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° THE
KING OF SAXONY'S JOURNEY

THROUGH
ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

IN THE YEAR 1844.

BY DR. ^{Karls} C. G. CARUS,

PHYSICIAN TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SAXONY, AND PRIVY COUNSELLOR OF
THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

TRANSLATED
By S. C. DAVISON, B.A. DR. PH., &c.

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"INTER FOLIA FRUCTUS."  
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1846.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

THE FOLLOWING SHEETS

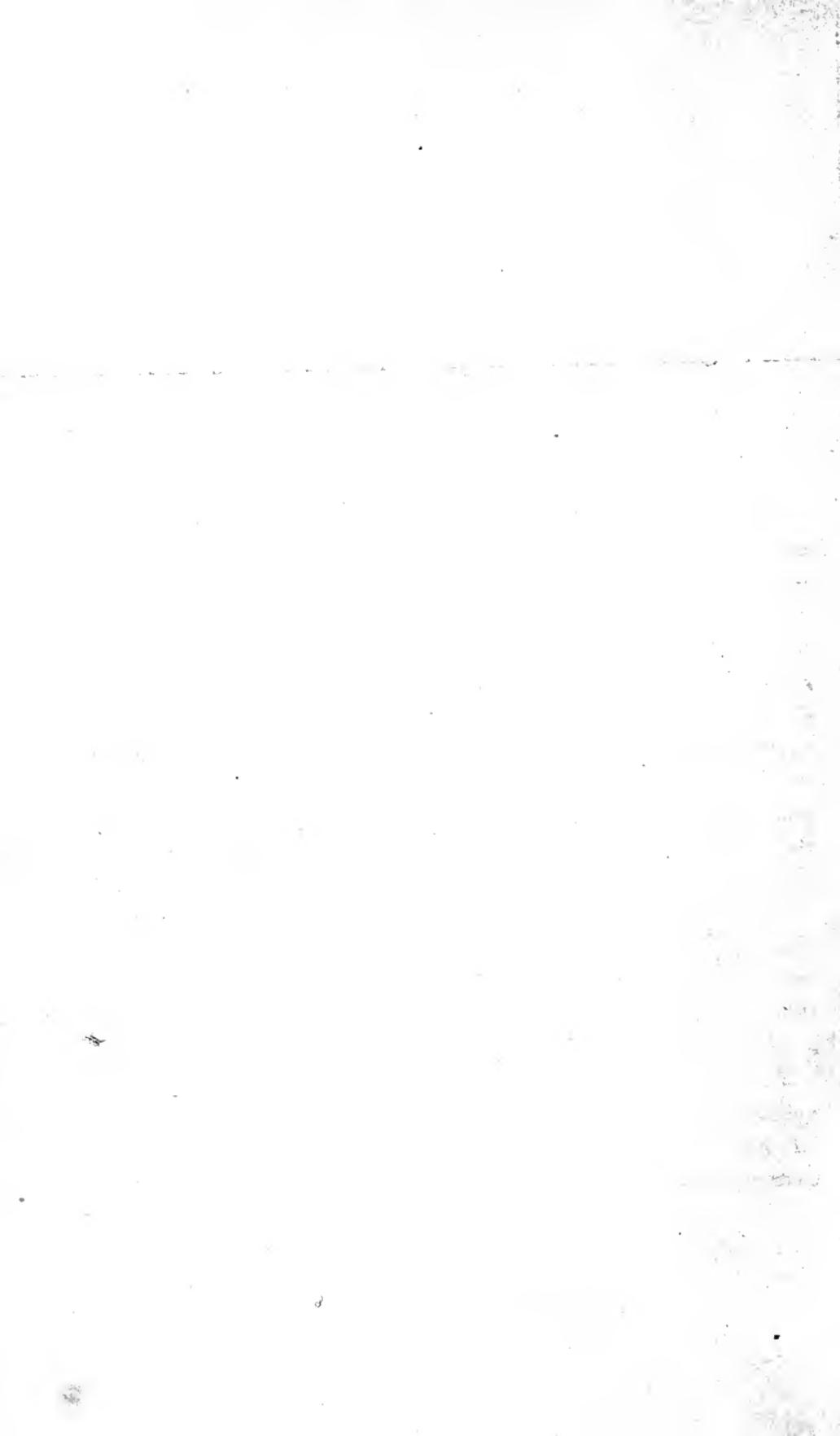
ARE, BY HIS MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION, DEDICATED TO

KING FREDERICK AUGUSTUS,

WITH FEELINGS OF THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT AND DEEPEST GRATITUDE,

BY

C. G. CARUS.



DA 625
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P R E F A C E.

THE journey of his Majesty the King of Saxony through England and Scotland was so well planned and executed, and is so admirably fitted to give a rapid but clear view of the most remarkable things of these remarkable countries, that it will serve as a model for future travellers who have similar objects in view. Even in this respect, it would have been a subject of regret, had not at least a short but accurate account of the nature and direction of the various excursions undertaken been given to the public. And this circumstance, in addition to the very numerous and interesting occurrences and observations, determined me not to withhold from the press the contents of my journal, written during the rapidity of the journey, and in a very brief style.

The present volume, therefore, owes its origin to no premeditated plan of travelling in order to write a book, and still less is it written and published in order to travel again, but to the circumstances alone already mentioned, together with the permission and sanction given to its appearance.

The reader is not in such a case to look for complete statistical notices, detailed geographical or historical descriptions, and still less for copious political reflections; but he is here permitted in some measure to participate in a journey favoured in every respect, through an important country favoured in many respects, and among so many persons who exercise a remarkable influence upon the history of our times.

Had time and leisure allowed, many of the hasty sketches and

remarks in the journal might have been recast and extended, and made in many respects more complete, but they would thereby have certainly lost in freshness, precision, and reality. Even in this respect, therefore, I have preferred leaving them in their original, almost aphoristic form—with very few additions—and the more so as there can be, or is, no want of copious and accurate works on so civilised—nay, the most civilised—country in the world ; but it will be to me a subject of higher gratification, if the descriptions which I have given furnish the careful reader with what he often seeks in vain in works of the greatest detail—an unclouded feeling of true, lively, and real circumstantiality ; that is, the possibility of transporting one's self in mind into the midst of the things themselves.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY

WILLIAM STUBBS

ESQ.

OF

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ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

IN THE YEAR 1844.

I.

ITALY, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

THESE constitute the great triad, whose influence and investigation have produced such great effects upon Germany. To examine and clearly to represent the relations of these remarkable countries to one another and to us, must therefore always continue to be one of the most difficult and important problems for every reflecting German to solve. It has long appeared so to me, and was, in fact, the motive which determined me to take a journey to Paris, now nine years ago. Notwithstanding this, I still laboured under the disadvantage of never yet having personally visited the most difficult of these countries to be thoroughly understood; and, after all, without personal review and observation, none of the great phenomena of the world, and least of all the development of national peculiarities, can ever be thoroughly comprehended or really understood.

In the course of time—though often late—our projects ripen; and the intended journey of his majesty the king very unexpectedly afforded me the long-wished for opportunity of being all at once transported into the very midst of this Albion, to me hitherto unknown.

In a comparatively short time I have been able to obtain a view of the capitals and rural districts of England and Scotland; numerous and interesting persons have come under my observation; and I feel myself impelled, from all that I have seen, to deduce a result, to which I am far from venturing to ascribe objective perfection, but which must be of decided importance for the completion of MY OWN views of the world, and may at least serve to furnish many useful indications to others. In truth, however, no efforts at obtaining a full and perfect comprehension of such immense subjects can ever be any thing but approximative.

According to my notes, daily made, I shall first briefly follow the way which conducted me in the suite of his majesty to this remark-

able island, and then anticipate the relation of particulars, by endeavouring to sketch a general view of the peculiarities of the nation and people, of the correctness of which the subsequent details of what I have seen and described in the country itself may be regarded as an appropriate proof.

II.

THE JOURNEY.

Hildesheim, May 22nd, 1844—Midnight.

FROM Dresden to Hildesheim in a day!—about 260 miles! The old fables of seven-league boots are being realised. Would that many of our other pleasant dreams could be realised in a similar manner!

We arrived in Leipzig at half-past nine o'clock. The authorities received his majesty. I met my second son, having previously taken leave of the eldest at the railroad-station in Dresden.

At a quarter past two we reached Magdeburg. On leaving the train, we found carriages drawn up for our use, and the Prince of Hesse having been presented to the king, we immediately drove to the cathedral. The outside of the cathedral manifests its Gothic origin in the peculiarly sharp and strict style of its architecture. This is almost still more the case in the interior. I have seen many churches more richly ornamented, but none of such a peculiarly severe beauty.

The period of the erection of the church extends from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century. Traces of Otto I., and of the Saxon Prince Ernest—Prince Bishop of Magdeburg and Halberstadt—are everywhere visible in the first foundation, alterations, and progress of the building. The church contains the large bronze tomb of Archbishop Ernest, by Peter Fischer. Had sculpture been developed *independently* from that source, without the influence of the Greeks, it might have become what Shakspeare is in reference to Sophocles. A germ fitted for the development of a beauty of a peculiar description unquestionably lies in the works of Peter Fischer and his contemporaries. The study of such works may be of the greatest advantage to those who embarrass themselves with the supposition that there is only *one* ideal of beauty.

In the porch, where this monument stands, there are, besides, some very admirable old sculptural ornaments.

The enemies of Christianity and their prominent sins are symbolically expressed by figures of animals: murder is represented by an eagle killing a bird; an ape singing spells of enchantment is said to represent the pleasures of the world, &c., &c.

Within, the cathedral presents to the eye a delightful architectural picture; and the style, which almost reminds one of fortifications, affords an opportunity for the most splendid effects of light and shade. Among the numerous tombs, inscriptions, and ancient pictures of all kinds, I was most struck with a large oil-painting, which repre-

sents a lady of Asseburg, who, having been buried while still alive, again came forth, and walked into the midst of her relations and family—whether for joy or new sorrows is not added.

We drove down again from the cathedral. A hasty dinner—and as early as a quarter past three the steam-carriage bore us forth past the fortress called the Star—and the star of misfortune it was to Herr von Trenk, who was long confined a prisoner in its casemates.

The afternoon was splendid—as the early morning fog announced—the company cheerful. At Aschersleben the Halberstadt and Brunswick lines separate; and upon the latter the ducal carriage was prepared for our reception. This carriage is constructed so as to represent a small drawing-room richly adorned with velvet, and provided with two small antechambers; the whole arranged in the most convenient manner both for motion and occupation. The country, too, becomes much more interesting than the dull plains of Leipzig and Magdeburg, through which we had previously passed. The Harz appears on the left, stretching away into the distance with its flat, sloping blue summits; patches of snow still lie on the Brocken; the larger hills are all green, with a beautiful foliage, and every thing breathes of the cheerful spring.

At seven we arrived in Brunswick. Whilst the carriages were being removed from the train and provided with post-horses, the king wished to see the cathedral and the palace. The way leads through narrow streets—the houses, for the most part, with their gable-ends to the street, are built of wood, and of the most singular construction, rising in projecting stories one above another. We came to the market-place, and then to the cathedral, before which stands the old bronze lion. The church itself is old—simple—stiff, almost in the character of that ancient rigid lion. Behind, an immense lime-tree. The church contains the tomb of Henry the Lion, and his wife. Before the choir there stands a remarkable colossal candlestick with seven branches. In the ducal vault is shown the coffin of the humane Duke Leopold, who was drowned in an attempt to save life. On the whole, the interior of this cathedral makes no memorable impression.

Finally, the new ducal palace built by Ottmer. It is erected on the site occupied by the old one, which was burnt down, and is in the usual palace style, with a projecting portico supported by pillars—perfectly modern and elegant, as well as new—but inspires no thought of genius. We passed through the interior; the large vaulted entrance-hall is too low, and the stairs, made of cast iron, are, indeed, strong enough, but in a large building appear too light and fragile; and every art—even the art of life—demands attention to appearance as well as to reality. The ball-room is spacious and handsomely ornamented; the finest room in the palace, however, is a round dining-room inlaid with mahogany, and adorned with mirrors and gilded ornaments. Evening now began to approach, the carriages had driven up, and, at a quarter-past eight, we rolled away in a most glorious

evening. The moon and Venus shone forth in all their splendour; a warm and glowing sun-set appeared to presage a continuance of fine weather; and towards midnight we arrived in Hildesheim, where every thing already assumes somewhat of a foreign air and dialect.—A very late supper—and, at last—repose.

III.

Cologne, May 24th—Evening.

FOR the first time since the commencement of our journey, I have enjoyed a feeling of rest, retirement, and quiet recollection—and that in a walk on the Rhine bridge, late in the twilight, and by the light of Venus and the moon. Nothing less than vehement travelling can bring one from Dresden to Cologne in two days and a half.

Early yesterday morning in Hildesheim, the sky, after a splendid evening, was gray, misty, and cold. I proceeded a very little way into the ancient city, and strange and wonderful buildings forced themselves peculiarly on my notice. The second story projects over the first, the third over the second, and so upwards. In all directions wooden houses, with the gables mostly towards the streets, the timbers grown brown by time, and covered with multifarious carvings; almost every house, too, presented its single or double bay windows, with highly-ornamented gables and roofs, full of windows, pilasters, and architectural ornaments. It would not be easy to find richer subjects for the scene-painter than these edifices and streets afford. I would especially recommend for such studies the open place round St. Andrew's church, in whose tower a large carved figure, covered with sheet iron painted in the brightest colours, keeps watch and ward. From hence we were conducted to the cathedral—externally, old Byzantine; within, modern, and in the worst taste. The most interesting part is the old cloisters adjoining, enclosing a species of *campo santo*, in which there is a very old chapel. This suggests to the mind "the tomb of all the Capulets." Opposite to this is a projecting buttress of the church, up which a very old wild-rose tree twines and clammers to the height of twenty-five feet. Its stem is strong and gray; according to the account of the sacristan, it numbers above 800 years, and traditions are connected with its branches. The veil of an empress is said to have been caught by its thorns, and thus the sign was given her respecting the place which a dream had indicated to her for building a church. All this, joined with the ancient masonry and the green earth planted with shrubs, presented a noble picture to the mind.

In front of the cathedral there stands an old bronze column of the twelfth century, ornamented with historical reliefs, the work of Archbishop Bernard (a large and clumsy chandelier in the church is also said to have owed its existence to his handiwork). Undoubtedly, the efforts of this man, however weak in themselves, deserve a more extended notice in the history of German art.

From the church we drove to what was formerly the convent of St. Michael, now a lunatic asylum, where I met with Dr. Bergmann, privy councillor of the medical department (*Geheimer medicinal Rath*) who is at present at the head of the establishment. I remembered that the Countess Julia Egloffstein of Hildesheim, which is her usual residence, had spoken of the ruins of the church, and the cloisters of St. Michael's convent, as something very interesting and picturesque. After a very hasty visit to the asylum, the gates leading to these ruins were also opened to us, and I can well believe that under favourable lights, those arches and walls, with their elder-bushes and plants, must present a most interesting picture, and furnish very favourable opportunities for the study of the picturesque. Our visit took place on a gloomy day, and it made no particularly lively impression on our minds. Whilst conversing with Dr. Bergmann on his views respecting the physiology of the brain and cranioscopy, we wandered back to the carriage, which was ready to receive us, and at eight o'clock took our departure for Bückeburg.

The wind blew cold, the heavens looked dark and lowering, the fields had suffered from a violent storm, which had burst here two days before, and the grain was partly covered with earth, in short, every thing wore a gloomy and joyless appearance. About ten o'clock a few chance sunbeams began to shed their radiance on the country—the old peasants' houses in the villages, prettily ornamented with wood carvings, made a singular impression on my mind—one bore the date of 1518. How many events have passed silently over this old wood-work!

The country now becomes mountainous; on the left the Süntel, where Charlemagne defeated Wittekind. The Leine flows on in its course, here and there an old castle amongst beautiful oaks; at length the Weser comes in view, and the *Porta Westphalica*, and we arrive at the small fortress of Minden.

We dined here at five o'clock, and I was not a little astonished to find in the glass cupboard of a neighbouring room in the inn, among many old and insignificant images and Roman remains, chiefly of clay, Zahn's interesting casts of the silver vessels of Herculaneum. The riddle was solved by the host most unexpectedly proving to be the brother of Professor Zahn. When, by the side of his majesty the king, I left Minden, the weather had become delightful, and indulging in singular reflections on the times of ancient Germany, and the geological phenomena of the neighbourhood, we passed the *Porta Westphalica*, through which the broad stream of the Weser flows towards the sea. A large exposure of the strata of the mountain, which forms the right of the pass, presents a broad obliquely ascending stratum of the limestone of the Alps, which appears here considerably elevated, and slopes downwards in a northerly direction.

The country towards Bielefeld is agreeably hilly, meadows interspersed with corn-fields, and instead of villages, separate houses

scattered over the country, like the dwellings of colonists. The old German dislike to compulsory restrictions, and a firm attachment to personal independence, appears here, in this retired mode of living, more than in any other part of Germany.

From Bielefeld we continued our journey by night, and as I enjoyed a very comfortable carriage to myself, I was free to indulge in repose. I fell into a deep sleep, and first awoke in the clear but cold morning. Fogs soon came on, and continued till behind Unna, when the sun broke forth, and under his warm and cheering beams, we passed through the beautiful and extraordinarily populous districts of Hagen and Elberfeld. The latter place, especially, appeared very ornamental and full of life. It stretches along the valley, and is built on the banks of the river—its flourishing manufactories and trade appear in the active bustle of its market, streets, and railway; and the handsome aspect of the people, which had altogether disappeared on leaving Brunswick, here again presents itself. Our carriage and four, with the well-dressed postilions and their cracking whips, rattling through the town, brought the greater part of the population to the windows and into the streets, and we were thus afforded a sort of general review of the people as we passed, sufficient to form the foundation of a casual judgment on the appearance of the inhabitants.

At length, the valley of the Rhine begins to appear, like a blue stripe in the horizon, and further in the distance, the cathedral of Cologne, whilst to the south the tops of the Siebengebirge are dimly seen in the blue air. At four o'clock we arrived here, and alighted at the Rhine hotel; already I hear of invitations for his majesty to Brussels, and to meet Lord Delawarr on the coast of England. After a dinner elegantly served, we drove to the cathedral. Zwirner, the chief architect, conducted us over this immense work, carried on with new and increasing vigour. The back part of the choir is already freed from houses, and produces a great and noble impression upon the spectator. The plan of the nave and of the right-hand tower is now also become clearer. In the choir itself, much that was offensive to taste has been removed, but variegated colouring and gilded capitals and figures, not less offensive, are added. The most interesting part of the structure, to me, was the way up to the gallery, which first goes round the whole circuit of the choir within, between the highest arches, then passes to the outside of the building, where it pursues its course round the whole external wall behind the buttresses, arches, and turrets of the choir. Before us was stretched out the extensive country. Beneath us flowed the majestic Rhine, rolling onwards to the sea. Then in the evening light the gray towers of St. Martin's and of the town-house, reflected the rays of the evening sun upon the ancient city, as it appeared through the vistas formed by the dark columns, arches, and turrets of this forest of stone. The most charming pictures were thus presented to the eye, which

I longed to transfer to paper, but a few hasty sketches were all that time suffered me to make.

Much has been already effected by the new works on the cathedral, for this outer gallery itself was previously altogether inaccessible. May more and more means be added for the completion of the grand design! The church, it is said, will still require 2,000,000 of dollars, and the erection of the two towers 3,000,000 more! It was impossible to leave without casting another glance on the old solid tower, so splendidly adorned, and stretching to half its height—after which, the declining sun compelled us to hasten over the old square-shaped Gürzenich to the hotel, from whence I then completed my solitary walk on the bridge of boats, which here stretches across the mighty flowing Rhine.

IV.

Brussels, May 26th—Early.

THIS sunny, but still somewhat cold Whitsun morning in Brussels, gives me a peculiar feeling. Hurried all at once from a long accustomed circle of existence, and in four short days transported into quite a new and foreign element. There is, after all, no other or better counsel than that of Goethe:—

“ ————Drum schaue, froh verständig,
Dem Augenblick in's Auge! kein Verschieben!
Begegn' ihm schnell, wohlwollend wie lebendig!”

At six o'clock yesterday morning we left Cologne. Our carriages, with the baggage and servants, were sent off to the railroad as early as five; we followed shortly after, in two light open carriages, and as for a drive of pleasure, rolled out through the high and beautiful gate of the fortress of the ancient *Colonia Agrippina*, defended by large towers upon its walls. The station, as well as the royal carriage, fitted-up like a chamber, and richly adorned with velvet, was gaily decorated with flags, and all being ready, we started punctually with the large early train, which leaves daily at six o'clock. The various tunnels on the way, necessarily engaged our attention, as they deserved, as well as the magnificent viaduct which spans a deep valley before entering Aix-la-Chapelle, and exhibits two lofty rows of arches, one above another. The train was stopped in order to allow us to descend into the valley, that we might have a just idea of this splendid work, which alone cost 260,000 dollars.

A considerable number of spectators was assembled at the station, where we remained for more than half an hour; amongst the number I recognised one of my old patients, the Frau von P****, who hastened to meet me, scarcely able to suppress her strong emotions of grateful remembrance and attachment. The train again proceeded

on its way to Verviers, and there, before we arrived at this frontier town, we inspected all the machinery for the removal of the carriages, which is worked by steam and notified by an electric telegraph. The country now became much more interesting. Valleys of various and characteristic forms, singular ravines, and rifts in the rocks, indicative of the violent commotions which had taken place during the formation of the strata, and old castles, such as Schloss Merode, with its numerous turrets, and an antiquated manor-house adorned with four round towers, furnished copious subjects for conversation.

In Verviers, on Belgian soil, the king was met by Herr von Könneritz, the Saxon ambassador, and Count d'Hann de Steenhuyze, the latter of whom was deputed by the King of Belgium to conduct his majesty to Brussels by a special train. Here, as well as in Liège, and at all the successive stations, a guard of honour, with military music, was placed to receive the king, and give him a festive greeting. On the other side of Liège we had an opportunity of examining the powerful engine which is employed to draw the train to the summit of the line, which here reaches a height of from 500 to 600 feet above the level of the sea. From this station the carriages rolled forward across a plain with a continuous but gentle declivity towards the sea, passing through Louvain, Tirlemont, and Malines, to Brussels, where we arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon.

Great masses of people were assembled at the station, a magnificent regiment of horse-guards was drawn up to salute the king—the royal carriages in waiting. Having quickly descended from the railroad carriages, and passed over a path covered with carpets to the court equipages, we proceeded through the crowded streets to the Hotel Belle-vue, surrounded by a troop of cavalry, and amidst the joyful peals of the church bells. At the hotel, again, a guard of honour was stationed, and soon after, the King of the Belgians paid a visit to our most gracious sovereign. In the meantime our carriages and servants also arrived from the railroad, and forthwith all the uniforms and court dresses were to be unpacked, to dress for a state dinner at the palace at half-past six.

We were presented to their gracious majesties. The dinner was splendid (some fifty covers), and the entertainment was opened by the performance of the overture to 'Oberon,' by the royal band. I was most agreeably placed beside a M. Couet, *directeur de la liste civile*. He appeared to me to be a young and interesting man. I was indebted to him for many useful and agreeable explanations. After dinner, the king entered into a long conversation with me. His majesty, by whom we were all invited to Laeken, expressed himself very favourably respecting the state of science in Germany, and added the expression of his desire to facilitate and promote, by every means in his power, the cultivation of the physical sciences in his own states. The king gives the impression of a re-

finer, cautious, and experienced man of the world. He is in his fifty-fifth year, of healthy and vigorous appearance, and, like almost the whole of the Coburg race, possesses a good figure, rather above the middle stature. Her majesty the queen is small in stature, but of very agreeable exterior, and her features strongly resemble those of her father, Louis Philippe. It was about ten o'clock yesterday evening when we came home from dinner—a dinner which as far anticipated the season as it prolonged the day, for there were ortolans and other similar rarities, strawberries, grapes, and peaches, of the richest description, together with all the choicest productions of the spring.

This morning being clear, but somewhat cold, induced the king to indulge in a walk through the city, in company with Herr von Könnertitz, whom I joined. We traversed the park, with its beautiful tall lime-trees, and then a part of the new *boulevards*, all covered with new and elegant buildings, chiefly erected on speculation, but for the most part waste, and uninhabited. Having turned from thence into the old town, my steps were irresistibly attracted towards St. Gudule, and we entered the cathedral, where, fortunately, the service had not yet commenced. I again made my way to the magnificent pulpit, the recollection of whose splendid wood carvings had been ever fresh in my memory since I had seen them nine years before, and the poetical conception of the work again filled my mind with admiration. It is true I felt that the first impression had, in the mean time, insensibly strengthened in my mind, and that the reality no longer corresponded fully to the ideal. The idea of employing the whole materials from the wide-spreading tree of knowledge, whose stem constitutes the pedestal, to the desk, borders, and canopy of the pulpit, for depicting the history from the loss of Paradise to the triumph of faith, had formerly appeared to me as an extremely remarkable Christian myth, founded upon a deep view of human development and transitions, and it still made a powerful impression; but, on the other hand, I now perceived that the execution, although admirable and beautiful in all its parts, was altogether deficient in that peculiar beauty which belongs to the plastic arts. The inward fancy had, indeed, richly supplied all these deficiencies, and lent the captivating forms of a higher and nobler art to the figures of Adam and Eve, as well as to that of the Virgin above, enthroned upon the crescent moon, and killing the snake; the reality, however, fell far short of the beauties which fancy had idealised—everywhere progress!

The lofty arches of the church still continued to produce a delightful impression, notwithstanding the new white colouring, which had better been omitted; and the magnificent painted glass in the choir, with its historical delineations, charmed me as much as ever. We would willingly have delayed, in order to examine many of these beauties more in detail, but the pious congregation began to assemble, and great care is here taken to prevent every species of

interruption. On leaving the church, it was just the proper time to visit the market, and to take a survey of the splendid old town house. In proceeding thither, we passed directly into the heart of this city, where the Parisian luxuries exhibited for sale in the cellars and on the stalls, all open, even on this Whitsunday morning, the multitude of buyers and sellers pursuing their busy occupation, the nationality of the dress, the women with the huge, bright brass pitchers, in which water is here carried, the large and singular two-wheeled cars, with one horse—all this for the first time realised the lively impression of a foreign populous capital. The town house is a truly magnificent edifice. The tower was in the course of reparation, and the lower part still surrounded with scaffolding; the ornamental spire, with its beautiful filigree work, was already finished. On this occasion I was particularly struck with the fortification style of the cornices, windows, and turrets of the building, which are, as it were, sublimed and elevated to the ornamental; so that the combination and result of the whole, and the peculiar delicacy and execution of the whole structure, were sufficient to engage long consideration. Time, however, pressed, and we returned to the hotel.

The same day—Evening.

After breakfast the royal carriages sent for our use were in waiting, and the whole party again drove to the town house, when the king was this time formally received by the city guards and the authorities, and conducted through the interior. A variety of stairs, passages, and chambers were ascended and passed through, but the interior disappointed the expectations of interest awakened by the exterior:—council-chamber—old tapestry—pictures of no value—nothing more. We next proceeded to the Geographical Institute of M. Vandermaelen, a private individual of great wealth, who, in connexion with his brother and brother-in-law, has got together a very large collection. The series of maps, especially of Belgium, appeared to be very remarkable. His collections in mineralogy, ornithology, and entomology were by no means small, to which may be added a number of skulls belonging to persons of foreign nations, and a variety of anatomical preparations; and finally, his magnificent forcing-houses and beautiful garden were shown to his illustrious visitor. M. Vandermaelen is at present engaged in publishing a number of new, extensive, and beautifully engraved maps of Belgium, which, to judge by the rich materials at his disposal, must be possessed of the highest merit.

On taking leave of our host, we next drove to the public Botanic Garden, whose hot and green-houses I had seen with pleasure nine years before. It still contained magnificent specimens of palms, a tall *caryota urens*, a splendid *borassus flabelliformis*, a large *pandanus*, beautiful *bamboos*, an *agave*, which had produced a flower-stalk more than ten ells high, as well as a small *ananas*, from Manilla (*hohenbergia strobilacea*), which bears small edible fruit, about the size of the cones of a pine tree, on very slender stems. These and

many others richly rewarded our visit. The situation of the garden and its houses is one of great beauty and magnificence.

We next proceeded to the beautiful palace formerly belonging to the Prince of Orange, and which, with all its treasures displayed, I had seen nine years before. It is now empty, become the property of the city, and used as a place for exhibiting the productions of native industry (*Magazin d'industrie*). There was an exhibition in the palace, consisting of the most various objects, and embracing the whole range of Belgian manufactures and arts: pictures, musical instruments, dolls, porcelain, jewellery, &c., &c. Every one contributed something, and things of little value to the owner, or supplied by the benevolent, are presented in order to form materials for a lottery, and the produce of the tickets is applied to the support of the poor. We, as may be supposed, bought some tickets—I, in the hope—of winning nothing.

Our last visit was to the royal palace, where we had dined on the previous day, in order to examine the pictures:—In the saloons and chambers in the front of the house, there was nothing of importance—a few good pictures were found in those looking to the gardens.—Among the landscapes, a large Alpine landscape, by Schirmer, (1839) was the most distinguished. Among the historical subjects, a very recent work by Ary Scheffer (1844) most fixed our attention. The subject is the *Harper and Mignon*. The whole is admirably handled, and the effect imposing;—the wasted body, but mental vigour of the old man, and the poor but wonderful child, with the fire of genius in her look. A picture by Gallait did not correspond to my expectations, and quite as little two large pieces by Verboekhoven (one representing horses attacked by wolves, and the second a tiger). There was also a picture, by Braekeleer, of the citadel of Antwerp, after the siege, on a very large scale; another of similar size, by Cormans, of a subject taken from the Crusades; and many others. As I have just said, the only pictures which appeared to me to possess any real interest, were those of Schirmer and Scheffer, and particularly the latter.

An hour was still at our disposal, and I availed myself of it to visit one of the most distinguished literary men whom Brussels possesses—Professor Quetelet. He resides in the observatory, of which he is the director, and appears to be very agreeably circumstanced, both in his house and garden. Two spirits, besides the spirit of science, soon made us at home with each other—Göthe and Lindenau—with both of whom, especially the latter, Quetelet had been very intimate. It was a great pleasure to me to be here made acquainted with the latest labours of the Academy of Brussels. I was shown the very recent prize essay of a young man of the name of “Verloren” (*Lost*), in which the circulation of the blood in insects, my discovery, is treated at length, and illustrated by beautiful drawings. I trust his efforts will not be “Lost” (*Verloren*) to the cause of science. We then considered the beautiful astronomical instruments, the admirable

apparatus for measuring the power of the magnetism of the earth, the delicate electrometers for ascertaining the electric tension of the atmosphere, the thermometers and barometers in all their various forms, &c. Osler's anemometer was quite new to me, which determines not merely the direction and strength of the wind, and the quantity of the rain which falls, but is self-registering; and by means of a very subtle piece of mechanism, graphically records the results on a metal plate marked with lines for that purpose.

Quetelet was also invited to dinner at Laeken, from whom I was now obliged to part, but only to meet again at the palace; and to-day, between him and the Countess Beaufort (lady of the director of the Academy of Arts), I had a still more agreeable place than yesterday. After dinner there was a long conversation: I made the acquaintance of Count Beaufort also, and was introduced to Major Borrmann, from Saxony, who at present is in service in the Artillery, either here or in Antwerp. He had come to Belgium for no other reason than to be present and take part in the bombardment of the citadel of Antwerp.

It was drawing near ten o'clock before we reached our hotel.

V.

Ostend, May 28th, 1844, Half-past Five o'Clock—Morning.

EARLY yesterday morning, in Brussels, for the first time since the commencement of our journey, or for a long time previously, I felt myself indisposed. The night had been past almost wholly without sleep, and I only recovered on reading Timoleon in Plutarch. How powerfully does the conscious life of the soul work upon the unconscious! During the tedium of the night, I longed for my Plutarch; but, unfortunately, there was nothing at hand except Kohl's "Travels in England;" and it is impossible to state how much worse I became on reading the accounts which the book contains of Manchester and the treadmill of its prison. Early in the morning, Plutarch breathed around me the fragrance of balsam, and soon after I was actually well again.

About nine o'clock we went to see the Duke of Aremberg's palace. The duke himself, this high and mighty noble, whom even the king treats as his equal, was not at home; and we were therefore the better able, without interruption, to visit the splendid apartments and galleries of his house. There were to be seen in all directions, stairs, galleries, drawing-rooms, and chambers; richly adorned furniture of the most costly description, especially splendidly inlaid work of various kinds and materials; vases of all sorts and of great value, from Herculaneum and Japan: in short, all that wealth could command, but not always equally remarkable for chasteness and refinement of taste. The whole was completed by a riding course adorned with

variegated beds of camellias. To us the paintings were the most attractive, of which the house contains a very considerable number; many of these I had examined nine years before with attention and pleasure. Many alterations, however, have been made within that time. The house was not then so splendid; and from the gallery itself many pictures have been taken away, and many added to its collection. The most valuable is a small but splendid cattle piece by Potter—a little gem—admirable for the great simplicity, faithfulness, and care with which nature is portrayed, as well as for the fine taste displayed in its execution. A broad Waterfall, by Everdinger, is very beautiful—the composition spirited and clear. Then the head of Sir Thomas More, by Rubens, a small but very masterly painting. Along with these must be mentioned the Cure of Tobias, by Rembrandt; and a piece with figures, by Ostade. A small bust of Marie Antoinette, by Corzaki, made a sombre impression on our minds. She is represented in the simple and dark dress which she wore in her last hours previous to her execution.

At ten o'clock this morning, before leaving Brussels, I conducted the king to Quetelet, at the observatory, where his majesty was afforded an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the new and important instruments connected with meteorology, and from thence we drove to Laeken. On our arrival the offer of a promenade with the royal family in the park was cheerfully accepted, and we enjoyed the pleasures of its shady walks, agreeable fountains, delicious flower-beds, and interesting forcing-houses. A rich *déjeuner dinatoire* was at length served, and immediately afterwards his majesty took his leave; we expressed our gratitude, and the carriages conveyed us to the railroad station at three o'clock. The train arrived, and with it our travelling-carriages and servants; we entered, and in a short time reached Malines. Here we visited the great store-houses at the station, the immense stores of rails, wheels, steam-boilers, &c. Every thing connected with the railroad is here the absolute property of the government, and not of a society of shareholders. Shortly afterwards we proceeded on our journey, and found ourselves in Ghent at five o'clock.

Ghent is a place which, together with Louvain, I would willingly have been able to see for a longer time, and to know more thoroughly. These towns are the seats of the two universities of Belgium, which have many able professors in the departments of natural history and medicine, and are said to exhibit a decisively antagonistic character in their spirit and tendency. Ghent is said to be more under ecclesiastical influence, whilst Louvain adopts a more independent and freethinking course. On a railroad journey of this description it was impossible to think of a very minute inspection. True, there were in Ghent not merely a guard of honour in waiting, but carriages also, which were ready to convey us through the city, and to afford us an opportunity of taking a hasty view of the things best worthy of attention; but even so, it was not possible to realise my wish. The first object

of attraction was the city palace, to which at the same time a theatre is attached. The whole arrangement is splendid—in the style of the time of Louis XIV.; the large saloon of the palace, with its rich gildings, ornamented ceilings, and purple draperies, seemed to be especially adapted for grand festive occasions and balls. Not far from hence the new law courts were pointed out to us, the building of which is just commenced. We next proceeded to the university; the building is large, adorned with a noble portico, and contains very considerable collections in the departments of natural history, anatomy, and the physical sciences. The faculties received his majesty the king, the professors of comparative and human anatomy greeted me kindly, and would gladly have opened to me their treasures; but our visit was only for a moment—circumstances were imperative.

From thence we drove to the *beguinage*, a remarkable demi-conventual corporation of women, which has come down from the thirteenth century to the present times, like one of those old melancholy-looking gable-houses among the elegant buildings of recent days. This description of society was by no means rare even in Germany from the twelfth century; they were called *Beguines* (also *Begutten*, or *Soul-women*), and probably took their origin in those times of war and disturbances when so many women were deprived of male protection, and because the religious tendencies of the age demanded and promoted the formation of such congregations. The foundation in Ghent may be the largest and most complete existing. The number of small houses, which are surrounded by an old enclosure usually shut, is very considerable, and in each of these houses, furnished with large glass windows, five, or six, or more sisters live together. Their dress consists of a simple blue-gray gown, with a large white head-dress. The most of them appeared already advanced in life; the one who conducted us round was very loquacious. We saw the arrangement of their dwellings, which is simple enough. They dress their food in the kitchen of each house in common, but each eats apart before and on the falling leaf of a sort of small cupboard, and with the face towards the wall. The produce of their work, whatever it may be, goes to the benefit of the community, and they are also ready to attend and nurse the sick when applied to for that purpose. The first year after entrance is a novitiate, and during this period they are allowed to leave the society at any time; and even at a later period, when fully admitted, they may depart from the institution, under certain conditions. After having taken a hasty view of the whole, it leaves behind a weak and strange impression. We passed, too, for a moment into the old church, which stands opposite the dwellings of the sisters, and belongs to the foundation. The beguines appeared there like spectres, with their large white head coverings—what means their devotion?

From the *beguinage* we drove to the large, richly adorned, but by no means beautiful cathedral, where the high clergy received his

majesty at the door, and, preceded by two of the officers of the cathedral carrying heavy silver maces, conducted the king through the multitude pressing around on all sides to gratify their curiosity. The interior of the church is overloaded with marble decorations of a heavy, tasteless description—white statues and balustrades upon a gray ground—a monotonous, melancholy aspect! The statues of Duquesnay, and others too, and many of the old pictures, possess very little interest or value. All at once, however, the folding doors of a side chapel are thrown open, and then in all its splendour beams forth the glorious picture of John von Eyck—that mysterious lamb—the well-spring of life: the wings of the picture I had seen and admired in Berlin years ago. This is a picture of which no copy can ever give an idea in any degree adequate, the depth of this mystery is so entirely peculiar and spiritual in its execution. What serenity, tenderness, and love in the figures! and what richness and perfection in the accessory objects!—the city in the distance is a new Jerusalem; the vines and the lowly vegetation which clothe the ground, &c., &c. I had formed great anticipations, but the reality far exceeded them all.

There is another picture attributed to Hemling, which, however, is unworthy of mention along with this. We were shown, besides, the massive but coarse font in which Charles V. was baptised, and then returned to the railroad, which brought us to Bruges in an hour.

Here the crowds and thronging of the people were still greater than in Ghent, for a splendid regiment of cuirassiers was drawn up at the station, and sent forward an advanced party to clear the way, as we were conducted into the city in open carriages drawn by horses splendidly caparisoned. Some sort of protection was on this occasion not superfluous, for an immense throng collected around the carriages, and often barred the possibility either of coming out or going forward.

We first visited the splendid monuments of Charles the Bold and his daughter, Mary of Burgundy, which stand in a side chapel of the Church of Nôtre Dame. The large figures of gilt and bronze on the dark stone ground of the sarcophagus have a majestic appearance. How rich does the magnificent armour appear, how elegant the bright escutcheons around! One naturally reflects, during the visit to his tomb, of the haughtiness and vain-glory of this prince, who was at last defeated by the poor Swiss!

Directly opposite the church stands the very ancient Hospital of St. John, where Memling* the painter was once nursed during a dangerous illness, and where, from a feeling of gratitude, he

* This celebrated painter is usually called Hemling; but in the "*Notice des tableaux qui composent la musée de l'hôpital civil de St. Jean,*" it is conclusively proved that his name was really *Memling*, and that the change took place in consequence of the *M* being written in a form which was afterwards mistaken for an *H*.

painted and left behind several valuable pictures. We were conducted to a small room in the basement, which contains a considerable number of paintings by other artists, as well as some of Memling's; but we there saw works of this old master which opened up to me his inmost being and the finest feelings of his soul, in such a way as I never could have learned them from his pictures in the Boissière collection. The great mystical painting of St. Catherine, an altarpiece with wings, is especially splendid. The figure of St. John in Patmos, which forms the subject of the left wing, is enchanting. The prophet, clothed in a reddish-white garment, is sitting in an attitude of repose, his thoughts full of heavenly things, his hands resting quietly upon one another, and his fervent eyes uplifted to God. The other wing represents the martyrdom of St. John the Evangelist. The inside too, particularly of the right wing, presents something beautiful and grand in the figures of the beneficiaries.

It would be impossible to pass without notice a very remarkable box, made in the form of a house, containing relics of St. Ursula. On all sides it is adorned by the hand of the great and pious master, Memling, and tells the history of the saint and the 11,000 virgins, in several pictures, as rich as they are ornamental. There is the beautiful picture of the landing of the virgins at Cologne, in which that old city itself is admirably depicted. The gate of St. Martin and the cathedral are clearly before the eye. Next, the ships in which the virgins are suffering martyrdom, shot down by soldiers armed with cross-bows, the whole inviting and deserving of long and careful examination, which press of time did not, unfortunately, allow me to bestow on these beautiful treasures.

From St. John's we drove to the *Palais de Justice*, which contains the remarkable chimney-piece, magnificently adorned with large wood-carvings. It is of the date of the sixteenth century, and is said to have been the work of a prisoner. The name of the man is forgotten and unknown, but the King of the French has now given orders to take casts of his works, and to transfer the models to Versailles. Every spectator is delighted with the silent language of his mind.

Unfortunately, the evening light began to fade as we entered the room, which, independently of that, is not well lighted; nevertheless, the figures stood splendidly out in all the originality of a species of art to the development of which, the study of Grecian models can have contributed nothing. To the right appear Maximilian and Margaret of Burgundy; over the centre of the chimney-piece, Charles V. Below the chief figures are some charming relievos in marble, and numerous architectural ornaments of various descriptions.

Last of all, in the neighbouring town house, we visited the grand hall with its splendid roof of lofty pointed arches, and gilded capitals! The lower part of the walls, indeed, do not at all correspond to the admirable conception and beautiful execution of the roof! Thus it

is universally both in architecture and life. There are few things to be found in which all the parts harmonise as they properly should.

How many objects were there still in Bruges worthy of study, in the exterior of its ancient churches, palaces, and council-house, and in the peculiar physiognomy of the whole city! Even as we drove rapidly through the streets and squares, many interesting pictures presented themselves, in which the old stone gables of the houses with their Gothic arches, lofty churches, and occasional trees in the streets combined to form the delightful and the picturesque; but all passed away from our eyes in a moment.

The population also was before us, for the noise of our carriages and cuirassiers brought the whole town to the windows and doors. The countenances of the people are full and oval, and the figures of the women fine. Our *cortège*, however, drove rapidly to the railroad; the regiment saluted the king, and at nine o'clock we were at Ostend, in the *Hôtel des Bains*, near the harbour. A full-dress dinner, at which the officers of the steamboats awaiting his majesty's arrival were present, served to keep us cheerful till late in the night, and in the mean time our three travelling carriages were put on board.

During the night I was more than once aroused by the roaring of the wind, and the heavy beating of the sea; and the weather, which was yesterday fine and sunny, appears to-day to have become cold and windy; notwithstanding, we propose to be on board before seven o'clock; and I shall now discover whether the wish for a favourable voyage be realised or not, which friend Regis sent me a few days ago in the words of Horace:—

“ Sic te diva potens Cypri
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera
Ventorumque regat pater,
Navis, ô CARUM mihi
Quæ fers.”

VI.

ENGLAND.

BEFORE proceeding, in the following pages, to give a written account of my daily observations and experience, according to time and place, in various excursions through the length and breadth of the island, I consider it highly important to a clear understanding by others, and for my own satisfaction, to sketch a general view of the whole; that it may appear as distinctly as possible what that properly speaking is, from which this remarkable country obtains and receives its peculiar character—wherein its individuality conspicuously appears; and, finally, on what local and historical causes *this* individuality is founded.

In such a sketch I cannot by any means aim at a complete scien-

tific description—an investigation exhausting the depth of the subject; for this would demand very different studies, journeys, and circumstances: all that I have in view is, to convey a general conception and a faithful representation of my idea of the country, as presented to me in real life; in a word, views of men and society fortunately obtained; or, more exactly, general remarks characteristic of the physiognomy and physiology of England.

I acknowledge that, although well acquainted with much already written respecting England, I was by no means satisfied in reference to those high demands, which seem to me necessary to a proper understanding of the country as a whole; and this is the reason why I found England so very different from all my previous conceptions. May what is here offered, although still very imperfect, produce a concentrating influence on the minds of those who have already visited the country, serve as an expanding preparation for those who may hereafter travel thither, and by all others be received as a general view drawn after nature, and find favour and acceptance.

I commence after the old Hippocratic method, with some observations on the soil, air, and water of great Britain.—The history of a people and of its peculiarities, can, after all, be only truly comprehended, when we have gained a true idea of the *physical* characteristics of their country. I had already learned much on this subject from the works of others; but in such things, personal observation, accompanied by the enlightened and enlightening remarks of well-informed men, is of infinitely more value than any thing which can be derived from the communications of others. I have had this observation variously and repeatedly confirmed by many circumstances connected with these considerations. This was the case, for example, in reference to the *nature of the whole outline* of this island, which is daily growing in power and importance. Each new and well-executed map appears to present the most careful and accurate representation of the country, and yet a very different idea of this “sea-girt isle” arises in the mind of the reflecting spectator, on his personal examination of the real boundaries and relations between land and sea.

Where has that immense influence been ever duly weighed or clearly explained, which the general outline of a continent or of a country in its relation to the sea has produced, and will always continue to produce upon its historical development? Since the example given by Ritter, geography has been treated in this respect with greater intelligence. It is certain, however, that Europe never would have become the centre of human civilisation, had it not been for the peculiarity of its figure and situation, so remarkably surrounded by seas, and stretching almost like the outline of a human form, between the northern and southern waters. There are elements enough of a similar description in its outlines by land and sea, which again abundantly prove in how far England, of all European states, is by far the best adapted to attain the greatest

possible development in naval power and in the arts of navigation. One of the most important elements of this progress, and one which has not hitherto been treated with that degree of care which it deserves, and to which my attention has never been directed either by maps or descriptions, consists in the number and variety of those bays and arms of the sea, which, like deep rivers, penetrate far into the interior of the country.

It is only when one has made the circuit of the English coasts by land or sea, and has had daily opportunities of observing what sharp and decisive limits are drawn between sea and land, and how few opportunities are offered for such free transition from one to the other as might naturally be supposed would exist from their absolute contact; it is only when one has seen that no ship can come to land, and sometimes not even a boat touch the coast, and that no one can pass from land to sea without the greatest danger, that any idea can be formed of the vast importance and immense naval value of those bays and inlets which constitute, as it were, the connecting link, and facilitate reciprocal communication. The coasts are often inaccessible in consequence of dangerous sand-banks; the restless surge at other places beating on the rocky shore under the influence of the smallest breeze, prevents the possibility of passing either from land to sea or from sea to land, whilst in other places again, steep or precipitous rocks, or a strand strewn with pieces of rock, make all approach impossible. It is only when all these obstructions to intercourse between land and sea, even on the ordinary coast, have been personally seen and examined in nature, that the importance and advantage of such *ameliorating, intermediate instrumentality* can be fully and clearly understood. Within these bays the raging waves become gradually calm, by means of them even the largest ships are able to ascend so far into the country that the productions of the remotest quarters of the world are conveyed into the very heart of the national industry, and the manufactures of the looms and forges of Great Britain are received and carried to the extremities of the earth; on their banks it is that sites are chosen for the foundation of great and flourishing cities, and the most admirable situations afforded for the building and repairs of ships.

Let us lay before us the map of England and Scotland and reckon the multitude of bays—which, like vast rivers of salt water, stretch far into the land; these inlets, sometimes short, and sometimes long, known by the names of rivers, friths or mouths, which indent the country; let us also have the opportunity of personal inspection and observe how gradually their sea nature passes over, and changes into, that of the interior, and much will be gained towards an understanding of the original destination and calling of England to be a country of naval power and mistress of the seas. It will then be seen how often the wild and stormy sea which beats against precipitous rocks, as at Dartmouth, becomes at last as still as a pond, and terminates among rich meadows and woody hills, or how that

which rushes on between dangerous sand-banks, further on its course, becomes a deep and safe harbour, and laves the docks of immense trading cities, as at Liverpool and London, and the conviction will always become stronger that it is only a people to whom nature has offered so many facilities for intercourse between sea and land, that can have obtained the call, to struggle with all their might and all their skill to obtain and secure naval pre-eminence. I must further add, as a particular element in the formation of these bays, that they only receive the waters of very small rivers, and often nothing more than large brooks, and that they are therefore far more permanent in their form, and better calculated for havens and harbours of refuge for ships, as such small streams are incapable of choking up or even sensibly lessening the depth of such bays by any quantity of sand which they can convey, whilst in the case of great rivers, the processes of accumulation, of deposit, and the formation of deltas at their mouths, are continually going forward.

Having thus, by personal observation of the coasts and bays, obtained an important element for the proper understanding of England and the English people in particular, I must now further remark, that these coasts are better fitted than most others to afford the most complete view of the great phenomena of the ocean in general, as exhibited in the whole crust of the earth. The perpetual motion of the sea, the rhythmical beat of its waves, the vast power of its surge, and the wondrous relations of its ebb and flow, are things which have here first become thoroughly intelligible to me, and I reckon all this as a real and substantial contribution to the means of comprehending the life of the earth in general.

In order to form some idea of the violence of the waves, how much better than any description or study of drawings is it, to stand upon a precipitous rock a few hundred feet above the sea, and to be made aware of the traces which, during storms, the breakers have left behind, even at such an elevation above the surface of the water—or to stand upon the huge breakwater in Plymouth Sound, and to see the places where immense blocks of stone, from sixty to eighty tons weight, or even the hull of a stranded ship, have been thrown completely over the breakwater by the violence of the sea. Here, also, I first acquired a clear idea of the word *tide*, which is for ever in the mouths of English sailors, of currents, of the ebb and flow, which sometimes obstructs and sometimes favours the voyage, and exhibits so great a variety on the English coasts that, even deep in the bays, it usually causes an alternating difference of twelve to fifteen feet in the water level—while, in other places, the difference is as great as thirty, or sometimes more than thirty feet; nay, in the Bristol Channel, by a combination of peculiar circumstances, the tides rise to a height such as occurs in no other place upon the earth, and cause a difference of sixty feet between the highest and the lowest level—the

highest flood and the lowest ebb—to which I shall hereafter more particularly advert in my journal. These constitute a series of phenomena which, in all their reality, may be said to have been new to me, although I had read much on these and similar subjects, and had seen some of them, but on a very small scale, in the inland seas.

To the eye of the observing traveller, another effect of the sea will soon be visible, to which travellers in general have paid but little, if any attention. I refer to its operation upon the climate. It is no doubt surprising, on arriving from the continent, to observe a mildness of climate in England, such as to allow no snow in winter to lie upon the plains, and little frost, in a degree of latitude, in which we have snow upon the ground for months on the mainland, and often enough experience cold of 20° (Reaumur). This peculiarity of England, and even of Scotland, by which vegetation, agriculture, the structure of houses, and the mode of life are so materially affected, arises from the influence of the surrounding sea alone; from the restless motion of this blood of the earth, which constantly sends its warm streams into cold regions, and cold streams into warm. In the Atlantic Ocean a warm current constantly sets from the equator in a westerly direction, meets the coast of South America, traverses the Gulf of Mexico, coasts the shores of North America, at about 50° of north latitude again takes an easterly direction towards the Azores, and in the most northerly part of its course preserves a degree of heat from 4° to 5° (Reaumur) warmer than the surrounding ocean. From this ocean stream, and the influence of the great North Sea in general, which never freezes, and therefore never falls below Zero (Reaumur), the British Isles receive a greater proportion of heat than the sloping rays of the sun of themselves would bestow. Intense cold, and long-continued snow are comparatively rare; but the atmosphere is pregnant with innumerable particles of water, and unburdens itself in tedious fogs and continuous rain, in fogs which, moreover, often assume in England a very peculiar form. In the neighbourhood of the Isle of Mull, I had an opportunity of witnessing a fog of this description on a fine July afternoon, a period when fogs with us are wholly unknown. This mist came suddenly on, spread over the sea, continued for more than an hour, and then assumed the form of clouds. When these fogs are thick and of long continuance, they are extremely dangerous to ships; and I may add, that they are clearly distinguishable from what in our climate we are accustomed to call fogs, by their smoky appearance and their whitish-gray colour.

The land of this island, however, presents objects still more worthy of consideration and admiration than even the sea. This is especially the case in reference to the earth's structure, and the history of her revolutions, so legibly written in the stratification of her rocks; and, finally, the examination and review of the mineral and coal beds present opportunities for the most varied

investigations. I had previously made myself acquainted with many facts connected with this subject. I was aware what wonderful changes the convulsions of the earth in this country had worked, and how often, in one and the same place, conclusive proofs might be seen, that the surface of the earth had been the habitation of the most peculiar races of plants and animals, which were all now buried and become parts of its substance; that the elevation of the original mountains was, in fact, confined to the south-west of England and Scotland; that trapp formations occupied the north-east and west, whilst the great chalk strata extended over the south-east, and that among all these, there were mighty districts of old and recent chalk mountains, as well as great deposits of red conglomerate sandstone; but I had no idea how clearly and how convincingly all these different stratifications could be exhibited and examined on the coasts, in the precipitous faces of the rocks towards the sea.

True, I had not an opportunity of seeing the Isle of Man, which is one of the most remarkable places in this respect, on whose coasts the most various formations are said to be displayed; but I was fortunate enough, on other parts of the coasts, to have had an opportunity of seeing four large and essentially different formations of this description clearly exhibited, of which I proceed to speak somewhat more in detail. The first of these is that which is so characteristic of England, from which it derives its well-deserved name of *Albion*, that of the chalk strata, which presents itself in such a magnificent form in the cliffs at Dover, and in the Isle of Wight. These beds consist of millions of millions of the habitations of perished microscopic Polythalamia, heaped together, and formed into a mass. The manner in which these masses, mixed with flint, formed a precipitous sea-wall, I had previously seen exemplified to a small extent in the island of Rügen; but the whole was exhibited here upon such an immense scale, in the enormous pyramidal masses standing out of the water, as the Needles in the Isle of Wight, and seen from such a variety of points of view, as for the first time to furnish a full and complete representation of the subject. The second formation was that of the conglomerate red sandstone, which either presents, in the form of reddish brown rocks, a splendid and picturesque contrast with the green colour of the sea, and stretches out in bold promontories, forming conical rocks, hollowed out by the action of the sea, and immense caves formed by the violent and ceaseless dashing of the surge, as at Exmouth, Dawlish, and Teignmouth, or alternates with strata of marl or nagelflue, which break down as easily, or even more so, and on the giving way or the removal of which, as at Lyme Regis, are discovered the huge Ichthyosauri of the primitive world, whose remains are imbedded in the strata.

The third formation comprehends the large, massive, towering peaks of primitive granite, as it presents itself in the high, steep, sloping precipices in Cornwall; or on the western coasts of Mull and

at Iona, projects boldly into the sea, in the form of rounded masses, as if formed by a swelling of the rock.

The fourth formation consists of the Plutonian trapps, which are either driven up in thick masses, as in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh and the Firth of Forth, or, like magnificent basaltic columns springing from the bosom of the sea, exhibit the fantastic pillars and caves of Staffa.

It may be regarded as a distinction of England, that it contains four such peculiar formations of the earth's surface, and in such magnitude and beauty, comprised within so limited a space. They are not to be found in such a union in any other portion of Europe.

It is impossible to turn our attention to the nature of the surface of England, without bestowing particular consideration upon its history, as it is partly legible in the innumerable fossil remains of organic creatures, and the riches which the country produces in this respect, also necessarily demand especial mention.

That all the great chalk mountains of the island, as well as its chalk beds, not merely contain fossil remains, but absolutely consist of the remains of organic life, that pieces broken out of the very middle of the rocks of the Peak, and ground to dust, present the most delicate structure of beautifully articulated corals, that rocks appear, which are nothing but an aggregate of shells (as at Bakewell), and that the smallest portion of chalk, when made transparent by means of the balsam of copaiva, displays under the microscope hundreds of *Polythalamia*, most ingeniously combined, are conditions and facts which occur elsewhere; but nothing in the world presents any parallel to the immense coal-beds, consisting entirely of masses of compressed or liquefied vegetable productions, exhibiting, in the coal slate by which they are accompanied, the most splendid impressions of leaves and ferns belonging to warmer latitudes, and often, as at Manchester, whole stems of trees, sometimes still standing upright on their original roots; or to the large trees converted into sand-stone, one of which, with a stem about thirty feet long, is to be seen lying in a quarry near Edinburgh; and in addition to these, the beds of remarkable fossil *Sepia*, and of the immense *Amphibia*, found only in such perfection in England; all these furnish a wonderful, and, in their near proximity, unparalleled example of the relations of this portion of the earth's surface in the earlier periods of its existence. It was, therefore, in England alone that it was possible to decipher the proper value of the *Belemnites*, to be found in thousands in so many different places, and to show that they are, in reality, the point of the shell, and the remains of the habitation of a particular kind of *Sepia*. It was only in England that any accurate knowledge could be obtained of the whole structure and modes of life of those *Iguanodons*, which often far exceeded the crocodile in size; of the *Ichthyosauri*, and of the rare *Plesiosauri*, which are the very models of the myths of the dragon; and the British Museum

contains treasures of this description which must serve as a study to philosophers and naturalists of all countries, an acquaintance with which is more and more diffused by means of correct models.

It is universally known that there are none of all the contents of English ground, which can be at all compared in value with that of its coal-beds (the Scotch mosses are mere auxiliaries to supply the deficiency of coal), for these form the element and foundation of almost the whole extent of English industry. This, however, appears a thousand times more clearly in the country itself; one need only see the great iron-works in Wales, and how the immense masses of coal and iron-stone are brought up at the same time from one and the same shaft, or read the calculations, according to which the value of the coal raised in Great Britain and Ireland in one year, amounts to 147,000,000 of our dollars, in order to have a full conception of the vast importance of the structure and contents of the surface of the country. It is no less deserving of remark that the richness of the English mountains in iron, copper, and tin, is not less a real peculiarity of this island, and that the iron-works and copper smelting establishments in Wales, and the tin mines in Cornwall, furnish materials of the greatest interest and instruction to the traveller.

The soil of England is less productive in the nobler metals, and silver-mines are worked in only a few districts (as in Cumberland). There is also less variety in the mineral springs than in most parts of the continent. There is nothing which can be compared with our springs at Carlsbad, Aix-la-Chapelle, Wiesbaden, Gastein, Teplitz, and many other places, and those which do exist, are chiefly confined within the circle of stronger or weaker saline waters (as Leamington and Buxton), or weak and saline chalybeates (as Bath), and rarely reach a particularly warm temperature. Even the pure spring-water is in many parts of England far from being perfectly good; this is the case in the great chalk districts, for example, as near London itself; and this fact has undoubtedly produced the effect of making boiled water in the form of tea, so general and favourite a beverage in England.

Before concluding my observations on the country, I must make a remark upon a peculiar and surprising circumstance connected with the English and Scotch mountains, of which I have not before seen any notice, and respecting which I have never received any written or verbal communication. It is well known that all the mountains in England are of a very moderate elevation, two, three, four, or something above four thousand feet is the highest point to which these masses rise above the level of the sea. Notwithstanding this, their physiognomy, even at such heights, is not only frequently Alpine, but their surface, even at very moderate elevations, presents peculiarities both in weather and vegetation, which are only perceived on the continent at elevations of from 5000 to 6000 feet. In passing over ridges in the mountain passes, which

scarcely rise above 1000 to 1500 feet above the sea level, it is quite common to find the waste declivities of the mountains merely covered with heath, or thin Alpine pasture scattered among huge stones and disjected rocks, such as are only found on the continent in the valleys of the High Alps. Human dwellings disappear, or merely consist of solitary huts built with coarse loose stones, and badly covered with turf and heath; a few solitary sheep find meagre pasture on the slopes; damp fogs draw through the ravines, and even the clouds descend further, and hang lower on the mountain tops. There is no doubt that these phenomena are in part owing to the northern latitude, but still more to the moisture of the atmosphere, and the prevalence of winds, both of which depend on proximity to the ocean. When, however, all these things are considered, there is still something very surprising in the phenomenon, for it must often excite surprise, when half an hour's drive, on an ascending road, suddenly transports the traveller from a fruitful and well-cultivated plain into a wild and solitary valley, and in still less space of time, exchanges it for a warm and cheerful district. The fact of our having met with snow on the Scotch mountains in July, at the elevation of 4000 feet, must no doubt be ascribed to their northern latitude alone (56° to 57°). In reference to the botany of England, my expectations were most false; I had conceived the general idea of a northern country, but I found, on the contrary, a peculiar, and, in many respects, a southern vegetation, occasionally reminding me of Italy. With the exception of the Highlands, the ivy grows everywhere most luxuriantly, winding itself around walls, sometimes covering whole houses, and climbing up immense oaks with Italian luxuriance. The holly (*ilex*), which reaches the height of a tree, the masses of Portugal laurels, which are planted around the poorest dwellings, and grow with great luxuriance, the climbing and magnificent roses which adorn the walls and gates, the chesnuts, the multitudes of rhododendrons, and, finally, the mighty cedars, which, with stems of from four to five feet diameter, grow so vigorously in many parks, that finer ones can scarcely be found in Lebanon; and even the wild tamarisk (*tamarix Gallica*) which here and there occurs, all these, together with the noble meadows, give to well-situated valleys, well-watered plains, and to the districts on the southern coast, a richness of vegetation, with which Germany must be very disadvantageously compared, and which never ceased to engage and fix my attention, even after I had formed a clear conception of all the advantages and peculiarities of the climate on which I have already observed. On the commons of the level country, and on the mountains, the vegetation assumes somewhat of a foreign character; on the former, chiefly from the prevalence of a weed almost universal in England and Scotland, the prickly *ulex Europæus* and *nanus*; on the latter, from the immense quantity of the *erica cinerea* and other heaths which cover

whole mountains with their carmine blossoms. On the other hand, it appears immeasurably behind Germany in forests. In England there are of what are *properly called forests, none*, and in Scotland they are very rare. It is true, indeed, that many of the noble parks may serve partly to point out the places where the ancient forests were, and may be regarded as their descendants; but still, what in Germany we call a forest, in all its wildness, with all the beauty of its trees, with its branches multifariously interlaced, its gnarled and knotted roots, and the plants which luxuriate in the depths of the wood—in a word—with that *forest solitude*, for which we are indebted to Tieck for the proper expression (*Wald-einsamkeit*), you will seek in vain throughout the whole island of Great Britain. The parks are magnificent—they are noble in extent—and the forest trees are so judiciously planted and carefully guarded, that you everywhere meet with the noblest beech and oak, lime and elm. They are in general so laid out, that it may be truly said that no one can form an idea of what a park is, until he has seen England. Woods, however, there are none. Appearance is universally considered, and most of all in the shorn and rolled velvet lawns; and in a country possessing such great political freedom, there is in these, as well as in many other human things, no freedom at all. The yew-tree also, with its dark and needle foliage, and the white-thorn (*cratægus oxyacantha*), which so often grows to the size of a tree, furnish peculiar traits in the picture of an English landscape. The number of fruit-trees, too, in England, is relatively very small compared with Germany, where they surround our villages, adorn the way-sides, and fill our gardens—and in this, as well as in the total absence of the culture of the vine, the influence of the climate with its fogs and rain again appears, and though free from severe cold and snow, England never enjoys prolonged and constant summer weather.

The vegetation of the moors and meadow-lands is, relatively speaking, not much more luxuriant than that of Germany, and although a few rare ornamental plants occur which are either altogether or for the most part unknown among us, as the *anthericum ossifragum*, *lobelia dortmanna*, and the *papaver Cambricum*, which belongs exclusively to England, or, more properly speaking, to Wales and Cumberland, yet the usual plants that are met with are precisely the same as with us, with the exception of the fragrant *myrica gale*, which is to be found growing luxuriously everywhere on the moors in Scotland.

The same observation may be made respecting the animal kingdom. However foreign may have been the *Fauna* of the primitive world, with its thousands of Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri, its ammonites and fish (such as the *pterichthys Mülleri*, to be found in Scotland) up to the giant stag (*cervus megaceros*), found in the inundated country of the Isle of Man, the present races of animals existing in England present no real peculiarities.

The greatest differences no doubt exist in the winged kingdom, but this is not so easy of observation to the rapid and hasty traveller. The greatest surprise is excited on the coasts at the sight of the multitude of northern birds, which belong exclusively to high latitudes. At the Land's End I saw for the first time the *lestris parasiticus*, mixed with the common gulls (*larus marinus* and *ridibundus*), screeching around the rocks; and at the islands of Mull and Staffa divers of all descriptions were swimming about upon the sea in flocks. The most remarkable sight of this description, however, was presented on leaving the Firth of Forth, and passing close by the Bass Rock. This, in fact, may be called a northern bird-island; it consists of a mass of trapp rock rising almost perpendicularly from the sea, and is completely covered with sitting and chiefly brooding birds of the storm, such as the *procellaria glacialis*, *uria troila*, *alca torda* and *arctica*, surrounded and, as it were, guarded by flights of gulls. Here also the sea contributes the most important additions to the *Fauna* of the country. As a great number of particular genera and species are added to the vegetable kingdom by the multitude of the most various descriptions of tangle and wrack (*fucus*, *laminaria*, &c.) which are thrown on the coasts, so the inhabitants of the deep contribute the greatest, nay, inexhaustible and continually increasing additions to the animal kingdom of England. During our stay in Great Britain, as we learned from the newspapers, a whole herd of whales (probably large dolphins, as the *delphinus orca*, which frequently grows to twenty-five feet long), were wrecked on the extreme northern coast of Scotland, and became a valuable booty to the fishermen of the district. Among the peculiar birds of the country, I must not omit to mention the favourite Scotch grouse (*tetrao Scoticus*), which affords so much gratification to the sportsmen of Great Britain. These beautiful brown-speckled birds, with red wattles above the eyes, are found in such quantities on the Scotch Highland moors, that a good shot will bring down from forty to fifty birds in a day; they live wholly upon the seeds and flowers of the heather, which gives their flesh a singularly rich game flavour. The cock-of-the-wood also (*tetrao urogallus*) frequently occurs. In addition to these, the animals for the chase are hares, rabbits—which are found wild in great numbers on the woody hills near Salisbury—foxes, red deer, roes, and especially the fallow-deer (*cervus dama*), which are kept by hundreds in the parks.

Finally, it would necessarily lead to a variety of considerations were I to proceed to speak of the modes of breeding and the treatment of the domestic quadrupeds, especially of the sheep, oxen, and, above all, the horse, so important in England. On this subject I can only allow myself to indulge in a very few words. Of sheep there occur about six different varieties; all of which present peculiarities in form, from the small white sheep of Sussex to the black-headed sheep of Wiltshire, and the particularly high-flavoured sheep of Wales. With respect to them all, however, it is to be remarked,

that they are not usually to be seen in large close-thronging flocks upon the pastures, but for the most part separate, although multitudes of them are scattered about on the slopes of the mountains and upon the commons; and also, that they are less valued for the excellence of their fleece than for the delicacy and richness of the mutton. In the same manner, very different breeds of oxen are found spread over the island, among which the following are most worthy of remark: the small breed of Scotch cows, called *black cattle*, famous for the abundance of its milk; and the *white cattle*, which are very rare, and exist only in a single small herd of about seventy head, in a half wild condition, in the Duke of Hamilton's parks, and which, according to tradition, have descended from the times of Julius Cæsar. If we would speak of the breeding, races, and training of the horse in England, where are we to begin, and where to end, in order to reduce the subject within the limits of a general view?—in England, where such a multitude of horses are used for the saddle—where boys and women ride on horseback as well as men, and old men of from seventy to eighty years of age do not give up this favourite exercise. Next to the Arab, the Englishman is unquestionably the best horse-breeder—nay, the latter probably excels the former in obtaining a nobler and more perfect form of the animal; and certainly does so in the great variety of horses which he procures, all of a useful kind. The extremes may be represented by the vast elephantine horse of Lincolnshire, and the diminutive Shetland pony. Between these extremes lie an immense variety of animals, for use and luxury, for the plough, the carriage, the race-course, and the saddle. A more detailed examination of this subject would in this place be wholly impossible. I shall therefore merely advert to two points which struck me with particular surprise: First, the intelligent training of the nobler breed of horses, and their progress to greater intelligence; secondly, the vigour imparted to them by living in the open air. With respect to the former of these points, I acknowledge that I was strongly reminded of the interesting descriptions of horse-breeding among the Arabs, when standing in the midst of a whole herd of one and two-year-old colts at Eaton Hall; and the beautiful, round, young animals looked at me with such confidence in their intelligent bright eyes, and snuffed me all round with expanded nostrils, to see if some agreeable food was not to be found projecting from the coat-pocket of their visiter. It is obvious, from the very look of these creatures, that they are trained without the exercise of any severity, and by the most tender and the kindest treatment—that they are influenced by the reason, and not the harshness, of man; and that the intelligence of their own nature is thereby developed and promoted—an intelligence which is displayed in so many traits of the noble English horse, in the rare tractableness of his dispositions, and his great courage. As to the second point—their life in the open air—the mildness of the winter is, of course, the cause that great studs

of these beautiful animals not only live from year to year in the open air, but that, besides this, a multitude of horses not in use are turned out for a much longer period on enclosed mountain pastures or heaths, as it were, in a wild condition. Here it is that, by galloping and leaping over stock and stone, over hedge and ditch on the mountain slopes, they gain such strength in their muscles and sinews, as to be not only capable of undergoing the greatest fatigue, but also of bearing their desperate riders in safety over trench and wall, ditch and stone. I have often looked with delight, on passing by one of these mountain enclosures, at the young horses, full of curiosity as they are, galloping down the steepest declivities of the hills, and standing, with pricked-up ears and clear eyes, to look over the enclosure after our carriages as we rolled on our way.

