illumine, by the brighter rays of his genius.

Leaving Southwark's iron bridge behind us, the turreted steeple of St. Mary Overies, or, the modern St. Saviour's, towers up beyond. Our little boat is soon alongside the floating barge built pier, where a dense crowd of passengers, hustle each other, in trying to get first on board. Elbowing our way up the steep ascent, we are soon standing in front of the modernized Church of St. Saviour's. In the olden time, long before the Conquest, a House of Sisters was founded here, by a maiden of the name of Mary, the daughter of the old ferryman; and then called by the name of St. Mary Overies, or St. Mary, over the ferry. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the old fabric was restored through the munificence of the Poet Gower, Chaucer's master, and but recently has been again restored and modernized. The plan of this Church is a simple one, being in the cruciform shape. An old Church is always a solemn place—the silence, the repose, almost unearthly, which broods there, dispose the mind to serious meditation, and in the presence of the many memorials of the dead scattered around, no one can forget his mortality. In the south transept may be found the monument to old Gower. The Poet, "left his soul to God, and his body to be buried in the Church of the Canons of the blessed Mary de Overies, in a place expressly provided for it." Upon it you may read "Here lyes John Gower, a benefactor to this sacred edifice in the time of Edward III. and Richard II." An effigy of the Poet lies in a recess; on the purple and gold band, adorned with fillets of roses

encircling the head of the effigy, are the words "Merci Ihu," or Mercy Jesus. Three gilded volumes, labelled with the names of his principal works, support the head. On the wall at his feet, are his arms, and a hat with a red hood, bordered with ermine, and surmounted by his crest, a dog's head. Near this monument, on a pillar at the side, may be seen a cardinal's hat, with certain arms beneath. To that slight memorial is attached a long train of recollections, many of them highly interesting. The arms are of the Beaufort family: the hat is that of Cardinal Beaufort, whose death-bed Shakspeare has painted with such power. Immediately opposite Gower's monument, we have another, with a life-like bust of John Bingham, saddler to Queen Elizabeth, and King James. The complexion and features, the white ruff, dark jerkin, and red waistcoat of this saddler to royalty, are in most excellent preservation. Crossing to the north transept, may be seen the monument to Dr. Lockyer, a famous empiric during the reign of Charles II. His effigy represents a very respectable looking personage, attired in a thick curled wig, and furred gown, pensively reclining upon some pillows, and looking as if he half-doubted the truth of his own epitaph:

His virtues, and his pills are so well known,
That envy can't confine them under stone."

In the beautiful Lady Chapel, with its slender, tree-like pillars, sending off their branches along the roof, until they form a perfect continuity of shade, sleeps the good Bishop Andrews, awaiting in sure and steadfast hope, a glorious awakening. Upon the tomb of one of the ancient Aldermen of London, whose whole family are grouped in effigies there, not forgetting his two wives,



may be noticed the following beautiful inscription, which is a slightly varied extract from Quarle's poem.

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man, he dies.

Upon the floor of this old Church, assembled the Council, that sent Rodgers to the stake. He was the first victim; but for three long years, the spirit of persecution kept the fires alive. Plain John Bradford, here received his sentence; and shortly after leaving the precincts, wrote that touching letter to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, when he said—"This day I think, or to-morrow at the uttermost, hearty Hooper, sincere Saunders, and trusty Taylor end their course, and receive their crown: the next am I, which hourly look for the porter to open me the gates after them, to enter the desired rest." Massinger is buried here; but not as we supposed in a gloomy corner, amid a mass of mis-shapen and mutilated graves; but within the sanctified area of the Church.

Leaving St. Saviour's, I instinctively turned toward that spot, to which every lover of poetry is glad to direct his steps—the old Tabard Inn—the scene of the feasting of Chaucer's Pilgrims: those Pilgrims, who, to use the language of Shaw, "have traversed four hundred and fifty

years—like the Israelites wandering in the wilderness—amid arid periods of neglect and ignorance, sandy flats of formal mannerism, unfertilized by any spring of beauty, and yet their garments have not decayed, nor their shoes waxed old.” I soon found it, standing nearly opposite the modern Town Hall of Southwark. The exterior presents simply a square dilapidated gate way, its posts strapped with rusty iron bands, and its gates half covered with sheets of the same metal. As I entered, the landlord greeted me, and I thought of those lines of Chaucer,

“A seemly man, ye hoste is withal.”

Merry doings were there in the old inn yard, five hundred years ago, when Harry Baily, “the hoste” was

“the early cock

That gathered them together in a flock.”

The Inn is now known, as “The Talbot,” evidently a corruption from “Tabard.”

There is something extremely venerable in the old weather-beaten, and iron-bound posts, which prop up its comparatively modern gateway. They tell of the grazing and grinding of thousands of old wheels, while the stones are worn away by the trampings of many a steed. I was soon in “the Pilgrim’s Room.” With due reverence, I looked upon its venerable walls, its square chimney pieces, and its quaint old panels, reaching to the ceiling. It is now cut up into small rooms; but upon looking closely at the chambers at either end, it was very clear to be seen, that they had all once formed one chamber. The whole appearance of the building is curious, and quaint beyond description. “The Wife of Bath,”—“The Knight and his Son,”—“The Gentle Parish Priest,”—the conceited “Fryar,” with all that Pilgrim train, came thronging in—

and as I stood upon the ancient balcony, and looked down into the old court-yard, the scene so graphically described by Chaucer, was before me. Returning, I stopped in at the tap room, and drained to the memory of old Geoffrey, a mug of

“Nappy strong ale of Southwark.”

What a forlorn looking district, is this of Southwark. Many of the houses, besides being old, are large and lofty. Many of the courts stand just as they did, when Cromwell sent out his spies, to hunt up and slay the Cavaliers; and just as when they again were hunted here by the Cavaliers, after the Restoration. There is a smell of past ages about these ancient courts, like that which arises from decay, a murky closeness, as if the old winds which whistled through them, in the times of the civil wars, had become stagnant, and all the old things had fallen and decayed, as they were blown together. The timber of the houses looks bleached and worm-eaten, and the very brick-work, seems never to have been new. In these old structures you find wide, hollow-sounding, decayed staircases, that lead into great ruinous rooms, whose echoes are only awakened by the shrieking and scampering of large black-eyed rats, who eat through the solid floors, through the wainscot, and live and die without being startled by a human voice. Leaving this desolate district, I was soon standing on London Bridge. What a crowd are coming and going over this vast thoroughfare! There hardly appears standing room; and yet each one of the vast throng, seems to have space enough. Just below the dark capped turrets of the Tower loom forth with all their ghastly memories.

Once on the other side, I passed rapidly by Fishmonger's

Hall, the site of the old Boar's Head Tavern, and turning by Craven into Ludgate Street, reached my destination, the Temple Church, which stands a little back from Fleet Street, near where Temple Bar spans the way with its gloomy looking arch. Temple Church now belongs to the Law Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple. The history is a curious one, by which the Lawyers succeeded to the inheritance of that powerful fraternity, the Knights Templars, whose guiding principle enforced by the solemnities of an oath, was, "never to permit a christian to be unlawfully and unjustly despoiled of his heritage." The Temple Church, or at least that part called "The Round," was built originally by the Knights Templar of Jerusalem; an order, who pitying the sufferings of Christian pilgrims to the Holy City, entered into a solemn compact to devote their lives and fortunes, to the defence of the highway leading to Jerusalem, from the inroads of Musselmen, and the ravages of the powerful robbers, who infested it. Their rise was rapid; but not more so than the growth of their ambition. From guarding the highway, they took to guarding the Holy City itself: and in process of time, influential men joined the order, and threw into its coffers their entire fortunes. It grew in power, influence, and wealth, and in the palmiest days of its strength, numbered some of the most influential names in England as members. The Master of the Temple, took his place amongst the Peers in Parliament. The dress of the Templar, corresponded with that of the Red Cross Knight, in "the Fairy Queen" of Spencer.

" And on his breast a bloudie cross he bore
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living, ever him adored."

About the reign of Edward III. the estates belonging to the Templars, came into the hands of the Knight Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem; and by them were demised to certain students of the Common Law. From that time, the body of Lawyers increased in influence and importance. Soon they became so powerful, that it was found necessary to divide the Inn into two separate fraternities, to be called the Honorable Society of the Inner, and the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple; both having separate Halls, but worshipping in one Church. These honorable societies appeared to have suffered considerably during the rebellion under Wat Tyler. Jack Cade had no great respect for the gentlemen of the Law. He could not understand, "how the skin of an innocent lamb, should be made parchment, and that parchment being scribbled on, should undo a man." Jack had heard some people say, "that the bee stings;" but sensible fellow, he had reason to know "it was the bee's wax," "for he did but put a seal once to a thing, and was never his own man after." Believing, as honest Jack did, how could he help putting his blazing torch, amid the parchment treasures of the Inns of Court. But the Order soon recovered from the devastating effects of the fire, and waxed more potent than ever; and about the first year of James I. we find the whole of this property was granted by letters patent, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Recorder of London, and others, the Benchers and Treasurers of the Inner and Middle Temple, to have and to hold to them and their assigns forever. Thus secured by royal grant, it has remained in their possession to this day. The place where now

"The studious lawyers have their bowers,"

for Temple Gardens still display their verdure on the river side; is certainly not what the gentle Elia declares it to be in his time, "the most elegant spot in the metropolis." The approach to it, from Fleet Street, is now forlorn enough, and in the smoky atmosphere of London, everything outside has a dingy, dismal appearance. Who can ever forget the gloom and "the ancient smell," there is about the old Brick Court. But the memories of the great and good, cluster around its venerable precincts. Gower, Chaucer and Spencer, all lived here. Oliver Goldsmith, poor Noll! resided here, and in that dingy room on the first floor of House No. 2, they show you the very spot in which he died.

The Inns of Court are remarkable for the elegance, and beauty of their interiors. The old times, when these Halls were the scenes of good cheer, and sumptuous entertainment: when majesty, and those who reflected its splendors, honored these precincts with their right royal presence; have indeed passed away. But though "the ferial days and glorious merry-makings," of the lawyers of Evelyn's time have gone, and old Benchers no longer lead the dance with measured step, following their "Master of the Revels:" nor young limbs of the law, "make the welkin dance indeed, and rouse the night owl in a catch that would draw three souls from out one weaver;" still the honorable profession keep alive the spirit and sociality of their order in these old Halls. In the Halls of the Inner and Middle Temple, dinner is prepared for the members every day, during Term time. The Masters of the Bench, dining on the elevated platform, at the farther end of the Halls, while the barristers, and students line the long tables, extending down the sides of the room.

Students keep twenty terms,—that is five years at these Inns,—before they are entitled to be called to the Bar. Graduates of either University, however, are privileged in an earlier call. On “Grand Days,” the Halls are graced, not only by the attendance of a large number of members, and occasionally by the presence of the Judges, who dine in succession with each of the four Inns, extending their visits then both to Gray’s and Lincoln’s. The Hall of the Inner Temple, is I believe, the largest, as it most certainly is the most magnificent in its interior decorations. The fine windows are adorned with the arms of the distinguished members of the Inn; and there amid the blaze of heraldic devices in stained glass, you may read the names, so world-wide in their fame, of Cowper, Thurlow, Dunning, Eldon, Blackstone, Stowell, Hardwicke, and Somers. Nothing can exceed the rich and glowing effect of the emblazonry on these windows, the elaborateness of the rich carving of the wood-work on the walls, or the fine effect produced by the portraits—some of them veritable Vandykes, that look down upon you from the venerable walls. The strong oaken tables that extend from end to end of the Hall—are the same at which those noble spirits of the sixteenth century dined; and all the venerated forms of Benchers, that Lamb styles “the mythology of the Temple.”

The Temple Church, “where barristers resort,” has been lately restored in a style of magnificence and correspondency worthy of its best days, when it was adorned with more than oriental splendor. The only ancient part of the Church is now the Round, into which you first enter by a deeply recessed, and sumptuously enriched Norman gateway. In the restorations under the auspices of the

two Societies, everything has been restored, as near as could be ascertained, to its original beauty. The clustered columns, supporting the roof of the nave, present a fine appearance. These are the original pillars, once used in the old Church, of polished marble, variegated and beautiful. In the ancient part of the Church is presented the most interesting example in England, of the transition of the plain massive Norman, to the light and elegant early English style. In the Round, one may notice the semicircular windows of the Norman period; but Norman in the last stage of a change to something else, already grown slender and elongated. There too we have the pointed windows—the very perfection of what is called the lancet style. The stained window over the altar, appears like one of the richest works of the olden time, although it is very modern, while the richly gilded roof is scarce less splendid than it was, when the clang of knightly heel rang upon the stone pavement below. The stained window first mentioned, with its deep rubies, rich purple, and gold, represents Christ enthroned. The pavement of the Church remodeled in strict correspondency, with the the ancient one, is yellow and amber upon a deep ground of red. There is a great grouping of heraldic and pictorial subjects, such as animals with their tails linked together; cocks and foxes, and figures playing upon musical instruments. But the chief ornaments are the symbols of the two societies of the Temple; the Lamb, and the Pegasus, or winged horse, founded on the celerity of Heraclius. The Lamb being the device of St. John, belonged to the Hospitallers of St. John, who succeeded the Templars. One of the members of the Inns, in glorifying this symbolie emblem, now adopted by the Order, wrote the following eulogistic verses:

“As by the Templars hold you go,
The Horse and Lamb displayed,
In emblematic figures show,
The merits of their trade.

That clients may infer from thence,
How just is their profession,
The Lamb sets forth their innocence,
The Horse their expedition.

O happy Britons! happy isle!
Let foreign nations say;
When you get *justice* without *guile*,
And law without *delay*.”

To this, some wag made the following reply :

“Deluded men! these holds forego
Nor trust such cunning elves,
These artful emblems tend to show
Their *clients*, not *themselves*!

’Tis all a trick; these all are shams
By which they mean to cheat you;
So have a care; for you’re the *Lambs*,
And they the *Wolves* that eat you.

Nor let the thoughts of no delay,
To these, their courts misguide you;
For you’re the *showy horse*, and they,
The jockies that will ride you.”

Among the greatest objects of interest in this Church, are the recumbent figures of the cross-legged Crusaders on the floor. They are nine in number, and lie four on each side of the central walk, in a double line. These are ancient monuments of Knights Templars. Selden and Plowden are buried in the vaults of this Church, and the gentle author of the “Ecclesiastical Polity,” has very appropriately a monument, commemorative of his many virtues, and rare abilities. Beneath a worn and moss-covered slab of gray stone, just outside the walls of the Church, are supposed to rest the remains of Littleton. And with this old Church, ended a day’s wandering in London.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW OF THE

CELEBRITIES OF LONDON.

The Parks — The Mansion House — The Exchange — The Bank of
England.

How appropriately did Wyndham style the Parks, "the lungs of London." Great breathing places, indeed they are, with their shaded walks, running streams, and verdant sod all open to the sky. Here leaves are waving, waters rippling, and flowers blowing, as if the huge city, with its million of murmuring voices, had been removed miles away. These Parks are where that great Leviathan, the London populace, comes up to breathe, darting back again into the deep waters of the crowded stream; then rising here each day to catch a breath of the pure and vital air of heaven.

Nothing is more surprising to an American, accustomed to the narrow and contracted squares of his own cities, than these great spaces open to the sky in such a metropolis as London. Some idea may be formed of the extent of these Parks, when it is known that they embrace a space of more than fourteen hundred acres, taken out as it were of the very heart of the city. To the early taste of English Sovereigns for the chase, London is unquestionably indebted for her Parks: so that what in one age savored of oppression and encroachment upon the liberty of the subject, has in another, been the means of producing the greatest amount of public good; and added mate-

rially to the sum total of public happiness. Thus true it is, there is a soul of goodness in things ill, when time, and advanced civilization furnish the alembic, to distil it out.

St. James's, Green, and Hyde Park, with Kensington Garden's, stretch in an unbroken line, from White Hall to Kensington Palace; so that one may really walk from Downing Street to Bayswater, a distance of three miles, without taking his feet off the sod. These three Parks enclose London on its west side: Regent's and Battersea Parks lying to the north and southwest. Besides these immense open spaces, which are beautifully laid out; the ventilation of this great city is cared for in numerous squares, some of them of large extent, planted with trees, and embracing in the whole, several hundred acres.

St. James's Park is shaped not unlike a boy's kite, enclosing some eighty-three acres. And who that has ever pored over the quaint and gossiping diary of Evelyn, or read the stately lines of the courtly Waller, but feels at home within its charming precincts? Evelyn in his *Sylva*, talks about "the branchy walks of elms in St. James's, intermingling their reverend tresses." The branchy walks are still here; and the long avenue of elms, (whether of Evelyn's time we know not,) with interlacing branches, yet cover the sod with their dark shade. It was in this park occurred that touching incident related of Charles I. on his way to the scaffold at Whitehall; when the poor King pointed with tears in his eyes to the oak, which had been planted by the hands of his brother Henry, and said, "his fate was happier than mine, for he died young." And here too, along this very walk, in gloomy mood with Whitlock, strode that bold bad man, Cromwell, asking with significant look, "what if a man should

take upon himself to be king?" and receiving that chilling response—"the remedy would be worse than the disease." The glimpses of grand architectural objects from this Park are indeed striking, and include the Towers of Westminster, those of the new Houses of Parliament—the long and rather monotonous facade of Buckingham Palace, with York Column soaring high in air, and the Horse Guards terminating the rather picturesque vista of the Lake. Upon the Island, in the eastern part of the Lake, is the Swiss Cottage of the Ornithological Society, containing a Council Room, keeper's apartments, and steam hatching apparatus, while contiguous are feeding places. On this Island, aquatic fowls brought from all countries, make their own nests among the shrubbery; and in the morning the whole surface of the Lake is alive with them, in all their varied plumage. The fashionable days of the Park, have long since gone. It was once the favorite lounge of royalty, and all the fashion of the metropolis, gathered here in the afternoon. One familiar with the comedies of Otway, Congreve, and Farquhar, will recognize St. James's as the favorite locale of the numerous assignations mentioned in those plays. Down to the days of Goldsmith, this Park appears to have been a fashionable resort. In his "Essays," he says—"If a man be splenetic, he may every day meet companions on the seats in St. James, with whose groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather." Hyde Park has now become the fashionable afternoon lounge of the metropolis; and St. James's is left to nursery-maids, and their interesting charges. A pleasant sight it is, which may be witnessed at all hours of the day, in clear weather, to see the numerous rosy-checked children, and little misses in

all the gracefulness of early girlhood, engaged in feeding the numerous wild fowl that crowd the shores of the beautiful Lake in the Park.

You enter Green Park, after passing the open area in front of Buckingham Palace, the favorite residence of the Sovereign; a building by no means remarkable for the elegance of its architecture; although the magnificence of its interior is said to atone for the defect in its external appearance. The poet Rogers, occupied a house fronting on this Park, near St. James's Place; and here he gave those delightful entertainments so much sought after, and appreciated by the admirers of the poet. Here he collected those glorious productions of the ancient and modern chisel; and that fine gallery of works of the first masters, not surpassed by any private collection in England. Byron said of this home of the poet—"If you enter Rogers' House, you find it not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor." By the high ground of Constitution Hill, crossing this Park, you pass to Hyde Park Corner. It was on this hill, the three attempts on the life of the Queen, were made at several times, by Oxford, Francis, and Hamilton; and it was at the upper end of the road, Sir Robert Peel on his way for his usual ride in Hyde Park, was thrown or fell from his horse, of which fall he died. And here your attention is attracted by a rather gloomy looking structure, faced with Bath stone, standing near the arched entrance. This is the celebrated Apsley House, so long the residence of the greatest captain of his age, the Duke of Wellington. It was sold to him by the Crown; and

those iron blinds, said to be bullet proof, which give such a singular aspect to the house, were placed there in a defiant spirit by the "Iron Duke," during the ferment occasioned by the Reform Bill, when his windows were broken by the mob. Time, which must make it venerable, will confer more and more lustre upon it; and a century hence, what is now looked upon with curiosity, will be regarded with reverence. The remains of the Duke rest in the crypt, beneath the pavement of St. Paul's, in close proximity to the greatest of England's naval heroes, Nelson and Collingwood; and the sculptor's skill is at work upon a monument, whose grand proportions and allegorical allusions shall tell to after ages, the grateful admiration of the country, he served so well.

Hyde Park, through which entrance is had at Hyde Park Corner, by the triple arched and colonnaded Gateway, extends from this point westward to Kensington Gardens, embracing nearly four hundred acres. The Serpentine River, which is one of its greatest ornaments, covers nearly fifty acres. It has upon its margin numerous lofty elms. The whole Park is intersected with well kept foot-paths, and the carriage-walks are wide, and in most admirable order. During the London season, in the afternoons, between half-past five and six, may be seen all the fashion and splendid equipages of the nobility and gentry of Great Britain. Rotten Row, the equestrian drive, is crowded with male and female equestrians, mounted upon spirited steeds, whose pedigrees go back perhaps farther than their owners'. Here are fair equestrians, in whose cheeks mantle "all the blood of all the Howards"—with figures to which out-door exercise has given ample development, and with roses in their cheeks, telling of that.

full and robust health, which is the result of their superior physical training. What splendid forms these young English women have; what expressive features! Free, bold, and natural. And then too, what a gay scene does that carriage drive present, on a bright afternoon in the season—flashing with the most brilliant equipages, and all the gilded folly that wealth and fashion can create. There rolls the coronetted carriage of a dowager countess, and here, whirls rapidly along the light cabriolet of some sprig of nobility, who with his spruce tiger behind in livery, has seized the reins of his mettlesome steed, and is driving with a skill that Sanderson might envy. A rush of pedestrians to the edge of the carriage drive, and the general turning of the faces of the crowd towards the gate at Hyde Park Corner, indicate the approach of some distinguished personages; and presently preceded by two or three dashing officers of the Horse Guards in their splendid uniform, and accompanied by outriders, the open landau of the Sovereign, whirls into the Park. The crowd of vehicles along the Drive open at its approach, and then close in upon its wake. Hats go off—dandies in stunning ties put up their eye-glasses—nursery maids and children gaze with admiration undisguised: but all along the line no cheer is heard, though everywhere the Sovereign and her consort are received with that deep feeling of respect, far better than noisy clamor, because more sincere. The appearance of the Queen is by no means prepossessing, and one can discover no traces of the beauty that her numerous portraits induce you to expect. Her face is full, bearing traces of its Hanoverian origin, in the contour, while the expression is any thing but agreeable. Of late years she has grown so stout, that with one of her inches, it has entirely

destroyed the little symmetry of figure she may have once possessed. Besides she dresses badly, and in this respect is in striking contrast with her fair cousin over the channel, whose exquisite taste is the admiration of Paris. This contrast was mortifying to English pride, in the recent visit to London of the fair Empress of the French, whose personal charms and graceful exterior struck the liege subjects of her majesty rather forcibly. The appearance of Prince Albert is that of a refined quiet gentleman, which he most unquestionably is. He looks much older than I supposed, and there is an expression about the corners of his mouth, indicating a soul ill at ease, although public report gives him the credit of possessing a most amiable temper. The Prince of Wales has a sickly look, with a countenance vacant in the extreme; and Rumor, unless her tale be false does say, that the penalty is his, which often falls upon the offspring of blood relations.

Close to the entrance on the Drive in the Park, stands the colossal monument erected by the women of England to Arthur, Duke of Wellington. This cast from cannon taken in the victories of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, is at a cost of ten thousand pounds sterling; why it is called the statue of Achilles, I am at a loss to divine. It is evidently copied from one of the famous antiques on the Monte Cavallo at Rome; and what a representation of Castor's twin brother has to do with the memory of the Iron Duke, or his exploits, would puzzle the brains of an antiquary. The Serpentine River runs through the Park, between Rotten Row and the Carriage Drive, passing under the handsome bridge, which crosses it at the boundary line of Kensington Gardens, where Hyde Park ends, and Kensington begins. It is certainly a very pic-

turesque stream, and adds greatly to the beauty of this most charming of Parks. Pleasure boats have been introduced upon it, while the neat and ornamental little boat-houses along its borders have a very pretty effect. The number of lives lost in this stream induced the Royal Humane Society as early as the latter part of the last century, to erect a Receiving house. It was rebuilt some twenty years ago, in quite an elegant style, and has an Ionic entrance, over which is sculptured the obverse of the Society's medal, a boy striving to rekindle an almost extinct torch, with the beautiful and appropriate legend beneath in Latin, which translated would be: "Perchance a spark may be concealed." In the rear are kept boats, ladders, ropes, and poles, wicker boats, life-preserving apparatus, &c. The celebrated Crystal Palace stood on the south side of this Park, opposite Prince's Gate, and the large elm trees covered in by the transepts, are still alive, though far from flourishing.

But Hyde Park has its historic associations; and brings to mind the early and healthful recreations, when May-day was a great national festival, so often alluded to by the earlier dramatists—and those grand Reviews mentioned by the gossiping Pepys, who was the Horace Walpole of his day. The stern Protector Cromwell, used to drive in this Park; and on one occasion, taking his usual airing with a pair of ponies, presented to him by some of the potentates of the Continent, was thrown off the box, and his feet became entangled in the harness. Out of this accident that old rhyming cavalier Cleveland wrote the following spirited lines:

"The whip again! away! 'tis too absurd
That thou should'st lash with whip-cord now,

G

I'm pleased to fancy how the glad compact
 Of hackney coachmen sneer at the last act.
 Hark how the scoffing concourse hence derives,
 The proverb 'needs must go when the devil drives,'
 Yonder a whipster cries, 'Tis a plain case,
 He turled us out to put himself in place;
 But God-a-mercy! horses, then, once ye
 Stood to it, and turned him out as well as we.
 Another not behind him, with his mocks,
 Cries out, sir, faith you're in the wrong box;
 He did presume to rule, because forsooth,
 He's been a horse-commander from his youth;
 But he must know there's difference in the reins,
 Of horses fed with oats, and fed with grains,
 I wonder at his frolic, for be sure
 Four hampered coach horses can fling a *Brewer*;
 But 'Pride will have a fall,' such the world's course is,
 He who can rule three realms, can't guide four horses;
 See him that trampled thousands in their gore,
 Dismounted by a party but of four.
 But we have done with't, and we may call
 This driving Jehu, Phæton in his fall;
 I would to God, for these three kingdoms' sake,
 His neck, and not the whip, had given the crack."

In this Park too, wounded honor, up to a late day, was
 wont to resort for the healing of those maladies of the
 soul, which it thought only lead or steel could cure. The
 names of two Americans are to be found in the lists, who
 resorted here in the latter part of the last century, to wipe
 out insult according to the rules of the stern code. One
 of them, a Mr. Carpenter, was I believe killed.

Between the Cumberland arched marble gateway, and the
 Albany street foot-gate, just outside the Park, and where
 the Edgeware road runs into Oxford street once stood the
 memorable gallows-tree of Tyburn. Its cruel memories
 are familiar to those who take a pleasure in criminal

annals. But it has an interest, from the fact, that beneath the ground on which it stood, lie the bones of Cromwell, Bradshaw, Ireton, and other Regicides, torn from their graves at the Restoration, hung here in all their hideous corruption, for a space, then buried at the foot of the gallows tree. A mean revenge this, that could thus wreak its petty malice upon the remains of men; who, however much they may have vexed royalty while alive, could give it but little trouble or apprehension in the quiet of their graves.

Kensington Gardens, bordering on Hyde Park, include an area of some three hundred and fifty-six acres. The most picturesque portion of these gardens is undoubtedly the entrance from near the Bridge over the Serpentine, where there is a charming walk under some old Spanish chesnuts. But one can hardly go amiss, in finding spots of rare beauty in this fashionable haunt. Long avenues under the interlacing branches of noble old elms—walks bordered by rare shrubbery—quaintly designed flower-gardens—and a sward rivalling in its rich velvety softness, the most ingenious works of “Persia’s looms,” are among some of the attractions of these delightful gardens.

Regent’s Park, encloses some four hundred acres. The hunting grounds of Marylebone Park, in the days of Queen Bess, were taken to form this noble area, which is nearly circular in its plan. It derives its name from the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. In the southwest portion of this Park, is a sheet of water, with picturesque islets. On the eastern slope are the far-famed gardens of the Zoological Society. The great object of the institution of this Society, as appears by their prospectus, was “the introduction of new varieties, breeds, and races of animals;”

and they have most thoroughly carried out their plan, in the magnificent variety of animal life, here presented to the delighted visitor in these spacious grounds. Emeus from New Holland, Arctic and Russian bears, Cuban mastiffs, Thibet watch-dogs, Zebras, and Indian cows, Alligators, and Ant Eaters; and almost "every thing that hath life," in the wide animal kingdom, may be seen here, in spacious iron cages; or where domesticated sufficiently, sunning themselves on the open lawns. One of the most interesting parts of the collection, is the aquatic vivarium, built of iron and glass, and consisting of a series of glass tanks, in which fish spawn, zoophytes produce young, algæ luxuriate, crustacea and mollusca live successfully; polypi are illustrated, together with sea anemones, jelly-fish, star, and shell-fish. A new world of animal life is here seen, as in the depths of ocean, with masses of rock, sand, gravel, coral, sea-weed, and sea water. The Reptile House, abounds in snakes of every form and color, from the poisonous Cobra, down to the harmless garter snake. Here too a large Boa Constrictor, a few years since, swallowed a blanket, and in a month after disgorged it. That these Gardens are a favored resort, may be judged from the fact, that in the last year, the number of visitors exceeded half a million.

But we cannot linger longer within the delightful limits of this popular place of resort. A short walk along the new road leading past these Gardens, brings you by Tottenham Court Road to Oxford street, and so into the noisy and thronged thoroughfare of Holborn. Soon you are approaching Holborn Hill, up which went that noble soul, William Lord Russel, on his way to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. That large open area, is the cele-

brated Smithfield Market. On market days it is crowded with some of the best specimens of man and beast that English soil produces. But the New Market Act, will soon do away with the beastly glories of Smithfield, by which no markets hereafter, are to be nearer to London than seven miles, measured in a straight line from Saint Paul's. But Smithfield has its historic memories—here perished the patriot Wallace; and here its noblest martyr, John Rodgers, the first of the Marian persecution; and Legatt, the last who suffered at the stake in England, were burned to ashes. A few years since, opposite the gateway of St. Bartholomew's Church, some blackened stones, ashes, and charred human bones were discovered, indicating where the stake was driven. A short distance farther on, in Newgate Street, that gloomy looking structure, with its area in front enclosed by handsome metal gates, is the celebrated Christ's Hospital. This is the home of the Blue Coated Boys', who with their clerical neckbands, you meet so often in London. Leigh Hunt, Coleridge and Lamb, gambolled once in that area. They are among the most eminent of those, this great educational charity has sent forth to the world in modern times. And now we are in Cheapside—the Corinthian Portico, in the Tympanum of which, you may observe a group of allegorical sculpture, belongs to the Mansion House of that short lived civic divinity, the Lord Mayor of London. It is of Portland stone, and resembles somewhat the Italian palaces, in its appearance, and would be handsome, if it was not so begrimed and blackened by the smoke of London. In the kingly state of its Lord Mayors, London has a security of efficiency and greatness, to which England

herself can lay no claim. The civic monarch can never be a mewling infant, or a doating old man, at the mercy of designing courtiers. He comes into office, in the beam and breadth of his manhood, when no swaddling bands could girdle even a limb of him—and he retires before age has made him feeble or tyrannical. Nebuchadnezzar himself, who first conquered all people, kindreds, and tongues, and then set up the golden image in the plains of Dura, commanding them to worship it, could not be more every inch a King, than my Lord Mayor of London. Some wag has said, that “he is annually driven from his kingdom;” not indeed, like Nebuchadnezzar, “to eat grass like oxen,” “but to eat oxen like grass.”

A little beyond the Mansion House, an immense structure of florid architecture, with a portico evidently copied from the graceful one, of the Pantheon at Rome, is

“That great hive where markets rise and fall,”

the Exchange. Here are the celebrated coffee rooms of Lloyd’s; the rendezvous of the most eminent merchants, ship owners, underwriters, stock and exchange brokers. The Subscribers’ Room at Lloyd’s, is opened at ten, and closed at five. At the entrance of the room, are exhibited the shipping lists, received from Lloyd’s agents at home and abroad, and affording particulars of the departure or arrival of vessels, wrecks, salvage, or sales of property saved. To the right and left are Lloyd’s Books, two enormous ledgers—right hand, ships spoken with, or arrived at their destined posts; left hand, records of wrecks, fires, or severe collisions; written in a fine Roman hand, in double lines. On the roof of the Exchange is a sort of mast; at the top a fan, like that of a windmill :

the object of which is to keep a plate of metal with its face presented to the wind. Attached to this plate are springs, which joined to a rod, descend into the Underwriters' Room, upon a large sheet of paper placed against the wall. To this end of the rod, a lead pencil is attached, which slowly traverses the paper horizontally, by means of clock work. When the wind blows very hard against the plate outside, the spring being pressed, pushes down the rod, and the pencil makes a long line vertically down the paper, which denotes a high wind. At the bottom of the sheet another pencil moves, guided by a vane on the outside, which so directs its course horizontally, that the direction of the wind is shown. The sheet of paper is divided into squares, numbered with the hours of night and day; and the clock work so moves the pencils, that they take exactly an hour to traverse each square; hence the strength and direction of the wind, at any hour of the twenty-four are easily seen.

In the neighborhood of the Exchange, are some of the finest architectural objects in London. Northward is the Bank of England, an elaborately enriched pile, very picturesque in its parts; and beyond it the palatial edifices of the Alliance and Sun Insurance Offices. Westward is the Mansion House, before alluded to. The square in front of the Exchange is adorned with an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington; the last work of the celebrated Chantrey. Amid a mass of buildings and courts, occupying three acres, on the north side of the Royal Exchange, stands the greatest monetary establishment of the world, the Bank of England. Its exterior measurements are three hundred and sixty-five feet on Threadneedle Street, four hundred and ten feet on Lothbury, two hundred and

forty-five on Bartholomew lane, and four hundred and forty feet on Prince's Street. Within this area are nine open courts, a spacious rotunda, numerous public offices, court, and committee rooms, an armory, engraving and printing offices, a library, apartments for officers, &c. The Bank is the Treasury of the Government, for here are received the taxes; the interest of the national debt paid; the Exchequer business transacted, &c., for all which the Bank is paid a per centage, or commission annually, of about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, with the profits derived from a floating balance due the public, never less than four millions sterling, which employed in discounting mercantile bills, yields one hundred and sixty thousand pounds yearly. The amount of bullion in the possession of the Bank, constitutes, along with their securities, the assets which they place against their liabilities, on account of circulation and deposits; and the difference (about three millions sterling) between the several amounts is called the "Rest," or guarantee fund to provide for the contingency of possible losses. The value of bank notes in circulation in one quarter of a year, is upwards of £18,000,000, and the number of persons receiving dividends is nearly three hundred thousand. The Stock or Annuities upon which the Public Dividends are payable, amount to £774,000,000, and the yearly dividends payable thereon, to £25,000,000. The issue of paper on securities is not permitted to exceed fourteen millions sterling. The last dividend to the proprietors was 4 per cent., and the bullion in the vaults, at the last report, was some twenty millions sterling. But let us enter, and view the workings of this huge monetary machine, the vibration of whose mechanism reaches the extremities of earth. You

cross a small court-yard, and mounting a few steps find yourself in a large saloon. Along the sides of the room, you may notice lines of Bank Clerks, casting up accounts, weighing gold, and paying it off over the counter. In front of each, is a bar of dark mahogany, a little table, a pair of scales, and a few persons waiting for the transaction of their business. You pass from this Chamber into a more extensive apartment, and a more crowded one, for it is the room where the interest on the Three Per Cents, is paid, and it is the middle of the year. What a crowd! and what a hubbub! What a ringing of gold pieces as those little shovels empty themselves of their shining contents! How accurately those busy clerks shovel! they never have a sovereign too many or too little.

Leaving this chamber, office follows after office, all on the ground floor, receiving their light through the ceiling. In them money is exchanged for notes, and notes for money; the interest of the public debt paid; the names of creditors booked and transferred. In a word, the chief banking business with the outside public, is done here.

The huge, yet perfect steam engine of the Bank, by which the machinery is driven, that makes the steel plates for engraving the notes, grinds the powder, out of which the ink is made, prints the notes, and performs a variety of other feats too numerous to mention, is a great triumph of human skill and ingenuity. The room where the notes are printed is certainly among the most interesting in the Bank. The wonders of the machinery, here develop themselves to their utmost. No inspector keeps watch and ward over the printer. The machine which he uses in printing, compels him to be honest. Each note has its own number, and a double set at that. This

machine registers the exact numbers that are being printed, and that too in a distant part of the establishment.

In the weighing office, you are delighted in witnessing the ingenious workings of the machines invented for detecting light gold—nothing can be more simple, and yet more efficacious in its operation. Some eighty or one hundred light and heavy sovereigns are placed indiscriminately in a round tube; as they descend on the machinery beneath, those that are light receive a slight touch which removes them into a proper receptacle; and those which are of legitimate weight pass to their appointed place. The light coins are then defaced by a machine, two hundred a minute. There are six of these machines which weigh several millions of sovereigns a year. The average amount of gold tendered is nine millions sterling, of which more than a quarter is light. In a long low narrow vaulted passage, heaps upon heaps are stowed away, each in their proper receptacle, the returned notes of the Institution. Each note, on being paid in at the Bank, receives the name of the person presenting it, and the name and time is accurately noted in the proper ledger, when it is filed away in this gloomy looking receptacle, for a period of ten years; when the whole accumulation of the decade is burnt. Such is the perfect regularity which business in this regard is transacted, that any person who has within ten years, presented a bank note at its counter, can in five minutes be shown the identical note. In the court-yard, in the midst of an immense furnace, we noticed the smouldering ashes of notes that had once represented some fifty millions of pounds sterling.

The Bank of England has passed through many trials, but has outlived them all; and is now established upon

a very firm basis. It has been attacked by rioters, its notes have been at a heavy discount; it has been threatened with impeachment, and its credit has been assailed by treachery. But it possesses the power of great accumulated wealth—and aided by unrivalled skill, sober and masculine intellect, it must ever be, what one of our own Presidents declared it, “the centre of the credit system of the world.”

CHAPTER V.

Richmond — Twickenham — Strawberry Hill.

WE were glad to take refuge from the suffocating smoke, and incessant clatter of the streets of London, among the quiet shades of beautiful Richmond. There are many points here and in the immediate vicinity, interesting from their literary associations. The place itself was the home of the Poet Thompson, and he sleeps under a grey stone slab in its ancient church. At Rosedale House, where he resided, they show you the chair on which he sat, the table on which he wrote, *and the peg on which he hung his hat*. In the garden is still preserved with pious reverence, the poet's favorite seat, and there too is the table on which he

"Sung the Seasons and their change."

At Richmond, Collins too resided a considerable time, and here composed many of his most charming poems. Poor Collins! his fate was a hard one. In his latter years mental depression obscured the brightness of his intellect, enchaining his faculties, without destroying them, and leaving reason the knowledge of right, without the power of pursuing it. He was for sometime confined in a lunatic asylum. Collins left Richmond after the death of his friend Thompson, whose loss he so pathetically bewails in those lines commencing,

"In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly steals the winding wave:
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave."

It was from Richmond Hill that Thompson looked out with a poet's eye, and all a poet's appreciation upon that glorious landscape which there, in the bright summer time fills the heart to the full with its ravishing beauty. But the Poet of the Seasons has painted it, and the picture is complete:

"Say, shall we ascend

Thy hill, delightful Sheen? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape; now the raptured eye,
 Exulting, swift to huge Augusta send,
 Now to the sister-hills that skirt her plain;
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Imperial Windsor lifts her princely brow.
 In lively contrast to this glorious view,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows,
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendant woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
 And sloping thence to Ham's embowering glades;
 Here let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
 Far winding up to where the Muses haunt,
 To Twickenham's bowers; to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Claremont's terraced heights, and Esher's groves.
 Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia, or Hesperia sung."

Richmond too, has historic memories reaching back to olden time. It was a royal residence from the days of the First Edward. The celebrated Edward III. closed a long and victorious reign at his palace here. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, this palace was consumed by fire; and Henry VII. caused it to be rebuilt, and called it after himself, Richmond. And, "the butcher's dogge did lie in the manor of Richmonde," when the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey retired here, after his compulsory donation of

Hampton to the bluff Harry. Here too, Queen Elizabeth spent a portion of the captivity she suffered by order of her sister Mary; and after she ascended the throne, it became one of her favorite residences. Within its walls occurred that terrible death-scene, when agony and remorse embittered her last moments, and exhibited the once proud and powerful Queen in a most humiliating condition.

Among the most interesting places of resort in Richmond is its Great Park, eight miles in circumference. The Park is of a gently undulating character, adorned by artificial lakes, and noble trees. The vast expanse of its plains, its venerable trees, and the solitude and seclusion so near a great city, are its chief attractions. It was the enclosure of this Park, that so excited the indignation of the people against King Charles, and was one among the many charges of usurpation and tyranny, that conspired to bring him to the scaffold. Lord John Russel has a country seat here, a quiet unpretending mansion, embowered in roses and honeysuckles, and shaded by noble oaks, that are almost as old as the ancestral roll of the Bedfords. Richmond is the great resort of the wealthy and pleasure seeking portion of London during the summer; and well it may be, with its lofty site, and its delightful natural surroundings.

Twickenham, nestling upon the verdant banks of Thames, among embowered shades is but a very short distance from Richmond. Here Pope's villa once stood; but now the site of that familiar home of the Muses, is desecrated by some Goth of a tea merchant, who has dared to erect thereon an architectural monstrosity, half pagoda, half tea-chest: and, as if to add insult to injury, the fellow has raised a sign-board on the lot adjacent, where one may

read in large staring characters, "*Pope's Grove, in lots to suit purchasers—terms easy.*" The Spirit of Speculation has no soul for poetry, neither has "Thomas Young, Tea Merchant." One surely might suppose that the haunt of such an ornament of their literature, such a master of their language, would have been thought worthy by Englishmen, of a national tutelage, and a public consecration. This at least, should have been sacred ground—so hallowed by classic association, and so feelingly and beautifully alluded to, by the Poet himself in those admirable lines :

" To virtue only, and her friends a friend,
The world beside, may murmur and commend,
Know all the distant din the world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep ;
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place,
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

In his private relations, there never existed a better man than Pope. The tender care and affection of parents, who had preserved him to the world, through a helpless infancy, and a valetudinarian childhood, he repaid through life, with the most filial respect, and untiring affection. The man who was admired and loved by Swift, Bolingbroke, Gray, Young, Arbuthnot—caressed by Bathurst, Oxford and Murray, whose friendships were as fervent as his thoughts, and lasting as his life, must have had no ordinary art, in enchaining the affections and preserving the fond regard of such as he honored with his intimacy. Here in his beautiful retreat, to use the heart language of one of his letters: "He grew fit for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow. God's works here, come nearest God's works there ; and to my mind a true relish of the

beauties of nature, is the most easy preparation, and quietest transition to those of Heaven." Of all that the Poet loved or delighted to cherish at Twickenham—the Grotto now alone remains, not as he left it; it is true; but as the speculator will have it. The House of the Poet has long since been pulled down, by Lady Howe, who was the first purchaser, to show, as some one expressed it, "how little of communion, sympathy, or feeling may subsist in the breast of some of the aristocracy of rank, for the abiding place of the aristocracy of Genius."

"Strawberry Hill," once the favorite retreat of Horace Walpole, is but a very short distance from Twickenham. The queer old Gothic fabric, is now, fast falling into ruin. The plaster is peeling off, and the bare lath exposed in many places. The rooms are now all dismantled. The Picture Gallery gives little evidence of its former magnificence. Nothing remains of that curious collection, he spent years in gathering: and which it required a twenty-five days' sale to dispose of—save only some antiquated stained glass in its little low windows, and some curious old hangings upon the walls of the round chamber, where Selwyn so often set the table in a roar. The old Library Chamber still exhibits richly painted figures on its low ceiling, while the shelves with their literary treasures gone, and the worm eaten library table, where his "Castle of Otranto" was written, give evidence of the desolation that now reigns in all the chambers where the old literary gossip once delighted to wander and to muse. It was of this house, writing to his friend Conway, and dating from the place, Walpole says, "you perceive I have got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I have got, and is the prettiest bauble

you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filagree hedges :

“A small Euphrates, through the piece is rolled
And little fishes wave their wings of gold.”

It was here that he collected that splendid gallery of paintings, teeming with the finest works of the greatest masters; matchless enamels of immortal bloom by Bordier and Zinke,—chasings, the workmanship of Cellini, and Jean de Bologna—noble specimens of Faenza-ware, adorned by the pencils of Robbia and Bernard Pallizzi—glass of the rarest hues and tints executed by Cousin, and other masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—Roman and Grecian antiquities in bronze and sculpture—exquisite and matchless missals, painted by Raphael and Julio Clovio—magnificent specimens of cinque-cento armor—miniatures illustrative of the most interesting periods of history—engravings in countless numbers, and of infinite value, together with a costly library, embracing fifteen thousand volumes, and abounding in splendid editions of the classics. But Strawberry Hill, with all its treasures, like many a place of older renown, was destined to illustrate the sad truth, that “nothing on earth continueth in one stay.” The antique mirror that once reflected the fair features of Mary Stuart, and the jewelled goblet that was brimmed with ruby wine, at the chivalrous feasts of the founder of “The Order of the Garter,”—the Damascened blade that hung by the side of a Du Guesclin; all once the pride of the owner of Strawberry Hill, have passed with the rest of the curiosity shop, into the various cabinets of Europe, to be again in their turn dispersed, or lost sight of forever. In a few months after our visit, the very

structure, once adorned by all these wonders was pulled down, to make room for a larger and more improved edifice; for the residence of Earl Waldegrave, a descendant of Walpole.