Having now given a hasty view of sea and land, of the vegetable and animal kingdom, I have come to that which is—the most difficult task of all! To present to my readers some thoughts and observations upon the remarkable and highly inventive race of men which inhabits this island. First, I would lay down the following principle: There can be nothing more favourable to, and promotive of, the development of a man, who is intended to rise to an important, able, and highly intellectual elevation in the scale of life, than, first of all, to be sprung from the healthy union of vigorous, fine, and intellectual natures; and secondly, to enjoy in the earliest period of his youth and development, the benefits of that retirement and quiet, which is essentially necessary to the laying and consolidation of the foundation of such a physical individuality, as will be afterwards vigorously developed to a great and important character, as soon as he comes in contact with real life, its impulses and motives, and when the mind is called to act and struggle on the great theatre of the world. This observation is as truly applicable to whole races and nations as to the individual man. The peculiarities and high importance of the people of England are mainly to be sought in the descent of the English from the mixture of so many different races, all of a vigorous character; the intermarriage of the original inhabitants of England, the Cymri or Britons, with the Romans, Norwegians, Danes, Normans, and Germans, from whence the new British, or, properly speaking, English people sprang; and moreover, in this people being confined to the limits of an island, and thus almost wholly withdrawn from the direct influences and disturbing causes resulting from contact with other nations, and having full time for the invigoration and consolidation of their powers, as distinct from, and in opposition to, those of all other nations in the world. When we look at the subject from this point of view, it is remarkable to perceive that those districts of Great Britain in which the original races exist, with the least admixture of foreign nations, and have still preserved the use of their original Celtic or Gallic language, as in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland, are those, the inhabitants of which cannot in any respect be compared in mental

energy and development with those who, properly speaking, belong to the new British race, and are constrained to yield to the genuine English, whose language is a compound derived from Roman, Norman, Scandinavian, and German roots. It is this little England, this England containing about 15,000,000 of inhabitants, which has made itself the centre of a kingdom, greater than any in the civilised world, whose provinces surround our globe, and, even excluding the shifting but still numerous population of Hudson's Bay, reckons a population of above 200,000,000; whilst Russia, the most powerful empire on the continent, only reckons about 64,000,000 of subjects.

In short, the further our inquiries are pushed into the characteristic peculiarities of the English people, the more obvious will it become that the two elements just mentioned are of the greatest importance. As to the race, the German and Scandinavian elements are clearly discernible in the physical constitution, in the strongly built frame, above the middle size, the oval form of the skull, the fair skin, and the great preponderance of brown and light hair over black. These elements are even more obvious in the public institutions of the people. On examining this point more carefully, the old German customs and the old German laws will still be seen not only to exist, but to flourish in a multitude of institutions, which have been completely lost in Germany itself, either through the constant and varying influences of other nations, or sometimes through indolence of character in the people themselves. The various forms of administration throughout the country afford proofs of this remark; every district, every town, every parish, possesses a species of independence, elects its own parish, local, or municipal officers, and, by means of its representatives, enjoys and exercises a great share in the general administration of the whole country; in a word, it possesses those great rights which belong to a free constitution. Then the public administration of justice and trial by jury, the great preponderance of open and verbal modes of transacting business over written, the unlimited, free, and public expression of individual opinion upon all subjects; the performance of administrative duties in many cases without salary, and the holding of offices which are mere signs of public confidence, and of a prominent position, all enter into this inquiry.

It would, indeed, require a long and careful examination, accompanied and supported by strict historical research, to be able to declare what of all this has passed from the Scandinavian, what from the Roman, what from the German stock, into the life of the English people. It would then unquestionably appear, that the Roman forms by far the smallest element in the composition, and the German incomparably the greatest.

The second element, the greater degree of retirement and of undisturbed progress to maturity, before the occurrence of any very active intercourse or exercise of reciprocal influence from foreign nations, has been productive of this result, that a multitude of sin-

gularities, of customs, usages, institutions, and manners, both in public and private life, have taken such deep root in England, as to become immoveable: and this might seem the more astonishing in a nation which carries on the most active intercourse with all parts of the world, and with nations of the most different habits, customs, and laws, did we not bear in mind, that almost all these characteristic singularities date from a period when the people were absolutely isolated, and their forms of life were developed to full maturity from within themselves, and that therefore there is an universal inclination to hold firmly by that which, in other countries, is subject to continual change from the influences of neighbouring nations, and sometimes changes of itself. In recent times, it is true, comforts and luxuries, in all their various relations, have enormously grown and increased in England, but the basis of all these usages and customs may be clearly shown to rest upon others, handed down from time immemorial. These very developments, therefore, always assume a peculiar historical character, and make obvious the reason why the English themselves have such intense pleasure in thinking of and designating their country as *Old England*; this tendency is also obvious in the architecture of the country. England possesses a style of architecture which is, in fact, strictly national and peculiar; in other countries of Europe such nationality has altogether disappeared, whilst here it continues to maintain its ground—though not exclusively—and will probably long continue so to do. I can find no other word by which to characterise this peculiarity than Anglo-Gothic, as it is exhibited in the castles, public buildings, churches, and private dwellings, and may be said in some measure to have become the *national style*. In recent times in Germany we see examples of the occasional adoption of the Gothic style, but it gives the same foreign impression as if it were Grecian or Egyptian, and is treated also with the greatest licence, inasmuch as among the great variety of Gothic styles, sometimes this is adopted, and sometimes that—and one with as little reason or propriety as the other. It is quite otherwise in England. From the date of the twelfth century this style—properly speaking, *German*—has completely replaced the older heavy Norman style, and assumed a national peculiarity in consequence of some admixture of elements not *purely* German. It has especially lost that high and constant aspiration of the pure German style, which aims at a still increased development of refined and delicate articulations in the filigree work of the free and lofty spire, and, on the contrary, has assumed the square and firmer form, resembling a fortress; the form, namely, of flat towers with turrets at the four corners, thicker columns and solid spires of hewn stone. In *this* form, their architectural structures still continue from century to century, and castles are to be seen which, though only lately completed in all their exterior arrangements (as Windsor itself), yet appear in no respect different from what they would have done, had they been finished immediately after their commencement in the

fifteenth or sixteenth century. It is true, that in recent times there have been various applications of the antique and old Italian style of building, and instances of the pure Norman have again occasionally appeared, as in the magnificent modern edifice of Penrhyn Castle, in Wales. The dwelling-houses are erected in a simple modern style, such as is best suited to the conveniences and comforts of life. But the combination of these numerous modern buildings, with the churches and public edifices built after the old national style, always gives a peculiar character to English towns and country mansions; and in the most recent times, whilst in Germany a Walhalla has been built in pure Grecian style, the English nation has given an indelible impression of its feelings and character, by determining that the building, which may be called the head and heart of the life of the English people—their *houses of parliament*—must necessarily be executed in a strict Anglo-Gothic style.

I cannot take leave of the subject without a remark on English dwelling-houses, which stands also in close connexion with that long-cherished principle of separation and retirement, lying at the very foundation of the national character. It appears to me, to be this principle which has given to the people that fixity of national character, and strict adherence to the historical usages of their country, by which they are so much distinguished; and up to the present moment, the Englishman still perseveres in striving after a certain *individuality and personal independence*, a certain *separation of himself from others*, which constitutes the foundation of his freedom. This, too, was completely an ancient German tendency, which led our remote ancestors to prefer the rudest and most inconvenient, but *isolated* homesteads, to the more convenient and refined method of life in aggregation; it is this that gives the Englishman that proud feeling of personal independence, which is stereotyped in the phrase: "*Every man's house is his castle.*" This is a feeling which cannot be entertained, and an expression which cannot be used, in Germany or France, in which countries, ten or fifteen families often live together in the same large house. The expression, however, receives a true value, when, by the mere closing of the house-door, the family is able, to a certain extent, to cut itself off from all communication with the outward world, even in the midst of great cities. In English towns or villages, therefore, one always meets either with small detached houses merely suited to one family, or apparently large buildings extending to the length of half a street, sometimes adorned like palaces on the exterior, but separated by partition walls internally, and thus divided into a great number of small high houses, for the most part three windows broad, within which, and on the various stories, the rooms are divided according to the wants or convenience of the family; in short, therefore, it may be properly said, that the English divide their edifices perpendicularly into houses—whilst we Germans divide them horizontally into floors. In England, every man is master of his hall, stairs,

and chambers—whilst we are obliged to use the two first in common with others, and are scarcely able to secure ourselves the privacy of our own chamber, if we are not fortunate enough to be able to obtain a secure and convenient house for ourselves alone.

Besides the race and the external circumstances, there is yet another element, which has always appeared to me of great importance in every attempt to illustrate the nature either of individual man or of whole nations; and this is indicated by the question—only to be answered after mature inquiry and reflection—to what age does the person or the people, as a whole, correspond? By what age can it be regarded as, in some measure, represented? There are men who, from their very childhood, are endowed with the wisdom and sobriety of age, who have, properly speaking, no youth; who are always characterised by the anxieties, doubts, want of vigour, avarice, ceremony, and other signs of advanced age. There are others who never, at any age, lose the characteristics of childhood, never grasp a weighty or important idea, and always indulge in, and amuse themselves with, trivial pleasures, and are interested in what is trifling and new. There are some, again, who, by the prevalence of headstrong passions, may be regarded as the representative of adolescence; and others as the type of mature age, by the strength of their resolution and the vigour of their minds, even from their earliest years. With their necessary modifications, such comparisons, by which objects are gradually made clearer, may be applied to whole nations also. If we ask now, adopting this method, how are the English people to be characterised? There can be no doubt, that after a very short observation of their whole mode of action and conduct, they must be characterised by the mature, late, but still vigorous age of man. A firm adherence to principles once adopted, a quiet, historical foundation and development, a decisiveness and vigour, a Catoian severity of morals, but, together with these, a great measure of pedantry, and, even as a people, conspicuous and unconcealed egotism are precisely the very circumstances and conditions which must soon impress themselves upon the mind of the observer, and become consolidated into a firm and decisive judgment, such as that already expressed. It is, undoubtedly, something beautiful to see a man, as well as a nation, still in a full state of manly vigour, still grandly following out the development of his destiny, or, properly speaking, creating his own destiny; and it is, therefore, easy to perceive the reason why personal observation and contemplation of the English people, with all their manly consistency, their tenacious firmness, their clear perceptions, their contempt for all prolixity, and their decisive practical nature, is so peculiarly interesting, and calculated to produce such a powerful influence on the mind. The most important aid to the full understanding of this sketch of character, which we have compared to that of vigorous manhood after the middle age of life, is to be derived from a consideration of the naval power of England,

which results, as I have already shown, from the nature of the country, and its capacities. The *Navy*, as it is called, the development of an immense sea force, in whose proficiency and might the highest as well as the lowest take interest and delight—which even engages the very spirit of diletantism displayed in the numerous *yacht clubs*—it is this which represents the first condition of the trade and manufactures of England, and forms the strongest support of her universal dominion. It is only by reference to this, that it becomes possible to solve the problem, how 26,000,000 of Englishmen are able to rule 200,000,000 of foreigners. And the navy continues to be the source and instrument of her continually increasing wealth, of which some idea may be formed, when I state that, according to Mr. Porter's reports, the saving banks of England alone, in the year 1841, contained above 24,000,000*l.* sterling; that the number of ships was above 30,000, of which 900 were steam-boats; and that more than 80,000,000*l.* sterling were invested in railroads alone.* The Navy, therefore, which works all these wonders, which engages men in a continual struggle with a dreadful and unruly element of nature, which accustoms them to live in their frail houses on the rolling main, and to be *always ready*, for life or for death—it is this, especially, which imparts cool and manly courage to the people as a whole, and elevates them in every practical relation far above all other nations of the earth. But as has been already said, this vigour, courage, and decisiveness of character, as usually happens in the advanced age of man, are accompanied by a stiffness, pedantry, and egotism, which repel all that may be called the poetic element in the spirit of a nation. When brought into competition with life and action, this poetical element must still more and more recede, in proportion as the age of the nation advances and increases in its puritanical and pedantic severity. On these grounds it often appears to me impossible to believe, that Shakespeare could have been an Englishman; and his really being so, only becomes intelligible by remembering that, in the time of Shakespeare, a real *merry England* actually existed. It is, moreover, for this very reason, too, that there is at present such poverty in the really active pursuit and cultivation of all that deserves the name of the higher arts. England has never produced a single great historical painter, and will scarcely ever produce one. The same is true of sculpture and music.

As to poetry, England, like other countries, possesses even now, it is true, a great many poets, and men of distinguished talents appear from time to time in the field of events, but the tendency towards the *gloomy side*, the melancholy, or the sentimental, and often even the bitter element of life, is constantly gaining the ascendent, and this fact of itself proves that poetry, properly so called, is a stranger to the country at present. True, indeed, I

* See Appendix, No. 1

will not venture to say that the Englishmen of the present day are *destitute* of the spirit and feeling of poetry, for what people are completely in this condition? But these are limited to an earlier period of life, and are regarded as a disease incidental to the development of the mind, rather than as a great poetical view of life pervading the whole existence, harmonising with the deep poetry of life, and exercising a most important influence upon the whole moral and intellectual character. The prevailing English character is, therefore, by no means destitute of passion and poetry; but all this appears like the early eruption of a volcano, which is speedily exhausted, and then the crater only remains, covered with ashes, hard and dry.

Every thing pertaining to the theatrical arts is almost in a worse condition in England, at present, than even the structural arts and music; and although we can make no particular boast of the state of the drama amongst ourselves, it would not be easy to exaggerate its superiority over the miserable and soulless drama of England. It is something repugnant to one's feelings to see that the people, who formerly produced the greatest of all dramatic poets, should now be almost wholly destitute of dramatists, and that the art should share so little genuine sympathy; but a moment's consideration of the whole circumstances of the country, and it no longer remains a riddle. Industry absorbs all the energies of life; with the progress and application of steam power, not only are thousands and thousands of new productions developed, but the population itself; the number of large towns, with 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants, whose names are yet scarcely known in foreign countries, increases with enormous rapidity, and the regulation, occupation, and supply of all these demand continual and progressive activity; how is it possible that, in the midst of such a tendency of public life, any time should be allotted to the artistical gratification of the finer and more intellectual wants of the human mind?

For these reasons even the sciences, considered by themselves, are not objects of pursuit; and least of all, in the higher departments of mental philosophy, but they are cultivated zealously and effectually in as far as they are useful, and promote the immediate advantages of life. In England, *natural philosophy* by no means corresponds with the *Natur-Philosophie* of the Germans, but consists of a combination of mathematics and physics, and is endured only as such, whilst every truth is decidedly repulsed, which is calculated to promote such a free spirit of inquiry or mental development, as might in the most remote degree interfere with, or trench upon, any traditional, political, or orthodox ecclesiastical dogma. By and by, the spirit of inquiry now awakening even in England, and the application of a more philosophical mode of thinking and investigation to physiology and comparative anatomy, will pave the way for a more general and true consideration of the philosophy of

nature; although, no doubt a long time will still elapse before this goal is attained.

We must, therefore, always return to the enumeration of what appears to be so worthy of admiration in England:—its noble public institutions and active life, the energy of its technical arts, and of its politics, the perfection and power of its Navy.—All this greatness, however, would be inconceivable, were it not that, in the general administration of the country, a certain elevated tone of simplicity prevails, which is as far remote as possible from what may be called the dilettantism of governing, which seeks for its renown in a multitude of petty regulations, and in a peculiarly artistical structure of the state machine. It strikes a stranger with astonishment when he hears how small a number of individuals compose the efficient force of the executive; with what simplicity and brevity the communications between the respective ministerial departments are made; how little verbal communication takes place, and how limited the number of the whole official staff is, which in Germany is so inordinately increased. There is, perhaps, no country in which, relatively speaking, the number of paid officials is so small as in England,* and where the direction of the public affairs is conducted *on so elevated a scale*; and in this respect in particular, it must undoubtedly furnish an interesting object of study for the diplomatists and statesmen of all nations. I must still add, that it is this very elevated mode of conducting public affairs, which opens up the widest and richest field for the appearance of men of the highest talents and character. What is high and great, can only be performed by great and able men, and this principle finds in England its full recognition; every man of talent, whatever be his family or condition, provided he is an Englishman, may not only aspire, but raise himself to the very highest and most dignified offices in the country. As the statesman must necessarily show himself as he really is, as he is not suffered to intrench himself behind rescripts and documents, but must come forth personally into the collisions of politics, and bear his share in the discussion of great political questions, his personal qualities are put to the test, and every insignificant pretender is as sure to fall into contempt, as every man of abilities and power is of securing for himself a large circle of influence. How true, therefore, and especially in England, is the remark in King Lear, and how pertinent to the case of the great statesmen of Britain are the words of Edgar:

“Ripeness is all.”

* In Appendix No. 11, I have given a short sketch of the high political offices, and named the individuals by whom they were filled at the time of our visit to England.

VII.

JOURNEY THROUGH ENGLAND.

Buckhurst, May 29th—Early.

YESTERDAY morning, at twelve o'clock, our small but well-built iron steam-boat, the *Princess Alice*, cast anchor off Dover, and at half-past twelve a boat landed us through the surge on the beach, composed of rolling flints and chalk *débris*. Notwithstanding a strong west wind and a high sea, the passage, which often occupies from nine to ten hours, was quickly effected in five. The double motion of the ship, caused by her rolling and heaving, produced a peculiarly disagreeable feeling; but still, the pleasure which I felt in contemplating the magnificent, high rolling, and foaming waves, and the mental excitement connected with the idea of this completely novel and deeply interesting voyage, enabled me to resist the tendency to sea-sickness, and to continue to enjoy the sight of the wonderfully beautiful and splendid picture of the ever-agitated sea. His majesty also was able to remain on deck, and escaped the disagreeable penalty which landsmen usually pay, whilst several of our fellow-voyagers, stretched upon the deck, were obliged to offer sacrifice to Neptune, and pay toll for their passage. The whole of this ship-life was something very new to me; the neat and rapid steamer cleaving her way through the mighty waves, driven by her foaming paddles; the transition in the colour of the water from the muddy gray in the neighbourhood of the coast, to the dark green of the deep sea; a few fishing-boats here and there on the horizon—two rapid steam-boats careering past us on their course—a few solitary gulls driven out by the wind, and the covering of gray clouds, with numerous deep strata rent by the wind, every thing was completely new and strange, and the attention and interest were constantly kept alive. The French coast from Dunkirk to Calais lay stretched like a dark strip along the southern horizon. At eleven o'clock the English coast appeared in the distance; and after a brief period, Shakspeare's cliff at Dover became distinguishable. The sky continued dark and cloudy, but the white chalk cliffs soon revealed themselves distinctly, and we were presently able to discern the old tower of the castle, whilst far to the right, with their light ships, lay the Goodwin sands, the scene of so many terrible disasters. As we approached the coast the sea fell, and the houses in Dover became visible, painted of a singular brown or olive colour, with their gray slate roofs.

We had no sooner landed, than carriages were in readiness to convey us rapidly to the hotel, whilst a salute was fired from the castle and the heights; and we were scarcely arrived, when some

gentlemen belonging to the authorities of the town and the harbour were announced, who came to welcome his majesty and to offer their services.

On our drive from the beach to the hotel the feeling was overpowering, and we were obliged to exclaim—*we are in a very different country*. In passing from Germany into Italy, the customs and style of architecture, as well as the build of the people, are strikingly different; but the contrast is still sharper between going on board in Belgium and landing in England. The small houses, the different construction of the windows (only made to push up), the closed doors, the strange names over the doors and shops, the lofty and numerous chimneys, even the totally different arrangement of the hotel, every thing, as well as the people themselves, furnishes indications of a peculiar character. A *déjeuner dinatoire*, which the English call lunch, was served, and the commander of the garrison as well as Captain Smithet, of the *Princess Alice*, was of our party. The richness and abundance of the plate surprised us Germans, unaccustomed to such displays in our inns; and many national peculiarities in the viands were immediately observable; the rich ox-tail soup, the massive piece of admirable beef, fish of every description, and together with sherry and port, common at all English tables, genuine porter, which in consequence of its aromatic bitter was peculiarly well calculated to repair the discomforts of sea-sickness, from which some of our party had suffered.

Lunch was scarcely finished, when carriages arrived to conduct us through the town to the old castle, whilst the servants were busied in conveying the most necessary portions of our baggage to the railroad. (The carriages were still on board the steamboat, which could not enter the harbour till the evening, and were to be sent after us by another train.)

Dover Castle is situated to the north of the town, on a chalk cliff about 500 feet high. The road thither leads through a great part of the town, which now contains about 14,000 inhabitants. On all sides small gray or brown houses with slate roofs. We passed the harbour, which contains a great number of ships; and, as we approached the cliff, were surprised at a certain Italian appearance displayed in the vegetation; the gardens being adorned with high boxwood, large Portugal laurels, and long covered walks thickly and luxuriously overgrown with ivy. The castle itself is very old—partly in ruins. The oldest parts are built in the round, arched, heavy Norman style, and some beautiful vistas, as well as romantic remains of old chapels, and the like, present themselves. The white chalk, with its innumerable flints, thrusts itself out in all directions from the scanty grass. Many of the walls are built wholly of flint, and on the walls and slopes the beautiful yellow *Smirnum olustrum* (common Alexanders) grows in great abundance. The garrison of the castle was composed of a battalion of infantry, afterwards des-

tinued for Ireland, who, in their elegant scarlet uniforms, received his majesty with royal honours. We were then conducted to the point from which the most extensive view is to be obtained; it is situated on a rampart looking towards the sea; and truly the view from this point, embracing the town, with its roadstead and ships, the new port and the Shakspeare cliff opposite, is splendid. Among the numerous pieces mounted on the ramparts, an old and enormously long gun was shown us, of the year 1514, for which an elegant new iron carriage had just been made. This modern mounting, adorned with cast-iron foliage, made somewhat the same figure under the powerful fire-vomiter as one of these red uniforms would do under the steel harness of an ancient knight.

The modern fort of Dover, lying to the south-west, was still to be visited. We therefore drove back to the town, and from thence up again to the fort. Here was the residence of the commander, who had lunched with us at the hotel. He took great pains to show us the batteries and casemates, as well as his own small but elegant dwelling in one part of the works. How beautiful again was the view from the fort! Under the chalky walls lay the town and the roads, where we still saw our steamer at anchor opposite to the old castle, and on one side of us Shakspeare's cliff. Here we were again obliged to take some sherry and ships' biscuit, and then the commander conducted us by a dark vaulted passage, under one of the batteries, in which a stair led directly down to the point where the course of the railroad is about to enter the tunnel under Shakspeare's cliff. The train started—arrived—stopped,—and we entered an elegant *coupé* decorated with red velvet, and which was reserved for the use of his majesty. This railroad is called the *South Eastern*, and leads through Folkstone and Ashford to London. We availed ourselves of it only as far as Tunbridge, where carriages with post-horses were in waiting, in order to convey us through Tunbridge Wells, and rich districts in Sussex, to this place.

During the course of our drive the appearance of the country was mild and beautiful, notwithstanding the dark, cloudy sky. The road was chiefly skirted by pasture or meadow-land; the country diversified with neat farm-houses, cottages, fields, all prettily enclosed—occasionally large parks, numerous oaks of a roundish form, and great quantities of ivy hanging thick and luxuriant on the walls and trees. We met none but well-dressed people on the road, which, though only a cross-road, was in all respects kept like a highway. We had frequent views of long lines of hills covered with wood, and then again wide green plains traversed by brooks, at one of which, too, we saw a gentleman employed in the favourite English amusement of angling.

On the whole I am well pleased to have commenced with some insight into the country, and not to have been all at once launched into the endless turmoil of London. A *creative* course, too, is that which is

in all cases to be recommended; and London is only capable of being explained after the stranger has obtained some idea of the country. Even on so short a drive as we had made, our surprise was already excited by the want of what may properly be called villages. The county is divided into large estates, which are let out in portions of greater or less extent to farmers, and the scattered farm-houses and the cottages of the labourers, together with occasional small country-houses, occupy the place of villages. Here and there stand solitary churches, and form a kind of nucleus, around which every thing is more concentrated. Some idea may be formed of the relation of the farmers to the proprietors, by supposing that the produce of the ground in such cases is divided into three parts, one of which falls to the landowner, a second is applied to the improvement of the farm, and the third belongs to the farmer, as a return for his capital and labour. From the cultivator of the soil upwards, every one feels himself to be a part of one great whole, and the higher we ascend in the scale, the individual more and more sacrifices his individuality to the state. The question, what a man should do for himself, and what for the state, can scarcely, I think, occur with such frequency in any country as in England. This, moreover, is manifest from a variety of other circumstances. Whoever is constantly compelled to sacrifice a great part of his individuality, and of his own intellectual efforts and pursuits to the well-being of the state, necessarily finds his individuality, as it were, endangered, and in that part of self which remains he readily adopts or falls into a species of rough, eccentric originality, in order thus, in some measure, to compensate for the other deficiency or loss. And this, perhaps, is in fact the best means of accounting for many of the peculiarities, and much of the coarseness of the Englishman.

At seven o'clock we arrived at Buckhurst, the seat of Lord Delawarr. Our road lay for a considerable distance through a park—properly speaking, a kind of wood of oak and beech; and at length the small country-seat began to glimmer through the boughs of a wide-spreading oak. The house itself is built in an ornamented Anglo-Gothic style. On our arrival, servants in rich liveries, and with powdered hair, conducted us immediately to our respective apartments, which were cheerful and replete with comforts. The whole character of the house breathes of simplicity, combined with the highest degree of convenience. Towards half-past seven o'clock, we assembled in the drawing-room, and I gladly renewed the acquaintance which I had formerly made with this amiable family, whom I had attended as a physician in Dresden, and with whom I was on the most friendly footing. A rich and cheerful dinner soon followed, and afterwards all returned to the drawing-room and the neighbouring library, in order to take tea near the blazing fire, and to hear some music from the ladies of the family. I walked into the library, and looked through a splendidly illustrated work on one of the late

court balls, at which the company were all dressed in ancient costume, and then turned over the catalogue, in which I looked in vain for the works of Göthe and Schiller among the foreign books which it contained.

VIII.

Buckhurst, same day—Evening,

IT is very interesting to me to have got immediately a circumstantial idea of this English *vie de château* by means of this short sojourn. It is, properly speaking, the mixture of a certain unrestricted freedom with a species of pedantic etiquette. The family and their visitors meet for breakfast or luncheon in the breakfast or dining-room, in morning dresses, the gentlemen in frock coats, the ladies neatly but simply dressed; during the remainder of the morning each pursues his own amusements or employs his time as he pleases, and in the evening the company again assemble in the drawing-room in full dress, go to dinner, and afterwards return and spend the evening together in the drawing-room and library, where tea and other refreshments are served. The order of living is highly agreeable, the real enjoyment or profit which results, depends here, as it does everywhere, on the individuals who compose the circle.

Family breakfast was served this morning unusually early—at nine o'clock, and afterwards we enjoyed a walk in the park. The air gray and damp—the temperature mild—thoroughly English weather. The beautiful lawns of closely-mown grass, the magnificent oaks, the views of wooded hills, and the splendid flower-beds close to the house, it was quite charming! At ten o'clock the company, among whom was a Prince of Weimar (son of Duke Bernard), met for the purpose of a long drive; the whole occupied seven carriages. We returned some part of the way by which we yesterday came, and at length reached Knowle, near the small town of Seven-Oaks, about eleven miles from Buckhurst. The castle, in the thirteenth century, was the property of the Archbishop of Canterbury, seized upon in the reign of Henry VIII., presented by Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester, and on his death fell to the family of Dorset. Two daughters were the last descendants of this house, one of whom brought this seat to Lord Amherst, the present owner; and the other is Lady Delawarr. On entering the town of Seven-Oaks we witnessed a very singular custom; there were a number of persons assembled with bells of various sizes in their hands, on which they played a peal as the carriages drove past, precisely resembling the peals in the church towers which are such great favourites in the Netherlands, England, and Northern Italy. The approach to Knowle is, in like manner, through a park planted with magnificent trees, and adorned with beautiful glades; and then comes the old castle itself, with its towers, and turrets, and walls

covered with luxurious ivy. As we alighted flowers were strewn on the way, and, preceded by numerous servants in rich liveries, we ascended the steps and entered the ancient family hall, hung with ancestral portraits, and adorned with a huge chimney-piece;—the members of the house and their guests, who had arrived before his majesty the king, were already assembled. Lord Amherst, known as a former governor of India and ambassador to China, is a middle-sized, thin, and lively old man, and here with his lady, in cheerful retirement, he spends the declining years of his active life. Among the strangers was Lord Stanhope, known in Germany by the interest which he took in Caspar Hauser. He spoke good German, and asked me after many of his old acquaintances in Dresden, and particularly Tieck.

We were next shown over the spacious rooms of this remarkable old seat. The objects of interest which it contains are very numerous; galleries with beautiful old woodwork, richly ornamented chimney-pieces, and ancient furniture, among which were some pieces of great splendour, tables covered with plates of silver, and moreover a whole table together with a looking-glass and two small side-tables of solid silver, and adorned with rich arabesques; there were besides, a vast number of portraits, and other pictures of no particular value. In addition to this, we must mention the ornamental old Gothic bay-windows, the beautiful vistas into the park, and then again collections of Chinese birds and other rarities brought home by Lord Amherst from China, &c. The most interesting of all, however, in my estimation, was the air of antiquity which breathed throughout the whole, recalling the great romantic times of England, and giving the deep impression of a long historical existence.

At two o'clock the whole party met for lunch in the grand drawing-room on the ground floor, and I can truly say, that as I sat down at the rich table adorned with massive plate, and decked with flowers, and around me the members of the same family which had enjoyed all the pomp of nobility before the reign of Elizabeth, and in a room hung with the portraits of a long line of ancestors, whose arms were emblazoned on glass in the tall Gothic windows, I felt as if I were in a dream, and found myself transported into a scene before the age of Shakspeare; and times and things long gone by flitted before my mind. At the conclusion of the entertainment Lord Amherst rose, and commencing "Ladies and Gentlemen," made a short speech in which, in very neat and complimentary language, he expressed his pleasure at the arrival of the king in England, his best wishes for his majesty, and proposed his health; to which the king replied by proposing as a toast the health of the Queen of England. The whole was done in a dignified manner; and in the highest degree peculiar.

We then went out into the garden and park. Magnificent magnolias, together with the ivy, were trained upon the walls, as high as the second story; and close by were open houses for oranges and le-

mons; beautiful flower-beds scattered about through the well-kept lawns; and single trees of noble dimensions, like those of Paradise, old and mighty larch trees thickly interwoven with ivy, oaks, and sweet chesnuts of immense girth, and magnificent spreading boughs; and, finally, a large plantation of lime-trees from 500 to 600 years old.

We were at length compelled to depart. As we drove out of the court of the castle, his majesty was a second time saluted by the peals of hand-bells. Our road led across the meadows, and through the midst of the magnificent trees in the park to Redleaf, another mansion, smaller, but not less interesting than Knowle.

The former was a type of ancient historical and aristocratic magnificence; whilst the latter bore evidence of being the work of a man who belonged wholly to the present, and owed every thing to himself. The name of the gentleman who owns the mansion is Wells. He has made an immense fortune in India, by ship building, and now lives in this beautiful place alone, in dignified retirement, surrounded by a tasteful collection of choice trees, plants, and pictures. He is a friend of Landseer, the painter; and his collection contains many admirable pieces by that artist. Immediately at the entrance I was struck with the picture of two large dogs; one a yellow-coloured dog, lying down and being licked by a large grayish-brown greyhound. They were represented as if lying in an empty chimney, and the picture was placed on a level with the ground, in a flat blind chimney-piece. The effect was admirable; the treatment of the subject extraordinarily able and bold. Then followed a whole series of pictures by the same skilful hand—"The Dog at the Shepherd's Grave," and others, already so generally known from the engravings. Having previously seen so many engravings and copies of his pictures, I here for the first time saw the originals. In a true conception of nature, Landseer is undoubtedly the first of all painters of animals. I know of none who has so thoroughly conceived, and so faithfully portrayed as he has done, the fine shadings of the human intelligence and disposition, so remarkably embodied in an animal. His "Jack in Office," his "Fireside Party," and his "Honourable Member of the Humane Society," what fine striking characteristics do they contain!

Now to other rooms, in which remarkable treasures are literally heaped, in agreeable apartments, whose large windows everywhere look upon the magnificent park. I can merely name the beautiful pictures of Wouvermann, Du Jardin, Vander Velde, Netscher, Mieris, Terbourg, Gerard Dow, and others, which it would require much time to describe. Besides these, there is a St. Cecilia, by Domenichino, engraved by Sharp, and a (somewhat doubtful) Guido Reni. Then again, a beautiful piece by Ruysdael—dark and deep standing water, with large oaks. Further, two excellent pictures by Hobbema, a large poetical landscape, by Claude, with a certain noble and clear severity, which almost reminds one of the tone

adopted in the "Coasts of the Cyclops" in our Dresden gallery. In another apartment, we saw a large portrait of Walter Scott, by Landseer. The poet is represented as a sportsman, with a gun and some dead grouse at his side. A picture by Webster, was almost still more remarkable than this. It delineates two rows of children at school, one placed above the other. In one case the poor little ones are terrified, half weeping and trembling—their tyrant, the schoolmaster, is ill-humoured and morose; in the other, the children are happy and delighted, and diligent withal, for the teacher is full of kindness and affection. It is impossible to avoid making many useful applications on looking at the picture, so admirable and impressive are its characteristics.

At length, in this magnificent collection, I found among many other modern pictures, some of Wilkie's. The largest among them was his "Distraint for Rent." A farmer's family in the utmost distress and anxiety how to pay their rent. The execution is very careful; the colouring weak and cold in tone; and the whole conception of the picture inferior in depth and in details to that of the "Rent-Day." Next to Landseer, Wilkie was the most original painter in England; he had a very deep and firm conception of life, and the art of fixing its moving scenes upon the canvass. How singular is it that, at a later period, as if weary of the prose of English family life, he threw himself headlong into the forced French romance, as in his "Maid of Saragossa."

Now out into the garden! A luxuriance of vegetation such as I here saw, I had not yet beheld. The magnificent oaks, undisturbed for ages, the large beech trees, the luxurious ivy, the Gothic green-houses for orange and lemon trees, concealed by shrubs and climbers; the masses of rhododendrons, the clumps of beautiful white-flowering broom, and red Alpine roses; then, again, a couple of young wide-spreading cedars of Lebanon, azaleas in full bloom, such as I had never anywhere seen, a leafy alley of psorallea; hot-houses with grapes already nearly ripe, and with shaddocks (*citrus decumanus*) trained on the walls, interspersed with the splendid *clematis grandiflora*, *calceolaria* in hundreds of varieties, in the richest bloom. The sight of all these magnificent plants made me long to spend days in the contemplation of their beauties, and inspired me with an innocent desire to become the adopted heir of the childless Mr. Wells, of that small and aged man, whose years, and short gray mantle, formed a striking contrast to all this splendid foliage and richness of bloom with which he was surrounded. The circumstances suggested to me the fable of Tithon and Aurora! Here, too, beloved nature, ever new, displayed her charms in all the splendour of youth and beauty; whilst, on the other hand, her lover became hoary and withered! Do we not everywhere read the history of unending happiness?

We extended our drive still further, and came to the old Castle of

Penshurst, founded in the year 1350, now in possession of the family of the Sydneys, and already, in many respects, remodelled. The castle at present belongs to Lord De Lisle, who is engaged in rebuilding and adorning the edifice. The entrance to the house is particularly striking. On passing the door, we found ourselves in an ancient hall, with an elevated roof, and within completely free up to the very ridge; high Gothic windows, with stone mullions, but open and without glass. In the middle of the hall stood a round hearth on the floor, surrounded with high stone pillars. It was so constructed, that billets of wood and faggots could be conveniently placed within, so as to make a quick and blazing fire. This was not unattended to on the present occasion, and as we entered, a fire made of straw and dry faggots sent up a flame five or six ells high into the open hall, and at once, in the damp weather, we experienced an agreeable warmth diffused far around! This gave to the whole a fresh, pleasant, and hospitable impression! I thought of the olden times, when the knights and their squires dismounted from their horses, entered the noble hall, where they stood around the mounting flame, which was reflected from their brilliant armour, and imparted heat to their frozen limbs;—a complete picture of the knightly days of merry England passed before my mind! The illusion was prolonged, and the spirit of my dream was provided with new elements, as we mounted the stairs, and entered a large room, full of old helmets and casques, halberds, and swords, together with a mass of old family portraits, carpets, and other relics. Moreover, the approach to the stairs was beautiful, as a piece of architecture, and the small chapel, with its large Gothic windows, produced a most agreeable effect. Here, too, the walls were covered with ivy, and the trees in the park were beautiful, though not equal to those we had already seen at Knowle and Redleaf.

We now returned to Buckhurst, and found the roads, in all directions, filled with lively groups of holiday people. We were met by a whole procession of young and active-looking people, carrying flags, and decked out with green ribbons and oak-boughs. It was a species of spring festival, celebrated at this period of the year, and observed, also, as a memorial of the preservation of Charles II. in the oak. It was about this season of the year (1650) that Charles, having been acknowledged in Ireland and Scotland, had again forced his way into England, in order to renew the struggle for his kingdom, which appeared to be lost to him after the execution of his father, Charles I. He was defeated at the battle of Worcester; Cromwell's soldiers were in hot pursuit of the fugitive, when he saved himself by taking refuge in an oak, whose young foliage concealed him whilst two of his pursuers conversed together at the foot of the tree, concerning the reward which would fall to the lot of him who should be fortunate enough to cap-

ture his person. Down till the present day, the custom of wearing oak leaves is preserved as a memorial of the king's deliverance. At Lord Delawarr's too, in the evening, every body was adorned with oak, and leaves with gall-nuts are by preference sought out for the occasion. Thus it is that historical recollections are everywhere preserved among the people.

The weather continued, throughout the day, such as it had been early in the morning, without sun, damp, gray, foggy, but still mild, and seldom raining hard,—always the characteristics of the climate.

In the evening a splendid entertainment awaited us, to which, also, Lords Amherst and De Lisle were invited. I sat next to the former, and enjoyed the pleasure of a long conversation with this experienced nobleman. Fifty years ago he had been in Dresden as a young man. *En passant*, fortunately for me, on the previous evening the travelling carriages had all arrived in safety and good order from Dover with our luggage, for the English, on such occasions, are pleased to see their guests dressed in rich and elegant costume.

IX.

Portsmouth, May 30th—Evening.

ANOTHER remarkable, peculiar day. We set out from the hospitable Buckhurst early in the morning; the travelling carriages were sent forward, and after an eight o'clock breakfast we followed with the family, as if for a walk, and traversed a portion of the park, in which a species of pretty wood hyacinth abounded. Thus we strolled to the parsonage of the parish, which lies at somewhat more than a quarter of an hour's distance from the mansion, to pay a visit to Mr. West, the second son of Lord Delawarr, who is the rector. This sort of relation too, was something to me new and peculiar. I was previously acquainted with Mr. West, whom I had formerly met as a young man in Dresden, where he devoted much time and attention to the study of German literature. Here, too, I had the pleasure of finding him in his study, surrounded not only with the ancient classics, but with the best literary works of his own and other modern countries, particularly German. How charming is the situation of his parsonage, a small but neat building in the Anglo-Gothic style, surrounded with clumps of magnificent rhododendrons, beautiful meadows, and splendid yews—the old classical tree of England—from which the stalwart yeomen cut their bows. We next visited the neighbouring church, of ancient foundation, although recently rebuilt in the broad, firm, but neat style of Anglo-Gothic ecclesiastical edifices. It contains the simple monu-

ments of several members of the houses of Dorset and Delawarr; these consisted chiefly of marble tablets in relief, placed in the walls, one by Flaxman and another by Chantrey, the former of which, in particular, is admirably conceived and most carefully executed. This whole country, besides, possesses a particular interest. It was formerly covered with an extensive forest, mentioned by Julius Cæsar. Buckhurst itself was built before the time of Elizabeth, by whom it was bestowed upon Leicester, so that it came into the possession of the Dorset family, at the same time and in the same manner as Knowle, and by Lady Delawarr to its present owner.

We now pursued the road to Brighton, which ascends through the park, then winds over a wide heath, afterwards enters a woody district abounding in chalk pits and quarries, and as we approached the sea, the chalk hills again appeared, stretching along the coast. In the clear sky and bright sun, these low chalk hills in the background afforded a peculiar picture, with large fields in the foreground, traversed by rows of black oxen drawing the plough! Then again, barren slopes, on which the scattered sheep were spread about in the most various directions, as they gathered their pasture. The whole presents a singular physiognomy.

The new town of Brighton—little more than one hundred years old—and which at one time increased with such wonderful rapidity, gave me the first impression of a considerable English town. This effect was produced by the great number of small but elegant houses, with their pretty arrangements and ornamental bow-windows on the ground floor, the well-kept squares with iron railings and shrubberies, the numbers of people moving about, and the rich shops.

Even on the way to Brighton, I must observe, that there was much in England which recalled Italy to my mind. This recollection was suggested: first, by the nobler form of the buildings; secondly, a luxuriant vegetation, even fig-trees, ever-green oaks, then the yew, which seems to occupy the place of the cypress, the holly and masses of ivy; thirdly, the mild air; fourthly, the sea; fifthly, the manner in which the people in the smaller places followed their occupations out of doors; sixthly, the numerous large two-wheeled cars upon the roads; and seventhly, the whole build of the people, very different, it is true, from the Italian, but still with a more intellectual appearance.

On entering Brighton we drove straight to the Pavilion, a large paradoxical Indo-Chinese fancy building of George IV., which cost millions. It is the most wonderful building that it is possible to conceive, partaking of the characters of a pagoda, a kiosk, and an odd Chinese stone cupolated edifice; and although the whole, properly speaking, can deserve no other character than that of a mere whim, still it is a magnificent fancy, and consequently carried

out. On the outside, it is surrounded by beautiful green lawns, plantations, and shrubberies, and within, divided into a number of apartments and state rooms, (which are completely Chinese, but decorated with the richest ornaments and looking-glasses of immense size; in the principal richly-gilded drawing-room, a chandelier is suspended from a palm tree, wonderfully spread out on the ceiling, the walls hung with large Chinese pictures on a gold ground, and around the room porcelain vases and towers, girandoles, and such articles in the greatest possible variety. For a splendid court ball in Eastern costume, it would be impossible to conceive any thing more admirably suited, or so tasteful, but at the same time, the plaè is so extraordinary, that a company of persons dressed in modern costume, can only serve to give prominence to its absurdities, and to render the whole ridiculous and intolerable.

The palace is at present empty and forsaken, visited perhaps by the royal family once or twice in the year. Opposite the palace are the stables, with a large rotunda in the middle of them, covered over with a glass roof, whose sides are decorated with numerous wooden ornaments in the Gothic style, and running water in the centre, merely intended for watering the horses; even the kitchen is splendid, and adorned with lofty metal palm trees.

After having inspected the palace, we proceeded towards the sea, which stretches away with its deep clear blue to the most distant horizon. On our way, we saw the somewhat exaggerated bronze statue of George IV., by Chantrey. When Prince of Wales he lived very much at Brighton, in the ninth decennium of the past century, and to him Brighton chiefly owes its rise and importance. Our attention was first directed to the magnificent pier, which stretches out into the sea, composing a series of chain bridges extending from one support to another, and at its extremity a number of steps, by which one may go on board ships lying alongside. This pier was completed in 1822, and cost above £30,000. We proceeded along this magnificent structure to its termination, contemplated the ships and small pleasure-boats rocking about as if the sport of the blue sea which rolled beneath; surveyed with astonishment the immense sea wall, completed in 1838, and which stretches two miles along the coast.

Ornamental bathing-machines in numbers were standing on the beach below; and the attendant nymphs invited us with loud voices, to enjoy the pleasure of a sea bath; time, however, pressed us to pursue our course, and after a hasty lunch in one of the most elegant hotels, the postilions drove our large travelling carriages at a rapid pace out of the town. We drove along the beach, and on our way passed numbers of Brighton visitors, walking, driving, and riding, who, full of curiosity, followed our carriages with their eyes. Our road lay along the sea, which pushed its numerous arms far into the land among marshy plains, overgrown with reeds, so that only

flat lines of coast in the distance approached the sea. At last we arrived at the old Castle of Arundel, which was in existence in the reign of Alfred.

The small town is insignificant; but the large and ancient castle, seated upon a rocky eminence, and surrounded by green foliage, presented a magnificent spectacle as we drove up and passed into the spacious court-yard. Here we immediately perceived that the castle was again divided into two parts, the lower castle, of great extent, and built in the modern Anglo-Gothic style, and the old keep perched upon the summit of the rock, now fallen into ruins, covered with a luxurious growth of ivy, and surrounded by trees. We directed our attention, first, to the lower building. The castle belongs to the Duke of Norfolk, who was absent. The whole interior arrangements are princely. The apartments and state-rooms afford splendid views through their lofty windows, and are partly adorned with interesting pictures, especially portraits. There are here some fine paintings of Van Dyck and Holbein, and among those of the latter, the portrait of that charming Princess of Milan, wooed by Henry VIII. after the execution of Anna Boleyn, who caused the quick answer to be returned to his solicitations—that *if she had two heads, she would accept his proffered hand!* The spacious library, fitted up with cedar-wood, is a magnificent room, and is said to contain many treasures. Not less splendid is the large hall, with its singular and beautiful wooden roof, with which probably the walls formerly harmonised, from the latter, however, the wood-work has been long removed, on account of some repairs or reconstruction. The large modern stained glass windows in this magnificent hall are, unhappily, in the worst flat English historical style.

To me, however, the ancient castle, with its venerable ruins covered with vegetation, was by far the most attractive object. Narrow winding staircases and towers sprang up from the midst of the ivy; small and low-roofed chambers, here and there visible, were pointed out as being formerly the apartments of queens. The view was most extensive and charming, stretching far and wide over forest, and hill, and sea; and from the summit of one of the ivy-mantled towers, there is to be seen half the wall of the fallen corner rooms, with its Gothic windows, as if so disposed to form the materials of a picture. There is also something mysterious connected with the ruined castle, according to the old traditions; owls must always be preserved in the edifice; and there, indeed, at the bottom of the ancient tower, sat several horned and screech owls, which, disturbed by the intrusion, bristled up their feathers, and caused their eyes to sparkle. A net stretched across the tower served to keep them in their domicile, where they are constantly fed, and, when necessary, renewed. With how much pleasure could I have remained in these ruins, to carry away some sketches of their beauty. I warmly recommend these rich romantic materials to every lover of the pencil.

On leaving Arundel, we proceeded to the old city of Chichester. This is the seat of a bishop, and distinguished by a beautiful cathedral, and a splendid ancient octagonal Gothic cross with a clock. These crosses are a sort of tabernacle adorned with small turrets and arches; they served as central places of assembling, and are to be met with in the market-places of many English towns. This is said to be one of the most beautiful, and has a very pleasing and picturesque effect as a foreground to the cathedral. The cathedral itself is very old—built in the thirteenth century, but often destroyed (particularly in 1642, by Cromwell's soldiers), and as often rebuilt or repaired. It is still surrounded by a kind of *campo santo*, cloisters with open Gothic arches, seen through which the cathedral has a magnificent appearance. The style of the church is genuine Norman-Gothic, and still presents remains of the ancient castellated and fortress style. The tower rests upon the centre of the cross of the church, and from which rises a solid stone spire.

Only a part of the interior is at present fitted up as a church. It contains a great many old pictures, of kings of England, and bishops, and also a great number of ancient, curiously carved and ornamented stalls. Here, for the first time, on retiring from the church, there was a violent crowding of the people, curious to see the King of Saxony, and to welcome him with a loud hurrah!

The sun was now sinking, and we hastened on our journey in order to reach Portsmouth. The road thither again approaches the sea, and partly passes through a low marshy district. Still, however, we contrived to pass the outworks of this strong fortress and great naval harbour before sunset. The whole town was in commotion, and crowds were collected around the admiralty buildings, whither his majesty was invited to proceed. A military guard was, however, on duty, and prevented the throng from pressing forward into the large court of the admiralty house. I soon found myself alone in the apartment to which I was shown, and enjoyed from my window the view of this magnificent harbour, in which all the ships were covered with flags, and Admiral Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, was especially adorned with long rows of flags on all her masts. Before me stretched out the vast dock-yards, magazines, and workshops, and in the distance the Isle of Wight, which shelters Spithead from the south winds, so celebrated as a safe anchorage for ships of war. Nothing but the necessity of a quick preparation for dinner could have forced me from the window. At dinner, the whole of the distinguished officers of the Admiralty, in full uniform, were assembled; Sir Charles Rowley, the governor, admirals Parker, Pakenham, and others. And in order that the female beauty of England might be duly represented, they were accompanied by their ladies. Opposite to me was Lady Pakenham, with a head and bust so beautiful and *grandiose*, that they might have

served as a model for Paul Veronese's famous picture of the "Marriage at Cana, in Galilee," and which it was impossible to cease contemplating and admiring.

X.

Cowes, Isle of Wight, May 31st—Evening.

YESTERDAY evening and this morning the arrangements of the arsenal in Portsmouth occupied my attention. The character of the naval service exercises an influence on the every-day wants and necessities. Every thing—the rooms, the fire-places, the beds, large, massive, and sometimes rich. Several young midshipmen lived in the house, and were commissioned among other things to provide for us and our wants. One of them addressed me in Italian, for, next to the English, the Italian is, perhaps, the language most used in the Mediterranean and the East, and particularly in matters of navigation and trade; a last remnant, as it were, of the old power and greatness of Italy at sea.

The forenoon was particularly to be devoted to obtaining a clear and comprehensive idea of the dock-yards and arsenals, and Admiral Parker, notwithstanding his age and his lameness, would not allow himself to be deprived of the pleasure of conducting his majesty in person. First, the docks. At the moment of our arrival one of the large basins, which had been pumped dry, was just being refilled with water in order to float out a large man-of-war which had been under repair there. In a very short time the *Collingwood* was raised from the ground, and when we returned she was outside the basins, and floating gracefully in the harbour. Her destination is the Pacific. We next proceeded to the long building where all the ropes used in ships, from the smallest up to the immense cables, of the thickness of one's ankle, are made. Behind this building were laid long rows of anchors, several of which were higher than a man. Their size may be more easily imagined by considering that they are often five or six tons in weight, each ton weighing 2240 lbs. We also visited the smithies, where the immense hammers are put in motion by steam, which also, amidst howlings and noises of all kinds, moves the bellows of the various furnaces. One of the most remarkable, however, among the buildings, is that in which the machinery by Brunel is placed, which, acting by steam, entirely forms all the blocks for the rigging used in the English navy. The machinery itself is wonderfully clever, and has already been forty years in operation, during which time it has not been found necessary to make a single addition or improvement. We were shown how a block, with its pulley, polished and fastened within and tipped with brass, was completely formed out of a rough piece of

oak. Fourteen hundred can be made every day. Not less important are the buildings where the copper sheathing of the vessels is prepared. We observed how the metal is melted, how it is then flattened out by means of rollers, and how the last roller impresses on it in every part the mark of all the property of the royal navy—the broad arrow: so that one can see upon every little bit of copper that it has been manufactured in a royal arsenal; and, lastly, how the copper nails with which the sheathing is fastened to the ship's keel, are manufactured by thousands. Not till we had visited all the several workshops from which the colossuses of the English navy take their origin, did we proceed to view these latter, several of which were then in the docks, partly in process of building, partly under repair, and partly as a reserve. We began with the frame of a ship which was just being built, which was very interesting to me. It was a remarkable sight; when we stood before it, it lay there like a large building of four stories, upon which the carpenters were still employed; if we looked at it from within it was like standing before one of the antediluvian forests, such masses of oak trunks rested upon the keel and raised up their mighty arms as ribs. The cost of such a construction is necessarily enormous. About 1000*l.* per gun are considered as the expense for a ship of war, without being properly fitted out: thus a ship of eighty guns would cost 80,000*l.*, and so on. We then looked over some ships in a finished state. And first, the steamer, *Victoria and Albert*, in which the queen sailed to Scotland. The arrangements, as may be imagined, are excellent; drawing-rooms, bed-rooms, boudoirs, bath-rooms; in fact, every comfort of a large house in England. Beside it lay a large war steamer, the *Firebrand*, armed with six Paixhans guns which turned upon pivots, and some smaller ones. It was built so as to hold 500 men on deck and 500 between decks. Lastly, we visited the *Neptune*, which was lying there unrigged, a three-decker of 120 guns, capable of containing 1000 men. The height of this floating fortress may be conceived, when I say that from the upper gallery beside the captain's cabin to the level of the water, the depth was about forty feet.

After having now viewed every thing worthy of observation here, we were to make an excursion in the basin of the harbour; and the admiral, notwithstanding his age and his lameness, conducted us to a boat which was ready for us, excellently manned, and ornamented with a handsome awning. The rowers saluted with their oars raised perpendicularly in the air; we embarked, and in a moment the green oars sank into the water, and we darted at lightning's speed over the clear waves. From the distance, a military band saluted us from the *Victory*, festively adorned for the occasion; several other boats filled with spectators passed us, and the boys belonging to the flourishing naval school rowed by, saluting with their oars as they passed; and thus we soon reached the immense magazines for victualling the fleet, situated on the opposite side of

the port. Here, too, every thing was on an enormous scale. We first paid a visit to that part where the ships' biscuit is baked, and stored up. A steam-mill grinds the corn, another kneads the dough for these flat cakes, which when divided and placed upon plates of iron, are again conveyed to the oven by machinery, until the biscuit can be packed in sacks, containing each 120lbs., with which the immense store-rooms are filled. A pound of biscuit is allowed to each man per day. We tasted it, and although it is certainly a pure and nourishing food, we found it so dreadfully hard, that it appeared to us as if the crowning point of English industry were still wanting, namely, a machine to masticate and digest it.

Not less enormous were the provisions of salted meat in other parts of the building; and, lastly, we were shown the long buildings, filled with large iron chests, which have now been for many years in use to preserve fresh water; and this is, indeed, one of the most important improvements of late years in the English navy. The water was formerly kept in casks, and readily became putrid. At present, in these fastened chests of iron, which measure about two cubic yards, the water keeps excellently, and they form at the same time, as they are stowed in the lowest part of the ship, the best of all kinds of ballast. We were now rowed back again, and this time towards the *Victory*, which to-day, in the bright sunshine, looked particularly beautiful with her numerous flags. I had expected something quite different from the holiday ornaments of an admiral's ship. A line is passed over all three masts, and upon this are suspended the national flags, and all those pretty signal flags, by means of which vessels correspond with each other.

As we intended inspecting the vessel, we came alongside, the ladder hung down from an entering port; the rowers of our boat formed a living railing with their arms, and we thus conveniently ascended the 'tween decks. There his majesty was received by the officers, whilst the sailors, standing upon the yards of the vessel, gave three hearty cheers. It has a solemn effect, when one thus ascends to the quarter-deck through the dark passages of the 'tween-decks, finds there the crew under arms, and hears the national anthem played by a full military band. The sun shone gloriously, the sea, with its beautiful emerald-green tinge, glanced and sparkled, all the ships round about were ornamented with flags, and all at once a salute of twenty-one guns, in quick succession, rang out from the port holes of the lower deck, so that the grayish smoke floated up through the rigging and mingled with the blue air. It produced a solemn and grand effect. We now visited the lower deck, inspected the hammocks and the food, tasted the grog, looked over the kitchens and hospital, examined the officers' rooms, and were shown the remarkable spot where Nelson received his death-wound, and that where he died. It is a little space on the 'tween-decks, close to one of the guns which project from the port-holes. His laconic address before the battle of Trafalgar, "*England expects*

every man to do his duty," is written in golden letters on the cornice, as one ascends to the quarter-deck: and no one can deny that he himself was always the first to fulfil his duty; and that his example still exercises a favourable influence upon the efforts of the nation, to preserve and to increase the national glory.

We now left the ship, and descended into our boat. The sailors again manned the yards, and again as we left the side, twenty-one shots were fired from the port-holes; the effect of these shots heard from the water was different, and still grand. We landed at the Admiralty, where a luncheon awaited us; and at half-past one we went on board the beautifully fitted-up yacht *Fanny*, a capital sailer, to cross over to the Isle of Wight.

The afternoon also was splendid; a gentle breeze wafted us across the blue waters along the bastions of Portsmouth, which again saluted us with cannon; and as if in order that we might miss no sight worthy of our notice, we met here a large three-decker, the *St. Vincent*, which had just set all sail in order to get into the Channel, where she was to wait further orders. It is rare to see such an immense ship with all her sails set, like an enormous swan upon the sea. The *Fanny* sailed round her, therefore, a few times, to allow us to enjoy the sight, which was rendered still more beautiful by the customary salute. In short, the whole passage was delightful, and we landed in the island, at the pier of Ryde, shortly after three o'clock; an immense concourse of people awaited our arrival; but our carriages, which were waiting for us, quickly carried us out of their sight.

The coasts of the island present a cheerful aspect, and each little village extends itself, with its pretty country-houses surrounded by green parks, down to the sea; trees overgrown with ivy round about, hilly country beyond. We crossed a part of the island by land, until we again came in sight of the blue sea and the chalk cliffs; it was at Shanklin. We there descended to the sea-shore. The cliffs consist, as in Rügen, of red sandstone interspersed with white chalk; and beyond these the beach, just at that time left dry by the tide, extended itself to a considerable distance, offering great facilities for sea-bathing. This point seemed to us one which would be very pleasant to reside at for some days, and even weeks; to the mere passer-by, however, it offers nothing particularly grand or striking. (This appears, in fact, rather the character of the whole island, which seems to me, as it were, a large delta belonging to the river at Southampton.) It is used for this purpose also by many English, and even by the royal family. It is a sort of *Buen Retiro*, quite suited for the man of business or of state, who wishes to breathe the pure air. We ascended from the beach into a sort of ravine, hollowed out in the sand-rocks, called Shanklin Chine, in which some pretty paths are laid out through the under-wood; and a brooklet forms several miniature waterfalls. But the several views of the sea give importance even to these trifles; just

as an unimportant person, when drawn into the circle of great events, becomes historically important. We then drove further along valleys and over hills, and always came upon new views of little bays and glittering sands. The afternoon was splendid, the sky so blue, and the sun so warm, that all this, together with the bushes of *laurocerasus*, the *ilex* which we saw at times, and the ivy which covered sometimes, not only the wall, but even the roof, transported me several times in imagination to Italy.

At last we reached St. Boniface, situated on the higher part of the southern coast—the so-called Undercliff—the houses of which, being white, with very flat roofs, and built along chalky heights, decidedly recall Italy to the mind. From this point we enjoyed a splendid view, both towards the land and over the sea. Thence right across the island, through curious hollow ways and over downs, through Newport (the chief town of this little island) to Cowes, where we reached our quarters, in a club-house situated on the sea, just as the moon, which to-day suffered a partial eclipse, was rising clearly above the horizon. The club to which this house belongs is composed of rich naval amateurs, each of whom must possess at least one commodiously fitted up yacht. From time to time they hold meetings here, with an admiral chosen by themselves at their head; the oil portrait of the present admiral, Lord Yarborough, ornamented the room in which we supped.

XI.

LONDON.

June 1st—Evening.

YESTERDAY evening, at nine o'clock, a cheerful little *souper-dinatoire* in the quiet and peaceful Isle of Wight; this evening, at eight, a full-dress dinner-party in the splendid apartments of the Queen of England! Thus do the waves of life cast us hither and thither; and there could be no more agreeable employment than that of looking at the play of the waves of the sea, were it not for the deep meaning which lies hidden in this oscillating motion!

This morning, again, was splendid! At half-past five I was on the sea-beach, before the pretty little club-house at Cowes, admiring the several sorts of sea-weed, the blocks of freestone full of petrified conchylia, the splendid sparkling of the sea, enjoying the air balmy with the breath of morning, and considering attentively the various vessels at anchor in the bay. At six o'clock we rowed off to our *Fanny*, which was followed by a large steamer, destined to take her in tow in case of the wind shifting against us. At first it was entirely favourable, and all the sails were set, in order, before returning to Southampton, to visit the western point of the Isle of Wight and the Needles. The sail was beautiful, the coast ex-

tended itself in graceful curves, and the effect of the sea was magnificent. To the right, on the coast of England, the fort of Hurst Castle, with its broad old batteries, and its two red lighthouses, came in sight; and somewhat further, the cliffs of the Isle of Wight rose more majestically, distinguished by various layers of bluish and reddish sand, which again made way for white chalk. Now the Needles hove in sight; the high chalk-rocks, stretching out in a line into the sea, beautifully illuminated by the beams of the morning sun, surrounded by innumerable gulls and divers, and set off by the deep green of the sea. The sight was beautiful; the brownish or greenish setting round the base of the rocks, the shining of the sharp projections of the chalk, the sparkle of the lofty chalk cliffs in the island itself, the thin clouds which floated along the horizon, and the continually changing views and groupings which were produced by every heel and pitch of our *Fanny*. I shall never forget it! We sailed past the rocks, so as to see them also from the west, and to have the open sea before us, and then turned back to the entrance of the Channel between England and the island. From this time the wind was against us, and we should have advanced but slowly, had not the steamer immediately taken us in tow. The sail back again was also rich in interesting views.

At twelve o'clock we went down into the cabin of this very elegant vessel to lunch; this was properly my first meal on board an English ship, and, therefore, important to me. I found every thing so poetical under this glazed cover in the middle of the cabin, in the pretty little saloon illumined by the sun from above, and tossing about upon the waves. From this sort of existence, with all the comforts which social life can bestow, and yet entirely free from every other connexion with society, this swimming upon the connecting bond of union of the earth, and by this very means the power of enjoying the beauties of its most beautiful coasts—I can well understand how love of the sea may become a passion, and can conceive the origin, therefore, of a yacht-club. We had several sorts of excellent cold meat, Sherry, and some large potatoes, properly dressed only for the sailors; every thing was so different from our ideas, and was eaten with such an appetite. We also conversed on many subjects with the officers. One in particular attracted my attention by something delicate and amiable in his manners; I learned that he was from Geneva, was called Prevost, and was a relation of my acquaintance, the naturalist, Prevost. He related to us, among other things, some anecdotes of the yacht-club, in whose club-house we had slept the night before. These were well adapted to give us some idea of English riches. He told us, for example, that one of the members, a Mr. Akers, had had the handsomest yacht in the club built (we saw her afterwards, the *Brilliant*), for about 30,000*l.*, and only went on board the vessel perhaps once or twice a year, because the sea did not agree with him; his joining the club was thus merely a whim, which, however, assisted him to spend an income of some 42,000*l.*

a year. Another, the above-mentioned Lord Yarborough, on the contrary, is so exceedingly fond of the sea, that he offered to build and fit out a frigate at his own expense, provided he might be permitted to command her. His offer was, however, refused, as all officers in the navy must rise regularly, and after submitting their qualifications to the test of an examination. Other members of the club, again, employ their yachts in considerable voyages—sail to Lisbon, Malta, Sicily, or Egypt. One had even been to China. We also heard much of the sailor's life of the young man himself. He had been, for example, several times engaged in chasing slavers; and one case that he related to us was dreadful enough. They had captured a vessel under the suspicion of being a slaver. At first they were unable to find any slaves on board; but, at last, a sailor wishing to taste the wine, pierced a cask, and, instead of the wine which he expected, blood flowed from the aperture. This was the blood of a negro! and it was found afterwards, that all the negroes on board had suffered themselves to be packed up in casks, under the belief that the English were approaching with the intention of murdering them. Our voyage passed quickly in conversation and anecdotes, and at half-past two we entered the bay—Southampton river—and shortly afterwards came in sight of the forest of masts, and the town of Southampton.

In sailing up the river we perceived on the right the beautiful ruins of Netley Abbey, half hidden by large beech and lime trees. The shortness of the time did not permit us to land, but the telescope brought the ruins near to our eye, and the high roof of the church, with its empty Gothic windows, peeped out from among the trees in the most picturesque manner. There, no doubt, might studies of great importance have been made.

At half-past three we landed on the pier of Southampton, where his majesty was received by the authorities, and a large concourse of people, with the customary "three cheers." I must, however, say, that I consider the sound "hurrah," as it is pronounced in England, very much the reverse of musical; the German, "hoch," sounds to me much better. Carriages which were waiting for us, conveyed us quickly to the railway station, where a special train was in readiness to convey us still more quickly to the metropolis. The distance is about eighty miles, which was performed with almost frightful speed in two hours. Wooded hills and fields, meadows and heaths, the country about Winchester, passed rapidly across the windows of our carriage, and only the houses, which became closer together and less interspersed with gardens, and a mass of chimneys and roofs, stretching away till they were lost in the distance, and clouds of whitish smoke resting on the city, showed that we were now arrived at the southern extremity of London.

Prince Albert received the king at the railroad, and the party being immediately conducted to the carriages in waiting, we drove rapidly through a number of small streets, past rows of houses in the

course of erection, over Vauxhall-bridge to Buckingham-palace, where his majesty was to reside; a large roomy apartment, well-furnished with books, on the ground-floor, looking towards the garden; was assigned to me. At eight o'clock the visitors and household in full uniform (though in mourning for the Duke of Coburg) assembled in the magnificent drawing-room of the palace. This splendid apartment is lighted from above, the light being admitted through very thick glass, in which coats of arms and stars are either cut or cast, like those ground arabesques which we are accustomed to see on large and splendid drinking goblets. The effect is very rich, as is that of all the other ornaments; and this light is very well adapted for exhibiting the numerous and admirable paintings which surround the apartment. The usual presentations took place. His majesty the king led Queen Victoria to table, where for the first time I had an opportunity of witnessing all the luxury and splendour of the English court displayed. Covers were laid for fifty persons in a noble apartment adorned with large portraits; at the further end of the room the magnificent sideboard was loaded with a prodigious quantity of gold plate, consisting of golden cups, salvers, and other ornamental vessels, richly engraved; above the sideboard there was a covered gallery for the queen's band, which was wholly concealed from view. The band first played "God save the Queen," and then several overtures. I cannot, however, enter further into a description of the splendid company assembled, of the rich uniforms of the high court officers in waiting, of the Scottish Highland costume, which was not wanting, and of the luxury and magnificence of the repast. According to old English usage, the queen with all the ladies rose and retired soon after the dessert was served. The gentlemen followed in about a quarter of an hour, and proceeded into the newly-ornamented drawing-rooms, where tea was served, and several pieces of music were played by the band. The first was Mendelssohn's beautiful march from the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

We hear that the Emperor of Russia is expected to arrive here to-morrow.

XII.

London, June 2nd—Evening.

THERE is a peculiar feeling of loneliness and desertion which arises in the mind of a stranger, who is all at once thrown into the midst of such an ocean of men and houses as London is. Such a feeling had forced itself upon me this morning. On this day diplomatic relations demanded presentations, visits, announcements—in all which I had no concern, and I felt myself in this great palace in some measure an isolated being, surrounded by the most remarkable things in this great city, but in want of any medium of reach-

ing my proper sphere at the right time and in the proper way. When lo!—as if sent by a good destiny—what I stood in need of soon presented itself. Dr. Freund, a young German physician, who some years ago had acted as medical companion to Prince Pückler, had been furnished by me in Dresden with letters of introduction, which were intended for America, whither he proposed to go; but in reality they proved so useful to him in London, that he preferred remaining in England. Feelings of gratitude led him to find me out, and to offer me his services. I took him immediately at his word, and begged him to conduct me to Professor Owen, to whom, as one of the most distinguished comparative anatomists and physiologists, I had already announced myself for this day, in a letter from Brussels.

For the first time I went forth to-day alone, and for myself, into this remarkable London. On our way to the College of Surgeons, where Professor Owen resides, and which lies at a considerable distance from the palace, we walked and drove through a number of considerable streets and squares of this capital of the world. It was Sunday, which, as is well known, is observed in England with almost puritanical strictness; the streets are, therefore, comparatively speaking, little frequented on Sundays, and I had a clearer view of the city. The impression produced may be best expressed by the three words—greatness, extent, order. The part of London through which I drove yesterday had a *mesquin* appearance; to-day I have for the first time really had the feeling—"I am in London."

On leaving Buckingham Palace one enters St. James's park, which lies in front of the royal residence. This is really a park, with extensive pieces of water and clumps of large trees, above which rise the towers of the ancient Abbey of Westminster, and with enclosures of grass here and there, on which sheep are pasturing. To the left is the Mall, along which palace after palace seem to present themselves in succession, separated from the public walk by small gardens; these, however, are for the most part private houses merely outwardly built on a uniform plan, and in a line. I passed St. James's Palace, which has all the appearance of antiquity, with its two prominent flat Gothic towers, saw the celebrated Haymarket and Queen's Theatres, drove through Trafalgar-square, with its monumental recollections, where, together with other statues, that of Nelson has just been placed on the top of a lofty column, and some fountains are in course of erection. We then passed through several of the large, elegant, and well-planted squares, which with good reason are called "the lungs of London." There is on all hands evidence of the taste for erecting monuments and statues, and there is no want of men who are worthy of the honour, but a great want of sculptors who are capable of producing any thing great and satisfactory. Occasionally, too, monuments are no doubt erected to persons whose deserts are small enough; and hence the common saying with respect to that of the Duke of York, whose statue is ele-

vated upon a very lofty column, "that he was no doubt placed so high in order to be completely out of the reach of his creditors."

The College of Surgeons, too, stands in Lincoln's-inn-fields, a large open, well-planted square. It is a large building, blackened with coal-smoke, with a beautiful doric portico. This college contains the valuable Hunterian Museum, of which Professor Owen is the director and expositor, as well as augments. Owen pleases me thoroughly—a sensible, able man—deeply versed in what is old, and ready for the reception of what is new, who has with great propriety been recently characterised as the Cuvier of England. He is at present busily engaged in microscopical observations, which only a few years ago were unknown in England, in the departments of anatomy and physiology, and from which such great results have been obtained in Germany; and as he has directed his particular attention to the organic remains of the primitive world, he has also obtained very important results in this department, from the application and use of the microscope.

He received me with visible pleasure, and we immediately proceeded to inspect a collection which is in many respects extremely rich, and whose chief treasures are arranged in a large room, lighted from above, with two galleries, one above the other, which extend round the whole apartment. On the very entrance the attention is immediately arrested by the rarest fossil animals; on the right, the great armadillo from Buenos Ayres (*clyptodon clavipes*), with its massive bony scales, almost like an immense egg, of the size of the largest drum. Opposite to it, on the left, is a gigantic creature of the sloth tribe (*mylodon robustus*), with its bird-like pelvis, and rudely powerful structure of bones, set up as if about to ascend the stem of a tree. At the end of the room, the skeleton of a magnificent elephant rises far above every thing around. In all directions are presented to the eye of the connoisseur things of the rarest description, in particular the remains of that immense New Zealand bird of the primitive world (the *dinornis*), which was more than one-half as large again as the ostrich; and of all existing birds, seems to have been most nearly related to the singular *apteryx* found in New South Wales. Bones of several species have been found, but unfortunately no perfect skull has as yet been met with. Here, too, for the first time, I had an opportunity of seeing the remarkable remains and impressions of the singular primitive Sepia, found in Wiltshire in making cuttings for a railroad, the termination of whose bodies appears in the shape of a sharp projection of chalk, long known as occurring by millions in the chalk formations of Germany, which, without their real character being known, have been called Belemnites. When I formerly made a collection of them in the chalk cliffs of Rügen, and on the hills in Würtemberg, their peculiar formation led me to a variety of speculations, but now the riddle was all at once fully solved. There is on the whole no country which offers so many inducements and opportunities for the

study of fossil remains as England, where, in addition to the vast colossal Amphibia first perfectly known in this country, the great Mammalia of the primitive world lie in masses in its soil. Professor Owen told me that it may be truly affirmed that in England the remains or single portions of at least 1000 Ichthyosauri, and 2000 mammoths, have been already discovered. On the east coast the remains of mammoths often lie far out under the sea, and fishermen not unfrequently suffer injury in their nets from catching on the tusks of these primitive elephants.

I was, however, still more interested in the powerful skulls of the *toxodon platensis*, discovered by Darwin in Parana, because in it, as well as in that of the wonderful *dinotherium*, which was dug up in Darmstadt, that particular form of head appears, which indicates the lowest of all the formations of the skull hitherto known. The base of the skull, which in men is elevated and curves upward, and even in the lower animals (such as fish—Amphibia), runs completely horizontal, in these primitive Mammalia is absolutely convex and bent *downwards*. Here may be also seen a remarkable object of curiosity in the section of the really immense grinder of a megatherium.

It is not, however, merely fossil remains in which the museum is so rich; it contains in several thousand preparations, the different forms and relative structures of the human and animal organisation, admirably preserved and systematically arranged, together with numerous pathological and other remarkable objects, into the explanation of which I cannot in this place further enter.* I shall merely mention two extremes of the size of the human body, one, the skeleton of an Irishman, of the stupendous length of eight feet two inches, and the second that of the smallest Englishman (six years old), of only twenty inches in length. Generally speaking, the relation of intellectual greatness between these two races is usually the reverse.

During the inspection of these objects, and our conversation respecting them, Cuvier was necessarily often present to our minds, and a remarkable circumstance which occurred, brought him and his works in the most lively manner before us. A lady, accompanied by two gentlemen, was announced to Professor Owen; she exhibited a much greater interest in, and knowledge of, fossil remains and anatomical preparations, than is usually displayed even by women of cultivated minds. When they had taken leave, the

* I may, however, just direct the attention of professional men to an admirable preparation of the nervous system of the *Limulus gigas*, preserved under glass in spirits of wine; to a preparation of the remarkable bundles of arteries in the thigh of the ornithorhynchus, by which its relation to the sloth tribe is pointed out; to the chlamydosaurus of Australia, and to the preparations showing the manner in which the race of the ornithorhynchus was perpetuated. Eggs are found in the oviducts in November; in December the young come forth; coitus in October.

riddle was solved; she proved to be Cuvier's favourite daughter-in-law, accompanied by her husband, Admiral Ducray.

Professor Owen proposed to accompany me to the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's park, an offer which I cheerfully accepted. On our way thither, which is a considerable distance, I had an opportunity of seeing many new localities. In the middle of the town, and in the neighbourhood of the squares on the north side of London, we came several times to gates of cast-iron railing, which were only opened on special application. This peculiarity arises from the vast extension of London, which embraces all the immediate neighbourhood in its giant arms. Large fields and gardens, formerly held by individuals as landed property, have been progressively absorbed, and are now covered with streets and squares. The ground still belongs to individual proprietors (such as the Duke of Bedford and Lord Portman), who, in such cases, have erected these gates, both to mark the limits of their estates and their rights over the property. This extension of London has led to the growth of vast estates; these lands have been generally let to builders and others, at low ground rents, for a specified term of years, at the termination of which the whole falls into the possession of the landowner or his heirs. I was informed, that in a short time some of these districts will fall in, and become the property of families already enormously rich; and it may be easily supposed of what great value such squares and streets in London really are!

The Zoological Gardens, like almost all the institutions and societies of modern England, were created and exist by means of private subscriptions. These gardens occupy a considerable space on the northern side of the Regent's park, are of great extent, and admirably laid out. They resemble the *Jardins des Plantes*, in Paris, in having a great number of single and neatly-built habitations for individual animals or families, but have a great advantage over the Paris gardens in a more abundant supply of water and numerous pretty ponds for water-fowl and water Mammalia. I met with many things here which were new to me. For the first time, I saw a living specimen of the orang-utang, and the saying of old Linnæus was immediately suggested to my mind: "Homini quam similis bestia turpissima nobis!" This specimen was, indeed, small, and somewhat dull; but notwithstanding that, its form and habits displayed something in the highest degree repugnant. The creature was dressed in a jacket, and thus the whole of his actions and movements, his gestures, climbing and petitioning for food, closely resembled the mien and conduct of a neglected, idiotic, ill-shaped, scrofulous child. His English education, too, was honourably exhibited by his having been taught to sit at table and to drink a small cup of tea with milk in it. Not far from the orang-utang, a sloth (*bradypus tridactylus*) stretched himself out on the stem of a tree, placed in his compartment for his convenience, and it must be admitted that his appearance had something much more

consistent in it, and was much more endurable than that of his neighbour. The family of giraffes, those yellow-brown swans of the desert, was charming. It consisted of two females and two young ones, one only thirteen days old. The male was very large, full eighteen feet high. Then two elephants—one, a young female, trotted about with a large saddle on her back, fitted so as to hold several persons, perfectly obedient to her guide, and furnishing immense delight to the boys who were favoured with this novel species of ride; the other was a male, thirty years old. There, too, the almost antediluvian colossus of the rhinoceros raised his heavy head, with his small, malicious eyes, over the barrier of his peculiar compartment. The wild cats, lions, tigers, and bears, had a particular building appropriated to themselves, and another house was admirably fitted up with a number of trees with bare boughs, as a suitable domicile for an immense number of monkeys. This presented almost a South American picture in the bright sunshine—for the day was throughout beautiful and warm—to see a great number of these wonderful creatures chasing one another, and performing their evolutions among the branches. Not far from the monkey-house, there were kangaroos and other marsupials, whilst the animals of the deer species (among them the *cervus hippelaphus*), and those of the horse family, and the rarer descriptions of sheep and goats, were pasturing in open grass plots, separated from one another by iron or wooden fences. The arrangements for keeping the birds were also beautiful, and the collection comprised some of the rarest species. Several were new to me, as the beautiful gray vulture (*vultur leuconothus*), and the *polyporus vulgaris*, from Brazil. Rare water-fowls breed in the little ponds appropriated to them on small artificial islands made for the purpose, and carefully protected from the assaults of water-rats, by being surrounded by a small wire fence. The *cercopsis* of New Holland has already bred regularly for several years in the Zoological Gardens. I had never previously seen a living specimen of the trumpeter (*psophia crepitans*), from South America. It would be endless to enter upon a description of all the rarities contained in these gardens, and I must, therefore, pass over the splendid parrots, collected, like the monkeys, in their separate house, the great condors, and the ostriches, walking about in the open air, within their peculiar enclosure, &c. &c. I cannot, however, omit an especial mention of one of the rarest animals, which, for the first time, has been brought alive to Europe for this collection—the *siren lacertina*—the black siren, which has its habitation in the marshes of Central America, of the size and form of an eel, and only distinguished from this fish by its small salamander feet. It is kept in a small reservoir of turbid water, and was only brought upon dry ground with great difficulty, and for a short time.

In addition to the living animals, the Zoological Gardens also contain a very rich gallery of stuffed beasts, in which there are

many rare and ornamental creatures to engage the attention and form subjects of remark.

We passed out of the gardens into the public walks of the park through a gate which is so constructed by means of a revolving mechanism as to allow all to pass freely out, but to prevent any from entering in. There are many cases in which such doors would be very desirable elsewhere as well as in the Regent's park. Here, its object is to facilitate the collection of the shillings from those who go to view the collection and promenade in the gardens.

On this sunny evening the Regent's park was full of walkers; it is for the most part uniform, and the broad pieces of green turf with fine, short, and well-rolled grass, form by far the most attractive of its charms. Places of public refreshment, coffee-gardens, and the like, without which a German can scarcely form an idea of a promenade, do not exist here, at least in the places frequented by good society. This is quite to my taste, as among us the most delightful places are completely destroyed by being made assembling places for smoking cigars and drinking beer. Some of the streets adjoining the park, such as Portland-place and Regent-street are splendid. The latter terminates in what is called the Quadrant, a short street bent in the form which the name denotes, with a colonnade on each side, the top of which reaches to the first floor, and is perfectly uniform in its structure. This excessive uniformity is very far from pleasing, and it clearly convinced me how dreadful a city would be in which such uniformity of architecture prevailed throughout. The deep interest of humanity and its high significance are grounded upon the immense diversities which the individuals of which it is composed exhibit, and therefore, in all that relates to man, uniformity ought to be most carefully avoided: for this very reason war may be characterised as irrational, and calculated to bring shame upon humanity because it has produced, preserved, and even in peace made a plaything for princes out of this system of uniformity.

In these magnificent streets it is a peculiarity of the recent architecture that it gains a basement story, which, however, is not really *subterranean*, because open spaces are preserved, separated from the streets by iron railings, and over which a small bridge leads from every door to the public footway, merely in order to secure sufficient light and air for the kitchens and domestic offices, which are in the basement. Thus, every possible means is adopted to save room, and this crowding and pushing together of the living renders it daily more difficult to find places of sepulture for the dead. The grave-yards in, and immediately around London are nearly all filled, and a company is being formed in shares for the construction of cemeteries at some distance from the city; it forms a part of their plan to fix the cemeteries in districts through which railroads pass, in order to afford facilities of sending out trains of dead bodies to their final resting-place. Oh, Sir Jacques! what stuff is here for deep, sad, melancholy reflections! Such a train with coffins behind

a locomotive! What a mode of proceeding to the house of rest for all living, with more than the rapidity of a storm!

It was sunset when I returned to the palace, and I had little more than time to make a few notes, as the time had arrived to dress for dinner, at which, to-day, the Emperor of Russia, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel were to me the most remarkable persons. To-day, also, I had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of a man to whom the royal pair of England are peculiarly attached, in consequence of the share which he has had in the education of both—Baron Stockmar, a man of really scientific mind and education, and a well-known admirer of Göthe.

XIII.

Windsor Castle, June the 3rd—Evening.

EACH day furnishes new elements for intellectual development! The most important for me to-day, was my first visit to the British Museum, and a view of the marbles of the Parthenon.

Early in the morning I had an opportunity of forming a nearer acquaintance with a London practising physician. I paid a visit to Sir James Clark, who has published a work on the climate of Italy, and is regarded as one of the first physicians in the metropolis,—often consulted by the queen. Physicians of this description are, generally speaking, obliged to remain at home to receive patients till twelve or one o'clock in the day. Their patients are shown into an ante-chamber, whence they are in due order admitted to an interview, receive advice, and pay their sovereign. This practice is attended with many conveniences, and before the doctor drives out to visit his other patients at their respective homes, his *receipts* may have been more valuable than the *receipts* which, after examining his patients, he prescribes for their relief. Moreover, I myself had my first medical consultation in London to-day, to which several others will succeed.

I was now free, and had something more than an hour at my disposal before our departure for Windsor, from which I write. This hour I appropriated to a hasty visit to the British Museum, which on this day has been fully opened to the public. The exterior of the building is old and unsuitable, but so much the richer are the treasures preserved within—the most extraordinary of all are the Elgin marbles. Immediately afterwards I wrote what follows in my pocket-book: “Have my eyes then, indeed, seen this too? Never shall I forget the view which opened to me as I stood in the room of the Phigalian marbles, and the wide hall appropriated to those of the Parthenon lay open before me! In what a different situation *lay here* the remains of the three goddesses of destiny be-

fore me! Immense, and yet so beautiful; superhuman, and yet so soft! How well the truly perfect forms a suitable centre from which, right and left, in all directions, every thing declines into the imperfect, is here made most obvious by comparing the originals with casts in plaster of Paris; the slight difference between the cast and the original, has in such circumstances an extremely powerful effect! This does not depend *merely* on the form, but is a question of *substance* also, in which the beautiful material of the marble, even although so much weather-beaten and injured, is to be considered."

The friezes of the temple of Phigalia were already well known to me from Stackelberg's casts; but these are not to be named in the same day with the works of Phidias. They are, besides, very small, scarcely one-fourth the size of life, and frequently rude and imperfect in execution, but in liveliness and *naïveté* of conception, still genuine *Greek*. Still more interesting are the statues and *relievos* from Lycia. But what is there which after all appears any thing more than a mere attempt, in comparison with the primitive grandeur and perfection of the Parthenon? The great works of Egypt alone maintain their ground in their *own sphere*, even when compared with those of the Parthenon! And the power which an iron and thoroughly enduring character exercises—from whatever it arises—can only be completely comprehended on entering the great hall, in which the colossal sphinxes, the statues of Memnon and Osiris, the canephoreæ and the sarcophagi stand!

I should almost say, if the whole of the phenomena of the world really present us with two sides, that of perpetual fluctuation and movement in individuals and of infinite permanence and endurance in the whole, two rays are reflected from these sides, both upon the whole course of human life, and upon the domain of poetry and the arts. In the perfect works of the Greeks, and especially in those of the Parthenon, the principle of motion is seized and delineated in the most admirable manner; whilst in the Egyptian works of art, the power of firmness and endurance is wonderfully realised. If I cast my eyes upon the drapery of those magnificent recumbent female figures, which are masterpieces of Grecian art—look away, and then again return to their contemplation—it is as if a breath of air had passed over them, and the folds of the drapery were changed, or the loose garments had been somewhat displaced by the heaving of the bosom or the breathing life of the body; but look as often as one will upon the statues of Osiris or Anubis, not a fold or a feature undergoes in imagination the shadow of a change, and centuries seem to pass over them as if they were hours. This completely corresponds with the magnificent ideas put into the mouth of the sphinx by Göthe, in the second part of "Faust:"

"We, of Egyptian race, have long been accustomed to reign for centuries; when we are left alone, we regulate the solar and the lunar day; we remain sitting before the pyramids like judges of

the nations of the earth; we witness inundations, wars, and peace, in succession, without moving a muscle of our countenances."

All this I must hereafter consider at greater length. So much, however, is certain, that the expectations which I had been led to entertain of the glorious treasures in the British Museum, were fully realised.

Even to-day I could not omit casting a hasty glance upon the *animal kingdom*, as it is called in England. On this occasion I passed by, without particular notice, the large rooms which contain the shells, insects, stuffed Mammalia, and birds, and turned my particular attention to the geological compartments, in which the remains of those once living creatures are exhibited, which go still further back into the history of the earth, than the Egyptian arts, which were in their best days, in the centuries immediately succeeding Moses, as can now be proved from the explanation of several hieroglyphic writings.

By the purchase of Dr. Mantell's large collection, the British Museum has made a most important addition to its former collection of fossil remains, and it is really a splendid sight to contemplate the heads, and even whole skeletons of these huge Amphibia, of what may be *really called old England*, imbedded in the marl strata in which they are found, as well as completely free. These extraordinary heads of two, three, or four feet long, exhibit such a wonderful appearance, because the large eyes, which (like those of many living Amphibia) contain a circle of flat bones, are exhibited as fixed in their sockets, and even now appear intent on prey. Here are Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri from twenty to thirty feet long, immense Iguanodons, and the remains of huge fossil salamanders and tortoises. Here also are to be seen the remains of the powerful Megatherium of many mammoths, and the immense Missurium discovered by Koch in the district of Missouri, and recently purchased by the English government for an enormous sum, which, however, in consequence of a more accurate anatomical knowledge of the structure and position of its tusks, has ceased to appear so extraordinary as it formerly did, and is evidently nearly related to the Mastodon. In this collection, too, there exists in the skeleton found in the island of Guadeloupe, the only instance of human fossil remains. The portion preserved consists of some of the lower vertebræ of the back, the pelvis, and the lower extremities, found embedded, indeed, in a species of rock of very recent formation, consisting of coagulated fragments of coral and shells.

I now drove back, and at three o'clock set out with the whole court to the palace of Windsor. The drive to the railroad furnished me with a new opportunity of forming some idea of the size and immense population of London. Curiosity to see the train of open royal carriages, accompanied by a guard of lancers, had collected such a vast mass of persons along the whole line of road from Buck-

ingham Palace to the station of the Great Western Railroad—about half an hour's ride—that every possible position for seeing was occupied. Elegant carriages, often two or three rows deep, were drawn up on the sides of the way, and were intermixed with a great number of ladies and gentlemen, mounted on beautiful horses, who either stopped whilst the court equipages passed, or occasionally accompanied and followed them. The houses, too, were all full of life; windows and balconies in all directions crowded with spectators, male and female; and in addition to all this, an immense throng of persons on foot—such as is momentarily collected in London—of omnibuses, hackney-coaches, and cabs, which traverse London in all directions in thousands.

The crowd at and around the railroad station was immense, but notwithstanding this, the best order was everywhere preserved, partly from a natural love of order in the people themselves, and partly by the activity and good management of a large body of police, distinguished by their simple but elegant blue uniform. The London constabulary are not provided with arms of any description, but merely carry a short staff of office in the breast pocket, which, although short, is heavy, and may, when occasion requires, be used as a weapon both of offence and defence. In the police, however, the people recognise the preservers of peace, order, and law, and cases are very rare in which any opposition is offered, or resistance made to their authority.

In itself alone, the railroad station is a colossal affair, and has called into life a completely new and continually increasing district of the town in its immediate neighbourhood. The Great Western is, indeed, one of the chief lines of that immense net of railroads with which the whole country is covered, and in addition to special trains, others start regularly every hour or half hour, nay, sometimes, on extraordinary occasions, every ten minutes!

The distance from London to Slough, eighteen miles, was accomplished in very little more than half an hour, and at Slough other royal carriages were in waiting, in order to convey us rapidly through the small and ancient town of Eton to the palace of Windsor. As we passed by the celebrated college of Eton, founded by Henry VI., the boys were drawn up in front of this ancient Gothic edifice, most of them dressed in black, but some in scarlet coats, and welcomed the King of Saxony and saluted the queen with a hearty hurrah!

I now drove up to and entered this magnificent pile—the oldest of the royal residences of England—in which the Saxon kings held court before the time of William the Conqueror, which was rebuilt in the reign of Edward III., and finally completely restored and repaired in that of George IV.—but always with a strict adherence to the original architectural design of the building. The magnificent gray towers and beautiful turrets, the lofty Gothic windows, the extensive

courts, the strong portecullises and the broad terraces which surround the castle, all contribute to make a grand and right royal impression upon the mind.

Apartments have been assigned me looking towards the large court-yard of the castle, and just opposite to my windows, upon a mound in the midst of the whole pile, stands the large and lofty round tower, on which the flag-staff of the castle is placed. This is the tower in which James I. of Scotland was kept a prisoner; but the chambers, like all the rest of the noble edifice, are now fitted up with all the luxury and comforts of the British court. On the left, I have a view of the wing near the grand entrance, and on the right, of the extensive wing, lighted by lofty Gothic windows, which is assigned for the use of the Emperor of Russia. Under the influence of the mid-day sun and of a clear and cloudless sky, the whole presents a most charming picture, and being now in my own chamber, free from all the bustle and ceremony of a reception at the castle, and feeling myself forgotten by the world, I availed myself of the leisure and quiet which it afforded to impress the scene upon my memory, and to realise it for the future by taking a hasty sketch in oils of this remarkable locality. This was, to me, a peaceful and most comfortable hour.

In the evening dinner was served upon the most splendid scale—even of royal magnificence. What rooms, what pomp, what brilliancy and splendour; the fairy tales realised before my eyes, and all this in an old gray weather-beaten castle!

Covers were laid for sixty persons, and all were served upon gold. Dr. R., the physician of the Emperor of Russia, who sat next to me, told me that such an entertainment was unparalleled even in Petersburg.

After dinner I was presented to the Emperor of Russia, who was pleased to converse with me cheerfully for a few minutes in French. An autocrat in every movement! He immediately brought to my mind Egypt and its arts!

XIV.

Windsor Castle, June 4th—Evening.

TO-DAY, again, I have been free, and at liberty to apply my time according to my own pleasure. I determined, therefore, after being present at some consultations which I had agreed to attend in London, to visit the large lunatic asylum between Windsor and London.

Early in the morning, I walked the short distance through Eton to the railroad. In Eton, I took a view of the court of the old college, and obtained a sight of the church belonging to the institution. These buildings were erected in the fifteenth century, and

are built in a massive heavy Gothic style, without ornament; but, notwithstanding this, the church contains a beautiful and highly-ornamented chapel near the altar, and is further remarkable for the flat construction of its roof. I found a person engaged in making a drawing; he had nearly finished a very pretty view of the interior. At the back part of the church, a building has been erected in very bad taste, with doric columns, here absolutely ridiculous, which it is to be hoped will speedily be demolished. The number of boys originally on the foundation was seventy; now, however, about seven hundred pupils receive their education in Eton, and some of the most distinguished men in England, among the rest the Duke of Wellington, have been brought up in the college.

When I entered upon my consultations in London, almost as if I meant to continue here to follow my medical profession, the impression was singular enough; that, however, is one of the charms of medical science, it stands always and everywhere in close connexion with the state of our common humanity, and is, therefore, everywhere at home.

I passed by Westminster Abbey and the new Houses of Parliament, now in the course of erection. The impression made by the former is great but not imposing. It was impossible to see the interior to advantage, because the chief entrance was closed; and the wooden structure erected in the middle of the cathedral, for the performance of religious service, injures the effect of the edifice. A very hasty view, however, is sufficient to show how grand and mighty the conception of the whole really was. It is a great pleasure to see in what an able and magnificent manner, the pure Anglo-Gothic style has been strictly adhered to in the new Houses of Parliament. The *façade* towards the Thames, however, appears to me too low.

Having afterwards bought a number of plans, views, and maps in Regent and Oxford streets, I went into the Pantheon. I must admit, that it has left behind a much more charming impression than any thing of a similar kind that I have ever seen in Paris. From Marlborough-street one enters into a large and spacious building adorned with flowers for ornament and sale, and passes up some broad steps towards the extremity, also richly ornamented with climbers, the most beautiful plants in full bloom, singing birds of the rarest kinds, and parrots and other foreign birds of the richest plumage. The centre of this upper compartment is occupied with a fountain, the basin of which is full of gold and silver fish, and the whole is covered with a glass roof. From this conservatory of flowers and birds, a side door leads into the large interior of the building, which is surrounded by a gallery, and lighted by a cupola. This immense hall is occupied by stand upon stand, in which the finest and most tasteful wares of all descriptions are beautifully laid out, and sold at moderate prices. Flights of open stairs lead from the ground floor to the gallery, near which are several rooms appropri-

ated to the exhibition of paintings. Some of the sea pieces were by no means amiss, but the rest, consisting of landscapes and copies of historical pictures, are of little or no value. In descending from this gallery, various other articles for sale present themselves, and last of all is a collection of pottery of all descriptions, containing numbers of imitations of Etrurian and other ancient vases. The whole, properly speaking, constitutes a passage daily open to the public, presenting, indeed, no small number of temptations to the passers by.

The large and splendid shops in Regent-street, with their enormous plate-glass windows and looking-glasses in gilt frames, are truly magnificent exhibitions! The perpetual movement and life in the streets, at once so wonderful and exciting! When I think of Paris and compare it with London, it now leaves on my mind the impression of *a small town!*

About four o'clock I again drove to the Great Western, and proceeded on this occasion to Hanwell, half-way to Windsor, where, thirteen years ago, a large lunatic asylum was built at the expense of the county of Middlesex. This immense institution is under the care of Dr. Conolly, who, unfortunately, was not there. I hear that he no longer lives in the institution, but merely visits it twice in the week, having established a private asylum on his own account. Some of the assistant medical officers, who are resident, act under his general superintendence and directions. The situation and arrangement of the whole are magnificent and splendid. Viewed from the railroad, it has all the appearance of a little Versailles. First, a large gate in the Roman style, at which a porter lives, and where every person who enters is obliged to record his name. Passing through the gate, the visiter next enters a large garden, in the midst of which stretch out the great wings of this spacious and well-built institution,—capable of containing 1000 patients. I visited a great number of the halls and chambers. The cleanliness, order, and superintendence, as well as the care and attention paid to the food and protection of the inmates, and the provision of suitable places both for work and recreation, are deserving of the highest commendation. In each of the divisions two keepers are awake and on duty during the whole of the night; they are, indeed, *obliged* to keep awake, and to give proof of having been at their posts. This proof depends on the adjustment of a clock, the hands of which are to be moved regularly forward at stated intervals, and so constructed as to register any omissions. I found a multitude of cases of madness of the most various descriptions—melancholy and *monomania* appeared the most prevailing—and the difference between the cases which occur here, and those in Italy, France, and Germany, was striking enough. There were only a few cases of lively, garrulous patients, such as are common in France, or of those who seemed to express themselves with deep passion like the Italians, and it might be said of the inmates of Hanwell in general, that they are more deeply

sunk in, and dwell more upon their own sufferings than patients of a similar class in other countries. The treatment of these unhappy persons in this asylum ought rather to be called a system of safe-keeping, a compulsory adherence to a certain mode of life, and an intelligent training in masses, than an attempt to go into the peculiarities of particular cases; and where is it otherwise in such institutions, under the most favourable circumstances?

An hour had passed away when I found myself again at the station, at which a second train soon arrived and carried me quickly to Slough. Here all was full of life; multitudes were returning from Ascot races, and eager to find conveyances to London. Newspapers of all kinds were cried about for sale, and the humbler sort were already full of the news of the arrival of the emperor, each treating the subject in his own particular way. In an omnibus, in which I rode to Windsor, I picked up a piece of these multifarious popular newspapers, headed "Miles's Boy," containing an article called "*The last interview of the Queen with the Emperor of Russia and with Miles's Boy.*"

In returning to the castle I took the foot way, which leads behind old walls up flights of small steps, and through several narrow courts. On my walk I passed by an old deserted Gothic chapel, which must present a very beautiful picturesque scene by moonlight, and soon found myself again in my small but most agreeable chamber.

The entertainment of to-day was as splendid as that of yesterday. The only difference consisted in a little variety in the music, which was interrupted by an interlude from a Scotch piper, in full Highland costume, who marched round the table, and brought the shrillest, sharpest, and most booming tones that mortal ears ever listened to, out of his bagpipes and their drone, which projected far over his shoulder, and was adorned with glittering flags. In recent Italian operas—in some "Rolla" or "Linda" I have often heard such sounds as have compelled me to exclaim, "Can this be what people call music!" but this was something still more dreadful, which no form of apostrophe could characterise! And the man, too, was a virtuoso!—The *queen's piper*! There is unquestionably an immense difference in the organisation of the hearing, however difficult it may be to demonstrate. This execrable sound was only endurable when he played in distant rooms, and his wonderful piercing blasts only reached the ear from afar—like echoes among mountains.

This is, however, not the only proof that the English are prone to mistake mere noise for a species of music; it is confirmed by the chimes of the castle, which morning and evening produce the most disagreeable effect upon a musical ear.

After dinner, there was a concert, at which a clever violinist, named Joachim, exhibited his power over his instrument. When the hour for retiring arrived, I went alone through the series of magnificent apartments and the long richly-adorned gallery, with its

numerous interesting paintings, to my own solitary chamber. Every thing was still brilliantly lighted—what riches everywhere displayed! Immense malachite vases, golden candelabra, the splendour of the furniture and draperies, the large golden vessel, like a small bath, which was filled with spiced wine at the baptism of the Prince of Wales, and entirely emptied; the glass cases filled with ancient splendid weapons, swords, chain armour, beautifully ornamented pistols, guns, and daggers, which called up and forced all sorts of recollections on the mind. I gave way to this train of thoughts, and dwelt on the olden times of England, on Elizabeth, Essex, and the Earl of Leicester.

XV.

Windsor Castle, June 5th—Evening.

TO-DAY has been passed wholly in the atmosphere of court life. Soon after ten o'clock in the morning, preparations began to be made for a great and splendid review, especially ordered for the pleasure and entertainment of the emperor; a number of royal carriages were driven into the court of the castle—horses were led out adorned with magnificent housings and highly-ornamented bridles, and the roar of artillery was heard from afar. A little later came the general officers and their staff;—the emperor,—the king,—Prince Albert, and the Duke of Wellington, all dressed in rich uniforms, mounted splendid chargers, and it was, indeed, a royal sight to see such a cavalcade in the large court of the castle, within the circuit of those gray towers and Gothic palaces crowned with turrets. Then came the ladies;—the queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Cambridge entered her carriage, and all was put in motion. I too found a convenient place in one of the carriages; the whole cavalcade passed the gates, and took the way towards the great park, entered and passed along the long walk, through the midst of vast numbers of spectators collected from far and near. At length we arrived at an extensive open hilly plain, surrounded with old oaks;—wooded hills bounded the horizon, and Windsor Castle in the distance formed a beautiful background. Here the cavalry were drawn up, the carriages took their stations, and the horses were taken out, just as the firing of the artillery commenced. At some distance opposite several regiments of infantry were in line, and at the first salute of artillery the whole of the general officers, who had taken up their position in the middle of the plain, put themselves in motion, rode to the infantry and along the lines. Having examined the troops, the staff returned near the place not far from us, in which the ladies were stationed, and the men now began to defile regiment by regiment, first the cavalry and then the infantry. Prince Albert was at the head of his regiment, and the Duke of

Wellington with his; he was greeted by the people with loud cheers. The horse guards were especially splendid; their band clothed in yellow with red and gold, wearing, besides, a species of ancient heraldic coat, looked magnificently rich. The kind of black velvet jockey-caps, however, which they wore, appeared to me totally unsuited to such a costume. There is no need to say, when speaking of England, that the horses were admirable. The troops then passed a second time in quick march, formed squares, performed various evolutions, and exhibited a sham-fight, during which there was a continued fire of small-arms mixed with the deep roar of the artillery. At last, all resumed their original positions, when the emperor rode forward at a short gallop to the commanding general, pulled up in good style close before him, and shook him heartily by the hand, as a sign of his warmest approbation. Thus, in the course of about two hours, favoured by fine weather, the review was over. Multitudes of anxious spectators clambered down from the oaks, which had been converted into so many observatories. The people separated in all directions, and the royal cavalcade returned to the castle.

In the evening, a grand drive through the park took place. Prince Albert drove the emperor; the king and the Duke of Cambridge accompanied the queen and the duchess. I was fortunate enough to have a seat in the carriage with General von Adlerberg, who is usually called the emperor's right-hand man, and renewed an old acquaintance, which I had formed with him when consulted many years ago respecting his son, whom he now presented to me in vigorous health. The drive furnished me with a good opportunity of forming a still more accurate idea of the great extent of the park, for at the rapid pace at which we were driven, in a few hours we passed over at least two or three and twenty miles within the bounds of the park itself.

The first object we visited was an elegant, small, and new garden belonging to the queen, admirably adapted for fruit trees of all descriptions. The *cortège* next proceeded to a very wild part of the park, distinguished by magnificent beech trees, growing in all the luxuriance of nature, and forming beautiful bowers of foliage, and huge oaks affording here and there charming vistas and views of Windsor Castle. From thence the party pursued their way to Virginia Water. This part of the park much more resembles what is called a park among us, than any thing which I have seen in this country, a wide artificial canal (formerly excavated by French prisoners), with occasional waterfalls, thickets, grass-plots, and banks for repose, and finally, as the crowning of the whole, a large antique ruin, and not far from it at that extremity of the water, a small castle mounted with ships' guns. The antique ruin surprised me by its peculiar style, as it sprang forth with its colonnade, single statues, recumbent capitals, and old walls thickly covered with ivy, from the midst of the green woods and surrounding cedars and

pines. I heard from Prince Albert, that all these ruins really came from Athens,—had been brought thither by Lord Elgin, and were placed absolutely in very much the same condition as they had been found in their original home. There was, however, a painful want of the charms of a Grecian sky, for a covering of dark gray clouds now brooded over the remains of these tenants of a brilliant age, and of a country with an almost cloudless sky.

After a very short delay on the platform of the miniature castle, the *cortège* was again in motion, and drove to a small fishing house built in the Chinese style, and fitted up with ornamental galleries for angling, a general English *dilettanti* taste; a small and elegant bark rocked upon the waters, and at a greater distance a beautiful model of a complete frigate.

Whilst George IV. was engaged in the extensive reparations in Windsor Castle, he resided long and willingly in the park, and many of these artificial grounds owe their origin to his taste or pleasure, as well as the small house to which the party now proceeded, which he had caused to be built for his own use. This cottage is a sort of compound of summer-house, tent, and richly-adorned country house. A projecting building with splendid flowering plants, and close to it a gallery richly ornamented with mirrors, which multiplied the beauties of the natural world in a most agreeable way, conducted to a pretty drawing-room and several bedrooms, all wainscotted with rare woods, simply but elegantly furnished, and inviting to a most cheerful enjoyment of life. I do not believe the king neglected this invitation during the time he passed in this rural solitude.

It was drawing towards evening when we returned to the castle, where there was to be to-day a full dress dinner-party on a large scale. The company was very numerous, and presented to my notice several interesting individuals whom I had not seen before. Sir Henry Hardinge, about to sail in a few days to act as governor-general of the immense Indo-British kingdom, was present; also Lord Saltoun, who was just returned from China; further, Lord Aberdeen, a peer of Scotland, equally celebrated for his statesmanship and learning, who has gained for himself general esteem, and whose appearance reminded me, in several respects, of our late respected minister, Von Lindenau; and moreover the now all-powerful Sir Robert Peel, and the whole of the *corps diplomatique*. After dinner I enjoyed the still greater good fortune of being presented to H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge, and of being able to bring to her recollection many circumstances of Dresden life. I was excited by all this to write down a few anthropognostical notices of some of the most remarkable persons, of which I shall therefore insert three in this place.

THE EMPEROR.

“Je n'ai pas l'air d'être malade,” said the emperor to me soon after I was presented to him, and was speaking of his intention of going to Kissingen; and I can perfectly confirm this observation. He possesses a handsome figure, is tall and broad-shouldered, with a corresponding formation of the head, without any particular modelling of the front part of the skull above the forehead. His hair is brown, almost bald towards the crown of the head; his features large, regular, quiet, and not without a certain elegance and mildness. His carriage quite military, his motions quick and decided, his gestures particularly free and expressive. The emperor wore at the review the uniform of the dragoon guards, green, with white pantaloons, and helmet with horsehair. His uniform for the evening was that of a Cossack general, dark green *kurtha*, with a general's scarf of silver tissue, short crooked sabre, and a cap with the heron's feather in his hand. The emperor speaks French well and elegantly; English not so fluently. His organ is harmonious and sonorous, his expressions clear, decided, and elegantly rounded.

I could not help asking myself how it was, that such an appearance, to which one cannot refuse to allow a certain beauty and attractive power, can be united with the amount of violence which we know he has exhibited? and I could only consider how sometimes out of the happiest, nay, even poetical temperament, life, with its curious coincidences and relations, produces the most extraordinary tendencies in, and the most remarkable changes of character.

When, without the power of a higher notion, an elevated nature, and one possessing in itself a certain beauty of mind, is placed in conflict with rude masses, still fermenting among themselves, and when it has been at first in several respects obstructed and insulted by them, nothing is more likely than that it should itself be developed to a decided harshness and bitterness, feelings which may grow into a disregard for every thing human, and to the most unjustifiable violence. Considered from this point of view, the riddle seems also in the present case easily solved.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

A man of about fifty years of age,—of good figure, powerfully made, and rather full; the form of his head remarkable, on the whole, rather for breadth than height. The relation of the three portions of the brain, so far as I could judge from a cursory view, somewhat prevented, too, by a considerable quantity of grayish hair, tolerably

harmonious; the middle part of the head low, as is usual with heads of a broad form. The countenance expresses much firmness, joined with a decidedly prosaic appearance, but great sound common sense. In conversation with crowned heads, the expression, with all its firm reserve, passes readily to a smooth tone, and his bodily attitude easily assumes the same expression. His language is, however, select, comprehensive, and well expressed. Whenever I had the opportunity of seeing him, he was dressed in black, with white neck-handkerchief, and without any orders. I here subjoin, in conclusion, some remarks which were made to me concerning his qualifications for his important duties as prime minister: "Sir Robert Peel is quite fit for his situation. By birth, belonging to the people, by his early connexion with Oxford, entirely devoted to the conservative cause, he seems to have been made for his situation, and for his age. There can be but *one* opinion respecting his talents; he possesses, at the same time, a sufficiency of physical power, and has property enough to secure himself a complete independence (the English say, 'an empty sack will not stand upright'). In his daily intercourse, he is considered cold and stiff, and has no intimate personal friends."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Completely the representation of an old soldier! Stiff, half deaf, but cheerful; it is easy to be seen that he must have been what is called a well-built, handsome man. The form of his head, as well as that of his face, is principally long, the shape of the skull not very remarkable, the front and back portions rather high. His hair is quite white, and he has rather too much for his age, particularly in a country where baldness is more common than elsewhere. The sockets of his eyes are wide, and it is obvious from his appearance that he is rather to be regarded as a *man of eyes* than a *man of ears*, on which remark the history of his life offers the best commentary. I saw him generally in uniform, and decorated with many orders. He still rides, and was at the head of his regiment at the review, and although the windows of his residence were broken some years back, he still appears a favourite with the people, for wherever he makes his appearance, the cry "*Hurrah for the old Duke*" is general.

Among the many traits of courage and presence of mind which are related of him, none seemed to me more characteristic, and at the same time greater and more profound, than the following:—At the battle of Waterloo, when the decisive moment was come, at which, according to the calculations of the generals, the enemy must necessarily give way, Wellington put in motion the whole English column. Waving his hat he rode in advance, urging officers and men

to advance rapidly. His adjutants remarked that he was exposing himself to great danger from the enemy's fire; but he answered: "Let them shoot away; the battle must be won, at any rate."

XVI.

Windsor Castle, June 6th,—Morning.

I EMPLOYED this quiet, moist, and dark morning, in taking a walk upon the large terrace which Queen Elizabeth caused to be formed before the castle. Properly speaking, it is a lofty wall, enclosing a square grass-plot, of somewhat less elevation, interspersed with flower beds and roses. Whilst walking on this terrace (the Slopes) one enjoys an agreeable view of the neighbourhood, including beautiful groups of trees, splendid single oaks, broad meadows, and at a distance the old spires of Eton; a light mist lay upon the surface of the refreshed ground; all was very pleasant, and yet it inspired no feeling of a happy existence in the midst of *such a world*. The reason, no doubt, is a certain pedantic and ceremonious stiffness, which extends to every thing in and around the castle. The peculiar straightness of the walks, with their gravel perfectly clean and well rolled, and the edges of the lawns with their velvet-like and mown grass, carefully cut into geometrical figures, the neatness of what is intended to represent grottos and ruined walls, the stiff elegance of the flower-beds, the exact symmetry of the shrubs,—these are all circumstances which make a grand feeling of nature entirely impossible. Even the architecture of the castle bears the stamp of a certain want of truth, for however national the Gothic style of itself is, there lies in the great turrets and towers an assumption of a fortress-like style of building, which does not suit the splendour and elegance of the interior arrangements. In addition to all this, the sentries at the doors, the exact distinctions respecting how far one may go and where one must not enter, all this communicates to the atmosphere a particular quality, which prevents that free expansion of the breast which is enjoyed in other places.

Upon the terrace I met the prince's groom—a German, named Meyer—who was directing a pair of saddled Highland ponies to be brought out, for the use of the little Prince of Wales and the Princess Victoria. I asked him some questions respecting the races at Ascot Heath, and in this manner prepared myself for our afternoon's drive, which was to make me acquainted with this national amusement. The queen always gives a prize to be run for at these races, which generally consists of some piece of silver plate. The betting is considerable; some of the principal horses were described to me.

I then saw in the castle an exhibition of pieces of plate, intended for these prizes, sent for selection to the emperor and to the

king. They were principally groups of figures of from two to three feet high, representing scenes from Walter Scott's works, from Don Quixote, St. George, an Arabian with his horse, &c.; the silver partly polished, partly frosted, and here and there gilt. The workmanship was neat and skilful, but without genius; the silver, like all English silver, very pure; the firm of Garrard and Co., of the Haymarket, sent these specimens, and had already sold three, each at 300 guineas.

It was still so quiet in the galleries, that I remained somewhat longer in examining the largest. Even by day the ornaments of this gallery produce an agreeable effect;—the fine scarlet carpets which cover the floor, the rich gildings of the wood-work, and the alternate busts and pictures. There are particularly some splendid pictures by Canaletto, some good landscapes by Zuccarelli, and several portraits by Lawrence. At length I met with a pretty living picture,—Lady Gainsborough,—one of the queen's ladies in waiting. She had lived long in Florence, and although my recollections of that city from my last visit were by no means pleasing, yet I was glad of an opportunity of recalling them, thus afforded me by her agreeable conversation.

Same day—Evening.

It was towards one o'clock when we drove to Ascot races. These are among the most celebrated in England, and to-day the Queen's plate was to be run for. We drove again through the park; and several more splendid trees, particularly beeches, met my view. Soon after we had left the park and approached the race-course, the number of carriages and riders increased; at length the vast heath with its various roads opened upon me, which was already covered with a vast number of persons. Amidst loud cheering the court, in fourteen carriages, drove along the race-course to the pavilion specially erected for the Queen. On the top of this pavilion was a comfortable roof, from which a good view of the heath could be obtained. There were, perhaps, from 25,000 to 30,000 persons present. These took up their positions partly on both sides of the course, partly in various houses and on scaffoldings. A number of policemen were employed in keeping order. Round about were masses of tents, and numbers of carriages, covered with human beings. Thimble-riggers and gipsies were not wanting. Among the spectators were a great many ladies and people of the best ton. The place itself is to a certain extent waste, really a heath, here and there stony; all this presented a remarkable picture under a grayish, rainy-looking sky, very different from that given by an imitation of an English race, that I had seen three years before, in the Cascini, near Florence.

The course was now cleared, and the race began. The first time the race was only along the course, as far as the little wooden house with the loophole, by means of which, and a tablet placed exactly opposite, the judges determine which horse first passes the line

of vision. A brown horse, long and slender and quite young, like all these racers, ridden by a jockey with orange colours, was the one which gained the prize on this occasion.

The court now retired to lunch, which was served with great profusion in a large tent-like space, and then again ascended the flat roof, upon which loud cheering followed. Indeed, when this cheering began, I could not help thinking of the public at the theatre calling for a favourite actor after the play. Here also the royal personages present were called for singly, and as they appeared were greeted with loud cheers; first the Queen, then the Emperor, the king, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and, finally, the Duke of Wellington. As often as any distinguished person appeared, the hurraing and waving of hats began, accompanied sometimes with clapping of hands. A sharp wind and some rain did not at all interfere with all this, and even umbrellas were not suffered by the people, inasmuch as they hindered the view of the rest.

Now began a new race, according to the programme upon the printed cards which had been previously distributed; and this time the horses ran along the whole course, and then in a wide circuit round the heath back again to the goal. This time, too, a jockey in orange was in advance; but a green one kept close behind him, and was evidently holding in his horse. When not far from the winning-post, the latter gave his horse head, and urged him with the spur to his greatest speed, so as to reach the goal first, amid great cheering from the crowd. Such chances and sudden changes undoubtedly possess a certain interest and amusement, and I could easily fancy that such scenes, often repeated, serve to excite the people, raise the interest of the thing itself, and give occasion to the most extravagant betting! For my part, I could not consider it otherwise than as an interesting thing to have obtained, in so convenient a manner, so good an idea of this national sport; but the sport itself could never have any great charms for me personally.

We now returned to Windsor; and I was much amused on the road by the anecdotes of an old gentleman in our carriage, a Colonel Drummond, who had been much with George IV., and had seen much of the life of those times. Among other things, he remarked that the custom of the ladies rising and retiring from table, as soon as the port and claret began to circulate at the dessert, was almost necessary, or, at least, very reasonable, inasmuch as, according to old German customs, it was usual to drink deeply. He related an anecdote of a colonel of a regiment, whom he had known, who always ordered to every dinner a corporal and four privates, for his own use, to insure his being brought home safe and sound. Such scenes, however, appear almost never to occur at present, and therefore the retiring of the ladies seems to have entirely lost its importance.

The dinner of this evening—most probably my last in Windsor Castle—offered several new and interesting points to my notice. On this occasion, the most important persons of the admiral

rally board—these pillars of England—were invited; amongst them Admiral Codrington, who has earned the somewhat doubtful fame of having burnt the Turkish fleet at Navarino. The provost of Eton happened to sit next me, who had before struck me from his odd episcopal dress. I entered into a long conversation with him, and heard many observations respecting that old college, which celebrated its fourth centenary three years ago, as well as some remarks on classical education, the corporal exercises of the boys, &c.

After dinner, I was enabled to see St. George's Hall, next to the dining-room, where the arms and banners of the Knights of the Garter are suspended. It is ornamented in the strict old Gothic style, wainscotted with high seats all round the walls, and over them large portraits, armour, shields, and flags. The whole produces a grand and solemn effect.

And thus, as the court returns to-morrow to London, Windsor is closed for me.

I only add the following short sketch of Admiral Codrington:—

ADMIRAL CODRINGTON.

Of rather large stature. The emperor said to him: "*Vous avez engraisé;*" and, in fact, there is considerable *embonpoint* in his figure. Of the three divisions of the brain, the middle and back parts are more considerable than the front; the form of the whole, as is usual with the English, rather long than broad. His head is nearly bald. In his face, his nose seems to project with a sort of sensual characteristic, and the eyes are rather too near one another. The expression of his countenance is cheerful. He was dressed in black, with several orders.

London, June 7th.—Noon.

However magnificent Windsor is, London is still more so, and I am well pleased at being again swimming in this ocean! I expected great things from my residence in London, and cannot, therefore, afford long holidays!

Yesterday evening, one of Prince Albert's equeries, Colonel Wilde, with whom the interest in scientific pursuits which he manifested brought me often into intercourse, mentioned to me Shakspeare's oak in the park, and this morning I set out to look for it, accompanied by the chaplain to the queen, who acted as my guide. The readers of Shakspeare, no doubt, remember the passage in the "Merry Wives of Windsor:"

"————— that Herne the Hunter,
Sometime a keeper in the Windsor forest,
Doth, all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak."

This Herne's oak is still shown, though almost dead; and a second, but a little more alive, has been called Shakspeare's oak. On a beautiful balmy morning we descended from the slopes into a *viridarium*, a sort of vaulted tunnel, richly adorned with vases of carved syenite. There was only an orange-tree at present here, and from it our path conducted us into that part of the park which is reserved for the walks of the castle. The trees here were beautiful, and the grass of a splendid green; but a certain disagreeable regularity continued to displease me. There were grass-plots; but upon the broad gravel walks between them, not even the smallest blade of grass was permitted to make its appearance; there was turf, but exactly three feet on each side of the walks it was rolled and mown so carefully, that no single blade projected above the rest; and even the meadow itself was surrounded with small *iron* work, to answer the purpose of a fence. I was tempted to ask myself whether the air, too, were not measured off and allowanced, and I could no longer enjoy the pure element with the same pleasure. We now penetrated further into the park, and met with many splendid old lime-trees and oaks, under the beautiful boughs of which Shakspeare may often have reposed in admiration; but these were still not the mythical trees. At last we saw them. *Herne's* oak, standing more among other trees, with bare, scathed branches, *Shakspeare's* oak standing alone—also surrounded with an abominable little paling—and still green, partly from the ivy that encircles it, partly from its own foliage; but among the green branches, thus scathed, some appear here and there, like the antlers of a giant stag. The tree would have made a splendid drawing, for its form and its colouring were equally beautiful. The dry branches were stripped of their bark, and of a fine rich yellow; the bark of the old tree itself was of a gray tint; then the old trunk, of mighty size, and the different shades of green in the ivy and the oak leaves: I could have admired it for days. It quite deserves to be called *Shakspeare's* tree! In the midst of all these surrounding objects, I could almost fancy the actual scenery of that charming comedy; for, in truth, the church of Eton, in which the lovers were to be speedily united, is to be seen at no great distance. It could not but be interesting to me to have seen all this!

On our return to the castle, the same chaplain showed me St. George's Chapel, in which the kings of England are now buried. It is entered by a wide Gothic vestibule, and the nave of the church itself, with its lofty painted windows, its rich Gothic ornaments, and the sepulchre of the Princess Charlotte (by Wyatt, representing her corpse and her spirit ascending to Heaven), produces a grand, solemn, and melancholy effect. There is, however, always something disagreeable to me in this English-Gothic style, namely, the *flat* pitch of the roof, so to speak, which always reminds me of the Moorish style. I then advanced to the choir, with its lofty, richly-carved wooden seats for the choristers, adorned with a double

row of banners suspended from the roof, and but sparingly lighted by the large window at its extremity, which is fitted up with modern painted glass. The morning service was just beginning, and a stillness, a solemn severity, and a ceremonious observance reigned, of which we can only get a just conception in England, and which again invites to a comparison with Italy, which, though Catholic, is so much more lax in this respect.

Not far from St. George's Chapel, is that little deserted church which I had previously passed, and which, if the hand of time continue to act thus upon it, must soon sink into ruins. I heard to-day that it had been commenced by Henry III., and continued by Cardinal Wolsey, who, with true ecclesiastical pride, intended it for his burial-place. The fabric of his ambitious plans fell to the ground before the fabric of his sepulchre was completed, and now the latter is following the former.

From hence I was obliged to find my way without a guide, and this is not so easy through all these courts and buildings. After some mistakes and questions, however, I succeeded, and soon afterwards the court left for London. We drove to Slough in nine carriages, attended by a guard of honour of the dragoon guards, and arrived in London in half an hour, where nine more carriages, with another guard, were in waiting; hence we drove through great crowds, and some thousand elegant carriages filled with spectators, to Buckingham Palace. Exactly an hour had elapsed between my entering the carriage at Windsor, and my leaving it at Buckingham Palace.

London, June 7th—Evening.

My first visit in the suite of his majesty in London has been made, and borne a rich harvest.

We first drove; at three o'clock, to the mansion of the Duke of Sutherland. This house is considered to be the most splendid in London—which is saying a good deal—in regard to its interior arrangements; and it could not be otherwise than interesting to me to obtain a definite idea of *how much* one can live on, inasmuch as I had often seen, as a physician, on *how little* one must sometimes subsist; and, besides, to see many specimens of art preserved there.

The house is well worthy of its character. It is not far from St. James's Park, and its exterior is in the simple Italian style. In the vestibule, the massive folding doors leading to the staircase are formed of a large mirror on each side, and the hinges of the door are of cut-glass, here as well as in the upper apartments. The reception-room is really magnificent! Marble columns, wainscoting of polished marbles, marble statues, and the floors and staircases covered with fine scarlet carpets. Up stairs is a splendid room adorned with some excellent pictures. I found here several pictures which I had seen in Paris, bought by the duke from Marshal Soult's

gallery, for instance, two Murillos, and the picture of the "Prodigal Son," which had impressed me very favourably when I saw it in Paris, besides one by Zurbaran, and one by Velasquez. Very remarkable was a young Christ, bearing the cross, from Raffaele's earlier years, and in contrast with this, a very handsome modern picture by Paul Delaroche. In addition to these, there were several other splendid works, which I had not time to examine as they deserved, for as the duke, with his beautiful wife and daughter, did the honours of his house, the time we could bestow on the pictures was necessarily much circumscribed. Thus, for instance, I would willingly have devoted more time to the consideration of a large picture by Guercino, of a Cupid in marble by Thorwaldsen, and of a pretty little picture by Brekencamp, representing an old woman in her room at her simple meal; and, lastly, in another of the suite of apartments, the Gallery Lenoir, a series of pencil portraits of the time of the French revolution. We had, however, always something new, belonging to the most refined luxury, to observe and admire. In the large picture-gallery, for instance, there was an elegant table of plate-glass, the top of which consisted of a moveable mirror, placed there merely to save one the trouble of bending the head back in order to examine the painted ceiling, which was more conveniently and pleasantly seen by reflection in the mirror. In the same way there were speaking-pipes with bells attached to them, in the walls of the upper apartments, by means of which orders could be immediately transmitted to the children's or servants' rooms. I do not attempt to describe the exceeding elegance of the usual furniture of the rooms; merely adding that the house, notwithstanding all this, gave me quite the idea of an *inhabited one*, which feeling was, perhaps, excited in me by the Juno-like beauty and majesty of the duchess, for truly she is well suited to impress the idea, that only such an elegant and luxurious establishment was fit for such a mistress.

From thence we drove to take a nearer view of the Houses of Parliament, now in course of erection. To-day, too, when I had an opportunity of seeing the Thames front in its whole length to better advantage, it still appeared to me too low, and not in proportion to the very lofty tower-like building at the southern end. On the other hand, the strictest attention, even in the most minute details, to the Anglo-Gothic style, is highly to be commended. The ornaments, the innumerable coats of arms, the pointed columns, little statues and projecting points, the arches of the windows and doors, every thing is in harmony, and every thing most carefully carried out. If I should be asked, however, what I principally miss in all new Gothic buildings, I must remark that to me there appears to be wanting also in this work great and massive proportions, and a certain grand freedom which includes to a certain extent, something organically irrational. Whoever wishes to see by an example exactly what I mean, let him compare

in his mind the Palace of the Doges at Venice, with the Houses of Parliament, and he will soon feel to which side the balance must incline.

The material is a close-grained yellowish-white limestone, which, however, does not appear to me to possess overmuch firmness. The arrangement of the interior of the house may be called grand, and to the purpose.

Not far from this is the old Westminster Hall, of which the external broad Gothic style, and its ornaments with projecting buttresses, undoubtedly served as a model for the Houses of Parliament, which are to be connected with it. They are thus both of the same height, though in the hall we should have expected a less elevation, because the whole building is really nothing but a hall, and the roof and vaulted covering are one and the same thing; from within, therefore, it looks very large, has a grand effect, and presents a remarkable appearance with its ancient simplicity of walls, and its beautiful woodwork in the roof.

Prize works in statuary were then placed in the hall, in order to determine on the artists to whom the statues for the Houses of Parliament should be committed. Unfortunately, every thing was as yet under cover, for the exhibition does not begin for a fortnight; otherwise, we might have been able to judge, in some degree, towards what direction the needle of the plastic arts at present points.

Next—to Westminster Abbey. Our carriages drove into a court railed off and generally closed, from which the principal entrance to the abbey opens; the organ resounded, and the clergy, followed by the vergers with silver wands, came to meet his majesty.

Even from this spot, from which is seen right in front, the immense nave of the church, the effect is very considerable; but when we had penetrated more into the interior, and seen the several chapels which open out of the nave in all directions—when the tombs of the old kings, Edward the Confessor, the Henries, Richard II., Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, the monuments, and sometimes the tombs of so many knightly and great men, and of so many noble women, all in the different styles of their respective centuries, were presented to the eye, a feeling came over me, such as I had never experienced before in any church—the same feeling which the reflecting geologist experiences, when he reads in the depths of the mountains the history of the earth—the feeling, that here the fossil *history of all England* surrounds us.

To this was added the feeling of antiquity expressed in the extraordinary colours of some parts of the stone work, and in the endless ornaments, as for instance in Henry VIIth's chapel, and the most splendid effects of light and shade produced by the old painted windows upon openings and arched passages! The continued resounding of the organ, too, produced a beautiful and

solemn effect, and I experienced a deep inward emotion during the whole time of our visit.

In these pillars, England contains a firm central point for its further development. It is more important than one thinks, for a people to see itself continually represented in an old and worthy monument of such a kind, containing, as it were, the essence of its historical development.

It had been wisely provided, that not too many persons should enter the church at once, and the clergy and the authorities only accompanied us, and gave us the requisite information respecting the historical monuments. And how much is there to observe?—far more than can possibly be seen in such a short time. Who can prevent a peculiar feeling, when standing before the tomb of Henry V., and the beautiful Catharine of France, when he sees the monument of Elizabeth, and not far from it, that of her unhappy, and yet, perhaps, happier half-sister, Mary Stuart? What a view of the history of the United Kingdom do we obtain from the old wooden throne, brought by Edward I. from Scone, in 1297. The chair contains in its seat the stone upon which the ancient Kings of Scotland were anointed, and the form of the whole reminds me of the old wooden throne in Norway (as represented by Dahl). Finally, the great number of more modern monuments erected to men who were in any respect a pride to their country, and who have found their Pantheon here. Few are well executed, the best perhaps is the sitting statue of Watt, by Chantrey; but all produced a great effect by their position, and by the memory of the men themselves. Newton, Nelson, Shakspeare, Thomson, Canning, Pitt, and so many others, spirits very unlike one another, have been united here in a sort of Walhalla, in which I should have liked to have seen Dr. Jenner.

I must, however, among so much that is sublime and serious, mention a sort of comical and yet characteristic scene, which arose from the fact, that the clergy and officers, who accompanied the king, had not failed, as is usual on such occasions, to bring their respective wives and children with them, in order, if only by a word, to have an opportunity of being presented to his majesty. This was also the case with a tall thin old gentleman, the principal churchwarden, whose head, almost bald, was barely covered with a velvet cap, and who entered the church with his family, as we were about to leave. His spouse, rather younger than himself, eager to see her husband, too, properly submissive and respectful in the presence of royalty, remarked with horror, that the old gentleman, whilst his majesty, with his accustomed condescension, was exchanging some words with him, still kept his cap on his head. She immediately approached him cautiously from behind, and by a sudden movement carried off the innocent skull cap from the head of the astonished churchwarden. The incident appeared to

me, in this great historical background, like a scene from Wilkie, and sufficiently proved who was here the commanding party.

From the ancient history of England we passed at once into its most modern; namely, the Houses of Parliament. First, to the House of Lords. Who does not experience a remarkable sensation on entering these precincts? The anti-chambers are extensive and covered with red carpets, the interior of the hall itself simple, the space almost confined; a small gallery above, for the short-hand writers and for visitors. In the midst, before the table, the Lord Chancellor, in a black gown and large wig upon the woolsack,—before him the mace—opposite to him the clerk—also in a wig; around, the rows of peers,—the spiritual in surplices, the temporal in common dress, and nearly all with their hats on. Of the members of the upper house, which consists of more than 400, not nearly the half were present. All sorts of petitions were laid on the table, and their titles read by the clerk: then the important question regarding the sugar duties was to have been discussed, when the motion was made to postpone this bill to another time, in consequence of the ball at court, at which several of the peers were of course obliged to be present. Some discussion took place—Wellington spoke in favour of the postponement, and it was agreed to. Lord Brougham was present, but did not speak; several others were pointed out to us. After about half an hour we went to the House of Commons. In its temporary accommodation, the arrangements are still more simple than those of the Upper House; it looks almost like a large lecture-room. Here a speaker presides, and here, too, out of more than 600 members, hardly 200 were present. It is true, that the most interesting subjects are generally discussed late in the evening, or at night. The question under discussion was, whether it was advantageous and right, still more to divide the livings in Scotland (where at present, at any rate, much difference of opinion prevails in church matters) or not. Peel was present, came to us, and explained some matters, whilst the discussion continued, and the opposition loudly expressed their opinion, until Sir James Graham rose and defended the ministerial view of the subject, upon which his opinion appeared to be received with pretty general applause. At this point the king left the house.

In the evening, there was a large full-dress dinner-party, and afterwards a splendid *soirée* in the large apartments of the palace, at which most of the world of fashion and beauty in London were present. It offered to the silent observer a wide and amusing field. Of politically interesting persons, I only saw Admiral Napier and the Turkish Ambassador, Ali Effendi, who were new to me; the latter a little man with very bright eyes, and an otherwise uninteresting olive complexioned face, with the red fez on his head. Among the ladies were several of remarkable beauty, for example, Lady Clanwilliam, a daughter of Lady Pembroke—and her sister. I found that a black dress and diamonds are particularly favour-

able to the English style of beauty. The full dress of the court is very superb, the servants' livery richly adorned with gold lace, and, oddly enough, with great bags attached to the collar of the coat. The lords in waiting carried long white wands, and wore a very rich costume. It was half-past twelve o'clock before the company broke up.

XIX.

June 8th—Evening.

THIS forenoon was at my disposal for some visits on medical business. First—a visit to Mr. Lawrence, author of a work on the “Physiology of Man,” which had interested me much some years ago, but which had rendered the author obnoxious to the clergy, because he had endeavoured to penetrate a little more deeply into the relation between the conscious and the unconscious life of the soul (generally, but unscientifically, denominated soul and body). He appears to have allowed himself to be frightened by this, and is now merely a practising surgeon, who keeps his Sunday in the old English fashion, and has let physiology and psychology alone for the present. I found him a rather dry, but honest man. His wife is celebrated as one of the first flower cultivators in London, and possesses in particular, a beautiful collection of orchideous plants, which we shall probably visit on some other occasion. Hence I drove to Bethlehem Hospital, commonly called Bedlam. It is in Lambeth, *par excellence* the Catholic portion of London, and is the well-known lunatic asylum founded by Henry VIII., and built after the model of the Tuileries, much to the dissatisfaction of Louis XIV. The present large building, adorned with a Corinthian portico and a cupola, was only finished in 1815, and can receive about 400 patients of both sexes, but of 311 patients received in one year, and 263 at the time in the institution, 157 are said to have been dismissed cured, which would be a very favourable ratio. The grounds and avenue are splendid; but the idea of placing in the vestibule of a madhouse two colossal, and into the bargain, bad statues of a raving madman and a melancholy madman lying chained on the ground, could only have originated in the brain of an Englishman. Fortunately, these figures are now covered.

I passed through several of the large, airy corridors, off which were cells for single patients, or for two, three, and four together. Every thing was very clean, but the black bars and doors produce a melancholy effect against the white-washed walls. In several court-yards were patients walking or working in the open air. A separate division is here made of criminal patients, *i. e.* such persons as have committed crimes, of which insanity was considered the

reason or the excuse. Thus I saw Oxford, who made an attempt on the life of the queen, and who has been shut up here, although he did not appear to me to be insane. He is a person of very ordinary appearance. Another person, really insane, a literary man from Hanover, had already troubled the queen with the most various requests before he was sent to this asylum. Also an elderly German lady, who appears to have addressed Prince Albert on several occasions. Both these persons spoke to me, and I had some difficulty in getting away from them. Certainly it is very comprehensible that a young couple, like this royal pair, standing upon a pinnacle, and represented every day to millions as an ideal of happiness, should become the object of the passionate wishes of several of these unhappy persons. Bedlam may yet have to open its doors to many others of the same kind!

The treatment of the patients here seems hardly to be a medical treatment, properly so called, but rather to be confined to their safe keeping, giving them constant occupation, and preserving cleanliness among them.

I was finally conducted into the room where the directors hold their meetings, &c. The chairman is always the Lord Mayor of London for the time being. The arms of the several chairmen are suspended round the room in elegant frames with inscriptions, &c.

I next drove to see Mr. Deville, who was named to me as the principal phrenological dilettante in London. He is a citizen, and lamp-maker, and has a large shop of all sorts of lamps, with which a cabinet is connected, containing a really rich cranioscopic collection, consisting of the skulls of individuals of various nations, and a number of casts of the heads of remarkable persons. The owner himself was in the country, but I was allowed to examine every thing, and I should particularly have wished, had I had leisure, to have devoted a longer portion of time to the examination of a series of heads, being casts of the head of the same person at different periods of life. The successive development and changes of those fine modulations of the surface of the skull, which correspond entirely with those developments and changes by which the features of the countenance are altered, and which, like these, determine certain principles, and are not of themselves unimportant, although they lie without the circle of any systematic or scientific construction and explanation, were here very decided, and to be perceived and followed out in a remarkable order. Unfortunately, these casts are not allowed to be multiplied in any way. Of some other forms, however, casts are to be obtained, and I hope to be enabled to enrich my own collection by this means. I must not omit to mention that several interesting skulls of animals are included in this collection, which so often give rise to interesting comparisons; the most massive was that of a large elephant killed at Exeter Change several years ago. The cast was very good, and showed how noble this form, so much used in Indian sculpture, really is, if our sculptors had more opportunities of applying it.

From hence we proceeded to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, an old and very rich hospital in West Smithfield, in the city. I naturally wished to examine the arrangements of an English hospital, and to see in what they differ from those of Germany, France, and Italy; and for this purpose St. Bartholomew's Hospital (although I hope to see many more) appeared to me very suitable. The hospital consists of four buildings enclosing a court, which were built about 100 years ago by Mr. Gibbs, by subscription. One of these contains the offices and a large room for the directors, the others contain wards for the sick, an apothecary's and a surgeon's room. Three of the first physicians in London and three surgeons visit the hospital a few times a week, to give the necessary directions, perform operations, &c. House surgeons make the other visits, attend to the dressings, and see to the distribution of medicines and food. The physicians are not paid, as is the case so frequently in England, but several young medical men and surgeons attend their lectures, profit by their treatment of the patients, and pay them for this privilege a considerable fee, so that in this way a few thousand pounds are easily made in the course of the year. There is also a lecture-room and a collection of physiological and pathological preparations, so that the institution thus becomes a regular school of medicine. Among the preparations was a remarkable skull of a madman. This poor wretch had thrust his head into the fire, in order to terminate his existence, but he was rescued before effecting his purpose: he was, however, more than scalped, and a disease arose, in the course of which the whole of the covering of the skull detached itself, like the cast shell of a crab. It formed partially again, and the man survived a considerable time.

The patients' wards are large, but not so immense as they generally are in France and Italy. Of the 500 beds in the hospital not more than from twelve to twenty are in one room, which is always well lighted and warmed by a large fireplace. Close to it is the apartment of the sister, who has the charge of the ward, and nurses the patients in it. These sisters are not nuns, but paid nurses, who have two or three nurses under them. Their rooms are generally furnished with every comfort, carpets, fireplaces, &c., and all this gives to the duties of nursing something more resembling a home. The wards are always open, and the nurses visit the sick at all times. This may perhaps injure the more strict superintendence, but it undoubtedly causes the sick person to feel more at home.

We afterwards visited the directors' room. The staircase is ornamented with large pictures drawn by Hogarth for the institution, representing the history of the Good Samaritan, and such subjects, which we forbear to criticise in consideration of the good intention of the work. The room itself is splendid. All around are inscriptions in letters of gold, mentioning the numerous benefactors to the hospital and the sums given by them. The institution has thus obtained great wealth, and possesses at present a yearly income of more than 30,000*l*. Besides these the room is ornamented with a

number of large portraits—Henry VIII., who presented the building to the citizens,—the several celebrated medical officers who have been attached to the hospital, as Abernethy, Lawrence, Pott, and others. Every year, reckoning in and out-patients, above 10,000 patients share the benefits of this establishment.

On this occasion I passed for the first time through the noise and bustle of the city; I saw in Fleet-street the only remaining gate belonging to the old city of London,—Temple Bar,—that gate at which the newly-crowned king was obliged to request permission from the Lord Mayor to enter the city, where the latter, even now, presents the keys to the new monarch, and which, on certain occasions, is closed, in order to preserve the privileges of the city. I could not help being borne along with the crowd, and had hardly time to admire the splendour of the large shops, where, behind immense panes of plate glass, all the treasures of commerce, and all sorts of articles of luxury were heaped up. When one considers how this mass of population has increased, and with it the multitude of carriages of all sorts, and how it is still continually increasing, one can imagine that the time is not far distant when any further movement will become impossible in these narrow spaces, and where every thing must become fixed.