Leaving Richmond we tarried only long enough at Windsor to explore a few of its interesting localities, and to find that the authority of Swift still holds good, "that the town is scoundrel." Windsor, and its surroundings, have been described so often by tourists, that it would be more wearisome than "a twice told tale," to repeat. The range of State apartments in its ancient Castle is indeed splendid, hung with rare paintings, and most interesting portraits of some of the earlier sovereigns. The Vandyke room devoted to portraits of Charles I. and family, by the artist who has given his name to the chamber, is alone worth the visit. There is a strange interest awakened in gazing at the melancholy, yet beautiful face of this most unfortunate of monarchs, who only proved his royalty when it was too late, by dying nobly on the scaffold. The Chapel of St. George in the Castle, next to that of Henry VII.'s in Westminster, presents the finest specimen of the florid Gothic, in England. Upon entering, your attention is attracted at once to the roof. It certainly is a most triumphant display of art. The arches seem to spring from the summits of the graceful columns, like the branches of the palm tree at Kew. The beautiful interweaving of these arches in the roof, like the fibres of a leaf, yet all arranged in perfect form—the lightness and elasticity of the whole, which appears as if supported by magic, mark the highest excellence in construction and decoration. The whole reminds one of Milton's description of the Indian tree:

“Such as to this day, to Indians known
In Malabar, or Deccan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that on the ground
The bending twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillared shade.”

For Cathedrals and religious Temples, the Gothic is beyond a question, the only true style. For public Halls of State, give me the plain and simple majesty of the Doric, or the polished elegance of the Corinthian. Coleridge somewhere remarks, that music, sculpture, and painting, are poetry under different forms—and surely there is poetry in a Gothic Cathedral. One of the most celebrated monuments erected in the Chapel, is that to the Princess Charlotte, whose memory is so cherished by the nation. I cannot see how it is possible to admire the recumbent figure, intending to represent the Princess, as she lay in death. Artistically it may be very fine; but it is too shockingly natural, if not indelicate—but the springing figure, representing her as rising from the bed of death towards the regions of celestial light, attended by angels, is incomparably fine. One of the angels bears the babe of the Princess in her arms; the divine rapture of the face of the principal figure, upon which celestial light seems breaking, cannot soon be forgotten. The array of banners of Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, suspended over the stalls, presents a very curious appearance. Nearly in the centre of the floor, a large grey marble slab indicates where repose the remains of Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, and an infant child of Queen Anne. What emotions such a spot is calculated to awaken. Here the bloated tyrant sleeps by the side of his wife, who only escaped the executioner's axe, by dying too soon—and close to him lies the gentle monarch, Charles I. finding rest only

in the grave, from his bloody persecutors. In 1813, under the auspices of the Prince Regent, search was made for the bodies of Henry VIII. and Charles I. The coffin of Henry contained nothing but the bones of that Prince, with the exception of a small portion of beard under the chin. The body of Charles was, however, in a most remarkable state of preservation. The complexion of the face was dark and discolored. The forehead and temples had lost nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone, but the left eye in the moment of its first exposure was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately, and the pointed beard was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained, and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of some unctuous matter between it and the cerecloth, was found entire. The hair was thick on the back part of the head, and nearly black. On holding up the head, to discover the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently contracted themselves considerably, and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through, in substance transversely, leaving the divided portions perfectly smooth and even; an appearance that could only have been produced by a heavy blow, inflicted with a sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify Charles I.* I was afterwards shown a crayon sketch taken of the head, answering perfectly to this description, and strikingly like the portraits of the monarch, by Vandyke.

I cannot now linger over the historic associations awakened by the Castle itself; nor will I attempt to

* Sir Henry Hallford's Report of the Exhumation.

describe the charming scenery that renders Windsor Great Park, and Virginia Water celebrated all over the civilized world; but must hasten on to describe Warwick, Kenilworth, and Stratford.

CHAPTER VI.

Warwick — Kenilworth — Stratford — Charlecotte.

IT was a bright and beautiful morning when we set out from the Regent's Hotel, Leamington, for Warwick Castle: one of those mornings that "Little John," in Robin Hood, thought "the most joyful in all the year;" a clear still morning in June.

"From groves and meadows all impearl'd with dew,
Rose silvery mists; no eddy wind swept by;
The cottage chimneys half concealed from view
By their embowering foliage, sent on high
Their pallid wreaths of smoke, unruffled to the sky."

Nothing could exceed the delightful coolness and fragrance of the atmosphere, laden with the scent of the new mown hay; while those only who have looked out on a morning landscape in England, glittering in the rays of the newly risen sun, reflected from every dew drop, and luxuriant with that living green, which alone belongs to an English clime, can attain a full comprehension of its surpassing loveliness. It was not long before we found ourselves knocking at the door of the outer gateway of the Castle, then treading the narrow approach, cut through the solid rock, and leading up to the old home of many a feudal baron. Nothing can be finer than the graceful sweep of this curious pathway, which being covered with ivy, and its summit mantled with noble trees, hides the fine proportions of the Castle, until they burst upon you all at once, as the pathway terminates. The effect is certainly very

grand. But it is not until the Great Gateway is passed, that you learn to comprehend the vast extent of the building. That part which serves as a residence, is then seen on the left hand. Its principal front, however, is turned from you toward the river Avon; along which it stretches for four hundred feet. Uninjured by time—unaltered in appearance by modern improvements, this home of the once mighty chiefs of Warwick, still retains that bold, irregular pleasing outline, so peculiar to the ancient Gothic castellated style. Connected as this Castle is, with the earliest periods of British history, its massive towers, and ivy clad battlements cannot be viewed by the lovers of antiquity, nor indeed by any contemplative mind, without feelings of the deepest interest: peopled as its walls have been for centuries, by heroes, warriors, and statesmen, who once proudly figured on the theatre of life, and whose names are now honorably recorded in the annals of fame. This venerable pile, some portions of which have resisted the storms of war, and the fury of tempests, for nearly a thousand years, has been truly described by Scott, “as the fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendor, which yet remains uninjured by Time.” A strong outer wall, with all needful defences, incloses the great base court, and was in ancient times, surrounded by a wide and deep moat, which is now drained and green with vegetation; and over which you pass by a small bridge, to stand beneath the noble arch of the gateway, still defended by its ancient portcullis. This Castle has been well called the most splendid relic of feudal times in England. Its history, is a history of a long line of the Earls of Warwick, reaching down to our times from the days of William the Conqueror. The most remarkable

point of that history however, was, when the culmination of its glory was attained in the person of "the King Maker," whose name Shakspeare has made, as he prophesied it would be

"Familiar in our mouths as household words."

But we have no inclination to dwell upon the historic associations clustering round this noble old feudal stronghold. They are in the memory of every lover of English history, and therefore without farther pause, let us visit its interior. Entering the inner court, and passing up a grand stone stairway, under a fine old arch that had a look of Norman stateliness and strength about it; a large carved oaken door opened at our summons, and we found ourselves standing in the baronial Hall of the Castle. It has recently been restored, as near as possible, conforming to the ancient model. Parti-colored marbles of a diamond pattern form its floor, while the roof is of the ornamental Gothic, in the spandrils of the arches of which are carved, "the Bear and Ragged Staff," the armorial device of the House of Warwick. The walls are wainscotted with oak, deeply embrowned by age, and hung with ancient armor worn by many a bold Baron of the House, in those fierce struggles on English soil, and upon the scorching plains of Palestine where "the Cross out-blazed the Crescent." Here and there may be seen the good old cross-bows, that had twanged in many a stern border struggle, with their arrows

"Of a cloth yard long, or more."

The antlers of several monarchs of the herd, who had fallen in the chase, graced the upper part of the magnificent windows, while the antiquated looking old fire place,

with its huge logs piled before it, reminded one strongly of the olden time, when the mailed retainers of the ancient Barons, gathered in cheerful groups, round the wide hearth of the blazing fire place, in this old baronial hall. Three large Gothic windows, placed in deep recesses, shed a pleasing light throughout the room, while busy fancy led back to deeds and days of other years, conjured up the mail-clad knight—the bold but lordly baron, and the “ladie faire,”—peopling with ideal beings, a spot so truly appropriate for indulging in romantic ideas. Near the middle window is a doublet in which Lord Brooke was killed at Lichfield, in 1643. Opposite to the noble old fire-place, hangs a rich and complete suit of steel armor, over which is suspended the helmet, studded with brass, usually worn by Cromwell. The prospect from the windows of this Hall, is indeed charming. The soft and classic Avon, here “flows gently” one hundred feet beneath you, laves the foundation of the Castle, and continues its meandering way through the extensive and highly cultivated Park. That landscape is still indelibly impressed upon the memory. On the right, the undulating foliage of forest trees of every hue, intermingled with the stately cedar spreading its curiously feathered branches—and the verdant lawns where nature and art appear to have expended their treasures, combined to form a landscape of surpassing beauty. On the left are seen the picturesque and ornamental ruins of the old bridge, with shrubs and plants flinging their tendrils round its ruined arches. I should have loved to linger in that old Hall, conjuring up the associations that in such a place crowd upon the most ordinary imagination. But with the large party that accompanied us, we had to play the game of “follow your

leader," and so were conducted through state room after state room filled with paintings, mosaic tables, richly carved buffets, gorgeous furniture, rare and splendid china, with articles of *vertu* innumerable. One room worthy of all praise, was that known as "The Cedar Drawing Room," lined with the most fragrant cedar from floor to ceiling, and crowded with the richest furniture. This furniture is antique; the mirrors, screens, and shields splendid, while the marble chimney piece is beautiful exceedingly. A table stands opposite to the fire place inlaid with lava of Vesuvius, upon which is a marble bust from the Giustiniani Minerva at Rome, flanked with noble Etruscan vases: upon a buhl table, near the west window was a Venus, beautifully modelled in wax, by John of Bologna. Etruscan vases of great value, are placed on fine old inlaid cabinets and pedestals in various parts of the room; while pictures from the strong pencil of Vandyke, in contrast with the rich and glowing hues of Guido Reni, arrest your attention at every step. Lady Warwick's boudoir is a lovely little room, hung with pea-green satin and velvet. The ceiling and walls were richly panelled, and had been recently painted and gilt, while the ceiling itself was enriched with the family crest and coronet. In this cabinet, I noticed two portraits painted from life, by the celebrated Holbein, of Anna Boleyn, and her sister Mary. They are both radiant with beauty; but all seemed to prefer the mild sweet face of the sister, who was fortunate enough not to attract the amorous glances of the royal Blue Beard. A modern picture by Eckhardt, also commands attention and admiration; it represents "St. Paul lighting a fire," after landing on the isle of Melita, and is remarkable for the management of light and shade,

and the serene and beautiful expression, which is revealed upon the face of the Apostle, by the flash of the fire he is kindling. A noble head of Luther, by Holbein, and the Head of an old man, in Ruben's best style; together with a Boar Hunt, by the last named artist, are all fine specimens of these celebrated masters.

Take the whole range of apartments in this Castle, and nothing can exceed their magnificence. The beautiful effect of these apartments is considerably heightened by the harmony observed in the matchless collection of pure antique furniture throughout the whole suite. Superb cabinets, and tables of buhl and marquetric of the most costly finish, splendid crystal and china cups, flasks, and vases of the highest style of Etruscan skill, bronzes and busts displaying the utmost effort of art—costly and rare antiques are scattered through all the rooms in rich profusion, yet with most exquisite taste; no innovation of the modern is allowed to injure the effect of the ancient; all is costly, all is rare, yet all harmonious. The private apartments of this Castle, not open to visitors, are said to be as ample and justly proportioned as the range of state apartments, and as richly adorned.

In the magnificent grounds attached to the Castle may be seen the far-famed Warwick vase. It is of white marble, designed and executed in the purest taste of Greece, and one of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture at present known; compared with the age of which, even Warwick Castle is but the thing of a day. It was found at the bottom of a lake at Adrian's villa, near Tivoli, by Sir William Hamilton, then Ambassador at Naples, from whom it was obtained by the late Earl of Warwick, (his maternal nephew) and at his expense conveyed to England,

and placed in its present situation. The vase is of circular shape, and capable of holding one hundred and thirty-six gallons. It has two large handles exquisitely formed of interwoven branches, from which the tendrils, leaves, and clustering grapes, spread round the upper margin. The middle of the body is enfolded by the skin of the panther, with the head and claws beautifully finished: above are the heads of Satyrs, bound with wreaths of ivy, accompanied by the vine-clad spear of Bacchus and the crooked staff of the augurs; and it rests upon vine leaves, that climb high up the sides, and are almost equal to nature.

The day after our visit to Warwick, we left Leamington for Kenilworth, only some five miles away. Long before reaching the ruins of the ancient pile, we could discern them looming up in majestic grandeur. Halting at the little inn near the ruin, for a moment, to survey it, we crossed the road to the great gateway, built by that bold, bad Earl of Leicester, where we encountered a rough-looking specimen of humanity, who informed us, "*he was the man who took care of the ruin.*" Entering the small gate, we passed the noble Gate House, with its majestic portico, still sculptured by the arms of Leicester, and by its elaborate architectural adornments attesting the magnificence of its former proprietor. In a few moments we were standing upon the green sward, once the outer court of the Castle, and there right before us, in all the magnificence of ruin, stood the hoary pile. Proudly seated on an elevated spot, it exhibits in grand display, mouldering walls, dismantled towers, broken battlements, shattered staircases, and fragments more or less perfect, of arches and windows, some highly ornamented

and beautiful. Nor are the more usual picturesque decorations wanting. The grey moss creeps over the surface of the mouldering stone, and the long spiry grass waves o'er the top of the ramparts. To the corners and cavities of the roofless chambers cling the nestling shrubs, while with its deepening shades the aged ivy expands in clustering masses o'er the side walls and buttresses ; or hangs in graceful festoons from the tops of the arches, and the tracery of the windows. The grand square structure, which we passed on entering the court yard, was formerly the principal entrance to the Castle. From the point where we first halted, to gaze upon the majestic ruin, appear what is styled Cæsar's Tower, and Leicester's Buildings, with a space now open between, but once occupied by the buildings named after the bluff Harry, who once dishonored them with his presence. The vast square building on the right, known as Cæsar's Tower, is the strongest, most ancient, and perfect part of the ruin. Next to this Tower, stood once the buildings occupied by retainers ; but scarcely anything remains, except the crumbling ruins, piled up, upon their site. Beyond these ruins, a fragment of what was once "The Strong Tower," lifts itself in air, to whose summit we ascended, over the crumbling turrets of which the rich ivy hung in clustering masses. It was to one of the chambers in this very Tower the Countess of Leicester, "poor Amy," was conveyed, as recorded by Scott in his "Kenilworth," after she had escaped from the seclusion of Cumner Hall. It was by the narrow winding stair, now very much dilapidated, by which the poor Countess ascended to her prison chamber, that we reached the ruined summit of the Tower. From its top a most charming landscape, spread out before

the eye. Having with me an engraving, taken from a painting of Kenilworth, before the spoiler came, it was very easy to trace the outer wall, the inclosure, and the site of the ancient Lake, which once spread itself over the country beyond the outer wall for more than two miles. How different now the prospect, from what it was in the time of Dudley. Then the clear waters of the Lake reflected the magnificent proportions of Kenilworth,

“Where mighty towers
Upraised their heads in conscious pride of strength,”

while as far as the eye could reach, lay the wooded pride of its noble park, embracing some twenty miles within its range. Now meadows green with the luxuriance of English verdure stretch away from the foot of the ruin, and fields are seen, gently undulating with their ripened grain, where once lay outstretched the grassy slopes of that most “delightful parke,” which then abounded in

“Careless red deer
Full of the pasture.”

Descending from the highest point of this Tower, we soon reached the old Banqueting Hall, immortalized in the glowing tale of the Wizard of the North; still a grand apartment some eighty-five feet long, and forty wide. The rich tracery which adorned its noble windows, is plainly discernible, while their lofty ruined arches are now most exquisitely festooned with ivy. The two bayed recesses—the three light Gothic windows, and fine arched doorway sculptured with vine leaves, are now covered with the richest draperies of ivy, and have a very picturesque appearance. The trunks of this ivy, are of great thickness, and so old, that in some places the branches are

sapless and leafless, while the grey stalks seem to crawl about the ruins in sympathy. Nature has been the upholsterer here, and hung these ancient walls, that once echoed to the merry song, the banquet mirth, and the light step of the sounding dance, with tapestry more cunning and exquisite than that of the far-famed Gobelins. The old carved fire-place, is still traceable, and the original outline of the chamber almost perfect. As I stood in the deep recess of one of its noble windows, and looked out upon the scene, on a branch of ivy above my head, a beautiful bird was pouring forth all the melody of his soul through his golden hued throat. Never had I listened to anything half so exquisite. The sound seemed to fill those deserted chambers with melody. "The princely home of mighty chiefs," had become

"A shelter for the bird who stays
His weary wing to rest;"

and from the ivy that mantled the chamber, where often human revelry had awakened its echoes into song, was caroling forth the sweetest lays. Nothing can describe the sense of perfect desolation, as you stand within this ruined Hall, it falls with crushing weight upon the spirits, and brings before you in all its startling power, the stern conviction of the complete emptiness of all worldly state and grandeur.

A few days after our visit to Kenilworth, we drove over to Stratford, passing again through the old town of Warwick, with its curious antiquated little houses, and its ancient hospital, founded by Leicester during the reign of Elizabeth. Cold indeed, must be the heart, that would pass by as devoid of a reverential interest, the spot

"Where Nature list'ning stood, whilst Shakspeare played,
And wonder'd at the work, herself had made.

The little town of Stratford, is like most country towns in England, with a street directly through it, and others deviating to the right and left. Some of the shops have quite a modern appearance, ornamented with modern plate glass, and stored with quite an extensive assortment of goods. The Shaksperian part of Stratford, has quite an antiquated appearance, and looks as if few changes had passed over it since the boy Shakspeare disported himself in its quiet streets. The house where the great dramatist first saw the light, is situated in Henley street; a small insignificant abode, and at once arrests attention, from the singularity of its structure. The front has no glazed case-ment, but is protected from the rain and sun by a drooping shed, like a flap of a table. Above the shed is a kind of sign board jutting out into the street, on which is inscribed, "The immortal Shakspeare was born in this House." Above is a window in four compartments, with small cottage-like panes of glass. This window lights the scene of the Poet's nativity. You enter the little shop below, guarded by a rustic half door, and soon find yourself on sacred ground: the shop is very small, at the back of which is a kitchen smaller still, where the boy Shakspeare is supposed to have passed many happy hours. The walls, windows, and even the ceiling abound with snatches of poetry, names of visitors, &c. You ascend eagerly the tottering staircase, and find yourself in the chamber where the idol of your adoration, is believed to have been ushered into the room. On arriving there you instinctively advance with head uncovered, for you feel that you are treading a spot hallowed by the birth of the greatest genius the world has ever known. The room is so small that a man of medium height, can touch the

ceiling with his hand. The chamber else, is rather large for the building. You go to the front windows, and there upon the panes written in diamond, may read the names of Scott, Byron, Irving, Willis, and of a host of other celebrities; and in large characters, the name of one of the innumerable family of Smiths, the veritable John. There is now in fact, no space on any one of the panes for the minutest letter. The ceiling and walls are so filled with inscriptions, lines of poetry, &c., that the appearance presented from the middle of the room, is that of a large spider's web. These inscriptions, objectionable as they may be, in other public places, here betoken a feeling of rather a praiseworthy character. They tell of the universality of the poet's fame, inasmuch as there is scarcely a spot on the civilized globe, that has not its representative here. The witty Matthews, in his journal, relates some amusing anecdotes respecting the visits of actors to this birthplace of Shakspeare. Speaking of Coates, he says, "he wrote his name on the walls of the house, complained of the house, said it was not good enough for the divine bard to have been born in, and proposed to pull it down at his own expense, and build it up again, so as to appear more worthy of such a being." "Downton too kicked up a great dust in the house where Shakspeare was born." The old woman who shows it, remembered him well. He must have been delirious with drink. "There go; I cannot have witnesses, I shall cry; and so eh? What the divine Billy born here; he, the pride of all nature has been in this room. I must kneel! leave me. I don't like people to see me-cry!" Bannister, too, went there after dinner, for the third time in one day; threw himself upon the bed, in which the dear lying woman swears that

Shakspeare was born, nay shows the chair he was nursed in. But Jack threw himself in his drunken raptures on the bed, and nearly smothered two children who were asleep, till his raptures awoke them."

For a century and a half after the death of the world's poet, this house remained the property of private individuals. A committee of gentlemen purchased it in 1847, for the sum of three thousand pounds, and it is now secured forever, as the pride and honor of the British Nation.

The Church, where the remains of the Great Dramatist rest, is situated on the Avon, whose branches entangle with the stems of the water-lilies that grow along its banks. The tower, transepts and some other portions, are in the early English style, and are very perfect—the remainder belongs to a later period, but is not less graceful. The approach to the Church from the town, is by a curious avenue of old lime trees, forming a perfect arbor overhead, by the interlacing of their branches. As you enter the first glance reveals to you the sacredness of the place. The anxious eye is not long in discovering the poet's grave. On the left hand side near the great window, may be discerned set in the wall, his monument, and almost beneath it but a short distance removed, a small grey slab covers all of the Poet, that could die, with the well-known and oft-repeated inscription, which they tell you, has served more than anything else to preserve sacred his bones: but I doubt very much if the Poet himself ever composed such vile doggerel. The bust in his monument looks placidly down upon you, and whether the resemblance be true or not, you get reconciled to the hope that it is an exact likeness. They all say at Stratford that it was taken from a

cast made of his face after death, and I believe that was always the opinion of the celebrated sculptor Chantrey. The rest of the Shakspeare family lie side by side on the elevated step close to the rails of the altar.

On returning from Stratford, I could not help reflecting upon the potency of such a fame as Shakspeare's. Pilgrims of all ages and lands go to Stratford, to see what? A little low dingy room, inclosed by four mean white washed walls, and a plain grey slab in a country Church, with an inscription thereon. But Shakspeare was born in the one, and his honored remains repose under the other. In that humble looking chamber, did one of the greatest minds the Divine Being, ever sent into the world, first see the light, first look through an infant's eyes upon a fond mother's smiles and tears. There beneath that humble shed, lay the winged genius in "its callow down," nestling close to the parent bosom: but destined, in time, to sweep through the regions of thought with the undazzled eye, and upon the strong pinion of the eagle. There he was born—and that fact sheds a splendor over the walls, more dazzling far than tapestries, mirrors, pictures, and all the pomp that king's palaces can bestow. Genius has a kingship of its own; it needs no mantle, orb, or sceptre. It is its own regalia—and before its inherent majesty, crowned heads, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets have done, and will continue to do the most reverent homage. This spell of beauty, which genius, casts over objects but little interesting in themselves, such as blasted oaks, and time worn battered cottages, manifests the superiority of time over matter, and proves how the associations of the intellect, can ennoble the meanest forms of of materialism, and create the most interesting memorials out of the lowest things.

On our drive homeward, we passed the seat of the Luceys, whose ancestor, arraigned the youthful Shakspeare for deer stealing. This fine old country mansion, is one of a class which we regret to say, is fast disappearing both from the inroads of decay, and their own weight of years. It was erected by Sir Thoms Lucey, whose hated memory Shakspeare embalmed in ridicule for ever, under the character of Justice Shallow. Having been erected in the first year of Queen Elizabeth, it retains all the quaint old features, which were a peculiarity in the architecture of that period. So little changed is the place, that fancy may almost unbidden, call up the aspect of the scene, when that youth, "who was for all time," wandered along its thick hedged lanes. You can almost think you hear the voice of Sir Thomas Lucey, chiding his game-keeper, for "the loss of the fallow-deer;" and the half suppressed chuckle of a youthful by-stander, then unknown: but who was afterwards to fill the world with his fame. The mansion from the road, appears quite unaltered, the humbler dwellings of red brick, only a little older; park palings merely made more picturesque by the overgrown lichen; and the park as well as "the sweet Avon," exactly as they were many years ago, the one "flowing gently," and the other supplying as of yore

"Many an oak, whose bows are mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity."

While the same deer, "poor dappled fools," only look more conscious than they did, of more perfect safety in their assigned and native dwelling place. Art and nature here seemed to have stopped short of all improvement. There has been no need of the one to disturb the renown which the locality receives from the other. Even the stocks that

stand under a group of patrician trees, are suffered to die of natural decay. Charlecotte, has a renown given to it by Shakspeare, which the present owner and direct descendant of Sir Thomas Lucey would willingly let die. The present young Lord of the Manor, feels to this day, the sting of the Poet's sarcasm upon his ancestor.

The whole neighborhood around is full of beauty. The ground is passing rich, while at every moment through some leafy avenue, glimpses are caught of the "gently flowing Avon." Amid these dells, and by these verdant hill-sides, was the youth of Shakspeare nourished, and taught of nature:

"Here, as with honey gathered from the rock,
She fed the little prattler, and with songs
Oft soothed his wondering ears with deep delight."

Every step you tread is hallowed ground. Here in all this neighborhood he passed many a happy hour when a boy; or when he retreated back to his birth-place, from the turmoil of a busy life, to die like the deer "where he was roused."

CHAPTER VII.

Hampton Court and Bushy Park.

"Close by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride, surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name."

The Poet's pencil has not, with all the richness of its coloring, given full expression to the natural beauties of Hampton. Just as the most finished artist fails to catch the rich tinge of Aurora's fingers along the glowing East, so the Poet has failed from want of power to give expression in his poem, to all the luxuriance and loveliness of the natural beauties of Hampton. Well might an enthusiastic tourist exclaim as he grew enraptured o'er the remembrance of the unrivalled beauty of its landscape: "That nature at Hampton builds up aisles and transepts, courts and halls of her own—mighty pillars, far excelling in sublimity the memorials of the magnificent Wolsey: and she here displays brilliant landscapes, before which the drawings of Raphael, the composition of Poussin, the coloring of Claude, must sink into insignificance."

No city in the world can boast of more charming environs than London. What delightful rural retreats are furnished in the opening lawns and verdant glades of Bushy Park, or in the shaded terraced walks of lofty Richmond, o'erlooking all the vale, with its noble Park, where the red deer love to haunt! What place more serene in its quiet beauty than Esher, in whose lonely vale,

"The Mole glides lingering;"

or Claremont in its close vicinity. And there is noble Windsor, with all the rich memories that haunt its feudal pile "from turret to foundation stone"—and the aged oaks of its grand old Forest chronicling centuries, with the verdant sward o'ershadowed by those stately elms, "in the long drawn aisles" of its magnificent Parks.

Hampton occupies a peninsula almost encircled by the Thames. The Palace, however, to the generality of tourists, affords the greatest attraction of Hampton. Like all the structures in England, full of historic memories, it is the more interesting, because its incidents are so familiar. We gaze upon the Castles, and ruined fortresses of the middle ages on the continent; but the associations they awaken are unsatisfactory: we see everything as through a mist, unsubstantial, shadowy, and vague. But in England, they start out in bold reality—and once familiar with the scene,—the figures of the past, that busy memory conjures up, pass over the stage with the show of an almost living presence. Thus is it at Hampton. As you gaze upon that grand old pile, the mind is carried instinctively back to the stirring and familiar times, when Wolsey lived here in more than royal state; when Elizabeth summoned Shakspeare to entertain her upon the stage, when the unhappy Stuart here found himself the prisoner of his subjects: and his oppressor led a life of suspicion, and never ending fear, finding that even the outside show and semblance of sovereignty, brought with it all the cares that wait upon a crown. But the changing fortunes of the founder of this ancient palace, awaken as you gaze upon it, the most interesting memories. Romance has no tale so full of interest—life no real story of vicissitude half so strange; and death no

scene of more thrilling horror—than may be read in those historic pages, which record the strange history of that son of the obscure butcher of Ipswich, who, from his nest upon the ground, soared so high; who from the shambles, reached that point of exaltation, when

“Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand,
To him, the Church, the realm, their power resign.”

And then that startling, sudden fall, where having touched the highest point of all his greatness, he fell,

“Like Lucifer,
Never to rise again.”

At the Restoration, this Palace reared by the munificence of Wolsey passed into the hands of that shrewd soldier, Monk, Duke of Albemarle, offered to him by a grateful monarch, as a reward for the conspicuous part he played in the great event. But he was too politic to hold a place, that he had not the revenues to support, and accepting a large sum of money in lieu thereof, it reverted back to the crown, in whose possession it has ever since remained. From the reign of the second George, I believe it has not been honored as the residence of the sovereign, and at the present day many of the apartments are occupied by the widows of soldiers, and men who have done the state some service; but whose limited means compel them to accept this asylum offered to them, by a grateful sovereign.

Pope has rendered Hampton Court classic ground, by locating within its calm and beautiful retreats, the scene of his celebrated “Rape of the Lock.” Here, side by side, with the beautiful Miss Lepel, afterwards Lady Hervey, he was in the habit of wandering; and here he drew

from nature, the illustrations that make that poem so charming. How exquisitely does he depict the mode of killing time by inches, in vogue with the courtiers of that day :

“Hither the heroes, and the nymphs resort
 To taste awhile, the pleasures of a court;
 In various talk th’ instructive hours they passed—
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last!
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;
 A third, interprets motions, looks, and eyes,
 At every word, a reputation dies.
 Snuff and the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, ogling, and *all that.*”

But let us hasten to enter the Palace, rendered so interesting by the historic and literary associations that cluster about it. Of the five courts, composing the original palace of Wolsey, only two now remain in the condition they were during the time of the Cardinal. The first, or outer court, is said to be precisely in the condition it was left by him; but it is by no means improved by a long line of stables and barracks, always unsightly, but never more so, than when they disfigure walls, hallowed by the traditions and remembrances of the past. Standing beneath the colonnade at one end of the middle quadrangle, you have a good view of the south side of Wolsey’s Hall, with the great windows. The octagonal turrets on either side of the gateway are highly characteristic of the architectural taste of the time. The medallions of Roman Emperors in terra cotta, placed in the brickwork of these towers, and on those of the adjoining court, are said to have been the gifts of the celebrated Leo X. to the Cardinal. The oriel windows on both the gateways of this court, adorned with the escutcheons of Henry VIII. have great

richness, and elegance. You enter the building, through the before mentioned colonnade, and pass up "The King's Staircase," into what is known as the Guard Chamber. The ceiling of this staircase was painted by the ubiquitous Verrio, the allegorical creatures of whose genius look down upon you from the ceilings of half the structures in the kingdom. The pictorial nonsense here displayed, is said to shadow forth in allegory a courtier's compliment to royalty; but as the study involved a severe straining of the vertebræ of the neck, it would hardly repay the sacrifice, and so we passed into the Guard Room. Here the same ingenuity, that at the Tower, has thrown together in so many fantastic forms, the arms of different centuries, has been at work; and muskets, halberds, pistols and swords, drums, bandaliers and frontlets are mingled together in devices most strange, and yet most beautiful in their general effect. A thousand men might from this singularly grouped armory along the walls, put themselves in order of battle. Nor are pictures wanting to embellish this grim looking armory. The pencils of Giulio Romano, Canaletto, and Zuccherò, all have contributed to adorn its panels. There is the kingly mass of the Coliseum, by Canaletto, as faithful in its representation, as his wondrous pictures of Venice. And there, filled with the spirit of his master, both in conception and execution, Romano has told the story of that fierce, unequal fight, between Constantine and Maxentius. Turning from the wonders of art, you may look out upon the wonders of nature from these noble old windows. From them, what a rich prospect spreads out before you—there are the rivers Thames, Mole, and Ember; the Surrey hills in the distance; the grassy slopes, yew-trees, and Queen Mary's bower in the foreground. Leaving this Guard Room, you pass through

room after room filled from ceiling to floor with a great collection of paintings, from the works of the first masters, down to some of the most wretched daubs of modern times. In the large Hall, known by the name of Her Majesty's Gallery, may be seen portraits of Queen Elizabeth, taken from life, in infancy, girlhood, and old age. There is the faintest blush of beauty on the baby cheek of the future Queen—gone, entirely gone in the face of the young girl of sixteen, who stands before you at full length, with attenuated features, and neck disgustingly thin. But what shall I say of that concentration of ugliness, if not of deformity, that looks down upon you, from the portrait of this Queen, in her maturer years;—hair of the brightest red, a face over which the ploughshare of Time, has passed in many a furrow, and “that pale Roman nose,” as Walpole calls it—all combine to give you the idea of the ugliest of mortals. And yet this hideous old hag had the vanity to have herself painted in an allegorical picture, in which Venus is represented as hiding her eyes from the dazzle of her beauty, and Juno retiring from the useless competition. There are also several portraits of that royal Blue Beard Henry VIII. in this chamber, taken at different periods of his life; but all revealing in the sensual face, the base soul that lurked within. A portrait of the Earl of Surrey, by Holbein, excites considerable interest. It furnishes a curious illustration of the costume of the “gay and gallant,” at the Court of the bluff Harry. It is a full length, dressed entirely in scarlet. The character of this young nobleman, reflects splendor even upon the name of Howard. With the true spirit and dignity of an English nobleman, and a personal courage almost romantic, he united a politeness and urbanity at the time almost peculiar

to himself. With the story of the great love entertained by this agreeable poet and accomplished gentleman, for the beautiful Geraldine, the whole literary world is familiar. Near this portrait of Surrey, may be noticed that of Will Somers, the celebrated jester, who is reported to have been the only person that dare say truthful, and necessarily severe things to his brutal, lustful master. This extraordinary court fool, is portrayed behind a glazed lattice, tapping with his knuckles, seemingly to arrest the passer-by, that he may play off upon him, some sallies of his wit. The countenance is replete with that expression of peculiar humor, which speaks volumes, upon the character of such whimsical retainers of the Court. A most interesting picture by Holbein, is in the "Queen's Audience Chamber," being a portrait group, representing Henry VIII. and family. The King is seated on a chair of state, under a rich canopy, with Queen Jane Seymour, Princesses Mary and Elizabeth standing by: the scene is an open colonnade. A very interesting portrait of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, mother of Darnley, may be noticed near this last picture, also by Holbein. This illustrious lady was united to the royal families of England and Scotland by the ties of a multiplied relationship. I remembered the inscription on her tomb in Westminster Abbey, setting forth that she had, to her great grand-father, King Edward IV.—to her grand-father Henry VII., to her brother James V. of Scotland, to her son King Henry I. of Scotland, to her grand-child King James VI. of Scotland, afterward James I. of England. There is a right royal mein about the portrait of this illustrious lady, worthy of the race whose blood coursed so richly through her veins: but the picture awakened more interest from

the fact, that I was gazing upon the actual portrait of the mother of Darnley, and thought I could discern in the sweet expression of the countenance, the original of that effeminate beauty, which in Darnley so captivated the gentle heart of Mary. In the Prince of Wales' Bed Room, there is a full length portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Zuccherò—a sweet melancholy face, such as would haunt one in his dreams. She is dressed in full mourning, her left hand resting on a table, upon which is placed a breviary, the right holding a rosary. The date of 1580, inscribed on this picture, would make her age about thirty-eight years, and it must have been taken while she was a prisoner of Elizabeth. Miss Strickland mentions this picture, as among the few extant, that give any idea of the features of the unfortunate Stuart. A close examination of the portrait will satisfy the observer, that in early life Mary must have been eminently handsome. When this was taken, suffering and persecution, such as few women ever endured, had evidently dimmed the brightness of her eye, and robbed her form of its elasticity and grace. There is a sweetness of expression in the large melancholy eyes, that rivets your attention at once. The features are faultlessly regular, and there is in the small and exquisitely formed mouth, an expression almost too lovely to be human.

In King William III's. bed-room are to be found the celebrated portraits of the Beauties of the Court of Charles II., by Lely. With one or two exceptions these portraits are not remarkable for any great beauty. The Duchesses of Cleaveland and of Portsmouth look down upon you from canvass, just as you might imagine them in life — sensual, lustful — devilish. The face of poor Nell Gwynne has more redeeming points; there is something in the expression of her rather sweet countenance, indicating, that under a more

moral training, and different auspices, she might have become an ornament to her sex — her heart was in the right place, and who can read her sad story without feeling that

“ Her life
Was a very rebel to her will.”

The Queen's Drawing Room is interesting to an American from the fact, that its walls are lined with some of the best paintings by his countryman, West. With the exception of six historical pieces, they are mostly portraits of the family of his patron, George III., but those six are sufficient to perpetuate his fame. His two celebrated pictures, the Departure of Regulus, and the Death of Wolfe, rendered so familiar by engravings, are here. But the finest picture, and conceived too in the grandest style of historic art, is the one representing “Hamilcar swearing the infant Hanibal, never to make peace with Rome.” The composition of this piece is superb, and the grouping wonderful. The stern and determined expression of Hamilcar, as he looks upon the boy whose defiant spirit flashes from his eyes, is most grandly conceived.

As a climax to picture-viewing at Hampton Court, it is well to enter last the Picture Gallery erected by Sir Christopher Wren, to contain the celebrated Cartoons of Raphael, which by themselves would form sufficient attraction to draw the sight-seeing tourist to Hampton Court. These drawings were designed by Raphael about the year 1520, by order of that most munificent of Popes, Leo X. They were sent afterwards to the famous manufactory at Arras in Flanders, to be copied in tapestry, two sets of which were ordered: one set I had the pleasure afterwards of seeing at the Vatican in Rome, but so faded that the

general effect of the coloring is destroyed. The other set, after several mutations of fortune; fell into the hands of some princely German, who took them with him to his native town, where they now decorate his dining hall. These Cartoons, so called from being painted on sheets of paper, were bought in Flanders by the celebrated Rubens, for Charles I. When this King's fine collection was sold and dispersed, they were purchased by Cromwell for £300. In the reign of Charles II. they were for a long time consigned to neglect in the lumber rooms of Windsor. King William III. found them there, had them carefully cleaned and restored, and finally George III. ordered the present gallery to be erected, where they have ever since remained the admiration of artists, and of all who claim any great love for art. These Cartoons display not only great dignity and grandeur of form, and an intelligent and harmonious arrangement of groups, but great depth and power of thought, and a most surprising dramatic development of each event they represent. Hazlitt has well said of them: "Compared with the Cartoons, all other pictures look like oil and varnish; we are stopped and attracted by the coloring, the pencilling, the finishing, the instrumentalities of art: but here the artist seems to have flung his mind upon the canvass. His thoughts, his great ideas alone prevail: there is nothing between us, and the subject: we look through a frame, and see scripture histories, and are made actual spectators in historical events."

The fine and accurate engravings we have of these Cartoons, have rendered their merits known to the civilized world. Never was a greater eulogy passed upon a painter's skill, and unwittingly too, than that by Garrick, when he attempted by a personation to improve upon the figure and

position of Raphael's Elymas the Sorcerer, in the Cartoon of that name. A select party, among whom was our American painter West, and the renowned actor Garrick, visited by invitation, the Earl of Exeter at Burleigh House. After dinner the conversation turned on Garrick's beautiful villa at Hampton, and then naturally upon the neighboring palace. As an obvious subject the Cartoons were noticed, when Garrick turning to West, said: "These Cartoons are spoken of as the first works of art in the world, yet I have often passed through the gallery in a hurried manner, without being very forcibly struck with them. West expressed his surprise, and replied: "That the superior excellencies of these pictures could only be discovered and appreciated by study; but that such a man as Garrick should not be struck with them, was to him quite extraordinary." Mr. Garrick asked what figure Mr. West thought most calculated to arrest his attention—"Several," was the answer, "but Elymas, the Sorcerer," was more particularly noticed. "Ah," replied Garrick, "I was struck with that figure, but did not think it quite in character—this man was an attendant at the Court of a Roman governor, and could have been no vulgar fellow, yet he stands with his feet there in the picture like a clown—why did not Raphael make him in his distress, extend his arms like a gentleman seeking assistance? The company highly interested in the conversation, united in requesting the favor of Mr. Garrick to personate the sorcerer, as he would on the stage, adding the compliment, that he was always led by the strong feelings of his mind into such a perfect expression of look, and propriety of attitude, suitable to the character he represented, that the theatre and the actor were forgotten in the impression of

reality with which he governed his audience. Garrick consented, closed his eyes to be in the position of the sorcerer, and by the time he was in the middle of the room appeared the exact counterpart of the figure in Raphael's Cartoon. Mr. West softly approached him, and desired him not to alter his position, but suddenly to open his eyes. The actor did so, and suddenly exclaimed at once, "I am Raphael's Elymas! I am Raphael's Elymas!" to the great delight of Lord Exeter and his guests. I perceive, he added, in reply to a banter of Mr. West's, about the elegance of attitude, "that a man deprived of sight will not present the foot incautiously to obstacles, or think of a graceful extension of the arms: fingers and toes, will like feelers of an insect be advanced for discovery and protection." This was certainly a high and remarkable tribute to the accuracy with which the noblest painter the world has ever known, delineated nature, and that too from the world's greatest actor.

One of the most beautiful chambers at Hampton Court, is undoubtedly the large Gothic Hall, designed by Cardinal Wolsey, and completed after the great Churchman's disgrace by his royal master, when Anne Boleyn was in the height of her short-lived favor. The proportions of this noble apartment, are strikingly grand, being one hundred and six feet in length, and forty in breadth. The roof is elaborately carved and richly decorated with the arms and cognizances of the royal Blue Beard. Entering beneath the musician's gallery, a blaze of light, gold and glitter attract the eye; and yet according to the promptings of strict taste, it might be suggested that the decorations are somewhat too showy, and the colors of the banners suspended from the ceiling rather tawdry than otherwise.

This Hall is lighted by seven lofty and well proportioned windows, placed at a considerable distance from the floor: but the noble old window at the end, rich with devices in stained glass, is the finest of all. In the centre is a whole length portrait of Henry VIII. and the compartments on each side represent the arms and mottoes of his six Queens. It was upon one of the panes, that the Earl of Surrey is said to have inscribed with a diamond, some lines upon his mistress Geraldine, which so excited the jealousy of the royal brute, his master, that it finally brought him to the scaffold. But Surrey, like all the poets of his time, modelled his verse after Petrarch, and it was necessary, like him, whose style he so devoutly and enthusiastically studied, that he should have a lady-love upon whose imaginary coldness or slights he might pour out the whole flow of his amorous versification. Surrey owed his death to something more than the crime of writing amorous verses to the young wife of Sir Anthony Brown. The walls between the windows are hung with ancient faded tapestry, representing the stories of Abraham and Tobit. This Hall has some historic interest; as it is said to have been the place where Shakspeare performed on the first acting of his plays before Elizabeth. Around the walls are stag's heads carved in wood, with very fine antlers of the red deer, and the elk, above which are banners displaying the arms and badges of Wolsey, and the different offices he held under the crown. Near the Great Hall is the Withdrawing Room, with a ceiling of surpassing beauty, decorated with pendant ornaments. The ceiling of the Library at Abbotsford is an exact imitation of this. The walls are rustling with faded tapestry, whereon may be faintly traced some spectral looking allegorical figures.

Above the tapestry are seven fine Cartoons painted by Carlo Cignani, being designs for the frescoes painted in the Ducal Palace of Parma, about the latter end of the fifteenth century. But one of the most interesting things in this fine chamber, is a profile of Wolsey in panel over the fire place, placed there by the Cardinal himself, and no doubt an excellent likeness. It corresponds to the engravings of Wolsey of our times; with which every one is so familiar.

It is delightful after wandering through the long galleries of Hampton Palace, to pass out from your exhausting work, to refresh yourself beneath the shady yew trees of that most charming Park, or inhale the air pregnant with a thousand odors, which blows cool over the beautiful gardens. Bushy Park is not surpassed in its attractions by any in England. Here is the magnificent avenue, or rather rows of avenues of the horse chesnut tree, extending in length one mile and forty yards. On either side the great avenue are four others, the united breadth of the whole being five hundred and sixty-three feet, and the quantity of ground covered sixty-seven acres. In the private garden they show the curious visitor the Great Vine, said to be the largest in the world. In fruitful seasons it is cumbered with from two to three thousand bunches of grapes, of the Black Hamburg sort, weighing on the average a pound each. The stem of this giant vine, in itself a vineyard, is thirty inches in circumference at the greatest girth, one hundred and ten feet long, and encloses a space of two thousand two hundred feet square. The largest oak tree in England is to be seen near the old stables in Hampton Court Park—it is thirty-three feet round, and consequently with a diameter of eleven feet.

From the terrace parallel to the Thames, there is a most delightful prospect of the river; and the verdant meads on the opposite side. One could almost fancy, looking out upon the water views, that the Belinda of Pope, was again seated beneath the rich awning of her gilded barge in conscious beauty:

“The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.”

An entire day, was profitably employed in wandering about Hampton Court, and its beautiful grounds; for although we had taken an early start, the myriad gas-lights were flashing along Regent Street, as we drove rapidly from the railway station, to our lodgings in Hanover Square.

CHAPTER VIII.

PARIS.—AN ENTRANCE AND AN EXIT.