I now drove quickly back to Buckingham Palace, as we were to attend a great rout early in the afternoon, at the Duke of Devonshire's at Chiswick House. The long train of carriages, the court, with the king and the emperor, but without the queen, drove out, through an immense multitude, to the park about six miles distant, where the whole of the fashionable world was already assembled. The park is very beautiful, and particularly southern in character. Cedars, larger than any I ever saw elsewhere, spreading their mighty boughs with their great fan-leaves, almost touching the earth, ever-green oaks, broad lawns, lakes, and splendid hot-houses, adorned not only with real plants, but also with paintings of plants, for in one of them were large oil-paintings, representing partly the *Rafflesia*, partly that immense South American Lotus,—the newly-discovered *Victoria Regina*, of the natural size. The house is not remarkable,—built in the light Italian style; but it contains many pictures, amongst others a good Albano, and a fine Paul Veronese. As the festival was a real rout, some 300 persons were crowded into these small rooms, whilst music of not the first class of excellence was being performed. Fortunately the day was beautiful, and all shortly spread themselves abroad in the open air, and whilst some sat down to a rich lunch (the court in a summer-house adorned with numerous heraldic ornaments, and fitted up like a tent) another portion wandered through the park. I went down to the water, where, just opposite, three giraffes were walking among the trees, and gazing at their own reflected forms. Suddenly one of them, a handsome young animal, took it into his head to walk through the water, and to take a nearer view of the elegant company. He did so, and all at once the long-necked inhabitant of

the desert was walking about among the lords and ladies. The English ladies—I mention it with all honour—showed great presence of mind and calmness, and this unexpected event, therefore, produced but slight confusion. When this tall guest arrived the other guests gave place to him, and remained in the neighbourhood of the trees. His swarthy keepers soon came over in a boat and brought him back. It was at first to me a riddle how such remarkable game came to be found in an English park, but I afterwards heard that the duke had only hired these animals for the day from a man who had them for show. I should not have been surprised after this to have seen a dish of giraffe at lunch; and this would have been still less of a luxury than that of Count Romanzoff, who sent for a piece of the mammoth found in the ice of the Lena to Petersburg, in order to have it served at dinner.

After four o'clock we all returned: I had never seen such a crowd of spectators. At Hyde-park corner, particularly, there was at least a mile in length of carriages, close to each other, from which several pretty faces looked out with curiosity; and a number of gentlemen and ladies on horseback stood still or galloped about: the sight was very interesting.

We were to visit the Italian Opera in the evening, and therefore dinner was earlier than usual, in daylight, and with open windows. I paid a visit first to the great gallery. There are some fine paintings there, particularly by Rubens and Rembrandt. I was particularly struck with a picture of the latter, representing a young squire, with a falcon on his wrist. The tone of this picture is excellent, at the same time so poetical and real! as those old painters have the art of often uniting the most remarkable contrasts, whilst the more modern ones cannot even unite their extremes. Besides this, there are some beautiful pictures by Horghe, one of which particularly reminded me of my favourite at Munich, in which the sunlight falls through a narrow opening into a court-yard. Here is just such a scene of still life represented, and here, too, sits a woman reading, with her red, old-fashioned dress, and a black head-dress, and with her back towards the spectator. There are also some splendid pictures by Terburg, by Potter, and the two Van der Veldes, the one a painter of sea pieces, and the other of animals. The approach of the court soon put a stop to my observations on art.

Immediately after dinner, at eight o'clock, we drove to the Hay-market, to the Queen's Theatre, which is devoted to Italian opera during the London season; and for this purpose all the most celebrated talent in operas is engaged. Here, too, an immense crowd surrounded the house, in order to see the arrival of the court; but, behind a wall of policemen, we descended in safety from the carriages, at a particular entrance, from which a staircase, covered with scarlet cloth, conducted us at once to the anti-chamber of the two large boxes devoted to the use of the court. The opera was the

“Barber of Seville;” and as we entered, Grisi, as Rosine, was just commencing her great *aria* in the first act. She has a fine figure, and a handsome face, with eyes of somewhat oriental form. She, however, sometimes grimaces rather with her mouth. Her singing is fine, but rather sharp, and her voice does not reach the heart. Probably, some other part would suit her better, in merely external matters. Mario acted Almavida; a soft, beautiful tenor, and a handsome young man. Figaro was represented by Fornasari; a full, sonorous, baritone voice, and a beautiful figure, with speaking features, but rather vulgar looking. The trio in the second act, “*Zitto, zitto,*” sung by these three, quite transported me to Italy, by its freshness and fire. Old Lablache, as Bartolo, was a capital buffo; a real lion’s voice, with the countenance of a lion. F. Lablache also, sang “Don Basilio” very well. The house is very large (it is said to contain space for 2500 persons), and looks rather too uniform with its five tiers of boxes), each merely ornamented with gold upon a red ground, the drapery of the boxes being also red. The orchestra is nothing remarkable; and the decorations, which can only be called middling, prove how little, on the whole, the theatre is regarded, and how much such occasions as the present are considered as extraordinary festivals. On account of this latter circumstance, the house was crowded, so that boxes in the best circle, capable of accommodating four persons, were let at twenty-five guineas! The examination of the boxes was an amusing occupation for the spectator. Some very pretty faces and figures were visible; and a large box, in which all the ladies wore wreaths of flowers, particularly attracted my attention.

After the first act, there was great applause and clapping of hands. The curtain rose, and the whole musical strength of the company appeared on the stage, to sing “God save the Queen.” A *hurrah!* followed, and another for the emperor. Next came the ballet, with a fandango, *pas de deux*, in which Cerito appeared; a very pleasant sight; she is very pretty, and particularly graceful in her movements.

The court left after eleven o’clock; the streets were still full of policemen.

XX.

London, June 9th—Evening.

As to-day was Sunday, on which in London all work ceases, I had more leisure to devote to my particular pursuits. I spent the morning with Owen, in the College of Surgeons, in order to compare our microscopes, and to see some interesting preparations. Robert Brown and Broderip also came thither, and I was induced to give these gentlemen and Dr. Freund, who accompanied me, a

general view of my craniology, a task which my imperfect knowledge of English, rendered somewhat difficult to me, but which succeeded pretty satisfactorily. I hope for much sympathy with this system, and Dr. Freund will translate my lecture on the subject at Leipzig, in order to render the diffusion of it easier. Robert Brown then exhibited some very remarkable sections of an antediluvian fossil-plant. Probably the entire plant was one of the cones of those enormous *Equiseta* which, like trees, overgrew the marshes of the antediluvian world. Owen, on his part, gave us his views of some remarkable formations of skulls in his collection. The most remarkable was a monstrous formation from India, in which another skull was joined to the head of a child in such a manner, that the two crowns were united. During life a sympathetic movement of the upper head had showed itself whenever the lower head moved. The bony parts of the two united skulls were in Owen's hands, and we considered attentively this extraordinary malformation; and when, immediately afterwards, a skull was exhibited, which, by the action of water on the brain, had been enlarged so as to be nearly a foot and a half in diameter, it was impossible to avoid being reminded in how many ways even this noblest part of the human frame can become deformed by monstrosity or disease!

I was afterwards present at several consultations, one of which introduced me into the splendidly furnished house of the Marquis of Lansdowne. I was allowed the pleasure, after the conclusion of the consultation, of entering the marble hall, in which the marquis has displayed a number of ancient and modern Roman sculptures. I was most attracted by a relief, the size of life—an antique—a sitting *Æsculapius*. The simple air of a remote period of art refreshed me. This was a fit conclusion to the former half of my day.

I had reserved my afternoon for a walk through London. First, through the Strand and Fleet-street, to St. Paul's. I had brought with me no very great expectations of this edifice, great only in regard to its size, and the sight of it even diminished my opinion. In the place of one of the most magnificent old cathedrals, celebrated as one of the most splendid buildings of the middle ages, the seventeenth century—this century in matters of taste below all criticism—has set up one of the most tasteless collections of columns, vaulted roofs, caves and statues, that encumbers the earth. Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, has a monument here, upon which stands the proud word, "Circumspice!" but his own sentence, or rather that of his age, is expressed here. Only when seen from a distance, does the size of the cupola render it an imposing object; seen from within, where in addition every thing seems so waste and deserted, it is a mere soulless vault.

Not far from this is the Monument, that well-known column erected to commemorate the great fire of 1666, which, among other things, destroyed the beautiful old Gothic cathedral. It ascends splendidly into the air, with its gilt ornament at the top,

particularly in such beautiful sunshine as that of to-day. I could have wished to have obtained a view of London from the top, but this pedantic celebration of the Sunday even closes the door at its base which on other days is always open ! Thus a puritanic faith always prevents every free view ! I then turned my steps to new London Bridge, the last of the bridges towards the sea, for from this, too, a view is to be obtained ; and such a view !

I can truly say, that the size and importance of this immense city now first burst upon my view. The Thames is here really an arm of the sea, with an ebb and flood making a difference of eight feet, and with rippling waves of muddy water ; and when one stands upon the bridge and looks down upon this stream, with its forest of masts and its innumerable steamers, which pass each other like fishing boats, with its great Custom-house, and the number of large warehouses, one obtains, as at one view, an idea of the importance of London to commerce. Added to this one sees, up the river, the other bridges, the masses of houses, the stores, the great breweries, and the immense iron gasometers, rising into the air like large towers or colossal blast-furnaces, and all this without any rule or symmetry, ranged along according as each is needed, mostly blackened by smoke, but always producing such an immense effect *en masse*. As a forest chain of mountains, with all its underwood and ugly roots, and its several flowers, which, taken separately, would appear insignificant or even disagreeable, appears splendid from a distance under favourable circumstances, and surrounded as it were with a bluish mist ; so London, with all its dirt and misery, and smoke in parts, yet as a whole, how splendid and mighty ! What a size again is this bridge, and what traffic is there on it on a Sunday. I descended on the left bank one of those steps leading down to the water between the houses, and found myself in the midst of the life of a sea-port ; sailors, casks, smell of tar, everywhere bills and notices of sale. Every ten minutes one of the little steamers, about fifty of which now ply on the Thames, leaves each station, just like the omnibuses in the streets ; and for no more than fourpence one is conveyed from London to Westminster-bridge. We passed under Southwark, and Blackfriars-bridge, beautifully adorned at every buttress with Ionic columns, and finally under Westminster-bridge, near which immense pillars are erected, to which a new bridge, a suspension one, is to be fastened. Such a voyage is really very remarkable. To-day the steamers are doubly busy, for on Sunday many persons take advantage of the opportunity of visiting Greenwich ; and just as I left London-bridge, some boats set off quite overfilled with passengers. Five or six were lying at the same time alongside the pier at which I landed. The passengers rush out and the steamer pursues its way. These vessels pass each other continually, like the pleasure boats on the Elbe. They rush past each other, steaming and hissing, and yet each one passes on its course undisturbed.

The service of these steamers is simple; just above the machine sits a boy, who continually calls out, according to a sign from the captain, "stop," or "go on," according as it is necessary; and thus they carefully get out of the way even of the little boats, which otherwise would often be swamped in such a mass of movement.

My way back conducted me through the whole length of St. James's-park, and I enjoyed various views of Westminster Abbey, peeping out from behind splendid lime trees and oaks above the ornamental water in the park. It looks very beautiful in the midst of such a city, to see sheep pasturing on each side of the path, or swans, ducks and geese, come to the shore to be fed by the children. I should almost call these parks the pauses between the long sentences of London, they give a few resting-places in the midst of this eternal bustle.

In the evening, his majesty, as the Emperor of Russia had now left London, was to dine more privately with the Duke of Cambridge; and I had the honour of a long conversation with their royal highnesses. The duke, though no longer young, shares willingly, and to a great extent, in all that affects life, either politically or æsthetically; her royal highness, with a freer spirit, and finer and more poetical feelings, endeavours to spread an unsought grace over all subjects of conversation, and succeeds admirably.

XXI.

London, June 10th—Evening.

TO-DAY, we commenced our drives through the city with the contemplation of human misery and the deepest human abasement. Two large prisons opened their heavy iron doors to the royal traveller:—First, the New Bridewell, Westminster, a prison built ten years ago by the County of Middlesex, displaying exquisite cleanliness and order in its arrangements. Vagabonds, swindlers, cheats, pickpockets, and such like refuse of human society are here imprisoned either for the whole term of their punishment, or at least for some time at first, employed and instructed. We passed through the outer door into the court, which was for the most part formed of grass plot, planted round the edges with shrubs in flower. From this we passed into the division appropriated to the prisoners, and there every thing was arranged with the greatest symmetry and order; but every part of it was also provided with the strongest and smoothest walls, and the sharpest and firmest iron work for the security of the prisoners.

The building is divided into several wings, and each contains a number of cells, in which, for the most part, the prisoners are confined singly; others are, however, confined together, but are, as

well as those employed in the several workshops, compelled to remain perfectly silent. The number of the prisoners at present in the building is 500, but as many as 800 can be received. The people did not appear at all ill; and as they receive good food, and the air is pure, I believe that the account given us is correct, that their health is not found to suffer. We looked into some cells, observed the work of picking oakum, or the threads of the outer coat of the cocoa-nut, and were present in one of their school-rooms. Every thing is done with a precision strictly military. The working men either walk on the treadmill, or sit in regular ranks; those called to the chapel or the school-room, march forward in regular order and with measured steps—even the exercise which they are compelled to take in a narrow court (for the preservation of their health) is performed with a regular step, and in perfect silence. The utility of this system was not yet perfectly decided upon—particularly in regard to the total isolation of the prisoners, which, as above remarked, is not carried out to its fullest extent. The silent system, on the contrary, appeared already to have produced good effects; and when we consider to what purposes the noble gift of speech is generally applied in houses of correction, this sort of deprivation appears decidedly to be useful. The most disagreeable impression made on my mind, was that produced by the treadmill. In a long gallery are a number of small cells, capable of containing exactly one person, who stands upon a step of the wheel; every one of these steps passes along all the cells; each prisoner is obliged to step forward at the same time as the others, or the wheel would crush his legs in its revolutions.

At the command of the gaoler, the doors of all the cages opened at the same time, and we saw the unhappy criminals ranged before us. There is something fearful in seeing a human being not only made a machine, but merely a weight for a machine! The prisoners pass their time between solitary confinement, carding flax, the treadmill, and a little instruction! When will human society be so far advanced, as to hinder, and render almost impossible, the commission of crime, by a more perfect education, and a more beautiful and freer development of the human being!

The second prison we visited was the Penitentiary, situated on the Thames, and intended to receive convicts under sentence of transportation, and to prepare them for their future fate. The building, externally, looks like a bastille, and the arrangement of the several wings is very well managed. About 900 male, and 150 female convicts; and among both of these divisions are several young persons, who are said to receive regular and useful instruction. The food is here also good, and great care is taken to preserve the rooms clean and well ventilated. Out of 1000 prisoners, therefore, there were but fifty sick. The solitary system is here more consistently carried out, in consequence of the greater extent of the prison; and we saw several of these cells fitted up like workshops, in which

carpets were worked, weaving was carried on, carpenter's and tinman's work done, and so on. When the prisoners assemble, as in the church or the school-room, or to their common occupations, strict silence is preserved.

Lastly, we passed round the towers of this bastille, within the outer wall, and saw there a piece of land, laid out as a garden, which is used for giving instructions in gardening to such convicts as are destined for Botany Bay.

We then drove to Bedlam; and on this occasion I examined, besides the lunatic asylum, a working school for neglected children. When one considers, that among the 2,000,000 inhabitants of London, 20,000 are entirely without habitations, it is easy to conceive how neglected a number of children must be, and how much remains to be done, before the evil can be eradicated. The institution near Bedlam, fed, clothed, and instructed, perhaps a couple of hundred children; but this is but a drop in the ocean! The house is, on the whole, small, the rooms for sleeping, working, and eating, rather low; but everywhere cleanliness and order; and there was even a garden, kept in order by the children themselves. The clothes and shoes are all made in the institution.

We were engaged to-day to lunch with Dr. Howley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the first ecclesiastical dignitary in Great Britain. He lives in the Bishop's Palace, at Lambeth; and in this old ecclesiastical building, his majesty was received by the archbishop and his lady. The entrance, through an old gate overgrown with ivy, was of itself remarkable; the house itself has been several times altered, but still in the Anglo-Gothic style; the drawing-room enjoyed, from its handsome Gothic windows, a beautiful view of Westminster, over the trees in the garden; and the library, with its high Gothic windows, and its rich wainscotting, contains many historical and literary treasures. The collection of MSS. is particularly rich. The firm hand-writing of Queen Elizabeth—firm as her character, was to be found on many a leaf already yellow with age. The first installation of an Archbishop of Canterbury was also interesting, as well as the copy of a celebrated Chronicle of St. Alban's, made in the fifteenth century.

For myself, this little court of an English ecclesiastical prince offered several points of comparison with the rich courts of the Italian clergy, which I had formerly seen in Rome. The violet-coloured livery, in which all the servants were dressed, was the only point in which any resemblance was to be seen—every thing else was different; and the patriarchal appearance of the venerable couple, surrounded by a grown-up family, produced a much more beautiful effect.

After a very rich, but certainly domestic meal, we drove to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, the second great zoological institution in London, which is, however, properly a matter of speculation;

for not only is money paid to enter at the gates, to see the really numerous and interesting animals, but other remarkable exhibitions are also introduced here. We first visited the cages containing the rarer sorts of animals. Every thing is much the same as in the Regent's-park, but the positions are almost more interesting, and the animals very well kept. Some of the rarer animals are wanting, as the rhinoceros, the orang-utang, and siren; in fact, the gardens in the Regent's-park appear to be rather more of a scientific undertaking than these. Among the birds, I was particularly struck with a specimen of the rhamastos, or pepper-eater (*rhampsastos pictus*), which adorns the woods of the equinoctial regions of America, with the splendour of its plumage. Also a rare specimen of water-fowl (*fulica chloropus*), a beautiful sort of heron (*ardea capensis*), and a rare vulture (*vultur ecaudatus*). Among the quadrupeds, the Carnivora were particularly remarkable; and to me a rare specimen of the ursine kangaroo (*didelphis ursinus*) from Van Dieman's Land, was new. I was also interested in a pair of beautiful wapitis, those large stags of North America, which have seldom been seen to such advantage on this side the Atlantic.

Whilst we were thus wandering along among the cages of the wild animals, we turned a corner, and a most extraordinary spectacle presented itself before our eyes. Over an artificial lake a painting or scenic decoration was extended, skilfully painted and arranged, representing London before the fire of 1666. It was not easy to distinguish where to draw the line between the real scenery and the canvass, for a bridge was really thrown over the water, representing the old London Bridge of that time; the tower, the old cathedral of St. Paul, Winchester Palace, and the Globe Theatre were really there; and it was easy, by the aid of printed descriptions, to discover several points in ancient London. In the evening the great fire is here represented, and I can well imagine that by proper arrangement, a very powerful effect may be produced. Every year, or every two years, a new piece is exhibited, and thus art, in addition to the wild beasts, helps to increase the profits of the shareholders.

We drove now further and further towards the more remote districts of the city; the coachman, although undoubtedly well acquainted with the town, was several times at fault; sometimes the pavement ceased altogether, and instead of houses, we saw huts surrounded with gardens: in short we appeared to be in the most remote part of England, instead of London. This was on our way to the most gigantic work of modern London, the Tunnel. At last we arrived at the entrance, leading from the left bank down under the bed of the river; as yet, however, no carriage can penetrate these depths; but foot passengers only are admitted, on payment of a small sum, and are allowed to pass through. In order to be able to lay down a carriage road, much more ground would have to be bought, and the present owners demand enormous prices; so that the matter is

as yet to be left alone. It is easily seen, indeed, from the very gradual development of those parts of London which the Tunnel was intended to connect, that this enormous work is of little use, except to prove the determination of the English spirit in carrying out any idea once started. Should London ever become as populous in this part as it is more west, it will not only be necessary to make it passable for carriages, but a new tunnel must be built—perhaps even a railway tunnel.

It was particularly interesting to me that Mr. Brunel himself was present, in order to show his majesty his plans of the work, and to explain by what means (vaulted shields, sacks covered with tar, and artificial layers of clay) he was enabled to protect this double arch of 1300 feet long, twenty feet high, and thirty-five broad (each arch being fourteen feet across) against the Thames, here broad and deep enough to carry merchant vessels. Brunel's physiognomy is characteristic; his figure is short and rough, the form of his head broad, with a large development in the forehead and back part of the skull.

The conclusion of this productive day's work was to be the examination of a large brewery, and that of Barclay and Perkins had been fixed upon. I was well aware that every thing here was on a colossal scale, and yet the reality far exceeded my expectations; this brewery is in itself a small town, containing several courts and streets, with large and small buildings. We were first conducted to the store-rooms, in which the enormous stores of malt are kept. The brewery requires yearly 112,000 quarters, *i. e.* as a quarter contains two sacks, 224,000 sacks, of malt; it is easy to conceive, therefore, that the store of this material must be enormous. There were thirty-six large cases, reaching through a couple of stories, out of which the malt could be immediately conveyed according as it was wanted, by means of a sliding door; each of these cases contained 1000 quarters, or 2000 sacks, so that the whole store was worth about 180,000*l.* We were next shown the immense malting apparatus, where the moistened barley is freed from the husks by rollers driven by steam power; the grains are afterwards dried and browned for making porter, and then laid up for use in these large cases. Next came the mills, also worked by steam power, in which the malt is corned, and finally the enormous vats, in which the malt and hops are boiled. The wort flows from these by means of a very ingenious system of pipes, into the cooling-pans, and from thence into the enormous tuns, where it is mixed with yeast, and where fermentation takes place; and at length into the really enormous vats, of which there are one hundred and fifty. The smaller ones contain each 3600 barrels, each of thirty-six gallons; the larger ones reach from the ground to the roof of a considerable sized house. At the upper end there is a passage crossing these immense vats, one of which measured fifteen paces in diameter; and I could now understand what I had sometimes read, that when

such a Gargantua's cask bursts, a sort of inundation in the neighbouring streets is the consequence. The value of the contents of one of these vats is about 3500*l*.

The brewery employs constantly 300 men, and 180 horses. The latter are of a particular breed, of very large size, in order to be able to draw the two-wheeled drays used to convey the casks of beer about the town. They are brought from Lincolnshire, and cost from 60*l*. to 70*l*. It was quite reasonable that at the conclusion of all these observations, we should *pro studio et labore* be conducted into one of the offices, in order to taste the ale and the porter. They were both excellent. The porter is of a heavy, solid, and sombre character; the ale, on the other hand, was handed round in Champagne glasses, and contains in its clear light brown waves a strong intoxicating spirit.

If I were to make a remark in conclusion, it would be this:—what a number of things the human mind can produce and originate ignorantly and unconsciously, so that at the end exactly the same effect is produced as if he had all along known what this result would be. Thus, for example, these men direct the preparation and fermentation of these pleasant and nourishing drinks, and do not at all know that by this means they give rise to a process of microscopic vegetation, and cultivate one of the most remarkable formations of plants. It has, indeed, only been known for a few years among scientific men, that yeast consists of an infinite number of the most minute semina, and that fermentation is nothing but an organic conversion of a liquid, which conversion goes on at the same rate if left to take its natural course, and is determined by an increase of the original bubbles, and by a development of plants, which again form fresh semina, or bubbles, being the yeast produced by the fermentation. The beer probably would not be better if the brewer understood all this; but it is different with the spirit, which is only to be satisfied with the principles of any phenomenon, and which increases by increased knowledge.

Several useful applications, too, might be made of this theory!

This evening we again dined early, and the court drove, at eight o'clock, to the Philharmonic Concert, under the direction of Mendelssohn. The concert-room might be called small for London, and is not richly decorated. There were reserved seats for the court in front of the orchestra, covered with scarlet drapery. The orchestra seemed to be kept together principally by the skill of the conductor, for the several members of it did not seem to possess any great talent, in consequence, probably, of the want of musical taste among the English; more interest seems, however, to have been excited for these concerts by the exertions of Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge. A symphony of Beethoven's and some beautiful passages from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," afforded me in this life of commotion an agreeable rest for the mind; and I had also the pleasure of saluting the author of this "Midsummer Night's" music

myself, when during the pause he entered the royal box, situated close to the concert-room, by command of his majesty, by whom he was most graciously received.

XXII.

London, June 11th—Evening.

EARLY this morning a rendezvous with Professor Owen, at the College of Surgeons, on all sorts of *Anatomica*. I availed myself of the occasion to measure the proportions of the head of this English Cuvier for my craniological tables. I have never yet measured the head of any truly distinguished artist, scholar, or diplomatist, without having found its proportions in general favourable, and in the forehead especially, preponderating dimensions. So it was in this case, and in addition to a good head, the peculiar structure might be adduced as a proof of the correctness of physiological cranioscopy.

On my return I passed through Covent Garden market, the chief place for the sale of fruit and vegetables of all descriptions. Here there is a kind of covered bazaar, where there is stand upon stand in long rows, on which an endless variety of the finest vegetable productions are beautifully arranged. The masses of magnificent strawberries, the neat bundles of asparagus, and baskets full of the most various vegetables, looked very inviting. Among other things the market was well stocked with the young stalks of rhubarb, which are regarded as great delicacies, and used to flavour soups, in consequence of their lemon-acid flavour. There, too, were to be seen what would be regarded as something very unusual in our markets, large baskets full of oranges, and hampers of cocoa-nuts, much esteemed for their kernel and the sweet fluid which they contain. And, finally, there were numbers of baskets filled with unripe fruit for sale, particularly employed for a kind of pastry much used in desserts, and called *tarts*. There was no lack of the beautiful mixed up with the useful—whole stands full of the choicest flowers, and especially in the form of elegant bouquets, charmingly arranged and bound together by pretty cases made of ornamental white paper, furnishing every dandy with the most suitable morning offering to the mistress of his heart.

I was obliged, however, to hasten back to the palace, in order to accompany his majesty in his extensive excursions through London. Our first object was the Baker-street bazaar. In extent the place is enormous, and a multitude of articles of the most various descriptions are here exposed for sale in several large buildings; among other things there are long galleries full of carriages, many second-hand, sent here by their proprietors to be disposed of. On the whole, however, it is deficient in the ornamental, multifarious, and varie-

gated appearance, which is so interesting and makes such an agreeable impression in the Oxford-street bazaar.

From Baker-street we proceeded to the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's-park, and I had great pleasure in seeing for the second time this choice collection of the varieties of animal life, and observed, too, several which had before escaped my attention.

The third object of curiosity was the house of Mr. Hope, son of that rich banker who laid the foundation of Thorwaldsen's reputation by a great expenditure. The father has been long dead, and his widow married Lord Beresford as her second husband; the son is unmarried, and occupies this large and singular house quite alone. Curious enough, the late Mr. Hope, in the erection of this house, wished to furnish an imitation of the ancient Greek style of architecture. It therefore appears from without dark and unadorned, whilst within it is decorated with columns, and the rooms and chambers are either lighted from the interior court, which is not indeed very clear, or from the top. The house contains a considerable collection of vases, and in the state rooms are some paintings, which are called masterpieces of the Italian painters, but which, however, have for the most part been baptised without conscientious god-fathers. Among the sculptures, I was most interested with that first and greatest of Thorwaldsen's works, the "Jason." The treatment of the marble itself is very beautiful, and it was remarkable to observe the struggle between the high artistical conception and the poor, dry compliance of nature. The latter was visible in the execution of the limbs. In the back and head the hard material had been more yielding under the hand of the artist.

In the neighbouring small but richly adorned chambers I was struck with several paintings in oil, executed by Daniel, the author and illustrator of the great work upon India. The wonderful pagodas, temples, and walls of Delhi, and other places, are represented in a somewhat broad, theatrical style, but rare, and by no means uninteresting. Finally, we came to a collection of pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and here, indeed, are pieces of admirable beauty and distinguished excellence. I would especially name a picture by Van der Helst, representing the apprehension of Cornelius de Witt; the figures, it is true, are small, only about one-fourth the size of life, but are brought out nobly by the bold and skilful hand of the painter. We were next extremely amused by the wit and character displayed in an oyster feast, painted by Johann Steen. And further I was delighted with the picture of an old warrior just emptying his wine-glass, whilst standing over him, a trumpeter is blowing a vigorous blast from a silver trumpet, adorned with a blue flag richly embroidered. There are also some beautiful sea-pieces by Van der Velde, and by Adrian Van der Velde the large picture from nature of a sunny farm-yard with cattle, in which the glittering of the leaves in the sun-light, the play of the shadows of the trees upon the wooden walls of the yard, and the lying and standing

cattle, upon the grass and in the water, are all splendidly delineated. The most perfect of all, however, is, perhaps, a picture by Cuypp, representing cattle lying down in water. The brilliancy in the sunny air—the calm of the wide ponds—the transparent shadows and bright lights upon the reposing animals—fortunate may the collector esteem himself who has such a treasure in his gallery.

Before returning home, it was his majesty's pleasure still to visit one of those large club-houses, which constitute a peculiar feature in London life. These club-houses are generally said to be a thorn in the eye of the London ladies, as they furnish so many compensations for the pleasures of domestic life, that a great number of men prefer remaining unmarried. A member of such a club enjoys every convenience for conducting his correspondence, books to read or consult, newspapers of all kinds, and meals at very moderate prices, so that in fact, he needs little more than a simple dwelling, more for the night than for the day. The club which we visited was that called the United Service Club; a house at which the higher officers both of the army and navy, in service or out of service, regularly meet. This club-house is beautifully situated in Waterloo-place, and consists of a splendid building, with large reading, conversation, library, and dining rooms; the chief staircase is adorned with statues and pictures, and the house contains an extremely luxurious kitchen, where, behind a polished fire-screen full eight feet high, and before a powerful coal fire, all manner of roasts, placed upon perpendicular spits, turned by mechanism, send forth the odour of their ripeness for the hungry palate. The cost on admission is 30*l.* sterling, and the annual subscription 6*l.* The great heroes of the army and navy, Wellington and Nelson, adorn the stairs in portraits as large as life; and close by Nelson there is placed a very large picture of the Battle of Trafalgar, executed by Clarkson Stanfield. We here observed the *Victory*, which we had visited at Portsmouth, in all her majesty.

In the afternoon, the British Museum was to be visited. Before, however, we set out on this expedition, I received a visit in my quiet room from Prince Albert, that young and amiable prince, who was led to me by the interest which he takes in the science of nature, in order to see, under the microscope, the mysterious productions, previously spoken of, called leaven bladders. The exhibition was very successful—the view of the process complete—and the lively interest taken by him in this remarkable discovery, is a proof to me, that science and its promoters in England, will infallibly be much indebted to the attention and zeal of his royal highness for the promotion of knowledge.

On this occasion in the Museum, we commenced with the splendid library, which I had not seen on my previous visit. The riches of these rooms in works of splendour and rarity, especially in Greek MSS. and Egyptian papyri, are well known to those ac-

quainted with such subjects; but in a hasty review, it was impossible to dwell on such things. We therefore immediately turned to the antiques—and first to the Egyptian, which I was now able to examine somewhat more in detail. What is very remarkable, is, that many of these most ancient monuments have been the trophies of very recent victories. They constituted a part of the large collections made in Egypt by the French *savans*, and fell into the hands of the English on the capitulation of Alexandria, in 1801, as a part of the spoils of war. Among them is the celebrated Rosetta stone, the most important key to the art of interpreting hieroglyphics which it has fallen to the lot of the present age to discover. This stone contains a eulogy on the services of Ptolemy, engraved in the hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek languages. It is now preserved with reverence in the British Museum, along with the tablet of Abydos, which contains the list of the succession of Egyptian kings. All the same thoughts which had been formerly suggested to my mind, on the view of these remnants of Egyptian greatness, again came fresh upon me!—thoughts on the rigid immovable dimensions of these works of art, made as it were for eternity. And yet it was again as clear to me as ever, that nothing made by human skill, can indeed withstand the consuming power of time; the power of the soul alone remains untouched. My eyes to-day were again involuntarily attracted to these massive ruins—those colossal heads, broken from their trunks—those giant hands sundered from their bodies—those Sphinxes maimed of their proportions. Amongst them lay a huge Scarabæus, but nothing appeared to be so well preserved, almost uninjured, and distinct in their hieroglyphical inscriptions, as the resting-places of the dead, the immense granite sarcophagi.

It is very remarkable to observe the strict adherence to the *one* great and severe style pervading all, down to the smallest portions of these broken statues. The shadow of doubt never could arise in the mind, whether a single finger, or any other fragment, how minute soever, might not possibly be the production of Grecian art. The Egyptian character is stamped indelibly on all, and it is always the same, whether it be contemplated here in the small hieroglyphic figures of an animal or a sarcophagus; or in the representation of the immense head of Rameses III., fully five feet broad, placed in the wall over the entrance.

The Lycian monuments, too, which have been recently added to these collections, furnished materials for consideration. They contain bas-reliefs, representing the demolition of a city, and eight single statues, all brought from the ancient Xanthus in Lycia. The delineations are somewhat rude, but by no means deficient in lively imagination; near these are the wonderful specimens of architectural remains. They exhibit a singular half Persian, half Egyptian style, and already mixed with Christian symbols. A lofty tomb is especially remarkable; an angel is represented, in its flat bas-relief,

with a palm branch in his hand, as conducting the soul, which is represented under a very odd form. These things invite to questions of peculiar study and research; but they are such as would, at least, be always more interesting to the historian than the artist.

Now, however, to the Greeks, to whom the mind must always turn, when engaged in the search after what is artistically perfect. True, indeed, the figures of the Parthenon again powerfully attracted our attention; but the variety of objects to be examined, necessarily compelled us to bestow much of our time upon other objects of art or curiosity. Among the Grecian antiques, I was most struck with a Venus, draped from the hips downwards, very closely resembling the Venus of Melos. This statue was found in the baths of Claudius, at Ostia, and still exhibits all the perfection of Grecian art in the highest degree. The bearing and beauty of the figure reminded me somewhat of the Venus of Arles. The collection contains a number of large and beautiful vases, adorned with Bacchanalian figures, splendid candelabra and fragments of columns; some beautiful terminal statues of Mercury, and a great number of other busts and statues of great merit. The small works belonging to antiquity, are preserved in the upper rooms, consisting of bronzes, small vases, ornaments, and the like. These rooms also would furnish subjects of examination for weeks. I can only attempt to notice or record the most remarkable. To this class especially belongs the curious glass vessel, known under the name of the Portland Vase, and found near Rome, about the middle of the sixteenth century, in a marble sarcophagus. The height of the vase is not much more than a foot; the material, a beautiful dark blue glass, adorned with reliefs of a milk white vitreous substance. The manner in which these reliefs have been attached to the substratum is a question, which has given rise to much discussion among archæologists. The work very much resembles that of the carved Roman cameos, in which the white mass of the shell is allowed to stand upon a yellowish ground, and it appears to me most probable, that in the case of this vase also, the white reliefs are artificially cut out from a mass of white glass matter upon the surface. We were further charmed with the examination of many rich golden diadems, and splendid bronze pieces of armour, formerly gilded, the exceedingly beautiful reliefs of which have been copied by Brönstedt (these were considered for some time as portions of the golden armour of Pyrrhus): and to these must be added a highly interesting collection of cut stones and coins.

The museum also contains much relating to the arts of the middle ages; as, for example, a small rich wood carving ascribed to Albert Durer, and several of those pieces of Martin Finiguerra, engraved on metal lids, which are often regarded as the commencement of the art of copper-plate engraving, because they certainly give a very good impression upon paper. These were followed by the view of the great Hamiltonian collection of vases; and, finally,

the treasures of small Greek and Roman bronzes and *terra cottas*, and the Egyptian antiquities, arranged in a suite of rooms. The last consists of furniture, ornaments, papyrus, &c. &c. The most curious article among those was an extremely well-preserved wig, made of strong brown and black hair. Whatever priest or prince of Egypt may have been the proprietor, it must have served to give him a very singular appearance.

We next proceeded to the departments of natural history, and in the first of these, the mineralogical and geological department, I found an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the meritorious curator, Herr König—a German. He explained to us his plan for the exhibition of the whole collection; of which, however, a great part is not yet arranged, among which may be mentioned that of fossil fish. The Amphibia commence in the order of the subject, with the Salamander tribe, among which there is to be seen an impression of the head and spine of that colossal primitive salamander, which the old Swiss naturalist, Scheuchzer, regarded as a fossil human being, and has given as an evidence of the existence of the human species at the period of the earliest conditions of the earth. These were followed by the land and marsh Amphibia, such as the Teleosauri, Geosauri, Iguanodon, or gigantic crocodiles, found under Tilgate Forest, in Sussex; and the winged Amphibia (*pterodactylus*); and, finally, the marine Amphibia (*enaliosauria*), which are particularly represented in the different species of Plesiosauri and Ichthyosauri, the most splendid specimens of which have been found on the sea-coast, near Lyme Regis. Our attention was especially directed to an immense spinal column of an Ichthyosaurus, quite detached, more than twenty feet long.

The cases for the meteoric iron and stones, contain also very interesting specimens. The largest is a piece of iron, a part of the celebrated mass of Otumpa, described by Don Rubin de Celis, which was estimated, in all, at fifteen tons' weight. The portion in the museum weighs 1400 pounds. Among these meteoric stones, is that historically remarkable one which fell from the air at Ensisheim, during the battle of the (at a later period) Emperor Maximilian against the French. It weighs 270 pounds. The rest are chiefly remarkable from having fallen in places beyond the limits of Europe, in the East Indies, Africa, America, &c.

The mineralogical collection, properly so called, could only be cursorily viewed. Among the very remarkable things here, is a small slab in the form of a table, presented by the Duke of Rutland, and singular, especially, on account of its very recent formation. In the lead mines belonging to the duke, in Derbyshire, there was found a stalagmite deposit of coloured calcareous concrete, inside an old water-pipe, which, when cut and polished, presented this very beautiful wavy, yellow-brown marble. Attempts are now said to be made to produce this marble by artificial arrangements made expressly for the purpose.

There still remained the zoological and botanical departments of this Museum Universum, which is called the British Museum; and in order just to have a glance at the whole, we walked through these also. Mr. Gray, who is the curator of the former department, made the kindest offers for affording me every opportunity of examining the collection more closely, and which, if I had been able to devote the necessary time to the subject, would have been very agreeable to me. We chiefly cast our eyes around among the legions of birds, and our attention was directed to a claw of that rare, extinct bird, the Dodo (*didus inaptus*), as well as to the very remarkable play-ground nests of the *Ptilonorhynchus nuchalis*, found by Mr. Gould, and placed in the museum. These extraordinary birds, observed by this gentleman in New Holland, belong to the family of the *Laniæ* (stranglers), are about the size of a black-bird, and are called by the English satin-birds. They build their nests in trees; but in addition to this, they build also upon the ground a kind of play-ground, made of small twigs, in the form of a little bower, about a foot high. In this little bower, they amuse themselves by running about, adorn it with shells, which they drag thither for the purpose, and make even a kind of pavement with flat smooth stones; and it often happens that things which have been accidentally lost, such as knives, spoons, &c., are found in these structures. This little edifice is remarkably well preserved, and interested me very much, as a proof and example of a very high degree of structural instinct, of very rare occurrence to such an extent among animals. The collection of quadrupeds, fish, amphibia, shells, and insects, is also of immense extent.

The botanical department is under the celebrated Sir Robert Brown, with whom I had the pleasure of a previous acquaintance, and contains a vast mass of valuable treasures. It was, of course, quite impossible to cast even a glance into the extensive Herbaria, from all parts of the world; but we found leisure to look over several large volumes, full of beautiful drawings of rare Orchidæ; and the carpological collection furnished us with a sight of an immense variety of seeds and fruits. It was to me a matter of singular interest, to have some conversation with the celebrated curator, respecting the vegetative power of the seeds and grains of corn taken from the Egyptian tombs. He alleged, that in all his numerous microscopical examinations of such grains, thousands of years old, he had always found the innermost germ completely dried up, and directly denied the fact of their vegetative power. Nothing, indeed, is thereby proved; but the matter deserves renewed consideration. The stem of a Brazilian fern hung up in the room, which had all the characteristics of a tree, is well calculated to give some idea of the magnificence of South American vegetation. It has a close resemblance to the stem of a moderate-sized pine.

After this cursory glance, we left the Museum, in which human knowledge is represented in a richness of objects, which,

perhaps, might be still more advantageously disposed in separate collections.

On our return to Buckingham Palace, we paid a hasty visit to all that remains of the old royal palace of Whitehall—the banqueting and death-house of English kings. In the time of Henry VIII., Whitehall belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, as Archbishop of York. After his death, the king took it for his own residence, so that it continued to be used as a royal palace, till the chief part of it was burned down in 1695. The present palace of Whitehall is the whole which was saved from the flames. This portion constituted the banqueting-house, and was added to the original structure by James I. It was from a window of this hall of revelling that the unfortunate Charles I. was obliged to mount the scaffold, in the year 1649. From this time its appropriation as a banqueting-house ceased—and, as it were, to compensate for the bitter irony which had changed the very banqueting-hall into a bloody scaffold—the great ball-room was afterwards converted into a church. In the entrance to the palace we saw a great variety of ground plans and drawings of the former arrangements of the extensive buildings and gardens of the ancient palace; at present there is nothing whatever to be seen in the building, except an empty palace built in the usual florid Italian style, whose so called church even is not calculated of itself to make any sacred impression on the mind (for it is still an almost unaltered ball-room), but the place produces a peculiar effect from the recollection of the dreadful event of which it was once the scene. The paintings on the roof, which are said to be by Rubens, but no doubt for the most part executed by his pupils, contain the “Apotheosis of James I.,” and although this makes a singular enough impression in connexion with a Christian church, it however adds a peculiar feature to the whole, when one thinks that the painted apotheosis of the father was formerly made a witness to the actual execution of the son.

After dinner, at nine o'clock, his majesty went to the opera to see the second act of “Lucia de Lammermoor.” Persiani had the chief part,—a very skilful singer, but far less pretty than Grisi, and ungraceful in her action. The opera was followed by a ballet, “Undine,” insignificant in invention and arrangement, and brought out with bad decorations. The great object of attraction was the moonlight dance, performed by Cerito towards the end, in which she has here raised such a *furor*, that on one occasion, when this dance was omitted, it gave rise almost to a riot in the theatre, which was only put an end to, or rather turned into laughter, by an Italian presenting himself to the audience to lull the storm, and addressing the public in bad French in the following singular manner:—“Messieurs et mesdames, un accident est arrivé à la machine de la lune.” This moonshine was produced somewhat in a similar manner as in the hydro-oxygen gas microscope; the light was made to fall upon a milk-white glass, and certainly pro-

duced all the effect of the clearest moonshine. In this light Cerito danced—coquetting with her shadow just as a young girl would do with her reflection in a looking-glass—bending herself down as she would embrace it, and then apparently flying from it again, and executing a hundred such fooleries, which, however, were all performed with admirable grace—called forth bursts of applause—and were very agreeable to see. Without waiting for the end of the ballet, we took our departure after this moonlight scene, and went home, but without any real moonlight in the sky.

XXIII.

London, June 12th—Evening.

THIS day being wholly at my disposal for my own objects, I availed myself of the early hours to drive to the house of Mr. Gould, to whose ornithological collections my attention had been directed yesterday, for the second time, in the British Museum. I found him residing in a small but very elegant and agreeably furnished house, and had reason to be much pleased with a very kind reception. It may be very truly said that he has done for the birds of Australia what Audubon has done for those of America. His work on “Australian birds” is admirable for its drawings, and full in its text, and contains also drawings of many beautiful Australian plants. What treasures had he not to communicate! He even showed me some beautiful living birds from New Holland. One was a very small but most charming parrot, with a green and brown plumage—the *melopsittacus undulatus*—and Gould mentioned as an Australian peculiarity—for every thing there is usually so—that many of the parrots of New Holland are agreeable songsters—of which, however, those earlier known gave no intimation. Then he showed me an extraordinary rich collection of eggs and nests, and what was not capable of being preserved *in naturá*, was carefully delineated in oil paintings and accurate drawings. Thus I found with him a very well-executed oil painting of the playground of the satin bird, called by him *chlamydera nuchalis*, which was accompanied with a representation of the dark-plumaged builder himself. The drawings of the brood hills formed by the *leipoa* and *melapodius* belonging to the class of brush turkey, appeared to me very remarkable. They furnished the most singular peculiarities respecting their mode of life. The *leipoa ocellata*, a dark-coloured bird of the size of a grouse, heaps up a great mound of earth and sand to the height of from three to four feet. On the top the bird makes a hollow, in which the female lays eight very large eggs, and then the hollow is completely filled up with leaves, moss, and mould. The eggs are now committed to the process of

nature—left to be hatched by the warmth of the sun—and the young, which are very large, no sooner burst the shell, than with their strong feet they scratch an outlet for themselves through the leafy covering, and make their way to the light of day, and from that moment forward provide for themselves. In the case of the *melapodius tumulus* the hillock often reaches six feet in height. In most cases birds are regarded as patterns of care for their young, but these afford an example of complete indifference and forgetfulness.

This zealous collector has not confined his attention to the birds of Australia alone. A short time ago he received several new species of the kangaroo, and of the pretty little marsupia—the *tarsipus rostratus* with its thread-shape echidna-tongue, and only two sharp fore teeth in the under jaw, and the *chairopus* with small claws and feet, almost like those of a *jerboa*. Natural history will no doubt be greatly enriched by the labours of this most industrious collector.

From Mr. Gould's I drove to St. George's Hospital, which is a handsome building, admirably situated at Hyde-park corner, and contains a considerable anatomical collection. This institution is also the produce of voluntary contributions, and was rebuilt in its present form and dimensions about sixteen years ago. The arrangement of the wards and the care of the patients, are precisely the same as in St. Bartholomew's. We ascended to the flat roof, and, on a beautiful sunny day, I enjoyed from this elevated position a rich and interesting view of all that part of London which lay within the scope of my vision. Not long since, one of the nurses threw herself from the top on which we stood. Near the hospital is the anatomical school of Mr. Lane. Anatomical preparations of the most various kinds were heaped together in his collection; and Mr. Lane, on his own account, undisturbed by the government, which pays little attention to such things, gives instructions to students, who then visit the hospitals and become physicians, or at least apothecaries, who here, as is well known, practise medicine in spite of the physicians. This must be regarded as one of the excrescences of English freedom.

I had now several medical consultations to attend, and with difficulty afterwards found time to pay a visit to the celebrated chemist Faraday, to whom we also in Germany are so much indebted. I found in him a man of vigorous frame, of middle size, and a form of head rather broad than long, corresponding to his knowledge. He received me with urbanity and kindness. He resides in the Royal Institution—an institution which was founded by Count Rumford in 1800—in which Sir Humphry Davy lectured and made his most important discoveries. Faraday also lectures here, and accompanies his instructions with the necessary experiments in the physical sciences. He received me in the room appropriated to a mineralogical and geological cabinet, which contains

a well-arranged collection and some remarkable fossils. It is also furnished with what ought to be much more attended to in such collections, several oil paintings—views of places geologically remarkable (the artists indeed might have been better), of singular formation of trapps, great coal strata, remarkable chalk rocks, &c. The idea of a physiognomy of mountains has here also taken root.

I was also anxious to see one of the benevolent institutions for the reception of pregnant women, and drove at leisure to the Lying-in-Hospital in the City-road. The fundamental law of this and of similar institutions is to receive only poor married women, but however the rule may agree with that kind of Christian feeling, from which these institutions have originated, it is certain, also, that the consequence is the deprivation of every place of refuge, inflicted upon those unfortunate persons who are unmarried, the entailing of immense misery, and the sure means of producing horrible crimes of another description, which it appears to me it would be much more Christian to prevent, than to adhere to this fixed principle. With the exception of this constitutional fault, the institution deserves the highest commendation, and the appearance of the rooms, corridors, and garden, all gave me the impression of a domestic arrangement much more than that of a hospital. The results, too, speak for themselves; for of 590 poor women who were confined in the institution during the year 1840 only six died. A matron presides over the establishment, and the whole of the necessary nursing and attendance is given by women. Dr. Clark, who is the physician to the institution, is very rarely called in. As far as it is possible the women are received about forty-eight hours before their confinement, on the recommendation of governors, and showing a certificate of their marriage, and remain three weeks after, during which time all the care, attendance, and food, are given without cost, except that, what appeared to me very characteristic of English life, each person is required to provide her own tea and sugar. Thirty-five thousand, four hundred and seventy-four children were born in this institution from the year 1750 to the close of the year 1840.

On my return I prepared to visit another of the great lunatic asylums of London—St. Luke's Hospital. It is situated in Old-street-road, and outwardly has all the appearance of a fortress, surrounded by a ditch, and with a bridge to approach the door; it is also said that the old system of force and chains prevails here.* Whilst we remained in the entrance-hall, the physician who accompanied me tried in vain to induce the apothecary who received us, to allow us to inspect the hospital. "Only allowed on a written authority from the governors," was the only reply; and as I had omitted to furnish myself with such a permission, we were obliged

* This information of my conductor does not, however, correspond with the "Report on the Treatment of Lunatics" in the "Quarterly Review," for October, 1844, in which it is said "St. Luke's Hospital was found in a better state than Bedlam."

to retire, regarding this unkind reception as giving no very favourable impression of the mode of treatment pursued. At some distance from St. Luke's stands the House of Correction, built about fifty years ago, on Howard's plan. Its outward appearance exhibits none of the traces of the humane Howard, but gives the passers by the impression of a terrible fortress, with its spiked walls, and chains, and iron bars, and therefore, among the people, it goes by the name of the *Bastille*. I did not see the interior.

After all this, after passing through so many cross streets and lanes, I found myself again at sunset in my own quiet chamber in Buckingham Palace. The windows were open before my writing-table, and I rejoiced in the rural calm among the trees in the gardens; every thing felt as if one was altogether remote from a city, and especially from such a one as London. As I looked again, the idea was more and more realised by the appearance of a fawn feeding upon the grass which sprouted up under the walls close to my window! It is only the possibility of finding such a *buen retiro* in many places of this vast city, which could make its noise and hurry at all endurable!

I was not, however, permitted even here long to indulge in these solitary reflections, for his majesty was about to proceed to a grand dinner at Lord Wilton's, from whom he had received an invitation. We drove thither, and in the evening there was not merely a large *soirée*, but also a ball, which detained me till late in the night, as a spectator only it is true, but as a spectator whose time was fully and agreeably occupied in the contemplation of the very beautiful heads which passed in review before him. I cannot omit mentioning the impression left upon me by the Marchioness of Douro, the daughter-in-law of the Duke of Wellington. Her head is of great beauty, and when seen in profile worthy of the goddess Juno.

XXIV.

London, June 13th—Evening.

THIS morning his royal highness Prince Albert honoured me with a visit for the second time, in order to examine some of Ehrenberg's microscopic discoveries respecting fossil Infusoria, which were observed with peculiar interest. Soon afterwards we set out for a drive to Richmond-park and to Kew, whither his majesty had been invited by the Duke of Cambridge.

At the extremity of the suburbs, we arrived at a very ornamental suspension bridge, which crosses the Thames, here rather diminished in width, and to our surprise, almost immediately on leaving the town, came upon an extensive waste common, covered with thistle and broom. Were not England the country of so many

striking contrasts, the appearance of such a waste so close to so large a city as London, would be still more difficult to explain; in this case, it is said to arise from circumstances connected with jurisdiction. The day was again dry and beautiful; the roads covered with dust, and hitherto I might say in general, that I had in vain sought for this foggy, gloomy, rainy, smoky London, concerning which I had read and heard so many descriptions. This spring and summer, however, are said to be remarkable exceptions. After a short drive we reached Richmond-park, with its beautiful meadows and magnificent oaks. It makes a delightful impression after the noise and dust of the city and streets. The hills in this neighbourhood rise progressively; we alighted on Richmond-hill to view the prospect, which, among the English, is greatly admired for the extent and beauty of the landscape which it presents, and has furnished a theme for many poets, and been especially celebrated by Thomson, who formerly resided there. The whole is a view from a low hill, over an extensive and well-wooded country—with the agreeably winding Thames in the foreground, and Windsor in the distance. No doubt very pleasing and pretty in fine weather, but for the rest, nothing very extraordinary. We entered the town of Richmond, which is much frequented by the people of London in the summer; the Thames here, merely a river, runs at the bottom of the hill, on the declivity of which the town is built. This stream suggested to me many reflections; when I remembered, that only a few miles further on its course, below London-bridge, it is covered with thousands of large merchant ships; and that, in this manner, it passes all at once by its marriage with an arm of the sea from the simplicity of childhood to an historical personage of universal celebrity! Such instances, too, are sometimes repeated in human life!

We found Richmond crowded with carriages, in consequence of the races at Hampton Court. We drove rapidly through the town, and soon arrived at the residence of the Duke of Cambridge in Kew, where the duke and duchess received his majesty in a simple but elegant country-house. We soon proceeded to the inspection of the gardens, forcing-houses, and extensive park. Sir W. J. Hooker, formerly of Glasgow, has been recently appointed curator of the gardens, to preserve, increase, and describe the collection which it contains. I here saw a great number of interesting and partly new plants, such as *statice macrophylla*, *justicia calmia*, *cephalotus follicularis*, *angelonia Gardenerina*, and *rondelatia multiflora*; to which must be added the *Daphne legata*, the inner bark of which is woven into a remarkable species of ruffles, and the *platycerium grande*, a species of fern, which sends forth its fine feathered tail from broad, colossal, massive leaves, which closely and significantly resemble the form of the *Marchantia*.

My attention was necessarily attracted to the *Kreysigia multiflora*, by the remembrance of my late worthy colleague Kreysig, whose

name it bears. As a memorial of my friend, who did not long survive his journey to England, I placed a small branch of this almost unsightly plant with its small white blossoms in my pocket-book. I did the same with the remarkable *dammara Australis*, but for a very different reason; it is the noble tree which is found in New Zealand, and furnishes the English with such admirable masts. Among the beautiful New Holland pines, I here further saw the *dacrydium elatum*. This collection also contains the first specimen of the pines of the Cordilleras, brought to Europe from Chili, by Vancouver, the *araucaria imbricata*, the stem of which is already four inches in diameter. In addition to these, there are immense specimens of the *Ginkgo biloba* growing in the open air, and beside them, also without protection, several fresh trees of black and green tea, with many other interesting plants. The forcing-houses contained some beautiful specimens of orchideous plants, among which the splendid *saccolabium guttatum*, with its large pendant blood-red grape-like blossoms, was pre-eminent. Nor was a magnificent lofty palm-house wanting, made completely of iron and glass, in which a variety of beautiful palms and bamboos are protected and shown. The dead stem of a *xantophora* (also a palm) was lying near, covered with curious black scales, in consequence of which it has received the name of the *black boy*. The scales are resinous, and when burnt, emit an agreeable odour. In short, these gardens would furnish interesting and abundant occupation for a botanist for many days. During this visit, I was fortunate enough to enjoy a great deal of conversation with the son of Professor Hooker. Although still very young, he had accompanied Captain Ross, as botanist, on his expedition to the North Pole, and is now publishing an account of the botanical novelties of the voyage. He had been absent four years, and sometimes for the space of 100 to 150 days seen no land. Notwithstanding the great anxieties and privations of the voyage, he spoke with pleasure and zeal, of the manner in which the crews of the two ships, by their cordiality and union, had in so many respects lightened the toils of the expedition; whilst the grandeur and strangeness of the phenomena gave them a rich recompense for the dangers which they encountered and their perseverance.

How spacious is this park also!—wide spreading meadows, along which the narrow Thames winds its course, stretch to a distance. We walked through small woods, past the most splendid old chestnuts and limes, and met everywhere with ornamental grounds and gardens. At one place, Professor Hooker directed our attention to a small town, called Brentford, at the other side of the Thames. It contains some large brandy and gin distilleries; and some idea may be formed of the immense scale upon which every thing is here measured, by the fact, that an establishment of this kind sometimes pays as much as 7000*l.* duty in a *single* week.

On our return, we joined the ladies of the household at a charm-

ing social luncheon, after which the duke took his departure for London, to attend the House of Peers, whilst the duchess invited his majesty and suite to make a further visit to Sion House, a neighbouring seat belonging to the Duke of Northumberland. A very elegant carriage was brought to the door, the duchess took her seat and seized the reins of the noble steeds; a whip was handed to her, which was at the same time a parasol—the king seated himself beside her grace, and the light carriage sped quickly through the park. We followed in a larger carriage. On this occasion, the sky, which had been clear and sunny in the morning, suddenly became dark and lowering; heavy clouds encompassed the horizon, the heat became oppressive, and in Germany a severe storm would have been the result; here, however, where thunder storms are rare, there was merely a slight covering of clouds, afterwards a little rain, and then again a beautiful evening succeeded.

On our drive we first passed through the small town of Brentford, and soon reached Sion House. A fat, well-powdered porter, clad in rich livery and with a three-cornered hat, stood at the entrance, and we soon drove to the front of this splendid mansion, whose corner towers and façades are surmounted with elegant turrets. The interior arrangements are splendid! The floor of the great entrance-hall is inlaid with black and white marble, and contains several large antique statues; on one side an Apollo, and on the other a beautiful bronze cast of the Dying Gladiator. The adjoining apartment, however, is the grand show-room of the house. It is surrounded by twelve Ionic columns and sixteen pilasters of *verde antico*, which were formerly purchased in Rome, said for the most part to have been fished up from the bed of the Tiber. The floor and walls are made of polished stucco, and between each pair of columns there is a marble statue—an imitation of some celebrated antique. This is followed by a suite of splendid rooms and a large library; from the house we returned to the park, in which there is a small building fitted up especially for an observatory, and containing a large astronomical telescope. We walked through a portion of the grounds, and admired the luxurious vegetation, beautiful ponds, and splendid hot and green-houses. These houses were arranged with a degree of magnificence and luxury of which I had hitherto seen no example. The building resembles a palace, surrounded with the most beautiful gardens; in the centre there is a cupolated building constructed of iron and glass, containing fan-palms, bananas, &c., in full bearing, and great varieties of the cactus tribe, among which a magnificent *Cereus*, which may have reached twenty-five feet in height, deserves particular mention. The house constitutes, in fact, a kind of artificial, primitive forest! The other houses abounded in the most beautiful and luxuriant plants and flowers.

The question naturally suggests itself, whether, in the midst of such a mass of comforts, as the air of these places breathe, where every wish meets with its ready and most luxurious indulgence, the mental

life, the productive stimulating impulse and energy of the mind is not likely to be lost? All that I see here and elsewhere presses this reflection on my mind. It is bad to possess too little, but it is perhaps still more dangerous to possess too much!

From Sion House we returned to London, proposing, however, on our way to visit the country house of Mr. Lawrence, in order to see the splendid collection of orchideous plants belonging to Mrs. Lawrence. The elegance of the grounds does honour to the old, but not always true proverb: "Galenus dat opes." The fountains of all descriptions, the collection of parrots and monkeys in front of the house, the hot and green houses, are really extraordinary, not so much from their outward splendour as from their interior richness. Especially that which contains the *orchideæ*! A large *astrassæa grandiflora* spreads its branches over ornamental water basins, enlivened by gold fish, and a lofty *solandra* wound its way with its tendrils through the more lowly *calladiæ*, and pottros which were bursting into leaf; then, too, there were placed around upon old stems, and hung up in moss-baskets, the most splendid groups of *essidendria*, *zygossateleæ*, *onciadia*, and *maxillaria*, and at the same time a beautiful *dendrobium* in full bloom. This collection embraces a variety of most charming plants, not only of the greatest interest to the amateur, but to the scientific botanist. The heath house was also splendid, and the varieties of white, red, yellow, and green flowering heaths, greater than I had ever seen before. Mrs. Lawrence herself acted as our conductor,—did the honours of her collection, and refreshed her guests before their departure, almost exhausted as they were with the view of such collections, with the most delicate ices and Champagne.

We returned to London by a different road from that by which we had left it in the morning. Here, too, in all directions were new squares and grounds, and the most healthy structure of houses, all surrounded by their small gardens, built along wide roads, and enjoying the breath of pure, fresh air. Hyde-park was still full of company in carriages and on horseback. It, too, is ornamented by large pieces of water, and as accidents are of not unfrequent occurrence from bathing and skating, the Humane Society have established a house on the banks, provided with all the necessary apparatus for saving and recovering those whom such accidents may have befallen.

In the evening we dined with Lord Aberdeen. The party had a diplomatic character, and consisted of gentlemen only. Count Bjornstierna here presented himself to me in person, and quite recovered, to whom, before having seen him, I had by letter given advice and pointed out means of remedy. The physician sometimes makes acquaintances in a singular way!

Dinner was soon over, and we afterwards drove to the Haymarket theatre, at which comedies are represented, and saw one of Buckstone's pieces, called "Married Life." The people in these representations see themselves caricatured! These domestic scenes of

married life, caricatures of tall Englishmen with umbrellas, stout women with boas and singular bonnets, are to be seen in real life every day, and the people make merry and laugh at themselves. On the whole, that is not amiss, but the theatre, for London, was too bad! The actors are not destitute of talent for such representations, but often exaggerate and descend to vulgarities. These theatres are not well attended.

XXV.

Claremont, June 15th—Evening.

TO-DAY, again, a remarkable event of my journey! I have seen Raphael's cartoons at Hampton Court, examined them with time and attention, both near, and at a distance!—My old wish—an opportunity of viewing and examining, at leisure, these great testimonials of that wonderful period of the arts—has been gratified, and I hasten, before every thing else, here to record the *impression* made upon my mind.

They are hung in a long gallery, somewhat too high, and not well lighted. My eye was spoiled by the view of so many oil paintings previously examined, and required time to accommodate itself to *this* description of pictures. They are drawn upon strong paper with charcoal, shaded with brown Indian ink, and then painted with colours. The colours (as in a water-colour drawing) are more indicative, than perfect and bright; much of the colour also is faded—especially red, probably lake—for in the picture of the “Miraculous Draught of Fishes,” Christ appears sitting on the water in a white garment, whilst the dress, imperfectly reflected in the water, exhibits a red colour.

For this reason, complete harmony cannot be reckoned upon, and if one has been long accustomed to examine finished pictures, the mind must be unstrung, in order not to be disturbed by such incidents, and in a condition to receive the pure impression; and then the longer they are dwelt upon, the stronger will be the effect produced.

These cartoons, as is well known, are seven in number: “The Death of Ananias,” “Elymas the Sorcerer,” “Peter and John healing the Lame Man at the Gate of the Temple, which is called Beautiful,” “The Miraculous Draught of Fishes,” “Paul and Barnabas at Lystra,” “Paul preaching at Athens,” and “Christ's Commission to Peter.”

We found Grüner, the copper-plate engraver, at work. He proposes to engrave the cartoons, and has already finished “Paul preaching at Athens,” in the same size as the original, in order, afterwards, to reduce it for engraving and publication. In the exe-

cution of his work, he was necessarily obliged to examine the original near and minutely, and a scaffold was erected for his convenience, by which we were enabled to view the originals closely, at least, that of "Paul preaching at Athens," and "Christ giving Charge and Commission to Peter." The outlines of the cartoons are pricked with needles (for the purpose of drawing patterns for weaving), and these literally punctured lines were often the only guide which the copyist could follow in order precisely to determine the outline.

I devoted a considerable portion of time to each of the seven cartoons—then examined them one after another—and still I am able to call the effect only *great*, and themselves very different from what I might have conjectured them to be from former embroidery and tapestries! Certainly, the feeling is decided that the *whole* is not drawn by Raphael himself; in the picture of "Paul and Barnabas at Lystra," an arm in the foreground is very much exaggerated and incorrect, as is the case, also, with the figure of the boy to the left between the columns in that of Peter and John. It would appear as if the swollen muscles, as Michael Angelo often represents them, had here produced too great an effect upon the mind of the pupil, although working under Raphael's eyes. This, however, only serves to give a stronger feeling of a certain *genuineness of conception* in all the rest. "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," in particular, appears to be drawn wholly by Raphael, and is the most correct in its details and execution, whilst the "Death of Ananias," "Elymas the Sorcerer struck blind," and "Paul preaching at Athens," produced the strongest effect in the mass, and as pictures. There appear heads indicating deep speculative minds, brown masses of shadow of singular clearness, and striking movements of limbs, especially the hands,—all which furnish subject matter for long and earnest consideration. How peculiar are the various kinds of auditors listening to Paul's preaching!—one thoughtful, meditative, and wholly abstracted from outward things—another full of faith, catching eagerly every word as it falls from the mouth of the apostle—and another still enumerating and weighing the reasons one against another! Who can describe all these things in detail. Enough that I have seen them, and have them deeply impressed upon my mind! Of so much on this occasion, I have become indisputably convinced; that these cartoons, especially, belong to what must be acknowledged to be the work of Raphael, if any correct idea of the *universality* of his genius is to be formed; that, however, in general *no* genius exists, without a certain universality; such as I would call an *original* mind, is a point of which I have been long since convinced! What a difference, for example, between the "Sposalizio" and these cartoons, between the "Camere" and the story of Psyche, between "The Entombment" and "The Madonna del Sisto." The peculiar *tone* which is adopted in these cartoons, is met with

nowhere else in all his works, and for that very reason they are, to me, so remarkable.

Having now recorded, especially, by far the most important incident of the day, there is still time to take some notice, in order, of the other remarkable objects which have fallen under my notice.

The road from Hampton Court passes through Richmond, and the day was again hot, windy, and dusty, so that the burnt up meadows strongly reminded me of Italy. We arrived at Hampton Court early in the forenoon. The great avenue by which it is approached is magnificent in its kind. The front of the palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey,—it is castellated with towers and turrets. The materials are brick—the windows and doors cased with stone. There is something peculiar in a number of medallions, let into the walls as ornaments, which consist of busts, in relief, of the Roman emperors, ably executed in terra cotta, and said to have been a present from Pope Leo X. It is said, that Wolsey, then in the height of his power, and wishing to build a palace suitable to the dignity of his rank and influence, summoned the most celebrated physicians, even from Padua, to select the most suitable and healthy site for the edifice. They chose this property, which, at that time, was a priory belonging to the knights hospitallers of Jerusalem, with whom Wolsey immediately made an arrangement for the conveyance of the priory to himself. The building was commenced in 1515, and that it must necessarily be of vast extent, will be evident from the fact, that at the height of his power, Wolsey was surrounded by a household of about eight hundred persons! The splendour of the building excited envy, and was a matter of surprise to Henry VIII. himself; for this reason, the prudent archbishop and high chancellor laid the whole property at the feet of his royal master, on which the king made him a present of the manor of Richmond, the former residence of Henry VII. From that time forward, Hampton Court continued to be almost always the residence of the royal court. Edward VI. was born there; it was often visited by Elizabeth, but William III. was the first who, in the seventeenth century, added to the palace, by causing the new garden front to be erected in the Italian style. This part of the building is much less imposing than the older portions, but contains some beautiful carvings in wood in its apartments.

We first walked through the part of the park immediately adjoining the palace; the whole centre of the alley just opposite to it is occupied by an ornamental canal bordered with stone. This alley is formed by mighty lime trees, and, as it approaches the palace, by cedars. We next went to see the terrace along the bank of the Thames, which here flows gently in its narrow bed, as at Richmond, along the side of the park. The next object of curiosity was an immense vine, which occupies a house built for itself, has already reached the extraordinary age of seventy-six years, is 110 feet long, and often bears from 1200 to 1400 bunches of grapes.

From the park we went to visit the endless suite of rooms in this very extensive building ; all appears to stand empty, although forty families reside within its circuit—families, most of whom had been previously at court, and here, by royal favour, find an asylum in poverty and age. There is space enough for several courts, but the ornaments and furniture of the rooms are old and somewhat fallen into decay.

The rooms are crowded with an enormous multitude of pictures, few very valuable, some good, an innumerable quantity mediocre, and many—even portraits—falsely baptized and bad ; in short, a whole flood of pictures, two thirds of which I should have great pleasure in throwing into the fire. Among the most detestable of this description is a picture of “Joseph and Potiphar’s Wife,” by a person named Gentileschi, in which Joseph is represented as going out of the door with an *entrechat* which would do honour to a dancing-master.

To the most remarkable pictures, on the other hand, belong a number of Holbein’s, such as Henry VIII., when a young man, admirably painted ; then Elizabeth, when a young princess, extremely interesting, both psychologically and for the physiognomy : a broad forehead, delicate nose, and thin lips, the cheekbones somewhat prominent, and the figure, as far as it is possible to judge from the barbarous dress of the times, destitute of all youthful fullness. There is also a picture, on a small scale, of Henry VIII., and his two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, which is historically remarkable. When Holbein painted these two daughters along with their father, who would have thought of the singular and great destiny which awaited them ! To these I must add Holbein’s father and mother, painted by himself. The tender loving countenance of the mother, especially, has been admirably portrayed by the son. Finally, there are some great historical pictures, by Holbein, in small figures, which are true and rare *curiosa*. Among these may be reckoned the battle of Pavia, the embarkation of Henry VIII. at Dover, and the meeting of Henry VIII. with Francis I. on the field of the cloth of gold. The whole is treated with the greatest care, and these pictures might well furnish models for the arms and costume of the age.

Of the other pictures I shall only mention, 1. A portrait of Shakspeare, hardly genuine ; the great poet seems more like a soldier. 2. A beautiful Leonardo da Vinci ; “Christ and John the Baptist,” as children, extremely lovely, and full of meaning. 3. A baptism of Christ, by Francia, in which, particularly, the ministering and kneeling angels are of great beauty. 4. “The Shepherds’ Thank-offering,” by Palma Vecchio. 5. “Adam and Eve,” as large as life, by J. v. Mabuse, a picture of great execution and power, although it cannot be called beautiful. 6. A glorious Claude, a sea-port—sunset, a picture in which all the beauties of the evening sun-light are poured upon a wondrous poetical world of ships, reflected from the clearest waves, and refracted by the splendid build-

ings which surround the haven. Compared with such a warm breathing scene as this, what is even the most faithful sea-pieces of our modern painters!

From this suite of rooms we came to the gallery containing the Raphaels, of which I have already spoken; and after that, into another small gallery, adorned by the justly-renowned triumphal procession of Julius Cæsar, by Andreas Mantegna. The procession is divided into nine tables, the figures not quite as large as life, and the whole painted upon canvass, in water-colours. This work deserves much longer time than I was able to devote to it. It is finely executed, and often adorned with charming conceptions, rich groupings, and splendid figures. Several of the tables have suffered injury, but not to such an extent as Raphael's Cartoons.

After these great works, there were still other superfluous pictures to be seen—sea-fights, family portraits, and the like. My mind's eye still rested on the noble figures of Raphael and Mantegna, and I was often better pleased to go to the window and look out into the blue air.

At last the great picture show came to an end, and we went down to the great hall and the chapel. The hall is truly a splendid structure, and the execution of the wooden ceiling wonderfully rich, and in good keeping. Unfortunately for us, scaffoldings were erected in the hall, in consequence of some necessary repairs, and the tapestry, armour, and banners, were all either covered up or removed; the impression, therefore, was very imperfect, but still it was easy to form an idea of the size and splendour of the whole. This hall was merely planned by Wolsey, and completed by Henry VIII., it has been the scene of great festivities. It is said some of Shakspeare's pieces were first produced within its walls, and George I. caused a theatre to be fitted up, in which "Hamlet" was played; and on the 1st of October, a piece was acted, entitled "Henry VIII., or the fall of Wolsey." Singular enough, that his fall should be scenically represented in the very house in which, whilst living, he had enjoyed the highest power! I must not overlook the fact, that the large Gothic parti-coloured windows of the hall, together with its side windows, painted with coats of arms, produce a splendid effect.

The chapel is considerably smaller than the hall, but of similar Gothic architecture, and produced the same pleasing effect. It was an original and pertinent idea, that what are called the drops of the converging Gothic arches of the roof, are always prettily adorned with small figures of angels playing on instruments of music.

We had now obtained a very complete view of all that was worth seeing in this remarkable place; and after having followed Prince Albert to partake of a luncheon prepared for us, we drove from Hampton Court to Clarendon, the palace belonging to the King of the Belgians, built in a modern style, in the midst of a most extensive park, containing some magnificent oaks and cedars.

Her Majesty the Queen had arrived the day before, and Prince Albert had arranged a grand cavalcade through the park late in the afternoon, for the pleasure of the king and some of the gentlemen of his suite; while I availed myself of the beautiful evening to enjoy a long and agreeable walk with Baron Stockmar in the park. Charming scenes in abundance! I was particularly struck with a large fish-pond in the middle of a wood, completely surrounded with immense rhododendrons in full and splendid blossom; but everywhere Macadamized roads, closely-mown grass-plots, and that etiquette of nature, which is to me always doubly offensive in the midst of her luxurious productions.

In the evening the usual dinner, with their majesties, at which only few persons were present, and a short evening.

XXVI.

London, June 15th—Evening.

AT Claremont I occupied a cheerful room, with an extensive prospect over the park. Large cedars stand upon the spacious lawns, whilst low woody hills bound the distant horizon. It is a very quiet place of sojourn, but, with all its elegance, made a certain melancholy impression upon my mind. The Princess Charlotte died here, in consequence of her first confinement. The account of this misfortune had previously occupied a great deal of my attention, as a remarkable fact, in a medical point of view. It was not, however, the recollection of the calamity which gave the place this melancholy aspect in my eyes; the weather, too, was beautiful, and the situation charming! Perhaps what I yesterday called the etiquette of nature, worked more powerfully. After another short walk in the park, we drove through Richmond to Chiswick, to visit the gardens of the Horticultural Society, in which the great exhibition of fruit and flowers was to commence to-day. We saw the exhibition before the gates were opened to the public, and surely it was a sight well worthy of being viewed quietly and at leisure, and not in the midst of a throng. The fruit and flowers were exhibited in the garden, in the open air, under a row of tents. The extent of the garden is great, and the whole arrangement worthy of London. The fruits of the finest kind and finest quality were placed under the first tent, and consisted of pine-apples, peaches, grapes, melons, Persian cucumbers, &c. &c. In the following tents the plants were, for the most part, exhibited in families; for example, geraniums of the rarest and most beautiful forms and colours, then heaths, then calceolaria, which have been here cultivated so as to attain a great multitude of the most ornamental and variegated kinds; next, beautiful specimens of roses were set forth, and among

them, a great number of cut specimens, formed into small bouquets, with the names of the varieties and species; finally, and especially, orchideous plants. Among these I saw several species scarcely yet known, even by name, in Germany, as the *Phalænopsis* and *Cynochus*, together with the most splendid *Catleyæ*, *Oncidia*, and more of a similar description. There was also a tent in which nothing but rare and splendid plants of different families were exhibited together, as the *lobelia longiflora*, the spring-like and ornamental *stylidium fasciculatum*, with its rolling flowers, and many others.

The society have here also some considerable conservatories—and a small specimen of the far-famed Upas (*antiaris toxica*), the poison-tree of Java, has been recently brought to their gardens—the first which has ever been conveyed to Europe. This was a small plant about a foot high, with dark green long heart-shaped leaves, and stood under a bell-glass. Its poisonous properties, however, have been greatly exaggerated, and the same may be said of it as is said of Mary Stuart by herself in Schiller, “It is better than its reputation!” Leschenault has proved that the tree may not only be approached, but branches broken from it, &c., without any danger. That, however, the sap, when brought into the blood of an animal, quickly proves mortal, is certain. I also saw there a beautiful tall specimen of *doryanthes excelsa*. As we were leaving the garden a vast number of persons already thronged the entrance, and during the whole of our hot and dusty drive to London, we met carriage upon carriage, all filled with persons eager to make exhibitions of themselves, and to see that of the plants of Chiswick.

After luncheon I had proposed to myself to go with Dr. Freund to see the curiosities in the East India House; the time of admission for the public was, however, already past, and instead of East Indian, we turned our attention to West Indian products, by proceeding to a tavern hard by, where they carry on a large trade in turtle, which are brought in great numbers from Jamaica, Ascension, and other places, and killed and consumed in London. Some of the large reservoirs in which these giants are kept in salt water, were opened for my inspection, and it seemed frightful when the large gray monster, four or five feet long, raised his round, flat head from the water, and looked at me with his eyes. I remembered that I had helped to consume many of these creatures, of which the favourite turtle-soup is made, and contemplated these West Indians with a feeling of compassion, which are obliged to make a voyage over the ocean in order to shed their blood here for European kitchens, and the pleasure of English palates.

We afterwards went to the Tower—the fortress of old London—I carried with me an idea of imposing antiquity and power, and greatness, which the sight of the reality speedily dispelled.

The Tower is at present so encompassed by the trade and shipping

of London and the Thames, that little more of its old fortress character remains than a few dark gates and doorways, and the dress of the heralds-at-arms, who act as guides to the visitors, and repeat their tale mechanically. The entrance is singular enough, through some old winding courts, and passages, into a room where the admission ticket is paid for, and visitors are obliged to wait till the full complement of twelve arrives, to whom the man-at-arms acts as a conductor. The first visit is paid to the horse armoury, a large room, in which a great number of weapons and suits of armour are exhibited—the latter partly placed upon figures, and mounted on wooden horses, as in the historical museum in Dresden. Among these are some very interesting suits, such as those of Edward II., the sixth, seventh, and eighth Henries, Dudley Earl of Leicester, Earl of Essex, James I., and others. The whole number of such suits, however, is not very large. The arms contained in this and the rooms above, are very numerous, and some of them very rare; those of the upper rooms contain several various instruments of torture (said to have been chiefly taken from the Spanish armada), and several executioner's axes. Properly speaking, my chief object was to gain a clear and circumstantial idea of the Tower in general, and especially of the ancient White Tower, which forms the centre of the whole building. Shakspeare's historical plays are of themselves quite sufficient to make one curious to see the room in which the messengers of death came upon the sons of Edward and the young Arthur. Unfortunately, however, the whole is not shown; the Bloody Tower, in which it is said the young princes were smothered, as well as the Wakefield Tower, in which Henry VI. was murdered, were not opened, and we were only further conducted to the vault which contains the crown jewels. There the crowns of England, the sceptre, and a consecrated sword, together with golden keys and splendid cups of state, are exhibited, by the light of lamps, behind a wooden screen, and arranged in any thing but a tasteful manner. What recollections does the sight of these things suggest? But the effect is greatly diminished by the narrow and inconvenient place in which they are exhibited.

From the Tower we proceeded to the docks, those immense basins, surrounded by huge warehouses, and filled with the brackish waters of the Thames. These docks are certainly among the most remarkable phenomena of this metropolis of the world, and immediately suggest to the mind ideas of universal commerce and intercourse with all nations. We first visited the St. Katherine's, and afterwards the London Docks, unable to restrain our wonder and astonishment at the sight of the magnificent quays, the vast store-houses, the immense number of ships, and the incredible variety of wares, which were continually presented to our eyes. As I walked along the quays and looked at the rows of ships alongside, I was particularly impressed with the ideas suggested by the small boards affixed to the shrouds, on which the names of the places for which the several

ships were destined were painted—Sydney, Hobart Town, Port Philip, New Zealand, Cape Town, New York, &c., were here attached to the ships, just as one would see in Germany on a number of Lohnkutscher's vehicles in one of our large towns—Berlin, Dresden, Prague, &c. Surrounded by these objects, it is impossible not to feel oneself in immediate connexion with all quarters of the globe. The picturesque effect, too, with such an evening light, produced among the masses of ships, was very striking. The Claude which I had seen the day before at Hampton Court, was instantly suggested to my mind.

I was, however, obliged to return to Buckingham Palace. His majesty had accepted to-day an invitation to dinner from Sir Robert Peel, and thither we proceeded at eight o'clock. I was very curious to know, whether I should be able to trace the effect of any of the passing events on the face of the minister. The ministry had just sustained a defeat in parliament, which was thought to endanger its existence. Nothing, however, of the kind was to be seen; his countenance exhibited the same intelligent serenity, which I had formerly remarked in him.

Sir Robert Peel possesses and lives in a magnificent house, situated on the banks of the Thames, and richly adorned with a vast number of paintings, selected with the best taste. In the evening, there was a large soirée, to which, not merely a great number of diplomatic persons and members of the aristocracy were invited, but almost all the distinguished men of learning and artists in London. The whole suite of apartments was thrown open, and I divided my time between reflections and observations on all the *notabilities on and within* the walls.

Of the former, and among the works of modern artists, my attention was first arrested by a large picture of Landseer's. The subject is a little daughter of Sir Robert with his large shaggy dog. The child is supposed to have just risen, still in its chemise—the good-natured animal, accustomed to the children, comes to it, and the child, which is delighted with his presence and loves him, clasps him with her arms around the neck. The spirit of the whole is charming, and the picture is splendidly painted. Next, the portrait of Dr. Johnson, by Reynolds. I had already seen many of this artist's works, which are highly praised, yet possess but little value; this was the first which really gave me the impression of him as an able painter. Among the old artists, the Dutch are especially represented in their choicest and rarest works. First, the celebrated *chapeau de paille* of Rubens, purchased by Sir Robert at an enormous price, and truly of enchanting splendour. The fine and beautiful face looks forth from under the feathered hat with a most seductive glance; and Rubens, in this picture, exhibits such a blending and harmony of colour, as I have never before seen in any of his works. The collection also contains a large bacchanalian picture by the same artist, which is of great value; two children in the

foreground, are especially admirable. There is also a picture of a broad water-fall by Ruysdael, painted *con amore*; a cattle piece, with water, by Cuyp, almost as beautiful as that one at Mr. Hope's; and charming Hooghes, Terburgs, Van der Veldes, and Wouvermanns, especially a painting with only *one* gray horse! I would have wished very much to have had an opportunity of examining these and other treasures in this collection by daylight, and at leisure. Among the living *notabilities*, I here met the Bishop of Norwich, president of the Linnean Society, Professor Buckland, the Oxford geologist; Hooker, the botanist; Faraday, the celebrated chemist; and Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, and his sister, who renders him such valuable assistance, both in making observations and calculations; the directors of the British Museum, Dr. Clark, and others. It was a subject of great regret to me, not to have made Landseer's acquaintance; I only heard of his being present, when it was too late.

This selection of persons for his *soirée* on such an occasion, did great honour to Sir Robert Peel's judgment and taste.

XXVII.

London, June 17th—Evening.

YESTERDAY morning (Sunday) was chiefly spent in consultations, and in a few visits, from which I have received only *one* new and singular impression—the impression derived from being present at the celebration of the day in a Quakers' meeting-house. The house is situated near Trafalgar-square, and approached through a low narrow passage; a few benches are placed near the door, for the use of those who come as strangers. Here one can sit down quietly, and observe the congregation. The men occupy one side, and the women the other; all remain perfectly still, deeply engaged in meditation; the women wear deep projecting bonnets, and the men, in like manner, keep on their hats. Those who preside sit upon raised cross-seats; no pulpit, no altar, no font. Thus arranged, all wait for some one to be moved by the Spirit. The person so moved, then rises and addresses the meeting; but the whole time often passes without any one feeling himself called to speak. So it proved yesterday; there was scarcely a breath audible—all was still, but there was a peculiarly deep and solemn feeling connected with the scene, and I must admit that it produced a more profound impression on my mind than the psalmody of our public services. After some time, all rose from their seats, and the congregation left the house, as still as ghosts.

I was also very glad of having been able at last to pay a visit to, and enjoy a conversation with Mrs. Austin. She had just

returned from Paris, and was residing with her daughter, Lady Duff Gordon, also an authoress, in a small house, in a very agreeable, quiet situation near Westminster Abbey. She is constantly occupied in the study of our literature, and is the medium of making her countrymen acquainted with some of its most remarkable works, especially in the department of history. Distinguished as she is as a writer, she is of still more value, in my eyes, as an admirable and highly intellectual English lady.

In the afternoon, some of the London picture-galleries were visited; first Lord Ashburton's, in his house in Piccadilly. The collection contains many large and beautiful pictures; the two of greatest attraction, in my eyes, were, a Leonardo da Vinci, brought from Spain—the subject, Christ and St. John, with the Lamb; then St. Thomas de Villa nueva when a child, by Murillo. The young saint is represented amongst a number of poor children in the street, as pulling off his clothes, and giving them to cover the nakedness of a poor boy. The great pleasure which this painter took in delineating the little vagabonds about the streets in Madrid, evidently gave rise to this picture, which, *under its title of saint*, would, no doubt, be much more readily purchased by some one belonging to the order of devotees, than his usual beggar-boys; but, in addition to this, it also possesses a peculiar psychological interest. The future saint, still a child, and without his upper garments, is treated with as masterly a hand as the tattered little beggar before him, and the others around; the saint exhibits a certain noble extraction in his head and bearing, which leaves the spectator not a moment in doubt of the person designed. I have never before met with an attempt precisely of this description. Among the other pictures, I would particularly specify a Herodias, by Titian, and the admirable portrait of a Dutch lady, by Van der Helst. In addition to these, the noble lord possesses a number of small paintings by artists of the Low Countries, comprising pieces of Van der Velde, Ostade, and other masters. (There is here a picture by Ostade, of the same room, but with other figures, which represents his studio in a painting in the Dresden gallery.) There is also a beautiful copy of Thorwaldsen's representation, in marble, of Mercury killing Argus, which is not to be overlooked.

The second, and far richer gallery, was that of the Marquis of Westminster, in Grosvenor House. The owner is, perhaps, the richest private individual in England; whole streets and squares belong to him, and many more will shortly fall into his hands. His income is now estimated at 1000*l. per day!* and it will, therefore, be easily understood how such a person may possess a *real* picture-gallery. The foundation of this gallery was laid many years ago, by the purchase of a Mr. Agar's collection, for 30,000*l.* The house is built in the palace style; towards the street a covered colonnade, with statues—behind that a court, and then the house, with a garden

adjoining, in which there is a separate, appropriate, and lofty gallery, adorned with pilasters, and lighted from the roof for the exhibition of the large pictures and sculpture. A special catalogue is printed for the information of visitors, and no private gallery in London at all approaches this, in the possession of great classical works.

It is such a disagreeable, tedious task to describe pictures, that I shall be here very brief, and only mention particular pieces, which struck me forcibly, and served to suggest remarkable thoughts; whosoever will learn more of the collection, must even see for himself.

I must first observe, that the gallery contains some most extraordinary pictures by Claude, the Raphael of landscape painters! Some of the size of those in the Doria collection in Rome, others smaller, such as those in the Dresden gallery, and of both kinds there are some, to which nothing in either of these galleries just mentioned is superior. There breathes a peculiar air in these pictures, all suggesting to my mind Calderon's "Daughter of the Air." And then that broad, abstract, and yet so true handling of trees, meadows, water, and clouds! It reminds me again of the antiques with their treatment of the human figure! and this again reminds me of the Greek tragedy with its delineations of the human soul! Properly speaking, Claude stands quite alone in the treatment of his subject. A proof how difficult such a conception of the physiognomy of the life of the world is!

Next there are some very remarkably large paintings by Salvator Rosa; with the exception of his "Conspiracy of Catiline," in the Florence gallery, I have never seen any thing of his so pre-eminent as here. There is a large picture, "The End of all Mortal Things," with a contemplating figure, which is said to represent Democritus. The picture is not overcharged, but drawn to the life; it is the product of a profound conviction, and in the dark brown tone of its colouring, yea in every touch of the pencil by which the scattered ruins of all that usually surrounds man are delineated, there lies a spirit disgusted with the world like that of Byron's. A "Diogenes throwing away his Pitcher" belongs to the same category.

Further, the gallery contains some large and celebrated pictures by Rubens, as the "Four Evangelists" and the "Fathers of the Church," both painted for Philip IV. of Spain. In like manner there are masterpieces of Rembrandt, Murillo, and many others, and a "St. Luke painting the Virgin," and two other pictures, by Raphael, which I can do nothing more than recommend to the careful study of all who see the collection. I must on the other hand still mention two modern pictures—one a large picture, by Reynolds, representing Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. Such attempts as these are difficult, and when made in our days, usually degenerate into affected parody; in this case, however, the bold conception presents something magnificent, which gives a high poetic value to the whole, and this is the second picture by the same artist which has given me the

impression of his being a great artist, something after the manner of a Caracci, but better. Secondly, a picture by Landseer, altogether admirable of its kind, such as I had not seen since I left Redleaf. The subject is a Newfoundland dog, retrieving a shot wild duck. The dog is swimming through the midst of the reeds, so that his head alone is seen above the water, with the duck in his mouth, but near and as large as life. All that a lively, vigorous, and circumstantial representation can effect on such things, is most charmingly shown in this picture. The sculpture in the gallery does not deserve particular attention.

If private persons possess galleries of this description, what ought a grand British national gallery to be!! Perhaps it would have been called into existence long since, but from the very idea that a gallery worthy of the nation, relatively speaking, could not have been collected. The commencement which was made in 1823 is still far inferior to the single private gallery of Grosvenor House.

In the evening the usual dinner, and then a midnight adventure. At twelve o'clock the carriages were in waiting to carry us — whither?—to Printing House Square, the workshop of the *Times*, that enormous journal which, with its imperial folio, covers the breakfast table of every Englishman as punctually as his table cloth, and quite as large. Twenty thousand copies are set up and printed every night, and the paper pays in stamp duties to the government every year, 35,000*l.* It was far from uninteresting to cast a look upon this immense dispatch, which gives one an aversion for all that which in a tradesman's expression is usually called composition. A large, extensive building scarcely serves to hold the offices for the receivers of notices and advertisements, the rooms of the political as well as other writers, and of those occupied as compositors, of whom many are engaged at the same time, each on his own separate column. Others afterwards arrange the whole in suitable order, till at length the large sheets become full. When the whole is finally prepared, the type is placed under the printing presses worked by steam, and the printing is effected with an enormous rapidity, whilst the white damped sheets are continually supplied by an attending boy.

When one only thinks of a great classical and scientific work requiring as many decennia for its tedious production as hours would be here employed, it gives rise to singular results. Those fugitive sheets now rule the world—the profound study of a single great intellectual work becomes more and more the property of the few. Whither does this wheel of time run!—up or down?—who is he that is able to come to a full and sound conviction upon this important subject?

XXVIII.

Same day—Evening.

I PREFERRED not going with the king and his suite to-day to Woolwich and Greenwich, in order to have the opportunity of seeing and experiencing more of the operations of this ocean called London!

I was particularly anxious to get a correct idea of the so much celebrated English law proceedings, and for this purpose drove to the Old Bailey, the court for the city of London and the county of Middlesex. I gave my name and was shown into a box (a separate seat) in the hall, where trials were going on. A remarkable sight presented itself to my view. An old and not very large hall was surrounded with boxes similar to the one in which I was, arranged like an amphitheatre, descending towards the centre; to the left, a similarly arranged space for the public. To the right, a raised gallery for the Lord Mayor, the sheriff (distinguished by the gold chain), the Common Sergeant, and the Recorder (who sums up the facts according to the speech of the prosecutor, the evidence of the witnesses, and the speech of the defendant); opposite them the windows, and to the right of the bench a particular gallery for the jury. Below, in the centre, the table for the clerks and the places for the counsel; to the left, a sort of raised pulpit in which the accused stands, and beside him clerks and witnesses.

I happened to hear a remarkable case. At the bar stood a man of middle age, fearful looking, and often holding his handkerchief to his face. The counsel for the prosecution represented pathetically, that this man, some years before, had sought the hand of a young girl of fourteen, finally carried her away from her parents, and married her at Gretna-Green, but had afterwards deserted her in London and had left her in the greatest misery. The effect of this speech on all present was visible, and the situation of the accused was wretched. I listened for some time, till the prisoner's counsel began to go into detail, called witnesses, &c., and my time was expired.* If I may form an opinion from such imperfect grounds, I should say that such public proceedings certainly produce something of that effect which might reasonably be expected from such a course of action; it is, properly speaking, the continually repeated advice to the multitude, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." We can in such respects only speak of the sharpening of the intellect or the judgment, the teaching to see clearly what further actions are the necessary result of any one action—what is the end to which a certain course necessarily leads; after obtaining this knowledge, let each do that which he believes he must, or what he really must, and learn to be "always ready." This is, however, only the external

* I read afterwards, in the *Times*, that the man was condemned to two years' imprisonment.

view of the case. The internal and more important one is the opinion of the accused formed in the minds of his judges. In this respect, however, also all that man can do has been done to insure an accurate and careful weighing of the *pro* and *con*.—What the Turks add to every sentence, “God alone knoweth better,” ought indeed to be written in letters of gold in every court of justice, whether sentence is pronounced according to verbal or written data! But when once the entire unreasonableness of the sentence of death has been generally recognised, when prisons are no longer dens of torment and corrupters of the soul, then a possible human error in the sentence may be considered as no longer irreparable. I think therefore one must follow the instinct of the age. I cannot think that this can be founded on any error.

Near the Old Bailey is situated the prison of Newgate; and in its old walls blackened with coal smoke, the window was pointed out to me, before which the scaffold was erected, and through which the condemned felon was led out to be placed upon the fatal trap-door, the opening of which soon put an end to his life. But even here these disgusting executions are become much more rare.

Another remarkable place in this region is West Smithfield, a large market-place surrounded by old houses, now the principal cattle-market of the town, and to-day (always on Monday) filled with several thousand sheep and beasts. This collection of quadrupeds looked comical enough, and the air was filled with bleating and lowing. It has been calculated that animals to the value of nearly 10,000,000*l.* are *yearly* sold in this market, that is, about 158,000 beasts, 1,500,000 sheep, 21,000 calves, and 60,000 pigs. What a stomach for this Gargantua—London! The animals are now brought more easily to town by means of the railways, but a great deal of meat is sent up by the same means ready slaughtered. The beasts are slaughtered very differently from the manner commonly used in our slaughter-houses; a pointed axe is the weapon here used. Smithfield was formerly the principal square in London;—tournaments were held here and heretics burnt—this, too, being a well-known popular amusement during the Middle Ages—and several riots and tumults took their origin here. Wat Tyler, who, in the reign of Richard II. made a revolt, was struck dead in this place, by the Lord Mayor Walworth; and from this circumstance Walworth’s dagger has been ever since adopted in the city arms.

I was driven to the East India House, passing on my way Christ’s Hospital, the well-known Blue-Coat School. This institution was founded by Edward VI., and boards and educates above 1200 children. The elder boys are educated here—the younger and the girls at Hertford. A donation of 400*l.* confers upon the donor the title of Governor of the Institution; and each governor has the privilege of presentation once in four years. I hear that the little Prince of Wales has been lately received among the governors.

The India House was really open to-day, and I visited its remark-

able collections. One enters and walks about with a certain feeling of reverence, when one considers that in this building are contained the central offices whence emanate all orders for the government of the immense Indo-Britannic Empire! Notwithstanding its blackened Ionic portico, it does look rather old and insignificant for a building of such importance. The rooms containing the collection are low, and the objects of curiosity are only seen under dusty glass cases; in fact the house does not at all look as if it were the centre from which 170,000,000 of human beings are governed! Among the collections here there is no doubt much that would reward a more careful study. One collection contains East-Indian national curiosities, another natural curiosities. Among the former are a number of disgusting-looking idols in stone and metals, several pieces of armour and arms (as the armour of Tippoo Saib, and a piece of his throne), inscriptions (a piece of stone from Persepolis with an inscription in the arrow-head character), sculptures, portions of dress, models, and a number of Persian, Turkish and Sanscrit MSS. Connected with this collection is a library containing works on India. The collection of objects of natural history is not considerable, and it was evident that no one well acquainted with such things had taken any interest in it, or an East India Company might have had a different sort of museum! A new kind of Indian stag (*cervus frontalis*) was pointed out to me as the most remarkable object: and I do not find it mentioned even in Cuvier.

I had now to visit a few more hospitals, and I first drove over London Bridge to Guy's Hospital in Southwark. This large and really splendid hospital with several wings, a garden containing several separate buildings (for example one for patients afflicted with disease of the eye), and a very rich anatomical collection, was founded by a private individual, the bookseller Guy, a man who began with a capital of 200*l.* in 1668, and at a later period was enabled to leave to the hospital, which he had built, a sum of more than 300,000*l.* A curious anecdote, but not uninteresting in a psychological point of view, is told of the circumstances attending this foundation. Guy had long had a housekeeper whom he at last determined to marry. Shortly before the marriage he gave orders to have the pavement in front of his house repaired, and pointed out a stone as the limit of the reparation. During his absence the lady remarked a broken stone beyond the prescribed limits, and wished to have that repaired also. The workpeople hesitated, remembering Guy's orders: but she, in expectation of being shortly mistress of the house, repeated her wishes; adding, that if they told the gentleman that it was by her orders, he would not be angry. Guy came back, saw, and heard: he immediately broke off the match, and left all his property to the hospital. Astley Cooper was for a long time surgeon here, and raised the character of the hospital. There are between 400 and 500 beds; and the income arising from the

funds of the institution itself is about 30,000*l.* a year. The arrangement is in general quite the same as that of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. A bronze statue of Guy adorns the courtyard of the building, and it would be only fair to set up another of the unfortunate housekeeper.

Not far from this—also in Southwark—is St. Thomas's Hospital, founded by Henry VIII., but first carried out by Edward VI., whom Ridley so often persuaded to acts of beneficence. It contains about 300 beds, and in the courtyard is a bronze statue of Edward VI. The internal arrangements are large and roomy, and, in particular, the rooms for the nurses are very cheerful and pleasant. In Astley Cooper's time, Guy's Hospital and St. Thomas's together, were used by the medical school, which now has its clinic in Guy's Hospital alone.

I concluded my forenoon, after having made my way with immense difficulty through the tremendous crowds in Fleet-street, by an undisturbed contemplation of the antiques in the British Museum. It is for this reason such a pleasure to have easy access to works of this kind, because one always finds here the systole after the diastole of life, and learns to penetrate deeper into the empire of the ideas here represented in stone. Once more—for I shall probably never again tread these courts and rooms—I fixed firmly and deeply in my mind the impression of the Greek poetry of motion, and of the Egyptian poetry of fixedness, and then contemplated with great delight for a long time the small bronzes and *terra cottas* in the upper rooms. The remarkable *ingenuitas* of these objects always excites my astonishment! This character can be only expressed by the word *ingenuitas*, which we cannot render by one word in German (English). For the same reason, we do not find this character in any of our present works of art. Our language would describe the word somewhat in this way, "an innate original character, expressing at the same time freedom, freedom of spirit, and unconscious naturalness." And yet, all this is united in the most successful of these little works of art; and even in the less successful ones, something of it is found! When I recalled to my recollection the frightful forms of Indian deities, which I had seen at the India House, I could hardly think that both were invented by the same race of men. Strictly speaking, indeed, they were not; for the Greeks are of the stock of the nations of day, the others from that of the nations of twilight.

In the afternoon, I paid a visit to Mrs. Austin, and agreed to her proposal of visiting some exhibitions with her. We first visited the British National Gallery, in which there was an exhibition, not of the few old pictures belonging to this gallery, only commenced twenty years ago, but of an immense number of new paintings belonging to the Royal Academy.

After having seen for some time nothing but old paintings and works of art, the effect produced by entering at once into a room filled with new pictures, just come from the *atelier*, is very extraordinary. My first feeling among all these varnished and shining ob-

jects was rather Chinese! I looked round in the hope of discovering some really good historical work, to lay in the other scale against this immense number—but in vain! Any thing, really satisfactory, does not reach into these regions, but is rather to be sought in copies of old buildings, generally very skilfully painted, but frequently illuminated in rather too theatrical a manner; then, in some sea pieces, particularly those by Stanfield, which represent the real element of an Englishman—the sea—in a very lively manner; and lastly, some animals by Landseer. By the last artist, I particularly remember (which is always a good sign) a painting, representing a moon-light winter night in the Highlands. A large stag is represented in the foreground, stepping over a tree covered with snow. The moon is not represented, but is without the picture, and casts a sharp shadow on the snow. In the distance, other deer are seen swimming through the lake, and beyond them are seen the mountains and the stars glittering in the cold. One can almost feel the cold of the clear still night, and rejoice with the noble animal in his wild kingdom. In like manner, the painting of a church in Normandy, and a scene on the Nile, by Roberts, left a pleasing poetic impression behind them. Some landscapes also were painted with great cleverness, but I also saw a vast quantity of so-called still life, historical scenes and portraits, which have quite left my memory—and yet, not quite! for some have retained their place by their absurdity, or exterior pathological softness. Among the former, I must reckon some sea pieces of J. M. W. Turner. If a bright coloured sea piece were to be painted on a wax tablet, then melted, and all the colours mixed up together, I fancy it would present much the appearance of this artist's paintings. I would give something to know *how* this painter sees nature, and what there is in his eyes that causes him to see nature thus? Then, as to the second class, there are several affecting stories from Walter Scott, and others represented, where the spectator is obliged to read in the catalogue all that he does *not* see in the picture. But enough of this misery! Among the paintings in water colours were some very skilfully done, and several portraits, particularly, treated in a masterly manner.

Let me be allowed to pass over the sculpture in silence. A group by Gibson, a naked Greek with a spear, was the only piece that produced any effect upon me. It is, however, easy to see what confused fancies are to be found in this branch of art, from the fact, that one artist has endeavoured to represent the statue of Iago, in "Othello," another even, that of *Law*. I could not help thinking of Tieck's "Puss in Boots," in which Law at one time appears like a bugbear, at another, is eaten up by the cat in the form of a mouse.

Mrs. Austin afterwards conducted me to another exhibition of older works of art, the British Gallery. Rich individuals send pictures here from their private collections for a year or more, and then forward others in their stead. The money received for this exhibition is appropriated for the encouragement of poor artists, and the

public, by this means, obtains a sight of many a hidden treasure. I was, however, too much influenced by the quantity of various and bright colouring to be able to bestow the proper attention on them; a few paintings, however, made such an effect on me, that they remained fixed in my memory. One was a Ruysdael, the property of Sir Robert Peel: a wood, with a sheet of water, almost like the picture at Dresden, but in some respects even more beautiful; another was "A Holy Family," by Titian.

Finally, my amiable guide conducted me to the house of a rich private individual, to show me some rare works of art there. The gentleman's name was Rogers, and he has at his residence—the arrangements of which, although those of a small house, are thoroughly comfortable—a really remarkable collection. How many such concealed treasures must there be here! The finest piece I saw, was a small painting by Titian, a Magdalene kneeling before Christ in a free and open landscape. It was a splendid piece, a richness and delicacy of colour, such as I had never seen, except in that painting of "Heavenly and Earthly Love" (in Rome); the gracefully kneeling figure, with bright, expressive, *deer-like* eyes, fearlessly yielding up her soul to heavenly love. I could hardly tear myself from it. There is also here a little drawing of Raphael's of the "Entombment," a very curious piece; and, lastly, I was struck with a portrait of Memling (or Hemlin), painted by himself in the year 1462, while still in the cloisters at Bruges, looking, at the time, ill and weak.

In the evening was a great dinner, at which the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen were present. During dinner Rossini's "Tell" was performed; and after dinner, we admired the large golden vessels taken from the Spanish Armada, and the splendid workmanship on the golden plates, and vases ornamented with *alto relievos*, and then passed to the rotunda, in which a concert had been announced. I saw her majesty converse long with Lord Aberdeen; the crisis is not yet over, but people begin to hope that the ministry of Peel will remain in office.

The concert began with Spohr's "Weihe der Töne," in the second part of which the passages in Handel's style produce a good effect. Thalberg then played some pieces on a splendid pianoforte; and Mendelssohn's beautiful march from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," formed a suitable conclusion to the concert.

XXIX.

London, June 18th—Evening.

THE day now approaches when we must leave London; and the time is, therefore, zealously used, in order to learn as much as possible of this peculiar world!

First, his majesty the king was to be shown the new Pentonville

Model Prison, built as a model, and at the same time for a trial of the complete system of solitary confinement. We drove out early to this building, only eighteen months completed, situated towards the northern extremity of London, where the streets and buildings extend continually more and more into the fields, at an expense of 85,000*l.* (a pretty large sum for a trial). I was much interested in the arrangements; and a model of this model would have been very useful to convey to Germany, where the question regarding the better and more effective arrangement of prisons is so much agitated, but where hundreds of thousands are not always to be disposed of, in order to make such trials. The ground plan of this building is in so far like that of the Penitentiary, that the wings radiate like a star; but here only a half star is formed. Each of these four wings consists of a high and long hall, lighted from above, in which are an underground floor, and three stories of cells one above another. Four galleries run round each floor, and form the means by which the overseers visit the cells; and iron spiral staircases lead from one floor to the other.

Each of the four wings can thus contain more than 100 cells, and 520 prisoners altogether can be placed here, each in his separate cell. Every thing is kept in the greatest order and cleanliness, the walls merely white-washed, and the iron painted black; and above, between the galleries, passes a sort of railway, upon which is placed the carriage which contains the food, as brought up from the underground story. The food is then distributed to the prisoners by the overseers, who open a trap in the cell-doors, and place upon it the vessels containing the food. In a quarter of an hour a few overseers can distribute food to 500 prisoners. Each cell contains a hammock, a chest of drawers, a table and chair, a metal washing-basin, and a gas-holder; also every prisoner can give notice, by pressing on a spring, that he wishes to speak to the overseer. The cells are well provided with fresh air, by ventilation, and are heated with warm air in winter.

In every cell arrangements are made for some employment, as in the Penitentiary, so that the unfortunate man is enabled to resist the fearful solitude by some occupation, and at the same time to make reflections on his former life. We saw and tasted the food (bread, meat, soup), which is here good and nourishing enough.* The expenses of the establishment, indeed, amount to 13,000*l.* a year—a sum which, according to German ideas, is rather large for the support of 500 prisoners, particularly when the interest of the 85,000*l.*, which the building cost, is reckoned in; giving a sum something like 30*l.* a year for each, a sum greater than that which most country physicians or schoolmasters have to live on in Germany. Order is preserved in the house with military strictness; and when

* Each prisoner has, weekly, 28 ounces of meat, 140 ounces of wheaten bread, 3½ pints of soup, 7 pounds of potatoes, 7 pints of oatmeal gruel, 14 ounces of milk, 5½ pints of cocoa, and 10½ ounces of treacle.

the prisoners assemble, either in church or for instruction, or to walk, which they are obliged to do within a walled court, or to any common labour—for example, pumping water—the most absolute silence reigns. Besides this, they wear a peculiar sort of cap, the shade of which falls over the face, and being provided with two holes for the eyes, forms a sort of mask, rendering all mutual recognition impossible; here, also, no names exist, but each prisoner is denoted and called for by the number of his cell—he is, as it were, for the time of his penalty, no longer a person in the state, no longer a member of human society—the state deprives him of *that life* which it gave him, and it has, undoubtedly, a right to do so; on the contrary, it can never have a right to deprive a human being of *that life*, which the course of Divine Providence has assigned to him. There are few punishments in the establishment, corporal punishment does not exist; the punishments are, an inferior sort of food, and confinement for one, two, three, or four days, in an absolutely dark and empty cell in the underground part of the buildings. This prison is only for men of from eighteen to thirty-five, and only such as are condemned to transportation of not more than fifteen years. In this respect, however, and because the establishment is not merely considered one of punishment, but, very rationally, also one of reformation, one arrangement appeared to me particularly praiseworthy, which causes the condemned to consider the future in the present, this is, the division of all the prisoners into three classes, according to their conduct and industry at their work, and their attention to the instructions they receive in religion, morals, and mechanical labour. According to their position in these classes, their future fate in Van Dieman's Land is determined. Those of the first class are allowed to follow a trade there, being merely under the surveillance of the police; those of the second class are compelled to labour at the public works; but only those of the third class are sent to the worst and most dangerous places in the colony.

The chapel of the institution presents a singular spectacle! In semi-circular rows above one another, high wooden boxes are erected, which are so constructed, as to allow the prisoner in them a sight of the pulpit, but at the same time to render him perfectly invisible to any of the other prisoners. The passage to these boxes is up small flights of stairs; and the sight was particularly depressing, when, after our being conducted to a seat near the pulpit, suddenly a number of boxes were filled with masked prisoners. As soon as they sit down, they throw back their mask, and their faces are seen for the first time. I asked some questions on the efficacy of the system of solitary confinement, and whether cases of mental aberration had not frequently been the result of this system? The latter question was answered in the negative, and the answers to the other questions were in general favourable. Longer experience will tell us more. So much is, however, clear, that this strict regularity in their way of living, this impossibility of evil communication, and

the continual employment—this sensibility of punishment, and of the being shut out from all society, must be in the end, and for all time, the simplest and most rational form of punishment. The state can only show itself effective, however, *en masse!*—for all more delicate distinctions cease here. Above the chapel is a platform, from which one has a view of the as yet free and open position of the prison, and the range of hills to the north of London. It was a dull morning—every thing looked desolate round about—places for building were being prepared, and some smaller houses actually built, looking like newly settled colonies—whilst in the other direction every thing was lost in a mass of houses covered with mist and smoke—quite a November picture in the middle of June!

We now drove to the Post Office, in order to obtain an idea of that wonderful activity, by which the million of letters which pass through the London post-office every week, are all correctly delivered to their several addresses. Human ingenuity has proved itself wonderful in such matters as this! If we consider all that is sometimes contained in a letter, what secrets of the internal life, and what important commissions respecting the external one, how the whole fate of a man would be at once entirely changed, if a letter were to arrive at a wrong time, or were to fall into wrong hands; when we consider, at the same time, the amount of trouble necessary to the collecting from 500,000 to 600,000 letters every week from the several receiving offices, and distributing them again into all the provinces of this country called London, it appears well worth one's while to cast a look at the internal arrangements of such an establishment. The Post Office, situated in St. Martin's-le-Grand, is of great extent, and contains a large hall supported by columns, from which several entrances lead to the separate offices. When one enters the interior, one sees long rooms with tablets, above which are drawers, into which the letters which come in, and those which are to be sent out, are distributed. All these letters are stamped; and one may conceive with what swiftness these thousands of leaves pass through a man's hand, when I state, that a man whom I was looking at stamped 300 in one minute. At the same time arrangements are made for the quickest possible communication from one office to another; and thus, among other contrivances, there is a little tunnel, in which a covered box runs from one end of the house to the other. Letters and packets are thrown into this box through a trap, and the box is then sent to the other office; there it is opened, the contents taken out, and other letters put in to be sent back again. We must at the same time consider, that by the present method of paying the postage of letters, much time and trouble is saved. In the post-offices and stationers' shops, stamped pieces of paper are to be had, which express the value of the postage, and are sold at this price. These pieces of paper are stuck on the letter in proportion to the general well-known charge for postage; the letter is then thrown into the letter-box, and is

certain to arrive safe and quickly at its destination. The English certainly have the art of inventing, in all such matters, capital abbreviations for business, which would often take up much time. Thus there are always printed tables of every thing necessary for the house, the kitchen, or the cellar, so that a man, by looking over these lists, immediately sees what he has or what he wants. In the same way, no one keeps any large sum of money in the house; his banker manages all that, and he has only a little book with cheques, out of which he has nothing to do but tear a leaf, write upon it the sum he owes, and give it to his creditor; and so of other matters!

Not far from the Post Office is Goldsmiths' Hall, and we went to take a view of it in order to see that all useful trades, which forward the advantages of the country and the city are held in honour. These trades form for the most part companies, which reckon among their honorary members the most distinguished persons in the kingdom, and collect funds often so considerable, that the Company of Merchant Tailors, for example, which reckons among its members Sir R. Peel and Lord Aberdeen, has caused to be erected in Oxford, from their extra money, a large building for a collection in art, and for an institution for the learning of the modern languages. Every such company has a house of meeting or hall, and there are forty-nine of these in London. One of the most considerable of these companies is the Goldsmiths' Company, containing above 400 members, among whom are Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington. Their hall is large, in the Italian style, and ornamented with Corinthian columns. In the lower floor it contains the offices, in which all manufactured silver has to be proved and stamped (as is well known, the English silver is distinguished by its great purity); from this floor a splendid staircase conducts to the first floor, where are the dining-room and ball-room, elegantly and splendidly adorned. Here the meetings are held, and splendid entertainments are given. The halls of the other companies are said to be similar. The Fishmongers' Company has lately (1832) built a new hall in the place of the old one, containing a room seventy-three feet long by thirty-eight feet wide.

Next came the visit of his majesty to the Lord Mayor, at present a Mr. Magnay. The house inhabited by the Lord Mayor for the time being is the Mansion House, situated opposite the Bank. It was built about a hundred years ago in its present form, and is therefore in that false antique style, with staircases in the basement and Corinthian columns, the pediment of which contains a large relievo by Taylor, representing the personification of the city of London and of the Thames, quite in the old French style. Above this again is a heavy top, which fortunately is hardly remarked, because the street is not broad enough to admit of a general view. The Lord Mayor advanced to meet the King, preceded by two men in black robes of an ancient form, and with fur caps on

their heads, and gold chains round their necks, carrying the city sword and mace. The sword is in a rich red velvet sheath, ornamented with pearls, the crown fastened to a heavy gold sceptre. Servants, in scarlet livery richly adorned with gold lace, stood round, and we were first presented to the family in the drawing-room, and then conducted to the large hall, supported on columns, and adorned with banners. We slightly inspected it, and having just looked into the hall where smaller police cases are disposed of by the Lord Mayor in person, we got into the carriages and drove to the Old Bailey, as the king had expressed a desire to be present at a public trial. A trial was just going on: a man was accused of having stolen 500*l.* from the house of an old gentleman. We listened to the address of the prosecutor's counsel, a Mr. Wilkins, who had been first a merchant, then an actor, and lastly an advocate, who related the circumstances with great liveliness of gesture, and collected all the points which were intended to prove, and which appeared to me to prove in fact that no one else but the accused could have taken the money. The prisoner maintained his place rather impudently at the bar; the formation of his head was such that he might easily have been found guilty of the theft on its evidence alone. The recorder then summed up the evidence in a speech that was rather long-winded and weak; we did not, however, wait for the conclusion,* but returned to the Mansion House, where a splendid luncheon awaited us, about three o'clock. We had not been long at table, however, when a deputation entered to invite the king and the Lord Mayor to witness the solemn unveiling of the Wellington statue, which has been erected by subscription, quite close to this, in front of the New Exchange. The invitation was accepted; we rose; and protected with difficulty by a number of policemen from the crowding of the people, we passed to a place where a circle had been kept free, and where musicians had been placed round the statue still veiled. Now the great moment arrived, the covering is withdrawn, the equestrian statue in bronze, the model of which was made by Chantrey, appears, and the people raise a shout hardly to be silenced! The chairman of the committee stepped forward and made a short speech, and during the playing of "God save the Queen," we all returned through the immense crowd to the Mansion House. This was the first time that I had seen and felt a regular English crowd, and I can now fancy the consequences of any one's being drawn into such a mass of human beings! These waves of a rude multitude have something about them more dreadful than the waves of the sea, and the former are not *beautiful* like the latter.

The lunch was now concluded in peace, several toasts proposed as

* I found afterwards that the accused was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for seven years.

is usual on such occasions, after which we drove to the Temple and the Temple church; and the king had some difficulty in refusing the use of the Lord Mayor's state coach, which was already in waiting before the door, driven by a coachman in a livery of red and gold, a great wig and little three-cornered hat, and behind which were set up footmen in a similar costume, only without wigs, and richly powdered instead.

The buildings of the Temple contain much that is curious. These were in olden time the possessions of the Templars, then very numerous and powerful in England: and even now the principal of St. Mary's church is called "Master of the Temple." When this brotherhood was broken up, the "professors of common law" bought all this part of the city, reaching from Fleet-street to the Thames, in which now two of their guilds, those of the "Inner" and of the "Middle" Temple are settled. We first examined the church, the oldest part of which was built about 1185. The entrance to it is somewhat solemn, a beautiful real Gothic vaulting receives us, the softened light of the old painted windows falls between columns which are not lofty, the organ resounds, and at the very entrance to the nave of the church, lie on the ground six Templar knights, stretched out like mighty iron corpses. This kind of raised carved grave stones, as if the armed knight lay as he had fallen in holy ground, I had never seen before, and they produce a powerful effect. The church is in other respects very simple, and not very large, but the effect of such an entrance is very great.

We now passed on to the Inner and the Middle Temple. There is in one of these Inns a very fine old hall, where all the benchers dine in common, in which the arms of all the old jurists who have at various times read lectures here, adorn the walls; there is also a large library of law works, some fine galleries, and a prettily planted garden with some beautiful views of the Thames.

The day was to conclude with some exhibitions, and first the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. The English have, like the French, made great progress in this particular branch of art, more especially in architectural drawing; there were several pretty drawings of old Gothic churches, streets, and castles, but no idea of any greater or more profound striving after art. All the immortality hoped for appeared to be that of having the painting preserved in some princely collection.

The second exhibition was the British Gallery, which I had visited yesterday with Mrs. Austin. To-day, I had a better opportunity of seeing it, and discovered some other very beautiful pieces. I first saw, that Raphael of the earliest time, which Passavant has had engraved in his work on this master, "The Disciples sleeping on the Mount of Olives." The painting is certainly important; I have never seen any other in which Raphael appears so completely in his chrysalis state. Only in particular traits does the beauty of his

future existence glimmer through, and yet, even that which is quite imperfect has a certain power of objective *naïveté*. Then, a large sea piece, by Ruysdael, was important to me. Accustomed only to seeing wood, and field, and rivers by this artist, his waves were very interesting to me: but I still like his trees better. Further, I saw a little Murillo, "The Virgin being carried up to Heaven," hovering and surrounded by angels—splendid—lovely—yet soft! It appeared to me a sort of preparatory picture to the large one in Soult's collection. The most important of all, however, was, no doubt, a large picture by Mantegna, painted gray on gray, the figures about one quarter the size of life, the whole about six or seven feet long. It represented the triumph of Scipio, and displayed a beauty of drawing, so noble a character in the figures represented, and such a perfection of finish, that I was very much astonished never to have read anywhere of this piece. In the first place, a good sketch, and then a perfect engraving of this work, would be of great value for the artists of Germany.

If a good star had guided me hitherto, I was still more obliged to it in the evening at dinner, because, besides placing me opposite *that* English beauty, whom I have before mentioned as being the most perfect, in my mind, from the beautiful tracing of a countenance like a painter's Juno, it gave me for a neighbour Captain Meynell, with whom I very soon got into a highly interesting conversation. He was one of those men who are only to be met with in large states. Frequently engaged in the most important historical events, in which England has always acted a principal part, he had been in the most opposite countries, and had been a member of various embassies. Two events in his life interested me particularly; he was one of Napoleon's conductors to St. Helena, and he had often seen and spoken with Göthe in the years 1816 and 1817. It was important to me, in reference to Göthe, to know what effect his appearance had produced on such a man as Captain Meynell, an Englishman employed in, and intimately connected with some of the most important events of the history of later times. When I asked him this question, he replied, that his first feeling, after all he had heard of the poet, had certainly been disappointment; but that the effect of Göthe's eye had soon been apparent to him, and from that time the whole power of his character had been clear to him.

This evening, the court visited the Italian Opera, where we just arrived in time to hear of the death of Lucia di Lammermoor, and to see Mario die without any particular emotion. This evening, the great attraction was the ballet; for Fanny Elsler had been sent for from Paris, and as she was new to me, I was anxious to observe the effect of her appearance. The subject of the ballet was, as usual, particularly absurd. A young painter delights to dwell on the picture of a beauty whom he has formerly painted, and often consoles himself by contemplating her image. The mother finally seeks out the lost beauty in order to recover the devoted lover from his melancholy.

One fine day, during his absence, the recovered one slips quietly into his room, and takes up her position within the frame instead of the picture. The lover arrives, sunk in melancholy, draws aside the curtain from before the supposed image—there stands the original herself—gives him a look full of affection, and steps forth out of the frame to make him happy for life; plots and intrigues of various kinds still follow. Elslar personated the lost beauty. She is no longer young, and never was beautiful, properly speaking; but her perfect and admirable command of her body still gives her a peculiar charm. All the graces which art *can* give are really combined in her movements. I shall never forget the beautiful manner, the graceful bendings with which she came forth from the frame—like a beautifully turned phrase from an educated mouth. Can there be, in reality, a peculiar music of motion in this play of the limbs, ruled by fine feelings?—A certain agitation of the whole organisation in her last full bending forwards towards her partner in the dance particularly struck me. Like the well-timed shake of a singer, it worked so as to show the strongest emotion of the bosom under the influence of overpowering feeling. The foot really played the quaver; then the bearing—the swaying of the whole body in the most graceful wavy curves! Had the movement been supported by real beauty of person, the effect must have been irresistible!

XXX.

London, June 19th—Noon.

I HAVE, to-day, a peculiar feeling, because I must leave London to-morrow; London, in which I have still so much to see, to learn, and to do. The feeling of to-day is half that of an expected liberation, and half that of a sensible loss! The most important questions respecting the destiny of mankind, the relation of individuals to the whole body of the state, and the rights of both, are nowhere to be seen in such close and immediate connexion as here. None except those who have seen London, and lived there for a short time, will easily obtain any thing like a clear and distinct idea of the subject.

Notwithstanding, I must acknowledge that I do not feel myself possessed of the organisation to live here. I feel too strongly that with its overwhelming power it would drive me from the very foundations of my own proper being, and to that no man should expose himself.

The morning was calm, dark, and cloudy, and being obliged to attend a medical consultation, I was afforded a further opportunity of taking a quiet survey of this great city. I passed by Westminster Abbey, which stood out dark and gloomy against the lowering sky. The town appeared to me like a slumbering giant, which might at any moment awake, and then resistance would be impossible.

Afterwards, I went into a printseller's to buy a few memorials of Landseer, and I was fortunate enough to see there a large water-colour drawing by Haghe, the best which I have ever seen of the kind. Haghe is well known by his beautiful works on the interiors of English castles, and I expected much from his drawings; but what I saw far exceeded my expectations. The drawing represented the portico and entrance of a Spanish cathedral, with monks in the vestibule distributing alms among the people. The extraordinary skill in the drawing of the figures, the bold treatment of the subject, and the beauty and distinctness of the light and colouring, must secure it the reputation of a master-piece. Why have the English no historical painters able to execute on a large scale, what this small historical picture does on a small one? It may, perhaps, be said, the nation is too active and powerful *merely to paint* great deeds and the expression of great thoughts; if a man has a genius powerful enough to effect something great, he really brings it out somehow or other in life, and the course of ambition is here open to the least and to the greatest. Mozart expresses himself somewhat after this fashion in his letter on the various explanations and æsthetical reflections respecting a musical work of art: "One of us would write it sooner." Numerous further considerations connect themselves with this; in reference to Germany, also, which in consequence of its multifarious divisions has less room for great deeds, and therefore gives freer scope to its ideal tendencies. I will not, however, here lose myself in an ocean of reflections, where so much immediately impels to action.

First of all I went to see an anthropological *curiosum*—Tom Thumb—the smallest of human beings, 13 years old—25 inches high—fifteen pounds weight. He has been exhibited in London for more than a month, in the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, in the same room in which Catlin, the traveller, exhibited his North American Indians. During my life I have made acquaintance with many more small men than great ones, but such a one as this I have never seen! He is a true remnant of the pygmies! Withal he is well built, and the rounded form of the head, with the projecting forehead of childhood, well corresponds to the intelligent self-satisfied nature of the mannikin. He gives one the impression of a piece of wound-up mechanism when he walks about hither and thither on the large table—imitates the position of the Borghese gladiator—takes off Napoleon—sings a boat-song in the character of a sailor, and such things. What singular aberrations human education sometimes presents!

The last public sight which I visited in London was the Chinese exhibition. This vast collection was made by a native of Philadelphia, Mr. Nathan Dunn, who lived above twelve years in China, and enjoyed a high degree of popularity among the Chinese. It is really remarkably well worth seeing, and is quite *sui generis*. It has been exhibited in London for a considerable time in a

large building near St. George's Hospital and Hyde Park Corner. The catalogue, ornamented with drawings by Mr. Langdon, occupies 169 pages. It presents a complete collective picture of these singular people from the ceremonies used in their temples, with their colossal idols, to imitations, in carved wooden figures as large as life, of the different modes of living, trades, and customs—the most complete collection of all the single objects of necessity or productions of art—books, weapons, furniture, ornaments, porcelain, moneys and weights—carriages, models of ships, and productions of nature;—and after one has gone through the long hall and examined the various objects which it contains, one is constrained to come to the lamentable conclusion, that *the light of more elevated beauty has never shone upon a nation of more than 300,000,000 of men!* This view suggests a long series of melancholy thoughts. When one sees the high artistical skill of their works—contemplates the nature of their social relations—thinks upon the industry and indefatigable ingenuity of the people—one is disposed to exclaim: “Why is light given to the miserable!” Is all that mass as it is here exhibited to be compared to a single work of Phidias—to a single noble free and deep thought of Plato, or to the perfect form of a Sixtine Madonna. And why have these millions been condemned to wander in darkness, and with their ridiculous world of ceremonies and most complete servility, to form the genuine type of a “Phylister?” And yet there blooms even there a peculiar fortune—there is evidence of a particular kind of science and art, and a peculiar phase of humanity is there developed. I must, however, curb the flights of thought, for time presses forward.

Dr. Freund, my faithful guide in London, officiated as my conductor to the Chinese Collection. I separated from him with lively feelings of gratitude, and not without an earnest wish, that the great undertaking, of which he is the main spring—*the foundation of an Hospital for all poor Germans in London*, may bear the richest fruits. Many liberal contributions have been already made by the rich and powerful, and the object appears to meet with more and more encouragement and support. Would that these words of recommendation may reach the eyes and stimulate the hearts of the wealthy and benevolent among ourselves, to co-operate in this design!

XXXI.

Same Day—Towards Evening.

I HAVE taken leave of London!—a twofold leave, most probably never to see it again—and, therefore, peculiar emotions necessarily crowd upon my mind. One part of the leave-taking was merely formal. When his majesty went to pay his

visits on departure, I, with other gentlemen of his suite, attended him in a second state-carriage, to the house of the Duke of Cambridge and to those of the queen's ministers. The etiquette, however, in such cases is, that the suite remain in the library and enter their names in a book left there for the purpose, whilst the crowned head alone takes his leave of the family in the drawing-room. These short drives, therefore, merely furnished opportunities of seeing the interiors of a few more houses, and I was happily soon released from this ceremonial. The other part of my leave-taking affected me more deeply. Alone, and once again reflecting calmly on all the peculiarities and greatness of the scenes by which I was surrounded, I took a solitary walk through some of the most splendid streets in the neighbourhood of the palace, such as St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and then through St. James's Park, where to-day every thing was remarkably still. The contrast between bustle and movement, quiet and repose, was very striking. In such parks London, which everywhere appears great and mighty, may be called also *beautiful*. The extensive water, the sheep pasturing around, the large trees with their full foliage, and the lofty towers of Westminster Abbey majestically rising above them, all gave the impression, in the evening light, of something both beautiful and grand! Every thing appeared so peaceful, and at the same time so free and noble. A gentle rain fell upon the dry grass and renewed its verdure. I thought within myself—Shakspeare has probably trod this soil and viewed these scenes, and in him I felt myself more at home in the surrounding objects, of which on the morrow I must take my leave. A great mind, with whose feelings and ideas we deeply sympathise, always makes us more at home in and more intimate with the country in which that mind has been developed, its powers matured, and its fruits shed, than any thing else whatever. This is the circumstance which inspires us with such a feeling respecting Greece—and this, too, formerly gave to the whole western world such a longing after the scenes and recollections of the East. This it is which brings Italy nearer to us than its Apennines. And who is there that has a longing to see any country whatever without a history?

London, June 20th—Early.

Every thing is already packed; servants are busy carrying cloaks and portfolios. Two gentlemen of the suite return to Saxony in one travelling carriage, and two others are retained for our journey through England and Scotland. In one his majesty the king travels, accompanied by Privy-councillor v. Gersdorf, his ambassador in London; and the second is assigned to Major Reichardt, his majesty's equerry, and myself. Much of the travelling baggage also goes back direct to Dresden—therefore, there is nothing but hurry, running, asking questions, taking, and carrying! After seeing my own affairs in order, I withdrew from the commotion,

which always causes constraint and annoyance, to spend a quarter of an hour at my writing-table, in my agreeable chamber, in which I had become quite at home, and where the nicest paper and the best pens were always in readiness for me.—In the midst of such a scene, I think with pleasure on those of a very different character; for nothing sooner restores the equilibrium and impartiality of the mind, when disturbed by outward disquiets, than when, in the midst of the present, we transport ourselves to far other and different scenes!

On this occasion I represented to myself, how peculiar and different from this must be the morning preparations for departure of a travelling caravan in the East. The camels driven together to receive their loads—horses galloping about—negro slaves screeching—and seraskiers swearing—whilst, peaceful and glorious, the orb of day rises above the distant level horizon of the desert!

Time, however, advances. Order is restored, and I must take my leave—first of all of this peaceful chamber, in which, late in the evening, no sound of near disquiet interrupted reflection, and to which only that singular, incessant rolling of distant carriages forced its way, which proceeds from all the busy streets of London in a continuous sound, closely resembling very distant thunder, or the beating of the waves of the sea. I shall probably never visit this quiet room again. Now for a general parting.

XXXII.

JOURNEY THROUGH ENGLAND.

Cambridge, June 20—Evening.

THE first day of our journey has terminated most agreeably. At nine o'clock in the morning the carriages were in waiting at the palace. Her Majesty the Queen, and Prince Albert, accompanied their royal guest to the great entrance hall, where we also were afforded an opportunity of paying our grateful respects to her majesty and her consort, and immediately the carriages set off and we drove rapidly through London. The sky was gray—the air mild—and a gentle rain sprinkling the earth. We pursued the great north road, which passes under a lofty archway at Highgate, where a deep cutting is made to diminish the ascent, and a bridge thrown over to connect the two sides and form a cross road above. After passing the archway we entered upon an extensive open district, which, towards noon, changed into a half-wooded and half agricultural country, interspersed with meadows.

Soon after we approached the entrance into a large park, deer

were lying under the lofty trees, and we found ourselves at Hatfield, a property belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury.

The marquis, a vigorous and lively though elderly man, is a widower, and spends only a part of the autumn and winter at his residence at Hatfield House, an edifice of about two centuries and a half old. He had only just come here on this occasion to receive his majesty, and on our departure immediately rode back to London to attend his duties in parliament. The house is peculiar, built of red stone in a quadrangular Gothic style, and covered in many parts with ivy. The very entrance hall is singular. The wall towards the garden is made of filigree work, but only in fact *apparently* open, for on nearer examination it was seen that panes of glass were inserted between the stones. We first remained for some time in the great drawing-room, with which the rich old paneled walls, the furniture a hundred years old, and the whole decorations all harmonised; and were then conducted by the marquis himself through the different corridors and apartments of his house.

Haghe in his English residences has given many picturesque views of Hatfield. The wide rich staircases covered with carvings, produce a particularly splendid effect. Above these is a very large gallery, the whole of the walls of which are also paneled. The rooms are hung with family portraits, immense carved wooden seats stand by the fire-places; and a spacious adjacent corner, was capable of being changed into a separate chamber by turning round a portion of the ornamental wainscoting,—every thing was peculiar. In addition, a certain peculiarly romantic air of old times was spread over these rooms. This air arises, properly speaking, from the repose of loneliness, and made a wonderful impression on my mind. I have been, indeed, in other ancient castles, where this peculiar odour, half balsamic and half suggestive of still and dry decay, prevailed—which points far backward into ages past, and suggests recollections of olden times; and, thus, has such a strong poetical influence on the mind. In this reflective spirit, I wandered through the numerous chambers, viewed the lofty carved canopied beds—the variegated gold embroidery on the couches—entered the small domestic chapel; and, finally, descended into the courts and farm-yard, where a half-ruined tower of red stone still remains, in which Elizabeth, when princess, was once kept a prisoner.

The marquis now ordered a carriage in order to show a part, at least, of the park. Our first drive was to the vineyard. The way thither led through lofty limes and oaks, and by the side of meadows and plantations; a few magnificent oaks stood quite alone, and spoiled by the weather of their loftiest tops, they had become of such strength and foliage as to call to mind bread-fruit trees.

Here, too, there was more freedom—the etiquette of Nature had ceased—heaths and grass grew luxuriously—the old trees threw out their mighty roots afar—in the free enjoyment of the bounties Nature had provided. What is called the *vineyard* is a more orna-

mental and better kept portion of the park, situated behind a lodge overgrown with luxuriant ivy and flowering honeysuckle, and it was quite charming at the very entrance, when the eye, looking through a vista of yews over green terraces, fell upon a clear pond, beyond which a free young plantation presented a most picturesque background. We went as far as this plantation, loitered here and there by the way, and then returned to the house, where an elegant luncheon stood ready in the large ancient hall, adorned with flags and coats of mail. I was constrained frequently to cast my eyes around—the large family portraits—the ancient gallery richly carved in dark coloured wood—the coats of arms—the great sideboard, and the marquis himself in a green old age; the old-fashioned powdered servants—the whole again formed a picture in itself in most harmonious keeping.

Immediately after lunch we departed, and drove through the village of Hatfield, across an open agricultural country, and continually brighter weather, through the town of Stevenage to Cambridge.

It had become a very cheerful and beautiful evening, as we drove through the green pleasure-grounds around the city, and entered Cambridge, in which there was a delightful feeling of the quiet of a town of 20,000 inhabitants, after all the hurry and noise of the streets of London. A still spirit of silence seems to breathe around.

Immediately on driving into the town, we passed the New Museum of Arts, built in the Grecian temple style, but not yet quite finished. This building owes its origin to a legacy left for the purpose, by the late Earl Fitzwilliam, who bequeathed a sum of 100,000*l.* for its erection. Several of the old colleges next presented their gray walls, crowned with turrets and ornamented Gothic panels—the slender Gothic church of St. Mary's was seen; and through the quiet streets, illumined by the evening sun, we drove into the first and richest of the colleges, Trinity, in which, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, it has been the custom for monarchs, as they journey, to sojourn. Our host was Dr. Whewell, the present master.

Almost without any time for preparation, we followed our hospitable host, in order to obtain the clearest possible idea of the buildings and arrangements of this remarkable and celebrated old university. The spacious court of Trinity College, with its yellowish stone colour and lofty old Gothic architecture, produces a splendid effect. It was first founded in 1546, by Henry VIII. (Cambridge, in general, is so old, as to have been destroyed as early as the ninth century by the Danes.) The college contains about 400 students. The gate, especially, is in beautiful style—lofty, castellated, and ornamented with towers crowned with pinnacles; it harmonises admirably with the adjoining buildings, which are very little lower. An ornamental Gothic fountain, in the open space within, has the very best effect.

The arrangement of these colleges is, moreover, very peculiar; there are not less than seventeen of them, of which the oldest, St. Peter's, was founded as early as 1257. From 1700 to 1800 students, in all, reside within their walls; but each college has its own foundations, is regulated according to its own laws, and, by means of its teachers, called fellows, gives instruction to its own students in the ancient languages, mathematics, and theological morals, whilst the whole of the students are, in common, at liberty to attend, and do attend, the lectures of the university professors in the various faculties, according to their particular objects of study or professional views. The time of our visit was out of term, and but few students were in college. They all wear black gowns and caps, the *fellows* and *masters* a long black robe (almost like our clergy), and black cap, which has a broad, flat, square top. It is said that no small jealousy and rivalry exist among the various colleges; and I myself heard one of the fellows compare the state of feeling between Trinity and St. John's, to that between Athens and Sparta. We visited the gardens behind Trinity, and found the clear and broad waters of the Cam, which runs into the Ouse, and thus connects Cambridge with the sea. In these waters the students enjoy the most splendid opportunities of boating and rowing, which is seized upon with avidity, and the young men become adepts in the art. We next returned to the college buildings, in order to see the hall and the library. This college is proud of having ranked Newton amongst its fellows; a marble statue and a portrait of the great philosopher adorn the hall, and reliques of various descriptions are contained in the library. A portion of his hair, some manuscripts and instruments belonging to him, were shown to us; and among the last-mentioned, the earliest and imperfect form of his "Refractor." Among the MSS. were letters from foreign men of learning; and among the rest a letter from Voltaire, written in very correct English. The college is not less proud of Bacon of Verulam, whose portrait hangs beside that of Newton. In addition to these pre-eminent names, Ray, the naturalist, Dryden, Barrow, and other celebrated men of literature and learning, were formerly students, and Richard Bentley, master of the college. The present master, Dr. Whewell, is a man of solid learning, and among other languages so well versed in German, as to give to his countrymen a flowing translation of "Hermann and Dorothea," without being deterred by the difficulties of English hexameters. From want of time, it was impossible to devote attention to any more of the numerous curiosities which the library contains, than these already mentioned. There is here a copy of the Gospel, which is, undoubtedly, very valuable in the history of the arts; it contains a number of pictures in the Byzantine mosaic-style, and is supposed, by Waagen, to be of the date of the eighth century. Some MSS. of Milton were also shown us, consisting of letters and other papers; but the most interesting of all was the first plan of his

"Paradise Lost," sketched in the form of a drama. The evening, however, was advancing, and it was time to dress for dinner.

After our numerous state dinners in London, our comparatively quiet repast in the society of men of learning and a few highly educated ladies was a true refreshment. The master had invited several fellows, Dr. Paget, a physician, and Dr. Clark, professor of anatomy. The conversation was lively, and the order of the entertainment itself had in it something original. The system of carving at table, usual in all English houses, I first saw here regularly practised; a number of dishes are put upon the table at the same time, and every person carves the dish immediately placed before him, and helps the other guests. At the conclusion of the various courses of which the dinner was composed, a large silver bowl, filled with rose water, in which was placed a silver spoon, was set upon the table, and sent round, in order that each might take a portion upon a small plate, to dip his napkin in for the purpose of refreshing the face and hands; this custom had something to me quite oriental in its observance. After this, the cloth was removed; a silver tree-shaped service was placed in the centre of the polished table, laden with small dishes filled with confectionary and preserves. In addition to this, there were dishes of fruits both dry and fresh, and a great variety of cakes and ornamental sugar work. Among the cakes, a portion of bride cake was particularly pointed out. This cake was a part of that which had been made after the wedding of the master with his very polite and agreeable lady, and was, as such cakes in general are, rich, dry, and highly baked. They are often partly preserved for years, brought forward on great festive occasions, and eaten in small portions. The ladies having now retired, and the master having taken the seat of the lady of the house next his majesty the king, a small silver waggon, with cut decanters filled with port and sherry, was put in circulation on the smooth table, always from right to left, so as to allow every one to help himself according to his pleasure. Finally, the gentlemen, too, rose from table, followed the ladies into the drawing-room, found a sideboard with tea and coffee in an adjoining room, and thus a genuine English dinner was completed.

As I have already said, I felt a particular pleasure in again finding myself in the company of men of learning alone, and especially, as I found, that I myself was already well known here through my works. My "Physiology" and "Comparative Anatomy," had not only been studied by the medical professors, but it furnished me, at the same time, with an opportunity of conversing upon other important phenomena in our literature with Mr. Worsley, a lively young man and fellow of Trinity. He had read, for example, and highly valued Tieck's "Vittoria Accorombona." Moreover, just whilst I was engaged in a lively discussion with Drs. Paget and Clark upon the nervous system, a second Carus was introduced. He was a the-

ologian—also a fellow—and had been in college already seventeen years. On this occasion, I learned that several families of the name are to be met with in the north of England. Some curiosity was expressed to hear how I pronounced the name, which proved to be very different from the English usage. It is probable these, too, are descended from Roman stock; but which of us can lay claim to descent from the Emperor Carus, it would be difficult to discover; it would, perhaps, be easier for me to establish a connexion with Titus Lucretius Carus, the poet of nature.—We did not separate till a late hour.