Crossing the Channel — Paris — The Tuileries and its associations — The Louvre — Place de la Concorde — The Churches of the Madeleine, St. Roch, and St. Denis.

THOSE who have been unfortunate enough to cross the Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne, in a storm, will know how to appreciate the intense disgust which clings to the mere retrospect of that transit. In those small steamers, during the drivings of such a pitiless storm as we encountered, passengers were speedily driven from the upper deck, to the small cabins below: and there with an economy of space worthy of a Slaver, things and persons speedily underwent "a sea change." I cannot conceive that Dante in all his fourteen embassies from the Florentine States, ever went on a sea voyage, or ever crossed the English Channel; or he would most certainly have embodied in his Purgatorio, or Inferno, a most horrifying episode on sea-sickness, which the lapse of centuries since he wrote, involving the noblest discoveries in chemical and medical science, has not availed to banish from the list of those ills, "that flesh is heir to," on the sea. Landing at Boulogne after nightfall, in a drenching rain, with but the sickly gleam of a few gas lamps, making "darkness visible" on the Quay—was certainly not calculated to put one in the best of humors. But after passing the rather rigid scrutiny of French Custom House officials, we found in the neatness and comfort of a French Hotel some solace for all our vexations. A most unexceptionable

supper, and a night's repose upon couches, whose luxuriousness would have satisfied the most discontented Sybarite—restored our tempers to their natural equilibrium; and our first morning on the soil of France, found us in the best of humors. There is nothing in Boulogne that would induce the traveler to linger, and we left it at noon of the next day for Paris. After a somewhat tedious and monotonous ride, through a flat and uninteresting country, just as the shades of evening were settling down upon the landscape, we caught sight of the heights around Paris; surmounted by those curious looking wind mills. Here was the position on those eventful last days of March, when in the absence of Napoleon, Joseph Bonaparte, and Marshals Marmont and Martre, vainly endeavored to repel the allies and save Paris. Those heights have their stirring tales to tell, how fields were lost and won. How the black huzzars of Brandenburg annihilated whole squadrons of Imperial Cuirassiers—the finest cavalry of Europe: and how, the bearded Cossacks of the Don, charged batteries, entrenchments, redoubts and regiments, until one hundred pieces of cannon were silenced, and four thousand French, as gallant fellows as ever drew trigger, lay dead along the lines—leaving Marmont to make the best terms he could for the astonished Eagle of the Empire.

Lights were flashing along the Boulevards, and gay throngs were rapidly filling both sides of that magnificent thoroughfare as we drove rapidly through it. Turning down the Rue de la Paix, we rattled over the Place Vendôme, catching a passing view of that dark shaft which still commemorates after the manner of Trajan's Column at Rome, the glorious deeds of the "Man of Destiny," whose statue still looks down, upon the city he loved so

well. The next morning from the balcony of the Hôtel Meurice, we took a first view of Paris by daylight. From this elevation the eye commanded the finest portion of the Rue de Rivoli, now fast becoming, under the sagacious policy of the present Emperor, one of the finest streets in this beautiful capital. It was Sunday; but the gay city knows no rest. The street is alive with all the stir and excitement of Parisian life. Yonder rattles an omnibus with its merry crowd upon the top; right behind it a heavily laden sand cart drags slowly along—on the opposite side, arm in arm, singing merrily, go some workmen in blue shirts—these are blouse-men, those terrible fellows, whenever the tocsin of Revolution is sounded. And listen, the stirring roll of the drum is heard, and here comes a detachment of the recently created Imperial Guard, with their high and ungainly looking caps. These are all picked men of regiments, chosen by their Imperial Master on account of long service, proficiency, or marked bravery. The Garden of the Tuileries is directly over the way, with its pleasant walks and graceful fountains. In orderly rows under the trees stand the long line of chairs and stools, to be brought forth in the course of the day, for the thousand loungers, young and old, who through the long summer afternoons crowd this favorite place of resort. And there is the dark and sombre mass of the Palace of the Tuileries. It dates back for its origin to that bold bad woman, Catharine de Medicis, and only failed of completion under her auspices, by the superstitious fears awakened by an astrological prediction. It slowly advanced towards completion under the munificence of Henry IV. and Louis XIII., and first became a royal residence, when the gay and gallant Court of Louis XIV. filled its spacious Halls,

and magnificent saloons with all the fashion and folly of France. This old pile could tell many a fearful tale. It witnessed the scenes of the dreadful 20th of June, 1792, when that terrible crowd of thirty thousand, composed of all the vile cut throats and abandoned women of the metropolis, defiled before Louis XVI. as he reclined in one of the embrasures of those windows, surrounded by a few faithful National Guards. They carried a bleeding heart, torn from some aristocrat's breast, upon a pike. The Amazons shook above their heads olive branches and spears, dancing wildly, and singing that dreadful revolutionary song, "*Ca Ira.*" In those very gardens, right before us, an eye witness of the outrage stood the youthful Napoleon, "all unknown to fame," and expressing his furious indignation, at the license permitted to the mob. But when the poor frightened King put on the "Cap of Liberty," he could not restrain his indignation, and uttered that memorable expression; "they should cut down five hundred of these wretches with grape shot, and the rest would speedily take to flight." If the poor King had only known the will and energy of that strange Corsican youth, then standing in the gardens of his Palace, he might have saved his throne and life. But it was not so to be. France must be scourged for her crying sins, and the hour of vengeance had struck. It was here too, in this very Palace, that one of the noblest instances of heroic devotion, was exhibited by the unshaken fortitude, with which the Swiss Guard, amid the defection that was around them, stood by the throne they had sworn to defend. They were mowed down by the storm of grape shot, and fell in the place where they stood, unconquered even in death. Well has the historian Alison said of their devotion, "that in

this last extremity it was neither in its titled nobility, nor its native armies that the French throne found fidelity, but in the free-born mountaineers of Lucerne, unstained by the vices of a corrupt age, and firm in the simplicity of a rural life." Outside the walls of Lucerne, hewn out of the solid rock by the chisel of Thorwaldsen, the representation of a dying Lion, wounded by an arrow, and seeming in the agonies of death to protect the Bourbon fleur-de-lis, commemorates the valor and faithfulness of those noble Swiss.

A very few hours' association with the gay and frivolous crowds of the French capital, make you feel and appreciate the wide difference there is, between it and London. Coming from London direct to Paris, is like passing into a new state of existence—or, as if an inhabitant of our dull earth, should be transported suddenly to some far off planet, where all is continued sunshine, and life, with an endless pursuit after pleasure. Edouard Gourdon, in his "Bois de Boulogne," sums up the principal characteristics of the gay Capital of the Franks, thus: "the physiognomy of Paris, is as changeable, as that of a beautiful female. To live in Paris is a perpetual travel, because the entire world is in Paris. It is as if one had his eyes fixed perpetually upon a kaleidoscope, ever in motion—a panorama every hour. Not only do the days here not resemble one another; but each moment differs from that which has preceded it." This, making allowance for the inflated style which belongs to modern French literature, is a very fair picture of Parisian life and its mutations. The Frenchman is your true epicurean, who lives for the present, and knows no future; or if he does, cares not for it. But while a passion for enjoyment, a contempt for life without pleasure, a want of religion

and morality, fill the gaming houses, La Morgue, and the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés—far be it from me to say, that there does not exist with it all, a refined taste for literature, and the fine arts; or else how are we to account for the Public Galleries, Libraries, and the Halls of their numerous Literary Societies? But it is only in the front rank of society, you find those who rejoice in these more refined and exalted pleasures—the great mass certainly seem to be loungers in search of pleasure,—time-killers whose theatre of glory is the Boulevards, the Champs Élysées, the Jardin Mabille, the Château des Fleurs, or the Theatres. In the streets, the walks, the theatres, the public gardens, this class may everywhere be seen—sauntering on the Boulevards—laughing loud at the Variétés, and spreading everywhere its own easy and unceremonious air.

But dropping the didactic style, let me attempt to give a description of this remarkable city, whose enchantments would serve to set the spirit of Haroun al Raschid on fire. Come with me to the Louvre this fine morning. Passing out from the Hôtel Meurice, you find yourself in the Rue de Rivoli. What a noble street it is, with the magnificent Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, at one extremity, and the spacious Place de la Concorde at the other. Under the judicious management of Louis Napoleon, this street has been very much enlarged and beautified, and when completed, will hardly have its superior in any city of the world. A short walk, along the lofty iron railing of the Gardens of the Tuileries, and by one extremity of the Palace brings you to the entrance to the Place du Carrousel. Passing into the Place du Carrousel, your attention is arrested by the fine proportions of the triumphal Arch erected by Napo-

leon I. in front of the Palace of the Tuileries. It is in imitation of the Arch of Septimus Severus, near the head of the Forum at Rome; and with its bronze eagles, horses, and magnificent car of victory on its summit, is in every way worthy of the great Captain, whose victories it commemorates. A few steps farther on, and we are at the entrance of the Louvre, next to the Vatican, the noblest depository of art in the world. Entering the Musée des Antiques, the rich associations awakened by the statues in this Hall, derive augmented charms from the surrounding architectural grandeur. Full range and scope are afforded in the Louvre, for a survey of the glorious conceptions of the sculptures genius deposited here. There is no stowing away of deities on shelves, nor are demigods and heroes, whose immortality has been secured to them in the marble of Paros, thrust into corners and dark passages, like impounded objects of foreign manufacture in the Custom House. It is certainly a great privilege to behold these superb impersonations of fabled divinity, in such a theatre as the Saloons of the Louvre, where arch and column, frieze and cornice, wrought after the patterns of the purest originals of antiquity, or the very originals themselves, combine so happily to sustain the dignity and majesty of sculpture. The French painters too, have great advantages as cultivators of art, in the spaciousness of the Galleries of the Louvre—the ante-room of which admits of several pictures of the dimensions of thirty feet by twenty. One can only get a general idea by description of the vast collection of pictures, ancient and modern, in these galleries. There was one room in the Louvre, where I often loved to linger, containing two large paintings by Baron Gros, representing events in the life of Napoleon.

One of these pictures is a spirited representation of the Battle of Eylau, or rather Napoleon visiting the field after the battle, and conferring the decorations upon the wounded and dying. This painting has been made familiar to us in America by numerous engravings, which are strikingly accurate. Nothing can be finer, than a painting, representing Napoleon in the midst of those stricken with the plague, in the Hospital in Egypt. Look at those horrid wretches crouching in the foreground of the picture; how terrible their countenances! where, upon every feature the frightful disease has set its dread seal—how emaciated their forms, and what despair in their looks! as they gaze with stupid expression, upon their fearless young commander, who has braved all the dangers of contagion, and now stands in the very midst of the plague stricken. “The Man of Destiny,” is putting his naked hand, from which he has just removed his military glove, upon the bare flesh of one of the victims to the loathsome disease. An aid, just behind the General, is applying his handkerchief to his nose, evidently dreading the influence of the contagion; while another is attempting to arrest the arm of his commander, startled at the presumption, which not satisfied with being in the midst of contagion, seems to court the disease by actual contact with it, in its most terrible form. The countenance of Bonaparte is remarkably fine, clouded by an expression of sadness, evoked by the dreadful scene of suffering around him, and yet calm and assured, without a trace of fear or apprehension. There is one remarkably fine face in the group: that of a young officer in a corner of the room, upon whose handsome features the shadows of death are rapidly advancing. His dimmed eyes are turned towards his com-

mander, as if seeking recognition, and the excitement of the occasion, seems to light up for the instant his pale and wasted features. There is another fine painting in this room which the narrative of Savigny has made memorable. It is a representation of the wreck of the Medusa Frigate, in the year 1816. Of nearly two hundred persons who attempted to reach Senegal on a raft, only nine survived. The sufferings on the raft must indeed have been dreadful; and here in this picture, those horrors are attempted to be represented. The living are eating the dead; and every atrocity aggravated by despair rages in hideous tumult, in the midst of the wretched group, afloat on that frail raft. There are several of David's historical pictures here in the Louvre; but they never excited my admiration. As Reade well remarks in his *Italy and Naples*—"In David's pictures there is such a meeting of long arms, and longer legs, as if they had flown together from all quarters of the heavens, and met together by accident. Leonidas is preparing for a pirouette; the Horatii are measuring the length of their arms and legs."

In the Salon Carré, which immediately precedes the Long Gallery, may be noticed the celebrated Conception by Murillo, bought three or four years ago by Louis-Napoleon, from Marshal Soult's gallery, for over a hundred thousand dollars. It is a glorious conception of this great painter—a perfect miracle of female loveliness, with an expression truly divine. In the Long Gallery are collected, an immense number of paintings of the Italian, Flemish, and French Schools; and when it is mentioned that this gallery is over thirteen hundred feet long, and nearly fifty feet in breadth, with both sides covered with paintings, some idea may be formed of the extent and

variety of the collection. But perhaps among all the numerous Halls of Statuary, Paintings, and memorials of distinguished Sovereigns—none possess more interest than the “Salle de l’Empereur,” displaying on its frescoed ceiling, the name of Napoleon, and numerous emblems expressive of glory, the progress of the arts and sciences under his reign. Here are preserved the memorials of the great Captain; his uniform coat worn at the battle of Marengo, the sword he carried when First Consul—the dresses worn on state occasions, and the pocket handkerchief used by him on his death bed.

The Egyptian Saloon is one of the most interesting in the world; and next to the collection at Berlin, the largest. Here may be seen articles, that were in all probability, in use in the days of Deborah, and Barak, of Necho, and Nebuchadnezzar. I noticed particularly a funeral crown made with rushes, as perfect as the first day it was first constructed by the mourner, who some three thousand years ago attended the burial of an Egyptian brother. In another compartment, may be noticed a letter from Appolonius to Ptolemy. Not far from this, near a window, the perfect plaster cast, taken either from the face of a dead or living Egyptian, who trod the streets of Thebes, when Moses was on earth. But this hurried description must suffice for the Louvre. Preposterous as it may appear, it is a positive relief to the stimulated senses, to quit exhibitions, of such an overwhelming extent. It is what Thompson in allusion to living beauty, calls “a soul-distracting view;” or the influence is perhaps more powerfully described by Byron in Childe Harold, when he speaks of the heart, being dazzled and drunk with beauty, until it reels with its own fulness.

Leaving the Louvre, let us pass out of the Place du Carrousel again into the Rue de Rivoli, and retracing our steps by the Tuileries Gardens, with the spacious Hôtel des Finances, and de la Marine, on the opposite side, we soon find ourselves standing in the Place de la Concorde—an immense open space between the gardens of the Tuileries, and the Champs Élysées. This Square is surrounded by allegorical figures of the chief provincial cities of France; and in its centre rises the Obelisk, that the great Sesostris erected in front of the magnificent Temple of Thebes. On each side, throwing their sparkling spray high in the air, are those magnificent fountains, that are not surpassed in beauty, and the appropriateness of their allegorical sculpture by any fountains in the world. The taste that designed, laid out, and ornamented this noble Place, was certainly faultless. No other city in Europe can boast of any square, that will compare with it in point of beauty. Looking along through the wide vista between the trees in the Tuileries Gardens, you see the dark line of the Palace: behind you the magnificent Avenue of the Champs Élysées, stretches in an unbroken line to the noble Arc de Triomphe. On your right hand facing the Tuileries, over the Bridge across the Seine, you have those graceful structures the Palace of the Legislative Body, and that of its President: on your left, looking down the Rue Royale, is presented a fine view of that graceful edifice La Madeleine. Thus, no matter how you turn in this beautiful Square, the eye is gratified, and rests with complacency everywhere. And then too, it is an interesting spot on account of the historic memories that cling to it, all gloomy though they be. Who, as he stands by that Obelisk in the centre, has not in imagination rolled back the

tide of time, and filled the square around him with the blood-thirsty, noisy and clamorous crowds, that here so often witnessed with exultation, the rapid descent of the guillotine axe, during the reign of Terror? And who does not conjure up that saddest scene of all, as he looks upon the spot, where Louis XVI. and his amiable consort met the same fate, that had swept off so many of their subjects? Who can help thinking of that desperate struggle at the foot of the scaffold, when the poor King fought so fiercely with the executioner's fiend-like assistants, as they strove rudely to cut off the hair from his head, to prepare him the better for his fate. And then, that ghastly head, waving in the air, amid the shouts of the brutal wretches, sprinkling the royal blood over his faithful confessor, who was still on his knees, beside the lifeless body of his sovereign.

The Church of the Madeleine, which is located in the Place de la Madeleine, is but a short distance from the Place de la Concorde, and you reach it by the Rue Royale, one of the streets leading out of the Place. This Church, architecturally speaking, is one of the finest buildings in Paris. Its interior has a brilliancy, which is certainly foreign to the object to which it is devoted. All that gilding and painting could accomplish, have been lavished on the interior adornments of this Temple. In a cupola over the Grand Altar, is a vast fresco painting by Zeigler, intended to represent the light of Christianity, dispelling the darkness of ages. It is allegorical enough for the most imaginative German fancy, and introduces Napoleon in the foreground in his Imperial robes, close to old Pius VII. among a throng of emblematicals of the other sex. "Misery," says Trinculo, "acquaints a man with strange

bed-fellows"—and allegory it appears may deposit at will a sinful son of Adam among the serenities of Heaven—notwithstanding he deposed the best of Popes, and divorced the best of wives. This Church is one of the fashionable religious lounges of Paris. On the spot now covered by this edifice, was buried Louis XVI. immediately after his execution. Napoleon commenced here the Temple of Glory after the battle of Jena, professedly as a memorial of the Grand Army, but with a secret design of converting it into a monument to the victims of the Revolution.

The Church of San Roch, in the Rue St. Honoré, is one of the most interesting Churches in Paris. It has been finished about a century, and is one of the fashionable churches. The pulpit is very imposing, being quite appropriately supported by colossal figures representing the four Evangelists. The paintings behind and beside the choir, are well worthy the inspection of any lover of the fine arts. They are perhaps, among the finest in the world: but the entombment, representing the devout assistants carrying the body of our Lord into the new tomb, is the chief attraction of the interior. It is a complete piece of dramatic scenery. The rock, the cave or inner chamber, the human forms so finely brought out by the gloom beyond, produce an effect which borders on the sublime. But St. Roch has associations of an historic interest. Here was achieved a conquest which affected the destinies of Europe, when the Convention came into collision with the people and the National Guards, upon the subject of popular representation. The Convention had under their control five thousand regular troops—the artillerymen of Paris—and a body of volunteers composed of blackguards and cut-throats, the remnant of Robespierre's myrmidons. The Convention

appointed Menou to the command of this force, ordering him to enter the several sections, and disarm the National Guard. Menou had not the nerve; he failed, and the Convention deposed him. Barras was ordered to assume the command; but Barras was no soldier, and he turned to his colleagues, and said, "I can name the individual who will serve this turn—a dapper young officer from Corsica, who knows his duty as a military man too well to compromise the government by any squeamish scruples." It was the young Bonaparte he alluded to—who was invited to take command. He accepted, and at once perceived that his responsibility lay in defending the whole circuit of the Tuileries, and retaining possession of all the bridges, to prevent any junction between the armed bands of the sections on one side of the Seine, with those on the other. To bring about this junction, thirty thousand of the National Guard marched upon the Tuileries from all quarters, part from one side of the Seine, part from the other. But they were baffled at every point by the regular troops placed by Bonaparte, for the protection of the Avenues leading to the Palace. The first shot was fired at the top of the street, Rue Dauphin, facing the Church of St. Roch. About two hundred of the National Guard were drawn up on the steps, leading from the pavement to the door of this Church. One single discharge brought on a general conflict. The National Guard had not a single piece of artillery. Bonaparte nearly two hundred pieces. The sequel is well known. In less than an hour the assailants were overwhelmed in all directions. This led to the appointment of the hitherto obscure and poverty stricken young Corsican to the chief command, and was his first step towards greatness. The marks of the grape and cannister,

discharged on that eventful morning, may still be seen on the front of this Church. While speaking of the churches of Paris, let no one forget to visit that memorable old Church outside the walls, the world-renowned Church of St. Denis. It was in the vaults of this Church, the royalty of France found a resting place, until their bones were disturbed by the Vandals of the Revolution. Paris has nothing to display in comparison with the adornments of this small, but marvellous temple. It is some six miles outside the walls of Paris, and was founded by Pepin, but finished and consecrated by his more illustrious son, Charlemagne. There are as it were two Churches here, one level with the ground, and one beneath it, the latter being as ancient as Dagobert and Charlemagne—the former having been raised over the first structure by Louis IX. The stained glass of the windows of this old Church, is among the finest in Europe. Its effulgence tinges the sunbeam with every imaginable variety of color, and fills the holy place with radiance. As the bright luminary that rules the day, runs his course, the groined roof and clustered columns of the ancient pile glow in amber, violet, emerald and ruby hues—followed by a rich combination of silver, crimson, and azure tints, the beaming lustre of which darts from aisle to nave, from nave to transept, glows around the altar, and like a mystic halo from on high, resting within the choir,

“Fills the air around with beauty.”

The fact of this stained glass being the work of modern times, hardly thirty years old, refutes the common assertion, that this beautiful art is comparatively lost. The skill whose cunning fingers wrought these splendid adorn-

ments, might compass designs of any magnitude, either in the illumination of tracery, or the complicated groupings of History, without receding from the point of excellence attained by the most renowned masters. Indeed it may well be questioned, whether the annealing of glass in the age of Albert Durer, was comparable to those processes in modern chemistry, of which the latest glass-stainers have been enabled to avail themselves.

The Oriflamme, or sacred banner of Clovis, is suspended from an eminence at the eastern extremity of this venerable edifice, behind the High Altar. It is of a deep scarlet color, and tradition assigns the age of thirteen hundred and seventy years to this old silken remnant of monastic superstition and imposition. The monks of the old Abbey Church were in the habit of assuring the people that this banner was brought to the Abbey by an angel, about the period of the conversion to Christianity of old King Clovis. It was called Oriflamme from the representation of flames worked in golden threads upon the silk. The chapels above are shrines profusely adorned with embellishments of art, and glittering with wealth and magnificence. But beneath their stone pavements are the tombs of three dynasties of kings.

“A thousand years of silenced factions sleep.”

These chapels underneath have well been called the Chronicles of France and Europe—stone and marble editions of the Book of French Kings and Queens, Counsellors, Warriors, Heroes, and Philosophers. It is hardly possible to make the circuit of these subterranean recesses, without stumbling on prostrate royalty, or on some marble form, whose prototype in the days of Chivalry and the Crusades, waged battle with the mailed knight, encountered the

scimitar of the Saracen, or charged the English bowmen at Cressy, Poitiers, or Agincourt. The sculpture of some of the cenotaphs is exquisite, and the recumbent statues beautiful. In one of the recesses is a statue of Marie Antoinette in a kneeling posture, considered a perfect likeness of that unfortunate princess. Brazen-doors open into the royal vault, now containing eight coffins, in which are the remains of Louis XVI. and his Queen, Louis XVIII. and other members of this branch of the royal family. The remains of the greatest monarch of them all, Napoleon, rest near the banks of the Seine, under the dome of the Hotel des Invalides, "in the midst of the people that he loved so well." There is ample daylight in the crypts beneath St. Denis, and every thing is seen to the best advantage. It is just the spot where Richard II. might have told

"Sad stories of the death of Kings:—

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping killed."

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO CHAMONIX.

Departure from Paris — Macon — Geneva — Ride to Chamonix —
Mer de Glace — The Source of the Arveiron — Mont Blanc.

It was at early dawn on a summer morning that we left Paris, by the Lyons railway for Macon. There is nothing peculiarly striking about the scenery between Paris and Macon. The country is generally level, and with a few exceptions, the towns through which you pass have no particular interest. We caught a passing glimpse of the picturesque towers of the old Cathedral of Sens, where Thomas Becket found a sanctuary, when he fled from the wrath of Henry, of England: and we saw for a moment, at Dijon, the gloomy looking front of what was once the Palace of the celebrated Dukes of Burgundy. The low lying hills to the north and south of Dijon, were pointed out to us as the famous range, whose vineyards produce the delicious wine, that bears the name of this once proud Duchy. Now and then, we passed through quaint old towns, with their fantastic gables, grim looking steeples and towers, and furnishing at intervals, a rapid glance along the vista of some ancient street, with its red tiled houses, and narrow time-worn footways. Along through the open country, might be seen the picturesque looking windmills, swinging their huge arms lazily around: or some venerable chateau peeping out from the leafy shelter of ancestral trees. We arrived at Macon, some

three hundred miles from Paris, late in the afternoon. It is a forlorn old town, located on the banks of the Saone, which is spanned here by a bridge of twelve arches. Nor did the discomforts of the filthiest Inn to be met with in Europe, assist in changing for the better our first impressions of its misery and wretchedness. Macon is the seat of a considerable trade in wine, and gives name to a peculiar kind, both red and white, much admired by Frenchmen; but to an uncultivated taste, smacking very much of the sharpness of the best vinegar. At five the next morning, we were off in the diligence for Geneva. We started at a dashing pace over the Bridge, stopping to breakfast at a miserable village, some twenty miles from Macôn, where sour wine, omelettes reeking with oil, and chickens that appeared to have died of a slow decline, were rather revolting, even to a traveler's appetite, made still more keen by the fresh morning air. The scenery along the first part of the road was monotonous and tame in the extreme; but towards noon we had the magnificent range of the Jura towering above us, and were soon in the midst of the glorious scenery of its mountain passes. The road over the Jura is constructed in the most substantial manner, and all along protected at the sides. As we passed over some of the loftier eminences, troops of mountain girls, besieged the sides of the diligence with offerings of Alpine flowers, for which of course, they expected and received a few sous in return. About three o'clock, we caught sight of the long range of the snow-covered summits of the Oberland Alps, and a short time afterwards the magnificent dome of Mont Blanc appeared, rising cold and white against the sky. At first the appearance was that of a huge white cloud; but remaining stationary, with no

alteration of its shape, we soon discovered that it was the snowy top of the monarch of mountains. There was nothing very striking in the appearance it first presented; but when the descending sun emerged from a heavy bank of clouds, and threw his parting rays full upon the summit, the mountain stood forth in all its beauty. Nothing could have been more magnificent; for a while it appeared like a huge dome of solid silver, and we felt the truth of those lines of the poet:

“Mighty Mont Blanc, thou wert to me
That moment, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.”

It was late in the evening when we rattled into Geneva; but late as it was, we could hardly pass on over the long bridge, for the crowds of people that were thronging it. It had been a fête day, and the streets were still thronged with gay crowds. The next morning from one of the balconies of “The Hotel des Bergues,” we had a full view of Mont Blanc, some fifty miles away. An agreeable impression is produced by the cleanliness and comfort everywhere visible. The beauty of the Quays which border the Lake and the Rhone, and the elegance of the private edifices cannot be surpassed in any city on the continent. We spent Sunday in Geneva; but I am sure that John Calvin would not know his favorite city. The observance of the Sabbath is no more attended to in here, than in Paris. Workmen were busily engaged on some of the new buildings going up along the Quay, while the bustle and stir of the streets, where open shops displayed their stores, indicated that Sunday was as much of a festive day, as at Paris.

The modern portion of Geneva displays considerable architectural taste; but the old town has very little to boast of. The history of the Canton does not present many points of interest. It had an early origin, as it is supposed to have been mentioned by Cæsar in his Commentaries. There can be no question that the Romans made considerable sojourn here, from the fact, that constantly medals are being found of Roman origin, and other memorials of that once powerful nation. It was in the fifth century that Christianity was introduced. It then formed part of the great Burgundian kingdom, and was a portion of the Germanic empire. After various efforts to seize the sovereignty by different powerful Lords, the Counts of Savoy at last acquired an ascendancy, and for a long time kept it. At the Reformation, the influence of that House declined, and was finally entirely destroyed under Calvin. Calvin settled in Geneva about the middle of the sixteenth century, and during a twenty-eight years' residence, consolidated, not without some tyranny and persecution, and a proportionate amount of resistance, the new social edifice. In the latter part of the same century, the town concluded an alliance with Zurich and Berne, and for a long time was the great Protestant asylum for refugees from France, Italy, and England. The House of Savoy raised a great army in the early part of the next century, and advanced upon Geneva. France encouraged Geneva, and with Berne carried on a war, which covered the little confederacy with glory and desolation. During the political upheavings caused by the French Revolution, the Canton fell under French rule. But when the result of the battle of Waterloo had shattered forever the power of Napoleon, she declared herself a Republic, and her independence was recognized

in the Congress of Vienna. At the present time, the government of the Canton is administered by a Council of State, composed of seven members elected by the suffrages of the citizens. The legislative power is in the hands of ninety-three deputies, also elected by the people. The birth place of Rousseau, possesses great attractions from its natural surroundings, and we should have loved to explore all the interesting localities within the limits of the city itself: but it was in the latter part of August, and we were anxious to visit the Alpine Region before the advance of the season should make such a visit disagreeable. We spent, therefore, but one day in Geneva, and the morning after, found us on our way to Chamonix, which is some fifty miles distant. The scenery along this road is exceedingly fine, and might be enjoyed, were it not for the disgusting cases of goitre, and the numerous cretins, who lay basking at the doors of the houses in the villages you pass. Halting at the old town of Bonneville, a small place on the banks of the Arve, I took occasion to visit the Court House, where a trial for larceny was on. The Court occupied the third story room of a most wretched looking brick structure. A boy of about fourteen was in the prisoner's box, who seemed to be well guarded by armed officials, answering to our constables, there being no less than four in his immediate vicinity. The array of Judges on the Bench, did not present a very powerful intellectual display. The officer answering to our Prosecuting Attorney, arrayed in a small black cap, and sadly dirty gown of the same color, occupied a seat near the Tribunal facing the prisoner. When the cause was called, he rose and addressed the President Judge, and proceeded to read the accusation in a very hur-

ried manner. This accusation set forth a series of trifling depredations committed by the prisoner at the bar—ending with the larceny of a watch. A half dozen witnesses were examined, and after some very sharp interrogatories put the prisoner by the Court, he was found guilty and sentenced to the chain-gang in the streets of Bonneville for three years. There was no counsel for the prisoner, and the prosecutor seemed to have it all his own way. As we passed through the streets of Bonneville, I noticed the poor boy in the midst of the chain gang, with an iron ball to his leg. I had only seen him condemned but half an hour before. We passed through Cluses, a modern looking town, celebrated as the manufactory of those exquisite musical boxes and watch wheels, for which Geneva is so famous. Shortly after leaving Cluses, we had a fine sight of the Mole, a Snowdon-like hill, three thousand feet high, which we had seen before from Geneva. Now we were close to the river Arve—now traversing a cultivated level, round which the stream curves to the other side of the valley—now mounting the shoulder of a hill, or skirting the base of some frowning cliff. At Sallanches, the road from thence to Chamonix becomes narrow and difficult, and we were forced to leave our comfortable conveyance behind us, and take to the uncomfortable little two-horse cars that are built specially to traverse the roughness of the remainder of the road. At the Bridge crossing the Arve at Sallanches, we obtained glorious views of the snow-covered summit of Mont Blanc. It looked as if an half hour's walk would have enabled us to reach it; and yet it was sixteen miles away—so deceptive is distance in these Alpine regions. Shortly after leaving Servoz, you come to the most difficult part of the ascent, rugged

and rocky, commanding some grand views of deep gorges, dark with pine woods, and of precipitous mountain ridges bristling with their rocky battlements in the distance. On leaving this narrow and savage pass, we entered the valley of Chamonix, just as evening was drawing a curtain over the earth. The road takes a northeasterly direction under the base of Mont Blanc, and in the distance we caught sight of the five glaciers which descend into the very plain. The valley of Chamonix is about fifteen miles in length, traversed by the rapid and turbid stream of the Arve. We found most excellent quarters at the Royal Union Hotel, and those comforts which are so agreeable to the traveler, who has endured the fatigues of such a rough journey as that from Geneva to Chamonix. The next morning, looking directly up to the summit of Mont Blanc, from my chamber window, I could scarcely believe that it would require eighteen hours steady climbing to reach the top. From the valley it looks as if half an hour might accomplish it. At noon, while looking at some adventurers, who had started the day before to make the ascent, I began to get a more perfect realization of the immense height of the mountain. They had just reached the summit, and had turned to descend, but with a telescope of considerable power, you could just discern three dark spots about the size of moles, moving down the snow-covered side of the mountain. The second morning after our arrival, we started at an early hour for an excursion to the Mer de Glace. It is attained by an ascent of some three thousand feet above the level of the valley, and which some three hours' climbing on the part of your trusty mules enables you to reach. It is exceedingly steep in some parts, but not the least difficult. A gradual ascent, bordered on each

hand by masses of rock detached from the mountain sides, leads to the fountain of Claudine of Chamonix; where, in the Opera of "Linda," she is supposed to have first seen her lover. During the ascent, we had through the open spaces in the forest, an almost uninterrupted view of Chamonix, with its different villages surrounded by trees and cornfields on the banks of the Arve; but on arriving at Montanvert the scene changes entirely. Instead of a fertile plain, you find yourself on the brink of a precipice, hanging over a scene worthy of the Arctic regions, a large valley of eternal ice and snow. The Mer de Glace, is full fifty-four miles long, and in some places nearly three wide. The thickness or depth of the glacier varies according to the surface: the average is from eighty to one hundred feet; but in some places owing to the hollows of the rocks beneath, it may be as much as four or five hundred. This great ice river, if it may be so called, is formed from two streams that pour forth from different sources in the higher Alps. The origin of glaciers is from the accumulation of snow in the upper valleys. In the spring and summer these masses become saturated during the day with rain water, or imbibe the moisture of their exterior, which has been liquified by the rays of the sun. During night, or on the approach of winter, the remnant is frozen into a mass of porous ice, which is again covered by a coating of snow in the next winter, and thus by degrees in the progress of ages, these immense glaciers have been formed. We descended to the level of the glacier, after having rested at the Montanvert for a short space. When you arrive upon it, the appearance is for all the world, as if by some magic spell, a raging, roaring torrent rushing headlong in its

course, had been arrested in mid-career by the breath of "The Ice King." And yet still as the Glacier appears to human vision, that vast icy bed is in continual motion, moving downward towards the valley, into which it intrudes some considerable distance. It moves on with a steady flow, although no eye sees its motion; but from day to day, and year to year, the secret silent cause, whatever it may be, produces the certain slow effect. The avalanche feeds it, and swells its flowing tide, and at night when the mountain life stands almost still—when its countless little veins are frozen up, and the murmur of its thousand rills is hushed to rest—the glacier's giant pulse alone beats heavily and slow. Nothing is more curious than the transportation of immense masses of rock into the valley, by this constant movement of the glacier: and at the foot of the Mer de Glace, known as the Glacier des Bois, may be seen huge masses of rock, that have been thus strangely brought into the valley by the unseen, but never ceasing motion. Professor Forbes, who was lost to science all too soon, speaking of this motion, and the calculations that have been made upon the time which it takes to bring these huge masses from the higher Alps, most beautifully says:

"A glacier is an endless scroll, a stream of time, upon whose stainless ground is engraven the succession of events, whose dates far transcend the memory of living man. At the usual rate of descent, a rock which fell upon a high glacier two hundred years ago, may only just now have reached its final resting-place in the lower country: and a block larger than the largest of Egyptian obelisks, may occupy the time of six generations of men in its descent, before it is laid low in the common grave of its predecessors." When the glacier presses its terrific plough-

share far into the valley, it turns up the soil, and wrinkles in advance the green sward of the meadows—brings among the fields the blasts of winter, overthrowing trees and houses in its tremendous progress. It would be impossible fully to describe the grand wildness of the scenery surrounding this glacier. Beneath your feet—far up amid the eternal snows—below you, where the heat of the valley has at last checked the onward progress of the glacier, rise the frozen waves of the Mer de Glace, some as high as twenty and thirty feet. Around, on all sides, ten and twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, the needle shaped rocks, that give such grand effect to the scenery of the valley, are piercing the skies. On the left you have the Aiguille du Dru, behind it is the Aiguille Verte, on the right the Aiguille du Moine, and the Aiguille du Bochart—around extends a rampart of colossal rocks, whose crumbling summits attest the influence of many thousand seasons, and whose sterile grandeur has an imposing effect upon the mind. Our descent from the Montanvert was more rapid than our ascent, for in two hours we had reached without much fatigue our hotel. That same evening we visited the source of the Arveiron, a rapid torrent, which issues from a vault of ice under the extremity of the Glacier des Bois, the lower part of the Mer de Glace. This remarkable source is one of the finest sights in Chamonix. We soon reached the moraines of rock and stone brought down from the mountain in the course of ages, by the action of the glacier. Then we clambered over these immense deposits to the edge of the ice which rises like a huge wall, and listened in the stillness of the evening to the straining and crushing that came from the mighty mass above. The Arveiron here

rushes from three low arches at the foot of a dark blue cliff of ice, turbid and foaming: and as the eye peers into those darksome vaults, the imagination begins to picture the terrible aspect of the interior. We crept as near as the stream would permit, and leaned over the rocky rampart to gaze and listen. The whole scene around was of the most impressive character. The water here rushes swiftly and with great noise from its source deep in the heart of the glacier. At times the volume is largely increased, and often the sudden checking of this stream has been the cause of terrible devastation. Some years ago, the arches at the foot of the glacier being worn by the water fell in, and the fragments becoming frozen, dammed up the glacier river. The waters thus impeded, accumulated rapidly, until at a point many hundred feet above the former vent, they burst through in a tremendous cataract, and with a deafening roar, tumbling headlong upon the glacier, swept dwellings, trees, and fences away before it, for many miles along the valley. If the action of one glacier could produce such consequences, what might not be the devastation if the whole four hundred, large and small, should be placed in a like position. Taking the glaciers as from three to twelve miles long upon an average, one to four miles wide, and from one to nine hundred thick; the calculation has been made, that about thirty millions of cubic fathoms of ice, are slowly transported down the mountain ravines every year. Looking up at the huge arches, lumps of stone large and small, were continually falling—now plunging into the stream, now clattering into the hollows of the moraines, showing the ceaseless movement of the glacier. It was rather a warm evening, but the vicinity of this huge mass of ice, produced a cool descending current of air, and it became

quite chilly. How striking too, was the contrast in view—a cataract of ice barred apparently by a dam of rocks—a torrent rushing from beneath—a waterfall tumbling in clouds of spray from above. Within a few feet of the frozen mass, grass was growing, with fir trees bordering it, until lost behind the bend towards Montanvert. It was in truth, winter frowning in the face of summer to resent the intrusion into his territory—yet held in check by her warm and glowing breath. Far in the distance looking upward along the glacier, rose the tall Aiguilles, with their lofty pinnacles, tipped with the roseate rays of the sunlight which had long left the valley. It was one of those sights, once seen, never to be forgotten.

The season being favorable, very little snow having fallen, made the ascent to Mont Blanc, comparatively an easy matter. In consequence some twenty or thirty ascents were made during the months of July and August. During our short stay at Chamonix, some four were made, and the week before our arrival, a young and ambitious Englishwoman dared the enterprise; but much to the trouble and disgust of the guides, who were compelled to carry her up the most difficult passes. One of them told me, “My lady had more spirit than strength, and more effrontery than either.” Most of those who effected the ascent while we were at Chamonix, suffered severely afterwards from inflammation of the eyes, produced by the snow dazzle: and our curiosity could not be gratified at the expense of so severe a penalty. Neither is the prospect from its summit any finer than that afforded by numerous other and more accessible elevations in Switzerland. The height is so great that objects in the plain appear enveloped in a haze—its chief merit is said to be, in the perfect insight afforded into the structure of all the highest

Alps, whose pinnacles it places under the view of the observer.

The summit of Mont Blanc, which is nearly fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, is, I was informed by one of those who had accomplished the ascent, but a very narrow ridge, hardly wide enough for two persons to walk abreast, with a gentle slope on each side. The difficulty in the ascent commences after leaving the ridge of rocks known as the Grand Mulets, where the adventurers rest for the night. About five hours from this spot, which is left very early in the morning, they encounter the Mur de la Côte. This is an almost perpendicular wall of ice, nearly three hundred feet high, and bordered on the left by an awful precipice. Here the guides are compelled to cut a footing for every step in the ice. Much depends now upon the firmness of nerve displayed, and the fact that so very few fatal accidents have happened among the numerous ascents, speaks well both for the nerves of the adventurer, and the skill of the Guides. Chamonix, though certainly one of the most interesting spots in Switzerland, is not a place where the tourist loves to linger long. Hemmed in by its huge barriers of rock, it seems as if shut out from the world, and once having made all the excursions in the vicinity, life in the valley becomes tiresome and monotonous in the extreme. In consequence tourists linger but a few days and are off for more varied and interesting scenes, in localities not so isolated.

CHAPTER X.

JOURNEY FROM CHAMONIX TO VEVAY.

Departure from Chamonix — Lake Lemman and its shores — Vevay —
Visit to Castle Chillon.

WE returned to Geneva from Chamonix, by the same road we had travelled a few days before, and early the next morning were on the Steamer *Helvetia*, on our way to Vevay at the upper part of Lake Lemman. Our boat first slackened speed, opposite the quaint looking town of Coppet. Upon the heights above the town, stands a venerable Chateau. It once sheltered beneath its roof, the Minister Neckar, whose financial ability, great as it was, could not save France from the dreadful retribution that awaited her. In the little Church — whose picturesque steeple may be seen just beyond the Chateau — he is buried, and by his side reposes all that was mortal of his more celebrated daughter, Madame de Staël, whose genius still throws a charm over French literature. Upon leaving Coppet, the scenery of the Lake begins to open more beautifully. Far on the right, rise the summits of the mountains of Savoy, with a girdle of clouds encompassing their peaks — on the left, the less lofty, but quite picturesque chain of the Jura, with here and there vineyards stretching down the slopes, and country seats, with gardens gorgeous with many-hued flowers, reaching down to the very borders of the Lake. And there, built partly along the bank of the Lake, and partly on a terraced hill,

is the ancient town of Nyon. It was once a Roman Colony, and still shows traces of the old military wall, built by the colony sent by the first Cæsar to lay the foundations of a town. In the remote and vapory distance is seen across the Lake, the old town of Thonon, the ancient capital of Chablais, whose whitened walls contrast with the sombre verdure of the surrounding hills. Passing Nyon, we are at the extremity of the Little Lake as it is called, and you can see the steeples and turrets of Geneva, shining like a luminous point in the extreme distance. We pass between a small island and a town. It is the little town of Rolle, and the small white monument you see in the centre of the island, is erected to the memory of General Harpe, a native of Rolle, and it thus signalizes its gratitude for the glory he has reflected by his deeds upon his native place. What magnificent scenery now opens before us! The high mountains, whose base is washed by the blue waters of the Lake, now take sharper outlines in the landscape. They form round the Gulf of Thonon a verdant belt, deepened here and there by dense forests. Now you may observe the group of the Dents d'Oeche, with brows white with eternal snow, rising above the left bank like an abrupt wall, and projecting their peaks obliquely into the azure sky. Presently Lausanne perched half way up the hill, comes into view; the spires of its ancient Cathedral forming a prominent point in the picture. The amphitheatre formed by the slopes that descend from the town to the borders of the Lake, are covered with the rich green of vineyards, giving a very beautiful effect, as seen from the water. It was in this place Gibbon wrote his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and the site of the grotto, in which most of this

charming work was written, is now covered by the buildings belonging to the Hotel Gibbon. A few miles farther on, and we find ourselves opposite Vevay. Embarking in the wide boat that plays the part of a water omnibus to convey passengers to the landing, we were soon at the stone stairs, leading directly up to the picturesque garden of the Hotel of the Three Crowns—decidedly the best arranged and most comfortable Hotel in Europe. That evening the scene presented in the garden on the Lake, was romantic in the extreme. The placid Lemán looked as smooth and bright as a mirror; and the full moon was reflected far down in its quiet depths. The sound of sweet music, keeping time to the measured dash of the oar, was ever and anon delighting the ear, as it was borne to us over the waters, sounding marvellously sweet. Shaded in misty outlines silvered in the moonlight, rose the snow-capped mountains, seeming like giant sentinels to guard the entrance to the Lake. Vevay is one of the principal towns in the Canton of Vaud, and is a place of considerable importance. It has a very fair trade; its position rendering it the natural entrepôt of the various indigenous commodities, and the centre of the commerce between the Cantons of Vaud, Freiburg, Berne, Geneva and Chablais. Beneath the pavement of its old Church of St. Martin, are buried the regicides Ludlow and Broughton, who in this little town, after many hair-breadth escapes, at last found refuge from the perils to which they were exposed at the Restoration. Ludlow was one of the Judges of Charles I. and Broughton was the person who read to him his death warrant.

The next morning after our arrival, we hired a boat at the stairs, for a row to the far-famed Castle of Chillon.

The morning was indeed beautiful; a gentle breeze just rippling the surface of the Lake. On one side of us were the rich green slopes that rise so gracefully behind the little town of Vevay; while on the other, the bold and lofty crags of the mountains were reflected far down in the clear blue waters of the Lake. Before us, towards Castle Chillon, and at the entrance of the Lake into the valley, the peaks of the mountains, white with eternal snows, gave quite a picturesque appearance to the scene. As our boat sped on, we passed the Tour de Peilz, half a mile to the east of Vevay, presenting a bold front to the Lake, with its ancient walls, and queer looking chateau. And there too, high up on the slope of the mountain, that rears its indented crags high above, and surrounded by vineyards rich with verdure, nestles the pretty Village of Clarens, whose name will live as long as the French language, in association with the impassioned scenes of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and those lines of Byron's.

“Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod—
Undying Loves, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains.”

And now we are nearing the world-renowned Castle of Chillon. This Castle is situated in the centre of a semi-circle formed at the base of richly wooded slopes—having the Tower of Villeneuve at one extremity, and a small but picturesque Swiss Chalet at the other. The Castle itself is seated on the right of a defile, upon an isolated rock in the midst of the waters. On the front of the structure, towards the Lake, may be seen in huge letters, *Liberté Patrie*; “a noble device,” as some traveller remarks, “when properly understood, but which had better be treasured in the heart's core, than scrawled on walls.” We

landed at a narrow stairway of stone, which led to a small covered passage conducting to the interior of the court-yard of the Castle. Here we encountered a huge figure, round as a tun, who certainly would have been taken by the ancients, as an embodiment of Bacchus. He desired us to wait a moment, when his wife would conduct us through the Castle. Presently a smart, tidy-looking female, with a pair of sharp, quick grey eyes, shaded by the broad rim of a tasteful Swiss hat, offered to conduct us. Passing on with our guide, who talked incessantly, we descended some stone steps which led down into a vaulted space, supported by several stone pillars, connected together by admirably turned arches, and lighted by small narrow windows on the side next the Lake. This was once the old Guard Chamber of the Castle. Then came a dark Hall, where the light was so scant, we were forced to grope our way over the uneven floor, which like the landward wall, is composed of massive rock. Into this place had once been crowded hundreds of Jews, and we felt, for we could hardly be said to see, the ledge of rock, on which a thousand or more had been strangled in one day for the good of the Church. Above we could just discern the outline of the beam, from whose strong support had dangled many a poor wretch, who, after being condemned in the Judgment Hall above, was brought down that dark stairway, to expiate his doom here. That half walled-up space on the side next the Lake, indicates where once was the opening through which their mutilated bodies were launched into the water, that rolls,

“A thousand feet in depth below.”

But soon we were standing within

“Chillon’s dungeon deep and old.”

the dungeon of Bonnivard. Here the heroic defender of Genevan liberty languished six years chained to a pillar. It looked not unlike a chapel, with its groined roof and central row of columns, "massy and grey." Its light was that of a pleasant twilight. Two or three narrow slits, high up the wall, admitted the rays which had a greenish hue from the reflection of the waters of the Lake. The effect was rather heightened by the light breeze, which kept flapping the huge leaf of some aquatic plant directly opposite "the Martyr's Pillar." How sweet the rays of sunlight must have been to the Prior of St. Victor! and how often during the long hours of his six years' confinement, must his eyes have turned towards these narrow windows as the bright rays streamed in upon his dungeon floor. The iron ring still remains in the pillar to which he was chained, and we saw in the stone floor, where

"His very footsteps had left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod."

Upon this Pillar, one may read the names of Byron, Leigh Hunt, and other celebrities. This dungeon, though many others suffered there, had its one great captive—the illustrious Bonnivard, and his image stands out boldly from amongst them all. The rooms above had their thousand sufferers, and were suggestive of cruel scenes. Of their names few remain, although the instruments on which they were racked and torn to pieces, still are there. Emerging from this prison, we entered the spacious apartment just above them, which evidently had once been the Hall of Torture, for here with the rust and stain of centuries upon it, still stands the gaunt and grim apparatus of the Inquisition. In the middle of the room

was a massive beam, reaching from the floor to the ceiling with a strong pulley at the top. This was the "Corda," the queen of torment, as it has been called. The person who endured this torture was suspended by his hands from the pulley, heavy weights were fastened to his feet, and when all was ready, he was slowly hoisted to some distance, and then suddenly dropped. This always dislocated the arms, and sometimes the weight was so great, that the arms were torn from the body. Hot irons were often affixed to the soles of the feet, while they hung suspended, and the scorching marks of the fire are still plainly visible on the pillar, where the poor sufferers had hung. In one of the apartments, we were shown a recess in the wall, with a trap door at the bottom. The person accused of heresy was made to kneel on a trap door before an image of the Virgin placed in this very recess. To prevent the possibility of apostacy—the moment the confession was made, the bolt was drawn, and the poor wretch lay a mangled corpse on the rocks below. This Castle was built as early as the year 1238, and it was at once the Boulevard and defence of the state. In 1733 it was converted into a state prison, and retained this character the conclusion of the century. It is now a dépôt of arms and munitions, and occasionally serves for a military guard-house.

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNEY FROM VEVAY TO MAYENCE.

Ride to Berne — Berne — Basle — Strasburg — Baden-Baden —
Heidelburg — Mayence.

WE left Vevay in a private conveyance for Berne, and having taken an early start, were fortunate enough to reach the summit of the steep and long hill, a few miles from Vevay, just as the sun had risen. From it, we had a most extensive view of the entire expanse of the Lake of Geneva, with the grand Alpine chain, of which Mont Blanc forms the centre, in the distance. The distinctness of the view in the bright morning light, added much to the indescribable beauty of the scene: and I do not remember a prospect in Switzerland, that combines so much picturesqueness and sublimity, as this from the summit of the Jorat. At Bulle, where we halted to dine, there was a large fair being held, and the streets were alive with people. The array of booths, and the display of all kinds of merchandize, with the thronging crowds in the long avenues between the stalls, presented quite a lively and stirring scene. The general appearance of the fair, was strikingly like some of those wonderful representations by the magic pencil of Teniers, that one sees in the Galleries—a country fair with singular groupings of peasantry in varied costumes, long rows of decorated booths, and scenes of joyousness everywhere. Late in the afternoon we arrived at our halting place for the night, the town of

Freibourg, and found delightful quarters at the Zähringer Hof. The situation of this old town is curious indeed. It is built partly on the edge of the precipitous ravine of the Saone, and partly in the ravine itself, so that the people in the upper town look over the chimney-tops of their neighbors below. The view from the terrace in the rear of our Hotel, was wild and picturesque in the extreme. It looked down into the depths of the ravine, through which the yellow Saone lazily wandered—and along the banks of the stream were the dark narrow streets, and venerable looking Convents of the old town. High up on the rugged cliffs upon the opposite side, was perched, the ruin of one of the old watch towers of the middle ages. Freiburg is one of the strong holds of the Jesuits, and abounds in Churches and Monasteries. It was a great source of regret that we had not an opportunity of hearing the famous organ, in the old Cathedral. The iron suspension bridge spanning the ravine, is a perfect miracle of architectural skill. Its length is nearly a thousand feet, and its elevation from the bottom of the ravine nearly two hundred. It is supported on four cables of iron wire, each containing more than one thousand wires, and is said to be capable of supporting three times the weight the bridge will ever be likely to bear. The whole cost of the structure, was a little over one hundred thousand dollars.

At noon the next day, having taken an early start, we reached Berne. This old capital, of the largest of the Swiss Cantons, is a quaint looking town, with its long low arcades on both sides of its principal thoroughfares. The appearance of the long narrow streets, with their venerable looking houses shaded by the wide overhanging roofs, is curious and picturesque. The Bear, of whose name the

word Berne is the middle old German equivalent, seems in special favor in the city. It emblazons the effigy of the animal on its arms—and it is constantly presented to the eye on the public buildings, among the figures of its fountains, and on its coins. In the Bären graben, a ditch outside the city walls, it maintains several of these animals at the public expense. Berne is remarkable for its curious fountains. There is one in the Corn House Square called the Ogre, of very singular design. It represents a huge giant devouring a child, while a number ready to be devoured, are to be seen peeping from his pockets. On a fountain in the street of Justice, the Canton is represented in a military attitude by a bear in knightly armor, with sword and belt, holding the banner of the Canton in his paw. Another fountain has a bear attending a cross bowman in the capacity of squire. The Minster is a fine old building of Gothic architecture, and was built in the early part of the fifteenth century. But let no one visit Berne without hearing the tones of its wondrous organ, in this same Cathedral. Its imitations of a storm, the pattering of hail, the howling of the blast, and the deep roar of thunder, are perfectly wonderful. Its mimicry of the human voice is most surprisingly natural. The evening we visited the Cathedral, some devotional music was impressively performed. Listening to the rich tones now subdued, and now so powerful that it seemed to fill the huge pillared aisles of the old Cathedral with sound; one could not help recalling these lines:

“When beneath the nave
High arching, the Cathedral organ 'gins
Its prelude, lingeringly exquisite,
Within retired the bashful sweetness dwells;
Anon like sunlight, or the floodgates rush

Of waters bursts it forth, clear, solemn, full.
It breaks upon the massive fretted roof,
It coils up round the clustering pillars tall,
It leaps into the cell-like chapels, strikes
Beneath the pavement sepulchres; at once
The living temple is instinct, ablaze
With the uncontrolled exuberance of sound."

The great charm, however, of Berne, as Murray well remarks, is the grand view of the Bernese Alps, which is afforded from almost any part of the town, and every eminence around it. On the Platform, which is quite a lofty terrace near the Cathedral, and a favorite afternoon lounge of the inhabitants, six of the snowy peaks may be counted along the horizon, on a clear day.

We left Berne for Basle the next morning by the diligence. The road between these two cities, abounds in charming scenery. We passed several ruined Castles perched high upon the crags of the range of mountains skirting the road. One of them, the ruined Castle of Falkenstein, excited interest, from its once having been the residence of Rudolph Von Wart. His story is worth chronicling, as it is a story of woman's devotion. Wart had been unfortunate enough to have been one of the conspirators against Albert, of Hungary, and assisted at his assassination. He was captured by the infuriated daughter of the murdered Prince. She had already manifested her cruel disposition by the wholesale slaughter of some sixty, who were supposed to have been concerned in the conspiracy — exclaiming as their blood flowed round her in torrents, "now do my spirits bathe in May-dew." Wart she condemned to be broken alive upon the wheel, and by particular request of the infuriated woman, without the death blow, which after a few hours, was always given to put an end to the torture.

For three days and nights, with all his limbs broken, the poor victim lay stretched upon the cruel wheel—and when night came, his devoted wife eluding the vigilance of the guards, would find her way to his side, to cool the fevered and agonized brow of the sufferer, and administer religious consolation. In the day time she hid herself in [the thickets near by, where she prayed that the next night she might find him dead; but for three long nights she was destined to witness his agony, as it was not until the fourth morning that he died.

It was late in the evening when we reached Basle, and found most excellent quarters at the Inn of the Three Kings. It is an Inn of old renown, for in an ancient book in the Library at Basle, printed in 1680, the writer says—“at Basle lodge at the Three Kings, where you will be most sumptuously entertained.”

The town of Basle contains some thirty thousand inhabitants, and is divided by the Rhine, which flows through it, into Great Basle, and Little Basle. There are many quaint old streets, and strange Burgundian looking houses, with their curious staircases, and overhanging gables. The Rathaus in the market place, answering to our Town Hall, is an ancient structure, built in the early part of the sixteenth century, and on its frieze displays the arms of the three primitive Swiss Cantons. There is nothing in the Museum worthy of interest, except a few paintings of the elder Holbein, and a portrait of Erasmus by this artist. They also show here a curious memorial of the local feuds of the place, in the Lalenkönig, a Saracenic looking head with the tongue lolling from the mouth. The story of its origin is a singular one. When that part of the city, which is known as Great Basle, was besieged by the Suabians,

the people of Little Basle, agreed to assist the besiegers—and the signal of the joint attack was to be the striking of twelve by the Cathedral clock in Great Basle. The wary burghers of Great Basle having been informed of the plot, advanced the clock one hour, and made it strike one instead of twelve. The plotters of Little Basle, disconcerted by this stratagem supposed they had dozed away an hour. In commemoration of this, and in derision of the people of Little Basle—this head, now to be seen in the Museum, was carved and placed facing their town, and whenever the clock struck the hour of twelve, the tongue lolled out of the mouth derisively at the citizens over the river. But the people of Little Basle were not willing to stand such an insult without retaliation, so they erected a figure on their side, which at the hour of twelve, turned its back to the Lalenkönig, with an insulting Indian gesture.

The Minster, or Cathedral, occupies a prominent place among the architectural lions of Basle. It is of red sandstone, and with its two antique looking towers presents a very venerable appearance. It dates back to the eleventh century. It was in this building the celebrated Ecclesiastical Council of the fifteenth century held its deliberations. The structure was undergoing repairs at the time of our visit, so we had not an opportunity of examining its interior.

Basle is the capital of the Canton of Basle-town. Switzerland contains twenty-two Cantons, forming some twenty-four States, independent of each other, resembling in their legislative powers and duties, in some respects, our own government, joined in a federal compact for the common support: These Cantons have, for the most part, a mixed democratic and aristocratic government—Freibourg and

Berne I believe, admitting privileged classes. The people of Switzerland have been very much extolled for courage, probity, great simplicity of manners, and wonderful attachment for home. But as they have deviated more and more from their agricultural and pastoral state, these qualities appear to have become obliterated. Great revolutions have rounded off the salient parts of the Swiss character, and we might of them repeat Goldsmith's lines,

"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 uncultured walk, and charm the way,
 These—far dispersed on timorous pinions fly
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky."

Switzerland hemmed in by despotisms, only preserves a kind of resemblance to liberal and free institutions. She often trembles for her own safety, and is compelled to acquiesce in any line of policy, whether antagonistic to liberty or not, that secures her own permanency.

At noon of the next day after our arrival at Basle, we left by railway for Strasburg, where we arrived about sunset.

Strasburg is a powerful frontier fortress of France, situated on the Ile, which intersects the town in all directions. The streets are mostly narrow, and the houses high, while on every side you see the traces of an Imperial German town, which Strasburg yet preserves, although it has been united to France for more than two centuries. The first morning of our arrival we visited the far-famed Minster. When viewed at a distance, the light and elegant spire thrust like a spear into the clouds, has a very singular appearance, and from some points of view, where

the open work is distinctly seen, it looks like a filmy painting against the sky, more than like a solid edifice. On approaching nearer you find it carved and fretted in the richest manner, but although aware that its elevation must be immense, it is not until you compare it with the surrounding buildings that you can believe it to be higher than the dome of St. Peter's at Rome. The exterior being of red sand stone has not a very pleasing appearance, but the rich and quaint carvings over the grand portal are of great beauty. The interior is indeed magnificent. The long avenue of clustered columns, the curious and elaborate tracery of the high and vaulted roof, the gorgeous coloring of the painted glass of the noble windows, the grand sculptures of the magnificent pulpit in the centre of the nave, all combine to form a most perfect picture, and give one the fullest conception of what a Cathedral ought to be. The Protestant Church of St. Thomas is also worth a visit, if only to see a beautiful monument, erected to the memory of Marshal Saxe. Of the monuments I have yet seen, this surpasses all in its singular appropriateness and beauty. Every point is excellent, and you would not add to, or take away a single portion of it. A most admirably executed full length figure of the Marshal is represented about descending a flight of marble steps; at the foot rests a sarcophagus with the lid partially removed; a draped figure of Death, terrible in its conception, is removing the lid with the skeleton fingers of one hand, while the other extends towards the hero a spent hour-glass. A beautiful female figure, (emblematic of France), with the most intense agony depicted on her exquisite features, is endeavoring with one hand to stay the descent of the Marshal, towards the open tomb, while with the

other she appears pleading with the grim spectre beneath for a longer forbearance. The three principal figures of the group, are a perfect study. The cool, heroic, and determined countenance of the Marshal, with a slight shade of sadness on the noble brow—the intense and shuddering agony of France, who feels that she is about to lose her greatest hero—the horrid grin of the spectre Death, who seems to exult in the prospect of so distinguished a victim, are faultless. There are other figures in the group, such as a lion striking down a leopard, and a most superbly sculptured Hercules, with his lion skin about his shoulders, leaning in deep grief upon his club; but the three principal figures absorb all your attention, and the others are lost sight of. On leaving the Church, in a small chamber near the entrance door, we were shown in cases covered with glass, the bodies of a Count of Nassau, and his daughter, who had been dead for four hundred years. The body of the Count is in a most remarkable state of preservation; the face quite full, and the features perfect. The body of the daughter is not so well preserved; the skull and face of the last are almost reduced to fine powder, but the hands quite perfect, while the long tapering fingers are covered with the rings she wore at her burial; a singular head dress of flowers, still crowns the crumbling skull. In the neighborhood of such objects a strange mysterious feeling lays you under a spell. By a sort of process of transfusion, the vital principle that departed from the silent forms before you, seems to have passed into an abstract figure. Life is death, but death is alive, and you breathe, look, tread and whisper, as if you were in the actual, though invisible presence.

Lingering two or three days in Strasburg, we left it for

the far-famed watering-place, Baden-Baden. The town of Baden is not a place one would travel far to see. It has, however, a thousand circumjacent attractions, not to speak of its subterranean one—the hot water, boiled in nature's own tea kettle, for the restoration of the halt, maimed and blind, and for the delectation of those who like it; but it has a marvellous resemblance to very weak chicken broth. The town of Baden is situated partly on the side of a hill, and partly in a valley, watered by the little narrow stream of the Oosbach, which wanders through it in a sluggish current. The nearer hills are covered with beeches and vineyards, while the more distant summits are fringed with dark firs, forming a striking frame-work to the natural picture. The principal hot spring rises in a hollow rock, near the *Trinkhalle*—a little door opens into a place like a cellar, and looking in, your curiosity may be gratified by seeing a cloud of vapor, and hearing the bubbling of the water produced at this spot, at the rate of seven millions of cubic inches in a day. Besides the *Trinkhalle*, which is a magnificent building, with some very ill-executed frescoes illustrating the traditions of Baden and vicinity, and a portico supported by twelve very fine Corinthian pillars: there is the *Conversationshaus*, a vast edifice, with a handsome facade of Corinthian columns—comprising, in addition to the principal saloon, which is a magnificent chamber, the Hall of Flowers, so called from its being tastefully ornamented with artificial flowers from ceiling to floor, and two very spacious drawing rooms most superbly furnished. The Hall of Flowers on a ball-night, when its magnificent mirrors reflect back the blaze of gas light from its four immense chandeliers, looks like the chamber of some fairy palace. It is in the large Hall for promenading, and

the one adjoining it, that the gambling tables attract their victims. From an early hour in the morning, until a late hour in the night, you will find these tables crowded with both sexes and all ages. Sunday is a great day for the gamblers. Then, these tables are thronged in rows two or three deep, with an excited crowd; and there you may observe fair faces of women lit up with the excitement of success, or saddened by disappointment: fair hands clutching the golden pile as it is scored, or fingering restlessly that which is fast diminishing. It is bad enough when the gentler sex are represented at these tables, by those whose blanched locks and wrinkled features are no earnest that advancing age has dulled the fever of this wretched excitement in their veins, but when youth and beauty takes its place in the list, to stand "the hazard of the die," you long to whisper the note of warning in the ear of the giddy creature, begging her to shun a temptation which only leads to misery, and whose pursuit most certainly tends to dry up all the nobler, finer feelings of the soul.

The next morning after our arrival, we started to visit the old Castle of Baden, located on one of the loftiest hills overlooking the town. Thanks to the liberality of the young Grand Duke, a fine carriage way has been constructed, winding gradually up to the ruin, with pleasant seats and bowers along the entire road. We passed some most delightful shady recesses in the fine woods that cover the hill-side. One charming retreat looked as if it might have been the tiny theatre

"Where elves had acted plays, such as they took
From the fond legends of old fairy book.
Their 'tiring room, beneath these hollows green,
While clustering glow-worms lighted up the scene,
Their orchestra, these happy bows which shook
With music, such as lulls the gentle brook."

The old ruin is about two miles from the town, upon a very lofty elevation, in the midst of a forest of pines, oaks, elms, and beeches. This truly magnificent pile reposes in death-like tranquility. From the vast extent of the enclosure and loftiness of the remaining towers, you are impressed with the same mixture of awe and curiosity, you would feel on meeting with the bones of a giant upon some lofty mountain top. The view from the summit of the keep of the old Castle is superb. Looking in the direction of Baden, you have the town with its quaint roofs, some two thousand feet below, while the lofty hills beyond covered with the dense masses of the Black Forest form a most enchanting back-ground to the picture. On your right, the rich smooth plains of the Rhine, covered with villages fade away in the extreme distance to a haze, in the midst of which, the shadowy outline of the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, thirty miles away, may be seen: The mountains behind, the forests around, the enchanting valleys, the wild ravines, and fertile plains, form a picture which lingers in the memory long after you have turned from it with unwilling feet. This old Castle has never been repaired since it was set on fire by Marshal Turenne, during his memorable ravage of the Palatinate.

On descending from our pleasant visit to the old ruin, we stopped at the new Castle, at present occupied by the reigning Grand Duke. It is not remarkable for its architecture, but commands very noble views of the surrounding country. Near it is a Convent, the walls of which are built against a rock. As we passed in, the sweet voices of the nuns singing sacred hymns, were borne to us on the breeze. But the most remarkable thing about this Castle, is the number of subterranean vaults it contains; the

object and origin of which have been the subject of much speculation. You enter them by a fine winding staircase. This staircase conducts to a large vaulted chamber, which receives light through windows pierced in the upper part of the wall. From thence you enter an apartment containing the remains of Roman Baths. That this part of the Castle was the work of the Romans, there is no doubt; but the destination of the horrid dungeons to which the Bath Room leads, has been the object of much conjecture. It is generally supposed, that these dungeons were not constructed by the Romans, but by the Germans; and that they are several centuries older than the Castle erected over them. The most probable hypothesis seems to be, that they are the dungeons used by the awful Secret Tribunal. From the ante-chamber, containing stone reservoirs adjoining the Roman Baths, you enter a place where you must bid farewell to the light of day. The guide conducts you with a candle, and indeed this precaution is necessary, as the passage is any thing but commodious, and presents dangers even to those who are sure footed. There you behold cells in which the victims of cruelty and injustice languished in eternal darkness and solitude. Six of these dungeons excavated in the rock, succeed each other in a long dreary passage, closed by a door made of a single stone two feet thick. The noise made by this awful door turning on its hinges, is enough to make your hair stand erect with horror. After passing through several galleries of equal dimensions, you enter the Chamber of Torture. The rings in the solid rock, and the partial remains of the dreaded rack, leave no doubt as to the object and purpose to which this room was appropriated. Near this is a large vaulted chamber, surrounded by the stone seats once occupied by

the awful Judges of the Secret Tribunal; while upon the right of the entrance is the deep vault, over which was the trap, where the poor victim was ordered to kneel to pray to the Virgin, (whose figure occupied the niche, still to be seen above), when he was precipitated two hundred feet below, upon the sharp knives at the bottom. A few years ago this vault was examined, and many bones were found, with shreds of clothing still sticking to the knives. What fiendish contrivances for exercising their vengeance the men of the olden time resorted to, and how much diabolical ingenuity did they manifest.

From Baden we rode to Heidelberg. One cannot but be charmed with the truly romantic and delightful situation of this celebrated town. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, and lies partly along the narrow valley through which flows the Neckar, and partly up the acclivity of a lofty hill, which rises behind the town, clothed to the summit with the richest green, and finely wooded, bearing on its side about half way up, the impressive ruins of the magnificent and far-famed Castle. Few cities have suffered more from the horrors of civil war, than Heidelberg. During the seventeenth century, it was again, and again sacked, burnt and partly destroyed. War has indeed passed heavily over all Germany, and its blood-stained footsteps are traceable every where. The French, of all other nations, seem to have carried (as they ever do) atrocity to the highest pitch, and to be known in this country, only through the smoke of battle fields and burning towns.

Early the next morning after our arrival, we rode up to the celebrated ruins of the Castle by the winding way that leads by Wolfsbrunnen, catching very glorious views of the charming scenes of the valley beneath as we ascended. In the wars with Louis XIV., which laid waste the Palati-

nate with fire and sword, and caused it to blaze with the flames of twenty-one villages in a single day, the destruction of this noble Castle took place, which left it the ruin we now see it. Its situation is very commanding in a recess formed by mountains. From the front terrace there is a very extensive view, which comprises the town itself, the tasteful gardens, arbors, and vineyards on the opposite hills, while the Neckar winds in its course below to join the Rhine at Manheim, which city is just visible in the dim and shadowy distance. The outworks of this fortress Castle with its towers, ditches, and entrance gates, bear various emblems of chivalry and war belonging to by-gone times. In one spot is a huge round tower, whose ponderous mass lies torn from its foundation, reclining its immense burden on the earth, having been blown up by the French, and testifying by its vast ruin how much more destructive is the rude shock of war, than the silently mouldering hand of time. The grand destroyer is indeed universal in his operations, but he takes ages to do his work, while war leaves in its train ruins resembling the desolations of the earthquake.

The central part of this Palace Castle, where the Electors of the Palatinate resided, and held their Court, is a remnant of most exquisite ornamental workmanship; and in the days of its glory, must have been a superb monument of the magnificence of the German potentates. In the Hall of the Knights, which still remains, we saw many interesting relics of the days of chivalry; and in the gloomy chapel, which has also escaped, in some degree, the general wreck, was the figure of a monk in wood, sitting in his confessional, clothed in the dress of his order, and so well executed as at first sight to startle the beholder.

with all the effect of real life. These ruins are considered the finest in this land of feudal remains. But I do not think the interest they excite is at all comparable with that produced by the ruins of Kenilworth—they do not come home to you with that startling force of association, awakened by the sight of the ruined and dismantled halls of the English Castle.

The Castle of Heidelberg has not suffered merely by war, still less by time, but the elements have conspired to scathe it into the mere skeleton of what it formerly was. It has been repeatedly struck by lightning. The desolate grass-grown area, the noble facades which are now bare walls adorned with sculptured and heraldic arms, form an impressive contrast with what fancy pictures of the mirth and minstrelsy that once held high revel here.

We lingered long upon the stone terrace that overlooks the city, with its long straggling street, filled with market girls in their white kerchiefs, and baskets piled up with fruit. Right in front was the far-reaching valley, with the vineyards looking so near you could almost distinguish the purple grapes, clustering on the hill side vines—and listen! in the stillness of the morning you can catch the rippling murmur, that steals up through the overhanging beech woods—it is the song of the Neckar, its sweet glad song; for the Neckar is on its way to meet the Rhine, and the Rhine is near at hand. Behind us rises a huge pile of sculptured and embattled walls, a very chaos of ruin, scathed by lightning, blackened by fire, sapped by leaguer and storm—Fate's pitiless "In memoriam" over great destinies and mad ambitions. Tread reverently these courts; as you would tread the vaults of a sepulchre, with the dead around. Hark! how the gaunt trees looking through

the rifted oriels, mutter their grand memories to each other. See! along the east front, half-hidden by the ivy, are lattices of the old banqueting hall,

"In the empty window panes
Horror reigns."

If you were to enter that Hall at the witching hour of night, you might chance to hear strange sounds; the uproar of wassail, laughter, and stormy shouting; the gurgling of the amber wine, and the blended harmony of harp and lute: you might even see shapes, if you were strong of heart—the shapes of Palatines, Princes and Bishops, and a woman's shape above all, pale but heroic—the daughter of a Stuart; the grand daughter of the unfortunate Queen of Scots.

"Tis a face with queenly eyes.
And a front of constancies."

There is a little hand outstretched reaching forward, forever forward towards the fatal phantasm of a crown. You would see that phantasm lure her on: you would see her follow it with all her retinue; "a goodly array and strong," follow it over wild tracks and hostile provinces, over mountains and through forests to the foretold scene of empire; and then after a pause, your ear would catch faint and far, the clash and tumult of stricken fields, of cities taken and re-taken, sounds of hope, triumph and despair; and last of all, loud, awful, shrill, cleaving its way through space and time, and echoing and re-echoing through the chambers of that deserted house, a solitary trumpet blast, a very agony of sound, like the wail of some lost soul in final ruin and discomfiture.

So entirely has nature resumed her sway in the precincts of this ruined Castle, that it is difficult to conceive its ever

having been the scene of savage and sanguinary warfare. With the song of the bird in your ear, and the blue flowers purpling the turf at your feet, you strive in vain to realize the thunder of Tilly's batteries, or the rush of French batallions through the imminent deadly breach; and yet ten times has this paradise been made a pandemonium by the deviltry of war—ten times have the breaches been opened, the mines sprung, the woods mowed down, the summer gardens marred, and lo! the forgiveness of Nature. The ruinous strife once ended, her gentle work of healing begins—over the shattered wall she trains her ivy—along the trampled sod her mosses creep—with her earth she covers the slain, and with her holy silence she hushes the discord both of victory and defeat. Not a wound, but she sears over; not a wreck, but her art makes graceful: silently, but ceaselessly her work goes on, until at length she triumphs in a Paradise regained. But a truce to sentiment,—let us descend from the airy regions of the poetic to the prosaic. Upon our returning to the town, we found that in lingering so long among the ruins, we should not have time to see the famous University, and we were forced reluctantly to hurry to the railway station, to take the cars for Mayence, where we arrived at an early hour in the evening.

The town of Mayence occupies an elevated site in a rich fertile country, opposite the confluence of the Rhine and Mein. The surrounding hills, which form a vast amphitheatre, produce a Rhine wine that is in great demand. The town was once a Roman station, as almost every town on the Rhine has been. Its Cathedral is worth a visit—filled with some very exquisite monuments of Bishops and Archbishops, and containing many splendid chapels—but

the monument that interested me most of all, was the monument to the last of the Troubadours, Heinrich Von Meissen, with whose history I was familiar, and who was borne to his grave upon the fair shoulders of the noblest ladies of Mayence, and over whose coffin they poured libations of wine :

“Sad o'er the flower-strown coffin
 They cast their garlands fair ;
 The plume-crowned bier, which slowly
 Eight noble ladies bear.
 They bear it on with music
 And weeping to the shrine ;
 And from the golden censors
 They pour the sacred wine.”

Von Meissen was one of those warrior poets whose names are connected with all that is lovely and amiable in song—one who wreathed the graces of melody round proud and warlike spirits, and gradually softened down and refined them into all that was gentle, kind, and social in human nature. Let others dwell on the high doings of statesmen and warriors ; I love to contemplate the quiet peaceful walk of those great benefactors of their race, who scattered abroad in the path of every-day life, some of the sweetest flowers of poetry and song. Centuries have rolled away since libations of wine were poured by fair hands, over the minstrel's tomb—empires have been lost and won ; kingdoms blotted out from the map of nations, and the proud spirits of earth laid low, and their very names forgotten ; but time has spared this gentler record, and the memory of the humble Troubadour-poet is still a treasured thing with the good people of his native city, and consecrates the tomb beneath which his ashes repose. Long may that memory exist, and deeply may it

be cherished by all who can appreciate, with true poetic devotion, the touching pathos, delicacy and grace with which chivalrous attributes were clothed by those who sang together in the early dawn of refinement and poetry. Peace to the ashes of the last of the Troubadours.

Mayence has an interest from its having been the cradle of the art of Printing. It was the birth-place and residence of John Gensfleisch, called Guttenberg, the inventor of moveable types. His native city treasures his memory, and about twenty years ago, a bronze statue by Thorwaldsen, was erected in one of the squares. Mayence belongs to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. It is the chief and strongest fortress tower of the German Confederation, and is garrisoned by Prussian and Austrian troops in nearly equal proportions.

CHAPTER XII.

PRUSSIA AND ITS CAPITAL.

The General appearance of Berlin — The Thier Garten — The Brandenburg Gate — The Unter den Linden — Statue of Frederick the Great.

PRUSSIA as a nation, compared with those that surround her, has but a modern origin. The name that now attaches to this powerful and prosperous people, originally belonged to a desolate district in the north-eastern angle of the territory now embraced by the present kingdom. In this wild spot, a body of Teutonic adventurers, who had waged fierce fight with the Saracen for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre, having driven out the Pagans who infested it, settled themselves; and in due time waxed so powerful, that they managed to play an influential part for two centuries in the affairs of Europe. At the Reformation this military Brotherhood, renounced the Romish faith and embraced the doctrines of Luther. Soon after they effected a treaty with their feudal superior, the King of Poland, by which their possessions were consolidated into an hereditary Duchy of Prussia, and settled on the Grand Master then ruling. That functionary was at the time, Albert of Brandenburg, a junior branch of the House, whose memory and great deeds are still cherished in the modern kingdom. About the year 1618, the Duchy was conveyed to the eldest branch of the House of Brandenburg. But it was not until Frederick William the Great succeeded to the

Ducal Crown, sometime in the middle of the seventeenth century, that the Duchy ceased to be a feudality of Poland. The Revolutions produced in the Empire, by what is known in history, as "the thirty years' war," enabled him to emancipate his Duchy from the pretensions of Poland, and to obtain its recognition as a sovereign state, about the year 1657.

On the 18th of January, 1701, Frederick I. placed a royal crown on his own head at Koningsberg—and a King of Prussia then for the first time made his appearance on the field of Europe. Since that period constant accretions have expanded the Kingdom into its present bulk. Signories—counties—principalities—duchies—bishoprics and provinces have been gathered in from time to time, proving that annexation is by no means a vice of more modern times. By these successive additions, and by a policy in some respects admirably adapted to the condition of things—a petty Dukedom in an obscure corner of Europe, has been raised in the short space of a century and a half to a foremost rank among the powers of the world.

The Kingdom is thus, comparatively speaking, a thing of yesterday, and so is its metropolis Berlin. As a modern traveler remarks, "Berlin has no Gothic Churches—no narrow streets, no fantastic gables—no historic stone and lime—no remnants of the picturesque ages recalling the olden time." It is this modern air about the city that first strikes the observer. Fishermen's huts constituted the nucleus of the future city not many years ago. In 1590, its population was but twelve thousand. Under the Fredericks it made rapid strides—and by the time of Napoleon's conquest, it had reached nearly two hundred thousand. By the last census, it is put down at

nearly half a million, giving it the fifth place among European Capitals. And yet a stranger can scarcely realize that it is a city with so great a population. There is nothing of the bustle and stir of a great metropolis about it. The current of human life seems to run as sluggishly along its streets, as the lazy waters of its slothful river Spree. For an hour or so during the day, there is a sort of spasmodic effort at activity and gaiety along the magnificent avenue of the Unter den Linden: but that passed, Berlin relapses into the quiet and genteel air of some small provincial town. And yet with all the general air of quiet pervading the city, there is an activity and energy in the business quarter, which if it fails to make itself heard and seen to the extent of other cities, has, nevertheless produced its certain sure effect. The energy and skill of the workshops have made Berlin prosperous and wealthy. The huge chimneys of her factories which produce her locomotives, her engines, her cloths, her porcelain, and the numerous articles of necessity and luxury with which she abounds, manifest the business energy and appliances that have been steadily at work, in effecting her rapid rise and development. These factories, which crowd the sides of the serpentine River Spree, and discolor its waters, extend from gate to gate. Berlin is the maker and moulder of her own porcelain. She bores and fashions her own artillery — she exhibits her skill and taste in the casting of those bronze statuettes that are the admiration of the world; and possesses to the full all the elements of a busy, thriving manufacturing town.

Berlin occupies a large sandy plain, and is divided by its river Spree into two parts, whereof the part to the north and east is the most ancient and irregular, and that to the

south and west regularly built, and the seat of much opulence and taste. From the south side of the town you enter by the Halliche Gate. From the circular area just inside this gate, called La belle Alliance Platz, branch off three of the largest and finest streets in the more modern part of the city. The street to the left is the Wilhelms Strasse. All along it, the houses are large and stately, most of them distinguished by arched entrances. This street runs into and terminates in the Unter den Linden, near the famous Brandenburg Gate. The central street with its long vista immediately before you, is the Friederichs Strasse, named after the great Frederick. It is more than two English miles long, in a perfectly straight line, and extends from side to side, uniting the Halliche with the Oranienburg Gate. The Linden Strasse, which must not be confounded with the Unter den Linden, is the third street that branches off from the Platz, but is not to be compared with either of the others, although still a handsome street. Unite the termination of the three streets here described, and you enclose almost all the fashionable part of Berlin. Nearly all the streets embraced in such enclosure are straight and rectangular to each other, reminding one in their general appearance, of those of Philadelphia.

The Thier Garten, which lies just outside the walls at the western extremity of Berlin, and into which you enter through the magnificent Brandenburg Gate, ornamenting that extremity of the Unter den Linden, may be described as an immense forest three miles in length, and two in width, laid out into numerous fine avenues for carriages and horsemen—while shady walks ornamented with flower beds, and at intervals with artificial lakes, invite the pedes-

trian and lounge. Fine statues ornament some of the avenues, and in the spring, summer and fall, it is the favorite resort of the entire population. The much lauded Tuileriés, or the Bois de Boulogne, recently enlarged and beautified by the present Emperor of the French, is not to be compared with it. One might as well institute a comparison between Washington Square, Philadelphia, and Hyde Park, London. Entering Berlin by the Charlottenburg road, which runs directly through the Thier Garten, you pass under the magnificent Brandenburg Gate, to stand in the Pariser Platz, which is at the head of the Unter den Linden. This Gate certainly is one of the finest architectural specimens of its kind in Europe. It is said to be an imitation of the Propylæum at Athens, but on a somewhat larger scale: and certain it is, that there is nothing beautiful in modern architecture which does not owe either directly or indirectly, its beauty to the models that Grecian genius and taste erected for the admiration and imitation of ages. The six pillars support an entablature without any pediment; a gateway not arched passing between each row of pillars. On the entablature is a colossal figure of Victory in a chariot drawn by four horses, the whole being constructed of copper. This group is not only pure and classical, but is so placed as to give an exceedingly graceful appearance to the entire structure below. The horses are most superbly executed, and really appear as if they would spring out of their harness: nowhere have I seen more admirable sculptured representations. The ancients, however much they excelled us in imitations of the human form in marble, failed most singularly in their attempts to represent these animals, whether in single figures or groups. The bronze horse

which the Emperor Antoninus Pius bestrides in front of the Capitoline Museum at Rome — and the four horses over the Church of St. Marks, in the Piazza San Marco at Venice, show in their clumsy limbs and ungraceful outlines, how lamentably the ancient sculptors failed in this regard. The poetical spirit of Ovid could not have given more spirit to the chargers of the Sun, than the modern artist has done to these superb creations of his genius. No wonder the taste of Napoleon observed at a glance, the artistic beauties of this ornament of the Brandenburg Gate, and carried it off to Paris. But when the tide of battle turned at Waterloo, turned too by those very Prussians he had despoiled, it made this car not an unmeaning bauble, but a real car of Victory. It is said that the eagle and the iron cross were then added as emblems to the principal figure, to commemorate this final triumph at Waterloo.

Passing under this magnificent gate, you find yourself in the small square of the Pariser Platz. Directly before you stretches one of the finest streets of any city in Europe, the Unter den Linden. Directly through the centre is a broad and noble walk shaded by linden trees, giving the name to the street. On both sides this shaded central avenue, run roads laid off for equestrians, and as carriage thoroughfares. The street is full two hundred and fifty feet wide from curb to curb, with fine broad flag-stoned pavements on both sides. About a quarter of a mile from the Brandenburg Gate the central line of lindens terminates, and the street expands into one wide avenue. Taking your position at this termination of the avenue of lindens, you have before you one of the most magnificent equestrian monuments in the world; that erected to the

the Great Frederick, whose memory is cherished by all classes of the people. It is the work of Rauch their favorite sculptor, and while it fitly commemorates the exploits of one of the greatest captains, is an enduring monument of the genius and skill of the greatest of modern sculptors. It stands upon a huge block of polished granite. On the four sides of the bronze base, which rests upon this block, are sculptured figures in grand relief, representing on foot and on horseback the celebrated generals, philosophers and statesmen who shed such lustre upon the brilliant reign of the King. Just above this block, and immediately beneath the equestrian figure, sculptured tablets most beautifully record the remarkable incidents in the life of the philosophic monarch. But the one figure that soon engages all your attention, as it ought to do, is that of the King himself, mounted on a spirited charger. This equestrian statue is more than seventeen feet high, and represents the old warrior in the habit that was so familiar to the people of his day. The old cane, carried by a band fastened at the wrist, the pistol holsters, the three cornered cocked hat, and the entire harness of the horse are accurate copies of the relics preserved of the King in the Kunsthammer, or Chamber of Art, at the Palace.

Standing close to the foot of the monument you have directly before you a most comprehensive view of the principal public buildings of Berlin. On your left is the Academy of Fine Arts, and the immense buildings of the far-famed University, the magnificent and stately Arsenal, with its groups of emblematic statuary and unique sculptured devices, and the Guard House. On your right may be noticed, the Prince of Prussia's tasteful palace, the Royal Library and the Opera House. On each side of the

Guard House are placed marble statues, by Rauch, of Generals Bülow Von Dennewitz, and Scharnhorst, the reformer of the Prussian army, after the battle of Jena. Directly opposite, on the other side of the avenue, is the bronze statue of old Blucher, looking fierce and stern, as if he was still in hot pursuit "of those execrable French, and their rascal leader." In front of our position at the base of the statue, but a little to the right, over the bridge spanning the Spree, is the Old Palace called the Schloss, which considering the immense space it covers, and the gorgeous elegance of its state apartments is not excelled by any similar structure in Europe. This Palace is connected with the Unter den Linden by a broad and elegant bridge spanning the Spree. This bridge is adorned on both sides with groups of marble statuary representing the training of a warrior, from the moment when his Guardian Genius points to the three great names of Alexander, Cæsar, and Frederick, upon a shield, down to the last scene of all, when dying upon the battle-field, he sinks into the arms of Fame, who places a wreath of victory upon his brow.

Directly in front of the Schloss is the tasteful structure of the Museum, with the pretty Lust-Garten in front. Between the Schloss and the Palace facing the Lust-Garten, is the Cathedral a sombre-looking structure, but possessing an interest from the fact that it is the burial place of the Royal family, and contains the remains of the great Elector and of Frederick I., in gilded coffins. In front of the Palace Gate on the Lust-Garten side stand bronze horses and grooms, rather a poor imitation of the group on the Monte Cavallo at Rome. The wits of Berlin in allusion to the policy of the reigning monarch, give them the nick-

names of "Progress checked," and "Retrogression encouraged."

Between two churches in the Gens d'Armes Platz, which you reach from the Unter den Linden, by the Charlotten Strasse, stands the Theatre, or Schauspielhaus, a very tasteful structure ornamented with sculptured devices representing mythological subjects, by Rauch and Tieck. Whether this location was intended to illustrate the old adage of "the nearer the church, the farther from God," we know not, but it is a very curious sight to see a play house flanked thus by two churches.

The general appearance of the more modern part of Berlin, is very pleasing. The streets are straight, clean and well paved. Nowhere in Europe do you see so many buildings constructed in such correct architectural taste. The position of the city stretched out upon a sandy plain, with no means of drainage is somewhat unfavorable to cleanliness, and many complaints are made in the summer season of the vile odors that offend the nostrils from the filth of the gutter-ways. A very short time will remedy this evil, as Berlin is soon to be supplied with abundance of water by means of the new water-works, in course of erection and nearly completed. As it is now, with all its present disadvantages, the streets in their cleanliness will contrast very favorably with those of any capital in Europe.

Berlin owes much to the energy, zeal and munificence of Frederick the Great. He lavished immense sums in embellishing this his favorite city, and added greatly to its resources by his judicious fostering and encouragement of its manufacturing advantages. After his exhausting seven years' war, he appears to have gone to work in earnest to efface the marks of the scourge. Every year he

ordered a certain number of houses to be erected in Berlin, and on a certain day, the Director annually waited on the Monarch, who gave him drawings of the handsomest buildings in Italy, of which he had a great collection, made him lay out the ground-plan, which he enlarged or diminished at his pleasure. When the houses were built, he gave them to the proprietors of the old houses that had been demolished. The French refugees too, greatly contributed to the embellishment and prosperity of the city, inasmuch as they introduced all kinds of manufactures and various arts. The present monarch has accomplished much for the advancement and embellishment of the capital of his dominions, and although he clings to the doctrines of absolutism, and seems to have as lofty ideas of kingly prerogative as some other monarchs in history, whose fate should be to him a warning; still it cannot be denied that he has in all things proved himself a liberal encourager of pursuits tending to the increase of the greatness of his kingdom, and a warm patron of the fine arts—employing the first talent of Europe in embellishing and adorning the public places of his Capital.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW OF THE CELEBRITIES OF BERLIN.

The Royal Library—The Old and New Museum—The Chamber of Art—Christmas in Berlin.