XXXIII.

Woburn, June 21st—Evening.

WE lingered till after midday in Cambridge, and I have there learned and seen much, which seems to me indicative of the commencement of a new and fresh impulse in this otherwise antiquated university. Of means of study, there is no deficiency; the quiet of the place, the non-permission of theatres, and the non-existence of manufactories and trade, are all favourable to the undisturbed pursuit of knowledge. May the free spirit of knowledge more and more throw off those chains, in which Puritanic theology has so strictly bound almost every thing in England!

I was present at a characteristic scene in the house of the master of Trinity, at the customary early morning service before breakfast. It is the custom for the whole household to assemble; the servants come in and seat themselves upon a row of seats near the windows. The master of the household takes his seat at a small table, with the Bible and prayer-book before him, reads a prayer, and then some chapters from the Bible; next, whilst all kneel, he reads a long, long litany, which in almost the whole of its parts corresponds with that of the Catholic Church. The service finished, all rise, the servants depart, and then comes the breakfast, which in England, as is well known, is a very rich and multifarious affair. As for myself, the custom was interesting for *once*; as a question of daily use, it must become tedious and ineffective, and presumes much time to spare.

After breakfast, Dr. Whewell conducted the king and us to St. John's College, which contains about 300 students, and has been very recently rebuilt. A portion of the buildings lie on the further side of the Cam, and a covered bridge, constructed so as closely to resemble a Gothic corridor with glass windows, connects the two buildings.

We next proceeded to the large university library, which contains 170,000 volumes, and a great many curious works; among others, the first book published in England, in the year 1462, an important MS. codex of the New Testament, the poems of Hafiz, very ornamentally written in minute characters, and merely as the filling up of the per-

son's name to whom the copy is dedicated, and several things of a similar kind.

From thence we went to visit King's College, founded by Henry VI., as early as 1441, and especially for the reception of the Eton scholars. Its slender, lofty chapel (St. Mary's Church) is regarded as one of the finest Gothic buildings in England. The style differs completely from the German Gothic architecture. It belongs to the commencement of the sixteenth century, and by the rich interior decorations of its stone roof, reminds the spectator of Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster. In my youth I had once made a drawing of this church after a copper-plate engraving, and longed anxiously to see the original. Now it was before me—slender, lofty, and light. As we entered the organ was played, and a very happy effect was produced by the sunlight subdued by the lofty stained-glass windows. Thus it is that many of our expectations in life are fulfilled with a surprising richness, whilst many others not less or still more eagerly desired are destined never to be realised. By means of a winding staircase in one of the towers, we ascended to the top of the singularly-constructed roof. Notwithstanding the low pitch of the roof, it is, nevertheless, very strong, and like that of the Cathedral of Milan, may be ascended by steps to the ridge. In the bright sunlight and clear sky the view over the town, with its numerous Gothic buildings, gardens, and the agreeable country round, was very beautiful; the stone dome beneath us—the blue firmament—the immense dome above us, and the richness around, produced upon my mind a more solemn impression than the litany of this morning!

Not far from the church is the mineralogical and geological collection of the university. Neither is very large; the latter, however, contains some very interesting specimens, among the rest a large fossil deer, an admirably preserved Plesiosaurus, above nine feet long; and what for the first time I had seen in such perfect form, several specimens of *spiriferæ*, fossil shells, first described by Buckland, which between their valves contain a kind of skeleton or detached spiral, whose physiological value has not been yet clearly determined.

We next examined the botanical garden, which appears as indifferently supplied as the museum of comparative and pathological anatomy. As, however, I happened to have time to remain here a little longer than in other departments, I discovered one among the pathological preparations, whose importance had hitherto escaped Dr. Clark himself.* This collection also contains some very interesting skulls of savages, of which the curator presented me with one belonging to a New Zealander, which, as an anatomical *vade mecum* was henceforth to be my carriage companion during the rest of our excursions.

* This was a case of *Graviditas uterot ubaria*, of whose remarkable conditions and transition to *Graviditas interstitialis*, English physicians appear hitherto to have little or no knowledge.

I now went to St. Peter's, whither his majesty also came, after having, in the mean time, visited the observatory, and after partaking of a rich luncheon in this college, the carriages drove up, and we were soon again *en route*.

The weather was beautiful; and as we drove across the level and well-cultivated country, we had a free view of the atmosphere, and it struck me forcibly for the first time how peculiar the structure of the clouds of the cumulus and cirrus region are, which appear over this island; their difference from those of other countries is difficult to describe; but when seen their peculiarity is not to be mistaken. The next considerable place on our route was Bedford, where the arrival of the king collected a great crowd of people, notwithstanding his *incognito*, and soon after we came to the avenues leading to Woburn Abbey, the noble possession of the Duke of Bedford, who was then absent.

The abbey is approached under lofty trees and through extensive pastures, covered with herds of deer. On our way thither, I know not why, but probably merely led by the name, I had imagined the ruins of an old and picturesque building, but found myself completely deceived when I saw before me a long, uniform, and heavy palace building, erected some fifty years ago, whose interior, moreover, presented nothing more extraordinary than its externals. The long suites of rooms contain many family and other portraits, as well as many landscapes, among which there is only *one* good, but that is really *precious*, by Caspar Poussin. I had never previously seen any thing like it from the hand of this artist; the whole tone of the picture is so mild, clear, and pure, that it might be ascribed to Claude. Daylight is just departing over distant water; it recalled to my recollection that passage in Dante, in which he says of the pilgrim, that he heard the evening bell from afar

“Che paja 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.”

Adjoining the gardens there is a gallery of antiques and sculpture, in which there are some interesting things. A *relief* by Thorwaldsen is very beautiful, representing “Achilles being supplicated for the Body of Hector;” not less so is the Torso of an antique Bacchus. I was also much interested with a copy of the large and celebrated Warwick vase, with its comic masks; and, finally, I must not omit to mention among the remarkable objects, a large Roman sarcophagus with *reliefs*, of rather rude workmanship.

The grounds themselves had, in my eyes, something desultory. What struck me as prettiest was the view from the terrace near the house, when the eye wanders over the extensive grassy park, on which were pasturing deer lying in groups, and a wide pond of clear water stretched out before the view.

There was a beautiful sunset, but before it began to grow dark, we still found time to have a look at the duke's forcing-houses, which lie at some distance from the abbey. These long rows of houses

contain the most excellent grapes and peaches, and are so arranged as to have fruit always ripe, in order that whatever time the owner passes at his residence here, the noblest fruits may be always at hand. I thought these houses, in every sense, *more tasty* than the situation and arrangements of the abbey itself.

Woburn, where we spent the night, is close to the park of the abbey, and appears to be a very small place, in which, in the evening, a genuine, simple English tea with some cold fowl and other additions, formed a welcome substitute for the late dinners of which we had hitherto partaken.

XXXIV.

Bakewell (Derbyshire), June 22nd—Evening.

A TRUE railway day! How would it be possible to traverse such a piece of England as from Woburn through Chesterfield to this place with such rapidity, were it not for these fiery chariots?

We left Woburn at six o'clock in the morning, with fine clear weather, and driving through a hilly and well-cultivated country, reached the large station of the London and Birmingham railway at Wolverton, at a quarter before eight o'clock. The carriages were immediately placed upon the proper trucks; the train from London arrived. His majesty preferred our remaining in the open carriage on the truck, and immediately after eight the train started which brought us through Leicester to Derby at twelve o'clock. Riding in an open and shaking carriage so elevated was at first somewhat startling! Dragged along backwards by the snorting engine with such rapidity, under thundering bridges, over lofty viaducts, and through long dark tunnels filled with smoke and steam! By and by, however, we became accustomed even to this, and came to look with composure upon the extensive, pretty, and quickly changing country, the loaded boats as they passed on the canals, the roaring and whistling trains as they rushed past (one with a whole herd of oxen, penned in carriages), and the wonderful pushing, going and coming, getting out and getting in, carrying and bringing at the different stations.

Did time permit, there were materials for extended considerations. A *sentimental journey à la Yorick*, becomes more and more impossible! The latest newspapers were constantly offered at the stations; we bought some, and the rapidity with which news is here circulated may be guessed from the circumstance, that the *Times* of this morning just arrived, gave a full and minute account of his majesty's visit to Hatfield House yesterday! In this manner, all that takes place at the court in London, visits, invitations, excursions, &c., are particularly chronicled and printed in all the newspapers, and now I see that the reporters, even on their journey, report with the same

rapidity. At every station a person in one of the nearest carriages kept continually looking towards our carriage, and fixed his eyes upon us as if he were working upon a sketch of the travelling equipage for a wood cut in the *Illustrated News*! I confess that all this spying and universal small talk of the newspapers seems to me to be doubly mischievous: first, to the people who are thus accustomed to trouble themselves about a multitude of trivial circumstances, family affairs, and the most ordinary events; and, secondly, for those who are the objects of such incessant prying and observation. Such a people as the English should be far above such littleness!

A wonderful place is the immense station at Derby! There was half an hour's delay, because several railways cross each other, and the trains are separated and re-formed for their further destination. We availed ourselves of the time, in order to obtain a more complete idea of the various arrangements of the station. Every thing is on an immense scale. A great number of railways cross this colossal court, intended to accommodate several companies. About 100 engines are always ready; and in the middle of the court there is a large round building with a cupola, into which the engines which have just been used are pushed, and placed concentrically on a large revolving metal plate, and easily turned round, so as to be readily replaced upon any of the converging radial lines, on which they are next to be employed. Not less than sixteen engines were standing in this immense rotunda, and I compared the whole to a colossal stable built for the reception of these snorting and roaring railway horses. Close by these is a hospital, too, for the lamed or diseased cattle, to which they are sent in case of need. Engines which are in any respect defective, or have received injuries, are sent thither to be examined and repaired; and, as may naturally be supposed, the workshops for the construction or repair of these steam-engines, have their own machinery put in motion by steam.

At the end of the half hour our train left Derby, and we then entered upon the calcareous region which contains coal-beds. The limestone forms immense layers, which are either passed by very deep cuttings, such as we passed through before reaching Leicester, or penetrated by tunnels. The works in such cases are very favourable to the study of natural history; by their means many very interesting fossils have been discovered, which now adorn the various English collections. The country, too, is here upon a grander scale—diversified with hills, and well-watered valleys—lofty broken rocks, and long chains of hills alternate agreeably with one another.

At half-past one we arrived at the Chesterfield station, where we left the railway. This small ancient town is situated upon elevated ground, and is remarkable for the crooked steeple which terminates the tower of its church, said to have been built in the thirteenth century. It happened to be a fair time at Chesterfield, and every

thing gave distinctive evidence of the peculiarity of a small country town, in the centre of England, without any considerable manufactures or trade, and in a hilly district. Before the windows of the inn at which we stopped, all the small dealing and bargaining of the country people making their purchases was actively going forward. We enjoyed a true English dinner—excellent beef and capital claret. In the mean time the carriages had been brought up, and the horses put to, and an excursion was undertaken to an ancient neighbouring seat belonging to the Duke of Devonshire—Hardwick Hall. The way thither proceeds chiefly along high ground; the weather was splendid, the view over the green valleys charming, and the pure clear air, after the smoky atmosphere of the railway, very refreshing and agreeable. After a short ride over hill and dale, we soon reached one of the numerous gates, which separate the divisions of the park. These were opened by a groom who galloped on before, and the surrounding scenery became more and more beautiful. I must here add a word on these divisions in the English parks. The vast number of deer, as well as herds of cattle and flocks of sheep which are enclosed in different parts of the park, render such gates indispensable. In order, however, that the obstruction on the roads may not be too great, a species of wooden railed gate has been adopted, which opens wide on a hinge, and is so constructed, as, when let go, to close of itself. The fastening consists merely of a latch, so made, that a person on horseback can readily raise the bolt with a hook attached to the handle of his whip, and thus open the gate. He is no sooner through than the gate shuts of itself, and the latch resumes its position. It is usual to meet with many such gates in every English park.

As we skirted the hill, we soon came in sight, from a distance, of the Hall and its picturesque scenery. The trees around are splendid, and it rejoices one to see how the old time-beaten oaks, with their dry knotty branches, are preserved with reverence. On the hilly pastures were deer in abundance—and, finally, the castle itself. It consists of two parts; one is a complete ruin, and thickly overgrown with ivy; the other is still habitable, but very rarely inhabited. Both present a most peculiar physiognomy. The older part was the residence of the Hardwicks in the reign of Henry VII.; the more modern was built in the latter half of the sixteenth century, by Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury, who inherited this possession as female heir of the Hardwicks, and died in 1607. This lady was four times married—inherited large possessions from her husbands; and by this means, as well as the prudent marriages of her children, she brought together an enormous property, and laid the foundation of four dukedoms. Her first husband was a Cavendish, and her last that Earl of Shrewsbury to whose keeping Mary Stuart was committed as a prisoner. The unfortunate queen long occupied apartments in a part of the castle, now in ruins, and in the neighbouring Wingfield manor-house, now gone to decay. This building

bears all the characteristics of the time of Elizabeth, with its high lattice windows, thickly clothed around on the outside with ivy, its stone floors covered with straw mats and carpets, its old worked tapestry and curiously-carved furniture—every thing had the colouring of that age. I may say that this was the first building which completely corresponded to my idea of the great simplicity combined with the knightly grandeur of old “Merry England!” In the hall there is a statue of Mary Stuart, of but inferior execution, with the inscription—

“ A suis in exilium acta 1568
Ab hospita neci data 1587.”

In a little chamber above, the furniture of which had been brought from the old castle, were shown the fringes of a bed-curtain, embroidered by the unfortunate Mary herself, and marked with the initials, M. S.

The large upper room is particularly remarkable, with its worked tapestry and parti-coloured *bas-reliefs* over the doors; in the side wall there is a colossal fire-place, above which are placed the arms of Queen Elizabeth, with the old Norman-French motto above, “Dieu eist mon droit.” In the middle of the room there stands a large old wooden table inlaid with various coloured woods and curiously wrought. A kind of *Quodlibet* appears scattered about upon the table—maps, coats-of-arms, and mottoes—(that of the Cavendish family “cavendo tutus”)—draft-boards and musical instruments of different kinds, accompanied by music books, on one of which a psalm is set for three voices, in very old notes. These things might be not unimportant in the history of music.

In addition to the one just mentioned, there is another large room, in which the Duke of Devonshire has hung about 200 historical portraits—very few of them are even tolerably executed. It was, therefore, much more interesting to me to follow our conductor up to the almost flat roof of the house, where, between the highly-ornamented stacks of chimneys, four detached chambers are built somewhat in the fashion of corner towers. The galleries of the platform, as well as the flower-beds in the garden, surrounded with box wood, are everywhere marked with the letters E. S. (Elizabeth Shrewsbury). The view is extensive and beautiful;—the rich woods of the park—the old ivy clad ruin opposite—below, grassy meadows and fields, with the distant villages and blue hills in the horizon—all appeared very beautiful in the warm afternoon sunlight.

Finally, we proceeded to the old ivy-clad castle almost completely overgrown with trees! What studies might be here made! The old lofty corner towers without a roof, covered with grass and foliage—young trees pushing their tender shoots through the broken stone mullions of the windows—the dilapidated walls—the court of the castle overgrown with luxuriant trefoil, affording food and pastime for multitudes of humming-bees, busy in the warm sunshine. It

was difficult to know whither first to turn one's eyes. There is still a room above almost in ruins, and reached with difficulty by an unstable stair which is peculiarly beautiful, with its open windows clad with ivy; and its reliefs still partially visible. There is also an old chimney-piece remaining. Here, on a warm moonlight evening, the room lighted by a fire flickering upon the hearth—without, the balmy night air, and within a select society of persons. Here is a place to become absorbed in the most multifarious recollections! With these impressions we left Hardwick, enjoyed a last beautiful look back upon the Hall proudly seated on its elevated situation, and were immediately borne from its sight by a bending in the road.

We drove back to Chesterfield, where in the mean time the news of the king's arrival had brought together a multitude of people round the inn, who did not suffer the exalted traveller to depart without hearty *cheers*. From Chesterfield, the road hither led us more and more into the Peak district. Large quarries by the way side showed us that we were in the region of the calcareous strata, often visibly consisting of conglomerate shells, which, on rubbing, emit the smell of sulphur ore. The features of the country become more mountainous, the lofty ridges more imposing, and there are extensive mountain slopes so overgrown with thick, dark-green heath, that the black rocks and this violet-green present a striking contrast. It was already becoming dark when we arrived at this place, which, although small, has an elegant inn, and afforded us excellent accommodation.

XXXV.

Bakewell, June 23rd—Evening.

TO-DAY is Sunday—the morning brought repose and quiet, and, left to myself, I was free to indulge in a solitary walk upon the heights above the little town. The morning was very clear, and the air delightful. The little town below lay before me in all its beauty, with its old Gothic church steeple springing up above the surrounding lime-trees, the slightly wooded ridges of the limestone mountains stretched afar, with their green valleys between. Near me were spread out large green meadows, separated from one another by stone walls, in which the cattle were pasturing without a herdsman. The dew was still upon the grass, and the larks singing in the sky. I examined the stone of these rudely-constructed walls, and the whole was composed of nothing else than a thick conglomerate of shells; the limestone here and there crystalline. Thus it is that habitations serve for habitations again, and through the endless series, the waxing and waning of living races are intimately wound up

with one another; one thing alone always shows itself, the observation of the conscious mind, which everywhere thus proves its immortality! But what is immortal?—it is

“Der Gehalt in Deinem Busen,
Und die Form in Deinem Geist!”

“The substance in thy breast, and the form in thy intellect.”

The repose and solitude of this early walk produced a most agreeable effect, and I entered the carriage with cheerfulness, when his majesty, in the afternoon, resolved to proceed to Chatsworth, another seat belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, and one of the largest and most magnificent country-seats in England. The way thither was beautiful, and led through a green, well-watered valley, richly planted with trees. Then came the view from a distance of Chatsworth itself, in every sense magnificent, situated on a gently rising ground. The main edifice is adorned with channeled pilasters of the Ionic order; adjoining it is an additional structure of somewhat less elevation, terminating in a lofty open hall with columns, which represents the flag-tower.

Both the main edifice and its wing are surrounded by a court, entered by a splendid gate, which is closed by a gilt grating and richly adorned with columns. The windows also in front of the palace have gilt frames, and under the windows runs a terrace along the river side, protected by balustrades on which there is a fountain, whose waters fall in spray into basins of white marble.

We drove through the gilt gate, and found the house itself a most princely mansion. In all directions marble walls and pillars, statues, gold, and painting, met the eye. A luxurious lunch stood ready in a chaste and cool apartment, in which the water trickles into a gray polished marble basin, and large white stalactites hang down from colossal Champagne glasses on a marble slab, representing as it were the foaming Champagne itself suddenly changed by enchantment into stone.

The view of the splendid apartments, and of the large and not less splendid library was rendered particularly interesting by the celebrated “*Liber Veritatis*” of Claude, which is preserved in the latter. We hastily looked through the whole volume of about three fingers’ breadth, in which, as it is said, are to be found sketches of all his pictures. I found in it both our Dresden Claudes, which appear to be executed almost with more genius in the sketch than in the finished picture, especially “*The Coast of Sicily*.” I recognised many others, also, but in many, too, the sketch may never have been finished. Some are done with extraordinary haste, others are treated somewhat more carefully, and are very beautiful as drawings. In a corridor adjoining the library (too much exposed to the sun and light), there is a large collection of drawings glazed and framed. It contains several very remarkable pieces by Raphael, Michael Angelo, Salvator Rosa, Rembrandt, Claude, Albert Dürer, and others. This

collection alone would require a whole day's study! In the other apartments, there are also many old and new oil paintings, especially splendid portraits by Van Dyck, and one of singular excellence by Rembrandt. Among the recent paintings, the most distinguished is the "Return from the Hunt," by Landseer, in which the dead stag is most admirably treated. Notwithstanding these beauties it was impossible to restrain the eye from gazing through the immense window panes upon the beautiful surrounding objects, the magnificent garden, and the lofty fountains of dazzling whiteness, the largest of which was still unfinished at the time of our visit. In the glorious sunlight this was indeed an enchanting prospect, and at the same time through other windows a view was presented of a large cascade rolling and foaming through the surrounding foliage of the hills over broad steps of marble—nothing but enchantment and beauty!

Among the ornaments of this room, I must particularly mention the admirable wood carvings by Gibbons—especially some carved birds. Over one of the chimney-pieces, around a compartment, as it were a field of the wall, there was a garland of thrushes and partridges represented in a row, just as a sportsman would bring them home. The different situations of the dead birds, the falling of the wings, the softness of the feathers, are all so beautiful as to excite surprise and astonishment at the execution of such objects in wood. A piece of the bird-net, also worked in wood, has not been forgotten by the artist, as the proper appendage to the groups. We now descended to the lower rooms—on one side opens a magnificent bath, which is so large as to admit of swimming, whilst on the other side lies the great marble sculpture gallery, where the duke has brought together and splendidly arranged a great number of modern works:—a "Venus" by Thorwaldsen is the most important; next to that, "the Mother of Napoleon," and a "Hebe" by Canova. The last mentioned is, perhaps, the best work of the artist. The collection also contains an "Endymion" by him, which, however, is not so satisfactory in itself, nor to be praised on account of the too brightly polished surface. Besides these, there is statuary in masses, Bartolini would say "*une forêt de statues*," and among other vases a large and splendidly polished granite basin by Cantian of Berlin. The beauty of the exhibition is increased by the gallery opening immediately into a large *Viridarium*, in which oranges, araucariæ, rhododendrons and camelias, with their deep green, offer an excellent background for the white marble statues, all the year through.

Through this *viridarium* we passed into the garden, and proceeded immediately into a conservatory, where the rarest plants, such as *casuarinas*, *acacias*, and *glycinas* (of enormous size) spread out their branches on a lofty wall, heated from within in winter, and covered externally with matting. This spot was an extremely favourable point, as affording a general view of the whole palace and grounds—a view which, in the bright sunlight, reminded us of the enchanted gardens of Armida. Before us lay the extensive, splendid palace, above

which was seen the outline of the hills; there sparkled the fountains richly adorned with Tritons and sea-horses; and here sprang up from the midst of hedges of roses in full bloom, marble statues and Grecian columns entwined with beautiful roses, at the foot of gently sloping lawns; whilst on one side the copious waters of the mountain stream rushed foaming over its marble steps, from the midst of the woods. In the happiest dreams something so fairy-like may have presented itself to mortal vision; such a reality I had never seen before!

We now proceeded further to the giant hothouse, which had been previously concealed from our view by a wood, in which the duke is at present forming an artificial rocky valley. Such beauties are wanting in the immediate neighbourhood, and in order to combine this charm with all the others which his grounds present, no cost has been spared by the noble owner; enormous blocks have been brought in multitudes to the spot, and rocks heaped upon rocks, so as to furnish no bad imitation of the Ottowalder Grund, in what is generally called the Saxon Switzerland. This is none of those petty rockeries which are to be seen in many so-called English gardens in Germany; but an actual scenic and wild rocky valley, among lofty beech trees, will be here presented to the eye. The largest of all the conservatories stands immediately behind these still uncompleted grounds; the structure is made wholly of glass, wood, and iron, after the plan of Mr. Paxton, the curator of the duke's gardens, by whom all these improvements have been planned, and under whose supervision they are executed. It corresponds completely to the character of the park, which contains 1121 acres, is eleven miles in circumference, and includes three villages. The building is 277 feet long, 122 wide, and sixty high. It has been calculated that the glass measures 62,000 square feet; that the frames would reach forty miles, and that the whole of the water and steam-pipes together are six miles in length. The house contains a gallery running round the whole of its extent, and it would be quite possible to drive into it with a coach and four! Within the conservatory there are rockeries with tropical plants, artificial marshes with the lotus and papyrus; Italian gardens, Indian shrubberies, American productions of the torrid zone, ferns, immense climbers, palms of the most various kinds, &c. The whole has been only completed about three years; how splendid will it become in the course of a short time, when the magnificent plants which it contains are more developed?

The artistical existence of the duke is undoubtedly great and important; may his natural existence also bring him happiness! He is said to be very beneficent and good. He has remained unmarried, as it is said, for family reasons. This property was conferred by William the Conqueror upon his own natural son, called William Peveril; at a later period it came into the possession of the Cavendishes, and was also improved by the Countess of Shrewsbury. The present house was built by the first Duke of Devonshire, in 1702, after the plan of an

architect named Talman. Queen Mary Stuart during her imprisonment often passed her time in Chatsworth, and a small stone alcove in the garden, projecting into the water, is still called *Queen Mary's bower*. The present duke gave a series of splendid entertainments to the queen, when she paid a visit to Chatsworth a few years ago, and the illumination of the park and house especially is said to have been one of the most splendid things ever seen.

The kitchen gardens and greenhouses lie at some distance from the house, and, under the guidance of Mr. Paxton, we drove there as well as to the model village. In the forcing-houses we found the largest grapes and peaches becoming ripe, and the smaller ones contained many remarkable plants; the *amherstia nobilis* was especially pointed out to us as a great rarity. At some distance from and opposite the house lies a kind of model village, consisting solely of small ornamental stone cottages, built at the expense of the duke, in the Anglo-Gothic style, and let out to occupiers at low rents. This being Sunday it looked particularly pretty! All the families, the people in their holiday dresses, were collected before the doors. The neat houses lie back, the doors frequently adorned with roses, and all of them have small and pretty gardens planted with laurels and other evergreens. Near this village again is situated the large farm-yard, which belongs to the duke's demesne, and in which the arrangements for breeding and feeding cattle are extraordinary. The doors of some of the stalls were opened, and the poor creatures brought out, many of which are loaded with enormous masses of fat, for the benefit of the cook. A prize cow, and a fatted hog, which had also been a successful candidate for honours, were exhibited, as well as a cow of a year or a year and a half old, with its fine bones and smooth broad back. In short, we here received a full proof of the manner in which farming and useful operations are especially carried on in connexion with all that is great and beautiful.

I could not take my departure from this magnificent seat without a number of reflections on the unequal manner in which the goods of fortune are distributed! Leaving Chatsworth in the evening, we drove through beautifully green and well-watered valleys to Haddon Hall, an ancient uninhabited seat belonging to the Duke of Rutland, which, desolate and romantic, afforded the strongest contrast to the full and detailed splendour of the preceding. Morrison has published a particular work on Haddon Hall, which contains a number of admirably lithographed views of these old walls, treated in a most ornamental style. This seat in early times belonged to the Avenels, and from them came to the Vernons. Sir John Vernon, the last of this family, on account of his magnificent hospitality and open house, was called the "King of the Peak." His daughter is said to have been carried off by one of the Manners family. By her the possession came into this family, of which the Duke of Rutland is the head. Nothing whatever has been added to the building since the sixteenth century, and the hall has been by degrees altogether

forsaken, and so it has now stood for two hundred years empty, with the exception of some remnants of ancient furniture. The house is, however, protected against complete decay, and upon the mind of the lonely stranger produces all the effect of a tradition of the olden times. The hall stands on the declivity of a wood, on the steep, rocky banks of the little river Wye. The ancient gray towers shoot boldly up, thick ivy covers many of the walls, the old doors in the interior of the house are riven, pieces of ancient tapestry still hang upon the walls, and a peculiar death-like air breathes through the narrow passages and small chambers. Spirits must have their dwelling there! In the twilight a bat was wheeling its course through the kitchen, and the dark-green of the surrounding woods looked wonderfully curious through the old windows. I could have employed hours alone, drawing and dreaming in the midst of these scenes! How wonderful every thing appeared in the old hall! A few helmets were lying scattered about, and the real wooden table was still there, at which many a knight and squire may have sat in olden times; and in one of the panes of glass the year 1586 was cut. Add to all this, that the deep glow of the evening shed a peculiarly warm light through the windows, and within, it began to assume a ghostly obscurity! No more favourable moment could have been selected for visiting this fragment of the remote history of England.

We ascended the tower called the Eagle Tower, which is, however, not very high. The view of the gardens and chapel, of valley, mountain, and woods, with their noble foliage, was splendid! We descended, and went to visit a spot not far from the hall, where the warder of this empty quiet castle has his small and peaceful dwelling. How gladly would I have remained a few days with him! But the course of our journey dragged me away. The evening was beautiful, the crescent moon rose on our left, and an agreeable valley conducted us back to Bakewell at rather a late hour.

XXXVI.

Matlock, June 24th—Evening.

THIS proved a somewhat stormy day, with the first British tempest. We took our departure early from Bakewell, and drove over the heights of the Peak to Castleton. As our carriages pursued the ups and downs of the mountain way, the clouds spread themselves like a dark mist over the magnificent mountains. Just as we were descending on the last large hill before reaching this poor little place, the rain began to fall. Happily the most important things to be seen there were *underground*. Close to Castleton is the celebrated *Peak Cavern*, or *Devil's Cave*, and not far distant are many other excavations in the limestone hills of the district.

At the bottom of a large and deep ravine, lies the immense mouth of this huge cavity. The wide door yawned gloomy and dark; jack-daws flew out from its roof; and as we drew nearer, we saw that the entrance was occupied by several families, as a flax-spinning establishment. This simple manufactory, still existing in its natural condition, has been located here for above a century. We were here provided with lights by a guide, and prepared for penetrating into the depths of the gloomy cavern. At first, a wide and lofty vaulted way leads progressively downwards; it, however, soon becomes narrower, the rocks hang further down, and at length water is reached, which appears completely to bar further progress. The guide now brings a small boat, strewed with straw, and one after another, or, at most, two at a time, lie down in the boat, holding the lights upon their breasts; the guide goes into the water and pushes the boat before him, where there is scarcely room for the prostrate passenger to pass under the immense depending rocks—wondrous ferry! It has a near resemblance to the passage into the shades under the conduct of Charon, in his slender boat—and this little piece of water is therefore called the Styx. Dante was often in my mind whilst engaged in this extraordinary visit. Shall I also see the three kingdoms, in order more and more inwardly to complete the conception? It appears almost even so! The further shore was soon gained, and having once more set foot on solid ground, we proceeded forwards over moist stones, under a vaulted roof, again become more lofty. The shaking and noise of the stones under foot, as described by Dante, soon gave proof that ours was no tread of spirits, like those of Virgil, who passed over the stones without causing them even to move. In this way we passed onward, through many compartments without stalactites, but often very singularly formed, and at length reached the largest cave, which was splendidly illuminated with Grecian fire. The guide, in order to give better effect to the lights, had not so much climbed as run up high into the clefts of the rocks, so that I proposed to designate him a "*subterranean Chamois*." I should have found it impossible to practise such gymnastics in such a place. On our return another cavern was explored, in which a small cannon was discharged. The effect was singular! The lofty and extensive rock walls of the cavern shook and resounded for a long time in the most remarkable manner. It produced a peculiar booming and motion, which proved that the apparently firmest things in the earth, such as these giant rocks, can be put in a state of violent agitation by what are apparently the tenderest—air and sound. Is an earthquake any thing else than a motion of this kind upon a large scale?

Still further, on our return, we visited another division of the cavern, which was illumined by a number of lights stuck round the sides; and at last, also with Bengal fire; but by far the most beautiful in my mind, after having recrossed the Styx, was the ascent towards the mouth, and the observation of the singular effect

of the daylight! This effect was something very peculiar. The bluish light penetrated, somewhat like the early morning dawn, into a room illumined with candles, and produced shadows of the most various kinds. The light even of the gloomy sky of this lowering day penetrated far into the dark recess, caused wondrous shadows from the projecting corners and deep clefts of the rocks, and produced a yellowish play of colours. I remained far behind, and alone, to examine these phenomena with great care. When we left the cavern the rain was over, but a peculiar sultriness remained in the air.

We here purchased many specimens of cut stones, cups, and the like, by means of which it was possible clearly to exhibit the richness of the different limestone formations, and of the Derbyshire spar found in the Peak hills. I procured some pieces, upon the cut surface of which the most beautiful corals and madrepores were distinctly visible. Here, too, all was once covered by the sea, and every thing is the production of animal life!

Above Castleton lie the ruins of Peveril Castle, which occupies a prominent place in the history and traditions of England. It is the scene of Walter Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." John of Gaunt once occupied this castle, which is said to have been built by William Peveril, natural son of William the Conqueror; and Robin Hood played his right merry pranks around this district. Deep and rugged ravines stretch from the castle down towards the great cavern; but in themselves the ruins are insignificant.

The carriages were then sent forward, and we proposed to follow them on foot, through a bare mountain ravine, at the top of which there are some lead mines. On our way thither we passed the entrance of another cavern, which was also to be visited. From the warm suffocating air, we descended by a narrow stair, as if into a tomb; and felt a very sensible change of temperature. Here again we found water; a large boat was ready, into which we entered together, provided with our lights, and were shoved through this water-passage, for the rocks were blasted by art, to a great distance within. At length we arrived at an immeasurable natural cleft in the interior of the mountain, when we disembarked, and again observed the effect of the Bengal lights; on the other side, the eye could penetrate far into a deep abyss, into which stones, when thrown, plunged into water far beneath. Again to the boat, and again a long and tedious passage through the adit to the stairs! On our way back the two guides sang a pretty popular song, in parts, and really harmoniously! So much the more unmelodious was the music which greeted us on our exit from the cave! We shall have reason to congratulate ourselves, if none of us carry away with us a cold from this music of the caves, not to say the music of the *Inferno*.

The walk through the desert valley to the rocks, which are called "The Wind Gates," was spoiled by pouring rain, mixed with frequent and loud claps of thunder; upon the whole, however, this violent thunder-storm, with the gloomy, sultry atmosphere, har-

monised well with the ravine, and its uniform green sloping banks and black rocks. Above were heaps of refuse, and the buildings connected with the mines, which are called Odin's mines, by which name, as well as by that of a neighbouring mountain, Mam-Tor, the memorials of the ancient German divinities are preserved.

After a good wetting, we here entered the carriages, rolled ourselves in our cloaks, and were literally dried by the heat of the sun; which again broke forth. Leaving the mines, and traversing extensive hilly districts, we arrived in a very cheerful humour, and under a clear sky, at noon, in Buxton. This whole town is, properly speaking, represented by a large crescent of good houses, built at the expense of the Duke of Devonshire, to whom the place belongs. The baths connected with this watering-place, a large hotel, and a number of lodging-houses, are in the crescent—and just opposite lies a piece of elevated ground, laid out in walks, and adorned with shrubs. I visited the springs and baths. The water is very strongly impregnated with lime, and has a natural temperature of 82° Fahrenheit. This watering-place is often visited merely on account of the beautiful surrounding neighbourhood—and the visitors are said to exceed 12,000 in a season. We only stopped here long enough to take a luncheon, and then returned by the shortest road to Bakewell, and from thence to Matlock, which is also a watering-place. Immediately on leaving Buxton, we passed very imposing masses of rocks and wide valleys. Horses were changed in Bakewell, amidst great crowds of people and ringing of bells—and a number of strangers had arrived at the hotel, where we previously stopped, who visited the neighbourhood merely for the purpose of angling. This art is very seriously and pedantically exercised by many Englishmen, who take great pleasure in it, and at the Marquis of Salisbury's I saw a fishing-book containing an immense variety of hooks and artificial flies, which are systematically changed according to the species of fish and the season of the year, in order to entice the poor inhabitants of the mountain brooks from their cool retreats into the glowing fire. The marquis did not deny that he had often taken a journey to Scotland for the mere pleasure of this pursuit; these remarks brought back in all the freshness of early recollections, the interest which I took in these things, when I was a boy.

The road from Bakewell to this place is very charming. It passes through green valleys, past beautiful masses of trees, and rich farm-houses. Matlock, too, is situated in a lovely valley watered by the Derwent; beautiful mountain crags rise to a great elevation, and in the bottom of the valley, along the river, there is a splendid wood of elms.

Having now seen many of the level and many of the mountainous parts of England I must express my conviction that much of what has been indicated to me as beautiful and picturesque

is by no means deserving of such great commendation as it has received. There are abundance of pretty vales, green meadows, and beautiful trees, in short, of every thing which can rejoice the eye in the midst of a moderate and peaceful existence; but beauties of a higher character—beauties which of themselves are sufficient to attract travellers from foreign countries for the purpose of seeing them—do not exist. The real beauties of England are to be found in connexion with that element on which her power is established—the sea.

XXXVII.

Birmingham, June 25th—Evening.

IN the dull but pleasant early morning, I took an agreeable walk in Matlock, along the charming banks of the Derwent—and visited several of the shops, in which great varieties of ornaments are sold—made of the Derbyshire marbles—especially of black and variegated. Extremely pretty things were exhibited for sale, and I could not resist the temptation of making myself the owner of a few specimens. Very beautiful vases, letter pressers, tops of tables, nay, whole tables, inlaid brooches, and a multitude of other pretty little ornaments in hundreds, and all laid out so as to entice purchasers. The workers in such articles really cause these stones to become bread.

On leaving Matlock, we passed through a very agreeable rocky vale extending for some distance, beyond which the country becomes flat, and the traveller enters upon the region of variegated marls and red conglomerate. We joined the railway at Derby; the carriages were soon placed on the proper trucks, and we arrived here in Birmingham at noon.

The king wished as far as possible to avoid public notice, and we therefore immediately drove round the outside of the town to Ashton Hall, the seat of the sons of the celebrated James Watt. These gentlemen, however, were gone on a journey, and we remained only a few seconds in order to examine one of the most wonderful structures of the seventeenth century. It was a kind of castle, built of red stone, and constructed according to the most recondite principles, and adorned with the strangest pilasters. A tolerably large garden adjoins the house, but every thing was still and empty. From thence we immediately proceeded to the great manufactory of Watt himself, and were fortunate enough to obtain a very able conductor, who was qualified to give us a clear explanation of the whole of this great establishment. The chief objects of manufacture here are steam-engines for ships, on which about 400 workmen are daily employed. We were first conducted to the office of the establishment, where all the calculations are made, and

the plans and drawings executed of all the new works which are ordered, and we were shown some letters and drawings by Watt himself, the great discoverer and perfecter of the steam-engine, which are carefully preserved, and form an object of interesting curiosity. We next proceeded to the rooms, in which all the wooden models for the castings of various parts of the machines are prepared and preserved. The most valuable things belonging to the establishment are here stored up, and long rows of houses were pointed out to us, which are filled with models alone. At the moment of our visit a large model in wood of the beam of an engine had just been finished. This naturally brought us to the place in which these castings are made. Here the wooden models are used to form the impressions in sand into which the melted metal is poured. The rough castings when properly cooled are removed from the sand, and conveyed to other workshops, where they are properly polished and prepared for being put together, which is finally performed, and the machine is thus complete. It will be obvious that all the smithies and machinery for grinding, polishing, &c., are themselves worked by means of steam power, so that in all cases the instrumentality employed consists much more in the exercise of human intelligence, than of mere physical force, and this is the most interesting view of the subject. The engines prepared in this manufactory are of all dimensions, extending from 6 up to 450 horse power. Those of the latter size are too large to be shipped upon the canal, which passes close to the manufactory.

We now proceeded immediately to the Albion Hotel, and in order that his majesty's *incognito* might be carefully preserved, we went to visit several of the other manufactories in a couple of hackney coaches. These establishments, which have made the name of Birmingham celebrated all over the world, are innumerable; the 200,000 inhabitants of the town may be almost divided into master manufacturers and workmen. The nature of the occupations gives to the whole place a certain gloomy, dirty, and purely material appearance, with which the dark gray sky of to-day, and the smoke from the great chimneys which fills the air, very fitly corresponded. The streets are uniform, and the low houses of which they generally consist, blackened with coal-smoke. Innumerable chimneys tower above the surrounding houses in all directions, one of which is distinguished for its enormous height, and is employed to carry off the injurious vapours of a chemical manufactory. Here the visiter looks in vain for public monuments, large edifices, and green airy squares!

Our first object was the *papier-maché* manufactory of Messrs. Jennings and Bettridge. These works employ about 200 hands, chiefly young women. A series of sheets of paper, laid one upon another, are strongly pasted together by a particular and very tenacious cement—reduced to forms of the most various description, by being applied to wooden models prepared for the purpose, and

then dried by a strong artificial heat, by which means the mass becomes as hard as the hardest wood, and takes a fine polish. The articles thus prepared—such as tables, card boxes, dressing-cases, writing-desks, vases, &c., are next richly painted, gilded, and, finally, covered with a splendid lustrous varnish. The establishment itself contains a suite of regular painting rooms, and the artists who are here engaged, produce specimens of the most beautiful flowers, birds, landscapes, and views, according to their respective tastes and fancy. It is now become very usual to employ panels of this description, for ornamenting the cabins of steamboats and similar purposes. It appears to me, that panels of this kind might also be very advantageously used by real artists.

We next drove to the great button manufactory of Messrs. Turner and Co., in which also several hundred workpeople are employed, including young women and boys. It excited our surprise to observe, as far as we were able to follow the process, the great number of hands through which a button goes, before it becomes that ornamental, polished, glittering thing, which we employ for use and ornament in dress, and look upon as so insignificant. The most interesting point to me, was to have an opportunity of casting a glance upon that misery so much spoken of, which is the lot of children in great manufactories. This is certainly a wonderful pathological excrescence of our times, as a whole so great, but in particular cases, exhibiting results deeply to be deplored. These vast multitudes of children, although of a cheerful appearance, are wholly devoted to mere thoughtless mechanical labour—day after day the same—at an age, too, in which the human being should live solely for the higher growth and development of his mental and physical powers; they are compelled to exist in the present, and should live for the future. The consideration of this suggests something dreadful! something inhuman! and no resolution of parliament whatever, however much the legislature and individuals may have devoted or may devote themselves to the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and especially of the children, can be effectual in removing this curse. On the other hand, again, there is something reconciling in the thought, when we think of the perpetual increasing growth of human beings, and reflect on the limited means of providing for their sustenance. It then appears like a manifestation of divine beneficence, that the intelligence and inventive powers of the human mind have discovered means of providing on a large scale for the wants of this immense growth of population, and at least of rendering *existence possible*; for, after all, is not this, even in its most contracted form, always a kind of happiness? The human species in general, from the beginning of the world, has always owed its highest mental development to the efforts of the few, and the beauty and greatness of ancient Hellas would not appear to have been possible without the condition of slavery among the Helots. Considered, therefore, from this point of view, the

whole condition of this immense manufacturing system, under which thousands sacrifice the highest claims and demands of their being, in order to satisfy the wants or gratify the pleasures of other thousands, and secure at least an existence for themselves, involves something very important, and has many analogies in the history of the world and of the development of the human race. Moreover, no one is yet in a condition to effect any substantial alteration.

Our last visit to-day was to the Town Hall, a building which contains an immense room for public meetings, but built in a very tasteless style, and is, besides, the only public building which the town possesses. A very large organ, which has been erected, has a singular appearance in this spacious and empty hall. It is, however, the custom of the country to erect such instruments in public rooms of this description. I know not whether they are intended to produce a softening or an inspiring influence upon the multitudes who periodically assemble in these public buildings.

XXXVIII.

Leamington, June 26th—Evening.

HAVING resolved to continue our visits to the manufactories of Birmingham this morning, and being especially desirous of seeing one of the largest gun manufactories, we were refused admittance because the owner is in possession of *secrets* in his trade. After this un-English greeting, we directed our course to a great nail manufactory (Britannia Nail Manufactory), of the extent of whose productions some idea may be formed, when it is known that on an average forty-two tons of iron are consumed in a week. Almost every thing is in reality here done by machinery, and not more than from 160 to 170 workmen are employed. How many blows of the hammer are elsewhere necessary to form a single nail? and yet there are here large rooms full of machines driven by steam power, by means of which a completely-finished nail is *bitten out* of an iron bar at every stroke, as it were by the bite of one of the *rodentia*. These machines were invented in America, and a single boy furnishes all the necessary attendance, by merely supplying new materials to the steam-nailer. Nails are made by this process from the largest size to one so small, that 60,000 of them go to a pound. The noise in the room, when all the machines are at work, is stunning, and many of the work people actually become deaf.

Our next visit was to an establishment of plated goods, in which the processes of plating and gilding are carried on by electro-galvanism (Elkington's Electro-plating Manufactory). We were first conducted into a room in which an immense variety of articles produced in the manufactory and having all the splendour of silver

and gold were exhibited for show and sale. These consisted of tea-services, dish covers, wine coolers, dishes, and boxes, of very ornamental forms, and tastefully arranged. I was most interested by the application of this metallic process to various organic structures. There were vine and geranium leaves, and similar objects covered with metallic deposit, which looked splendid, and furnished us with an opportunity of observing with admiration how far the simplicity of nature with its inborn beauty outstrips even the most splendid efforts of human art. We afterwards visited the workshops, where the solutions of silver and copper are contained in large troughs, and that of gold in a trough of smaller dimensions kept at boiling heat. The process of plating and gilding is performed by means of galvanic batteries, the current from which is directed by conducting wires to the articles to be plated or gilded, and for that purpose immersed in the solution. Articles which are not made of copper must be coppered before the process of gilding can take place. Gilding is effected by means of a weak galvanic stream—coppering and plating by a strong one.

We were favoured with an opportunity of examining another great branch of industry, in the gun manufactory of Messrs. Sergeant and Co. I was the more surprised at the rapidity with which multitudes of gun barrels were produced, because I had previously formed no circumstantial idea of the process. First, all sorts of rough and broken pieces of iron are melted into a mass by means of a furiously raging fire; the mass is then hammered and rolled, and afterwards cut with immense shears driven by steam power. Such pieces of iron about an inch thick are then rolled together whilst red hot and welded in the middle. They are next placed upon iron rods and passed under rollers, and continually lengthened till the form of the gun barrel is complete. When the process has been carried so far, the barrels are next turned, bored, and polished. What noise was here also! What handling of the glowing iron, and what showers of sparks flew from the metal as it was ground and polished! We were told that in case of a demand for arms, this manufactory alone could furnish a thousand stand of arms in a week. Close to the manufactory is a proving house, in which the whole of the barrels are first proved by being heavily loaded, placed in rows in a vault, and fired by a match applied from the outside, in order to ascertain the soundness and efficiency of the barrels as produced.

Our last visit was to the pin manufactory of Messrs. Phipson and Co. Here, also, some hundreds of children were employed. An inconceivable quantity of wire is here drawn, then cut into small pieces of the size of a pin, and pointed in masses on grindstones. The formation of the head of the pin is also very ingenious, for, by steam also, small spirals with three windings are cut from other pieces of wire and placed in thousands together. These spirals are placed on the ends of the pins by children employed for the purpose.

Every separate pin is next placed in an opening of a machine made for its reception, and regulated by a boy. A single stroke of the machine,—and the pin is provided with a head by the compression of the spiral. Each boy is able, in this manner, to head about a hundred pins in a minute. The pins are next placed in a mixture by which they are whitened, and finally pass into the hands of whole rows of girls, who sort them, and instantly stick them into papers properly prepared and arranged for sale. Almost worn out with the examination of all this industry, we now drove to the railway, and set out by the next train to Coventry, which we reached in forty-five minutes. Whilst the carriages were being brought from the station and horses put to, we had time enough to examine that ancient city a little more closely. The streets are narrow, the houses small, and there is no appearance of any great manufacturing industry. The old church is in the highest degree picturesque; its lofty square tower (richly adorned with Gothic arches and sculptures), terminates in a high solid spire. The church is built of the red sandstone of the district, in which variegated marl and red conglomerate form the prevailing elements, and with its weather-beaten surface and soft reddish colour presents a very fine study for an oil painting. The interior of the building is less attractive and imposing. Just opposite to the church stands St. Mary's Hall, an old building erected in the beginning of the fifteenth century; its spacious rooms and halls are used for public meetings and judicial sittings. Among many pictures which the hall contains, our attention was particularly directed to that of the Lady Godiva, wife of an Earl of Mercia, of whom it is related that she earnestly petitioned her husband to lighten the burdens which, as a liege lord, and strict and rude as he was, he had imposed upon the city. The earl answered that he would comply with her request, provided she would ride naked through the town. She took him at his word, and strictly fulfilled the conditions. The council, however, decreed that all the doors and windows should be closed upon pain of death, so that no one might see the beautiful and pious lady. The temptation proved too great for a man named Tom, who took a peep at the lady, was observed, and immediately blinded. In commemoration of this event, a small caricature-like figure is placed in the wall at the corner of one of the streets, which is pointed out to strangers as the image of *Peeping Tom* of Coventry. The figure, unfortunately, is very insignificant.

There is an old hospital for twelve aged women in one of the narrow lanes of Coventry, which is singularly picturesque. It is built of wood, very low, and with its carved beams reminded me forcibly of the old wooden churches of Norway. Both the foundation and the structure must be very old, and it ought to be carefully drawn and preserved before it falls to pieces from age. I entered one of the old rooms, which was low and dark, and very badly lighted by small lattice windows; a miserable bed, a couple of cupboards, and a carved seat, constituted the humble furniture; an old decrepit woman with

a severe cough, made way for me on my entrance. What an existence!—properly speaking, merely a coffin of somewhat larger dimensions than usual. And yet even here existence was a sort of happiness. Thus a picture of the completely stagnant and most limited life makes an altogether singular impression upon a hasty and extended journey.

We found the carriages ready, and in agreeable but rather lowering weather, we left the ancient city at a rapid trot, in order speedily to reach an old castle, but in a state of ruin—the magnificent Kenilworth.

The splendid remains of this ancient castle are situated close to the village of the same name. The name is derived from Kenulph, one of the old Saxon kings of Mercia, and his son Kenelm. History relates many anecdotes of this castle, which was founded in the reign of Henry I., by Geoffrey de Clinton, his treasurer. It afterwards fell to the crown, and was bestowed upon Montfort, Earl of Leicester, by Henry III., and was afterwards vigorously defended against the king by Leicester and his adherents. In the reign of Edward I. the castle was the scene of a splendid tournament; Edward II. was imprisoned within its walls; and under Edward III. it came into possession of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by whom it was considerably enlarged. At length Queen Elizabeth presented it to her favourite, the Earl of Leicester, whom she twice visited at the castle, and on the second occasion, in 1575, she was entertained by the earl with the most splendid festivals of those times. Cromwell at a later period relinquished it to some of his officers, who destroyed the splendid edifice in order to sell the materials. And thus it now lies completely in ruins; time has covered the corner towers and walls thickly with ivy; rank grass has grown over the ruins of its courts, and it now forms a place, of which I may truly say, that I have never seen any thing so thoroughly picturesque, with such an air of nobility and power, and in all respects so imposing. Immediately at the entrance the smaller part of the castle is still in tolerable preservation, but further above are walls of which those towards the north-west resemble the *Castell del Ovo* with its ragged and steep walls, the middle part rather a chapel and hall, built in the noblest Gothic style, and the south-eastern part the castellated form of modern English castles. It was impossible to cease admiring! Ivy, with stems and foliage like oaks, slender columns, magnificent open windows in the great hall, ornamental corner towers, and deep vaults; every thing united to constrain us to dwell as long as possible on the contemplation, and to wish for the presence of the ablest artists.

I was glad to find that this was a great point of attraction for travellers from all parts of the country, and at the moment of our visit we found the clergyman of Stratford-upon-Avon, with his family, on a similar errand. He soon guessed the exalted traveller among us, and offered his services as *Cicerone* in the birth-place of Shakspeare.

I took a few hasty sketches, but could not satisfy my desire of looking at the splendour of the ruins. The castle may have been beautiful, with its stately halls, its wide staircases, and its chambers vaulted with carved wood; but in all its glory it never could have left behind the impression, or excited the inspiration, with which it now filled me. It is singular and full of significance, that a great work of human art, when it falls into ruins, *i. e.*, yields to the force of physical laws, often thereby becomes more beautiful, more magnificent, and almost always more *poetical*; whilst the works of God—the living being—a man, when he dies and goes to decay, raises a feeling of repugnance, and scarcely even retains any trace whatever of beauty. This is a point on which long dissertations might be written; the mere suggestion of the topic must here suffice. At the exit from the castle, there is still standing one of its numerous accessory buildings, which is inhabited by a porter. I entered this part, too; an old large ornamented chimney-piece in a kind of hall, in which quantities of vegetables and cabbages were lying scattered in picturesque confusion, still gave signs of former splendour. In all directions there were enticements to drawing, to contemplation, inquiry, and poetical production. We must, however, part.

On the way from Kenilworth to Warwick, Guy's Cliff, a pretty country seat, is charmingly situated on the banks of the Avon. Baron von Gersdorf was on friendly terms with Sir Henry Percy, the possessor, we therefore stopped and went in. The host received his majesty with pleasure; the lady of the mansion and her daughter were most agreeable persons, who had lived long in Italy, whose minds were filled with thoughts of that never-to-be-forgotten corner of the world, and who had collected many memorials of their residence there around them. This charming place, however, is in itself agreeable enough to afford all the means and elements of a cheerful life. The ornamented castellated residence is surrounded by a park, in which there are many lofty pines, cedars, and oaks; by the river side picturesque rocks meet the eye, covered with ivy, and intermixed with lime trees and oaks; in these rocks, too, is shown the cave in which, according to the tradition, Guy, first a bold knight, and afterwards a pious hermit, is said to have dwelt. Henry V. founded a small chapel therein to his honour, and this chapel afterwards became the kernel of the present small castle.

We proceeded further, and soon reached the celebrated Warwick Castle, and that, too, in a beautiful clear evening; and it was really as if to see in one day the contrast between the perfectly maintained and splendid edifice, and that of a castle completely fallen into ruins, but still exhibiting all the beauties of nature. We first entered through a lofty gate, which was opened to our knock, then passed through a long walk cut out of the rock, and covered with trees in full leaf, and after this arrived at the castle itself. Above the green moat, now planted with lofty trees, are seen the ivy-covered towers and turrets of the castle; we passed through a dark gate, with

a portcullis, and finally arrived at the open green court, surrounded by the buildings of the castle. We alighted at the entrance; the owner, the Earl of Warwick, was absent in London, but we were immediately conducted into the hall of the castle, splendidly wainscotted with cedar, and adorned with suits of armour and paintings. It is hardly possible to get a correct idea of this antique and noble sort of splendour anywhere else than in England. The lofty Gothic windows look upon the Avon, on a rocky bank high above which the castle is situated; all around the apartment are articles of furniture, beautifully carved, a high and splendid fire-place promises an agreeable warmth during the colder season, around the walls are pieces of armour and ancient weapons, and from it a corridor opens upon the other inhabited rooms of the castle, furnished in the most different styles. Each is decorated in some peculiar way, and several very good paintings are preserved there. Among the portraits in these rooms are some especially deserving of notice. There are several paintings by Van Dyck, particularly one of Richard, the painter, by Rembrandt, there is a portrait of Admiral Van Tromp—a seaman and commander every inch. Also some pictures by Rubens, among others a couple of lions. A much less exact copying of nature than a great and general conception of the whole. There were also some pretty things by Holbein, particularly a portrait, which is called Luther's, but which represents some one totally unknown to me. Besides these, how many other things does one find here?—old weapons and armour, some natural curiosities, rare forms of drinking vessels, and similar objects.

Here, too, one might find materials for the most extensive descriptions, for the most various remarks. I return, however, to my previous observation, that the impression left on my mind by Kenilworth was, on the whole, a purer, a more powerful, and, in fact, a more poetical one than that produced by Warwick. But *here* one must live some time, in order fully to appreciate it! In what different lights must these surrounding woods appear in the morning and in the evening; this court-yard, with its old towers, its pines, its cedars, and its oaks, even the whole effect of the castle itself, particularly if any great event has happened during one's stay!

When we had visited every thing in the interior of the castle, had descended into the old dungeons, and ascended Guy's Tower (which latter offers a magnificent view of the country, and is situated just opposite to Cæsar's Tower, the oldest part of the castle, with its remarkable turrets), we proceeded to take a walk in the park.

We were shown first, in the central part of a large greenhouse, the celebrated Warwick Vase, found at Tivoli, in Hadrian's Villa, and restored and erected here under Hamilton's direction. After having previously seen a copy of this work of art at Woburn, and thus got a general idea of its form, the original was doubly interesting to me. The style is rather heavy, but this suits its size very

well (it holds 168 gallons). Upon the whole, there is but little sculpture on it; the best is, undoubtedly, the representation of the comic masks on the front part. Much of it is quite modern, for this splendid vase was found in several pieces.

The park is extensive, and contains some beautiful trees, particularly cedars. On the Avon, beside the rock on which the castle is built, stands a splendid specimen, upwards of 200 years old; the effect of the dark green of its foliage, and of its fan-like branches hanging down over the water, was very fine. We were rowed over the Avon, in order to enjoy the view of the castle from the other side. I had just time enough to make a slight sketch of the view. A moonlight view on the quiet Avon, on the opposite side the mighty castle upon its rocky height; to the left, the lofty cedars; to the right, a little water-mill. I could hardly fancy a more romantic picture.

But time pressed, and we were obliged to return; we again ascended the bank, and entered the terrace before the castle by a postern gate; our travelling carriages had already been drawn up, and had driven on before. We followed slowly through the dark gate, and turning round once more, enjoyed the view of the environs and lofty towers, the old walls covered with ivy, passed through the long passage in the rock, and saw in the hall of the porter's lodge several old weapons, and an iron kettle, of which the old man related several strange tales. We then entered our carriages, and came hither, where we arrived when it was already dark. There is here a very elegant hotel, for it has been the fashion for several years to spend the out-of-town season at the saline springs of Leamington, and, as if by enchantment, a very elegant little town has sprung up around them.

XXXIX.

Oxford, June 27th—Evening.

THIS morning afforded me the opportunity of a walk through Leamington. The town appears to have attained its present size and elegance within a few *lustra*. Its springs are noticed as early as the sixteenth century, but have only become fashionable and much frequented for about sixty years. They belong to the class of aperient bitter springs, and are drunk tepid, although they are naturally cold. Everywhere we saw elegant houses and plantations; the bath-room, where the water drinkers were walking about, listening to the music of a band, reminded me forcibly of Marienbad. A church in the new Gothic style had just been completed, and we looked at the interior arrangements of it, with the closed pews usual in England. We also saw a tolerably elegant concert-room in

the High-street, in which the organ, so much admired in England, was of course not wanting.

On our return to the hotel, we found our carriages in readiness, and drove back to Warwick, to take a view of the old Gothic church there, called St. Mary's Chapel. Even externally it is quite a model of the Anglo-Gothic style; the gently sloping roof, the large and beautiful window in the choir, and the high, square, half-completed tower. In the interior is a beautiful monument of Thomas Beauchamp, created first Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Edward III., and who died in 1370. The sarcophagus of white marble, and beautifully adorned according to the prevailing fashion of Gothic architecture, merits a particular description. Above it are the marble statues of the earl and his countess, larger than life, hand in hand—he in complete armour, with a barred visor, and a collar of steel wire—she in a peculiar projecting cap. At her feet lies a lamb, at his a bear. The church has been twice burned since that time, and was last rebuilt in the reign of Queen Anne. Particularly neat, and at the same time rich and elegant, are the interwoven and entwining ornaments of the Beauchamp Chapel in this same church. Here is to be seen the monument of the last Beauchamp, who was Earl of Warwick, the well-known governor of France, during the reign of Henry V. He, too, is represented in complete armour of gilt bronze, surrounded by a balustrade of gilt metal railing, upon a richly gilt sarcophagus. Not far from this monument is that of the Earl of Leicester and his countess, and also that of his brother, who was created Earl of Warwick. The whole chapel with all these monuments, its antique splendour of architecture, and its beautiful stained glass windows left a deep impression.

We now proceeded on our way, and my mind was powerfully affected as we came near to Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakspeare. The country is here flat and well cultivated; we see nothing but fields, farm-houses, and meadows. The road was for a considerable distance bounded by elm-trees, and there were very probably some among them which date from Shakspeare's time, or even before it. Before arriving at Stratford, we passed by Charlecote, where that Lucy lived, the enemy of the poet, who, for the sake of a few head of deer, and an ironical poem, persecuted him, and drove him from Stratford. I looked into the park: even yet the spotted fallow-deer were to be seen straying around, as they are to be seen in all parks, and as they had tempted the unlicensed sportsman; the property still belongs to a Lucy (G. Lucy, Esq.), so that this place and this family, which has never produced any celebrated individual, has remained uninjured, and still exists, whilst Shakspeare's family has died out, but has been rendered immortal by its one celebrated member. This contrast afforded me matter for thought. How often do we find similar cases in the world. The empty, merely material being, still continuing to be, and yet arriving at no real existence, whilst the higher and really

powerful genius vanishes in a material point of view, but in another sense, arrives at its true and eternal existence by this very means.

At last we arrived at this little town, containing hardly 5000 inhabitants. Stopping and alighting at the hotel, we were conducted through the house in order to reach the street in which Shakspeare's house is situated. As we passed through the inn, I remarked a peculiar method of increasing the renown and spreading the fame of the immortal poet; every room had the name of one of his plays written over the door, so that the traveller had the opportunity of choosing whether he would lodge in "Macbeth" or "Romeo and Juliet," in the "Tempest," or the "Midsummer Night's Dream." We had not proceeded far down the street into which we had thus been conducted, when we stood before the low and unpretending house in which Shakspeare is said to have been born. A narrow wooden stair leads to the little room blackened by time and smoke, now inhabited by a poor old woman; and when with his majesty I ascended this old staircase, and entered the small space in which, according to the tradition of the place, this William, the conqueror in a higher sense than his namesake, first saw the light of the world, I could not repress my feelings; tears rushed into my eyes, and I was obliged to turn away my head to conceal my emotion. An old portrait of Shakspeare stood in the corner, and beside the small, half-closed window lay a thick volume, in which strangers from all parts of the world have inscribed their names.

The clergyman of Stratford, who had saluted us yesterday in Kenilworth, now advanced, and according to his judgment there can be no doubt that the poet was actually born here. He promised to show us the notice of his baptism with the signatures of the witnesses in the church register. For the present he offered to conduct us to his grave. We took him with us in the carriage and drove to the churchyard.

A crowd of people pressed forward to get a sight of the king, and a portion of them entered the church, the approach to which is by a green covered path, along with us. The church itself is situated among lime trees upon the banks of the Avon; it is very pretty—old—Gothic—with a wooden roof. Some old men with staves in their hands walked before us, and we thus advanced silently and solemnly to the altar, followed by the people; close to the altar is a stone, covering the grave, distinguished in no other way than by the well-known inscription:—

" Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed here ;
Blest be y^e man y^t spares these stones,
And curst be he y^t moves my bones."

About a man's height, above this stone, is a little niche in the wall containing a bust of Shakspeare.* The church was full of people

* This bust was probably made from a cast of the face after death. See on this subject an interesting paper by J. Bell, in the *Athenæum* of 1845, No. 924.

when I bent over the stone and copied the old inscription in my tablets, and then all slowly left the sanctuary.

We walked across the churchyard to the Avon, which flows by slowly and peacefully with its yellow waters. Every thing here has the character of quiet—of repose; I thought of the words “*Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,*”

“Talent is produced and called forth in quietness.”

This illustration was exceedingly interesting to me.

The clergyman then accompanied us to his house. It is not far from the school where the poet is said to have received the first elements of his education, and close to another old ivy covered church. He conducted us into a drawing-room, where his whole family was drawn up to be presented to the king, according to English custom, and he then produced the church register, in which, bearing date April 26, 1564, was inserted the names of the persons who were the godfathers and godmothers of the young William. On the same day of the month of the year 1616, his burial is mentioned. The old mulberry tree, which Shakspeare is said to have planted, no longer exists; the clergyman showed us one of its descendants in his garden.

We then took our leave of this simple, quiet place, with a peculiar feeling of emotion, and drove on through a country exhibiting chalk layers and strata of the upper green sand. On the road lay one of those thoroughly English villages, high church, old elms with a full foliage, and pretty farm-houses in the midst of their stack-yards full of closely pressed, business-like stacks of hay, from which portions of fodder are cut out precisely like a piece of bread from a loaf. We saw a farmer just riding into one of these yards, he was a handsome well-made man, well dressed, with long leather gaiters, mounted on a handsome chesnut horse. The whole scene reminded me of so many English prints, in which these sorts of country scenes are so often represented.

At last we turned off the road, and stopped at a lofty park-gate; it was opened, and we entered Blenheim, a very extensive possession of the Duke of Malborough. We had a considerable distance to drive before approaching the castle; meadows extended in every direction, here and there were groups of oaks, with deer generally lying at the foot of them. The column erected in honour of the great Duke of Malborough rises far above the surrounding shrubs; finally, we approach the palace built in the style of Versailles, and stopped at the outer gate. The duke is at present here, and we sent in a message to inquire whether we could be admitted. An answer in the affirmative was immediately returned, the carriages drove across a large courtyard before the front of the castle to its entrance in the middle of the front, and the duke received his majesty at the steps, to conduct him himself through the rich saloons, and show him all the treasures which they contained.

This property, as is well known, was presented to the great Duke

of Marlborough of the time of Queen Anne, and called Blenheim in memory of the celebrated battle. Parliament granted half a million for the building of the palace, and Vanburgh was the architect; the Belgian and Dutch cities anxiously endeavoured to gain favour in the eyes of the all-powerful general, by presents of the most splendid works of art; it is easy to conceive, therefore, that really first rate objects of art are contained here, to which, as to several other collections, Waagen's book on England's treasures of art served as a very useful guide.

Even the lofty entrance hall, with its columns and statues, produces a powerful effect. Among the pictures I can only notice a few. The gallery, no doubt, requires a longer and more attentive study, in order to appreciate it thoroughly. I first noticed some of the extraordinary productions of Rubens and Van Dyck. By the former, that master of such varied powers of production, whose various and manifold greatness is only to be fully understood in England, is here a *bacchanal piece* particularly remarkable, a picture representing the fullest enjoyment of life. The painting is very large, the figures not quite the size of life. The principal group in the foreground is a young and handsome woman, mother of two fauns, bending down over the children, who are lying on the ground, and suckling them both at once. A brown Silenus looks on with pleasure, fauns and satyrs stand around. The very perfection of health, and the over-fulness of life and existence, bursts forth from the whole conception and colouring of the piece. Another picture by Rubens, representing the artist and his wife, is splendid. The position and dress of the figures put one in mind of the two figures descending the flight of stairs in Rubens' "Garden of Love" (in the Dresden gallery). His large Andromeda is also very fine; properly, however, it is nothing but a study of a handsome nude woman. Less important are two pictures of the "Holy Family;" and yet one of them is remarkable for the manner in which the children are treated. Besides these there is here once more his "single portrait," and excellently treated. The most beautiful and most remarkable picture of Van Dyck's is his portrait of Charles I. on horseback; a splendid and exquisitely treated work. How nobly treated is the powerful light chesnut horse, with his broad chest, and the king with his still, serious, and somewhat melancholy expression of countenance. But the gem of the whole collection is the Raphael of the Ansidei family, of which Passavant, in his work on Raphael, has given an engraving, or rather an outline. The picture was an altar-piece, painted by Raphael, in 1505, for the church of St. Fiorenzo, at Perugia, in consequence of a bequest from the Ansidei family. It represents in the middle division a Madonna and Child upon a throne, both contemplating an open book, which the Virgin holds. On the two sides are seen St. Nicholas de Bari, also reading, and John the Baptist. The figures are not quite the size of life. The treatment of the

subject reminded me of the "Descent from the Cross" in the Borghese gallery, before I knew that it was only painted two years before that picture. I wrote down directly in my tablets "transition from Perugino to an independent style," and even if I were to use more words, I could hardly now express my opinion of the picture better. The school and the shell of the master are here nearly got rid of, and thrown off, and Raphael's own large clear eyes are seen. How nobly serious are the mother and child, who both appear to discover in the little book wonderful and curious secrets!—How powerful and clear are the figures of the Bishop and of St. John, and how pure and well conceived the whole tone of the picture, the blue sky, the serious style of building, and the landscape beyond!—This picture and the cartoons in Hampton Court, should make England a shrine of pilgrimage to painters.

After this painting I mention no more of those exposed to view in the public rooms. We were next conducted through the other rooms of the castle, but found almost every part in disorder, and in process of reparation. The library is large and handsome, but here, too, every thing was in confusion. The books appeared to have been little used. In an ante-room were a number of small paintings in oil, Teniers' miniature copies of paintings in the Vienna gallery; a most comical idea, only to be accounted for by the price given by an Englishman. Then came a large closed room, containing a number of large pictures, ascribed to Titian. They are said to represent love passages between Mars and Venus, and are not considered very decent; but they are painted without any inspiration, and are not well enough drawn for Titian.

We finally visited the chapel, which contains the large marble tomb of the Duke of Marlborough and his wife. The style is that of the time of Louis XIV., the separate portions splendidly executed, but the whole exaggerated, and old-fashioned.

The duke then conducted us through some parts of his palace destined for household purposes. One gets a tolerable idea of the almost extravagant opulence which is here displayed, when I say, that in a large vaulted hall for preserving milk, cream, and butter, a splendid fountain has been erected, to throw up the clearest spring water, which falls down along several basins, growing gradually larger, until it comes to a large basin at the bottom, which is so arranged as to have upon its brink vessels and pans for containing the cream and butter, which thus in the warmest weather are kept at the degree of coolness so necessary to these useful kinds of food. In any other place, this fountain would be used to ornament the entrance avenue, whilst here it merely serves to cool a dairy!

We next partook of luncheon, at which the numerous rare and valuable sorts of wines caused us to draw the same conclusions respecting the good state of the cellars, as we had already arrived at with respect to the opulence of the family from the splendour of the

building. We then proceeded to take a walk in the park, or rather in that part of it which is enclosed as private grounds. We wandered about for quite an hour, up and down hill, round a little lake, and over several bridges, and rejoicing in the prospect of some splendid groups of trees, large shrubs of rhododendron and *lauro-cerasus*, and oaks probably many centuries old. We had several very fine views, too, of the other park, particularly that part preserved for game; and at our return a salute of twenty-one guns from cannon of considerable calibre was fired in honour of his majesty.

The duke had presented his two sons to the king, and they and one of their relations accompanied us in all our walks through this immense park. They were just returned from the exercises of the yeomanry cavalry, which had been held in the neighbourhood. This very ancient institution in England, is somewhat the same as our communal guards; all the younger branches of the wealthy families serve in it, and are exercised from time to time. They are called out and put under arms on occasion of any tumults or disturbances; on other occasions the infantry only meets once every two or three years, the cavalry once every year, and at that time exercises for about a week, as if in the field. The sons of the duke served just like any one else.

Towards seven o'clock we drove off to Oxford, situated about ten miles off, the entrance to which is more imposing than that of Cambridge, although the population is rather smaller. Just before coming into the High-street, the attention is attracted to a lofty Gothic column, with three statues; this is the monument (recently erected) to Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, who suffered death as heretics in the reign of Queen Mary. The High-street itself is adorned with splendid old Gothic colleges, and richly ornamented churches—the whole breathes of antiquity; indeed, one college is mentioned as having been founded at Oxford, by Alfred, in the year 727. In the eleventh century, Canute, King of the Danes, resided here; and in the twelfth century, Richard Cœur de Lion was born here, during his father Henry II.'s, residence in this city.

XL.

Oxford, June 27th—Evening.

HIS majesty having preferred to take up his quarters in an hotel, the vice-chancellor of the university, Dr. Wynter, appeared this morning early in the reception room, to offer himself as our guide to the remarkable objects in Oxford. The doctor was preceded by four beadles, two with silver maces, and two with golden ones; they all wore the black gown, and Dr. Wynter wore the square cap;

which we had also seen at Cambridge. We began our progress at nine o'clock, and continued it till near two.

Oxford contains twenty colleges, in which the arrangements are similar to those of Cambridge, but which were, generally speaking, founded at an earlier period. University College is generally considered the oldest, and is reputed to have been founded by Alfred; according to the more probable account, however, it was founded in 1249. Merton College, founded by the Chancellor William de Merton, about the year 1200, was the first which collected its students into one building. We visited this college, and most of the others. Several of these buildings are of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and are of substantial old Gothic architecture, and look really very pretty, with their ivy-wreathed pointed columns, buttresses, and arches; thus, for instance, the garden side of Exeter College, thus St. Peter's College, with its beautiful tower, close to the bridge over the Isis—thus, too, the beautiful tower of Magdalen College, the principal spire of which, surrounded by smaller spires, gave me quite the idea of a beautiful calcareous formation. Some of the colleges are newer, particularly Christ Church, which has been partly completed very recently, and in which about two hundred students, principally of the best families, live. In this college there is a sort of picture gallery; generally speaking, however, mere rubbish; there is only one head, ascribed, and no doubt correctly, to Montegna, which I should wish to save, if a deluge were to come upon the collection, as it would deserve. I must, at the same time, remark, that these colleges are not all devoted merely to purposes of education; All Souls, for example, is a rich foundation for forty noblemen, who, without being bound to any particular studies, enjoy the right of chambers and commons, even without the necessity of residence. The Hon. C. A. Murray, master of her Majesty's household, whom we used to see every day at Windsor, and at Buckingham Palace, was a fellow of this college. These colleges are generally very pleasant to live in, have large gardens, and, generally speaking, a large common hall, built in the old Anglo-Gothic style, with a handsome wooden roof, and adorned round the walls with paintings and coats of arms. The young people and the fellows dine here together, and the whole manner of life surrounded by such still and romantic buildings of ancient date, in a place kept free from the noise and bustle of English industry and traffic, must have a great effect in preserving a serious and penetrating mind in this intelligent England, which here is continually renewed and restored.

During our progress we came to the botanical garden where Dr. Daubeny is professor. The garden cannot boast of any great splendour, but it appears to contain much that is interesting. One of the most remarkable plants in England, the little, insignificant-looking *Sibthorpia Europæa*, is here, and sufficiently compensated me for my

visit; and as I shall hardly ever look for it in its natural place of growth (the bogs of Ireland), I took a little branch of it with me in my pocket-book.

We also visited the *theatrum anatomicum*, the whole arrangements of which brought back the times of Vessel to my mind. Above the professor's table hung a human skeleton, and a figure showing the muscular conformation of the human subject, so that they could be let down and drawn up again by cords: the latter was that sort of preparation which Albin was celebrated for, and is such as to cause a feeling of disgust in an uninitiated spectator. All round the theatre, behind the amphitheatrical seats of the audience, were skulls and anatomical preparations, every thing quite in the antique style. Professor Kidd, a good-natured old gentleman, quite corresponded with these ancient treasures. He may, probably, formerly, have had some talents, or at least some liking for personal activity and inquiry; at a later period, without any excitement from without, in a university devoted almost entirely to philology and theology (which is, indeed, no *universitas*) and without sufficient inward power and excitement, the stagnation of all philosophical study of natural history soon put a stop to his activity. As I intended to pay him a second visit, we did not remain long, but passed on to the cathedral, the earliest part of which is of the eleventh century. Its interior produces a grand and solemn effect. Heavy Norman columns support a vaulted roof, partly built in the semi-circular arched style, a mysterious twilight breaks upon the statues of armed knights, stretched upon the monuments in the smaller chapels; only the roof and the more minute ornaments of the windows are of a later period, having been added by Cardinal Wolsey.

From thence we went to the celebrated Bodleian Library, the hearth and focus of all Oxford learning. The number of the bound books is said to be 200,000 volumes, but the principal riches of the library are its *codices*, and a whole room full of Lybian, Persian, and Sanscrit MSS. Some of the most remarkable of these were shown to me. Among them is a MS. of the four Gospels of the sixth century—Greek and Latin—but, what is very curious, only one word in each language is written in each line; also the *Codex Lordinensis*, and some beautifully illuminated Psalters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, some curious specimens of early printing, &c. The number of MSS. is said to be 30,000. In the same building, there is a small collection of antiques, and the celebrated Arundel collection of inscriptions. Not far from this building is the Radcliff Library, a foundation of about a hundred years old, named after Dr. Radcliff, who left 40,000*l.* for the erection of this building, presented his library to it, and left funds for its successive increase, and for a salary to the librarian. There appear to be several of the latest works on the natural sciences here. The building is a tolerable imitation of the Pantheon, and the museum is merely a dome

supported on columns. It contains a number of casts of celebrated antiques, the Laocoon, the Apollo, &c. We ascended to the roof of the dome, and enjoyed a splendid view of Oxford in the glorious sunshine. Immediately opposite is the pretty old Gothic college, with the extraordinary name—Brazen-nose College; not much further off, Magdalen College, with its beautiful Gothic tower: some very pretty and interesting pictures might have been taken from this spot.

I must not forget to notice the very beautiful church of New College. This college, although called New College, is one of the oldest, having been founded by William de Wyckham, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor of England, in the reign of Edward III., in 1378. It is one of the richest of the colleges, and the church is considered the one in Oxford most splendidly adorned. The king was received here with the full tones of the organ, and the entrance into the re-echoing vaults, softly lighted up by the painted windows, was very solemn. The richly adorned golden crook of the bishop's crozier is still shown. We concluded our progress at the above-mentioned pointed column, in honour of the three victims of their faith, and at the same time looked at a building now in course of erection, intended for modern languages, painting and sculpture, founded under the munificent bequest of the late Sir Robert Taylor, aided by a further bequest from Dr. Randolph.

We then returned to St. John's College, of which Dr. Wynter is master; and after having partaken of luncheon, his majesty, with the two other gentlemen of his suite, drove out into the country to visit a seat of the Duke of Buckingham, whilst I remained in Oxford, intending to devote my afternoon to seeing some other scientific institutions.

Professor Kidd first took me to a museum of natural history (and in some sort of antiquities also), which is considered as the oldest of the kind in England, and is called the Ashmolean Museum, from its founder, Ashmole. What most interested me there, was the remains of that extraordinary bird, the Dodo (*Didus ineptus*) which seems to have disappeared from the earth within two hundred years. The complete stuffed specimen was in possession of the celebrated traveller and natural historian, Tradescant (probably a Dutchman by birth), who lived in Lambeth, and this specimen with other natural curiosities, came to Ashmole at his death; and the Dodo, along with the rest of Ashmole's collection, was brought to Oxford in 1689. Here it was to be seen in the museum till 1752, when it fell to pieces, and only the head and the two feet could be preserved. One of the feet is now in the British Museum. An old representation of the bird of the size of life (which has been copied very frequently in works on natural history) was presented to Dr. Kidd by a Dr. Darby, and he sent it here. A plaster cast of the head has been made, which was presented to me; the foot here retained is the left, and I pointed out to Dr. Kidd a remarkable formation in the bony nerves of the muscles,

by which the claws were bent.* It is not impossible that the gigantic bird of New Holland, the bones of which have been described by Owen, might still have lived in historical times, and have been a contemporary of the Dodo. It is singular at the same time, that no collector has been able to find any other remains of the Dodo in the Mauritius.

Besides this, however, the treasures of natural history contained in this collection, betray a certain ancient and old world character. One breathes here the atmosphere of the innocent times of Linnæus, in which the whole animal kingdom was so easily comprehended at a glance, in which it was not necessary for a man to devote his whole life to obtain a knowledge of merely a part of the Ichneumons and beetles which at present exist on the earth, in which, instead of the thousands of *Entozoa*, only five or six existed, and in which Ehrenberg's world of *Infusoria* was entirely hidden from view. There is, however, certainly enough here for a beginner, and several interesting skeletons and skulls. Among the other curiosities, the British antiquities particularly attracted my attention. The most remarkable among these appeared to me to be a little mosaic representing Alfred's patron saint, a rock crystal set in gold, perhaps to be worn as an amulet. The workmanship is very old, and the inscription is said to mean, "King Alfred caused me to be made." As a Northern ornament 1000 years old, it is certainly very important. Besides this there are several Roman antiquities, dug up in various places, and among the curiosities of art, an enormous magnet, set in iron, under a glass case made expressly for it. It supports a weight of 160 pounds, and its supporting power has been increased by twenty-five pounds since it has been here. Among all the phenomena of elementary motion, this slow and silent increase in the attractive power of the magnet, has always appeared to me one of the most wonderful.

From this museum we returned to the anatomical collection, examined Dr. Kidd's long unused microscope; I showed him some of the latest improvements, and roused in the old professor the spirit of inquiry and of discovery. He was much delighted at my communications, complained bitterly that so little interest for these subjects was exhibited in Oxford, and gave hopes of renewed activity. These emotions were to me affecting, and made me wish to see something of the old gentleman in his own family. I accompanied him, therefore, to his house, where, after having been so rapidly hurried from place to place, I found myself all at once in the midst of the quiet life of a family, small, and living upon a small income. His wife and three younger daughters were occupied with work, and received me with great politeness. A Mr. Wilson (a relation of the English painter, Wilson), husband

* The bony nerves are divided into several parts, connected together by joints. This is an arrangement which I have never found elsewhere in these bones.

to a fourth daughter, the eldest, entered while I was there, and showed me an album with some drawings by his wife. The young lady had in earlier life found great pleasure in drawing, and there were in her album many fantastical compositions, somewhat in Flaxman's style: the strict rules of drawing were wanting.

I had frequently occasion to-day, during our walks through the town, to make the observation, that the people of Oxford, externally, are very far from handsome; perhaps they are in mind so much the handsomer.

We separated at last, and I returned to our hotel, after having bought some views of the town. I soon, however, quitted it again, in order to take a solitary walk, according to my custom, in the twilight, between eight and nine o'clock. Now, indeed, in the reddish evening light, illuminated, too, by the first quarter of the moon, these antique buildings were perfectly beautiful. How picturesque were the gray tinge of these old ornaments, the stains of time on the old towers, the green of the ivy. I remained long standing on the stone bridge over the Isis, by St. Peter's College; then by the Magdalen College, with its beautiful tower. Every thing was so still. Light clouds partly veiled the ruddy west!—Beautiful pictures everywhere!

XLI.

Salisbury, June 29th—Evening.

I CONCLUDED yesterday with a solitary walk in Oxford, and I commenced the morning of to-day in a similar manner. In the most splendid morning sunshine, I crossed the meadows and wandered along the bank of the Isis, through the poet's walk, with its lofty alley of limes, and then again between the college buildings back to Radcliff Library, of which Dr. Kidd is the librarian. He surprised me by showing me my large works, especially the copper-plates, laid together, in order to prove that particular attention had been here paid to them, and then explained and pointed out to me more particularly the arrangements of this library, especially intended as a collection of works in the departments of physics, natural history, and medicine. It is rich in books, and has means enough of increasing its stores. I could not but wish, that a great portion of it were transferred to Dresden, because it is here very little used. I also looked through the last part of Audubon's splendid work, which contains such beautiful drawings of the aquatic birds of America, examined some admirable sketches of humming-birds, by Viellot, and recommended some recent German works for purchase.

We left Oxford at ten o'clock. The day was warm, the road indifferent; it led again into a chalk district like that around Dover.

We afterwards passed over extensive districts of waste downs, till in the neighbourhood of Marlborough we drove through a wild park, called *Usbury Forest*, which contains some splendid trees, especially of oaks, beech, and whitethorn. During our drive, I perceived the last-mentioned description of tree, often completely overgrown by the honeysuckle in full blow, which imparts its fragrance to, and winds through, so many hedges and bushes in England. In a part of the forest bordering on the downs, I was surprised to see the ground in all directions burrowed by rabbits, and these pretty little gray animals peeping out from among the bushes and running along the wayside in multitudes. It suggested to me the descriptions of the ancients, which I had read, of the vast numbers of rabbits in Spain, and reminded me of the beautiful relief bust of "*Hispania*," in the Louvre, to which a pair of rabbits is given as attributes.

The country became more a series of low flat hills, and finally we drove across the pathless downs, on which the postilions were left wholly to their own knowledge and discretion, and a person might sooner have believed that he was driving over the desert steppes of Northern Asia than in the centre of England—the most civilised country in the world.

What did these desert downs prognosticate to us? They prepared us for contemplating, without distraction of mind, that most singular and mysterious of all the antiquities of England; they prepared us for examining Stonehenge, long known from numerous descriptions and yet never seen, so often and variously described, and never yet explained, never carefully preserved, and yet, even now, for the most part, undestroyed.

The sun was already far advanced in his course, not a single tree obtruded upon the view, not a village or hamlet was visible upon the waste downs, here and there a few fields, but scarcely any thing was visible but the wide interminable downs covered with short grass, furnishing a scanty pasture for a few wandering sheep. From afar, we began to perceive a dark mass, somewhat resembling ruined walls, on the surface of the flat extensive hills, and as we approached, we became able to distinguish the gray upright stones, which constitute that singular primitive circle so rich in traditions, and called Stonehenge.

We alighted, and proceeded towards these singular grave-stones of a long bygone race of men. It would have been impossible to have arrived at this extraordinary monument in a more favourable moment. In the calm solitude of the declining evening, enlivened by the song of the soaring lark alone, in this desert place, and in the midst of this complete repose, these large masses of stone, placed in a circle, and resembling strong and short Egyptian columns, appeared to me like the hieroglyphics of the history of England, and this view of them produced a singular effect upon my mind. I had already previously seen many similar circles of stones and monumental remains in the island of Rügen, also upon desert heaths and by the resound-

ing sea, but such enigmatical monuments of primitive ages I have never elsewhere seen.

Having realised the idea of the place in general, I next endeavoured to obtain a clearer notion of it by considering it in detail. It is obvious that the whole is to be regarded as a circular sacred place of about 300 feet in circumference. It consists of a double row of upright pillars, which are connected at the tops by large stones laid across, and extending from pillar to pillar. The space between the exterior and interior circles is about eight feet wide; the pillars are from seven to eight ells long, and stand from six to seven ells from each other. The material of the stones is quartz, and is so hard, that I found great difficulty in chipping off a few pieces, even with a hammer. Of the outer circle seventeen pillars are still standing, and seven fallen; of the inner, eleven are standing, and eight fallen; and in many the cross stone still rests upon the two uprights. On examining the work, and considering the extraordinary hardness of the stone, it is impossible to avoid being struck with wonder at the execution of the tenons on the upper end of the upright stones and the mortises in the transverse blocks, which are almost half an ell deep. When in addition to this it is remembered, that upright stones of this description, or erratic blocks of the same character do not at all occur, and that, therefore, these heavy masses were probably dragged to these places—the manner of effecting this, however, being quite as mysterious as the successful working of the stone, the mystery of the place is increased to the highest degree. In Rügen and Scandinavia may be seen in all directions granite blocks lying in confusion; some of these may have been collected and rolled together in early ages, and set up as Runic stones, or laid one upon another, as tombs of the primitive heroes, and this explains the possibility of the origin of such ancient rude monuments. But the manner in which this Stonehenge has had its origin, by what race of the ancient Cymri, or Britons these immense efforts have been made, and by whom this great circular temple, or sacred field, was consecrated, how the stones were brought to their present situation, worked and placed one upon another, are questions which have hitherto eluded the most laborious investigation and research, and the people, therefore, have made them the foundation of multitudes of fabulous traditions, assigning their origin and erection to black dwarfs, and other similar absurdities.

I had just sufficient time to take a hasty sketch of these ruins, and whilst so engaged, I could not avoid thinking of my departed friend Friedrich, the landscape painter, who, with his deep poetical mind, would not have failed to make an admirable but somewhat gloomy picture out of this mass of solitary stones, placed in the midst of the bare downs by which they are surrounded. Several monumental mounds, near the pillars, are still to be seen. Skeletons, urns, and weapons of the earliest structure, have been found within them. About a hundred yards distant from the circle,

there still stands a single rude column, indicative either of a place of sepulture, or being itself a Runic stone; neither this stone, however, nor any of the others, bear the slightest trace of Runic characters.

The quiet, mysteriousness, desolation, and, at the same time, the picturesque appearance of the place, produced a most powerful influence upon us all, and especially upon his majesty, who succeeded in making an admirably conceived and extremely well drawn outline of the whole; we took our departure with hesitation and regret, and after having entered the carriages, cast many a lingering look behind, till at last Stonehenge disappeared from our sight—just as history itself has long and irrecoverably lost from its territory the account of the origin and early importance of this wonderful circle of stone pillars.

The nearest town, about two English miles off, is Amesbury, and from thence one post to Salisbury. The district continues to be interspersed with low hills; the twilight was just departing, and in the east, the red moon was rising from a violet twilight opposite to that derived from the setting sun. We arrived at nine o'clock, having had pointed out to us, by the way, a few huts, on a low hill, which are called Old Sarum; and, which, up till 1831, had the right of returning two members to parliament.

Salisbury, the capital of Wiltshire, lies in a country, consisting of low hills, and almost destitute of trees; the sharp stone tower of the cathedral has a very lofty elevation, and the small houses of a poor little town, of from 10,000 to 11,000 inhabitants, cluster around the church.

As the moon shone so beautifully clear through the windows, after our late dinner, it occurred to us, that the cathedral would afford a charming view on such a night—and the king immediately resolved to pay a visit to the church before midnight. To night, for the first time, the moon in England appeared to me to shed her usual poetical beams upon the earth. I had seen the former full moon in the Isle of Wight, and she was wholly without brilliancy and effect, and both before and after we had sought for moonlight in vain. The effect on this occasion was the more splendid. The night was glorious, and as we approached the cathedral, in the warm, peaceful, and clear air, the impression made was mighty. This large and beautiful structure stands alone, surrounded by grass plots and lofty limes; it is in the shape of a cross, with several additional buildings; from its centre springs up the lofty and slender spire, altogether made of stone. The whole, gives one the idea of old German Gothic, and belongs to the thirteenth century. It may well be supposed, that the various effects of light must necessarily be very considerable; the cathedral, especially when viewed from the shady side, from which the large gloomy mass contrasted strangely with the clear sky and the interior of the church, seen through the lofty windows, appeared full of moonlight—at one

place, the moon herself was seen through the windows of the opposite side. The side of the cathedral, lighted by the moon, was also very beautiful, and our late evening's walk was most richly rewarded.

XLII.

Salisbury, June 20th—Noon.

THE moonlight walk of yesterday evening was followed by an early sunlight walk this morning. The impression made by the church, which forms a double-armed cross, was splendid also by day, in the very clear morning. In particular parts there is a certain heaviness, which even occasionally borders on ugliness; but the effect of the whole still remains, as that of a beautiful work, founded on one grand design, and consistently carried out. On this occasion the doors were opened, and we entered the long and very lofty arched aisles of a genuine German-Gothic dome.

The erection of the church was commenced about the year 1220, and completed between 1250 and 1260. The lofty stone spire was added 200 years later, and the four high pillars at the great cross arms of the church, which support its weight, have visibly deviated somewhat from the perpendicular. The cathedral contains some curious monuments; of which the most remarkable is that of the first Earl of Salisbury, which dates in the thirteenth century. The recumbent figure is carved in stone, clothed in chain armour, and holding a long tapering shield. My attention was next attracted by one which is completely modern—that of Lord Malmesbury, by Chantrey. The conception is both original and simple, two things which, in modern works of art, very rarely occur. The artist has represented his subject, as one may conceive him to have appeared during the closing period of his life. He is represented as lying upon a couch, with a close-fitting night-gown, and the lower part of the body covered with a quilted counterpane, which has furnished the artist with an admirable opportunity for displaying his skill in the arrangements of the folds of drapery. The head is sunk towards the breast, in a thinking attitude. He had been reading; but the arm with the book is laid down, and the spectator can easily imagine, that the half-reposing, half-suffering figure is quietly reflecting upon what he has just read. The image of a noble, intelligent man, who, in the midst of bodily sufferings, still continues to apply himself to the higher objects of mental development, is here so admirably delineated, that I must pronounce this work, which is also beautifully treated in marble, in a statuary point of view, one of the most peculiar and remarkable of modern times.

Adjoining the church there are very perfect cloisters, with highly-adorned Gothic roofs, open window arches, and free ornamental stone mullions. Had we been able to have visited the cloisters yesterday evening, in the moonlight, the effect must have been in the highest degree splendid. Connected with the cloisters, there is a chapter-house—a lofty empty hall—also of Gothic architecture—and remarkable construction. This hall is octagonal, with beautiful high windows, and its vaulted roof is supported in the centre by a single slender pillar. Unhappily, this pillar also has been forced from its perpendicular, and the whole is, in many respects, in a state of decay. Some works were being carried on in this building. The church, unfortunately, lies very low, so that when the small hill-streams, by which the town is watered, overflow, the water often reaches and enters the church itself. Every thing, therefore, has a moist appearance, the walls are spotted with green, and the floors have suffered severely. The whole church, with its accessory buildings, well deserves to be made the subject of a detailed series of architectural engravings. Such a work would furnish many very interesting subjects to men of science in the character of the single ornaments, and relations of the arches, the patterns of the windows, doors, &c. &c. The gable over the main entrance is particularly richly adorned, and presents a most picturesque appearance. The construction of the lofty stone tower is also peculiarly remarkable. It is regarded as the highest spire in England, being about 400 feet above the surface of the ground.

I afterwards took a solitary walk, in the fine summer weather, beyond the limits of the town, to the heights which lie above, and from them, the cathedral first appeared in all its grandeur. It rose free from the surrounding groups of lime-trees, far above all the small houses, and its lofty stone spire sprung up aloft from its centre, like a slender lily.

Weymouth, same day—Evening.

When I returned towards noon, from my walk in Salisbury, I found that his majesty had determined on making an excursion to Milton House, a seat belonging to the Countess of Pembroke, and only a few miles distant. Here we again met with one of those rich and charming residences with which the whole island of Great Britain is filled. On entering the house, the visitor first passes into a lofty stone hall, richly adorned with suits of armour and statues. Among the armour is the rich suit of the first Earl of Pembroke; and just opposite, one not less rich, which had been worn by a French knight whom he conquered. The hall contains a number of other pieces of armour and weapons, grouped as trophies, as well as some fine specimens of sculptures. I was particularly struck with a youthful Bacchus, which, in as far as it is antique, must be called enchanting; opposite to it stands a figure

with a cornucopia, which is deserving of high commendation. This is followed by a gallery of antiques, which runs round the whole court; it contains *multa sed non multum*. Occasionally something good, but only exceptionally. The various apartments of the house are also filled with pictures; but those of great value are fewer in number than in many other residences of a similar kind. There is among the rest a very remarkable piece, which dates from the fourteenth century, and which was long regarded in England as the first oil-painting, being executed before the time of Johann van Eyck; it is, however, certainly executed in *distemper*. It represents on one side, on a gold ground, Richard II., when young, before a bishop; and on the other, angels in white garments, and with large blue swallow wings; the figures of the whole are small. The execution is very neat, but too obviously painstaking, and without any particular beauty. There is also an entombment, the style of which strongly recalls that of Hemling (or Memling); but it is certainly not by Albert Dürer. A piece by Rubens, representing four naked children playing together, is very splendid; the colouring is beautiful, and the flesh full of life. The collection contains, besides, several pictures by Van Dyck. There is one especially deserving of notice, above twelve feet long, and nine broad, representing the whole family of an Earl of Pembroke, in which some splendid heads are portrayed. The picture stands in great need of being restored.

Whilst we were engaged in examining the pictures, some of the family of the countess who were in the house, were informed of the arrival of the illustrious visiter. The Hon. Mr. Herbert and his sister, a beautiful woman, of a genuine noble English figure, immediately came, in order in person to show the park at least to his majesty. The grounds adjoining the house are distinguished by the complete Italian style of their arrangement and vegetation. Beautiful pines, evergreen oaks, limes and cedars, form splendid groups, and admirably correspond with several of the buildings, which are executed in the true Italian garden style. A threatening storm soon hastened our return—it, however, speedily cleared off, and at three o'clock we left Salisbury in order to direct our course more and more towards the south coasts of England. Our road for some distance led through a barren district—extensive downs stretched along the wayside—and we first entered a pleasant, green, well-watered valley on our approach to Dorchester. At a later part of our journey we again came to high tracts of country without trees, and suddenly the sea lay spread out before us—under a cloudy evening sky;—bays penetrated into the land, and promontories, especially that of the Isle of Portland, where the beautiful Portland stone is quarried, stood boldly out into the sea; in short, the country all at once assumed a grand and imposing character.

We drove farther and farther down towards the coast, and at

length reached the small sea-bathing town of Weymouth, which consists of a long line of small, pretty dwelling-houses stretching along the shore. The harbour was spread out before us in the calm evening, almost as smooth as a mirror; luckily the hotel was situated close upon the sea, and my room opened upon the peacefully slumbering waters. As the evening darkened, I stood at the window and listened to the slow and weak roll of the waves upon the beach—and the slender crescent moon in unexpected beauty appeared above the azure clouds, and her light played far and wide upon the dark green waters. How often had I longed to behold this beautiful sight, and now it was full before my eyes; and thus it is in life—its highest charms often come upon us wholly unsought and unexpected.

LXIII.

Exmouth, July 1st—Evening.

IN the morning early in Weymouth, the sea still lay before my window of a splendid mingled pearly grey and chrysopras green—on the left the chalk cliffs stretched away to the extremity of the bay—and on my right lay the small town scattered along the shore, terminating just opposite, with a watch-house on a height. Several small vessels were lying at anchor in the offing, and the bathing-machines were standing along the shore ready for the bathers. The sky was somewhat overcast—the sun, however, at last forced his way through, and shone brightly. The whole scene gave the full impression of a beautiful calm sea-piece. I took advantage of the early morning hours, to realise the impression of this charming scene by a colour drawing. I had not enjoyed an opportunity of visiting a scene of this description since the time in which I had been on the Bay of Naples. My attempt was successful, and the effect on the whole good. After finishing my sketch, I went down to the strand, in order to breathe and enjoy the fresh sea breeze. There is a peculiar pleasure in breathing the fresh sea air. That of the Alps is also glorious, but I cannot give even it a preference beyond that of the sea coast. Let every one rejoice who has often breathed them both.

I stood long contemplating those clear waters, and watching those regular pulsations with which the gentle rippling waves constantly advanced on the small pebbles of the beach. Machines with bathers were being constantly drawn into the water, and I would have had the greatest desire to have plunged into the pure element before me, but we took our departure as early as eight o'clock, in order to visit several of the small sea-bathing towns along the southern coast.

We pursued our way under a warm sun for many hours, among barren hills, formerly the mere sand-hills of the coast. Afterwards we again came in sight of the splendid horizon of the blue sea—the hills of Devonshire rose up to our view, and we at length reached Lyme-Regis, situated on the coast between lofty masses of rocks, and especially remarkable as being the scene where so many fossils exist, and particularly the beds which contain those singular fossil sea-lizards, to which the name of *Ichthyosauri* and *Plesiosauri* have been given. The road first descends rapidly towards the shore, and then ascends a steep hill into the little town. We had alighted from the carriage, and were proceeding along on foot, when we fell in with a shop in which the most remarkable petrifications and fossil remains—the head of an *Ichthyosaurus*—beautiful ammonites, &c., were exhibited in the window. We entered and found the small shop and adjoining chamber completely filled with the fossil productions of the coast. It is a piece of great good fortune for the collectors, when the heavy winter rains loosen and bring down large masses of the projecting coast. When such a fall takes place, the most splendid and rarest fossils are brought to light, and made accessible almost without labour on their part. In the course of the past winter there had been no very favourable slips, and the stock of fossils on hand was, therefore, smaller than usual; still I found in the shop a large slab of blackish clay, in which a perfect *Ichthyosaurus* of at least six feet, was imbedded. This specimen would have been a great acquisition for many of the cabinets of natural history on the Continent, and I consider the price demanded, 15*l.* sterling, as very moderate. I was anxious, at all events, to write down the address, and the woman who kept the shop—for it was a woman who had devoted herself to this scientific pursuit—with a firm hand, wrote her name, “Mary Annins,” in my pocket-book, and added, as she returned the book into my hands, “I am well known throughout the whole of Europe.”

From the hill above, the view over the town beneath, in the clear sun light, and its gardens, with their high laurel hedges, towards the splendid azure sea, which, in the distance, commingled with the clear sky, without any distinct outline, and of the lofty reddish-black coast walls, was enchanting, and presented to the eye a picture completely southern in its character. The sea was beating below on the dark-coloured beach, partly covered with sea-weed, and the stratification of the coast further above exhibited alternations of the yellowish nagelflue and black clay, with occasional layers of chalk; the strata of the bold coast, in this part of England, produce very picturesque effects.

There were, besides, some very pretty dwellings by the way side, one of which particularly attracted our attention, in consequence of the handsome gardens by which it was surrounded, and the neat house. The owner, who was an officer of the Coast-guard, stationed here for the prevention of smuggling, invited us, in the most friendly

manner, to enter, and conducted us to a most charming open lodge, situated on the declivity of the hill, towards the sea, from which one of the most delightful views was opened to us, over this world of wonders, which it is possible to conceive. It was, however, impossible to remain long. In another shop, in Lyme Regis, we had met with some drawings of a great land-slip, which had taken place, only a few miles distant from the town, and not far from the public road. The appearances were very extraordinary, and the whole was well worth a slight deviation from our way. The king, therefore, resolved to visit this land-slip, and, by means of a cross road, we soon reached a farm house, where we left the carriages, and proceeded on foot towards the object of our visit. The slip took place in December, 1839. The coast, at this part, chiefly consists of chalk, mixed with an immense quantity of flint, often of marl and conglomerate of limestone, a species of nagelfluë. The landslip was similar to, and arose from, the same causes as that which occurred at Goldau, near the Righi, and which I had seen some years before. Here, however, the slip had a more extraordinary appearance; the coast reached an elevation of from 500 to 600 feet close to the sea, and from 200 to 300 yards of the surface of the land had been precipitated to the shore. As I stood, the steep, almost perpendicular precipice towards the sea, was before me; to the right lay the extensive separated mass of ground, divided into several deep trenches and ravines, with wedged shaped elevations between. Trees and hedges had been carried down with the soil in which they grew, and continued in the abyss into which they had been precipitated; new shrubs, also, had taken root beneath, and the sea beat against the lowest extremity of the fragments; in short, the view might properly be called magnificent and peculiar. The relation of a horrible event, which had occurred two years before, contributed to strengthen the impression, which the view of the place naturally made upon the mind. A young man from Hamburg, as I was told, had made an excursion to the place on horseback, accompanied by other foreigners and tourists, in order to see the remarkable phenomenon. It happened to be at the time when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were making a trip by sea along the coast, and the steamboat, on board of which the queen was, hove in sight at the very moment in which these tourists arrived at the farm house where we left the carriages. The young man sprung upon his horse, in order to gallop rapidly to the hill on the coast, from which the royal yacht was visible. Being imperfectly acquainted with the locality, he rode directly forward to the edge of the precipice, towards the sea. He came upon the brink of the abyss before he was aware; the horse, in order to avoid the precipice, started aside: but the unfortunate rider, by the force of his *vis inertiae*, was thrown from his seat, and, probably rendered helpless by terror, was plunged headlong into the dreadful abyss. When reached he was found dashed almost to pieces, still breathing, but in a few minutes life was extinct.

Having gazed for some time from the very summit of the steep precipice upon what may be called this world in ruins (our position called to my recollection the Königstuhl of the Stubbenkammer in Rügen), we descended with some effort and labour under the burning sun along the side of the precipice, and afterwards walked leisurely over and through the wonderful labyrinth of ruins; it was as singular as it was beautiful. A multitude of the beautiful and large-leaved blue *Iris fœtida* were in full flower among the bushes, and every now and again there opened up to our view some beautiful vistas towards the glorious blue sea, with its brown and blackish shore. We here met with the white-thorn hedge, which had been suddenly carried down with the land on which it grew, and above us we saw the portion from which it had been violently separated. It continued to grow in its new position, like all those common natures, to which it is indifferent where they live, if they have only means of nutriment. At last, after a laborious ascent, aggravated by the heat, we reached the summit, and after some very acceptable refreshment, entered our carriages, and drove to Sidmouth, another of those sea-bathing towns on the southern coast, which is much visited.

Sidmouth, like its neighbouring towns, is celebrated for the mildness of its climate. It is much more protected by the heights behind than Weymouth, and presents magnificent views of the sea and rocky coasts. The new, red sand-stone formation, forming extremely picturesque precipices, commences here, and by its intensive brown-red colour, affords a very favourable contrast with the white sand of the shore, and the azure sea. I was very well pleased to find that that there was some difficulty in obtaining the requisite number of post horses, and availed myself of the delay to ramble along a piece of coast, which presented picturesque studies of extraordinary beauty. Why cannot I remain in such an enchanting country for some or at least for a single day! I was particularly struck with one charming view; properly speaking, a picture in a picture. The white sand of the shore forms a basin full of the clearest and purest sea water; the lofty precipice of red and rugged sand-stone, which formed the coast, was distinctly and beautifully reflected from its surface; in addition to this the coast stretched away behind the sand-hills, and the glorious blue sea beat upon the shore; nor was there any want of accessory materials, for, near the shore, lay a small vessel, laden with coal, and a waggon and horses stood alongside the vessel, in the shallow water; labourers, covered with coal dust, were busy in conveying the coals from the ship into the waggon, which was drawn with great effort by the snorting horses, through the shallow, foaming waves, to the shore. A pair of sea eagles took their flight from the rocks above me, screaming as they flew; beautiful sea-weeds lay scattered about the shore, and peculiar plants, in great variety, hung down from the crevices of the rocks, especially close to the small water

veins, from which there was a continuous dropping. I could scarcely resolve to separate from the beauties around me.

Horses were, however, at last obtained, and put to. We again proceeded up a steep hill, the great declivity of which was studded with a number of pretty little habitations, many of them built in a peculiar style, with several gables, and ornamented with flag-staffs. At the top, the road passes through a deep cutting, and, after a short drive, we arrived at this place, which takes its name from its situation at the place where the river Ex empties itself into the channel. Exmouth is also very much visited by those who wish to enjoy the benefits of sea air and bathing. In my "Road Book of England," Exmouth is said to be "the oldest and best frequented watering-place in Devon;" and from the height on which our small hotel is situated, it can clearly be perceived that the wide bay, with its numerous and boldly projecting promontories, must be a place in which ships can lie in perfect safety, sheltered from every storm. We went down to the shore, and found it covered with the finest sand, in which here and there were specimens of the violet *Convolvulus* (*Convolvulus Soldanella*), and the blue flowering *Eryngium maritimum*, and multitudes of shells of various colours. The evening had become gloomy, but calm and warm; merchant vessels at anchor, were scattered about in the bay; small fishing-boats were cleaving the glassy waters, enclosed by the beautiful projecting headlands; whilst two ships, with their full-set sails, flapping loose, and scarcely able to catch a breath of wind, were being towed out to sea by a fishing-boat. The whole scene was charming; and when we remembered the noon-tide heat, the cool sea air proved doubly delightful and refreshing.

XLIV.

Plymouth, July 2nd—Evening.

EXMOUTH BAY penetrates deeply into the land, so that it would have added greatly to the distance to have driven round; the carriages were, therefore, early in the morning put on board of boats, and thus conveyed across the water to a sandy promontory on the opposite side, from which they were drawn by horses, sent for the purpose, to the high-road on the further side. We, ourselves, passed the bay in a small row-boat, enjoying the delightful morning air, and glorious sunlight reflected in all directions from the clear waves. Just opposite there lies a height, called "Pleasant Hill," from which the view of the neighbourhood was truly delightful; it was, however, still more charming when we went down to the wide sandy beach, and proceeded to the place, at which the bold

and lofty conglomerate rocks came close up to the sea, where the foaming tide rushes into the cavities, which the violence of the waves have formed in the friable rocks. Some time still elapsed before the carriages arrived, which I employed in taking a sketch of a portion of the coast. The forms and colours belonged to the genuine picture style—magnificent and imposing.

About ten o'clock, the carriages were ready; the road follows an ascending direction for a short distance—passes through a deep cutting, and again comes to the coast at Dawlish. The situation of this little bathing-place is extremely delightful. An amphitheatre of red walls of rock, here and there covered with luxuriant vegetation, and projecting beyond each other like the side scenes of a stage, surrounded the little bay, along the shore of which great pyramidal masses of rock presented themselves to the eye; a number of pretty little houses in the fore-ground, and near the shore, a coast-guard station, for the prevention of smuggling. The man on the look-out stood with a telescope in his hand, instead of a gun; and near at hand were boats drawn up upon the shore, which could be immediately manned and pushed into the water, as soon as any thing suspicious came in sight. The whole was very new and peculiar; but our eyes continually reverted to the splendid blue sea, the masses of steep red rocks, the singular ravines and breaches formed in the rocky walls, and the distant blueish coast.

Again we proceeded through a hilly country, across a cultivated district, and tracts rich in vegetation, till we reached Teignmouth, a watering-place upon a still larger scale than those through which we had passed. A number of houses with columns in front, and the Bath Hotel, form a terrace fronting the sea. Before the terrace is a large grass plot; then come the sand hills, against which the sea beats, and on both sides an extensive coast stretching to a distance on the left towards Dawlish, and on the right, a series of progressively ascending and then rapidly descending rocks.

The sky which had been hitherto so clear, here became overcast, and we drove through the midst of heavy rain through the town to the iron bridge over the Teign—up an ascending road, and lost sight of the sea for a long distance,—then penetrated into a richly wooded rocky valley, which became deeper and deeper, till at last, on our exit from this gorge, Torquay appeared in view. The strata of stone here changed to a hard limestone resembling black marble, and the houses of the little town itself are built close to, and in some measure high up against the rocks. We only stopped to change horses—we had merely an opportunity of taking a hasty glance at such parts of the town as lay near the hotel. There is a small harbour in the middle of the town, which was at the moment dry, and two or three small trading vessels were heeled upon the beach in order to be repaired: without the harbour, several boats and small craft were at anchor; around the place some elegant shops,

exhibiting articles made of the beautiful polished marble of the district. We then drove along the bay of Torquay; here, too, the sands were dry in consequence of the ebb, and numbers of waggons were employed in bringing away the sea wrack, probably to be used as a manure. As we proceeded, we entered further into the hilly district, whose irregular outline bore testimony to the hard nature of the rocks by which it was formed, and at length, on descending a very steep hill, we came to Kingswear, on the Dart, from which the carriages with the servants were sent forward to Totness, along the bank of the river, whilst we entrusted ourselves to the Dart itself, in a small row boat, and proposed to go by water to the same place. The Dart is here about four times the width of the Elbe, at Dresden, and presented a very pretty appearance, as the old town of Dartmouth, which lay on the opposite side, on a wooded hill, was reflected in its clear smooth waters. The king was anxious to see the actual *embouchure* of the river, and the boatmen, therefore, first rowed southward between the high rocks of both banks, till we began to be very sensible of the swell of the sea. To the right lay Dartmouth Castle, very picturesquely situated upon rocks, brown with sea wrack, and St. Patrick's Chapel; to the left, and somewhat further off, Kingswear Castle appeared, also built upon rocks, but in ruins. Across the sea, we had a full view of the Start Point with its light-house; around us, in all directions, small fishing-boats under sail, rode over the swelling waves—and the whole was charming in the highest degree!—Our men then rowed back, and we now enjoyed a delightful view of the scenery of Dartmouth Castle and town, and of the whole rocky but richly wooded shores of the bay. We stopped for a few minutes at the town, because the boatmen said they required longer oars to pull against the stream, and I was delighted thus to have an opportunity of seeing the manner in which the houses of such people are constructed in these small sea-coast towns. Small old houses are situated so close on the banks of the Dart, which, like the Thames at London, is here more a branch of the sea than a river, that ladders reach from the doors of the houses immediately down into the water. We were taken to a landing-place, at which a number of small boats were lying together; the boatmen landed, climbed up the ladders, made some changes in their dress, and brought longer oars. They again clambered down into the boat, whilst several of their wives standing at the doors kept gazing down with curiosity at the strangers beneath. At length we pushed off and proceeded further up the stream.

Every thing around breathes the air of the most peculiarly devoted sea life. Some boys were pushing about in a yawl, and amusing themselves by sailing a small boat with full spread, triangular linen sails, which the light wind drove merrily onward, till

the boys rowed after, and brought it back again, merely to repeat the sport. Large boats also passed us close by; and when one bears in mind, that in such amusements and in such labours of the common sailors and boatmen, those mariners are formed with whom the fleets of England are manned, by which she carries on her wars, and makes distant regions of the world tributary to her sway—these apparently trivial things assume a high and significant importance. The Dart affords a safe refuge for ships which are compelled to look for shelter in the Channel, and has room enough to contain 500 sail. The sailors and boatmen who live here have, therefore, the most various opportunities of employment, and it was a matter of particular interest to me, after having seen the great arsenals of the navy in Portsmouth, and the great heroes of the fleet in London, to be able to cast a glance here upon the ordinary occupations and course of life of the common seamen. The sail up the placid waters of the Dart, to Totness, about ten miles distant, is very remarkable. The wooded hills on both sides approach nearer and nearer to the banks, and seem sometimes to enclose the bay, as if it were a lake. During our little voyage, the sky became overcast, the wind rose, and our boatmen put up two small sails, such as may have been used in the infancy of navigation, one of which was held by a servant, whilst Baron von Gersdorf steered, and the two boatmen pulled the oars. On the banks of the river there are numerous small parks and country houses, one of which, Greenway House, was pointed out by the sailors as having formerly been the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh; and here tobacco is said to have been first smoked in Europe—on which occasion I did not fail to reflect, with what reverence and piety some of my friends, who are zealous smokers, would have greeted the place. As we proceeded, it became more and more solitary—nothing but green wooded hills on each side, and a broad and almost stagnant water. At some distance, there were two boats employed in catching salmon. Our boatmen called to the men to exhibit some of their take, and they right cheerfully held up some of the large and silvery sparkling fish to our view. The woods clothe the hills to the water's edge; the water itself contains seaweed, and tastes brackish, but has a turbid and stagnant appearance. Herons every now and again rose from the banks, flew for a short distance, and alighted again amongst the reeds; the impression upon my mind was very singular. Somewhat in this manner, I bethought me, must it be, when people land upon a newly-discovered country, and sail up such a bay into a wild and lonely solitude. The Romans, perhaps, may have in this manner entered the Thames—and even have sailed into this very stream—and what has not passed over these coasts since that period! Almost 800 years ago, William the Norman landed not far from this very place.

Thus we proceeded farther and farther; the banks became

again more cultivated, the bay more like a river, and continually narrower; and at length Totness appeared in sight. Even here there is still a yacht, and slight remaining traces of sea-water. A bridge closes the further navigation of the stream, and we landed at the garden steps, at which we found the carriages had already arrived. I confess I experienced a singular feeling, when I reflected that a person coming, as it were, from America, might land here, as in jest, at the garden steps of a little river. The whole bay is one of the best examples of those which form the most complete intermediate link between the open sea and the interior country!

Whilst the horses were being ordered and put to, we rambled up the street of the little town. It is a small quiet place, and yet its intercourse with distant regions of the world is made obvious in many ways. It struck me with surprise, on passing a shoemaker's shop, to see a pair of small Chinese ladies' shoes lying amongst the variety of wares exposed for sale. In what shop in any small town in the interior of the Continent could such a thing be seen?

The evening had again become very beautiful, only somewhat hazy in the west. The roads were full of life, particularly of persons upon horseback—not only men, but women also and boys. It continually recalled Italy to my mind, when I saw a horse with a basket swung at each side—as on the mules in Naples—and a woman seated between, riding boldly on. The boys also ride their ponies with great courage, which, although small, are lively, and go at a rapid pace. In a word, whether on horseback or ship-board, the English know how to get forward! The build of the people, too, is here very fine; faces with fine features, and healthy, vigorous children, everywhere present themselves. The sun had set, a hazy evening glow veiled the west, and Venus became for a moment visible, but following close upon the sun. It was such an evening as invites to meditation. Such was its effect upon me, as I sank into the corner of our comfortable carriage; and I was only recalled to myself and to the world, when the sudden extraordinary appearances of the rocky masses burst upon my attention in the increasing darkness, as we passed the stone quarries near Plymouth; soon after the lights of the town became visible. We always experience a singular sensation, on entering a new and strange place in the obscurity of night; all kinds of figures rise before us, and we find it impossible to discern their significance or distinguish their form. Fancy becomes lively, and gives them sometimes one character and sometimes another. Thus it was on this evening, as we drove into the streets of this celebrated naval harbour. Here a canal was to be seen. Among the dark masses of houses, the masts of some merchant ships suddenly shot up; there the gas-lights were reflected from a basin, and near at hand the large skeleton of a ship upon the stocks! We drove on through the streets, still be-

coming more and more noisy, till at length we approached a large building with a portico, consisting of a double row of columns—can it be a theatre or a museum? It is the Royal Hotel, which, indeed, contains a theatre and a ball-room; but even this large building, filled to overflowing as it was with strangers, could with difficulty provide accommodation for his majesty and ourselves.

XLV.

Liskeard, July 3rd—Evening.

THE occurrences of this day have left behind a certain satisfaction, which I can only fully explain by calling to mind how many days past my mind and eyes have been wholly occupied with the scenery of nature, whilst to-day a change has taken place, and numerous human individualities and circumstances have been brought objectively before me. So much, however, is certain. Whoever has had great experience in self-contemplation as well as in intercourse with the world, can never feel his mind sufficiently deeply impressed, to say nothing of satisfied with the charms of natural scenery, but man and the depths of his own mind and soul must necessarily become more and more the chief objects and study of his existence. It is singular, when in this respect we look back upon the Greeks, and think of the relation in which they stood to nature, with the simple and yet deeply meditative manner of their existence. They possessed all the organs for the enjoyment of the external elements of nature, but they were far from indulging in that sentimental adoration which in recent times has degenerated into a sort of worship of particular kinds of scenery and countries. This species of glorifying nature, which leads multitudes of idlers from time to time up mountains and into valleys, in order to enable them to utter a few worthless common-places on the charms of scenery, was at that time, and even in the middle ages, something altogether unknown. I am well aware that this tendency of the age is connected with much that is refined and thoughtful—that it is grounded upon a really deeper insight into nature, and that the idea of the external life of the earth has made a deeper impression upon mankind; but these more elevated feelings and this deeper experience are, relatively speaking, the property only of the few, and do not invalidate the conclusion, that among the incapable many, this tendency has degenerated into an actual caricature. And even the few who have this experience know well, that a single conscious intelligence is elevated far above all the suns and stars that roll and shine in unconscious splendour—far above all the rocks, mountains, rivers, and waves of the ocean, that exist without conscious thought—nay, that properly speaking, that sea of unconscious growth and decay, first attains to an actual existence by

means of the conscious mind receiving the unconscious into itself; it is somewhat as Göthe expresses himself in that splendid passage concerning Winkelmann: "For whereto serves all this display of suns and moons and planets, of stars and milky way, of comets and nebulae, of worlds created and still starting into being, if last of all there is not a happy human being, unconsciously rejoicing in his existence?" I now revert to the history of the events of the day.

As early as half-past eight o'clock I took a solitary ramble about the streets of Plymouth. It was a beautiful bright morning, but all was very dull in the streets and on the public places, to which the closed doors of the houses greatly contributed. The English in general are by no means early risers. Eight o'clock, even in the busiest hotels, is very early, and a regular treaty must be entered into to get a comfortable breakfast before nine o'clock. The case is the same in all ranks of society; even the working classes are not fond of early hours, and in the higher ranks of society the morning hours can, of course, be only figuratively spoken of. In return, however, not only do evening parties continue till early in the morning, as is also the case elsewhere, but even serious business; for example, the sitting of Parliament is sometimes protracted to four or five o'clock in the morning. I walked through several streets, but found nothing particular to look at; examined some of the little new gray houses, read some handbills, in which vessels were recommended to emigrants to America, and travellers to Cairo, and then returned to the colossal Royal Hotel.

Shortly after, I accompanied the king on a short walk to a lofty point above the harbour. We saw from this point the large and extensive bays formed by the *embouchures* of the Tamar and the Plym, the grey and reddish marble rocks of the coast, and the several forts and works; further to sea stretched the long breakwater with its lighthouse, which preserves the bays from the violence of the sea; and higher up, on the horizon was to be seen the long ridge of the Dartmoor hills, the highest in Devonshire. In the other direction was situated Devonport, the harbour of Plymouth, on a bay which penetrated somewhat deeper into the land. A wood of masts furnished evidence of the activity of the place, which carries on the principal part of its commerce with the West Indies and the Mediterranean. Close under our feet were to be seen a number of curiously shaped rocks, covered below water-mark with brown and yellow fucus; and in the clear waves, which beat with a gentle swell against the coast, boys were bathing. Boats and vessels of various sizes were passing to and fro; the view was grand and extensive, and the air of the sea was particularly refreshing.

On our return we found Admiral Sir D. Milne, the Governor of Plymouth, waiting to conduct his majesty over the docks at Devonport. We followed in another carriage, and passed through rows of workshops similar to those in Portsmouth, but not so per-

fect, and not put in action by steam. Steamers are not built here; large foundries, in which anchors are cast, rope-walks, and skeletons of ships the height of houses, are to be seen here, as well as large ships laid up in dry docks to be repaired.

Sir Samuel Pym, governor of the docks, and Sir H. Murray, commander of the garrison, with several other officers, accompanied his majesty. Close to the docks is situated a little hill, planted with myrtle, hypericum, and ivy, upon which there is a sort of hermitage, dedicated to the memory of George IV., who used often to sit there. We next drove to the admiral's house, where we were to take lunch. The house is beautifully situated, and in a commanding situation, high above the harbour; before it is the signal terrace, bristling with cannon; further out is to be seen the breakwater, and beyond this the blue sea. The family of the admiral, all born in Scotland, were present. Besides the mother, there were two amiable and graceful daughters, the elder of whom soon commenced a conversation with me. Their brother, Captain Milne, who was also present, is captain of the *Caledonia*, a ship of 120 guns, now lying off the breakwater, and is to sail to-morrow for Gibraltar; a young relation was also present, a boy of about thirteen, but a midshipman, and about to sail for India in a few days. Thus I had to-day a representation of a naval life, and its effects upon human relations in general, before my eyes; the same that I had yesterday seen in miniature in Dartmouth, and had considered, as it were, at its commencement.

Before the windows of the drawing-room ran a gallery or balcony, from which we had the most beautiful view of the neighbourhood. The park of Mount Edgecumbe was particularly pointed out to us, which, with its woods and buildings, lined the opposite shore; a splendid telescope was also set up, that we might see something of the *Caledonia* from here, although we intended to see more of her at a later period.

During lunch my amiable neighbour talked much to me of Scotland, which she said she liked better than any place else, and dwelt on her happy life there with her parents; although in these more bustling scenes, amusement and interest were not wanting, she still longed to be again in her Scotland. This *naïveté*, united with the simplicity and openness of the whole family, made a most agreeable impression on my mind. Even the meal itself partook of the same character of simplicity and nationality, with its excellent beef, cold meat, green peas, dried potatoes, and excellent claret and champagne. I found here the kind of manners, neither too shy nor too forward, which belong to no particular nation, but are universal, and which cause men to feel as one of the same country, and, therefore, almost immediately at home.

We now rose and descended to the port, where the well-manned Admiralty barge was waiting for us. We first passed across the bay to visit the breakwater, a colossal work, begun in 1812, and not yet

finished, and which has required a sum of 20,000*l.* almost every year. This breakwater is certainly one of the most enormous works of modern times. Composed of immense squared blocks of rock, it is about a mile long at the top, where it is intended as a promenade, fifteen to eighteen feet wide, and about twenty-five to thirty feet above high-water-mark; it slopes towards the water on both sides, and towards the open sea it is still further protected by rough masses of rock.

We approached the breakwater and ascended it, just at the point where, close to the entrance to the port, stands the new lighthouse, only just completed, and built of the best granite. This was ascended: it was very interesting to me to get a good and clear idea of the whole internal arrangement of such a lighthouse, and of the nature of the existence of the men employed in it. The house is very slender, entirely composed of square pieces of the best granite, closely fitted together, and about four stories high. It contains merely the spiral stairs and some vaulted chambers, containing the necessary provision of oil, wicks, &c., and of food for the two men employed to watch the light; and at the top the colossal lamp, made in Paris, fed with the purest train oil, and provided with a piece of machinery, which supplies the oil according as it is necessary, and communicates with the men by means of a bell when the vessel containing the oil is empty. The most remarkable part of it is the external cylinder, two feet in diameter, and above three feet high, ground in a peculiar way, and of the purest glass, in which the French manufactories are still superior to the English. These crystal surfaces thus placed at various angles, are found to throw the rays from the internal cylinder, half of white and half of red glass, in all directions through the windows which surround the whole. It is found that the light produced by train oil produces a great effect at a considerable distance, by means of this arrangement; gas is said to give a brighter light at a less distance, but not to be visible so far off. If this assertion is well founded, it is a property which would appear to refer to some qualitative relations of light, which have not yet been considered.

The external windows are carefully covered with green blinds by day, as otherwise, the rays of the sun reflected by the cylinder, would infallibly kindle the lamp. At night, on the contrary, the light is so bright, that the sea birds, attracted by it, frequently fly with such violence against the windows as to break them.

The dreadful loneliness of the two beings who live here, was quite clear to my mind; I fancied their situation in stormy nights, when the foam is dashed over the windows of the light room, when the storm rages, and when by day they look over the raging sea from such a height. And yet this is quite a comfortable position compared with that in the Eddystone Lighthouse, which is situated so far out to sea, on a small rock, that it could only just be seen with the telescope as a line on the horizon.

The building thus constructed in the midst of the sea, is said to be well worth seeing, but we must have had a steamer here in readiness to be able to get there in a short time. We therefore went back again along the breakwater, in order to see the place where the violence of the waves had made a breach even in this immense work. We found a number of workmen occupied in repairing the damage; enormous iron cranes were employed in lifting immense pieces of rock out of ships, and placing them in the necessary positions; stonemasons were at work, others were employed in fastening large iron cramps; the destruction was very extensive. Whoever wishes to get a correct idea of the force which the waves exert, will here find an excellent opportunity for so doing. Stones of from sixty to eighty tons' weight had been hurled out of their places, and in the last year only, it happened that the hull of a stranded brig had been cast by the storm right over the breakwater.

For myself, I was much interested in observing the damage, not caused all at once by a storm, but by degrees by the animal world in such immense works. I saw a number of blocks of stone, which had lost their hold from being pierced through and through by the little *Pholades*; the firm, blackish limestone in particular—a sort of common but very hard marble—was bored in many places so as to look like a honeycomb. One of the officers caused a workman to knock me off a piece of this, cursing at the same time the damage that these *insects*, as he called them, did, without paying particular regard to the distinctions of natural history. Many of these little shell-fish were still to be found in the hollows of the stone, and it formed peculiar matter for consideration to perceive that it is exactly this limestone which consists principally of shells in another form, which the fish of the present world destroy. In a physiological point of view, the manner in which these little mollusca are enabled to produce these effects still requires much explanation.

We were now to pay a visit to the *Caledonia*, a ship of war, just ready for sea, which lay not far from the breakwater; we returned, therefore, to our boat, and proceeded to this floating fortress. We came alongside under the guns of this mighty vessel, the ladder hung down, we entered at the small port of the main-deck, where the captain and officers received the king, and conducted him to the quarter-deck: here the men were drawn up under arms, and the ship's band struck up "God save the Queen." It produced a peculiar effect on me thus to ascend the dark stairs in the interior of such a mighty, wooden building, and then to step out upon the quarter-deck, and to find the men under arms in the midst of ropes and cannon; and the effect was increased, because in this case no preparations had been made to receive his majesty, as had been done on board the *Victory* (on the contrary, from respect to his *incognito*, no salute was fired, and there was no formal parade), but we saw merely a vessel prepared for battle and victory, armed in the latest style, and just about to sail. We now proceeded to view the internal ar-

rangements. First, the cabin of the commander and the rooms appropriated to the lieutenants. The latter produced a remarkable effect: they are at the same time rooms for cannon, and near the slight bed stood a cannon on its low carriage in each. Above the port-hole is the small window, beside it a little book-shelf, and this, together with a table and chair fastened to the floor, constitutes the whole furniture of these small apartments. Such an existence between cannon and bed, which latter may easily, under such circumstances, become their bier, is certainly peculiar, and leads one to expect a peculiar life. We then visited the decks, where cutlasses are placed all round in such a manner as to be immediately at hand in case of a battle; we next saw the cannon and every thing required for their use, the arsenal, the kitchen, and the surgery, and we were about to pass into the hospital, but were requested not to do so, as the death of a patient from consumption was momentarily expected. We thus descended to the fifth deck, and here, as in the upper ones, every thing was in the neatest condition possible. The lower part of the whole ship was filled with the iron water tanks, which I have already noticed, out of which, that is, one after the other, the water can be pumped up to the upper decks, and to the kitchen, by means of a leather hose. One of the tanks was opened, and we were presented with some glasses of the water. It was quite fresh, clear, and sweet. We then returned to the captain's room, and thence, before leaving the vessel, we passed along the gallery, which runs all round the stern of the ship. A peculiar looking apparatus here caught my eye. It consisted of two hollow iron balls fastened together by a cross-bar, from the middle of which an iron tube descended perpendicularly; the whole fastened to a windlass by ropes. I inquired its use, and was told that the iron tube contained the composition used for Bengal lights, and that in case of any accident or attack by night, this composition was set on fire, and let down to the surface of the waves, where it floated, thus lighting up a considerable extent of water. In a word, such a ship is as perfect a specimen of an organisation complete and perfect in itself as can be found, to serve the great objects of a state. Of course, every thing in this floating community, consisting merely of men, is under the strictest subordination and the most passive obedience, depending upon the word of the captain alone.

The sky had become cloudy during the time we were on the breakwater, and now a misty rain was falling, veiling land and sea. The Admiralty boat had been provided with a covering for our return, by hoops being set up and covered with sails, and we then proceeded to Mount Edgecumbe, situated opposite to Devonport, a property belonging to the nobleman of the same title, and celebrated as affording a delightful point of view. As soon as we landed we found light carriages in waiting to convey us through the park to the heights. There were quantities of fallow deer all around. The view from above of all the various bays, of Devonport with its har-

bour and forts, of Plymouth and the mountains behind it, was splendid. Unfortunately, the sky was gray and rainy. This point must be so much the more interesting, because the immediate neighbourhood also is very interesting. In front the rocky ridge descends rather steep to the sea, and is covered on the top with quite a southern vegetation. Pines, cypresses, cork-trees, arbutus, laurel, and Portugal laurel, cystus and hypericum calycinum, forming the under-wood. In fine weather, and with a bright sun, one might think oneself on the Gulf of Naples. On the other side of the height are tracts quite wild—heath, moors, pine forests. A number of half-wild horses were grazing up above, and a few galloped for a long way beside us; plenty of game at the same time. A large Newfoundland dog hunted out a couple of fawns. In these scenes we found that contrast between the highest cultivation and entire wildness and barrenness which I have so often had occasion to remark in England. The excellent old Admiral Milne, notwithstanding his eighty-one years, insisted on accompanying his majesty everywhere, and walked about even in the rain uncovered.

After descending again from these pretty plantations, we found near the house the proper gardens, with greenhouses, fountains, and a rich orangery. In a beautiful summer, all this promises a most delightful retreat. Unfortunately, the state of health of the owner is not such as to permit him to enjoy it, and he was obliged, years ago, to seek an alleviation of his sufferings in the medicinal springs of Germany, but unfortunately without effect.

We had now to take measures for our further progress, as the king had determined on visiting the Land's End, and we were, therefore, obliged to take leave of our friendly hosts. We again took our seats in the admiralty barge, and passed over to Start Point, whither our carriages had already been conveyed—this little trip, too, was interesting, we passed by several dismasted men-of-war, and saw, among others, the *San Joseph*, the large Spanish ship taken at the battle of Trafalgar; and the harbour and town, seen over the green sea, offered some very pretty views.

We now landed, paid our respects, and I had particularly to take leave of the admiral's staff-officer, Mr. Kemble, with whom I had conversed much, and from whom I had received much information.

We then quickly entered our carriages, passed through a hilly country, thickly planted with trees, during an almost continuous rain, along a road which wound very much, in order to avoid the marshy bogs frequent along this coast, and which frequently stretch far into the land. Liskeard, a little old town, on a road not often travelled, ended our day's journey. What sort of lodgings a numerous party would have got in Germany, in a town of the same size, need not be gone into; here, on the contrary, we had very comfortable apartments; here we had plated candlesticks and silver forks at table, and in a short time were enjoying a good dinner, with excellent attendance.

XLVI.

Penzance, July 4th—Evening.

THIS day began with warm sunshine in Liskeard, then changed into violent rain, and ended with a beautiful serene evening. We walked a little way from Liskeard early this morning, waiting for the carriages to overtake us; and I was obliged, in consequence of our not being quite sure of our way, to enter the little shop of a Quaker, in order to make inquiries. It was interesting to me to have an opportunity of observing one of this sect of Christians, who are very numerous in this part of the country. The man in his old-fashioned coat, and broad-brimmed hat, looked like honesty itself, but dry, and notwithstanding all his Christianity, quite devoted to gain. Through a hilly country, well planted with trees, we arrived in the middle of the rain at Bodmin, a town formerly of some consequence, containing a priory, a cathedral, and thirteen churches, but which has now lost much of its importance. While the horses were being changed, we had time to see the principal church, the only one now left, a very pretty old Gothic building; the large square tower in the front of the sloping roof is very picturesque, and is adorned with figures placed in niches in the wall, representing God the Father, the Virgin and Child, and several saints. Opposite the church is a capacious market-house, large enough to contain the several stands for the sale of articles of daily use, partly below, and partly upon a lofty gallery. The English, it must be confessed, are far before us in these convenient arrangements for the sale of daily necessaries. Here commonly one sees, even in small towns, neat and covered market-places, whilst a market with us presents, in bad weather, the most disagreeable, and even dirty appearance. Hence through Truro to Redruth, beyond which we entered the region of the copper and tin mines. Even before this we had seen several shafts, and on one occasion had passed a place in a waste and deserted heath, where porcelain earth is dug up, which is partly used in a pottery established close by. Beyond Redruth, on the contrary, were the regular works, which employ many workmen, and where, particularly lately, since more attention has been paid to the mining operations, the population has greatly increased. This too, was the district, the richness of which in tin, rendered England so celebrated among the ancients. We entered one of the largest of the works, where the copper ores are first roughly extracted by the hand of man, and afterwards beaten out, ground, and stamped, by steam. Another steam-engine puts the baskets in motion, which are continually descending into and ascending from the shafts. The motion is communicated to more remote shafts by means of chains, which run over wheels placed at equal distances, in order to avoid as much as possible the loss of power by friction. Whilst we remained at the works,

500 work-people were engaged in the afternoon, under-ground. Men and boys entered at one place, women and girls at another. Much of the labour of the works is also performed by girls or women; we saw whole rows of girls occupied with iron hammers. Notwithstanding this, their appearance was cheerful, and their health vigorous, and the whole form of handsome build. The clear gain in copper was estimated at 2000*l.* per month. This country is completely within the district of the primitive mountains; and just opposite the works lies a barren hill covered with granite rocks, and crowned by an old castle in ruins; not far from thence a park appeared to commence (probably Tehidy Park, the seat of Lord de Dunstanville), and from the summit of a hill within its bounds there arose a lofty, columnar, but tasteless monument.

The character of the country changes more and more as the narrow south-west point of England is approached. On the horizon in the west, the ocean is already seen, the trees become smaller and of stunted growth, and the evergreen oak is of frequent occurrence. The habitations are for the most part poor; but stout, portly children run about the roads, and girls of fine ruddy complexion often appear at the doors of the huts by the way-side, dressed like towns-people, with necklaces, and their hair fixed in locks upon the crown of the head. In the neighbourhood of the mines, a great number of new and very pretty houses stand by the way-side, which are occupied as dwellings by the miners. The rearing of pigs seems to be universal, for numbers of animals of this description were everywhere to be seen, especially of a black race, similar to those which are to be met with in such numbers around Naples. In addition to this, the roads are worse in this part of the country than elsewhere, and the postilions also; although the horses and harness are always good.

At length we came in sight of the sea to the south, and a singular pyramidal rock with a castle rises to the view on the coast; we were now at Mount Bay, and soon arrived at Mazarion, the oldest town on this coast, and in the district, in which, according to some accounts, the Ictis of the Romans was situated, known as the earliest market for tin.*

The rock lying right over against it in the sea, now first appeared in all its singularity. This is Mount St. Michael, formerly a place of pilgrimage, at which many miracles were worked, but now, with its old castle and church, it is merely a place of resort for tourists and painters. Seen from the shore, it presented a delightful view; before us the waves of the surge breaking on the black, sharp rocks; beyond, the azure sea; opposite, the wonderful rock, with a small harbour beneath, and the ancient walls upon its summit; while to the right and left stretched a crescent of bluish heights

* Diodorus Siculus, and Strabo, have distinguished it by this name, which, according to others, was given to the Isle of Wight.

to a great extent along Mount Bay. A four-oared boat having been procured, we were carried on men's backs through the foaming surge, and paddled across to the small harbour, which is capable of receiving large merchant ships. At low water, it is said to be possible to go over from Mazarion to the island on foot.

We first took a ramble upon the short grass with which these granite ruins are covered. Beneath these lies a consecrated churchyard, to which bodies were formerly, and are sometimes even now, brought for interment from a long distance, and at a great cost; and this singular rocky island possesses many attractions for such a purpose. Seen from the eastern side, the castle and church on their lofty elevation, with their gray walls and flowering elder-bushes, present a wondrous spectacle. In decorative scenery, I have sometimes seen such things represented, but I have seen it here in nature for the first time in my life. On the southern side, our attention was fixed on, and our eyes delighted with the mighty surge, and the splendid roll of the sea, with the clear dark green play of its waves, and the glorious foam on the gray granite rocks. We mounted from rock to rock in order to enjoy this splendid spectacle from all sides, and in so doing, obtained sight of a vein of copper, which ran through the granite close to the sea. The play of the waves, and the chlorine of the sea, had effected a chemical solution of the copper, and the borders of the stone were coloured copper-green. To find and see this useful metal thus free and pure, was also a remarkable and new phenomenon.

Two paths were pointed out as leading to the castle, one easy of access, but circuitous; the other leading directly from the sea, over the rocks—the same pursued by Cromwell's soldiers when they scaled the little fortress by night, from which, however, Charles II. had previously escaped. The king preferred the latter, and we successfully made our way to the top, over the round rocks and pieces of dry, sloping grass, but not without danger; at length we reached the ground, immediately in front of the small portal of the castle.

Our guides gave two or three loud knocks with the iron knocker, when the door was opened by a stern old housekeeper in deep mourning, in figure and features not unlike the ghost of one of the ancestral mistresses of the ancient Burg. She and her two servants alone inhabit the little castle, and show the singular rooms of this remarkable structure to the curious stranger. The chambers are small, but habitable; nay, fitted up with some degree of splendour; and in the evening light the extensive prospect over the wide ocean, as seen through the small windows, gave to every thing a most peculiar character. Nor is there any want of old dark passages, which afford the fullest scope to the fancy. In a kind of cupboard in one of these, the skull of a Dane is preserved, who is said to have fallen here in single combat with an Englishman; and all kinds of marvellous stories are related of the last of the St.