IF the genius of architecture in its more classical development has done much to adorn the exterior of the public buildings and structures of Berlin, Science has not forgotten to spread a feast of good things for her votaries. The treasures of the noble Library—the Museum—the long and well-filled Halls of the Picture Gallery, arranged in the order of the Schools—the University, the lectures of whose Professors, as those of Padua once did, attract students from all parts of the world—attest that mental cultivation and artistic taste are largely encouraged. The Royal Library is located in the Opera Platz, very near the Linden. It is said to owe its peculiar shape to a whim of Frederick the Great, who commanded the architect to take a chest of drawers for his model: and most certainly it has no claim to any great architectural beauty. But its outside defects may be forgiven, when you take into consideration the literary treasures enclosed here. It contains nearly six hundred thousand books in all languages. Its works on American History alone, amount to several thousand volumes, and I was much surprised find here a very complete collection of the United States statistics, and many of the Law Reports of our different States. The literary curiosities of this Library are exceedingly rare. Here in glass cases you are shown Luther's

Hebrew Bible, the very copy from which he made his translation, with marginal notes in his own hand writing; also his manuscript of the Psalms, with corrections in red ink. Here also may be seen the Bible, which Charles I. carried to the scaffold, and just before he knelt down to receive the fatal blow, handed to Bishop Juxon. The mother of the good Bishop's wife, resided in Berlin. After his death, it came into the possession of her son, who presented it to the Library. You gaze at this memorial of the unfortunate monarch, with the deepest interest. Either by design or accident, it was open at the nineteenth chapter of Job, and we could read these lines so strikingly applicable to the monarch's fate. "Behold! I cry out of wrong, but am not heard. I cry aloud, but there is no judgment. He hath fenced up my way, that I cannot pass. He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from off my head." In the same Hall may be noticed the Guttenburg Bible on parchment, bearing the date of 1450, said to be the first book printed with moveable type. Near it, is a manuscript of the four gospels, written upon parchment, and given by Charlemagne to Wittekind. It is most beautifully bound in a cover of ivory, elaborately carved. The lover of science will be delighted in finding here the two hemispheres of metal, with which Otto Guericke made the experiment, which led him to discover the air pump. When he had exhausted the air between them, he found that the force of thirty horses was unable to separate them. This immense collection of Books, has never been printed in catalogue form: but the bound catalogues in manuscript, are so numerous that they form quite a Library in themselves. These numerous catalogues are so methodized, that there is very little, if any delay, in turning to whatever department of litera-

ture, you are in search of. Everything is conducted with that order, regularity and exactitude, which marks and distinguishes the German mind in everything down to the minutest details.

The Museum is a classical structure, facing the Lust-Garten, and directly opposite the old Palace. The wonderful pencil of Cornelius, and the wild and erratic genius of Schinkel have assisted in adorning with frescoes of an allegorical character, the walls of the rather handsome colonnade in front. German genius revels in allegory, and it is only German patience that can stand, study out, and comprehend the combinations and mystic emblems which such allegories embody. These frescoes are said to illustrate the formation of the universe, and the intellectual development of mankind. But as the pen guided by the greatest human wisdom has failed to convey very clear ideas upon these abstruse topics—so the pencil of the German artist on the walls of the Museum, has succeeded no better. Night—Uranus leading the dance of the starry host—Hope with her anchor—Pegasus with his spurning hoofs—Morning and Evening—Spring, Summer, and Autumn—all mingle here in such glowing colors, and with such an allegorical confusion, that the brain swims and the head aches, in endeavoring to give the whole reality and consistency. On the right side as you ascend the staircase leading up to this colonnade, is the magnificent group, of the combat of the Amazon with a tiger, by Kiss. A very inferior copy of this glorious work of art, was to be seen at the exhibition of the World's Fair, at New York. To my taste there are few productions of the ancient chisel, that surpass this fine conception of German genius. There is something truly wonderful in the delineation of the terror of the agonized horse, in

whose noble chest the tiger is fleshing his claws. It far surpasses the same conception in the celebrated group of a lion seizing a horse, in the Palazzo de Conservatore at Rome. The headlong savage fierceness of the tiger too, is in most admirable contrast with the heroic and cool determination, that looks boldly forth from the piercing eyes of the Amazonian huntress.

The Picture Gallery, in what is now known as the old Museum, abounds in some very fine specimens of the Flemish and Dutch Schools. It is divided into small compartments, and arranged according to the date of the Schools. This is a great convenience, and enables the spectator to study the advance and progress of art, from almost its first rude beginnings. There is a singular picture by Teniers in the gallery, which shows how the painter took revenge for the many cruelties and neglects practiced upon him by his mother-in-law, and wife. He has, in the painting representing the temptation of St. Anthony, embalmed this portion of his household in ridicule, for every generation to gaze at. The poor saint, (and under this figure the painter represents himself,) is seated in his cave, surrounded by all sorts of demoniacal comicalities. A young woman of exceeding beauty of feature, stands near gazing upon him with great earnestness, as if to fascinate him with her look, and from beneath her long gown peeps forth the tip of a devil's tail. A little to the one side, stands an old woman of a more decidedly devilish character, having her head ornamented with horns, and the cloven hoofs peep forth from beneath the gown. Thus did the painter revenge himself upon the authors of his domestic infelicities. There are some very fine pictures by Rubens and Snyders; and one or two by the artists conjointly. There is a cock-fight by Snyders—a

small picture; but in its wonderful truthfulness and spirit, not surpassed by any of his larger and more elaborate works.

The new Museum, soon to be connected with the old, contains some of the finest treasures of art in Europe. It is an immense structure, and in the extensiveness of its Egyptian and mediæval collection of antiquities, not equalled in the world. In the large Hall devoted to the exhibition of northern antiquities, may be found arms, ornaments and vessels, once belonging to those original tribes of Scandinavia and Germany, the ancestors of the very barbarians, who eleven hundred years after its foundation burst through the Salarian Gate of Rome, and gave up the Eternal City to ruin and devastation. Here may be seen an idol of the Sun, found at Rolin, evidently of Teutonic origin. The walls of this Hall are adorned with frescoes, very appropriately representing the gloomy and fantastic mythology of the northern nations. Here may be seen the representations of the fabulous Odin, and his wife Hertha. Here in all its gorgeousness is a representation of the Walhalla, or Northern Paradise, the residence of those heroes who fell in battle;

"Where from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul."

And in contrast with this, startling in its horrors, is a representation of the Helheim, or infernal regions, the final abode of cowards. In another portion of this Hall are unfolded the wonders of fairy-land—Titania dancing with her elves by moonlight, or sporting by sylvan lakes, embosomed in valleys rich with all the verdure, and glowing in the amber atmosphere of Paradise.

Descending a grand marble staircase leading from this

Hall, you come to a splendid enclosure, supported by rich columns of Italian marble, with a floor most beautifully tessellated. On every side mythological frescoes, classical in design, exquisite in coloring, and admirable in execution, painted by the pupils of Kaulbach, after his designs, look down upon you from the walls. Descending still another marble staircase, you come to what is known as the Egyptian Court-yard, lighted from above. The pillars supporting the roof are copies from those in the Temple of Karnac, while the shafts represent Egyptian deities. The centre of this court yard is also occupied by huge figures of Egyptian deities. The walls are adorned with frescoes, representing the wonderful architecture of this most singular people. No one who has paid any attention to architectural study, can doubt, when he looks upon the capitals of Egyptian columns, whether the Greeks originated the Corinthian or the Doric. Here we have the Temple of Dendara—the Memnon Statues at Thebes—the Temple at Karnac—the Temple at Ipsambul, and the Pyramids of Meroe.

Passing from this Egyptian Court, you enter an apartment with the ceiling supported by a double row of columns representing the buds of the Lotus, while the walls are covered with scenes illustrative of the domestic life of the Egyptians.

The Historical Saloon contains numerous statues of Egyptian Kings and Princes, and other historical personages; whilst the walls are covered with copies from the various sculptures of palaces and temples. All around this chamber are immense cases, containing necklaces, ear rings, and rings of gold, coins, scarabei, and other curiosities, worn as ornaments, and circulated in Egypt more than three thousand years ago.

But the most interesting Chamber is the Hall of Egyptian tombs. These tombs were brought from the banks of the Nile, at an enormous cost. Here is the tomb of a dignitary, who figured at the Court of King Cheops — and there one of a Priestess, who from the date must have been contemporary with Moses, when in Egypt. In this large Hall and the one adjoining, are collected the mortal remains of many an Egyptian, from the baby of a week old, to those of the aged Priest of Isis. In no collection are there to be seen so many mummies in such wonderful preservation. In many instances they are unrolled, and lay in their glass covered cases — regular dried specimens of the humanity of Egypt. On the arm of the mummy of one of the Priestesses of Apis, I noticed, a broad heavy bracelet of gold, while two rings of emerald still glittered on her fingers. Here also may be seen immense stone Sarcophagi, covered with most elaborate sculpture, where for centuries, distinguished Egyptians had slept in quiet, until Teutonic curiosity summarily ejected them, and brought their last earthly covering to adorn this northern Museum. In an another chamber may be seen a great number of mummied cats, so sacred in the eyes of Egyptians. They form a curious array to be sure, with their blackened heads thrust out from the bandages by which they are encompassed. By their side, heaps upon heaps, are mummies of the Ibis, the sacred bird of Egypt.

In another part of the new Museum are magnificent Halls, devoted to exhibitions of originals and copies from the finest specimens of Grecian and Roman art, with walls adorned by appropriate frescoes, that carry you back in imagination, to stand upon the classic soil of ancient Attica, in the midst of her monuments of art, or

where the Land of the Cæsars still manifests the impress of imperial power and munificence.

In the old Schloss, in the very topmost room, is the Kuntskammer or Chamber of Art, to which entrance is had by special permission. This contains a great number of curious things, and is soon to be removed to the new Museum. The Historical Collection is more particularly interesting, as illustrating the character and lives of remarkable men. It contains the model of a wind-mill made by Peter the Great, with his own hands, while working as a ship carpenter in Holland. The hussar dress and cap, surmounted with a black eagle's wing, worn by the celebrated Prussian General, Ziethen. Two cannon balls, each with one side flattened, said to have met in mid-air at the siege of Madgebourg. Some of the relics preserved here are peculiarly national, such as a cast taken from the face of Frederick the Great after death — truly a most repulsive sight; the bullet which wounded him at the battle of Rosbach, in 1760; a wax figure of the same King clothed in the very uniform he last wore. The coat is rusty-looking, and threadbare. the scabbard of the sword is mended with sealing wax, by his own hands. His books and walking cane; his favorite flute all tied up with pack-thread, are carefully preserved here, along with his pocket handkerchief, the filthiest, tattered, patched rag that ever bore the name, and which would have been discarded by Carew, "King of the Beggars." Opposite this figure of Frederick, in a glass case, are the stars, orders and decorations, presented by the different Sovereigns of Europe to Bonaparte; one of the most conspicuous being the Prussian Black Eagle. These were taken by the Prussians, when they captured his carriage

at Waterloo, from which he escaped so hurriedly that he left his hat behind, which also is preserved here. Not far off are Blucher's orders. Then may be noticed a cast in wax from the face of Moreau, taken shortly after his death at Dresden. There was an interest attached to this. The ruins of his country seat at Morrisville, opposite Trenton, I had often seen. Here he resided for a number of years until his return, Coriolanus like, to fight against his country. He was a brave man, an able officer, and one whose military ability Napoleon held in high esteem. The story of his death is a curious one. Moreau was in the midst of a group of officers, and by the side of the Emperor Alexander, when a ball shattered both his legs, passing entirely through the body of his horse. That ball came from one of the batteries of the Young Guard. Napoleon had observed that their battery slackened fire, and sent to enquire the cause. The answer returned was, that the guns were placed too low, and so the effect of the fire was lost. Fire on nevertheless, said the Emperor, we must occupy the enemy's attention at that point. The fire was immediately resumed, and a very extraordinary movement of the group of officers and commanders on the hill, told the practiced eye of Napoleon, that a person of high rank had been struck. The next morning a peasant brought the account that a distinguished officer had been wounded, having both his legs shattered by a ball, but could not tell his name. But he had with him the favorite dog of the officer, and Napoleon looking for the name of the owner on the collar, found that of Moreau. "See!" said he, to several officers, "the finger of Providence is here." Moreau submitted to the amputation of both his limbs, coolly smoking a segar during to the operation: but he

died shortly after from exhaustion, and at his own request his legs were buried on the field, and his body was laid in a vault, in one of the Churches of St. Petersburg. There is also in the collection, a cast in wax from the face of the Prussian Queen Louisa, serenely beautiful even in death. Among the most curious things in this Museum, are the enormous number of well-used tobacco pipes, once belonging to the brutal old father of Frederick the Great. But the list would be endless, were we to mention in detail all the curious things preserved here. Art has left her treasures, which indicate to the observer the magic skill and ingenuity of Durer, Vicher and Angelo. Figures exquisitely carved in wood, ivory and bronze, cups and vases enriched with bas-reliefs, and glittering with precious stones — hunting horns rare with carved devices, and reliquaries rich in enamelling, are gathered here in rich profusion. When this collection is removed to the new Museum, it is to be hoped that there will be more method pursued in its arrangement. It contains some memorabilia worthy of preservation; and properly methodized, it will be a valuable addition to that treasure-house of Art.

The Arsenal, is a huge building, dating back for its origin, to the latter part of the seventeenth century. It is covered with sculptured devices, and emblematic figures look down upon you from its roof. It is a perfect Military Museum, containing some of the leather guns used by Gustavus in the thirty years' war — Turkish pieces, and a complete assortment of fire arms, from those used at the first invention of gunpowder, down to the improvements of the present day. Against the walls and pillars of one of the chambers containing a hundred thousand stand of arms, are suspended myriads of French flags, some taken

during the wars of the Revolution, and some captured by the Prussians at Paris, in 1815; besides an immense number of muskets, and several pieces of artillery taken at the same period.

We were fortunate enough to spend Christmas in Berlin. It is the great festival of Germany. For weeks the note of preparation had been sounding. The stores were dressed in their gayest attire, and radiant with glitter and show. The pipe shops, in a place *where everything smokes but the chimneys*, form as a matter of course, a gay feature of the scene. They are filled with perfect pyramids of porcelain pipe-heads, ornamented most exquisitely with paintings, and some of them bringing almost fabulous prices. Here too you may observe pipes of beautiful amber, amber mouth-pieces, smoking caps tastefully embroidered, tobacco pouches braided in gold and silver, and all the paraphernalia belonging to a habit which has made smoking a national necessity. The confectioners' shops, are also at this season full of sweet things, made with strange devices, for next to tobacco, does the German love cakes and sweet-meats. Every day on the Linden at the hour of noon, you will find these confectioneries filled with well-dressed people, sipping the luscious chocolate, or partaking of the rich cake, or still richer pastry, which the German baker delights in preparing. For weeks before Christmas these confectioneries are filled with cakes of every form and device, done in sugar and chocolate—figures in the costumes of all nations, and animals of every kind and description. But the most curious and interesting sight of all were the booths or fair stalls. For several days before Christmas—the large squares both in front and behind

the old Palace, and every street radiating from these squares were filled with thousands of fair stalls. They are wooden booths, roofed over and floored. Nothing can exceed the extensive assortment of children's toys they display. It really seems as if the renowned Santa Claus, exhibited the rich and varied stores of his treasure-house to the wondering eyes of happy children. Here too are immense numbers of Christmas trees, and as they come into town from the country, the long trains of wagons that carry them, seem to rehearse the story of

“Birnam forest, come to Dunsinane.”

Some of these Christmas trees are merely the rough tops of the fir-tree just as they are brought from the forest — others again are planted in large boxes of earth, and surrounded at the foot with little gardens — others are glittering in gold and silver leaf, having the body and branches wound round with silver and gold wire. On Christmas eve, no house in Germany is without its Christmas tree. It is the hour of rejoicing, and round every hearthstone from the palace to the cottage gather happy and bright faces. It is with them the evening when the Christ child enters every portal, bearing in his hands gifts for good children. What a beautiful superstition is that of the Christ Kindchen, or Christ child? There is a radiance about the brow of the holy infant most beautiful in its associations, to the simple and loving heart of the little child. There is an electric chain of sympathy that binds that heart to the Christ child, who a child once more, is full of appreciating love for little children. The following translation of a German poem embodies beautifully the character of the Christ Kindchen: “See there

runs a stranger child, oh how swiftly through the city, on Christmas eve to see the beautiful lights that are flashing from many a Christmas tree. He stops before every house, and sees the bright rooms, in which boldly stand out the lampful trees. Woe is to the poor child everywhere. He weeps and says, 'to-night every child has its little tree, its light and joy—I alone have none. In this strange land I am forgotten. Will no one let me come in, and just afford me room for my cold feet? In all these bright houses, is there no corner for the stranger child?' He knocks at a door, but there is no voice to answer; no kindly hand to welcome. Every father thinks of his own children, and every mother is busy about the gifts. Then said the little stranger, 'O dear and holy Christ, I have no father, no mother, if thou art not these to me! Be thou my counsellor, for here am I forgotten.' He rubs his cold hands, he lingers in the long desolate streets, with his eyes cast up to heaven. But look! there comes up yonder street, waving a light before him, another child in smooth white raiment, and hair that clusters in golden ringlets round his fair young brow. How musical is his voice when he says, 'I am the Holy Christ—again I am once more a child, always on this happy evening. Though all forget thee, I will never forget thee. I offer my protection as well in the streets, as in the lighted houses. Thy light little stranger, I will cause to shine in the open space so fair, that none in the rooms shall be brighter.' Then waved the Christ child his hand towards heaven, and forth stood glittering overhead with many branches, a shining tree glorious with a host of stars. Bright little angels bent down from the branches, and drew up the poor child into the starry space, and so was he ever with the Christ child."

Now how much more beautiful and significant is this lovely creation of "the Christ Child," than our rude and tasteless Santa Claus, who is nothing more than a kind of annual chimney sweep, or rather half chimney sweep, half Jew pedlar. The Christmas legends of Germany, have all an appropriateness to the great festival to be celebrated. It is the eve of the Saviour's birth, whose advent Gabriel himself came down too to tell, whose natal morn was greeted by the angel hosts, in strains of more than mortal melody. As he grew in years, love for little children was a distinguishing trait in his serenely beautiful character. He never allowed an opportunity to pass, that he did not bless them, or improve their presence to his disciples by some beautiful allusion. If he set a little child in their midst, it was only to exclaim, "unless ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." And when he rebuked his disciples who would have kept them away, it was only to utter those sublime words, which have so often refreshed the heart of the stricken mother—"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Therefore, how strikingly beautiful, and how appropriate to the festive season is this German legend, that the gentle Saviour once more becoming a little child, comes on the eve of Christmas to every hearthstone, and places on the shining Christmas tree those gifts, which make the heart of the German child so happy, and add fresh lustre to his wondering eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ENVIRONS OF BERLIN.

Charlottenburg—Mausoleum to the Queen of Prussia—Her History—Potsdam—Tomb of Frederick the Great—The New Palace—Sans Souci—Death of Frederick the Great.

THE pretty little village of Charlottenburg, with its country-seats and picturesque looking avenues, is about three miles from Berlin. Passing through the Brandenburg Gate, you arrive at the village after a pleasant ride for the most part of the way through the spacious avenue dividing the Thier Garten, which stretches almost to Charlottenburg. There is an air of elegance and a character of aristocracy about this village. In the summer season it is a favorite resort of the citizens of Berlin. The palace built here was erected by Frederick I., who married an English princess, Sophia Charlotte, daughter of George I., and gave the name to the place in compliment to his wife; although this, I believe, was the only compliment he ever paid her. The gardens behind the Palace are very extensive, and laid out with great taste and beauty. The entrance to them is through the orangery, at the extremity of which may be seen the graceful front of a small theatre, where plays are performed for the summer diversion of their majesties. These beautiful gardens are open to the public, and as they abound in shady walks, varied by artificial lakes, afford a delightful shelter and place of amusement to the citizens of Berlin during the heat of the summer months. Some of these lakes abound in carp of

immense size and great age, many of them having passed their hundredth year. On the occasion of my visit, one of these venerable denizens was pointed out to me, wearing a bell round his neck, said to have been placed there by the father of Frederick the Great. He had received one of the three warnings, being stone blind; but his hearing was evidently acute, as he was guided to the bread thrown in the water by the noise made when it fell; and as for his appetite, it appeared equally voracious with that of his younger brethren. The greatest object of interest however to be found in the grounds belonging to this Palace is the Mausoleum, where repose the remains of Louisa, Queen of Prussia, and those of her weak but unfortunate husband. You come suddenly upon a white Doric temple, that might be deemed a mere adornment of the grounds—a spot sacred to seclusion: but the presence of the mournful cypress, and the weeping willow, declare it to be the habitation of the dead. In this temple, so solemn by the subdued light of its interior, on a marble sarcophagus, reclines a sculptured figure of the Queen. It is a portrait statue, and is said to be a perfect resemblance, not as she was in death; but when she lived to bless, and to be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of the features. The hands are folded on the bosom, the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life. She does but sleep; indeed, she scarce can be said to sleep, for her mind and heart are on her sweet lips. One could sit soothed for hours by the side of this marble form—it breathes such purity and peace. A simple drapery, perfect in every fold, shrouds the figure. Louisa is said to have been the the most beautiful woman of her day—and one can readily believe it, looking down upon this noble effort of the sculptor's skill, which radiant with beauty as it is,

scarcely does full justice to the lovely features of Queen Louisa. The history of this unfortunate Princess is a most interesting and affecting one. She said of herself, shortly before her death: "Posterity will not set down my name among celebrated women, but whoever knows the calamities of these times will say of me, she suffered much, and suffered with constancy. And may aftertimes be able to add, she gave birth to children who deserved better days, who struggled to bring them round, and at last succeeded." What a life of startling vicissitude was hers! How full of heart-stirring incident! What sufferings she endured! What resolution she displayed in the midst of her misfortunes! What recuperative energy she brought to bear after every defeat! All these have been written of her, and to her honor in the pages of Prussian history. It was the influence of this noble-minded woman, every inch a Queen, that brought Prussia into the field in 1806; and it was the ignominy and scorn heaped upon her by an insolent conqueror, that made every corner of Prussia burn with unextinguishable hate against the French. Trusting in the courage and energy of the nation, she accompanied the King to the army, but retired to a place of safety immediately after the battle of Jena, so disastrous to the Prussians. Before that battle she parted with her husband in tears, and they never met again in happiness. Suffering in mind and body she went down to Tilsit during the negotiations that followed, much it is said, against her own inclinations; but she hoped by the charm of her presence that the heart of the conqueror might be softened, that conqueror who had insolently declared in ten years his dynasty would be the oldest in Europe. That interview resulted however in nothing except to extort from Napoleon a tribute to the Queen, which coming

from so keen an observer of character, has great weight. Speaking of that interview, Napoleon once said, "The Queen of Prussia unquestionably possessed talents, great information, and singular acquaintance with affairs; she was the real sovereign for fifteen years. In truth, in spite of my address and utmost efforts, she constantly led the conversation, returned with pleasure to her subject, and directed it as she chose, but still with so much tact and judgment, it was impossible to take offence." Contemporary reports would indicate that Napoleon at this interview treated the poor Queen with unfeeling insolence. "The object of my journey, Sire," said she, "is to prevail on you to grant Prussia an honorable peace." "How" replied the conqueror, "could you think of going to war with me?" and the answer of the Queen was modest and humble—"It was allowable that the fame of the Great Frederick should lead us to overrate our strength, if we have overrated it." After this interview her health failed her, but she lived long enough to witness the degradation of the monarchy. Her last dying words to her husband and children, were, "when I am gone, you will weep for me, as I myself have wept for poor Prussia: but you must act—free your people from the degradation in which they lie, and prove yourselves worthy of the blood of the Great Frederick." And they listened to that dying request. They did act so as to save the country. After the retreat of the French from Russia, the King gave the signal. He told his subjects he wanted men; he wanted money; and like the fruit from the dragon's teeth, armed men sprang as it were from the ground. The enthusiasm was universal, and animated all classes. No age, no sex seemed to be exempt from this influence. The ladies sent their jewels and their ornaments to the treasury to be sold for

the public service. They received in return, rings, crosses, and ornaments of iron, with the inscription in German, "Ich gab Gold um Eisen;" (I gave gold for iron,) and to this day many a Prussian family points to them as their most precious heir-looms. When the bristling lines of the Prussians were first revealed to the startled gaze of Napoleon at Waterloo, when he thought he had his enemy in his grasp; we wonder if he did not see the shade of Louisa, like another Nemesis, leading them on to his overthrow.

But to return from this digression. The Palace at Charlottenburg contains nothing very remarkable to those familiar with the interior of English palaces. Long suites of rooms ornamented with paintings and sculpture; an immense ball-room with an inlaid floor of polished oak, lighted by four huge chandeliers of rock crystal; a large apartment filled from ceiling to floor with rare specimens of china, most exquisitely painted; are the most remarkable localities in this favorite retreat of Prussian royalty.

Potsdam is about an half hour's ride by railway from Berlin. It is a forlorn looking spot, fast going to decay, but still retaining traces of its former magnificence, when Frederick the Great endeavored to make it one of the finest towns in Europe. It exhibits fine wide streets, but the grass grows in the footways, and hardly a human being is to be seen, except a few of the lounging military. Its location is a very picturesque one; the river Havel upon which it is located here expanding into a Lake. After witnessing the morning parade of a few Prussian soldiers, we passed over the Square, to visit the Garrison Kirche, or Church of the Garrison, where repose the remains of the Great Frederick. The vault is on a level with the floor of the Church, and is directly behind the pulpit. This vault contains also the sarcophagus holding the

remains of the father of the King, that stern, eccentric old monarch, no less a devotee than a soldier; but whose devotion was limited to external practices, and who thought it not the smallest harm, to treat his children, his servants, and his subjects, as a groom treats his horses, or a corsair his slaves. The vault is arched at the ceiling, and very plain; the sarcophagi of the monarchs rest upon the floor on the right and left as you enter. One cannot help recalling as he stands in this chamber of the mighty dead, that interesting midnight scene; when in this very vault, and over that bronze sarcophagus, the Emperor Alexander, and the King of Prussia joined hands, and swore eternal friendship and alliance—an alliance which ultimately wrought such wonders for Europe. And here but a twelvemonth after, their conqueror Napoleon stood where they had thus plighted their faith, and bowing his knee, exclaimed, as he gazed upon the coffin of the Great Frederick, “hadst thou been alive, I never should have been here;” and then rising, basely stole the sword and scarf of the hero, and the standards of his Guards, beneath whose shadow he reposed. It was a base deed,

“It was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.”

How much more honorable and magnanimous the conduct of that Russian officer, who seeing the monument erected at Cologne, to commemorate the battle of Austerlitz, simply engraved below the inscription, “Seen and approved by the Russian Governor of Cologne, 1814.” Unfortunately all traces of this sword have been lost. It is said that just before the entry of the Allies into Paris, Joseph Bonaparte commanded these flags to be burnt,

and the sword of Frederick broken. On each side of the vault, now hang the eagles and standards taken by the Prussians from Napoleon at Waterloo — a fitting retribution, and an atonement to the shade of their great hero, for so grievous an insult. When these captured standards surmounted by their eagles, are pointed out, care is always taken to make the stranger understand that they are here suspended as trophies of the vengeance Prussia took upon the violator of her mighty monarch's grave.

The New Palace, which is about two miles from Potsdam, is a huge ungainly brick edifice, built by the Great King after his seven years' war, and was erected in a spirit of bravado. His adversaries fully supposed, that after so long and expensive a war, his financial resources must be completely exhausted. "I will show them," said the brave monarch, "that an exhibition of true patriotism never exhausts a national treasury." And so in this defiant spirit, he built this huge structure to exhibit the recuperative energies of Prussia. It contains in all seventy-two apartments. One large saloon, with a total disregard of good taste, is decorated from floor to ceiling, with shells of every hue, wrought into the most elegant devices, intermingled here and there with rich specimens of amber, rubies, cornelians, emeralds, and other precious stones. In this Saloon hang four immense chandeliers of rock crystal, which when lighted must produce a magnificent effect with the blaze of the numerous lights reflected from polished shells and shining minerals. In this Palace you are shown the range of apartments occupied by Frederick during his life time, and they are preserved in the same order they were left at his death. Passing through a long gallery, you enter the chambers once occu-



ped by the King. There may be seen his writing tables, smeared with ink—his music stand, and book-cases filled with books, many of them works in the French language. There are the chairs and sofas, on which he was wont to sit, with their faded covers torn by the claws of his favorite dogs, who were always his companions. Napoleon visited all these rooms, and paid the most scrupulous regard to the arrangements, not permitting anything to be disturbed, with the exception of one or two pictures, which he sent to Paris.

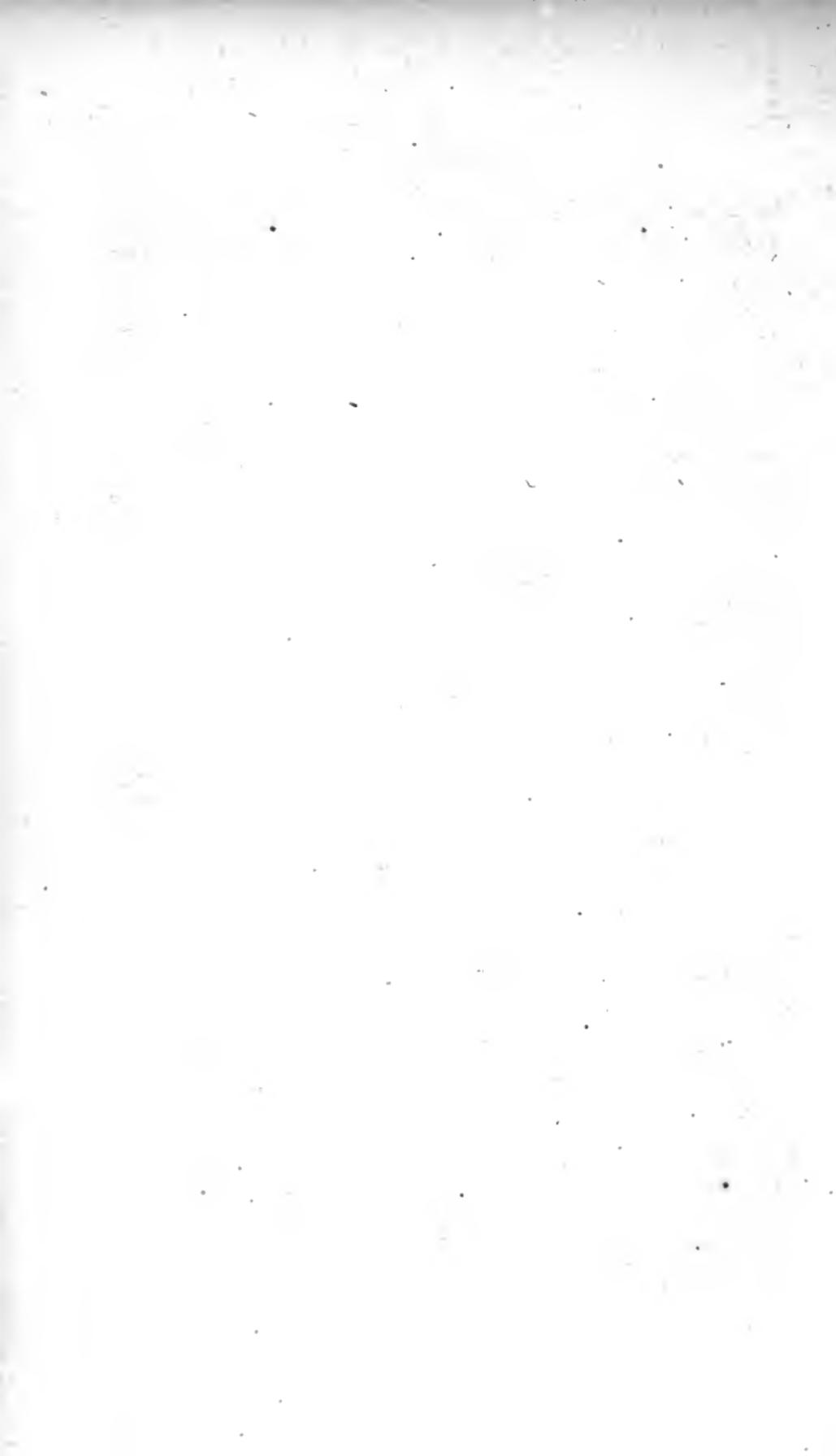
To the west of Potsdam, are the Palace and gardens of Sans Souci. The Gardens are laid out in the stiff, formal French style, with alleys and cut hedges. The Palace stands at the extremity of the broad avenue. It occupies the summit of a series of terraces rising one above the other, like a grand stair-case. This Palace was a favorite resort of the King—and it was here Voltaire had his apartments during his literary intimacy with the Prussian monarch. His apartments are still pointed out, and are directly under those occupied by the King. Here he associated with him in the most agreeable manner, reading with him the best works of either ancient or modern authors, and assisting the King in those literary pursuits by which he relieved the cares of government. But this intimacy appears to have been short lived, and the French philosopher found to his mortification, when it was too late, that, where a man is sufficiently rich to be master of himself, neither his liberty, his family, or his country, should be sacrificed for a pension. Voltaire in speaking of his brief residence at Sans Souci, says: "Astofa did not meet a kinder reception in the Palace of Alcina. To be lodged in the same apartments that Marshal Saxe had

occupied, to have the royal cooks at my command, when I chose to dine alone, and the royal coachman when I had an inclination to ride, were trifling favors. Our suppers were very agreeable. If I am not deceived, I think we had much wit. The King was witty, and gave occasion of wit to others." This state of things was too pleasant to last long. The poet and philosopher gives himself the best account of the cause of the sudden estrangement. He ascribes it to this incident. "One La Metrie, a physician, an atheist, and the King's reader, told his majesty one day, that there were persons exceedingly jealous of my favor and fortune. 'Be quiet awhile,' said the King, 'we squeeze the orange, and throw it away when we have swallowed the juice.' La Metrie did not forget to repeat to me this fine apothegm, worthy Dionysius, of Syracuse. From that time I determined to take all care of the orange p el." And the poet was as good as his word. A sarcasm of Voltaire's in reference to the King's bad poetry, reached the royal ears, a quarrel was the result, and the opportunity was seized by the disgusted Frenchman to leave. Then it was he took refuge at Ferney, near Geneva, which he only left to have a brief triumph at Paris, then to sink into the tomb.

In the rear of the Palace is a semi-circular colonnade, within which, when the infirmities of his last sickness bowed him down, the greatest monarch of his day was accustomed to take exercise. His decline was gradual and easy. He never lost the vigor of his mind, but continued every inch a King. At last to the semi-circular colonnade the old warrior was brought out in his arm chair, surrounded by his favorite dogs, to bask in the sun. "I shall be nearer him by-and-bye," said he, as he gazed

towards the luminary, and these were nearly his last words. At the extremity of the terrace may be seen the graves of his favorite war-horse and dogs, by whose side he desired in his will that he should be buried: but for once they disregarded his wishes — and his remains were carried to the Garrison Church, to rest by the side of those of his brutal old Father. As they were borne through the iron gate of this colonnade, it was locked, and has never been opened since. The wind-mill erected by Frederick for the miller, is still here, and in the possession of his direct descendants. It stands very close to the Palace, and throws its long arms around, as if in a defiant spirit. In enlarging his grounds at Sans Souci, the King came in conflict with a poor miller, whose wind-mill covered the land the monarch desired to include in his gardens. The peasant with great spirit resisted the encroachment, and appealing to the Courts of Justice, was sustained. Such was the King's admiration for the energy and boldness with which the poor peasant had entered the lists against him, in defence of his rights of property, that he erected the present mill for him; and some few years since, one of the family being in adverse circumstances, offered to sell it to the late King, but he refused, and most nobly sent him the sum requisite to relieve him from embarrassment, telling him that his mill was part and parcel of the national history of Prussia.

The Prince of Prussia has a most charming country palace near Potsdam, which strongly reminds one of the elegant country mansions of the English nobility. The interior is fitted up with that consummate taste, and simple elegance, to be found in all the Palaces of this Prince. A leisurely survey of the beauties to be seen within this elegant abode, finished a day of sight-seeing at Potsdam.



PART II.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

ANTIQUITIES OF ITALY.



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CHAPTER I.

NAPLES AND POMPEII.

Porto D'Anzio—Voyage to Naples—Appearance of Naples—Confusion of its Streets—Pompeii—Its Destruction—Present appearance of the Streets and Buildings.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Porto d'Anzio after a tedious ride over the Campagna from Rome. This port on the Mediterranean is interesting from the fact, that it occupies the site once covered by the world-renowned Antium, the great naval station of the Romans. Here Coriolanus stood in the palace of his enemy, and vowed vengeance against his ungrateful countrymen.

“A goodly city is this Antium: City!
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop; then know me not
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones
In puny battle slay me.”

It was also the birth-place of the monster Nero, and the remains of the moles he constructed, are still to be seen here. It is now a desolate-looking spot, where,

“In many a heap the ground
Heaves, as though Ruin in a frantic mood
Had done its utmost.”

Sand-heaps now cover the fragments of ruined palaces and temples; for Antium in the days of its glory boasted of much architectural magnificence.

It was late in the evening when we left the little port, to dare in a frail-looking steamer, the perils of darkness, and perhaps encounter the capriciousness of the treacherous Mediterranean.

The next morning, with the bright sun of Italy dancing on the wave, and the soft vernal air of that delicious clime fanning the brow, we found ourselves entering the far-famed Bay of Naples—passing close to the bold headland of Misenum, rendered so memorable by the muse of Virgil. In the distance could be seen the graceful curve of the Baian shore. Time and volcanic action have left their traces upon it, but in all the natural surroundings, the shores of Baia remain as enchanting and lovely as ever. Horace, who was no mean judge of natural beauty, thought no place in the world so perfectly enchanting as the Baian shore. Here the greatest and wealthiest of the Romans erected their charming villas; and when the narrow shores could no longer supply sites for their luxurious retreats, built moles and foundations into the sea; exhausting regal fortunes that they might possess a dwelling in this earthly Paradise. Here rose the villas of Pompey, Marius and Cæsar—here the young Marcellus died, to whose untimely fate, Virgil so touchingly alludes. This was Martial's "golden shore of Baia, and blessed Venus:" and still does the graceful ruin of the beautiful temple of the goddess adorn it, and arrest the stranger's attention. And there too, just in the centre of the grand sweep of the magnificent Bay as it bends towards Baia, is the modern town of Pozzuoli, still crowned with the

ruins of the little Greek town from which it sprung. It was famous in the annals of Imperial Rome; and is celebrated as the spot, where the brave Apostle of the Gentiles, who combined a woman's softness, with the energy of a lion, a prisoner and in bonds, "tarried for seven days as he went towards Rome." And there too is the far-famed grotto of Posilipo, and near it on the side of that shady ravine, the quiet spot, where rest the ashes of the great Mantuan Bard.

* * * "A fabric lone and gray,
That boasts no pillars rich, nor friezes gay;
An ilex bends above its moss clad walls;
In long festoons the dark green ivy falls,
And pale-eyed flowers in many a crevice bloom,
'Tis there he sleeps—that cell is Virgil's tomb."

The entire coast from Pozzuoli to Misenum is covered with the ruins of baths, temples, theatres, moles and villas, of ancient date. Here it was in the country round as the ancients used to relate, "Bacchus and Ceres contended for the mastery." Not a cliff but flings upon the wave some image of delight to muse on as your bark is gliding by.

For some time we coasted along those enchanting shores, lined with villages and country houses gleaming from amidst orange groves and vineyards, until at length rounding the beautiful cape of Posilipo, the city of Naples in all its brightness, burst upon our view, with its churches and palaces reflecting the rays of the morning sun, softened by the deep azure of the skies of the blessed Campania. Not a cloud was to be seen, save that which rested like a white wreath upon the summit of Vesuvius; and turning for a moment from the gay and lovely city, the mind became fixed on the black mountain, so deeply and so fear-

fully associated with the history of this land and its inhabitants—the only dark and threatening feature in the smiling and lovely scene before us.

Far to the right, following the sweep of the Bay towards the lofty mountains, was Castella Mare, with Sorrento and Capo di Minerva, which in that direction mark the extreme limit of the graceful curve of the enchanting shore; while midway, as if to guard the entrance of this favored region, stands the beautiful Isle of Capri. It was indeed with justice the ancients fixed here the residence of the Syren Parthenope, and called the place after her name. As you look out upon the charming scene on every side, you cease to wonder that it became the favorite retreat of the great and wealthy of the Romans; and that here, subdued by the delicious and enervating climate, these Lords of the World forgot their greatness, and abandoned themselves to luxury and indolence. Here Cæsar forgot his ambition, and Virgil sang, not "arms and the man," but allowing his muse to recreate in the soft and peaceful scenes around him, tuned his rustic reeds to pastoral songs, and the ease and happiness of the life of the husbandman.

The Greek, the Roman, and the Goth, the Norman, and the Spaniard, charmed with its surprising, miraculous beauty, have each, in turn, possessed this favored land—until captivated by its pleasures, and losing by degrees the virtue and hardihood of their native character, the conquerors have been at length subdued, and confounded with the conquered, in the same general effeminacy and indolence, which in all ages have distinguished the inhabitants of this terrestrial Paradise,

"In floral beauty fields and groves appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here."

The City of Naples lies upon the margin of this beautiful Bay, in the form of a semicircle, and gradually spreads itself upon the acclivity behind, crowned by the Castle of St. Elmo, which overlooks the whole. The houses and streets rise one above the other, interspersed with gardens and trees. The palace on one of the heights, and the Nuovo Castello, with various other buildings in a castellated form, are exceedingly striking and picturesque as seen from the Bay.

Such does Naples appear when taken as a whole — but when you have landed, and proceed to take the city in detail, its architecture will not bear comparison with that of the other capitals of Europe. Some of the churches, indeed, are striking to the eye, but only from their deformity. Within they are loaded with ornament to such a degree, that the very excess of decoration injures the building it was intended to beautify. The altars, more especially, display an exuberance of riches. There jasper, lapis lazuli, porphyry, and all sorts of rare marbles, are jumbled together, without the smallest regard to simplicity or taste. Show and glitter are the great objects of admiration — in fact, in Naples justly has it been observed, that every thing is gilded, from the cupolas of the churches to the pills of the apothecary.

London is noisy ; but compared with Naples, it is tranquility itself. In London, the people pour along the great thoroughfares, in a steady and continuous stream, and at regular periods ; Eastward, or City ways, in the morning, and Westward, or homeward in the afternoon. But the vast and motley crowds of Naples whirl about in groups like eddies, or collect in crowds by the mere exigencies of their animal existence. Here, we come upon a mob, col-

lected round a showman, screaming and gesticulating with delight—yonder is a crowd listening to some crack-brained, half-starved poet, who is reading from a dirty manuscript his verses. The principal street running through the heart of the city is the Toledo, and a very splendid and showy street it is. The shops are gay and gaudy, and the tide of human existence flows here in a noisy current, and stirs up the blood of its people with almost the same emotions as the upheavings of the moving fires of Vesuvius, or the swells of its beautiful sea, when the earthquake shakes the earth with its fearful vibrations. It would be difficult to imagine the eternal bustle and worry of this street. There is no pavement; and it is filled with all sorts of vehicles, driven at a mad and furious rate; and if you do not keep a sharp look out, you may find yourself thrown from your perpendicular. Here you are swept on by the current—there you are wheeled round by the vortex—a diversity of trades dispute with you, the streets—you are stopped by a carpenter's bench; you are lost among shoemaker's shops; you dash among the pots of a macaroni stall—what a hubbub—what a variety of costumes! It seems as if all sorts of people had come out to show themselves, and hold a rag fair. Those genteel people in that flaunting carriage, open at the top belong to the nobility; yonder comes a bevy of young priests, dressed in their long woollen robes, with three-cornered hats, and behind them walk a couple of fat and lazy friars.

Any description of Naples would be incomplete, that did not introduce the countless fiacres, cabriolets, and carriages of all sorts, with the miserable animals that draw them. Neither could one give a complete idea of the noise and confusion of this singular City, without introducing the

cries, and cracking of whips of their wild and excited drivers. All classes take to carriages here of some sort, and whirl about from one end of the City to another, with a mad rapidity which fairly astonishes and bewilders the stranger. The nobleman in his gaudy carriage, with lackeys in tawdry livery — officers in bright uniforms — priests in couples, and busy friars, to whom cleanliness, certainly was never great godliness — soldiers and buffoons, washer-women and lazzaroni; all seem equally to regard carriage exercise as a thing essential to their very existence. In the excitement, speed seems to be the main object, and the old Scotch proverb of “De’il take the hindmost,” the universal apprehension; and for this the merciless driver forgetful of the value of his horse (if such a looking scare-crow can have value,) belabors his lean and panting sides with a merciless perseverance that can only be witnessed at Naples. If there is a place on the earth’s surface, where a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals should be forthwith organized, it is most certainly Naples. I have heard of the wit, who rebuked the cruelty of a London cab-driver by an humorous allusion to the transmigration of souls—“That’s right, my fine fellow, (quoth he) hit your animal harder, he was a cab-driver once himself, and deserves it all.” This rebuke might be uttered every hour of the day, with more reason in Naples.

Naples literally swarms with priests. It is said that there are at least six thousand; while with nuns and novitiates, the religious force amounts to more than ten thousand. Indeed priests and soldiers seem to be the controlling powers of the place. The lawyers number four thousand, and are a wealthy and highly influential class, having peculiar privileges—enjoying the oysters, and

throwing the people the shells, and in consequence of the extreme length of the lawsuits, holding in their hands a large portion of the real estate. The nobles are opulent, and fond of display; and the King is as complete a despot, and as great a fool as ever sat upon a throne. But it is the priests and friars especially, which attract the attention of the traveler, for you cannot take a walk of half an hour in any of the principal streets, without meeting forty or fifty of them in their peculiar costume. Multitudes of friars, in their brown gowns, and black cowls with girdled waists and sandalled feet, may be seen gliding along the streets particularly in the morning, collecting from shops and stalls their daily revenue of charity. Some of the priests are exceedingly handsome men, very few look ascetic. Some are evidently good-natured, jolly, easy souls, who belong rather to the race of King Cole, than of Saint Anthony, fulfilling Thompson's idea of "the round fat oily man of God"—while the great mass of the lower clergy are good-for-nothing fellows, as much lazzaroni and beggars as any of the lowest of the rabble. In witnessing the noise and confusion of the streets of Naples, one is astonished to find so much life and activity in a people, so proverbial for their indolence and laziness. But what are they all about, whither are they rushing? Have they no definite object—no particular motive for all this activity? As a general thing, no! And thus day after day, they rush backward and forward from one extremity of the city to another, heedless of everything, and in their wild enjoyment of the present hour, the most reckless, trifling, and abandoned people under the sun.

But one soon tires of the constant noise and excitement of this strange, restless city, and longs to fly from the stir

and turmoil to the numerous and charming localities to be found in its immediate vicinity.

But, chief above all, do you long to visit that memorable spot, POMPEII. This partially exhumed city is located about twelve miles from Naples, on the railway to Castella Mare, just where it branches off to Nocera. A hillock, partly formed by the shower of ashes which buried, and now heaped still higher by the dirt thrown out from the excavations; at the southern declivity of Vesuvius, and five miles from its base; marks the interesting locality, where 'antiquity was, as it were, caught alive.' For there, the progress of time and decay has been arrested, and we are admitted to the temples and theatres, and the domestic privacy of a people, who lived nearly two thousand years ago.

"At a step,

Two thousand years roll backward, and we stand
Like those so long within that awful place,
Immovable."

If even the most doubtful ruin of antiquity appears clad with venerable grandeur, what rank shall we assign in the scale of interest to the site, where objects like that enchanted city, in the Arabian Nights, were in one moment transfixed in their accidental situations:

"Mark where within, as though the embers lived,
The ample chimney vault, is dun with smoke;
There dwelt a miller—silent and at rest
His mill stones now, in old companionship,
Still do they stand, as on the day he went,
Each ready for its office. But he comes not.
And there, hard by (whereon in idleness
Hath stopped to scrawl a ship, an armed ma
And in the tablet on the wall, we read of

Shows ere long to be;) a sculptor wrought
Not meanly, blocks, half chiseled into life,
Await his call. Here long, as still attests
The trodden floor, an olive merchant drew
From many an earthen jar, no more supplied.
And here, from his, a vintner served his guests
Largely, the stain of his o'erflowing cups
Still fresh upon the marble; on that bench beneath,
They sat, and quaffed, and looked on them that passed,
Gravely discussing the last news from Rome."

Pompeii was a little Greek town, of tolerable commerce in its early day. The Mediterranean sea, which once washed its walls—subsequently, from the effects of an earthquake, or some local convulsion, left it a mile and more away, in the midst of one of those delicious plains, made by nature for the complete extinguishment of all industry in the Italian dweller, and for the common places of poetry and prose, in all the northern abusers of the pen. It was ravaged by every barbarian, who in turn was called a conqueror—and was successively the pillage of Carthaginian and Roman, until at last the Augustan age, which cast such radiance over Rome—saw it quieted into an effeminate, and luxurious Roman colony—and man, fearing to rob, ceased to rob any more.

When man had ceased his molestations, nature commenced hers; and this unfortunate little city was, by a curious fate to be extinguished, yet preserved—to perish suddenly from the face of the astonished Roman Empire, and live again when Rome was but a nest of sandalled monks, and superstitious mummers; and her Empire torn into fragments, by Turk, Russian, Austrian, Prussian, and a whole host of barbaric names, that once were as dust beneath her feet.

In the year 63 of the Christian era, an earthquake manifested to the affrighted Pompeians, upon what a frail tenure they held their leases — whole streets were thrown down, columns started from their bases, statues fell from their pedestals; and to this day the traveler is shown the evidences of hasty repair, marking the first calamity.

It was the first warning to that depraved and dissolute city, of the “bolt, red with uncommon wrath,” soon to be launched with all its force, amid a fiery whirlwind of stones, lava, and ashes. On the 23d of August, in the year 79, Vesuvius poured out his accumulation of terrors at once—and in the clearing away of the storm of fiery dust which covered Campania for four days—Pompeii, with all its living multitude — its magnificent temples, theatres, palaces and baths, its walls of arabesque, and columns, clustering in patrician splendor, had disappeared from the earth’s surface; and a smoking heap, was the grave of that buried city.

The ancient Romans seem to have been as fond of villas as if every soul of them had made fortunes in Wall street: and the whole southern coast of Italy, like Staten Island, although far surpassing it in architectural magnificence, was studded with the summer palaces and iris-hued gardens of these masters of the world. The site of Vesuvius would now be rather a formidable foundation for a villa, whose owner might any morning, be found with his villa done to a turn, in a bed of hot ashes. But before the eruption that covered Pompeii with ashes, and Herculaneum with lava, the mountain was asleep, and had never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, rumbled, or flung up spark or stone. Its verdant slopes were then covered with elegant villas and gardens. Martial has a

pretty epigram, in which he gives us a view of Vesuvius, as he appeared before this terrible eruption:

“Here verdant vines o’erspread Vesuvius sides.
The generous grape, here poured her purple tides.
This Bacchus loved, beyond his native scene,
Here dancing satyrs joyed to trip the green.”

To those who look upon Vesuvius now, grim, blasted, and lifting up his sooty forehead among clouds of perpetual smoke, the very throne of Pluto and Vulcan together; no force of fancy can picture what it must have been, when the Romans built their summer palaces and pavilions on its verdant slopes—a pyramid of more than three thousand feet—painted over with forest, garden, vineyard and orchard—zoned with colonnades, turrets, golden roofs, and marble porticoes, with the deep azure of the Campanian sky for its canopy, the classic Mediterranean washing its base; and the whole glittering in the colors of sunrise, noon and evening, like the “rich and high piled woof of Persia’s looms,” let down from the steps of some heaven-lifted and resplendant throne.

All this magnificence was turned into cinders, lava, and hot water, in the year of the Christian era, 79. The hissing streams of lava, like fiery snakes, ran hither and thither down the slopes of the mountain; scorching and consuming every thing in their glowing pathway—while the mountain hurled high in air the red hot lava, and the sulphurous ashes, with a noise that shook the very firmament. The entire continent throughout its northern and southern range, felt the vigorous awakening of the volcano. Imperial Rome, hundreds of miles away, was covered with the ashes; of which Northern Africa, Egypt and Asia Minor received their full share—the sun was turned into blood, and the

people very naturally thought that the end of the world had come. Well might Pliny the Younger say in his letter to the historian Tacitus,—“Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men. Some calling for their children, others for their parents; others for their husbands; and only distinguishing each other by their voices: one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family—some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together.”

At the close of this first fearful eruption, Vesuvius loomed forth, the grim-looking giant he is at this hour. The sky was stained with that white cloud, which still reposes like a halo on the mountain's scarred and shattered brow. The plain at his foot, where Herculaneum and Pompeii shone forth in all their beauty, was covered many feet deep, with a debris of ashes and lava, while the smoke of the country “went up as the smoke of a furnace.”

All was at an end with the once busy, bustling cities below, the people were destroyed or scattered—their houses and homes buried. Robbers and malaria remained the sole tenants of the desolate spot, and in this way rolled many centuries over the bones and houses of the vinters, sailors, and snug citizens of these Vesuvian cities. But their time was to come, and the covering under which they had reposed so long was to be perforated by Neapolitan and French picks—their private haunts, and public places, visited by curiosity-mongers, and sketched, lectured, and written about, until two-thirds of the world wished they had never been disturbed.

The first discovery of the buried cities was purely acci-

dental, for no Neapolitan ever stuck spade into the ground on purpose, or in real earnest, or ever harbored a voluntary idea about any thing save of macaroni, intrigue, monkeys, hand-organs, and the gaming-table. The Neapolitan spade, thus accidentally feeling its way into the earth, struck upon a key—the key belonged to a door—the door bore an inscription—and the names of the buried cities were brought to light to the boundless perplexity of the learned, the merciless curiosity of “females, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,” and to the exorbitant profit, of that whole rascal rout of guides, ciceroni, abbes, and antiquarians.

But notwithstanding this discovery, the cities slumbered for twenty years more, until about the year 1711, a Duke digging for marbles, to burn in a mortar, with which to make lime, found a statue of an Hercules, a perfect heap of fractured beauties, a row of Greek columns, and a small temple. Again, the cities slumbered, when in 1738, a King of Naples, upon whom “light may the earth rest,” commenced digging in earnest at Pompeii, when streets, temples, and theatres, once more lay open to the sun.

So few details of the original catastrophe are to be found in history, that we can scarcely estimate the actual amount of suffering; which is, after all, the only thing in this case, to be considered a misfortune. The population of Pompeii at least, and perhaps of Herculaneum, with some few exceptions, had time to make their escape with their property; at least the most costly. A pedlar’s pack, would I am certain, contain all the valuables in the way of gold, money and jewelry, found in Pompeii; and the people who had thus time to clear their premises, must have been most singularly fond of hazard, if they stood lingering long, beneath that fiery shower.

Some melancholy evidences were, it is true, found, to

show that all were not so successful, or at least so prudent. And yet sixty skeletons are all that have been discovered, and certainly more than one third of the city has been excavated.

In the excavations, made by the French, four female skeletons were found, lying together, with the ornaments, still upon their arms and fingers, and grasping in their fleshless gripe a few coins of gold and silver.

In a wine vault, known by the jars ranged round its walls, close against the door, as if in the attitude of trying to force it open, stood a male skeleton, who had thus perished, in a vain effort to save himself from a death by suffocation, or the more lingering one of starvation. In a prison, or guard house, with their skeleton limbs still fast in the stocks, and their eyeless skulls peering out from their brazen helmets, sat six Pompeian soldiers, who had thus perished in a cruel companionship of misery.

Beside the garden gate of the Villa of Diomed just beyond the walls, two skeletons were discovered, one presumed to be the master, from having in his hand the key of the gate, the other stretched beside him, with some silver vases, probably a poor slave, charged with the transport of them. In the cellar, the skeletons of seventeen persons were found huddled together, who had here in vain sought an asylum from the fiery shower. From the circumstance of one of those skeletons, that of a woman, being adorned with a necklace, and bracelets of gold, it has with good reason been supposed, that this was the mistress of the elegant mansion, and the print of her bosom as it pressed against the wall, may be seen, as if taken in plaster, in the halls of the Museo Borbonico at this day.

Close to the gate of Herculaneum, in a niche, was found

the skeleton of a man, standing erect, with his armor and helmet on, and spear in hand. It was the Roman sentinel at the city gate, faithful in death, as in life, a melancholy memento of the stern discipline of martial Rome :

On—on, the human tides, rush through the gates,
While the red mountain, blazing full in view,
That Roman sentinel, doth contemplate:
Motionless as a statue, thus he grew,
Composed his face, though livid in its hue,
Sternness with awe, in his undaunted eye;
Vainly the fiery tempest round him flew,
He, like the herd, had not been taught to fly;
Scathed, blasted at his post, the warrior stood to die.”

He stands now, just as he was found, in the Museum at Naples; and I never passed that skeleton in armor, but I felt the majesty of discipline, and a respect for the courage and integrity of the Roman soldier, who had thus nobly sacrificed himself to duty, sealing his devotion, by dying at his post, with all his armor on.

Several years ago, there trod the lonely streets of Pompeii, with feeble step and slow, a grey-haired man. Physical suffering, and mental toil, had passed their ploughshares over that noble brow, with a subsoil pressure. The mind within, which like a lamp in a vase of alabaster had once “illumed” that fine old face, was burning dimly now, or only flickered up with a sort of supernatural light, as dying lamps will, just before they are extinguished. The powers that had so long delighted the world, recalling past ages and manners with such vividness, that men believed he had found the enchanter’s wand of the great wizard of his house, were now all gone. But as that old man paced mournfully through the deserted streets, and

by the hearth-stones, cold and cheerless, of the exhumed city, his head drooped upon his noble chest, and he murmured, "Take me away from this; take me away from this; 'tis the City of the Dead; the City of the Dead" — then wept like a child.

Volumes might be written on Pompeii, and yet they would only be to realize, and carry out this brief, but comprehensive summary, this profound impression which Pompeii left upon the mind of the great "Wizard of the North."

But there is nothing dark or noisome in this City of the Dead. It is only sad, because without inhabitant — and from the recollection of the terrible fate that so suddenly overwhelmed it. It still all looks bright and fresh, and beautiful — the gay paintings on the walls — the marble fountains, which seem about to play, with their inlaid basins of the rich and varied sea shell — its atriums, with their beautiful mosaic pavements — its classic peristyles, its cubiculas, or alcoves for sleeping, its vestibules with their hospitable welcomes, inlaid in mosaic upon the threshold, inviting you to enter — and the deep blue sky of Italy smiling over all. There is so little of ruin or desolation, in the ordinary sense of the term. Even the very tombs, along the famous street that leads out of the Herculaneum gate, would hardly look mournful, did we not feel that the pious crowds, who once daily issued from that gate, would never more come, to scatter chaplets and flowers on the last resting place of those they loved on earth; and yet, in spite of all this, a deep feeling of melancholy will steal over you, and you can partially comprehend the emotions of the great poet, and novelist, as you proceed through lonely and noiseless streets; and

enter mansion after mansion alike tenantless and deserted. Where are the crowds that once thronged, or the owners that once possessed them? At first you almost hesitate to enter uninvited—and every moment expect some member of the family to come forth, and rebuke the intrusion; but vain is the thought. You pass from house to house.

“Vacant each chamber,
Deserted each hall
Quiet oblivion, reigns o'er all.”

You search the empty chambers, but no footfall is heard on the echoing pavement, but your own and companions; no voice responds to yours but that of those who have accompanied you. You pause and meditate, and Sir Walter Scott's commentary is upon your lips, “'tis the City of the Dead—the City of the Dead.”

Immediately above the buildings that have been excavated, the ground rises like a gentle swell, as if to shelter the houses below; while vines in their more luxuriant graces, wave from tree to tree, springing from the soil, that still covers the greater part of the city with vegetation, and forming with the dark brown masses below, a singular and most affecting contrast.

Let us enter for a hasty stroll on the side facing the Mediterranean. It is the street of the silver-smiths; and those large irregular blocks of lava, in which the chariot wheels have worn ruts, still plainly discernible, look almost as fresh as the day they were fixed there by the Pompeian paviers. It is a narrow street, and you can cross it at a stride; but on each side is a well dressed curb bounding the edge of a pavement, that would do credit to any city of modern times. Mark how the footpath, between the curb and the line of houses is filled up with earth, upon

which a hard casing of stucco is all unnoticed by the wear of feet and time, and looks as if it might still stand, the restless tread of countless generations. Where is the modern skill that can lay such a pavement as that? Asphaltum has been tried, and in a few years it had more holes than wholeness. The deposit of stucco is by no means thick, and yet it bears no traces, of the wear of the thousand feet that must so oft have pressed it.

A few steps from where we have entered, brings us to the southwest corner of the Pompeian Forum, where cluster as round a common centre, the relics of most of the public edifices of Pompeii.

The remains of that building on our right, was once the Basilica of Pompeii, answering to our more modern Court House. You approach it through a vestibule, and from the vestibule, there is an ascent, by a broad flight of steps to the Hall of Justice itself. There appears to have been two rows of noble fluted columns at its sides, and one row on each end, supporting its vaulted roof. This Hall must have been quite grand in its proportions, being of a single story, with an arched ceiling. Along the upper space of the shafts of those side rows of fluted columns, is still discernible, the traces of a gallery, from which spectators could have a full view of the proceedings below. At the south end of this noble Hall, is still standing "the Tribune," elevated several feet from the floor, and once ascended by a flight of steps. This was the lofty position of the Judge or Prætor, from which he heard and decided causes. It must have been a court of criminal jurisdiction, as below the floor of this Tribune, which has evidently been of mosaic, are small dungeons, no doubt used for the temporary confinement of prisoners; and the holes are still

discernible, through which orders were communicated by the Judge to the keeper below. Those side rooms, on the right and left of the Tribune, served, no doubt, as robing rooms for the the minister of justice and for the officers of the Court. The external walls of this edifice are quite plain; but in the interior, courses of masonry are represented in stucco, painted with various colors, in imitation of marble. The large fluted sides and front columns, which once supported the roof, and portico, are of singular construction; being formed of pieces of brick and tufa, radiating from a common centre. These, as well as the walls, are covered with a stucco, that has the appearance of marble, with all its hardness, and certainly with more of its polish. The art of constructing so durable a cement, has certainly passed away from the world. This building, two hundred and twenty feet in length, and ninety in breadth, must have been a splendid edifice when perfect. Boast as we may of our wealth, enterprise and architectural skill—such a plan of a Court House in our day, laid before a Board of County Freeholders, would be received, with about as much ceremony, as a bombshell with a lighted fusee, should it fall in the centre of the table, round which the astute guardians of the county hold such profound deliberations. The solitary columns of this ancient temple of justice, still stand, mute witnesses of the architectural proportion and beauty of the perfect edifice. The marble slabs of the ancient pavement, worn by the hurrying feet of patron and client are still there. On the walls the loafing idlers about the court room, have scratched the initials of their names, and some rude caricatures, showing that this habit of defacing public places, is not original with us; and was a Pompeian, as well as a Yankee.

weakness, and vice. The Tribune, from which so oft the stern decrees went forth, looks almost as it did, when the affrighted judge saw for the first time, the fiery shower hurled forth by the volcano, and gathering up his robes about him, fled from the judgment-seat. In the dungeon beneath, a solitary skeleton was found—that of some poor prisoner awaiting in terror, perhaps, an earthly sentence; only to be still more astounded by finding himself before that dread tribunal, from whose decrees there is, and can be no appeal.

Passing on north of this Basilica, and on the same side of the open space of the Forum, we come to what is known as the Temple of Venus. The remains of the Temple, are considerably elevated from the street, upon a huge base of masonry. The large altar still stands with a black stone upon it, containing three depressions for fire, in which were found the ashes of the victims, that had last smoked before the fane. There is an inscription, still very legible on the sides of this altar, recording that it was erected at the expense of M. Portius, Lucius Sextelius and Caius and Augustus Cornelius; within its penetralia, directly behind the altar, was found the beautiful and graceful statue of Venus, now adorning the Hall of the Museo Borbonico at Naples. On its walls, were fine frescoes painted in rich colors, on a dark ground — all of which have been removed to the Museum aforesaid. With one of these frescoes I was particularly struck on a visit to this grand receptacle of the wonders of art taken from the buried city. It pictured Bacchus, as a handsome youth, leaning on the shoulder of old Silenus, who is represented by a stout, dwarf-like figure, bald-headed and bearded; the lower limbs draped, holding a lyre in his left hand, and having a basket of fruit at his feet. Bacchus has a fine juvenile

head covered with flowing curls, and a body and countenance, perfectly radiant with youthful beauty. He holds the emblematic thyrsus in his left hand, and in his right a double handled vase, out of which he is pouring a libation. This picture was not only interesting to me from the wonderful power of its execution, but because I could discern a beautiful allegory shadowed forth in the design. Bacchus, as a child, was entrusted to the care of the aged Silenus. The advent of the young god was ushered in, as the bringer of healing, and the long expected founder of a better state of things. The ancients seemed to take great delight in bringing together the aged Silenus, and the youthful god, both in pictorial representations, and in statuary. And as we read that Moses was only permitted to gaze upon the promised land, from Pisgah's summit, where he was to die—so, in all these representations of the ancients, one sees the aged man under the character of Silenus, his face radiant with serene joy, absorbed in the better fate awaiting the coming generation. It is the serene joy observed in those alone, who amid the tumults of earth, have learned to purify all selfish feeling, and to find satisfaction in the contemplation of the coming welfare and happiness of the race.

Directly opposite this Temple of Venus, you enter through what was once an arched gateway of the colonnade surrounding the open area of the Pompeian Forum. How silent in its desolation is this space; once crowded by the busy groups, drawn hither by business, pleasure, or recreation. From that fragment of a rostrum the orator declaimed to the excited populace. Through that triumphal arch, the stately procession has often swept, as it bore onward the laurelled conqueror to the Temple of Jove.

Yonder is the spot, where Augustus Cæsar stood, when thousands bowed the knee and hailed him as a god, and consecrated that Temple whose fragments are around you, to his worship.

At the head of the Forum, you notice the remains of the temple erected to Jove—the ascent to it has once been by a broad flight of marble steps, and the sides present a solid sur-basement, on which still stand the vacant pedestals, once ornamented with splendid statues.

From the lofty steps of this temple, the view, before the fiery shower fell upon the devoted city, must have been superb. Along each side, amongst the fragments of the pillared colonnades, may still be seen rows of pedestals, from which marble statues once looked down upon the hurrying crowd below. On the right hand, the spectator would have had the beautiful temple of Venus, with its brazen roof and elegant portico; and the grand Basilica, with an arched roof supported by its double rows of clustered columns. On the left the temple of Augustus, with the Pantheon of the great gods of Rome, each upon his magnificent pedestal, and all uniting in the guardianship of the city. There too, was the temple of Mercury, and the place of the Decurions—while equestrian statues crowned the summits of the sculptured gateways, that faced the temple.

The temple of Augustus seems to have been built round an open square—in its centre, in majestic silence stood the twelve divinities of Rome. Those small chambers, looking like cloistered cells, were the residences of the numerous priests who ministered at the many altars.

At one end you may notice three divisions, in which were found the statues of Nero and Messalina, now at the Museum

in Naples. In another, still stands the sacrificial altar, highly decorated with paintings; one of which represents in an excellent state of preservation, a female artist with pallet and brushes, such exactly as are used at the present day. Here we have a fresco, representing a Roman war-galley, filled with men, armed with long spears and shields and rowed by more than forty oars—and there a still more curious fresco attracts attention, representing a number of little cupids making bread, with a mill for grinding flour standing by them; and in that chamber, once used as a dining hall for the priests, you may notice various culinary utensils, and materials of a banquet, including fish, lobsters, birds, eggs, &c., painted on the walls, with great truthfulness to nature.

Adjoining this temple to Augustus within an area, stand the remains of a small temple; it was once a temple to Mercury—in front of it is an altar of white marble, bearing an unfinished bas-relief, supposed to be, in the principal figure, a representation of Cicero sacrificing, from the resemblance to that orator. The workmen, were engaged in repairing this temple, when they were compelled to desist, and fly for their lives; the rude dash of the mortar, and the traces where the trowel has left off to smooth, are still discernible on one of the columns.

The Temple of Isis is magnified in description: and by no means remarkable. The staircase, passage, and the situation of the statue, are pointed out as very mysterious: and it is said that the priests ascended the secret stairs, and by means of the concealed passage were able to give out oracles to the people. The present priests of the country speak ill of their predecessors; but why should they speak ill of them? the best part of their splendid

ritual they have borrowed from the pagans. There is "only a slight distinction without a difference," between the idolatry of the Pompeian priesthood and that which still burns incense before the altar in the modern cathedral. At all events these poor priests of Isis were good disciples of Epicurus; they were at dinner in the refectory when the eruption came, and would not leave their meal: their skeletons were found amongst egg-shells, and the bones of chickens and fish. Our Italian guide opened his large eyes when he showed us the altars; and said, "Here the priests burned the bones and eat the flesh, and deceived the people; the poor world has always been deceived, and priests have always been the same." I thought if the liberal and sensible opinion of our poor guide could only become a little more general in Italy, the lazy priests and monks might be made useful, and in spite of themselves, respectable. Then they might be employed in scraping the roads and cracking stones, instead of scraping up the worldly substance of the people, and trampling under foot all liberal and enlightened sentiment.

Passing through that Triumphal Arch, close on the right of the Temple of Jupiter, a few steps bring you to the remains of the principal group of Public Baths of the City. The ancients certainly seemed to understand the virtues of cleanliness. Much time was lavished in the frequenting of the public baths. No expense was spared to make them not only architecturally an ornament to the city; but every convenience that could be conceived of in connection with the object to which they were dedicated, might be found there.

The private houses of the Pompeians were small. The house of Pansa perhaps was the largest in the city. They

usually consist of but one story, and rarely contain more than three or four rooms. The houses in that division of the City which terminates at the Street of Tombs, are of a much more splendid description. The wealthiest of the citizens seem to have resided here. Each mansion encloses an open square court, with a marble bath or fountain in the centre: the pavement either marble or mosaic, surrounded by a colonnade, into which the doors open. The outer walls of the houses are generally painted red: but those of the interior are much more varied in their decoration. Small pictures representing all manner of subjects, ornament the centre of the apartments; surrounded by little borders, imitative sculpture, tiny columns, and other devices of the same description, all in fresco. In the immediate vicinity of the mansion of Sallust, the shops and taverns are situated. They bear a striking resemblance to Italian shops of the present day, being entirely open in front, with the exception of a low wall which forms a window-sill. Upon the white marble of some of these shop-counters, circular stains may be distinctly perceived, as if a cup or glass had here been carelessly set down; and in others large broken jars of terra cotta were found, filled with oil in a jellied state. The serpents painted on the walls of many of these houses and shops, have been sometimes said to designate the medical profession of the occupiers; but better authorities assure us they denote the protection these reptiles were superstitiously supposed to afford to their health.

As you leave the excavations and stand upon the elevated soil, heaped above the buried part of the City of Pompeii, the view is perfectly enchanting. Before you in the distance sweeps the spacious Bay, rocking gently in

the light of an Italian sky, as it were azure and gold, woven together and spread like a thin luminous gauze over the trembling waves, which bathe the green margin of the wooded hill. Yonder is the City of Naples, with its castles and palaces; and far out, at the entrance of the Bay, the lofty promontories Sorrento and Misenum — beyond which we can descry Ischia and Procida. There, for several miles runs the fine range of wooded heights, terminating in the rocky bluff of Pozzuoli, and the low winding shores of Baia, intermingled with green fields, olive groves and vineyards. Here and there on the flashing waters, white sails are glancing in the sunlight, or diminishing to specks in the hazy distance — forming altogether a scene of unrivalled interest and magnificence, justifying those lines of Byron :

“Here Nature loved to trace
As if for gods, a dwelling place.”

CHAPTER II.

EXCURSION TO POZZUOLI AND BAIÀ.

The Grotto of Posilipo — Pozzuoli — The Temple of Serapis — The Amphitheatre — The Solfatara — Cicero's Villa — Lake Avernus — Misenum — The Tomb of Virgil.

NAPLES had not fairly roused itself into its wonted restlessness and activity, when on a bright spring morning we started for an excursion to the classic shores of Baia. We rattled over the Chiaja, and by the Villa Reale, until we came to where the mountain of Posilipo once shut up the way between Naples and Pozzuoli, but which the ancients with an engineering skill, that makes the modern stare, have tunneled and bored through, forming the celebrated Grotto of Posilipo. Divers are the opinions of the learned, touching the time and beginning of this great work. It was attributed by the vulgar in ancient times, to magical arts, and the credit of the enterprise they bestowed on no less a necromancer than Virgil, whose bones are reported to rest on the hill above. But the enterprize and wealth of that ancient Sybarite, Lucullus, no doubt excavated Posilipo for the convenience of his villa. For that magnificent Roman, who carved statues out of mountains, opened gulfs of the sea to give water to his fishponds, and ransacked continents to supply a single dish for his table, would not have hesitated long about such a work as this. The singular and wonderful passage is cut through the mountain, a little over half a mile in length. It is everywhere broad enough to permit two carriages to

pass. The road through it is paved with flat flags of lava, and lies on a considerable ascent from east to west. A small apartment is cut into the rock about the centre of the passage; and a little chapel, also hewn in the rock, stands near the entrance from Naples. Immediately over this is located the tomb of Virgil: and above the grotto is a vineyard. The height of this grotto is very unequal, being low in the centre, and lofty at the extremities. Daylight is always perceptible at each end, and two openings are pierced in a slanting direction towards the sides of the hill, and three lamps hang about the middle of the roof, to assist in clearing up the darkness and obscurity that even at mid-day envelop the grotto. But with all these contrivances it is still a gloomy and disagreeable, though extraordinary passage. On emerging from its gloomy shades, we gratefully acknowledged the exhilarating influences of the sun, sky and air, and more ardently admired the rich green of the vineyards on the shore, and the sparkling waves of the Mediterranean flashing back the sunlight. After leaving the grotto, and passing through the groves which border it at this outlet, the road descends to the beach, and continues to traverse its windings, until it reaches Pozzuoli, commanding a view of the distant Cape of Sorrento, and the craggy summit of Caprea to the left; with the bold promontory of Posilipo in the foreground. Within a short distance of the shore is to be seen the fortress of the Lazaretto, built on a small insulated rock: a little beyond is the small island of Nicida—the favorite retreat of Brutus, rising steep and verdant from the waves. And there stretching away to the right, is the irregular shore of the Bay skirted by its fertile headlands crowned with aloes and prickly pear, backed by the bright

yellow and white hillocks that encompass the sulphurous Solfatara; while ravishing glimpses are now and then caught of the more distant romantic promontory of Baia, proudly elevating its castellated cliff, with the lofty rugged peak of Ischia rising behind: and the bright deep blue expanse of waters in front, sparkling in the sunshine.

Pozzuoli, perched on a hill in the midst of the shore, is now a mean and contemptible village enough: but it once boasted of magnificence and splendor, which the sea, wars, and earthquakes have continued to mar, until it has become the miserable spot one now sees it. And there extending far into the sea, may yet be discerned the moles of the old Port—thirteen immense piles, which spring out of the water, like square towers. When the ancient bridge existed here, it extended itself into the sea, until it reached the shore on the opposite side. Pozzuoli was an ancient Grecian Colony. It passed into the power of the Romans in the war with Hannibal; when its government and liberty were taken from it, and a Prefect annually sent from the Roman people to govern it. It then became a favorite summer resort of the more wealthy of the Romans, who frequented it on account of its salubrity and location. Murray says, “on entering Pozzuoli, the traveler will be beset with ciceroni, and by pretended dealers in antiquities”—and certainly on our entrance we were surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, in attestation of the truth of this remark. Ancient lamps from Cumae—coins with Caligula’s image and superscription upon them—lachrymal vessels from some ancient tomb, and any quantity of smaller memorials of a race long since gone, were thrust at us with fierce gesticulations, and earnest commentaries upon their genuineness. Pozzuoli has become a

great manufactory of *antiquities*, and every day, modern skill with a little damp earth, transforms the things of to-day into "*veritable antiques*." The streets of the modern town are now forlorn enough, being narrow and exceedingly filthy. What a difference it must have presented, when the brave Apostle of the Gentiles guarded by the Centurian, stepped forth upon that mole, whose ruins may still be seen just rising above the edge of the shore. Then Puteoli was a city of palaces, adorned with all the luxury and taste, which indicated its Grecian origin, and thronged with a most wealthy and polished population.

It is at Pozzuoli one begins to find himself in what Strabo calls, "the Piazza, and shop of Vulcan, where the mountains seem continually to burn at the roots, so that on all sides they emit smoke by many mouths, and the smell of sulphur is blown all over the country." Here you find still the hot and the mineral springs, which made in ancient times, and still make this a favorite resort for invalids. These springs are in great repute for internal and external maladies, abounding in sulphur, magnesia, and soda. Virgil calls these spots "the breathing places of Pluto," and Pliny designates them as "vents of the infernal regions."

Among the ruins of this ancient city none are more interesting and important than those of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis. These ruins illustrate in a remarkable degree the mysterious changes that are constantly going on in the shifting soil of this volcanic region. Indeed, I doubt whether any of it properly could be embraced within Blackstone's definition of real estate. This it must be remembered, is the region where mountains spring up in a single night like mushrooms—where the sea sometimes shrinks affrighted from the shore, and sometimes fearing

nothing, boldly encroaches upon it, sweeping whole cities to destruction. In the fourth century of our era, this old Temple, erected before the advent of our Saviour, was abandoned by its worshippers, and in some sudden convulsion of nature, sank into the earth until the bases of its columns were all beneath the surface. Eruption after eruption poured down layer after layer of scoria, which enveloped the sunken columns still more, until at last only a small portion of the summits were above ground. In process of time, even this part became covered with trees and brush-wood. About the middle of the last century, a portion of one of the columns was observed peering above the brush-wood, and the reigning Sovereign gave orders to have them disinterred, which revealed to the astonished gaze, the magnificent ruins that now excite the wonder of the traveler, and stimulate the curiosity of the naturalist. The columns are of Cipolino marble, of the Corinthian order, each formed of one solid block for the shaft. The pavement of the Temple and its surrounding Court is almost entire, though now nearly covered with the waters of the sea, that reach up here over its level platform. Around lie scattered blocks of the purest and whitest marble, and fragments of sculpture, all of great elegance, which once adorned this magnificent Temple. On the bases of these columns may be observed myriads of perforations, that make them look like a honey comb. These are holes eaten in the solid marble by the teeth of sea-worms — and showing that at one period in their history, they must have been submerged beneath the wave. But another convulsion sent them to the surface, for the bases of the pillars thus eaten, are now above the soil.

The amphitheatre which rises behind and above the

town, is a vast enclosed oval area very similar to the Colosseum at Rome, and remarkable, as having been the favorite spot where Nero exhibited his prowess as a combatant of wild beasts, not half as cruel as himself. Within this grass-grown circle, he turned buffoon and appeared both as singer and actor.

— “The hired actor's fame alone he prized;
For this he bow'd a slave, by slaves themselves despised.”

Here too it is said, that worthy saint, St. Januarius, whose blood annually liquifies at Naples, suffered martyrdom. This amphitheatre, like that of Rome, has the floor of its arena, filled with subterranean chambers, doubtless the cells where the wild beasts were kept, and from which they sprang into the arena. It presents some very fine specimens of the Roman arch, and is in a most admirable state of preservation — the masonry being as firm at this day, as when first constructed.

From Pozzuoli, we proceeded to Solfatara, which lies about a mile northeast of the town. We reached it after a somewhat tedious ascent, and found it a vast oval plain, extending on an eminence, but surrounded on all sides by an elevated border, resembling a rampart. Nothing can exceed the sterile desolation of this spot. It is the flooring that now covers the crater of a volcano, which once poured out its desolating stream of fire upon all the plain beneath. Its surface is covered with the pale yellow sulphur, and the noise of your footsteps sounds hollow and dismal from beneath.

“No herbage decks the soil; nor in the spring
Do the soft shrubs, with discord musical,
Hold murmuring converse with the gentle breeze,
But chaos there, and hopeless barrenness,

Dark rocks, and funeral cypresses are found,
 In this drear spot, grim Pluto from the ground,
 Rear'd his dire form, while played around his head
 With smouldering ashes strew'd, sepulchral fires."

Standing upon the sulphurous floor of Solfatara, and looking round upon the desolation that encircles you, and forward to where an open chasm still roars with internal fires that send forth alternately flames and smoke, you may well realize the features of Milton's infernal regions. "*The dreary plain, the land that burned fiercely as the Lake with liquid fire — the fiery deluge fed with ever burning sulphur,*" are all here. Solfatara, is the place which of old, was celebrated in those inventions of the ancient poets, that in my school-boy days, I had read with such wonder and delight. It was under this mountain the Giants were buried, who from Hell, cast forth out of their throats flames, when earthquake's shook the soil,

"Et montes, scopulos terrasque invertere dorso."

When we visited this spot, the small opening of the volcano was in active operation, and while this continues, Vesuvius remains quiet. But when the volcanic action ceases here, then Vesuvius bursts forth. Hence it is called the pulse of Vesuvius, and through its fierce beatings many miles away, they learn when the fever heat begins to course through the veins of the giant mountain, indicating that soon the melting lava will overflow its crater, to carry devastation and terror along its scorching pathway. The ancient poets very naturally seized upon this wonderful region as the appropriate scene for their lofty imaginations and fancies; and it is not surprising that near here they should have placed their entrance to the infernal realms.

We drove down from those desolate regions and conti-



nued our journey towards Baia, passing the ruins of Cicero's villa, perched high upon a rock. This is the Puteolian villa, of which the orator speaks so rapturously in some of his letters; and from its location must have commanded the most magnificent views of sea and shore. Hither Cicero retired in the calamitous times of the republic, to pass the time away and forget his misfortunes in his favorite studies. And here the principal Romans repaired to visit him and take counsel. Here he had those halls and groves, which induced him to call his villa an Academy, in imitation of that of Athens, wherein they ordinarily disputed walking. He gave his "Questiones Academicæ" their name from this villa. It is to this place he alludes, when writing to Atticus at Athens, he recommends his Academy, and begs him "to send to him from Greece whatever could be had for ennobling it with fair ornaments."

About three miles distant from Pozzuoli, you reach Baia, with the remains of villas, temples and palaces lining the shores, and in some places with ruins visible far down in the clear waters that lave them. The bay of Baia is a semicircular recess just opposite the harbor of Pozzuoli. The taste for building in the waters and encroaching on the sea, to which Horace alludes, is exemplified in a very striking manner all along this coast. Here might be traced the remains of the villa of Hortensius, where that luxurious Roman had his fair fish-pools, for which Cicero taunting him, calls him "Neptune, god of the sea." It was in this villa the monster Nero put to death his own mother, Agrippina. Within the space hemmed in by these shores, C. Marius, Pompey and Cæsar had their houses of pleasure; and near the Temple of Venus, we traced the vast foundations of the last named Roman's retreat. In the sea

may be clearly seen the great old piles of the port of Baia, like those of Pozzuoli, built of brick at enormous expense. They were constructed by Julius Cæsar during his first consulship, by commission of the Senate. Here in this neighborhood, is the Lake Avernus, consecrated to Pluto, god of hell. This was the scene of Virgil's famous entrance into hell, and here was the gate through which the infernal spirits rose when a human creature was sacrificed to them. On the opposite side of the Lake are the ruins of the Temple of Apollo. But one would not certainly have suspected that either Apollo or his priestess, would have frequented this region surrounded by overshadowing hills. The waters of the Lake look dark and stagnant, and at this point, the scene is far more like the dismal dominions of Pluto, than of the fabled deity of light and harmony. The Lucrine Lake so celebrated in classic history, may still be seen, though somewhat shorn of its proportions. Agrippa when he formed a harbor of the Lucrine Lake, opened a communication between it and the fabled Acheron. It was in the year 1538, that near to the former Lake, much to the astonishment of the inhabitants, in a single night, rose that conical looking mountain, called Monte Nuovo, over a mile in elevation. At the sudden birth of this mountain, the shore and the waters of the sea retired many hundred feet — overwhelming an entire town, and filling these old classic lakes with stones, earth and ashes. By some of the ancient chroniclers the small mountain near it was called Monte di Christo, they asserting that Christ, returning from Hell with the souls of the Holy Fathers, arose out of the earth, near this mountain; thus reviving the old classic tradition of the entrance to Hell, being in the vicinity of Lake Avernus. The Grotto of the Sybil

is in close vicinity, but this we had no time to visit. It was the residence of that famous Cumæan Sybil, that gave Eneas the free passage into Hell: and she was one of the twelve who uttered the prophecy concerning the the Saviour, all of which no doubt was an after invention of the Fathers. The prophecy is said to have been as follows:—

“Great Rome shall then look high.
Whose proud towers from seven hills shall brave the sky,
And overlook the world. In those blest days
Shall come a King of Kings, and he shall raise
A new Plantation: and though greater far
Than all the monarchs that before him are
In majesty and power; yet in that day
So meek and humble, he shall deign to pay
Tribute to Cæsar; yet thrice happy he
That shall his subject or his servant be.”

From Baia to Misenum, the entire curve of the beautiful shore is covered with the ruins of edifices, private and public, temples, theatres, and villas—while the ground you tread has been celebrated by poets, the chosen residence of patriots and tyrants, and the scene of the most atrocious crimes.

But let no one who does not desire to have all his classical ideas subverted, visit the site of the Elysian fields. It is a forlorn looking spot, affording no trace of the reason of the ancients in locating those blessed fields in this vicinity. Well does a classical writer remark in reference to these grounds: “In the splendor of a Neapolitan firmament, the tourist will seek in vain for that *purple light* so delightful to his boyish fancy—he will look to no purpose for meadows ever green, rills always full, and banks and hillocks of downy moss.” The morning we

were there had no resemblance to some of the days of our uncongenial spring: the sun shone brightly in the heavens, the waters of the bay sparkled under its beams, and the air was soft, though towards mid-day somewhat warm. And near this, is the Promontory of Misenum, so celebrated in Roman naval history. It was here Eneas gave sepulture to his dead trumpeter Misenus, and called the place after his name. The Piscina Mirabilis, still enclosed by walls, is some five hundred feet long, and two hundred broad. The arched ceiling was once supported upon forty-eight columns, many of which remain. The whole fabric is composed of brick, and the walls being of great thickness render it very durable. It is covered on the inside with cement to make it water tight: and this huge structure, the magnificent Augustus built to hold fresh water for the use of his fleet. It was at Misenum the elder Pliny was stationed in command of the fleet, and from it he started in his ship, to afford assistance to the Pompeians, at the time of the eruption that laid their city under ashes, when he perished himself by suffocation, as his nephew relates in his interesting letter to Tacitus the historian. Many of the sepulchral stones about Misenum bear the names of the officers and soldiers that once belonged to the Roman fleets that so often rode at anchor here, together with the names of the ships to which they were attached.

It was late in the afternoon, when retracing our steps by the curved shore, washed by the serenely beautiful waters of the Mediterranean, we passed once more through the far-famed grotto of Posilipo, and prepared to perform the pious duty of visiting the Tomb of Virgil: The Hill was almost as hard to climb, as the Poet thought the ascent from Avernus. After the fatiguing part of the ascent was

passed, we wound through vineyards until we reached in a wild and romantic spot, the place where the tomb is located. Outside, the structure is circular; inside, it is a square empty chamber, with a vaulted top, and numerous small receptacles on the sides for cinerary urns. Its centre is said to have contained nine marble pillars, supporting an urn with the following inscription,

“Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura, duces.”

The urn is gone, not a name appears: but from the hand of ever bounteous nature, an evergreen stretches its verdant arms above it, and a profusion of vegetation, gives somewhat of the freshness of spring, to this symbol of decay.

We are told that Virgil traveling in Greece, met Augustus at Athens, who proposed his journeying with him. But at Megara, the poet was seized with a complaint which forced him to return to Brundisium, where he died. His remains were at his own request brought to Naples, and buried on this hill. It is certainly a spot, which a poet would have chosen—and perhaps the richness of the clustering grapes and the carols of the vintage, conjoined to the enrapturing prospect that everywhere bursts upon the eye, may have often led his living footsteps to this magnificent hill. The spot where the tomb stands is solitary: but surrounded by all that poets love—the wild roar of the ocean, or its magic murmur—the lofty Appenines in the distance—Vesuvius, towering in lonely majesty, its black and burning summit, contrasting with the vineyards, palaces and villages, that crowd around its foot. In the same vineyard, and not far from this monu-

ment, are two or three simple tomb stones, the last homes of the English and German Protestants who have died at Naples.

As we returned to Naples, the broad way that passed the Villa Reale, and the shady walks of this pleasant garden by the sea, were alive with all the fashion and gaiety of the city. Dashing equipages with rich liveries whirled by us, mingled here and there with the more humble *calessi*, — the drivers standing behind, and urging their lean and panting horses at a breakneck pace. There too were the temporary stages on which the wit of that illustrious native of Naples, Punch, is displayed, surrounded with characteristic groups. In many respects Neapolitan life, both out doors and in, resembles Parisian. The Neapolitans have the same thoughtless vivacity, the same jocund disposition. Fond to excess of trifling amusements, the gay creatures pass through life, with the hilarity and carelessness of children. They flourish in youth and wither in age, without a thought beyond the hour.

CHAPTER III.

THE CITY OF THE CÆSARS.

Approach to Rome — View from the Capitol — The Seven Hills —
The Roman Forum, and its Ruins.

FROM the first moment of entering Italy, our thoughts, our wishes, and our hopes all centered in ROME. There is something indescribably solemn in the wildness and neglected condition of the approach towards that city at any point; something which strikes the traveler with double awe as he comes near this oasis of the desert. Enter it on the road from Naples, and the desolation is still more profound. Then, the fragments of the costly tombs of the once rulers of the world, fling their shadows across your pathway, and you pass in to the Eternal City with the ruined fragments of the palace of the Cæsars around you—the stern and kingly mass of the Colosseum, rising like a spectre of the past before you: and close to it, the Forum, strewed with the memorials of architectural grandeur;

“ Those shattered fanes
Still matchless monuments of other years.”

Our first approach to the city was by the Civita Vecchia road, and we entered it near the grand Basilica of St. Peters. Its huge dome had been visible for the last twelve miles, towering up in solitary grandeur: and as we drove by the semicircular colonnade, enclosing its oval piazza, the first view of the entire structure was by no means commensurate with our preconceived ideas of its extent. Nor was our first

impression of the Eternal City very favorable, as our diligence dashed along through narrow and filthy streets, affording us glimpses every now and then of bridges, ornamented with statues, sombre looking cupolas, or strange barrack-like buildings. I had not made a pilgrimage to the Eternal City, to view the churches with their resplendent altars, their gorgeous ceremonies and magnificent rituals; to witness how far the present generation with all the light of Christianity, has deviated from the greatness and glory of the olden time: but I went there to gratify the cravings of a more laudable curiosity, to see the memorials of the world's masters: to stand in the midst, and trace out the ruins of ancient Rome,

“The land of heroes, and the nurse of arms.”

Modern Rome does not occupy either the extent or the site of the ancient city. The Campus Martius, which, in the days of the greatness of ancient Rome, was an open field for military exercises and games, is now the only part within the walls that can be called populous. Of the Seven Hills, the Capitoline and Quirinal only are covered with habitations. Deserted villas, olive grounds, vineyards, cottages of the peasantry, and above all, convents, occupy the wide extent of the Palatine, Aventine, Celian, Esquiline and Viminal hills.

Standing upon the Tower of the modern Capitol, which now occupies the site of the Tabularium, or Record office of ancient Rome, and stands like “a Pharos,” between two ages of the world; a most interesting view spreads out before you. From this point you can readily discover the ancient grandeur of Rome, and its modern strength. In the view is united in a remarkable degree the charm

of a magnificent landscape with that which springs from historic association. Through the cloudless and transparent atmosphere, a large part of the Latian plain is visible. Its luxuriant pasturages and thickets fade away on one side into the faint line of the distant sea, and rise on the other into the stately amphitheatre of the mountains, steep and lofty—studded on their verdant slopes with towns and villages; and towards their more southern extremity clothed with beautiful woods. The Tiber, stained to a deep yellow by the fertilizing soil, which it has washed away from its banks, after entering the Umbrian and Etruscan vales, glitters like a belt of gold along the plain, in the sunshine which irradiates with Italian clearness, the sward, the scattered trees, and the shadowy hills. In the distance are spots hallowed by their classic memories. There may be seen Tivoli, the favorite haunt of the poet Horace—there, too, is the Alban Mount, bearing upon one of its ridges, the ruins of ancient Tusculum, consecrated in the thoughts of the classic scholar, as having been the favorite retreat of Rome's greatest orator, and the scene of his Tusculan disputations. Towards the south-east stretches the long line of the Appian way, and its ruined tombs,—that highway, whose worn stones are the same as those pressed by the great Apostle, when he approached the city, where he was to die, accompanied by the brethren “who had gone out to meet him as far as the Apii Forum, and the Three Taverns.” To the south-west stretches in eloquent desolation the Campagna, as far as Ostia and the sea. History has consecrated this mighty waste by the memory of noble deeds—Imagination has hallowed it by the spell of poetry, and Superstition with her most graceful fantasies. Rome, in her infant greatness, filled that vast plain

with her shadow; making it the bloody stage on which to practice for the subjugation of a world.

Bringing from our position, the eye back again to range within the walls, we can easily trace out the seven hills on which the Imperial City once stood, when it gave laws to a subject world. On the north and west of our position, immediately beyond the Tiber, the view within the city is bounded by the Janiculum Mount, and Monte Mario, crested with villas, and embosomed amongst pines and other evergreens. The former of these elevations on the opposite side of the river, and the Pincian Mount on the nearer bank, form a semicircle, of which our position on the Capitoline Tower is the centre: and this area includes almost the whole of the modern city, the greater part of which lies between us and the water's edge, covering the flat surface of what in the days of ancient Rome was the Campus Martius.

The ancient city of the seven hills, beginning with the Capitoline Mount, in the midst of whose modern buildings we are standing, is nearly all contained in the remaining semicircle enclosed by the city walls. Now, every spot once covered by the ancient city is a waste, almost without inhabitant. Piles of shattered architecture rise amidst vineyards and rural lanes, exhibiting no tokens of habitation, except some decayed and decaying villas and a convent. Facing the Campagna, on our right is the Palatine Mount. It is the spot connected with every period of Roman story. It was the birth-place of the infant republic of Romulus; and at last became too small to hold the palace of a single emperor. Still farther to the right, and almost behind you is the rocky Aventine, rising from the Tiber, bare and almost solitary, and displaying the shattered fragments

of the stupendous baths of Caracalla. A little beyond the Palatine is the Celian, with the remains of Roman aqueducts, crossing in broken masses from the Porta Maggiore, towards the site of the ancient city. Directly before us, in the distance, is the Esquiline, commencing at the point where the Celian ends, near the gate of St. John Lateran, and running down with it to the Coliseum; and there a little to the left of the Esquiline, are the Quirinal and Pincian hills—the immense palace and gardens of the Pontiff crowning the one, and the modern gardens of Rome the other.

Descending from our position on the Tower of the Capitol, let us visit the open space below, where fragments of columns, triumphal arches, and broken pavements, tell that here once stood the pride of Rome, the Roman Forum. This space, so celebrated in the world's history, in its palmiest days appears to have been an oblong area, considerably wider at the end nearest the Capitol, than at the other, narrowing from one hundred and eighty to one hundred and ten feet. The Capitoline Hill is at its head, the Palatine hemming it in on one side, the extremities of the Quirinal and Viminal on the other; while the Esquiline, rears itself directly opposite to the Capitoline—so that, in reality, the Forum was hemmed in by five of the seven hills on which Rome stood. If we look now to the boundaries of this celebrated space, the prospect is mournful enough. At one end we have the Capitoline Hill, on the summit of which, instead of the Temple of Jupiter, the wonder of the world, is the gloomy looking palace of the modern Capitol, erected in the heavy style of Michael Angelo. Turning to the right is the Palatine Hill, once glittering with the brazen tiles and gilded pinnacles of Nero's Golden House: now covered with the vast ruins of

of this immense structure, together with the ungainly buildings of a convent, and the weeds of its neglected garden. On your left is a range of churches, formed out of ancient temples; while in front you discern the picturesque Arch of Titus, still spanning "the Sacred Way," while the kingly mass of the Coliseum lifts itself in air with its broken summit, in the distance beyond.

The high ground on the Capitoline Hill, at the head of the Forum, is now almost encased on the side next the Forum, with ancient and massive masonry, that once formed part of the Tabularium or Record office during the time of the Roman republic, and is the strong foundation upon which the modern Capitol now rests. A few feet from these ancient foundations, reared in part by Etruscan skill, and within the enclosure at the foot of the modern Capitol—a mound of earth, strewn with fragments of parti-colored marbles, with a few foot-worn steps clinging to its side, marks the site of the Temple of Concord. This terraced substruction is now all that remains of that temple erected by Camillus, on the spot where the Romans and Quirites were wont to assemble in fulfilment of a vow made when the victorious Dictator had succeeded in restoring unanimity between the patricians and plebeians. But what renders this ruin of such deep interest, is, that it has recently been ascertained through the researches of Canina, that directly behind it, was the great Senate Hall, where "the Conscript Fathers" held their sittings, and took counsel for the good of the State. And that pavement of parti-colored marbles once formed the mosaic floor of Rome's great Senate Hall. It was in this Hall, Cicero opened his first great oration against Cataline with that stirring, heart-searching exordium, "How far wilt thou, O Cataline, abuse our patience! How long shalt thy madness

out-brave our justice! To what extremities art thou resolved to push thy unbridled insolence of guilt?" And it was to where the church of Ara Cæli now stands upon the hill above, that he turned his hands and eyes, when he closed with that sublime peroration: "Then, thou, O Jove, whose name Romulus consecrated by the same rites, with which he founded this city! Thou, whom we rightly call the stay of the Empire! Thou shalt repel Cataline and his accomplices from thy altars; from the temples of the other gods; from the walls of Rome; from the lives and properties of our citizens. Then shall thy eternal vengeance, in life, as in death, overtake all the foes of the virtuous; all the enemies of the country; all the robbers of Italy; and all who are linked in the mutual bands of treason, and execrable conspiracy." In close proximity to this terraced substruction, which is all that remains of the Temple of Concord, and Rome's famed Senate Hall; stand three time-worn pillars, beautiful in their decay, supporting the fragment of an entablature. It is the graceful ruin of the Portico, that once belonged to the small but beautiful Temple erected by a grateful Senate, to the deified Emperor Vespasian. This for a long time passed as the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, but the researches of Canina and other antiquarians have proved them beyond a doubt to belong to the temple erected to Vespasian. This temple was restored by S. Severus, and Caracalla; and you may still read upon the frieze, the letters *Estitver*. The lateral frieze of the portico, bears sculptured emblematical figures, most of them representations of ornaments connected with pagan sacrifices, such as the cap which the Flamen Dialis wore; the *secespita* or iron knife with the ivory handle used by the same priest; the

capedunculus, or dish for catching the blood of the sacrifice; and the *aspersorium*, or instrument for sprinkling the lustral water. Each column consists of one block of Greek marble, fluted, with capitals richly ornamented in the most beautiful style of the Corinthian order.

Those eight columns of oriental granite, a little to the right of the fragment of the portico of Vespasian's temple, supporting an entablature of rare architectural beauty, and on which parts of a Roman inscription may still be read, are the columns that once supported the brazen roof of the Ionic portico of the Temple of Saturn. When Publicola, the colleague of Brutus, doubted where he should deposit the treasures of the state, he at last selected for the purpose this very temple. It was upon its marble steps, the victorious generals on a return from a campaign, were obliged to take a solemn oath that they had given a true account of their captives, and the value of their spoils. It was past these very columns, that the far-famed "Sacra Via" led up to the Capitol—and they have witnessed many a triumphal procession, bearing amid the plaudits of thronging crowds, the laureled conqueror to the temple of Jupiter, on one of the eminences of the Capitoline Hill above. On the architrave may be distinctly read,

"Senatvs Populusque Romanvs.
Incendio comsumptum. Restivit."

Scarcely anything remains above the architrave. All that exists is of the Roman flat brick: and there are arches over the intercolumniations. When this temple was restored, after its damage by fire, it was evidently done in great haste, and with the materials of other structures. The columns themselves bear plain marks of it. One of them has evidently been made up of the fragments of two

different pillars, so that the diameter is greater near the summit than it is in the middle, and the bases of the two columns are composed of Doric and Ionic mixed. Between these eight columns of the Temple of Saturn, and the Etruscan foundations, on which the modern Capitol now rests, may be noticed a platform elaborately built of the wide and flat Roman brick, and resting on a series of small chambers. Around are scattered fragments of carved capitals, broken friezes, and mutilated entablatures. That platform was once pressed by the busy feet of the merchants of Rome, and here in front of the great Record-office or Tabularium of the Republic, was the Roman exchange, the Schola Xantha. Here was that famous brazen statue of Victory; here the brazen seats, and the seven silver statues of the gods. Those small cell-like chambers were the offices of the notaries.

Passing down from the Schola Xantha, by the remains of the Temple of Saturn, then, turning to the left and pursuing your way until you are in a direct line with the remains of the Temple of Concord, the Arch of Septimius Severus is seen spanning the way. It looks as if it had been thrust in where it stands, because no other place for it could be found; and no doubt this is so. It certainly at one time stood spanning the way in some other part of the Forum. The sculptures decorating it, are rude and tasteless. They are intended to show forth the victories of the valiant Emperor, whose name the arch bears, over the Parthians, Arabians, and Adiabenes. On its level summit, now waving with grass and weeds originally stood a group in bronze, representing Severus with his sons Caracalla and Geta, in a triumphal chariot drawn by six horses. This massive structure, at the commencement of the century was choked

up to the top of the middle arch. A potter had established his workshop in it, and that accounts for the smoke-stains to be seen covering the summit.

Near to this arch, is to be seen a sort of semi-circular substruction; this once belonged to the celebrated platforms called from their being adorned with the beaks of captured ships, *Rostra*, a name afterwards applied to all platforms from which public addresses were made. The outer walls of these platforms may still be traced, and those blocks of white marble crowned by elaborate cornices, once no doubt supported the splendid bronze balustrade, mentioned by Cicero, which with the pillars and statues placed round, must have given a brilliant finish to the whole. Standing upon this ruin, and looking up to the elevation just above, where rest the fragments of the Temple of Concord — the old pavement with its broad stones is still plainly visible descending to the *Rostrum*, along which Cicero, rushing from the Senate House, to this very platform where we are now standing, made his eloquent appeal to the people in the Forum, against Cataline. At each extremity of this terraced substruction a close examination, reveals the basement of a column faced still with portions of white marble; it is the remains of the *Umbilicus Romæ*, which at this point marked the centre of the city, and of that portion of the world over which she ruled.

These are all the relics of ancient Rome that remain in the space walled in, at the foot of the modern Capitol. But passing out of this enclosed space, descending across the Bridge that spans the hollow near the Arch of Severus, and facing where the Arch of Titus spans the way in the distance, we have before us the remaining por-

tion of the now desolate district, where once was the celebrated Roman Forum. Drawing a line in this direction, from the point where we are standing, the Arch of Severus, to the Church della Consolazione, and from the same Arch to the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina; we shall have some notion of the length and breadth of the Roman Forum. The Greek Forums were squares — but the Roman were all oblong, the breadth being about two-thirds of the entire length. Taking the boundaries given above, and it makes the length of the Roman Forum seven hundred and five feet, and its breadth about four hundred and seventy. This being the space occupied by the Forum, it never could possibly have held at any one time half the structures that antiquarians have assigned to it. But still it must once have presented a most imposing spectacle with Curia, Rōstra, and magnificent Basilicæ. The Via Sacra, entered the Forum near the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, passing as it is supposed under the old Arch of Fabius, of which Cicero makes mention; and that must have spanned the way on a line with the north eastern angle of this temple. It is melancholy to reflect, how few fragments now remain of all the magnificence that must have been embraced within the limits of this the chief of the Forums in Rome, and of which the statues, portions of entablatures, and richly ornamented friezes, now stored in the Capitoline and Vatican Museums, give ample evidence.

Standing by the Arch of Severus, before you a little to the right, you see the isolated Corinthian Pillar described by Byron, as

“The nameless column with the buried base,”

but now the base is all exposed. The Duchess of Devonshire has the merit of having had an excavation made round it, some forty years ago, at which time an inscription was discovered on it, setting forth that it was erected in 608 to the Emperor Phocas, by Smaragdus, Ex-arch of Italy, and that a gilt statue of Phocas once ornamented the summit. This Pillar is Corinthian of Greek marble, and fluted. It stands upon a pyramid of eleven steps, and is clearly much older than the time of Phocas, having been taken from some ancient temple which it once adorned. A little beyond this column, towards the Palatine Hill, a deep excavation reveals the scattered fragments of a marble pavement, while mutilated capitals, and crumbling architraves disclose an architectural splendor, long since passed away. Here once stood the celebrated Basilica erected by Julius Cæsar, enlarged and completed by Augustus. This was once and long, the far-famed seat of the Centumviral Courts, that from four different tribunals dispensed justice at one and the same time to the thronging suitors. Cicero delivered here that eloquent appeal in behalf of Sextius Roscius, accused of the murder of his father. But the locality possesses a greater interest from the fact, that it has lately been ascertained, it covers the very spot once occupied as the Comitium, the place for the public assembly of the Patricians. It was here that the old Senators who had been Consuls and Censors, had won triumphs, and grown grey in the country's service, when the Gauls approached, devoted themselves to destruction. It was here they ordered their ivory curule chairs to be set—and here when the invading barbarians reached the Forum, they turned and beheld these venerable men, sitting like so many gods descended from heaven to protect

and defend the city. Upon this venerable array they gazed with silent awe, until a barbarian more daring than the rest, ventured to stroke the long silvery beard of M. Papirius, and received a blow from the ivory staff of the old hero; whereupon the barbarian in wrath slew him, and this first sword stroke, gave the signal for a general slaughter.

A little beyond the site of the Basilica Julia, are three solitary columns, close to the Palatine, and marking the limit of the south-east boundary of the Forum. These pillars, as well as the fragment of the architrave and cornice supported by them, are among the most beautiful architectural remains of ancient Rome. These pillars have in truth been a perfect stumbling block to antiquaries, no less than twenty names having already been bestowed on them. It is now established beyond a question, that they belong to the portico of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, erected by Tiberius. Among all, Time has spared of Imperial Rome, nothing gives one so exalted an idea of the perfection and beauty of ancient architecture as these three pillars. The ornaments of the capitals and entablature are as rich and elegant, as they are pure and graceful. They are of white marble, of the purest Corinthian, and the largest fluted columns in Rome. Considerable force appears to have been used in order to destroy this temple, as it is clear to be seen, that some of the blocks composing the shafts, have received a violent wrench, so as to force them out of their places, and thus destroy the continuity of their fluting. It must have been somewhere near the spot where this temple stood, were collected the waters of Lake Juturna in whose depths the twin brethren disappeared after bringing the

news of the defeat of the Latins, with such supernatural speed. Not far from it, must have been the Velabrian Marsh, into which Quintius Curtius leaped, devoting himself a sacrifice to his country. Of the Lake and the Marsh there are now no traces in the Forum : but a spring bursts forth near the Cloaca Maxima, considerably beyond the Roman and even of the Boarian Forum, which still goes by the classic name of Juturna.

On the opposite side of the Forum, almost in a direct line, are the fragments of the Portico, belonging to the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina his wife. The line thus drawn, forms the extreme southern limit of the Forum, extending from the base of the Capitoline Hill. This temple was converted into the Church of S. Lorenzo in Miranda. The inscription upon the frieze still remains :

" Divo Antonino. Et.
Divæ Faustinae. Ex. S. C."

A considerable portion of the ancient building is preserved ; but the principal part is the Portico of ten columns, six in front and two on each side. They are Corinthian, and of the marble which is called Cippolino by the Italians, from its laminar composition resembling onions. All the cornice of the front has disappeared, as have the shafts of the pilasters at the sides ; but some ornaments in the frieze, consisting of griffins and candelabra are still tolerably perfect.

A little removed from the central line of the Forum, and directly under the Palatine Hill, stands the little Church of Saint Theodore. It occupies the substructions of the Temple of Romulus, which stood nearly at the end of the Forum, on the very spot where the twin brothers were nursed by the wolf. When paganism threw open the brazen doors of this temple, the weak and sickly

children of the Romans were brought here to be cured—and the same practice still prevails in the Christian Church of Saint Theodore. It was probably along the middle of this Forum, the shops of artizans and merchants were erected in the days of its glory—or perhaps might have been constructed along the sides, after the manner of the Palais Royal, or St. Mark's Place at Venice. It was somewhere near the centre of the open space of the Forum, that tradition assigns as the spot, where Virginius saved his daughter from “the nameless evil that passeth taunt and blow,” when

“Lifting high the steel, he smote her in the side,
And in her blood, she sank to earth and with one sob she died.

* * * * *

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath,
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry, as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain,
Some ran to call a leech; and some to lift the slain;
Some felt her lips and little wrist; if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast and strove to staunch the
wound,

In vain they ran, and felt and staunch'd: for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against the Volscian foe.”

We have now examined all the ruins that remain to tell of the magnificence of this once celebrated spot. These are all the relics of a past age now to be seen in the space once occupied as the Roman Forum. And when one gazes on its circumscribed limits, and remembers what in the long course of ages has passed within its confines, he feels that he stands upon one of the most interesting spots in the world. If one could wish to meditate and moralize upon the vicissitudes of human greatness, it certainly would be here.

CHAPTER IV.

WANDERINGS AMONG ROMAN RUINS.

The Arch of Titus — The Colosseum — The Meta Sudans — Arch of Constantine — Ruins of Nero's Golden House — Baths of Caracalla — Baths of Titus — Temple of Minerva Medica — Baths of Diocletian — Forum Boarium — Arch of Janus — Forum of Nerva — Trajan's Forum — Column of Trajan — Temple of Vesta.

PASSING beyond the limits of the Roman Forum, a few steps from its southern line, and on your left as you approach the Arch of Titus — massive fragments of walls — broken columns, and sculptured cornices, lie scattered about in all directions. Above these shattered relics, three huge arches seventy-five feet in the span each, darken the earth with their shadow. These colossal arches have long served as a model to architects for all the larger Churches in Rome. They passed for a long period, and by some are still called the Ruins of the Temple of Peace; but they are the last remains of the Basilica erected by Maxentius, completed and partially rebuilt by Constantine, and now called the Basilica of Constantine. A small portion of the original building only remains; but these parts of it are on a prodigious scale. If one would form a perfect conception of the original splendor of this structure, let him go and view the vast and elegant proportions of the column that stands in front of the Church of St. Maria-Maggiore. It once formed one of the eight pillars which supported the central arches of this ancient Basilica. Canina calculates the entire length of this Temple or Basilica, to have been over three hundred feet, while its width exceeded two hundred. It once no doubt was the

most magnificent structure of the age in which it was reared. But now, with its bosom thrown open to the winds, it gathers in its deep coffers the driving dust and chaff—while the sparrow and the linnet nestle in the spring of its tremendous arches.

Continuing on, along the Sacra Via, that passes by this Basilica, in a few moments you find yourself beneath the Arch of Titus. It stands at the foot of the Palatine Hill, on the road leading from the Forum to the Colosseum. It was just falling to ruin, when in the beginning of this century an outside casing of white marble restored it to its original proportions, and has been the means of preserving the interior of the Arch, and the interesting sculptures that adorn it. This Arch was erected by the Senate and People of Rome, to commemorate the triumph which followed the taking of Jerusalem by Titus. You read the old Roman inscription,

“Senatus Populusque Romanus
Divo Tito. Divi Vespasiani F.
Vespasiano Augusto.”

as distinctly as if it had been only carved yesterday. From the expression *Divo Tito*, it appears that it was not erected until after his death, which the apotheosis of the Emperor, still represented on the roof of the arch would also seem to indicate. The inside of the arch is elaborately decorated with sunk square pannelings. On one of the interior walls is a bas-relief, representing this Emperor celebrating his triumph over the Jews. He is in a chariot drawn by four horses abreast, attended by a group of Senators, and accompanied by a figure of Victory, who holds a wreath over his head. On the opposite side of the Arch, are the famous reliefs, representing the sacred vessels

taken from the Temple of Jerusalem, and carried in the triumphal procession by the victorious Romans. First is a standard bearer leading the way under a triumphal arch. Eight Romans follow, with wreaths around their brows, bearing the table of the shew bread — the golden candlestick, the vessel of incense, and the two trumpets, used to proclaim the year of jubilee. The seven-branched candlestick, is represented as very richly embossed. Judging from the size of the men, this candlestick must have been some six feet in height. The lower parts of the human figures are very much mutilated and defaced, but the upper parts are in a wonderful state of preservation. The sacred vessels themselves, from which the ancient artist copied these interesting reliefs, have long since disappeared. Their history can be traced down to a late period; but what finally became of them, perhaps can never be satisfactorily ascertained. Josephus says, that the Books of the Law, were placed in the Palace at Rome, and the candlestick and other spoils were kept in the Temple of Peace, which stood originally very near, and almost in a line with the present Arch. When the Temple of Peace was burnt in the reign of Commodus, these treasures it is said, were not destroyed, but carried off by Genseric the Goth, into Africa, after which no traces of them can be had. It is true that the Romish Church professes to preserve the Ark of the Covenant in the Church of St. John Lateran; but as Josephus says it was never brought to Rome, it may be that they sent a special messenger after it in the time of Constantine, when the Scala Santa, the portions of the true Cross, and other equally veritable relics found their way, through the zeal of Helena, to the Eternal City.

The Sacred Temple of the Jews, from which these vessels were torn, and of which the bas-reliefs are no doubt accurate representations, has been overthrown and is trodden under foot of the Gentiles. Looking at that representation of the triumphal procession, bearing along in sad array God's chosen people, the mind instinctively recalls the sound and utterance of that dread voice from Mount Necho: "when ye do evil in the sight of the Lord, he shall scatter you among the nations, and ye shall be left few in number among the heathen, whither the Lord shall send you." The Roman general was blind to the great results he was accomplishing, when he left not one stone upon another of the magnificent Jewish Temple. Nor did he discern the hand leading his captives, as the triumphal procession swept up the very path, now spanned by the graceful Arch. The descendants of these very captive Jews may still be seen in Rome, a despised, and a degraded race. But who doubts, that the promise is still theirs, and their habitation an appointed one.

Having emerged from the shade of the Arch of Titus, and passing down the pathway leading along the base of the Palatine Mount, through which, above the earth, like the bones of an emaciated figure peeping through the flesh, are to be seen the fragments of the Palace of the Cæsars; the immense mass of the Colosseum startles you by its magnitude. It was first bathed with the tears of captive Jews, who assisted in laying its massive foundations, while its arena has been stained with the blood of martyrs, gladiators, and wild beasts. It covers an area whose circumference is nearly two thousand feet. The wall encompassing its ellipse towers to the astonishing elevation of one hundred and sixty-five feet. It is constructed of

huge blocks of travertine, some of which are fully six feet long, five and a half broad, and nearly three feet thick. Upon the marble seats that once adorned its sides, eighty-seven thousand people could be comfortably seated, while twenty thousand more could find room above. Comparing the present appearance of this structure with what it must have been formerly, it will be found, that immense as it is, two thirds of the stone that composed it, is actually gone. It is said to have suffered by earthquakes, and for a long while was a vast stone quarry for some of the builders of modern Rome. The Palazzo Farnese, that of Venice, and the Cancellaria, as well as the Porto di Ripetta, and the Churches of S. Lorenzo, and S. Agostino, are known to have been built from it. In the fury of the civil contentions that deluged Rome with blood during the middle ages, the leaders of the different factions, found in this colossal structure a number of strong fortresses. Soon after the civil wars its materials were used to make lime, and so in one way or the other, the Vandals of modern times have endeavored by pillage, by leaguer and storm to mutilate and destroy; and earthquakes too have spent their fruitless rage upon it — and yet it stands, and seems likely to confer upon the famous saying of the venerable Bede, the dignity of a prophecy. The pillage is now at an end, and the whole consecrated by the ungainly looking cross, which erected in the centre of the arena, holds out for every kiss, an indulgence of two hundred days. The innermost circle of the arena, is very much marred by the sacred stations, in which the different events in the passion of our Saviour, are painted most vilely.

Never did human art present to the eye a fabric so well calculated by its form and size, to surprise and delight. Viewed as an abstract mass, it tells of the masters of the

world, and lowers the present generation of architects to the grade of pigmies. The vast loftiness of its perpendicular — the tremendous sweep of the curve of its arches, rising tier after tier, one hundred and sixty feet in the air — the bold ring lines of the ellipse, which clip the arena within, all are perfectly wonderful. What a tale this old pile could tell, if those moss-covered stones could “cry out of the wall” — stories of the desperate struggles of the Gaulish captive — the supplicating look — the agonizing cry of the gladiator as he fell upon the bloody sand to die — the last faint moan of the good old Christian Bishop Ignatius, as the teeth and claws of the starved lions, were fleshed in his aged side.

Northwest of the Colosseum, may be noticed the remains of a brick pillar commonly called the Meta Sudans, and supposed to be the fountain built by Titus, between the Colosseum and the Palatine Hill. It was within its spacious basin, the outline of which is plainly visible, that the gladiators are supposed to have refreshed themselves, and washed away the bloody stains of the struggle in the arena.

At the southeast corner of the Palatine Hill, and very near the Colosseum, spanning the old Triumphal Way, is the celebrated Arch of Constantine. This structure is formed upon the purest models. It consists of three arches, of which the centre is the largest; and has two fronts, each adorned with four columns of giallo antico, marble of the Corinthian order, and fluted, supporting a cornice, on which stand four Dacian captive Kings, sculptured in violet colored marble, and surmounted by a corresponding entablature. The inscriptions, excepting the spaces above the principal arch, and the side divisions, are

ornamented with the admirable relievo medallions brought hither from the Arch of Trajan, which once stood in the Forum, where now is to be seen the column erected to that Emperor. This arch is interesting aside from its beauty of proportion, as having been the last monument of the Roman Senate and people. It is the last memento of the conquering race of Cæsars. As a concluding scene of Roman triumph, it is not unworthy the brightest days of the Empire;—but, like the fading glories it commemorates, it is only the reflected splendor of the sun, which continues to gild the horizon after the blazing orb itself has disappeared.

As you pass under this Arch and along the old Triumphal Way, the rather steep hill on your right is the Palatine, connected most intimately with every period of Roman story. It was the birth-place of the infant republic of Romulus, and upon it, he laid the foundations of the mighty nation, which afterwards gave laws to a subject world. That hill once contained the whole of Rome itself: but when she had extended her conquests, and the world's tribute was poured into her lap—it was too small to hold the palace of one Emperor. Those huge and shapeless masses of brick work, that may be seen rising on the western side, are but a mere fragment of the double arcades, that supported a part of the Golden House of Nero, which once shone resplendent upon this Hill. The flooring of the vanished apartments, covered with stucco, now serves to form a noble terrace, surrounded by a profusion of shrubs, which have been long suffered to run into wild luxuriance, and clamber over every loose stone, and broken arch. At one end of this terrace may be noticed a small circular apartment, and a narrow deep cavity almost

filled up with the spreading branches of trees, that flourish with peculiar luxuriance round this part of the ruins. This apartment is known as the Cabinet of Nero. The celebrated Circus Maximus, was located directly in the valley below, lying between the Palatine and Aventine. And it is supposed that it was from this Cabinet, the Emperor overlooked the games in the arena below, and gave the signal for their commencement. The adjoining cavity is also circular, but much smaller. It is popularly termed the Bath of Seneca, on the supposition of that philosopher having been put to death there, by order of the tyrant: but it most probably enclosed a private staircase, by which the suspicious Emperor might ascend to his favorite retreat.

Next to the Colosseum, I know of no memorials of the past in Rome, which astonish you more than the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. They occupy part of the declivity of the Aventine, and a considerable portion of the plain between it and Mons Celius. The length of these baths, was nearly two thousand feet, while their breadth was nearly five hundred. The outward wall may be traced in almost its whole circuit, though it has lost something of its height. The number of rooms in the interior, and the dimensions of some of them, startle us at the present day. One chamber in particular, supposed to be the Cella Solaris, is over two hundred feet long, and nearly one hundred and fifty in width. This hall received its name from the roof, which was formed by Egyptian artists of bars of gilt metal, crossed in the manner of the fastenings used in the sandals worn in those days. At the end of the structure were two temples, one to Apollo, and one to Esculapius. In the principal building was in the first place, a grand

circular vestibule, with four halls on each side, for cold, tepid, warm and steam baths. In the centre, was an immense square for exercise, when the weather was unfavorable; beyond it a great hall, where sixteen hundred marble seats were placed for the convenience of bathers. At each end of the hall were libraries. The building terminated on both sides in a court surrounded with porticoes. Round the edifice were walks shaded by trees, and in its front extended a gymnasium, for running, wrestling, and other athletic sports in fine weather. The whole was bounded by a magnificent portico, opening into spacious halls, where poets declaimed and philosophers lectured. Now all this magnificence is shadowed forth in immense vaulted halls, with half the roof fallen in; massive heaps of masonry, lying in every direction; mosaic flooring still preserving its form and color; blocks of marble and enormous arches, exhibiting the rich warm tints that distinguish the Roman ruins, variegated by every variety of beautiful verdure. As we entered the mighty precincts, the warm sun of an Italian spring was lighting up the varied masses of this architectural Anak. The ruins of these baths enchant you by their simple, absolute magnitude. You can easily comprehend, as you study their vast proportions, how those monster creations of the ancient chisel—the Farnese Bull, the Hercules and Flora should have been found within their magnificent penetralia. Extensive as these ruins are, still the Baths of Caracalla were not the largest *Thermae* in Rome; which fact gives one an exalted idea of the architectural genius and grandeur of this wonderful people.

On the Esquiline Hill, over against the Colosseum, may be seen the remains of what are known as the Baths of Titus. When Titus rested from his labors after the completion of

the Colosseum, he conceived the idea of erecting magnificent Baths upon the adjoining heights of the Esquiline, and he carried his plan into speedy execution, by converting the buildings at the foot of the hill, which belonged to the Golden Palace of Nero, into sub-structions, whereon he could rest his immense edifice. The house of Mæcenæ, alluded to by Horace, stood here, and this also the Emperor brought into use in the construction of the Baths that bear his name. There is nothing very interesting about the huge and shapeless mass of these ruins; much soil has accumulated on their top, and now serves for gardens. In the vaults beneath, which one is only able to explore by torch-light, may be seen portions of painted ceilings; and the arabesques, now fast fading away in the dampness, from which Raffael is said to have taken some of his hints in his ornaments of the Vatican. It was in one of these vaulted chambers that the group of the Laocoon was found. And here this magnificent work could only have been seen by torch-light, which I was afterwards satisfied, is the true light, to bring out and develop all its beauties. On visiting the Vatican by torch-light during my stay in Rome, there was a general expression of admiration when the blaze fell upon this wonderful creation. The rising of the muscles, and all those delicate touches of the chisel, which are scarcely observed by day on the smooth surface of the white marble, were thrown into a much stronger light and shade, and stood powerfully forth on that occasion, giving us a stronger conception of the excellencies of the work, than we had before entertained. The original entrance to these Baths, has not yet been discovered, and the present mode of getting to them is by a temporary wooden staircase penetrating the roof. In a

vineyard higher up the Esquiline, and sloping towards the Colosseum, may be seen the Sette Sale, a row of chambers believed to have been reservoirs of water, for the use of the baths. They are low, long, dark, narrow, vaulted apartments, covered with a very hard, white stucco, each one exactly like its neighbor. Their broken walls and roof are now luxuriantly covered with ivy and other creeping plants. It was in the vaults of the Baths of Titus was found that celebrated painting, called the *Nozze Aldobrandi*; which though seventeen hundred years old, still retains all the freshness and spirit of a painting of yesterday.

The Esquiline is the most extensive of the seven hills, and the desolate district now forming its greatest portion, is occupied only by vineyards, neglected villas, and deserted churches. There is another ruin upon it, near the *Porta Maggiore*, in the midst of an extensive vineyard, which in some respects, is by far the most picturesque of any in Rome. I allude to the lonely ruin of the Temple of *Minerva Medica*. Though the brick walls only of this building are standing, its ruins are particularly beautiful. The vaulted roof, broken into long narrow strips, appears to hang in air, admitting partial rays of sunshine, which streaming over the tall reeds that spring up in wild luxuriance, and on the masses of ruin that have fallen in above, and now partly fill up the interior, produce a strikingly picturesque effect. Its singular form and lonely situation render it one of the most remarkable ruins of Rome, and the melancholy air it assumes is assisted by the gigantic fragments of the neighboring aqueducts, which stretching across hill and dale in majestic desolation, present an image of yet more total destruction. This temple was decagonal, with a spacious dome. It was in one

of its recesses, the beautiful statue of the *Minerva Medica* was found, which now adorns the *Chiaramonte Gallery*, in the *Vatican*.

On the *Quirinal Hill*, separated from the *Esquiline*, by the narrow and flattish surface of the *Viminal*, are to be seen the stupendous remains of the *Baths of Diocletian*. These baths were the largest in *Rome*. About the latter part of the second century, the Emperor *Diocletian* returned from *Africa*, breathing fierce threatenings against the *Christians* who were in *Rome*. All those who could be found, daring to avow themselves of the new religion, were immediately condemned to work in the building of these baths. The numbers thus employed are variously estimated at from fifty to one hundred thousand, and these were murdered in cold blood, immediately after the work was finished. Part of the stupendous brick ruins which remain of this structure,

“Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,”

has been used as a corn-granary by the government. The *Church of Santa Maria d’Angeli*, belonging to a convent, the convent itself, the neighboring *Church of San Bernardo*, the walls of its gardens, and those of several villas, are all now formed out of the ruins of the upper story of this structure, the lower one being buried under the superincumbent buildings. The *Church of Santa Maria d’Angeli* is a circular structure, which was once one of the principal halls of these baths. Here still are to be seen the eight immense columns of oriental granite, that formerly stood in this apartment, now forming the chief beauty of the modern church. Here, too may be noticed the ancient cornice and the knobs of brass on the vaulted ceiling,

from which were suspended the twenty-eight lamps, that in the days of Diocletian lit up this spacious hall. The short space that intervenes between these ruins and the walls of the city claims considerable notice from the fact, that it was there the Pretorian Bands, the support, but the terror also, of the later Emperors used to encamp; and there in earlier periods the city was defended by the ramparts of Servius Tullius. It is in vain now that you search for any remains of this ancient defence of the city from the incursions of the neighboring Sabines and warlike nations, who at that period swarmed around the walls. We have thus endeavored to comprehend in our ramble over the seven hills, all the principal ruins that are scattered upon them; but this by no means comprehends all the remains that tell of the majesty and greatness of Imperial Rome.

Between four of the seven hills, the Capitoline, Palatine, Cælian and Esquiline, is an open space of considerable extent. It is west of the Roman Forum, and nearest to the Tiber. This is the space once occupied as the cattle market of old Rome, the Forum Boarium. It occupied part of the Velabrian Marsh, after it was filled up. The Church of San Georgio in Velabro, whose portico is decorated with several ancient pillars, is supposed to stand on the foundation of the Basilica, or place of Judgment, for the causes of this Forum, built in the reign of Septimius Severus. Adjoining this Church may be noticed the fragment of a structure, known as the Arch of the goldsmiths and cattle dealers, which is said to have been erected by these tradesmen of the Forum in honor of the Emperor Severus. The sculptures that once adorned this arch, are very much defaced. Those in the interior represent sacrifices offered

by the Emperor and his sons. On the last the figure of Geta has been destroyed, and his name effaced from the inscription after his murder, by the orders of his brother Caracalla. Its square form, more resembles a gateway than an arch. But the ruin by far the most imposing in its appearance in this Forum, is that of the Arch of Janus, called *Quadrifrons*. It has a somewhat quaint appearance, and was no doubt, originally used as a market place. Being erected over the spot, where two roads intersecting the cattle market met, its seems to have marked the central point of the traffic carried on in this space. It may have been used by the bankers and money changers, and Horace perhaps alludes to this very spot, or a similar building when he says,

"Postquam omnis res mea Janum
Ad medium fracta est. Sat. ii. 3, 18."

and

"Virtus post nummos. Hæc Janus summus ab imo
Perdocet. Epist. i. 1, 54."

It is built of Greek marble, which brings the date down to the end of the Republic, as this material was not used until that time. The spot on which the arch stands, is surrounded by desolation and decay. The irregularity of the ground, shows that underneath it, are scattered ruins, of buildings that once adorned the surface. The *Cloaca Maxima* may be seen close by, passing under the stupendous arch that covers it. During the residence of the Popes at Avignon in the fourteenth century, the principal patrician families intrenched themselves within this arch of Janus as a fortress. Thus were the monuments of Roman splendor which even Goths and Vandals revered, sacrificed by the remorseless fury of civic discord. The greater part of the ruin is now covered with ivy, whose

deep verdure and heavy luxuriance, harmonize well with the darkness and gloom of its low situation, and contribute to shed over its venerable remains, that air of desolation with which the imagination loves to clothe the scenes consecrated by the remembrances of long past ages.

A little removed from the eastern end of the Forum Romanum, is the space once occupied by the Forum of Nerva. The Forum of Domitian which was never, I believe, finished, was afterwards included in that of Nerva, that extended from thence to the north. The only trace of the architectural grandeur of this Forum is to be seen in the small portion of the Temple of Pallas that now remains, with its pillars sunk, nearly half their depth in the heaped up soil of modern Rome. It is sufficient, however, to give one an idea of the splendor of the design. The two pillars which remain support an architrave adorned with a frieze. On the attic is the colossal figure of Minerva, represented in relief, as the patroness of labor : on the architrave the goddess appears, engaged in instructing young girls in various female occupations, and punishing the insolence of Arachne, who had ventured to compete with her in the labors of the loom. Here too you may notice, beautifully symbolized, the aqueducts which supplied Rome with such copious streams of water. This Forum was sometimes called the Forum Transitorium, from the fact that the main thoroughfares to the city passed through it. It is now one of the filthiest parts of modern Rome, and it is very difficult to realize, amid the piles of dirt, and forlorn looking buildings which cover it, that it ever was magnificently adorned. Even the space between the pillars of the Temple of Pallas is built up, and forms the front walls of a miserable structure, where a cobbler plies his trade. This temple is clearly alluded

to by Pliny, when he says—"Then the Forum was dedicated, which is called *Pervium*, in which a loftier and more magnificent Temple is erected to Minerva."

Originally there is said to have been a ridge between the Capitoline and Quirinal Hills. In the time of the Emperor Trajan this ridge was all cleared away, to the depth of many feet, and the valley widened on both sides. And here this magnificent Emperor, under the direction of his architect Apollodorus, laid out the Basilica, which was to form the central point of the Forum, to be called after his name. Those fragments of granite pillars that the modern traveler sees in that walled in space called the Forum of Trajan, is but the middle portion of this Grand Basilica. These fragments are all that remain of the double row of massive columns that once supported the bronze roof of the magnificent edifice. That stump of a pillar of yellow marble ornamented its side front—those yellow marble steps, to be seen in a niche in the enclosure, once led up to its Portico. And just in the rear of the space occupied by this splendid Basilica Ulpia, so called from the family name of Trajan, rises the magnificent marble pillar which bears the name of the column of Trajan. This pillar was erected about the year 115, in commemoration of Trajan's two Dacian campaigns, and from the inscription, was the work of the People and Senate of Rome. The shaft itself is covered with bas-reliefs, which go round the whole from the bottom to the top in twenty-three spirals; representing the exploits of the Emperor in both his Dacian expeditions. There are said to be about two thousand five hundred figures in all, and the figure of Trajan is repeated more than fifty times. These figures are about two feet high in the lower part of the column, but

towards the top they increase in size, that they may appear the same from below. Thirty-three separate pieces of marble are used in the work. There is a spiral staircase within, which winds twelve times round, and contains, one hundred and eighty-four steps: and it is a most remarkable circumstance that this staircase is not a separate work, but is cut out of the same stones of which the shaft itself is composed. A statue of the Emperor formerly surmounted the whole, twenty-one feet high. A Pope of the sixteenth century, finding the Emperor's place vacant, elevated there a statue of St. Peter in gilt bronze, who seems out of place, surmounting a column erected to commemorate the warlike exploits of a Pagan Emperor. The space which passes as the Forum Trajanum, is nothing more than a portion of that once occupied by the magnificent circuit, now covered by the buildings of modern Rome; and where palaces, gymnasiums and libraries, of old attested the stupendous designs of its architect.

It is not my intention to introduce the reader to all the ruins that remain of ancient Rome, the mere catalogue of which, would almost of itself, make a volume; but I cannot conclude this chapter without a brief allusion to the little Temple of Vesta, which stands by the banks of the Tiber, in the Piazza di Bocca della Verita. I hardly think that it is older than the age of Augustus. It is circular, with a portico all round it, and had originally twenty Corinthian columns, fluted; one of which is now wanting. The cornice also, and the ancient roof, have disappeared. In Ovid's time it was covered with a dome of brass. In other respects it is tolerably perfect, and forms a very interesting and elegant object. The walls within the portico, are

all of white marble, much of which still remains. Is it not this Temple to which Horace alludes, in the following verse of one of his finest odes?

“Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta Regis,
Templaque Vesta.”

Near this elegant little fane rolls the Tiber — the muddy and still the “*Yellow Tiber*” of classic days. It passes on with the same solemn and majestic flow, silently bathing the ruins of those edifices which were the scenes of so many great actions.

In these wanderings through Roman ruins, we are fully aware that many have been necessarily passed by without notice. To describe fully and accurately all the memorials that are left in Rome, of these ancient rulers of the world, would alone fill volumes. Nor are those that have been disinterred, which one stumbles upon in every direction in the streets of modern Rome, and upon the elevations, where the proud city once reared herself, all that remain to tell of former greatness. In many places

“Pregnant with form, the turf unheeded lies.”

And beneath the soil are architectural and artistic treasures that will yet challenge the admiration of future generations.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARBLE TREASURES OF THE VATICAN.

St. Peter's and the Vatican — Dimensions of the Vatican — Christian Epitaphs — Museo Chiarimonte — Il Braccio Nuovo — Museo Pio Clementino — Ancient Sarcophagus — The Apollo — The Laocoon — Hall of Animals — Hall of Busts — Hall of the Muses — Hall of the Greek Cross — Collection of Antiquities in Rome.

No tourist can visit St. Peter's or the Vatican, and be surprised at the revelations made by history of that "vaulting ambition," that aspiring desire for empire; which nothing but universal power could satisfy, and which more or less forms the principal characteristic of the Roman Pontiffs. Walk along that vast aisle of St. Peter's—stand within the shadow of its heaven-scaling dome—traverse the vast corridors of the Vatican, and look out upon the living and dead majesty of Rome, from the lofty windows: and then wonder if you can, that its possessors within sight of the locality of the palace of the Cæsars, should suppose they might also wield their power. But now even the pontifical glory hath departed.

"'Tis *Rome*, but living *Rome* no more."

How fallen is that ecclesiastical sovereignty, which in the days of Hildebrand kept shivering royalty for four days a suppliant at its gate, and placed its proud foot, glittering with the jewelled cross, upon the necks of prostrate Emperors and Kings. That throne once so powerful, is now upheld by foreign bayonets, and trembles at the nod of the descendant of an obscure Corsican advocate, who has usurped the throne of Clovis and Charlemagne. But fallen as is the Papal power, it still has its strong-holds,

in St. Peter's and the Vatican : and there was force and pertinency in the remark of our republican servant Baptiste, when he said, "if we are ever to have liberty in Italy, we must bury the Pope beneath the ruins of the Vatican and St. Peter's." There is a magic in their very names, a power in their majesty which still give strength and endurance to the Papacy.

It has been truly and finely said, "that Saint Peter's is the grandest temple that man ever raised to his God—while the Vatican is the noblest he ever raised to himself;" and it is so. Whatever judgments we may be disposed to pass upon the Popes in their spiritual capacity, no tourist, who saunters through the countless chambers of the Vatican, where buried art is restored to life and light again ; but will freely admit their claim as temporal sovereigns to the gratitude of the scholar and the artist.

The Museum of the Vatican, is next to the Ruins, the most irresistible attraction of modern Rome—a grand and glorious Treasure House of Art, where one might range for years, and find attractions, ever varying, ever new. You can visit these magnificent Halls day after day, and still find fresh subjects for contemplation ; new objects to gaze at and admire.

The first visit is bewildering. Divinities — Emperors — Philosophers — Orators and Statesmen of Imperial Rome, seem rushing past in most tantalizing confusion ; and it is not until after repeated visits, and much study that you are enabled to classify and arrange them, so as to derive that pleasure in their contemplation, which always accompanies familiarity with the higher works of art. The dimensions of this Palace, and the number of rooms assigned to it, border on the marvellous. The whole

pile of buildings, together with the gardens, comprise a circumference of some six miles. There is nothing architecturally grand about its externals. On the contrary it is a clumsy mass, and interferes greatly by its provoking proximity, with the appearance of St. Peter's. It is in reality a collection of apartments built by several Popes. The date of its first commencement is not known, but it was somewhere in the ninth century. The number of apartments it contains is over four thousand, and when you take into consideration their immense size, the magnificence they display, and the noble works of art by which they are adorned, surely no building in the world can compare with it.

The galleries of the Vatican consist of several apartments, halls and temples, some lined with marble, others paved with ancient mosaics, and all filled with statues, vases, candelabra, tombs and altars.

The size and proportion of these noble apartments — their rich materials and furniture, the well-managed light pouring down upon them, and the multiplicity of admirable articles collected and deposited in them, fill the mind with astonishment and delight; forming the most magnificent and grand combination one can conceive of. Never were the divinities of Greece and Rome, honored with nobler temples — never did they stand on richer pedestals never were more glorious domes spread above their heads, or brighter and more costly pavements extended at their feet. Seated in such shrines, they seem to look down upon the crowd of votaries, and once more to challenge the admiration of mankind — while kings and emperors; heroes and philosophers, drawn up in ranks before and around them, increase their state, and form a magnificent and becoming retinue.

Among the first and most touching objects that present themselves to the visitor's regard, are the interesting series of Christian monuments, or rather funereal inscriptions taken from the Catacombs, and lining an entire side of the great corridor, that he first enters. They commence with the age of the apostles, and are generally in Greek—most of them are simple tributes of affection and sorrow, frequently reminding one by some expression, or by some holy and endearing symbol of our faith, that they were the offerings of those who mourned; but at the same time, felt that their affliction was "light," and but for a moment—who sorrowed, but with a sorrow full of the hope of immortality. Passing through this great corridor, lined on the one side with Pagan, and on the other with these Christian inscriptions—amounting in all to nearly four thousand—you arrive at a Gallery, known by the name of the Museo Chiarimonte. On entering the gateway, your attention is at once attracted by two recumbent statues on your left, which pass in the printed catalogues, under the names of "Autumn and Winter"—but the representation of Autumn, is by far the finest. These are supposed to be of no later origin than the time of Hadrian. The countenance of the recumbent figure, representing Autumn, is beautifully benignant. The figures of sportive children—the one the Genius of the Vintage, presenting grapes to Autumn, are remarkable for their truthfulness to nature, and their serene beauty of expression. One cannot help being struck with the tendency of the Pagan religion, to connect the gayest images of life with the idea of death, in their Elysium, their funeral games and tombs, (so contrasted in this respect with the faith that ever looks to brighter worlds beyond). And as this is evidently a sar-

scophagus, the recumbent figure with the sportive children around, is certainly a fair exemplification of it. On the front of this sarcophagus, may be observed relief, very boldly sculptured of father and mother, with their son, who wears suspended round his neck, the "bolla," an ornament deemed talismanic, of which Horace, Virgil, and Martial speak—this ornament, all the Roman children wore, until they had attained the age for assuming the toga. A short distance from these allegorical figures, may be noticed the statue of Sleep or the Genius of Death. This is the figure mentioned by Byron, as among those in the Vatican that made the greatest impression upon him. It looks too refined for the genius of Paganism—and seems more akin to that of Christianity. If by it is intended the Angel of Death, it is so refined and affectingly graceful, that it recommends itself to the hopeful feelings of Christianity. We might justly say of its artist,

"He feared not death, whose calm and gracious thought,
Of the last hour, has settled thus in thee."

As one has well said, whose soul was alive to every image of the beautiful, "It seems like the fading away of an existence, in a calm, painless transit, so etherializing to the palpable form, that as we gaze, we might fancy it about to vanish, or like the Narcissus of fable, to undergo some metamorphose still more beautiful." The headless and mutilated figure, which stands near the Genius of Sleep, has been by many supposed to be a figure of Diana, descending from her chariot to visit the sleeping Endymion. Mutilated as it is, there is a grandeur about its form exceedingly striking, while the appearance of the drapery as if agitated by rapid motion, and evidently be-

longing to a figure intended to be represented in quick flight, is in an artistic point of view, a most surprising effort of the chisel. This valuable fragment was found in the Quirinal Gardens — whither it had been brought from Tivoli, and is supposed once to have adorned that great centre of elegance and art, the Villa of Hadrian. I am inclined to believe, that the opinion of Braun, is correct in reference to this fragment — and that it once represented a daughter of Niobe, in rapid flight from the arrows of the avenging and angry God. There is certainly a striking similarity in this torso, with the attitude and position of one of Niobe's children in the celebrated group at Florence. The German critic very truthfully remarks — “that the fearful catastrophe impending over this daughter of Niobe, is most touchingly and beautifully mirrored in this her rapid flight — the stormy wind betokened by her fluttering robe, seems to combine with the fate about to overtake her. The spell arresting the steps of persons doomed to death, at the moment when escape seems still possible, is here embodied before our eyes.” Among the rare treasures collected in this gallery, we must not omit to notice the bust of the young Augustus — so exquisitely beautiful in the dazzling whiteness and polish of the marble, and so full of expression and power in the contour of the brow. But aside from its beauty as a work of art, it possesses an interest from the fact, that we have here preserved the youthful features of the favorite nephew of Julius Cæsar. This world-renowned bust was discovered during the excavations made at Ostia in the beginning of the present century, and no doubt once graced the Temple erected to the dignified Augustus, at that place in his lifetime. Every one is struck at first sight, with the resem-

blance which this bust bears to that of Napoleon in his more advanced years. There is a maturity of expression in the broad calm brow, which scarcely harmonizes with the youthful appearance of the future Emperor. But Augustus, it must be remembered, ripened prematurely into manhood, beneath the cares and responsibilities of state, that were thrust upon him, by his celebrated uncle, who early initiated him into his views of life and universal dominion.

The colossal statue of Tiberius, is among the most striking figures in this hall. It is in a sitting posture, and was discovered at Veii in 1811. The figure is majestic, and conveys to the mind a very forcible conception of the dignity and awe-inspiring presence of Rome's world subduing Emperors. A civic crown adorns his head—and one hand is laid upon the sword at his side, while the other holds the sceptre of universal dominion. There is a sternness about the lowering brow, and an expression around the compressed lips, that shadow forth all the evil inclinations, which made their home in the heart of this monster. The citizens of Rome, suffering and smarting from the effects of the cruel exactions of the imperial tyrant, immediately after death had removed his dreaded presence from their sight, commenced hurling his statues from their pedestals in the city, and appear to have destroyed them utterly. I do not remember in all Italy, to have seen a single statue of this Emperor, found amid the ruins of ancient Rome: all of them appear to have come from the provincial towns, where they had not suffered so directly from his cruel mandates. Near this statue is a colossal head of the imperial monster, found at the same place—and perhaps in its expression, seems to want

the truthfulness of the other—in conferring a character of intellect and clemency upon the face, which the original never possessed.

There are very few statues in this hall surpassing that of Clio, the Muse of History, in their perfect adaptation to their subject. She stands there in mute majesty, crowned with laurel, while beside her rests a casket for books and a scroll. Nothing could be more calmly gracious than her expression: more majestic, and yet delicate than the form. A lofty idea of the attributes of History, is conveyed by this serenely beautiful work of the ancient chisel. History is here represented as a benignant, dispassionate guardian of Truth, and a rewarder of Virtue.

In the statue of the Venus Gabina, so called, because found at the ancient city of Gabii, we have an idea of this goddess, far more elevated than is displayed in most of her statues. In this graceful figure the feeling seems to rise infinitely above the mythology of antiquity. It is not merely the type of physical beauty which is presented, but the personification of a principle, asserting its sway over the soul by a mysterious, yet beneficent spell. She seems here,

“In all her sovereignty of charms arrayed,”

to unite the benign genius, with the attributes of an enchantress queen—and Horace’s

“O Venus Regina Cnidi Paphique,”

would be a fit apostrophe to such a goddess.

Near this statue, may be noticed a head of Neptune of colossal proportions. This head of the gloomy ruler of the waves, was discovered at Ostia. Representations of Neptune in the collections, are as rare as those of the King

of gods and men are abundant. The hair falls somewhat wildly on each side of the forehead, intending to exhibit the effect of the winds that play over the surface of old ocean. The beard is full and strong, and the lips partly open, giving a peculiar appearance to the face, which is not without an expression of that serenity and dignity so noticeable in all the busts of Jupiter.

The figure of Venus rising from the sea, nearly opposite the head of Neptune, is certainly a most lovely figure; the character that of innocence, and girlhood. Venus is here represented leaving the bath, with the vase of perfumes in one hand for anointing the hair, and perhaps the limbs also, as was the custom after bathing. This statue appears to be formed of three separate antique fragments, the arms and feet being restored by a modern hand: it is supposed to be a copy from a Greek original, by a Roman sculptor.

It would be in vain to attempt a description of the seven hundred and fifty distinct subjects which adorn the sides of this magnificent hall. We have only selected from the collection such as commended themselves forcibly to our mind, although there are numerous others, no doubt as much deserving of notice. A hasty glance over the fragments of single statues and groups, scattered along this hall, will serve to show how great a loss archæology has sustained—although, had the monuments to which these belong come down to us, as has been well observed “the Vatican, would have scarce sufficed to afford them suitable accommodation.

Immediately after passing the screen work, to enter the gallery we have just been exploring, a portal to the left is reached, which is the entrance to the gallery styled

“Il Braccio Nuovo,” formed likewise under the munificence of Pius VII. This hall is very magnificent in its proportions, and in shape is somewhat in the form of a Greek cross. The first thing that attracts attention on entering the hall is the Caryatid on the right, believed to be one of the six that sustained the portico of the temple of Pandrosia, at Athens. The story of the city of Caria, whose male inhabitants (for their alliance with the Persians) were put to the sword, and the females made slaves, and condemned to carry burdens, by the Athenians, is well known, as being perpetuated in these peculiar statues, which served for architectural purposes. There is nothing strikingly graceful in this architectural idiosyncrasy of the Grecian artist; neither in form nor expression, and it is only curious as a perpetuation of an historical fact.

Near it is the beautiful group representing Silenus, with the infant Bacchus in his arms. This group arrests your attention at once upon your entrance. The artist does not here represent Silenus as the grotesque and jovial demigod; but as the philosopher, who accompanied Bacchus on his expedition to India, to assist him with the counsels of wisdom. Apart from all mythical relations, and simply keeping in view the manner in which infancy and age are here brought into contact, this group certainly exhibits a touching scene. The slender figure of the aged Silenus rests with firmly planted feet, against the trunk of a tree, and gazes with an expression of deep but satisfied seriousness on the beautiful infant cradled in his arms. As a classical tourist has very well remarked, “It is not the vain recollections of his own never returning youth, which are portrayed in the figure of this Silenus; but that pure joy, observed in those who, amid the tumults of earth, have learned to purify all selfish feelings, and to find true

satisfaction in the welfare of others." The ancients under the mythological allusion to Silenus, couched a far deeper meaning than is generally attached to this inferior divinity. Who that is familiar with the classics, can forget that beautiful record in the sixth Eclogue of Virgil, when he is surprised by the Shepherds, who he had often flattered with the hope of hearing his song; and being bound by them, playfully yields, uttering a song, or rather a vaticination, in which the profound mysteries of the origin of things, and a complete system of cosmogony are revealed, whilst brutes, and even inanimate nature listen fascinated to the sound. This prophetic power belonged to Silenus, and it is in his character of prophet and seer, that he is so often represented by the ancients as the tutor of Bacchus. In his prophetic character his eye penetrates the future, and recognizes in the youth before him, "the coming man" who is to bring light and knowledge, scattering blessings over the earth. It has always appeared to me that in this mythological conception, there was a repetition of the prophetic allusions of the Old Testament, to the arrival of the new dispensation, which was to bring life and immortality to light through the gospel, coming with "healing on its wings" for the nations. Did not the Pagan borrow from the Jew?

Close to Silenus and Bacchus is the graceful statue of Antinous with the attributes of Vertumnus. It is the figure of a man, made god-like by the divine skill of the sculptor. Antinous was the friend and favorite of the princely Emperor Hadrian. This Emperor, while in Egypt, in a moment of despondency, conceived that his own life must be forfeited, unless some other life was sacrificed for his own: and the faithful Antinous drowned himself in the Nile, to save his friend and master. The grateful

Emperor placed him among the gods, erected temples to his worship, and employed all the sculptor's skill to delineate him in the perfection of beauty and of youth. There are many of these statues still to be found in Rome, but this, and the colossal one in the Lateran Museum are the finest. There is a sweet serenity about the expression of both, that at once attracts and fascinates the spectator, while the graceful and fine proportions of the figure embody all the elements of manly beauty.

Near the Antinous, is according to my idea one of the finest works of ancient Art in all the vast collections in Rome. Visconti regards this statue as essentially Greek, though belonging to an epoch which preceded the decline. The head, though exceedingly beautiful, is a restoration. This statue passes in the catalogues as that of Pudicitia, or Modesty. By some, it has been conceived to be a representation of the Tragic Muse; by others, an abstract of all the virtuous characteristics of a Roman matron: but call it by what name they will, it must ever remain as one of the finest specimens of the skill of the Grecian chisel that has come down to us. It embodies the perfection of beauty and grace, more than any other statue in the Halls of ancient Art at Rome. And with all that beauty and grace so captivating, is combined a sublime dignity which impresses you from the first with a sort of awe. And then too the wonderful artistic execution of the minor details—the delicate and transparent folds of the gracefully managed drapery—the outline of the beautifully rounded arm beneath—the perfect poise of the figure:—all unite to prove that it was the creation of the sculptor's chisel, when art was achieving its loftiest triumphs in Greece. This statue is of great age, and numbers its

years by thousands : but still it is in a wondrous state of preservation — discolored it is true by the stains of Time, but nothing injured in its outline. Although the head is comparatively modern — yet deprived of this and standing there as a headless trunk, like the Torso of Hercules, or the flying Niobe, to which allusion has above been made, it would still be one of the noblest figures in the collection. I can never forget the wonderful impression made by this statue upon the entire party who visited the halls of the Vatican with me, by torch light. No sooner had the full blaze of the torches flashed upon the face, than it was lit up by an expression so perfectly life-like, that it extorted an exclamation of delighted surprise from more than one of our party. The dark tints, which in the garish light of day discolored the drapery, vanished, and the marble shone forth again with all that pure whiteness which belonged to it, when the last stroke of the sculptor's chisel, left it

“A thing of beauty, and a joy forever.”

Wonderful too, was the effect of this magical light, as it fell flickeringly upon the graceful folds of the drapery. It seemed as if the wind had stirred it, or as though it rose and fell beneath the soft breathings of the life-like figure before us. To use the language of an artist, applied to another statue, “looking at the regal aspect, the proudly beautiful lip, the self-possession and graceful majesty of this figure, we can hardly suppose that the Art capable of producing this, could have flourished in a state of society where the position of woman, was other than surrounded with dignity and respect : or where high moral influences were not apprehended and recognized in her.”

Passing over to the other side, and nearly at the foot of the recumbent and majestic figure of the colossal River God, we have another original from the Greek chisel. It is the statue of Diana, the chaste goddess of the night, represented at the moment when on the heights of Latmos, she descends the sleeping Endymion. It is certainly one of the most beautiful representations of this divinity. A perfect story in marble of affection watching over the sleep of the loved object, "all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving." In the fillet confining the hair, is discernible the holes in which the crescent once rested, indicating that she is represented here as the goddess of the moon, and not in her character the divine huntress. This statue was discovered a few miles from the Porta Cavalleggera, among some ruins, either those of a villa or a temple to the goddess.

In the majestic statue of the Minerva Medica, found in the penetralia of the ruin I have described in the last chapter, we have a personation of this goddess, who combines so many virtues in her mythological character. Here we have the gracious aspect of the goddess in "the Odyssey," and the "Furies" of Eschylus. The breastplate formed of scales, is thrown with graceful negligence over the bosom, and she holds the ample mantle drawn over her left shoulder, lightly grasped in the left hand. At her feet is a serpent, the emblem of Esculapius, and which has given the name to the figure. This, like some of the statues of Jove, Hercules and Apollo, to be found in the Vatican, embodies to the full all the mythological characteristics. It is a figure which men might almost be excused, for falling down before it to worship; and when standing in majestic silence in its ancient fane,

might well fill devout worshippers with awe. It would be wholly out of my power, even if I wished it, to name, far less to describe, the many objects of interest contained in this, or the other immense Statuary Halls of the Vatican. You may wander from one long gallery to another, make the round of the circular and octagonal apartments—visit the small chambers that surround the court of the Fountain—ascend the staircase terminated by the columns of African marble—stand among the pillars of alabaster in the court of the Faun—wander through the Etrusean collection, and days will not suffice to accomplish even this physical labor, nor weeks to catalogue the extent of the noble collection: and yet this contains but a very small fragmentary portion of the Treasures of Art that belonged to the Imperial City. The object of this chapter, is simply to notice as we pass, some of the most remarkable of the marble treasures of this wonderful Museum. Nearly in the centre of the hall, and opposite to one of the recesses, reclines a colossal statue of the Nile as a River God, leaning on a sphinx. In different positions upon the figure, are represented sixteen children, denoting the sixteen cubits increase of the river, and every one of these children is in such manner figured, that it admirably describes the effect, which at that rise and increase it wrought on the land of Egypt. As for example, the sixteenth child is placed upon a shoulder of the river, with a basket of flowers and fruits upon its head, signifying that the increase of the river to the sixteenth cubit, enriches the earth with fruit, and brings gladness to it: but all of the children have a like symbolical meaning. There is an appearance of repose about this figure truly marvellous, and a majesty in the features, that should alone belong to divinity.

We must not leave this superb hall without noticing the exquisite pavement of ancient mosaics, by which it is adorned. They were brought from the ruins of a villa near Tormarancio, and are remarkable specimens of the skill of the ancients in this exquisite work. The figures too, are so arranged, that, from whatever point of view, the eye falls upon this carpet in stone, part of the figures appear in an upright position. The whole story of the shipwreck of Ulysses, is here told with all the faithfulness of a painting, and in colors which will never fade.

In the Museo Pio Clementino is to be found the celebrated Belvidere Torso, a mutilated trunk without arms, and but the mere fragment of thighs, and yet so wonderful in its delineations that Michael Angelo and Raphael educated and developed their genius by its study. Mengs considered this Torso to unite the beauties of all the other antique statues, to possess a variety so perfect, that it was truly divine. It dates back beyond the age of Alexander the Great, and is supposed to have been the work of Apollonius, an Athenian. It requires an artistic taste educated up to a very high point, to appreciate and understand the encomiums lavished upon this huge lump of marble, by enraptured artists. But near to it may be noticed a sarcophagus, whose history awakens an interest in the breast, which has been steeled to all impressions from the wondrous Torso. I allude to that stone coffin which once held the body, not the ashes, (for this family never burned their dead), of Lucius Cornelius Scipio Barbatus, the ancestor of the great Scipio Africanus. Upon its sides you can read, still distinct, the old Latin inscription, proclaiming the merits of this great forefather of the Scipios, in genuine patriarchal fashion,

“Cornelius Lucius Scipio the
 Bearded, the lawful son of his
 Father Gneius, a valiant man
 And wise, whose person nearly
 Resembled his virtue.

Consul, Censor, Ædile so he was among you.
 Taurasia, Cisauna in Samnium has he taken
 All Lucania has he subjected,
 And hostages has he carried away.”

This sarcophagus was found in the latter part of the last century in the Vigna Sassi, in the tomb of the Scipios. It dates back to the fifth century after the foundation of the city. The carvings on the lid and base are certainly remarkably fine, and indicate considerable advance in art.

In the Hall of the Meleager we have the statue of the hero that confers upon it the name. He is represented as reposing on a lance, after having slain the Caledonian boar. The left hand which the lance sustained has perished, and it is said that even Michael Angelo shrunk from restoring it. Succeeding generations it appears have manifested the same timidity, as it remains still mutilated. The sculptor has indulged in a peculiarity in this statue for the purpose of representing the fairness of complexion, which belonged to Meleager—Homer calling him *Xanthos*, yellow or fair. In the eyebrows, there is an absence of the indenture commonly used to supply the effect of the dark color, which together with the softness of the contour, indicates this fairness of complexion. The statue was found on the Janiculum, outside the Porta Portese. Just behind the Meleager is a bust of Plato, with a profile remarkably beautiful, reminding one of the type adopted by the ancient painters for that of the Redeemer.

In a hall in close vicinity to that of the Meleager, is

the Antinous, now changed in the catalogue to a Mercury. But it possesses not one of the characteristics of the god. The wings, the caduceus, and every other emblem of Mercury are wanting. The countenance also resembles that which is usually given to Antinous. It may be that the sculptor did not intend to represent the character of the cajoling and thoroughly undignified Mercury, as he is presented at least by one aspect of his fabulous adventures: but only as the gracious messenger of the gods, the Genius of Eloquence, the inventor of the seven chorded lyre, the conductor of disembodied spirits. You next enter an octagonal court, surrounded by a portico decorated with superb marble columns, and enriched with some of the most splendid monuments of ancient magnificence:—statues and relievos, baths formed of marble and granite, as bright as though they had just left the carver's hands; sarcophagi embellished with exquisite sculpture; vases and votive altars. But it is in the recesses of this grand court, that the greatest treasures of the Vatican are contained, the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere. The first impressions produced by gazing on the wonderful group of the Laocoon are certainly those of disappointment. There seems to be a want of harmony in the figures; and that defect presents itself at all times. The bodies of the father and his sons are relatively out of proportion: for if the sons are viewed separately, they by no means present the appearance of boys, but of men; whereas, the father is so much larger, that either he must be a giant, or his sons dwarfs. But aside from this defect, it is certainly the most expressive group of statuary in the Vatican. Virgil describes Laocoon as seized by the serpent whilst attempting to save his children, the first victims. The lines of the Eneid,

“Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos
Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit;”

are in accordance with the plastic treatment of the story; otherwise, the sculptor has not borrowed much from the poet. Far more than physical pain is conveyed in this wonderful group—a lofty defiance of the suffering, which if it has overpowered the body, has not subdued the soul. The wrath of Minerva, to which Laocoon fell a victim, was excited, by an act in itself patriotic and heroic, the hurling of the lance to discover the deception of the wooden horse for the preservation of Troy. He becomes thus dying, a martyr to his country; and the anticipation of her ruin is the most intense of sorrows. This is certainly expressed in the countenance, and with the distorted face, the starting sinews and distended limbs, entwined in the inextricable folds of the serpents, offer a most appalling picture of human suffering.

Not far from the cabinet of the Laocoon, in admirable preservation stands the Apollo Belvidere. Here in truth, we have the noblest and the loftiest of the sons of Zeus. Apollo, in the higher conception of the religion of the ancients, was the deification of the beautiful, the heroic, the poetic and the benign. The fable of the girl who pined for love toward Apollo, and was metamorphosed into the sun-flower, which ever turns to the God of Day, seems intelligible when you look at this incomparable statue:

“— the delicate form, a dream of love
 Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
 Longed for a deathless lover from above,
 And maddened in that vision.”

A variety of opinions have been expressed as to the character in which the sculptor intended to represent Apollo. Spence conceived him to be a hunter: other opinions are, that he has just defeated the giant Tityvs; that he has expended all his arrows against the Achians; that he has

been slaying the fair Niobe and her children, or the faithless Coronis. The prevailing opinion however is, that he has just slain the serpent Python. He certainly appears from the attitude, and from the fragment of a bow in his left hand, to have just discharged an arrow. A quiver is on his back, and his feet are exactly in the attitude of a person who has drawn his bow, and is watching the progress of his arrow. This unique statue was discovered near Porto D'Anzio, where it no doubt constituted one of the ornaments of the imperial villas of ancient Antium. Out of this court where the Apollo stands, you pass into a larger apartment filled with various animals of Greek and Roman sculpture. The floor is composed of curious and handsome mosaics, mostly found at Palestrina, the ancient Preneste.

In the Hall of the Busts, which is the most historically, if not the most artistically interesting section of the Museum, we have a collection of original busts of statesmen, heroes and philosophers of antiquity, mingled with the busts of the principal gods of the heathen mythology. This hall is ornamented with columns inlaid with *giallo antico*, with corresponding pilasters of variegated marble: while the floor is ornamented with rare mosaics. It would be in vain to attempt the mention of each particular object of interest in this unique collection. The mention of one or two will suffice. A most remarkable bust in the series is that representing Augustus, in advanced age. A wreath of artificial laurel, worked round a diadem, encircles the brow, with an orbicular gem in the centre, containing the profile of Julius Cæsar. This circlet is supposed to be emblematic of the sacerdotal character of the Emperor, the effigy on these gems being always of that of a god or a deified mortal. Cæsar having been deified, it may be

that Augustus is here represented as one of the priesthood of the divine Julius. There is a full length sitting statue of Jupiter, terminating the vista. Great dignity and majesty are here expressed. It calls to your mind the Jupiter invoked by Horace as

“Gentis humanæ Pater atque Custos,”

more calm and raised above the shocks of passion than the Jupiter of Homer, though the sire of deities who shakes his ambrosial curls, till all Olympus trembles at the nod, in the Iliad, might be pictured to the mind in a form like this. Grave, austere and majestic, this statue of Jupiter looks down upon the thronging crowds of the Vatican, as he once looked down from his shrine, upon the worshippers in his temple.

The Hall of the Muses, is one of the most richly decorated, and tastefully ornamented of any in the Vatican. The pavements are inlaid with antique mosaics, the subjects of which are mostly theatrical—the figures of actors in their peculiar costumes and masks; in the centre a head of Medusa surrounded with arabesques of beautiful design. Here we have in marble, exquisitely sculptured, the nine daughters of Mnemosyne, preceded by Apollo with the lute. All of these statues are ancient, and were discovered in the villa of Cassius, near Rome. Here too are original busts of Demosthenes, Æschines, Zeno the Stoic, of Pericles and Periander. In the Hall of the Greek Cross is the celebrated statue of Venus called of Gnidos, supposed to be from the chisel of Praxiteles, which is mentioned by Pliny, “as illustrious throughout the world.” It may be but a copy, but it is certainly the finest statue of the goddess in Italy. “The Cytherian Zone,” binding all things with beauty, might be proudly



THE VATICAN.

claimed as the due attribute of such an enchantress. We are too apt to associate coarseness and vulgarity with the attributes of Venus: but does not the mythological conception of this divinity personify the principle that animated nature with life, infusing the soul of joy and beauty into every thing? And does not the magnificent exordium of Lucretius to "alma Venus," before whom the tempests are laid, the clouds disperse, the heaven and ocean become radiant with smiles, and the earth strews its surface with flowers—comprise her more lofty and beneficent aspects? At all events in this statue the sculptor seems to have been inspired with the same ideas as the poet.

It would be vain to attempt a description of the numerous choice things of art that crowd hall after hall of this stupendous Museum. The visitor is overwhelmed with the multiplicity of objects. The few that we have named must suffice. The multiplicity and variety of ancient artistic treasures that crowd the immense halls of the Vatican, Capitoline, and Lateran Museums bewilder and stupefy the senses: and yet these immense depositories contain a small part only of the former splendor of Rome. Every church is adorned with ancient columns, every palace has a gallery of ancient art: even foreign countries owe their boasts of statuary to Rome;—and the treasure is still not exhausted:

“—— Though every realm and state,
With Rome's august remains—heroes and gods—
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;—
Yet miss we not the innmerable thefts—
For still profuse of glories teems the waste.”

CHAPTER VI.

WANDERINGS AMONG THE CATACOMBS.

Origin of the Catacombs — Catacombs of St. Calixtus — Epitaphs — Little Chapels — Frescoes — Portrait of Christ — The Burial Place of St. Paul.

IF your inspection of Rome has confined itself only to her monumental and artistic treasures, you have still left a most interesting portion unexamined. There is a silent city which extends its ramifications under busy life above; having its history, its monuments and associations fraught with interest the most profound. I allude to the Catacombs.

The origin of these sepulchral chambers has been keenly disputed. The excavations in which they began, were most certainly made for the purpose of digging out the volcanic earth used by the ancient, as well as the modern builders. There can be little question that these quarries and caves were ancient, long before the cradle of the Twins floated among the reeds of the Tiber, or the udders of the she-wolf gave down the strengthening milk that nourished the Founder of the Seven Hilled City. The cities that once crowded the Campagna were built no-doubt out of the materials taken from these quarries. When the Romans obtained a foot-hold on the banks of the Tiber, and began to erect Temples, Forums and Thermæ, then the demand for this material for building constantly increased, and so it continued under the magnificent reigns of the Twelve Cæsars, down to the time when the Romans left off quarrying and turned to destroying old buildings to find materials for new.

These caves or excavations seem to have been used as early as the first century of our era, as hiding places, caves of refuge by the Christians. Pagan superstition had pointed out these desolate places, these dark and deep excavations as the spots haunted by Canidia and her weird sister old Sagana; of course they were shunned by the superstitious Romans—and this therefore made them a most secure place of concealment for the Christians. The Christians at first interred in them, no other bodies but those of their martyrs, which they were often forced to conceal from their persecutors. It has been very plausibly conjectured that many of the workmen employed in the excavations being Christians, first suggested to their fellow worshippers in Rome, the use of these retreats for the observance of their religious rites, thus guarding them into those recesses which very early thus became places of concealment and devotion. No doubt the laborers in these subterranean galleries formed a class by themselves. They were for the most part slaves, the degraded and the outcasts of the Imperial City. It was natural that the religion which proclaimed the great truth of the equality of mankind before God—which taught the hereditary bondsmen, to look to the future as a reward for all the sufferings and irregularities of this life—that had selected fishermen and publicans for apostles, should be received with joy and embraced with gladness, by the neglected and despised laborers in these sand caves.

One morning we obtained a special permit to visit the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, which contain memorials of Christianity, as early as the first century, before the last of the Apostles had left the earth.

About two miles from the Saint Sebastian gate, after

traversing a portion of the Appian Way, we entered a large field occupying the right of the road, commanding a most glorious view over the Campagna, and of the distant ranges of the Appenines. In the centre of this field we came to a large opening, which revealed a long and steep staircase of stone, going down as it were into the very bowels of the earth. As we descended, the transition from the outer world where all was sunshine and warmth, into the regions of darkness and dampness below, reminded me of Dante's entrance into the Inferno. The first impression on entering these catacombs, when the light of day is almost instantly lost, and by the dim light of the torches one sees nothing in advance but the narrow gallery, lined with tiers of sepulchres, filled with the decaying relics of humanity—and feels the path beneath his feet descending deeper and deeper—is one of horror that chills and astonishes the mind. The imagination then calls up what the reason rejects, and plays, as if fascinated, with ideal terrors. One remembers then the story of the band of students who, with their tutor, several years ago, were lost in these very sepulchral chambers, and whose remains have never even been found. But soberly speaking, there is not the least occasion for fear—the localities are perfectly familiar to the guides, and many of the more dangerous galleries have been walled up, so as not to tempt the wandering foot of imprudent curiosity. Soon we were traversing numberless corridors, intersecting each other, some at acute, some at obtuse angles, and many of them terminating in a rudely formed niche, something in shape like the tribune of a church, so that you are obliged to strike off in a direction quite different. As we advanced along the narrow galleries, on each side we observed with scarcely any interruption,

two, and sometimes three tiers of grave-like shelves, such as only could have been used by Christians, whose custom it was, not to burn their dead. These graves were mostly open, and in many of them were crumbling fragments of bones, and in two or three almost entire skeletons; at their sides earthen flasks, and sometimes flasks of glass, containing a red sediment, these last marking the resting place of the martyrs; this sediment being the remains of their blood, which these vases always contained in small quantities. Some of the tombs are still closed with slabs of marble, bearing the name and age of the deceased, with short comments, all testifying their faith "in brighter worlds beyond" — one "sleeps in Christ" — another is buried "that she may live in the Lord Jesus" — while on another we noticed almost the words of St. Paul himself. This inscription records the name of Cornelia, beloved daughter of Leopardus, and below the words, "dying! yet behold she lives." These inscriptions are chiefly in Latin, often mis-spelt or ungrammatical, occasionally written in Greek characters, and are generally simple, but in some cases extremely affecting. A parent briefly names the age of his beloved child, or a husband that of his wife, and the years of their wedded life: or the epitaph adds a prayer that the dead "may rest in peace," annexing some rudely carved emblem of the believer's hope and immortality. But most of all, I noticed the Cross in its simplest form, employed to testify the faith of the deceased. Whatever ignorance and blind credulity may have sprung up in later times, here in these catacombs, upon these marble slabs, that shut their beloved dead from their sight, the early Christians have shown that with them there was no doubt of the full appreciation of that glorious sacrifice, "whereby

alone we obtain the remission of sins, and are made partakers of the Kingdom of Heaven." One inscription interested me very much, so sad and solemn in its details—a translation of which would be—"Oh unhappy times, when we cannot worship in safety, hardly in caverns—when we are hunted like wild beasts from the surface of the earth." It is in one of the chapels, and just over a fresco representing the three children in the fiery furnace, evidently emblemizing martyrdom. Most of the inscriptions are concise, and to the purpose, as the following:—"Here lies Godianus, deputy of Gaul, who was executed for the faith, with all his family;" and then the touching conclusion: "Theophilus a handmaid placed this stone in fear, but full of hope;" as if none were left to pay this last tribute, but the faithful handmaid of the deputy of Gaul; or if for his faith his family had deserted him—then among the faithless, faithful only this poor menial, who in fear erected the memorial, which handed down to our times the master's faith, and the handmaiden's faithfulness.

The intelligent gentleman who accompanied us, seemed to think, that in the peculiar form of these tombs, the early Christians desired to imitate that of the Saviour's, fashioning them like caves, and closing the aperture with a slab of marble or granite—a very likely hypothesis, and certainly a most beautiful impulse of love, treating as sacred, and to be imitated, even the accidental and outward details connected with the history on earth of "the Incarnate God."

In passing along these narrow galleries of tombs, at intervals, you come to small vaulted chambers many of them still ornamented with the rude frescoes by which the

early Christians symbolized their faith. These small apartments are the little chapels, where several hundred feet below the surface of the earth they met by the dim light of torches for prayer and praise. The frescoes are in every case symbolical of facts in the Gospel History. Among them we noticed the figure of the "Good Shepherd," represented by a rustic youth in tunic and buskins carrying a lamb upon his shoulders. Moses striking the rock, supposed to be illustrative of baptism. Daniel in the lion's den, emblematic of our Saviour passing through the valley of the shadow of death, and it may be of the Christian's conflict amid the trials of life, and particularly applicable and affecting to those, for whom it was thus depicted — Christians, whose faith was tried by the fires of persecution. Here too were frescoes representing Christ in the midst of the Apostles — his entry into Jerusalem — and several of the Redeemer's miracles, but principally the miracle at Cana, and that of the "loaves and fishes." In one chapel I particularly noticed the Holy Spirit as the descending dove at the baptism of Jesus — and in one of the galleries, close by the tomb of the martyr Cecelia, a portrait of our Saviour in his humanity, representing him with one hand extended, as if in the act of blessing, clasping with the other a book close to his breast. This is interesting, as it is unquestionably the earliest painting we have of Christ, being of the third or fourth century of our era, and although exceedingly rude in its design and finish, clearly furnishing the face from which Cimabue, Giotto, and most of the very early painters have copied. Our Saviour in his exaltation is not represented until many centuries later, as in the earliest ages of the Church, when its zeal was pure and devotional, the scene of the

crucifixion was reverently avoided. It was not until the sixth century, when corruptions had crept in, that frescoes representing the solemn scene on Calvary are seen.

This portrait of Christ in the Catacombs, is said to have been painted as early as the latter part of the second century. It represents a person with an oval face, straight nose, arched eyebrows, and a smooth but rather high forehead—the hair parted and flowing in curls upon the shoulders, the beard not thick, but short and divided. Over the left shoulder is thrown some drapery. How far this is authentic I am not prepared to say. It certainly is not a painting of the early date claimed for it; and looks as if it might have been painted in the third or fourth century of the Christian era. The earliest description we have of Christ, is in a letter from Lentulus to the Roman Senate. This Lentulus is said to have been the successor to Pontius Pilate. Whether genuine or not, its description harmonizes with that, which every Christian would desire to form of his Saviour. In this letter, he is described as “a man of lofty stature, of serious and imposing countenance, inspiring love as well as fear. His hair is the color of wine, or of golden lustre, flowing in curls upon his shoulders, and divided down the centre of the head after the manner of the Nazarenes. The forehead is smooth and serene. The face without blemish, of a pleasant slightly ruddy color. The expression noble and engaging—the nose and mouth of perfect form—the beard abundant and of the same color with the hair—the eyes blue and brilliant, and the most beautiful among the children of men.”

We were some three hours under ground wandering amid these sepulchral chambers, deeply interested with the

revelations, which at every step opened upon us, bearing the strongest testimony to the truth of our religion. The Catacombs are certainly a gigantic monument to the truth of Christianity, no less affecting to the heart than convincing to the mind, proving with what rapidity its doctrines had spread — the persecutions and sufferings to which its professors had cheerfully submitted by reason of “the hope that was in them,” and more than all, the identity of the primitive Church in all its belief and practice, with the scriptural record. The Romish Church, it is true, points to these Catacombs to prove that the complications of its splendid worship, were derived from the practices of the early Church; but there is nothing in any of the pictorial representations of the earliest of the Catacombs, or in the innumerable inscriptions upon its tombs, that furnish the least authority for the bold assumption. In other Catacombs, opened and used *at a later date, and after corruptions had crept into the Church*, it is very true that the paintings of the Virgin and Child, and of some of the earliest Popes arrayed in their Pontificals, may be seen. But none of these paintings can claim an earlier date than the fifth or sixth century.

These Catacombs of Calixtus are the earliest, and it is well ascertained from the dates on several of the tombs, that they were used as a burial place by the Christians, during the persecutions under Nero. It was in this persecution St. Paul perished, and it may be that the tradition which points to these Catacombs, as the first resting place of the body of the Apostle is correct. There seems no reason for distrust in the main features of the legend, certainly as to the scene of St. Paul's martyrdom and grave — the localities of which are in themselves likely

enough, and derive some additional probability from the fact, that it was an event which would cling most tenaciously to the memory of the early Church, even in its minutest details. The bones of the Apostle are said to have been removed from these Catacombs in the year 375, at a time when it is to be fairly presumed, that the Christian Church could not have forgotten "where they laid him." The patriotism of New England still cherishes authentic memorials of "the Pilgrim Fathers," and the places of the sepulture of many of them are known to this day—and there certainly is more abundant reason why the Christians should remember the burial place of the most zealous of the Apostles, at as early a day in the Christian era as 375, A. C.

Great efforts are now being made by the Papal Government to secure the Catacombs from destruction. Many of the galleries have been strengthened by arches—and shafts are being sunk, to let the light of day into their gloomy recesses. Several new ones have lately been discovered, and are being excavated—but of all of them the most interesting, because the most ancient, are the Catacombs of Calixtus.

No sovereign has interested himself more in these researches, and been at more expense in this work, than the present incumbent of the Papal Chair, who is so remarkable for the zeal he has manifested in sustaining and amplifying the peculiar tenets of that Church, over which he presides with so much urbanity and dignity. Whatever may be said of the zealous ardor of the present Pontiff in advancing and sustaining peculiar doctrines—the rebuke of Michael Angelo can have no application to him. That celebrated painter, but still more celebrated sculptor,

having been told that in one of his paintings he had given too florid a complexion to the Apostle Peter, replied "that he had not intended to portray him as he was upon earth, but as he was likely to look in heaven, where he must be continually blushing on account of the sad immoral lives of his successors."

As we emerged from the gloomy recesses of the Catacombs, and stood once more in the bright sunshine—breathing heaven's pure air—the scene before us was one of melancholy interest. Directly below, stretched the long line of the Appian Way, marked at intervals by the crumbling ruins of the once sumptuous tombs, that their owners vainly built to make their names immortal; before and around us the desolate waste of the Campagna lay in all its desolation. There cities had been born, and there they perished from the world forever—there fields had been lost and won, when Rome was struggling for the mastery with the fierce nations that surrounded her. It was over this vast plain swept that red whirlwind, descried by "the wan burghers" from the "rock Tarpeian," when was heard,

"The trumpet's war note proud,
The trampling and the hum,
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left, and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears."

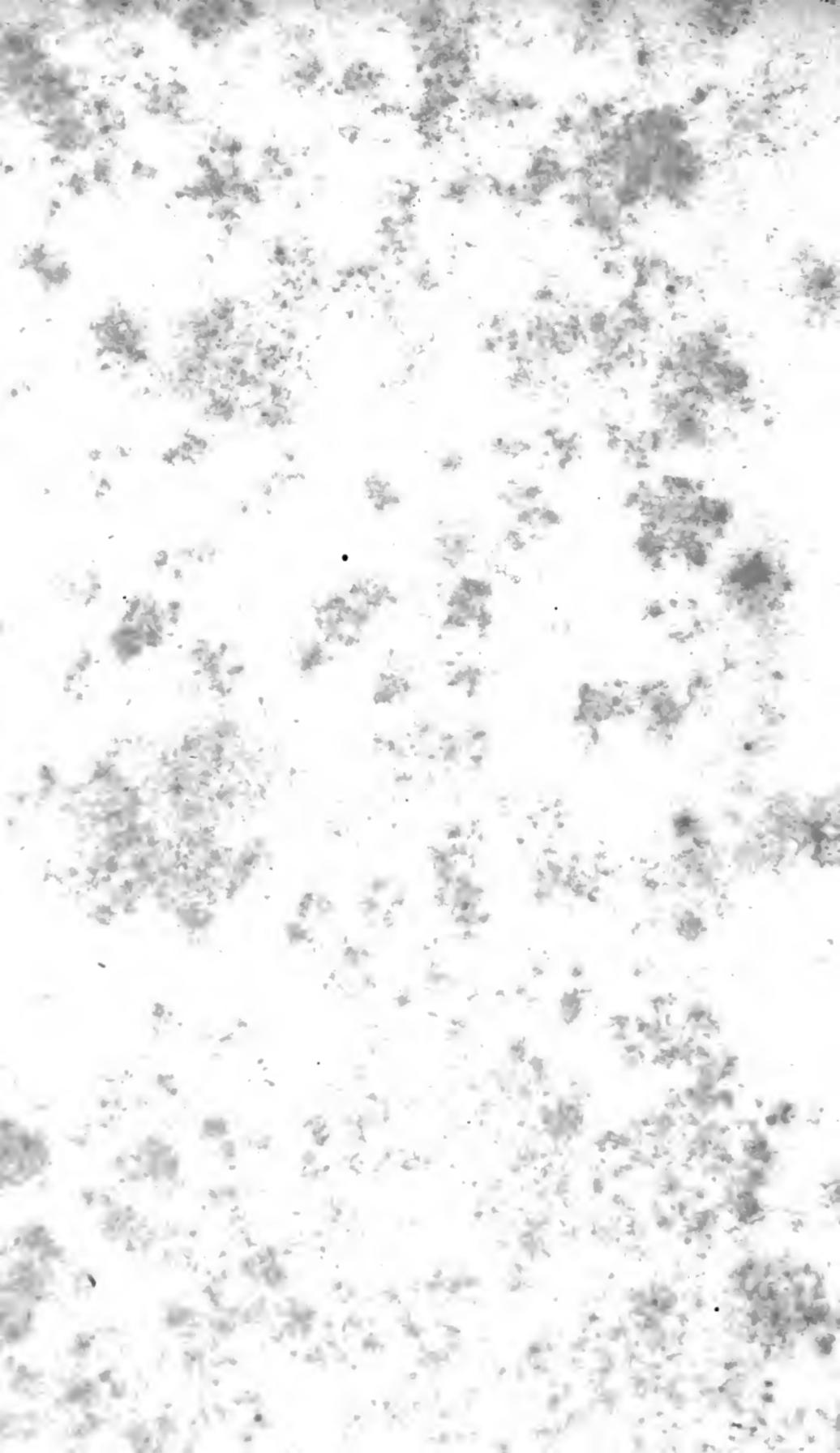
Looking towards the Eternal City, the huge dome of St. Peter's lifted itself in air, which with the Tower of St. Angelo, and the high roof of the Palace of the Corsini were glowing in the light of departing day. There too,

just darkened by the advancing shadows of evening, might be discerned the grey and lofty pile of the Colosseum, and the desolate line of the Forum, with its solitary arches and ruined fragments. Words are insufficient to describe the melancholy emotions which crowd the mind on looking out upon such a scene as this. It is the huge grave which covers the remains of the loftiest human greatness that ever had existence. And gazing upon such a scene,

“The heart runs o'er
With silent homage of the great of old,
The dead but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.”

THE END.







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