Aubyns, to whom the castle belonged. We were next conducted to the chapel, which is very old—built in the Gothic style—and having a small gallery in front, which affords a most splendid view. Last of all, we mounted the platform of the square tower near the chapel, from which the view is still more extensive, because it enables the spectator to see across the whole breadth of Cornwall, and beyond it, the Atlantic; and through the telescope, distinctly the foaming surge of the sea upon the northern coast.

We now left the castle, and descended by the easier path to the harbour, from which the view of the rocks and castle is also very peculiar and picturesque. The boatman now awaited us with a very different countenance from that which he had previously exhibited, for the quality of the visiter had somehow reached his ears. He called Old England to witness that if he had known *this* before, he would, as a matter of course, have procured a six-oared boat; and he now landed us very skilfully on the beach, between two projecting rocks, so that we were able conveniently to leap out on the sand, and at the sight of the gold which he received, his inspiration rose to a loud hurrah, in which he was heartily joined by his companions.

The evening drive to this place along the sea, beating in long rolling waves on the flat coast, was short, but very delightful. Penzance, as it appears, is a lively place, with some 9000 inhabitants, and a pretty harbour. There was a great deal of noise in the streets, and in the evening we observed, as we drove through them, that the market for fish and meat, was still going on by gaslight. The hotel, too, is spacious and good, and affords some pleasant views of the distant harbour. Late in the evening the moon shed her beautiful silvery rays upon the surface of the waters. How willingly would I have seen the surge under St. Michael's Mount, in the bright moonlight!

XLVII.

Launceston, July 6th—Early.

A REMARKABLE excursion was yesterday's! It conducted us to the granite rocks, by which England on the south-western extremity is protected against the Atlantic! We set out from Penzance at six o'clock in the morning, an extraordinary early hour at an English hotel, and in two light carriages were driven first through deep valleys well wooded with oak and elm trees, and then across a range of bare and barren downs; here and there scattered habitations met our eye—the country became always more and more barren, having only occasional enclosed patches, on which a few cattle were feeding; at length a village, and then a wide barren plain, which brought us to the *Logan rock*.

We now came in sight of poor and small huts, built of rough stones placed one on another, inhabited by fishermen and agricultural labourers. The houses for their cattle are curious, consisting merely of a row of granite blocks set up one upon another and forming the walls, whilst the roof is composed of twigs and straw, covered and retained in its place by a straw net, held down by stones as a protection against the violent storms which sometimes occur. Some boatmen came to conduct us to the spot where the coast has given way towards the sea, and the granite rocks are more clearly seen. The Atlantic stretches its blue waves far into the distance, and the roar of waters was heard at the base of the cliffs! A large rock is here somewhat isolated from the rest, nearly opposite to it is another ridge, and upon this stands the Logan rock, a detached mass of stone, containing about eighty tons; a few people climbed up it and actually put the immense mass in motion from its perfect equilibrium. One might make numerous curious observations by following out this idea, that it is only that which is in perfect equilibrium which can move without falling; whilst a massive weight, which lies firmly fixed, if it is moved, must also fall. For this very reason, some sort of apparent instability is quite natural to that genius which feels perfectly secure in itself.

The weather, which had at first looked doubtful, began to clear up more and more—sunbeams made their way through the clouds, and the contrast between the brown rocks overgrown with sea-weed, and the clear blue of the sea, became every moment more striking. I had time to make a slight sketch of this extraordinary rock before we returned; we examined with somewhat more attention those curious huts of stones, in which muscles and sea urchins were exposed for sale, and then drove off to the Land's End. In about half an hour we reached that waste and desolate piece of heath, upon which only a single house stands—the extreme western point of England, and of Cornwall in particular. We descended from the carriages and advanced towards the sea. A glorious sight! three-fourths of the horizon the Atlantic ocean. The granite cliffs gradually sink down in steps to the bottom of the promontory, where the clear bluish-green waves break over them. Gray and black seamews (*Larus ridibundus* and *Lestris parasitica*) fly screaming round the rock. The solitude, the melancholy notes of the mews, the immense surface of the ocean, all this produces a curious effect. We descended still further—a splendid ridge of rocks was before us, high cliffs to the right and left; in front, cliffs covered with the white breakers of the ocean; further off, the single rocks, with the Longship's lighthouse in the midst of the waves—far and near numerous ships—the scene here is splendid, magnificent, really Ossianic!

We then descended carefully on the other side, over the sloping grass, till we arrived at a rock, over which we looked, and saw perpendicularly down into a cavern, where the breakers rush in, dash-

ing the spray over the rocks—further out are caves and bays, and other projecting rocks. The weather, meantime, had become quite fine, and the colour of the sea was most splendid. What a different scene was this to that which I had beheld from Arcona, in the island of Rügen. Life certainly, in every respect, conducts us from a lower to a higher grade.

To the north of this point are several large copper works on the coast, the passages of which, in some places, extend more than 2000 feet under the sea, and these, too, were to be visited. We again got into our carriages, and drove for about an hour over heath and moor land, only cultivated in small patches, and past several immense masses of rock. We then passed through St. Just, principally inhabited by the workpeople in the various mines and smelting houses, and were surprised at the neat appearance of the houses, and the handsome figures and features of the inhabitants, particularly the fulness and freshness of the young girls, reminding me of Ossian's 'high bosomed daughters of Morven.' A little further, and the extraordinary scene of the mines on the sea-shore spread itself out before our eyes; smelting-houses, steam-engines, the chains passing over wheels and into the various shafts, every thing, in fact, which in our mining districts one is accustomed to see in desolate heaths among mountains, grew out as it were here from the granite cliffs and between the rocky clefts on the sea-shore. The works are called Botallack mines, and are the property of the Earl of Falmouth; above 100 workmen, who are changed every eight hours, were now in the depths, not only under the earth, but under the sea. In those mines many girls are employed, and we saw numbers of these, sometimes really pretty creatures, employed in hammering the ore, which is continually placed before them, and contains generally half copper and half tin. The produce is considerable, for after all the expenses are paid, and the eighteenth part of the clear profit given to the land-owner, there remains, on the average, a sum of 24,000*l.* a year, to be divided among 145 shares, so that each possessor of a share receives yearly about 245*l.*

One of the overseers had recognised the king, and anxiously explained and showed every thing; he pointed out to us the lofty pumps, the machine for drawing up the iron buckets from the shaft, described and showed us the several stages in the progress of the copper, and then took us to his office, where the plans and sections of all the horizontal and transverse shafts were hung up. It was quite delightful to look out of the little window of this room upon the curiously-formed rocks and the wide blue sun-lit sea. The man uncorked some excellent Champagne, and revived and inspired by its influence, we sent a cheerful "*Glück auf*" to all our dear ones in our own country from this rocky cliff.

Certainly this situation is quite a peculiar one. One of its curiosities is the singular red colour communicated, by the iron and copper contained in the dust, to all the wood-work, and even to the work

people; and what must be its appearance during storms! High above the sea was the smithy, and yet, during storms, the spray had been dashed over the chimney.

We took our leave at last, and returned by a shorter route to Penzance. Only when quite near the town we again entered green valleys, and the impression of Italy was strong on my mind, when I perceived the town with the white walls and gray flat roofs of its houses, and fringed with green meadows, stretching along the bright blue bay; and beyond it were seen Mount St. Michael and the bluish coasts of Mount's Bay. This is certainly one of the most pleasing parts of England; celebrated men, too, are not wanting; Humphrey Davy was born here. The streets were crowded with people, and the king was everywhere saluted with loud cheers.

Now a hasty meal and then into our carriages. We again drove along the sea-shore, as it was now ebb-tide, and the communication was open between Marazion and St. Michael's; not far from St. Ives we passed a deep bay formed by the sea, between rocks of cretaceous formation, and arrived at Truro and Bodmin, where crowds were everywhere assembled. From thence we had a long way to Launceston, and not a very agreeable one; it passed principally through one of those high marshy moors which one would least of all expect when travelling in the most civilised country in the world. These districts have really something melancholy in them, and when in the twilight a damp cold air blows over the heath, one might almost fancy oneself travelling over the steppes of Siberia. The sun sank rayless into a thick belt of fog on the horizon, we wrapped ourselves well up in our cloaks; sometimes a solitary herd of cattle or flock of sheep met us on the lonely road; here and there a few cattle or horses were grazing where there was a little grass; at last it became quite dark; my companion told stories of his campaigns; about eleven o'clock the partial circle of the moon made its appearance, dark red in colour, and after passing through some villages we arrived at Launceston about midnight. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, crowds of people were waiting round the hotel, and we were fortunate enough to be able to get some tea, which had a very agreeable effect upon us all.

This morning the sky is slightly obscured by clouds; before my windows is an old ruin, consisting of a few round towers covered with ivy, situated on a little hill. It is said to be the remains of a castle, and its first foundation is ascribed to the Britons. The place seems, in other respects, small and inconsiderable.

XLVIII.

Bristol, July 6th—Evening.

THIS has been merely a day of travel, in which a great portion of England has been traversed, partly by rail, partly by post. We left Launceston at nine o'clock; the old castle could be seen from a great distance in the valley, along which our road led us. We afterwards passed through hamlets and villages, not at all corresponding with our ideas of English neatness; we also heard Welsh here and there, and the people are not handsome; riding, among the women, is still very usual. We occasionally met well-dressed farmers' wives, frequently with a basket, mounted on tolerably large horses and quite alone. This northern district of Devonshire appears to be one of those where the old race has preserved itself in considerable purity, and by no means to its advantage. We had hardly seen in the whole of England such a poor looking and dirty village as Oakhampton, for example, about half-way between Launceston and Exeter. We were now in the region of the carboniferous limestone, to the right lay the granite range of Dartmoor, the height of which rarely exceeds 2000 feet, and waste slopes with masses of rock, and covered with the shadows of passing clouds are to be seen in the distance.

Towards three o'clock we arrived at Exeter, the principal town of Devonshire, of which, however, we only saw as much as could be seen in a hasty drive through it to the railway. It seems to be a handsome town, increasing and developing itself more and more. Buildings and beautiful shops, in the London style, were every where in the course of erection. A large street with a considerable ascent, has a particularly elegant appearance. An extensive building in the Doric style, has also been erected here, for a vegetable and meat market, and for other commodities; certainly one of the most important buildings which a town can possess. We drove out of the town down hill, and came into the green valley of the Ex, the mouth of which had pleased us so much at Exmouth; its communication with the sea has been so maintained by means of locks, that ships of 150 tons can come nearly up to the town. In this valley is the (as yet) tolerably quiet railway station, at which the Great Western Railway ends for the present: it is, however, to be continued as far as Plymouth, and it will then be possible to travel almost the whole breadth of the south of England on *one* railway. We were only just in time to have our carriages put upon the trucks, and attached to the train. We set off. A loose screw, intended properly to secure the travelling carriage on the truck, gave me some uneasiness when we thus started off against the wind, but as I afterwards discovered unnecessarily. Some distance further, in a valley, our train was obliged to stop, because a luggage train was on the rails and could not get off. There were three locomotives there together,

blowing and steaming, but it was of no use. At last every thing was arranged, and we darted off again. A long tunnel was traversed, and after this the marshy land begins extending towards the sea, into which, however, ridges of hills push forward, rendering another tunnel necessary just before arriving at Bristol. Beyond this tunnel the line makes a considerable curve, and Bristol, dotted with tall chimneys, and covered with a cloud of smoke, lay before us. The station is very large and of a peculiar construction: several lines meet here. The large structure is built externally in the Anglo-Gothic style, with towers and turrets; the waiting-rooms for the passengers are arranged in a particular manner; for as the line is on a level with the first floor of the building, the passengers' luggage is weighed, and then let down through a trap-door, and delivered to the owner, who has meanwhile descended by the stairs to the lower floor. We had time to observe these proceedings, whilst our carriages were being taken from the trucks and post horses sent for; we then drove to the city, through it, and to Clifton, which, although situated on the heights, forms, properly speaking, only *one* town with Bristol. This place looks remarkable and important. It unites the characteristics of a large commercial town, and of a rich and populous city. There, too, the communication with the sea, is by means of the Avon,* which, falling into the Bristol Channel—another of those bays or inlets of the sea which we have before mentioned—is the great vein which gives life and activity to the city. A single slight change in the earth, by which this opening might be closed up, or filled with sand, in such a manner as not to be cleared out again, would make all this splendour vanish. As it is, however, a number of merchant vessels are to be seen upon this river, which is, nevertheless, very small; and the trade with the West Indies, Newfoundland, and Spain and Portugal, is so considerable, that seven or eight years ago, Bristol paid custom dues to the amount of 1,073,100*l.* in one year.

We drove across the bridge over the Avon, which was full of vessels to the right and left of us, and then along a wide and handsome road, leading up hill, containing handsome shops, and some elegant public buildings. At the top of the hill Clifton extends itself, with several long rows of buildings under the same roof, but each consisting of several separate houses. We saw a church considerably advanced towards its completion, the style of which is entirely Gothic, and new houses are being built everywhere. In the Bath Hotel we found a very comfortable lodging in a small house of our own, and in the midst of welcome letters from home, I enjoy a quiet evening, after a somewhat stormy and hasty day.

* Not the Avon of Stratford. This name is common to several rivers in England, because Avon in Gaelic signifies water or river.

XLIX.

Bristol, July 7th—Evening.

THIS day being Sunday, made a slight pause in the haste of our journey. This morning early I took a walk upon the downs of Clifton, adorned with some plantations, and not far from our hotel. Below me was the deep valley of the Avon, to the left the enormous masses of the limestone rocks of Clifton; opposite me the more wooded side of the river; beneath, the river, upon which were a few merchant vessels and steamers, which keep up the communication between Bristol and the sea; to the south and to the north distance; in the latter direction, a part of the Bristol Channel was visible—the whole illumined by the rays of the morning sun, made an imposing picture. A suspension bridge has been projected, to cross the Avon at this considerable height, and two colossal pillars, intended to support the weight of the bridge, have been already erected; the actual execution of the project, however, seems at a considerable distance.

The afternoon was destined for a drive to Bath. At one o'clock we took up his majesty at the Catholic chapel, and then, in a warm sunlight, drove in the direction of the Avon, near the railway which unites Bath with Bristol. The river is here somewhat of a similar character to its namesake at Stratford and Warwick, winding along through meadows and between lofty elms; the country, however, is enclosed between more lofty hills, and much less rural, being filled with parks and country houses. Not far from the town we remarked, in a hollow of the range of hills, a churchyard, with a large iron gate, with several monuments and separate buildings, all in the same antique style, and of the same yellowish stone—shaded by dark green cedars and lime-trees on a grass-green ground. It gave me the idea of being a share concern—the buildings are in something the same style as the railway station.

After a drive of not quite two hours, we arrived in Bath. It presents an agreeable appearance to the eye, being built on the steep declivity of a hill, following all its windings, and interspersed with crescents and squares planted with shrubs and covered with grass. It was for a long time the fashion to pass the out-of-town season here; and the town certainly owed its rise and its consequence more to this fact, than to its mineral springs, which are said to have been known to the Romans. This fashion, however, exists no longer, and Bath is now rather considered as a place of residence for people of demi-fortune, younger sons of old houses, and persons of similar condition.

We had first some visits to make, and it was particularly interesting to me to be presented to an old lady ninety-two years of age, a Lady L., who had long lived in Dresden, been much at court there, and even now kept up a correspondence with friends in that

city. Such persons have always interested me, particularly in a psychological point of view. Women of this kind, who have lived much in the world, and have not been too much bent down by bodily ailments in their more mature age, often retain a vivacity of spirit, which forms a remarkable contrast to their ideas, which they have generally brought with them from earlier times, and which have remained stationary, and, therefore, no longer correspond with the ideas of the world as it at present exists. There is something ghostly in thus hearing opinions expressed and defended, which have long been considered as dead and buried. A natural historian may even compare his sensations with what he would feel if one of the *Plesiosauri* or of the *Dinotheria* were to appear again in life. I found this state of things with this old lady, who perfectly remembered the Seven Years' War, and Frederick the Great, and Voltaire; the whole of the nineteenth century must appear to her as a sort of useless appendix to the eighteenth, as a sort of destructive article of luxury, so that the opinions of men of the present day must appear to her merely in the light of the half-crazy dreams of an unsettled mind. She seemed to experience none of the common inconveniences of great age, with the exception of being rather hard of hearing, and lived in a very pretty house, in a crescent, with a good view of the neighbourhood, and a small park attached to it: I could not help remarking, in connexion with her conversation, that a similar vivacity and activity of spirit is rarely to be met with in men of the same advanced age. Perhaps, on the other hand, it may be easier for the man, if his spirit do retain its activity, to take in the advances of the world, and in an advanced age to be able to comprehend the present as well as the past, nay, even to remain open to receive impressions as to the future.

After this and another similar but less interesting visit, we proceeded to see some of the curiosities of Bath, and drove first to Lansdowne Tower, a villa furnished with a tower in the neighbourhood of the city. We drove up to the top of the hill, in a hot sun, for not only are the treasures of art contained in the tower highly spoken of, but the view from it over the rich and agreeable valley, the character of which may be best expressed in one word, by calling it a fashionable district, is especially celebrated. Unfortunately, our visit suffered shipwreck against the presbyterian strictness of the English Sunday. The old housekeeper, dressed in mourning, who hardly opened the door after repeated knocking, was proof against royal names, as well as against guineas; she said it was a holy day, and the *tower could not be shown*.

We, therefore, drove down again, and ascended the hill on the opposite side, to the college for priests, Prior College, or Prior Park. This park lies very high, and was first laid out by one Allan, about 100 years ago, who had gained great wealth by being possessor of a stone quarry at a time when a great deal of building was going on in Bath, and by means of certain peculiarly

laid down railways invented by him for the transportation of the stone to the city. The locality is very pretty, and the style of the plantation is that of Palladio :—a large building with a portico supported by columns, and a very handsome flight of stairs, fronts the park, which stretches down the hill; the grounds are full of beautiful trees, and lower down the hill contains a little pond, beside which, in order to increase the effect of the view, a little house, but divided and arranged like a large building, has been constructed. Galleries and out-buildings adjoin the principal building on the right and left, and opposite to it is seen the other side of the valley, with its numerous houses and gardens, the whole produces a highly poetical impression.

We must not forget, indeed, that it has served as a habitation to poets and men of learning. Pope lived some time here, as also Fielding, who describes the whole neighbourhood in his "Tom Jones;" and besides these authors, in a house in the park, Weston. About fourteen years ago, when Bath began to grow less fashionable, the whole park was bought by the bishop of the district, who here erected a Catholic seminary, which is conducted on entirely Jesuitical principles, and most probably by none other than Jesuits. There are here sixty boys and thirty students, of whom, however, a small number may devote themselves to some other employment than the priesthood. We visited the dormitories, the professors' and scholars' rooms, and the dwelling of the bishop, who happened to be absent. Every thing was very cheerful, and almost rather temporal than spiritual. There was a collection of natural history, a chemical cabinet, a fencing-room, a billiard-room, a gallery of paintings by the scholars, &c. We were told also that Shakspeare's plays were sometimes represented here; and all this seemed to me to accord very well with the system of the Jesuits, the object of this society having always been education for the world, in order to rule the world.

The establishment seems, however, to be gradually increasing; a church was in progress of erection, and my attention was directed to the limestone found in the neighbourhood, and employed for the ornamental work, which, when taken from the quarry, is quite soft, and very easily worked; but by exposure to the air, becomes perfectly hard. I took some pieces of it with me, and found it to consist almost entirely of small, nearly microscopic shells, principally *Polythalamia*. The hardening process must be the same as that of the stalactites—viz., evaporation, and drying up of the limestone particles which contain water.

We now descended, and left our carriages at the entrance to the baths, in order to take a view of them internally. Even here every thing was shut up because of the Sunday, but gold soon opened the doors. These baths which are certainly among the most efficacious of all English waters, are of a temperature of 117° Fahrenheit; the warmest springs contain lime, some salts, and a little iron.

The patients drink them, and bathe in them. In the bath-room there was a sort of exhibition of modern paintings and stuffed birds; every thing very elegant. The bathing-rooms and the large basins for the general class of bathers, were very well arranged. I was particularly pleased with a piece of mechanism intended for the use of very weak patients. It consisted of a wooden arm-chair, so placed, that after a patient had been undressed in the chair, the whole contrivance could be lifted up, turned round so as to be just over the bath, and then let down altogether; and afterwards drawn up in the same manner. This is an arrangement particularly to be recommended in Teplitz, our special bath for invalids. Various baths of all kinds were to be had here; and also sofas, warming apparatus, &c.; in a word, every thing that a patient could require in such an establishment.

Not far from the baths is the beautiful Gothic cathedral, and we did not fail to take a short view of the interior, as the service had not begun. A wide open Gothic doorway, through which the evening sun was shining, conducted us into the richly ornamented vestibule, in which were several busts and monumental inscriptions; from this place, small doors to the right and left led into the body of the church, which is large and roomy, but without any peculiarities of construction.

We then commenced our return to Bristol, where we arrived towards evening, and where we found the streets full of pedestrians. During the day, on account of its being Sunday, this busy town, containing 200,000 inhabitants, appeared quite dead and deserted.

L.

Chepstow, July 8—Evening.

TO-DAY has been really a *rich* day! First, in the morning, we visited some of the curiosities of Bristol; then our entrance into Wales, and in the evening, perhaps, the most romantic of all English ruins!

The morning in Bristol was employed in visiting the Docks, and particularly that greatest of all steamers, the *Great Britain*. It has been built by a company, and is intended to sail between Liverpool and North America. The engineer who has directed the building, and who speaks German very tolerably, conducted the king through the whole labyrinth of the interior, and gave us the most interesting details concerning it. The vessel is entirely built of iron, and the material alone, exclusive of the iron-work contained in the machinery, weighs 1800 tons. She is as long as any vessel of war, for her deck, from stern to stern, measures 320 feet.

A peculiarity about the vessel is the manner of progression. She is not impelled through the water like other steamers by paddle-wheels at each side, but by means of an Archimedean screw introduced in the keel and under the rudder. The force of this fragment of a spiral when acting on water I have long understood, and that *this form* of wheel, instead of that of paddle-wheels on each side of the vessel, was not immediately adopted for steam-boats, only proves how difficult it is for the human intellect to seize the easiest and best means at once. The iron thread of the screw is to revolve fifty times in the minute, with a diameter of sixteen feet, and it is expected that this pressure will be powerful enough to propel the vessel with sufficient speed. She does not, however, entirely depend upon the propeller, but is furnished with six small masts, to which sails can be attached to drive on the colossus in a favourable wind. The internal arrangements are very elegant and comfortable. Two decks contain large saloons, surrounded by smaller cabins, so that several hundred passengers can easily be accommodated; the greatest care has been taken to insure a good kitchen and every comfort for the passengers: the two stean-engines are each of 500 horse-power, and 150 men are to serve as crew, machinists, stokers, &c.; so far every thing seems to be as it should be. There are only two small points to be mentioned: first, it appears doubtful whether the vessel, when completed, can ever be got out of the narrow dock and along the Avon into the sea; and this appears doubtful even to those who understand the matter; and, secondly, whether a ship of such dimensions is fit for sea-service at all. It is feared, and as it appears not entirely without reason, that if the vessel were to be raised at once under the bows and under the stern by two waves, the weight of the machinery in the centre might possibly break her in two: and it is, indeed, believed that the *President*, though not so large as the *Great Britain*, must have been lost in this manner. At any rate, it would appear necessary to be particularly cautious in the first few trips.*

As a termination to our visits in Bristol, we drove to a park at no great distance.

The park is the property of Mr. P. Miles, merchant, and member of parliament, whose father had collected a number of beautiful pictures. The park is exactly opposite Clifton Hill, and if ever the suspension bridge over the Avon is completed, it will be quite close to the town. We drove through a beautifully-wooded park to the entrance of the elegant building. A capacious hall received us on our entrance, and in several rooms and saloons some really distinguished treasures of art were to be seen. And, first, a splendid picture by Rubens, representing the Conversion of St.

* I see, however, that the first trial trip of the *Great Britain* has proved perfectly satisfactory.

Paul. This is one of those mighty paintings, which rather prove the power of production contained in the human intellect, than produce any agreeable effect on the spectator. Such pictures put one in mind of the observation of an author to a prince, who spoke lightly of the powers of an author: "My lord, a clever man can make a drum out of a pen and a sheet of paper, which will be heard a very long way off." In a similar manner, one is astonished in some pictures of Rubens, how a clever artist, with a piece of canvass and some colours can produce a work, from which the internal productive power shines out into many centuries! If this picture had been painted by any one else, for instance by a painter of the modern French school, one could only call it a picture of much theatrical effect, with its falling and rearing horses and its strong light; but with Rubens, it produces just the effect in the mind that we feel on witnessing an action causing violent movement, it shows us something happening at the same moment. It must still be confessed, that the whole history of such a conversion, by means of thunder and lightning, has in it something improbable and unpsychological, inasmuch as *the real rise* of such a perception intended to last for all eternity, can never take place in such a manner; this perception must be a *still* approach of the soul in its inmost relations to God; but, at any rate, the question is not here of such a perception, and Rubens was therefore probably right enough in considering the matter as he has done. It need not be added, that no one could see in the face and figure of Paul stretched on the ground, that any great change is taking place in his mind. With respect to painting, however, this picture certainly ranks among the best, either by this artist or any other.

There are also to be noticed, two pictures of Raphael's, although not belonging to his best. One of these, a Virgin and Child, is something in Leonardo da Vinci's manner; the other, a Predella of Raphael's earliest period, represents Christ bearing his Cross, and contains some very beautiful figures.

A Worshipping Madonna, by Velasquez, is also remarkable, less on account of the holiness and beauty of the expression, than as displaying a splendid study of drapery. A Cleopatra, by Guido, and two pretty landscapes, by Gaspar Poussin, deserve notice. There are a couple of very pretty pieces, by Claude; the one, a larger one, of which the style is grave, representing in a rich country, two galleys on a piece of water, passing through a wooded valley: the other, a smaller one, represents a herd of cattle passing through a stream. There are also some splendid pieces by artists of the Dutch school, particularly one by Gerard Dow, representing a woman listening to the opinion of a physician concerning his patient.

After we had attentively considered all these beauties, we returned to our hotel and prepared for our departure. We drove over Clifton Hill, stopped a short time on the summit and walked a little way through a park to a point, whence a good view of the Bristol

Channel and the Avon was to be obtained. Well-wooded country in the foreground, and blue mountains losing themselves in the distance, offer, even in the gloomy weather we have to-day, a very pretty picture. The road after this point, passes over wide marshy meadows, and we finally arrived at the Old Passage, the point for crossing the channel, which is here about a mile, or a mile and a half broad. The passage is performed by means of a steamboat. The surrounding country has a very peculiar appearance. The boatmen's houses are situated upon a high bank of sandstone, and as it was now pretty much ebb, the strand could be seen free from water, but covered with thick mud. A paved dam projects far into the bay, and conducts to the ferry; between the separate blocks of stone, and imbedded in mud, are found masses of the blackish fucus; the water of the bay rises and falls in short irregular waves, and is, like the mud, of a yellowish colour, like that of a stream swollen by rain; the sky is gloomy; the opposite shore is already somewhat dim, and the outlines of the Welsh mountains are hardly to be distinguished.

The carriages were driven to the dam; there the horses returned: we descended, and the carriages were pushed down to the ferry by the sturdy boatmen with less trouble than their considerable weight had led us to expect. It was easy to see that we had been expected, and we heard that a sort of private line of telegraphs exists from Bristol to the other side of the bay, consisting merely of moveable tables of white and black fastened upon some of the loftiest houses. Signals, therefore, for the ferry, post-horses, or lodgings, can be easily conveyed to the other side of the bay, and we reaped the fruits of this arrangement to-day in saving very much time. As soon as we were on board the wheels of the steamer were set in motion, and we crossed the channel in a short time (little more than a quarter of an hour). I was particularly occupied with the peculiar properties of this bay, and entered into conversation with the captain of the ferry-boat, who informed me of every thing very exactly. Between these coasts, gradually diminishing in width, which contain the waters which flow into the Bristol Channel from the Atlantic, and finally lose themselves in the Severn, the most remarkable and almost unique relation exists, viz., that between the lowest and highest states of the tide, which amounts to the enormous difference of sixty feet. Between this height, therefore, and the ebb tide, the rushing of the waves changes every day twice. At that time (about five o'clock) it was ebb-tide, towards one o'clock, it will be high tide, and again to-morrow at one, P. M. After about six hours, therefore, the water will again rush in which rushed out six hours ago; and as the region of red sandstone commences about here, it is easy to think how much is washed off and carried away during this rapid rise and fall of the tide. This, therefore, is the cause of this continual excitement, this state of perpetual disturbance, this never-ceasing yellowishness of the water. Much in the same way that mind which is perpetually being dragged hither and thither by opposite feelings,

can never arrive at any clear conclusion. The more I understood of this phenomenon the more pleasure I found in contemplating these yellow waters; and, notwithstanding its troubled character, on the whole, it presented many interesting sketches. The long line of the water, the rocky banks on the shore, the fishers' nets extended along poles to dry, the long dams, the single fishing boats, all formed a very characteristic scene.

On the opposite bank post-horses were already waiting, and before long we were in the neighbourhood of Chepstow. The hills began to be higher, limestone rocks became visible, and the road conducted along a steep rocky bank to the valley of the Wye, on which river the town lies. An iron bridge is there crossed, and not far from it, upon a steep bank, lies the ivy-covered ruin of the old Chepstow Castle.

For the present we drove through the rather poor-looking town, and passed on to visit the rocky valley of the Wye, and Tintern Abbey. The road first passes along the wooded and overgrown rocks, which rise above the valley of the river. The river also partakes of the singular fluctuating character of the water in the Channel, at present exhibited in the state of ebb-tide, and, therefore, appeared so singular with its wide muddy banks. At one point, a rock, clothed with green, towers up in a very picturesque manner—the ebbing river lies deep in the valley—whilst, over an opposite cleft in the rock the yellow Bristol Channel is seen stretching afar. The views here are really grand, and partake of the character of mountain scenery.

We drew up at Tintern Cottage—a small house of entertainment, at which tourists and visitors from Chepstow assemble. The arrival of the exalted traveller did not remain unknown to them, a stout “hurrah” was accompanied with the exhibition of colours quickly prepared, of cloth and of green boughs. By means of stairs cut in the rock we ascended through bushes to a still higher bold projecting rock, and there found a point of view which afforded a still more extensive panorama of the bold hilly scenery, and these rocky valleys, than the former. Longer stay, however, became impossible, as the day was rapidly declining, and we had still to see Tintern Abbey. We, therefore, returned quickly to the carriage down a steep grassy path, and drove at a rapid pace along a descending road towards the ruin. At length, on passing round a bending in the way, there lay before us the imposing structure without a roof, its walls overgrown with ivy, and hollow, empty, but beautifully adorned Gothic windows. The view of the gables and walls of this ancient abbey, seen even from without, produced a powerful effect, but when the doorkeeper opened the church-door, on our close approach, and its whole magnificent nave was all at once laid open to our view, with its large, rich, and open eastern window at the end, with its columns in the purest Gothic style, and the green ivy entwining and covering the whole edifice—the floor, instead of carpets, covered with the dark green of newly

mown grass; the scene operated with an enchanting effect in the evening light, and was deeply affecting, almost even to tears. Any thing so perfect in its kind, so truly poetical, had never before been presented to my eyes. Add to this, its lonely situation, in a peaceful green valley, by the side of a beautiful stream, and the songs of the wild wood-birds resounding in our ears; the impression was in the highest degree peculiar. The effect became deeper and more and more impressive as I wandered under these arches and among its columns. The noble architectural structure as a whole is, no doubt, calculated to work with powerful influence, but the peculiar effect produced upon my mind was only explicable to me by reflecting upon that still more powerful effect of the contemplation of a general free life of nature, the seal of that higher consecration with which the whole was impressed. Again the recollection of FRIEDRICH was pressed upon my mind. Here was the reality of the very thing after which he had so zealously striven, in all the fulness and truth of nature; why was he not permitted to see something so perfect in its kind; and how singular that one is obliged here again to say, that the *genuine and true reality* proves itself at last higher and more mighty than any thing which fancy ever can or has imagined.

At every step a new picture presented itself. Vistas through the rich, open windows, overhung with ivy. Accessory buildings in rich *clair-obscur*, sometimes overgrown with young sprouting branches. Old monuments, together with immense stems of ivy, and columns entwined with its thick and close foliage. On the columns where the central tower formerly rested, as in Salisbury, a young and slender ash had taken root and sprouted up, its top scarcely reached to the height of the side walls of the church, but its fine, green leaves waved, like the green standard of hope, over the peaceful resting-place of the departed. It was in all respects extraordinary.

The evening twilight drew on apace; a splendid faint evening glow shone with a melancholy effect through the arched window over the entrance. What a glorious scene must this be under the clear moonlight!

I can truly say, that never did the interior of any perfect church ever produce such a grand and solemn impression upon my mind, as this edifice half in ruins.

The abbey was founded by Walter de Clare, in 1131, and the building of the church was probably commenced as early as the twelfth century; under Henry VIII., the abbey was secularised, and became a ruin in the time of Cromwell. It now belongs to the Duke of Beaufort, who bestows the greatest attention on the care and preservation of this most beautiful of all ecclesiastical ruins.

We drove back to Chepstow late in the evening. I sank into the corner of the carriage, gave free course to my thoughts, and my reflections upon these last impressions were many and various.

The train of wonderful thoughts was only disturbed by the noise of the people, and the hurraing, as his majesty approached the hotel, recalled me to a sense of what was going on.

LI.

Merthyr Tydvil, July 9th—Evening.

THIS morning early we took a walk to the old Castle of Chepstow, now in ruins. From without, in the sunlight of the morning, the old turrets, the weather-beaten windows, and the high archways, had a very picturesque effect; and so, too, the interior, with its old courts, its fallen-in rooms, and its walls thickly covered with ivy. A velvet-like turf covered the ground almost everywhere in the ruins, and those curious, leafless, parasitic plants which only grow upon the roots of other plants, were springing up in all directions. The castle has long been a ruin; the last prisoner of any importance, confined here more than twenty years, was Henry Martin, one of the judges of King Charles I.

Shortly after, returning to our hotel, we entered our carriages, and drove over hills and through valleys to Newport, where we arrived about noon. This town is situated on the Usk, not far from its junction with the Bristol Channel. As we entered the town over the bridge, the walls of an old castle, with its strong towers, looked quite romantic; all poetical or historical enthusiasm was, however, banished, when we heard that these interesting-looking old towers were now used for a brewery. We walked through the town whilst the horses were being changed. The houses are small, but the streets wide, and every thing appears to mark a place of quickly growing importance, particularly in consequence of its trade in iron and coal. We were told that although the town only contains 20,000 inhabitants, it was able to spend 22,000*l.* lately on some improvements in its docks. Here the only question seems to be in what direction the vein of commerce extends; according to this, towns or whole districts rise or fall. At the other end of the town was an old church, situated on a little hill, among large lime-trees; and before again entering our carriages, we enjoyed from this point a pleasing view of the town and neighbourhood, and a portion of the Channel.

From Newport, the road winds more and more through the Welsh mountains, and the indications of the iron mining operations, so amazingly important to England, become more and more frequent. At one of the posts, Caerphilly, we came upon an extensive, but quite ruinous old castle. It was something like the mighty castles of Germany, and must have been blown up, for

large masses of brickwork and portions of the towers had been hurled into the fosse. The whole looked rather waste than beautiful—first of all, an agreeable arrangement of the whole was wanting, and then the ivy was absent, which so beautifully clothes English ruins in general.

As we approached Merthyr Tydvil, the iron-works became more numerous; we saw everywhere smelting-houses and forges, little railways and canals for the conveyance of the iron from one place to another. In one valley we saw below a canal, and a railway for locomotive engines; higher up, the road upon which we were, and still higher, a tram-road for the conveyance of materials and workmen belonging to the mines. We met on another occasion, on such a tram-road, a long train of black coal-waggons, and others covered with workmen black and brown with dust—a curious sight! And what mountains of dross were piled up. Certainly, the quantity of iron produced in these mountains must be enormous.

The race of people which we found here, is very much the reverse of handsome; the women wear men's hats on their heads, or black straw hats, and along with this, a very awkward, ungraceful dress. I was reminded once or twice of the women of Unalaska, mentioned in "Cook's Voyages."

All other considerations however vanish, when one comes to understand the size and extent of the iron-works themselves. The first we visited, in which six blast furnaces were at work, presented an extraordinary sight. Above the flaming chimneys of the blast furnaces the heated air trembled, and made the outlines of the mountains of dross behind them appear wavy. I could not help imagining these mountains of dross to be volcanoes, and the blast furnaces little burning craters on the sides of the larger ones. The impression produced was a much more powerful one, when we went further and took a view of the great iron-works belonging to Sir John Guest and Company. One could easily have believed oneself transferred to the blazing city of *Dis*, mentioned by Dante! We were first conducted to the mines, the immense quantity of coal and iron produced by which rendered all this possible. Some idea of this quantity may be obtained from the fact that in the last five weeks 36,000 tons of coal have been dug out, sometimes 1500 tons in a day, and that *all these coals* are employed in the works. Close to this mine is that from which a similar quantity of ironstone is produced. The cost, of course, is enormous! The works employ about 6000 work-people daily, and the wages of these workmen, with food, &c., amounts to about 26,000*l.* a month! The subterranean works also cost enormous sums, and the overseers who accompanied us, estimated the cost of the wood-work alone in this mountain, which is as full of mines as a honey-comb is of cells, at about half a million sterling! Yet the enormous profits cover all this. To understand this, we must consider that coal costs only one-ninth of what it costs in London, and again, that the ironstone is found

close to the coal; the ironstone found here is, however, not sufficient, and more must be brought from other places. In this manner alone can iron be produced at such a cheap rate, as to make it possible for English iron, even after paying a considerable duty, to be sold on the continent at a price with which the iron masters there cannot at all compete, who are therefore ruined by these foreign producers. This simultaneous formation and production of ironstone and coal interested me also in a geological point of view, for I was thus reminded, that even now, in marshy meadows, iron is being continually formed in the shape of ironstone during the course of the life of plants, and of *Infusoria*; and that probably it can only be thus explained, if iron ores were in former ages of the earth produced at the same time as the gigantic ferns and *Equiseta*.

I was also much interested in standing at the double entrance to the shaft, and observing how, set in motion by a steam-engine, and conducted along a subterraneous railway, on the one side a row of empty waggons, and a number of workmen, with miners' lamps, were conveyed into the mountains; whilst, on the other side, shortly after, a number of waggons loaded with ironstone and coal, and with other workmen, came out from the cavern. The carelessness with which the workmen acted, sufficed to show the influence of daily exposure to danger. Several of the men came out of the sloping shaft, quite without holding, and standing upright upon the rope which drew the waggons out of the centre of the mountain. The slightest inclination to either side, in the darkness of the cavern, would have been sufficient to precipitate the man from his position, and he would have been crushed to pieces by the next waggon. This carelessness is, however, not merely manifested in such exhibitions of skill, but is even shown in a similar manner in the interior. Hence, notwithstanding Davy's safety lamp, accidents are continually occurring from cold damp. Only this morning three workmen were killed in this manner, in one of the workings.

We next passed into the perpendicular shafts, in which, by a very ingenious process, the weight of a descending bucket of water is made to raise a bucket full of coal. When the water-bucket arrives at the bottom, the water is poured out, and the weight of the coal-bucket raises the other bucket to the mouth of the pit; there it is again filled with water, whilst the other vessel is filled with coal, and this process is continually repeated. During the few last days this part of the works had been brought to a stand-still, in consequence of the continued heat, which had dried up the supply of water. We next went to the blast furnaces, not less than eighteen of which are employed in these works; and the most of these have been continually in flames for a period of some thirty years. On descending from the heights, we came almost upon the broad summit of one of these flaming chimneys, surrounded with a gallery. A furnace of this kind is certainly different in one respect from a volcano; it casts nothing out, but must, on the contrary, always be furnished with some more fuel. I inquired as to the proportions in

which the ironstone is melted; I was told it was three-parts ironstone, three parts coal, and one part limestone. Thus the flame is constantly kept up, and the metal, when melted, is allowed to collect below; after a certain time the reservoir is opened, and a stream of melted metal flows out. It was a remarkable existence above on this gallery, close to the flames, and in a suffocating heat. We soon retired, and descended under the blast-furnaces, between steam-engines (of which about thirty are at work at once), and between immense iron cylinders into which the air is forced by those machines destined to keep up the draught, and whence it passes through long pipes in the ground, howling and whistling, to arrive at the furnaces. Finally, in honour of his majesty, one of the reservoirs in the blast-furnaces was opened before the regular time, and the metal, the blackness and hardness of which we admired, flowed out like a ruddy spring in the golden sunlight, and ductile as oil, into the furrows of the mould, in which it cooled into long bars. One of these blast furnaces was remarkable for some secret apparatus by which the dross was immediately and effectually separated from the metal.

We next passed to the hammering and rolling works, where just at the time, a number of rails, ordered for Russia, were being made. With what extraordinary swiftness a bar of iron was made into a rail! Hardly ten minutes were employed, and the rail lay on the ground quite ready, but still red-hot. The mass of white hot metal was seized with tongs, and dragged out of the fire to the hammer-works, and then to the several rollers placed at different distances from each other, and moved by steam, through which the bar was successively dragged till it was of the required thinness. It was, finally, drawn through cranked rollers, and the metal, still red-hot, assumed the form of the rail, as if it had been wax; the rail was finished, and it was now only necessary to clip the edges with a large pair of shears, as one would clip a piece of paper, and it was then complete and ready, after cooling, to take its place in a railway.

Whilst we were observing this process, which was going on in various portions in twenty places at once, we were surrounded by numbers of the black inhabitants of the works, and so crowded, that we sometimes hardly knew where to step, in order to avoid the sparks, the bars of red-hot iron, and those parts of the floor which had become heated by the passage of the hot iron. I congratulated myself, on our return, at having gained the open air unsinged.

We had at first intended to proceed that evening, but his majesty determined on staying the night in Merthyr Tydvil, to observe the effect of all these fiery furnaces in the dark. We therefore went out again after ten o'clock, and were first conducted to a height above the town, whence we had a view of five or six of these works, where fires are constantly kept up by night as well as by day. One

might imagine oneself in the land of the Cyclops. The effect was, however, most impressive, when we descended into the nearest works, with their six blast furnaces and smithies filled with flame and sparks of fire. Whilst viewing in the dark night, behind these glowing works, the high volcanic looking cones of those mountains of dross which I have noticed, wonderfully illuminated by the red flames, one's fancy might easily represent, at one time a blazing fortress, at another a burning castle, at another the fiery city of Pluto, as represented by Dante. What a contrast between this evening, with its fiery glow and its noise of steam and of melting iron, and yesterday evening, with its mild radiance and Tintern Abbey.

LII.

Aberystwith, July 10th—Evening.

THIS has been a day of continuous travel, conducting us through the centre of the Welsh mountains to the sea. We left Merthyr Tydvil shortly after six o'clock, and soon after passed over the Alp-like range of limestone, into the region of the red conglomerate, and then into the pleasing valleys of Brecon. This Brecon seems to be the place for tourists, who wish to ascend the neighbouring mountains, and to edify themselves by the contemplation of nature. A capital hotel opened its gates to us, not far from which is an old church thickly overgrown with ivy; the prospect towards the mountain range with its various effects of light and shade, was very inviting—but all this cannot detain us—and swift horses convey us to Rhayader. There, one is quite in Wales; the language becomes less intelligible, and thickly interspersed with terrible gutturals; the names of the places are difficult to pronounce, and the dress is different. It was market day in this dirty little village, in which the post-house seems to be the only house of any size. In the middle of the unpaved square was a sort of open bazaar, where poor-looking people offered for sale shoes, woollen wares, disagreeable-looking pastry, fruit, &c., surrounded by people from the neighbourhood. The women's dresses were of cloth, and they wore men's hats with caps under them; the men mostly wore old frieze coats. We did not delay long here. The valleys become deeper, the mountains higher, and we also had a taste of real Welsh mountain weather. A thick wetting mist with a cold wind approached us, covering every thing in its veil—we drove on further into the mountains, passed several small huts, where miserable children begged with a sort of regular chaunt, and at last reached Aberystwith Cottage, a very comfortable inn, not far from the really romantic Devil's Bridge, which connects the sides of a

precipitous ravine, and under which a waterfall tumbles down into the valley from rock to rock. We had hardly half dried ourselves at the kitchen fire, when the fog gave way a little; we seized our umbrellas, and rushed out to see the waterfall, though everything was dripping with rain. At first we took a view of this mountain torrent from a projecting rock, and admired it falling down deeper and deeper between the green rocks on each side—we then climbed down a slippery rock in the neighbourhood of the Devil's Bridge itself, and approached close to one of the falls. It offered really a splendid study for a landscape painter, with its clear waves, its beautifully broken rocks, and the foliage growing around it. We returned to the inn, made a hasty dinner, and then proceeded on our journey, whilst the weather continued to improve. It was, however, nearly dark when we reached this watering place, where unfortunately the inn was nearly all occupied by tourists, so that it was not till after some trouble we could obtain lodgings, which we did at last in one of the neighbouring houses. As a sort of compensation for this, a serenade was given to the illustrious guest, who was soon recognised—spite of his *incognito*, and at a late hour of the night, “*God save the Queen*” was sung.

LIII.

Bethgellert, July 11th—Evening.

As I went out of the hotel early in the morning, in Aberystwith, the splendid green sea lay before me, and its mighty waves beat on the shore; a great variety of brown and gray *fuci* were thrown out on the sandhills which formed the strand, whilst to the left, on a bold promontory, stood a ruined castle, whose dark walls formed a good contrast to the colour of the sea, reflected from its broken waves. As I walked up and down in front of the hotel, I was soon accosted by a boatman, who asked me if I was not disposed to enjoy a bath on this fine sunny morning? True it is, that I earnestly longed to plunge into the refreshing waves, but here too, time was too limited to suffer me to indulge my inclination.

When we were afterwards at breakfast, a multitude of boatmen and townspeople collected before the house with music and all sorts of flags; they erected their standards, among which the royal ensign of England floated at the top, and with such music as the place could afford, they favoured his majesty with a serenade, and concluded by a hearty hurrah. The scene had an extremely pretty appearance as viewed from the window. In the foreground, the assembled boatmen and people with their waving colours, behind them the yellow sand, and further in the distance the splendid smaragdine sea.

When the carriages were brought to the door for departure, the people did not fail to accompany the exalted traveller with their colours and music, and salute him by a continued round of hurrahs. The multitude thronged around, the postilions could only go at a walking pace, and we thus proceeded till we reached the bounds of the town, when the people drew up on both sides, and suffered the carriages to proceed amidst an unceasing volley of cheers. In short, this old town was not willing that a king should be allowed to pass, notwithstanding his *incognito*, without every testimony of respect and honour, which it was in the power of the people to bestow. It is probably long since it has been visited by a monarch. Such visits, however, may not have been so unusual in former times. Aberystwith Castle was built by Gilbert de Strongbow, in the year 1109, and repaired or renewed by Edward I, the conqueror of Wales, in 1277. It is said to have been, at that time, a strong fortress, and formerly the seat of Cadwallader, a prince of the country. It was destroyed under Cromwell. As we ascended the hills, we commanded a beautiful prospect over the town, the surrounding neighbourhood, and the sea. We did not, however, remain long in this higher region, the road soon sank again as we descended towards the valley of the Dovey, and a pretty single-masted coasting vessel presented a finished picture in the narrow bay with lofty elm trees on its shores; whilst, in the distance, extensive and lofty ridges of mountains bounded the view, with all the variety of lights and shadows reflected from the passing clouds. We soon reached the small town of Machynchleth, situated on a mountain stream, which empties itself into the bay, at no great distance from the place; and from this time forward, the mountain scenery became continually grander and more picturesque. As we left Machynchleth on foot, an elderly man joined us on the road, who gave us a very intelligent account of the place and neighbourhood. He told us much also respecting the language of the country; the peculiarly sharp guttural pronunciation of the *ch*—and many other interesting points of a similar description. Many of the names of places in Wales are wholly *unpronounceable* by a stranger. The road, on leaving Machynchleth speedily becomes a mountain pass—and the traveller finds himself in a completely Alpine district; the forms of the mountains are bold and rude; the neighbouring hills run up to a lofty elevation of slaty rock; a small mountain lake appears; Alpine meadows covered with a few scattered sheep occupy the slopes of the mountains; the clouds draw round their tops, and the whole scene is changed. Soon, however, the road again descends into the beautiful vale of Dolgelly, in which Owen Glendower formerly assembled his parliament, in the year 1404. This is a central point for tourists in Wales; hard by, Cader Idris, the highest mountain in Wales, except Snowdon, lifts its lofty summit to the clouds, a delightful and rich vegetation clothes the banks

of the mountain stream which traverses the valley, and the lower hills are splendidly decked with red flowering heath, as if dyed with carmine; I can believe, that it would be extremely agreeable to pass a few weeks in the midst of this charming scenery. As we again ascended, the country soon assumed a desolate aspect. We passed many miserable little places on the high plateau, and felt the keen cold wind on these elevated plains; mountain chains appeared in the distance, and we were anxious to ascertain the precise situation of Snowdon. We addressed ourselves to people whom we met on the road, but failed in making ourselves intelligible—and replies were given to us in a strange and singular sounding language. At length the road again descended into a delightful valley, richly planted with trees. The name of the hotel at which we stopped to change horses, was wholly beyond our power of utterance. It is called *Tan-y-Bwlch*, and was translated to us as signifying "Under the Pass." Close to the hotel, a very pretty park is situated on the steep declivity of the mountain; we were invited to take a view of the grounds, and our time and labour were amply repaid. Beautiful beech trees overshadowed the path, as we ascended to a very pretty and cheerful country seat, surrounded with charming flower-beds, and shrubs of the choicest description; beautiful views open in all directions upon the valley beneath, and a variety of paths lead through the wood up to the mountains, from which there are numerous waterfalls. This is a spot admirably calculated to be the scene of a very charming existence, if a person were placed in the midst of the suitable relations for its enjoyment.

We did not arrive at this place till late in the evening, although there was still light enough to enable us to have a sufficient view of the agreeable scenery through which we passed. On leaving *Tan-y-Bwlch*, our road first ascended a steep hill, and then, for the first time, the forms of the mountains became grand and imposing: we entered upon a singular lonely district as we advanced, bold and rugged masses of rock on every hand, surrounded by extensive stretches of moors and heath, above and beyond which towered the lofty summits of the mountains. In the distance, we obtained occasional views of the sea, and of the bold promontories of the coast projecting far into the ocean, and presenting a magnificent panorama; at last, on approaching the end of our drive, we entered a deep and rugged ravine, which in a short time suddenly opened, and we found ourselves at the charming mountain hamlet of *Bethgellert*. Here, too, the outlines of the mountains around are very beautiful. The great peculiarity of this place is, that it is the centre, around which some of the grandest and most beautiful scenery is condensed, without the necessity of traversing that enormous extent of space, which belongs to the Alps. Here a rock on a small scale, can be, and is, precisely what a mountain on a large scale is there. In addition to this, the whole outlines of the dis-

trict are very beautiful, and, to those who have leisure, present many inviting and admirable subjects for the pencil.

Great poverty seems to prevail in the mountains. On our way hither, we saw many most miserable stone huts, and in many a lonely dell, thin lines of smoke arose from such huts, behind some vast mass of scattered rocks. A few poor cattle appeared here and there to pick up a scanty pasture, and numbers of children, begging, ran along the roads, endeavouring by their troublesome importunity to win a trifling alms from the passing stranger. Occasionally, too, they offer rock crystals, or other mountain productions, and woollen knitted caps, for sale.

In the midst of all this poverty and wild scenery, there is, however, a large and elegant hotel, which makes up forty-five beds.

LIV.

Bangor, July 12th—Evening.

EARLY this morning, according to our previous design, we made the ascent of Snowdon; the appearance of the weather was by no means encouraging, the sky was lowering, and the clouds hung deep around the mountain top. Still there was no rain—many signs of a favourable change—and we took our chance of the advantages in our favour and set out. We made early preparation for our journey, and, at seven o'clock, mounted a light carriage, accompanied by a skilful guide. We followed the road towards the foot of the mountain, as far up its flank as it was accessible to any description of carriage. We commenced the ascent. Our path lay for some distance over wet pasture and spongy meadows—after which, the path became steeper, and occasional masses of bold projecting rocks occurred. We were not the only travellers, whom the day tempted to try their good fortune on the summit of the highest mountain in England. Some ladies, mounted on ponies, rode sometimes before and sometimes behind us, and several parties followed them on foot. The summit of the mountain lay concealed in clouds—the rocks stood forth bold and black from the green of the Alpine meadows, on which the beautiful yellow *anthericum ossifragum* grows in great profusion, and a cold wind blew from the ravines which skirted our path. A young Alpine lark, only imperfectly fledged, fluttered along the ground before our feet, our guide easily caught it with his hands, but the old ones flew around, uttering such painful screams, that I induced him again to put the poor panting little creature upon the grass, behind a large block of stone. When we ascended a little further, the view to the westward became partially free—and we saw the sea, the isle of Anglesey and Caernarvon

Castle. As we ascended, however, the clouds again closed around us, and finally we found ourselves completely enveloped in the penetrating fog of these moist goddesses. The ascent also in many places now became difficult; the wind blew cold along the side of some rocky walls, or from the depths of some neighbouring ravine—the thick fogs continued to roll more densely along the mountain sides—but fortunately, so far, they did not thoroughly penetrate our clothes with their moisture.

Still onward, from height to height!—deep ravines lay at our side, the bottom of which, filled with thick fog, yawned horribly below. Vegetation now almost wholly disappeared, except merely a few rare Alpine plants—and on every side of us rose lofty crags of black *chlorite slate*. Having taken some repose after the efforts of the ascent, behind a projecting rock which sheltered us from the wind, we again set forth, and in about a quarter of an hour (two hours in all) we reached the pinnacle of the mountain—4348 feet above the level of the sea. View there was none! We found refuge in a small wooden shed, erected for the protection of travellers from the rain and wind, in which the host kept up a welcome fire. The man presently prepared a singular brown mixture, which he sold for coffee, and furnished some grayish oatmeal cake as an accompaniment. There were no spirituous liquors of any description to be had, because the occupier, with no small degree of self-satisfaction gave us to understand, that his wooden hut was to be regarded as a *Temperance Inn*. Not far from this mountain hotel, which I must state to be the first imperfect house of accommodation we had yet met in England, was a small stone hut, in which the rest of the travellers, together with their ponies, had found a harbour not much better than our own.

Having spent some time upon the summit, dried ourselves, and ranged about among the craggy rocks and through the fog, we found our visit was in vain—no hopes of the weather clearing were longer entertained, and we prepared to proceed on our descent. Before we had descended far from the summit, the clouds presented occasional breaks, and we were able to snatch partial views into the beautiful deep valleys, which lie between the converging ridges of the mountain; and on one occasion the clouds rose like a curtain, and revealed to us a splendid prospect of the sea. In these occasional glimpses, we perceived for a moment that the declivities of the mountain were enjoying the full beams of the sun, and immediately we were again closely enveloped in our foggy mantle of clouds. There was a continual play of currents of air and waves of fog with the earth. Such phenomena furnish highly interesting subjects of contemplation to those who have greater leisure for their contemplation than we ourselves had. Of such extraordinary atmospheric phenomena, however, it may be said—they show the life of the clouds, but cloud the image of life! If, however, the observation of such phenomena be made the chief

object of a whole excursion, they will be found to have something in them unsatisfying. The unconscious life of nature always falls in value in the eyes of him, who has thought upon and experienced the mighty movements and impulses of the mind and feelings. As I have already said, what signify earth, and suns, and planets, if there were no eye to see, no intelligence to give them life?

Having proceeded somewhat further on the descent, our guide prepared to follow a different route in our return, through a deep precipitous valley, in which the king immediately acquiesced. The task, however, was by no means easy—it involved the necessity of going straight down a sharp declivity of the mountain, at least 1000 feet high, and very sparingly covered with moist earth and tufts of grass. We were obliged to aid ourselves as well as we could by the firmness of our tread, taking a zigzag course, and by the appliances of our hands and sticks, and at length reached the bottom in safety. The path, however formidable to us, would, undoubtedly, not have presented many difficulties to a well-trained Alpine hunter; to those, however, who are not accustomed to such clambering, it must be regarded as making a severe demand upon the exercise of their muscular power, and as a species of training which, when successfully completed, must always result in good. Even on reaching the valley, there was no path, and we were obliged to make our way over stock and stone, through bog and brook, till we came to a lower and a smoother region. During our descent, we were also obliged to endure the alternative of heat and cold, of sunshine and rain; at length, however, we reached some mines, at which rude paths began to appear, and presently after found ourselves at our carriages, and drove by another road again back to Bethgellert. On this road, too, we enjoyed the sight of some splendid mountain scenery. The weather had now become clear and sunny, whilst the top of Snowdon still lay thickly enveloped in masses of dark clouds. A small lake lay stretched out before us in the vale, full of picturesque beauty, and noble mountains beside and beyond, rose and towered one above another. I heartily envied an artist, who had established his *studio* on the edge of a mountain brook, and appeared to be diligently engaged in his work. What a pleasure it must be, to be engaged in an attempt to give a faithful delineation of such noble forms!

About half-past two we reached the hotel at Bethgellert, and our mountain excursion was at an end. After spending a short time in refreshing ourselves, and at luncheon, we took our departure, and drove westward through the valleys towards the sea-shore. The country here became much less interesting; but we had ample compensation in the ancient castle of Caernarvon, at which we arrived in about two hours. The foundation of the castle dates from the time of the Romans; it was, in fact, the only station which they possessed in ancient Cambria. The present castle was built by Edward I., and was the birth-place of his son, Edward II., the first Prince of

Wales. In order to gratify the wishes of the Welsh and soften their repugnance to the English yoke, Edward caused his queen, when near her confinement, to be conveyed to Wales, hoping by this measure to humour their prejudices, by giving them a native prince to rule over them. The castle at present belongs to the Marquis of Anglesey. When we arrived at the hotel, the people thronged around in multitudes to see the king, and received his majesty with loud hurrahs; and it was with some difficulty that the crowd could be kept back, whilst we walked to the old ruins, and entered these ancient walls under a salute of twenty-one guns. We no sooner entered, than the gate was immediately closed behind us. The situation and surrounding scenery of this ancient, extensive, but well-preserved castle, are of the most remarkable description. The external walls are still in tolerable condition, as well as some of the inhabited portions of the interior, and the tall slender towers, from the top of one of which floated the English ensign. We were conducted through the ruins by a good-mannered young woman. Our first visit was to some of the galleries of the walls, from which there is a view of the remarkable channel, called the Menai Strait, which separates Anglesey from the main land of Wales, of the small town beneath, and the heights around. We next walked through a number of the old vaulted chambers; and in one of the towers there was pointed out to us the small waste place in which the first Prince of Wales was born. Our young guide hastened on before us like a timid fawn, and conducted us through the old passages, and up and down the stone steps in the towers. The timidity of her nature was evident, from the shrinking which she exhibited at every shot, as a Mr. Thomas, from the opposite heights, caused for the second time twenty-one guns to be fired in honour of the king. The whole of this castle displays a very peculiar, I might say, decorative character; the court-yard is extensive, the towers and gates still massive and strong; and it furnishes, perhaps, the best model of what the style of Windsor may have been in the simple and early period of its commencement. Time did not allow me to take even a hasty sketch of the locality, or a general outline of the castle.

In the meantime, great crowds of people had assembled in front of the castle, impatiently expecting the exit of his majesty. One of the authorities came in, and announced to the king that the people were anxious to be allowed to take the horses from the carriage which had been sent for, and to draw him round the town, which, as may be supposed, was declined.

On taking our departure from the castle, the throng had become very great, and it was with much difficulty that the king's equerry and myself were able to reach the second carriage; however, we speedily found ourselves again at large.

The road from this place to Bangor runs parallel with the strait, and the district is composed of low hills, of which variegated sandstone forms the prevailing material. At the other side of the strait

lies the Isle of Anglesey, which is also rather flat, and the eye reaches as far as the slight elevation in the neighbourhood of Holyhead, whilst far to the right there appear other Welsh mountains of bold form, and considerable elevation. As the road approaches Bangor, it runs near the sea, and brings us close to the end of one of the most extraordinary structures of modern times—the vast iron suspension-bridge which forms the junction between the mainland and the island—universally known and celebrated as the Menai Bridge.

The drivers were ordered to stop, and we dismounted, in order to pass over and examine this splendid work, and endeavour to gain as accurate an idea as possible of its nature and size. The coasts of Wales and Anglesey at both sides of the strait, are rocky, and about 100 feet high, and the breadth of the channel by which they are separated, is about 1600 feet. The object was to connect the two coasts by a bridge, and it has been fully attained. Two very stout columns of solid masonry are built in the water, one on each side, over the summits of which are stretched the immense chains, from which the bridge itself is suspended. The channel between the columns is about 600 feet wide, and over this stretches the horizontal line of the roadway, which is supported and made fast by means of about 800 strong iron rods. Each of the sixteen chains which constitute the suspending power, is stated to be 1714 feet long, and consists of large massive links, joined and bound together by strong iron bolts. These chains pass over the tops of the supporting columns, on moveable iron rollers of great strength, and are thus in a condition readily to accommodate themselves to the changes of temperature, without risk. The greatest difference in length between the strongest summer heat and most intense winter cold, is said to amount to sixteen inches. The work was begun under the direction of Mr. Telford, in the year 1819, and finished in 1826. Such is the general idea of the whole structure. When seen from the side, it is very difficult immediately to form a notion of the magnitude of the work; and besides, the simplicity of the outline gives at first an impression of very moderate extent. The feeling is very much the same as that with which strangers are impressed on the first view of St. Peter's in Rome. They find it extremely difficult to believe that a structure of such magnitude is before them. And as the banks on both sides are very uniform, it requires to be compared with some other object—such as that of a large ship sailing through beneath, in order to gain a correct notion of its real magnitude. On viewing the bridge, and passing over it, through its long uniform alleys of ever-recurring iron rods, another observation forced itself upon my mind. This immense work, which in all its parts is regulated by the principle of utility, is totally deficient in all the charms of beauty. It cuts the landscape like a black uniform line, concave on one side, and perfectly horizontal on the other; and when viewed closely, the columns by which the bridge

is supported, are wholly destitute of every description of architectural or sculptural ornament. Those perpetually recurring iron rods, which follow one another in monotonous rows, only serve to suggest the feeling of despair to which a painter must be reduced in any attempt to delineate the structure, and to give any thing like an accurate drawing of this tedious iron lattice-road. True, it may be very difficult to combine the demands of taste with the strict principles of utility in such an undertaking, where the grand object is strength. There is, properly speaking, a genuine English, dry, pedantic character usually exhibited in such structures as this. And, after all, what style should art here apply in order to introduce the charms of beauty into a work of this character? Neither the Egyptian nor Grecian style is at all appropriate to works in iron—the Gothic is quite as little applicable to such a purpose—and I have already remarked that in addition to these three, there can be as little pretension to introduce a fourth, really distinct from them, as to add a new kingdom to those of the recognised mineral, animal, and vegetable ones. This makes the task of the architect a very difficult one to accomplish. It is for them to see how the difficulty is to be met.

Having passed over the bridge to the Anglesey side, we descended to the shore, and took a boat, in order to have a view of this immense structure from beneath. By far the clearest idea of the vastness of the work is thus obtained—by viewing it from the green sea, which flows beneath with a gentle southerly current; the true magnitude and proportions of the bridge are then most deeply impressed upon the mind—but even here, no idea of beauty is suggested. Other bridges, with their various arches and ornamental buttresses, may, and frequently do present objects of great beauty to the eye. This, however, is, and must always remain, a great *mathematical figure*.

After having thus examined the bridge from all parts of the river, we descended into the vast cavern on the Anglesey side, in which the ends of the chains are made fast in the rocks far under ground. The whole is planned with great ingenuity and skill. The rock, which forms the resisting power, is armed, as it were, with huge masses of iron, containing deep mortices, into which the bolts that bind the ends of the chains, are made fast.

In this manner, therefore, the sixteen powerful chains are fastened in the deep rocks on both sides of the strait—and assuredly no human power or weight can be well conceived sufficient to tear them from the depths in which they are anchored. Even the long Macadamized bridge itself presents such a degree of stability, as to be very little moved by the carriages which pass over its surface. We were just about the middle of the bridge, when a stage coach with four horses drove across—and although the horses were going at a sharp trot, no very considerable oscillation, or movement, was

experienced. And how many coaches of this description pass this way!—it is in fact the high-road between London and Ireland, particularly Dublin. The usual route from Dublin is by the steam-packets to Holyhead, over the Menai Bridge to Chester, and from Chester, by railway, to, or through, Birmingham to London. It is, however, at present in contemplation to make a railroad from Chester along the coast to Bangor—thus to shorten the distance—and enable the journey from London to Dublin to be performed in an incredibly short space of time.

Before leaving the bridge, we had an opportunity of examining carefully a wooden model of this great structure, and particularly the manner of fastening the chains, as well as the rollers, and other arrangements for their motion over the supporting towers, and having thus obtained as perfect an idea of the whole as was possible in so short a time, we again entered the carriages, and drove the short remaining distance to Bangor, where we arrived at twilight.

Bangor is a small sea-port, containing about 8000 inhabitants, who received the king on his arrival with the same enthusiasm which had been displayed by the people of Caernarvon. The beautifully-furnished hotel at which we have taken up our quarters, lies on the outside of the town, near the port, presenting an open view of the Bay of Beaumaris, and the surrounding district. The comforts of this admirable hotel were extremely welcome to us after the ascent of Snowdon, and the fatigues of the morning.

It is impossible to avoid remarking, that the people on these sea coasts of Wales, both in their countenances and figures, afford obvious proofs of a higher race and nobler blood than those which are found in the interior. The dress also is somewhat more civilised. That of the men is especially remarkable for the small grey flat felt hat which they wear, whilst the ugly black round hat of the women has not yet wholly disappeared. Whether or not this custom may have any connexion with the tendency we have observed among some of the women to emancipate themselves from the dominion of the men, is perhaps a question. In the inn at Bethgellert hung the portraits of two ladies, who till their eightieth year were accustomed to dress in men's apparel; who lived together on their property, engaged in the sports of the field, and were remarkable for their humanity and beneficence. They were called the "Ladies of the Vale" (Lady Butler and Miss Ponsonby), the elder of whom died only about twenty years ago. In the Vale of Llanleerin too there died, in 1801, a woman called Margaret or Peggy uch Evan, who had for many years lived as a man, engaged in hunting and fishing, and was distinguished for her skill in wrestling and Welsh music; she, however, at a later period, married.

LV.

Chester, July 14th—Morning.

YESTERDAY morning, the morning of the 13th, the birthday of my dear mother, I enjoyed a beautiful view of the little port of Bangor, from the garden terrace of the hotel, from which a view is obtained of the northern opening of the Menai Strait, of the Bay of Beaumaris, and the more distant mountains of Wales. The weather, too, was tolerably fine in the morning; but at the time of our departure it had become cloudy, and it was raining hard when we arrived at the remarkable and extensive Penrhyn slate quarries, which are of great importance to the whole of Wales. They are situated about six miles to the N.E. of Bangor, on the slope of the hill, and have been particularly rich and productive for the last fifty years. When one arrives at this quarry from below, it presents the appearance almost of a crater open towards the front, along the lips of which, twelve or fourteen terraces run, one above another, each of which is from forty-five to fifty feet high, and upon which the works of blasting and digging are carried on by about 2000 workmen. The stone is of a reddish-brown; sometimes, also, grayish slate, of fine grain, which splits well into plates, and takes a fine polish. The mass never contains organic remains, but is frequently traversed by strata of quarry or limestone, in which crystals of some metals, principally copper and iron, occur.

The manner in which these quarries are worked is the following: On the galleries, or terraces, large masses of slate are first detached by means of powder, and then roughly hewn into shape. There are laid along each of these terraces tram-roads formed of rails loosely laid down, upon which the masses of slate, in waggons with suitable wheels, are thrust along by men to the little houses situated on the declivity of the mountain, at the extremities of the galleries. Here they are split into smaller plates; and it is curious to observe how regularly the slate splits into finer and still finer plates, down to the thickness of three or four lines. Several pieces are allowed to retain a thickness of an inch or an inch and a half, and are used for tables and flagstones, the thinner ones for covering roofs, &c. The manner, too, in which they are squared, being cut out at once by a sort of hatchet, according to a line made by means of a ruler, is very curious. The plates thus formed are distinguished by very amusing names. Thus the largest are called *queens*, the next *princesses*, then *duchesses*, *ladies*, and so on. The enormous quantity of slate produced may be estimated from the facts, that a railway has been constructed specially from these quarries to Penrhyn harbour, at an expense of 170,000*l.*, which *every week* takes down between 500 and 600 tons, or about 12,000 cwt. of slate; and that the yearly net produce has sometimes brought in as much as 60,000*l.* to the owner of the quarry, Sir Douglas Pennant.

The quarrying itself is attended with considerable danger. The workmen, when a portion of the rock is to be blasted from the upper part of a gallery, are obliged to bore the hole, suspended in mid-air by ropes, to load the hole so bored, to set fire to the match, and then to place themselves beyond the reach of the explosion. They are also exposed to the chance of accidents from the falling of portions of the sharp slate; and it was curious, even yesterday—on which, being pay-day, the work was not regularly going on—to hear now and then the explosion of the blasting of some part of the rock, at the same time that it was almost difficult to pass along the galleries, without falling over the little railways or some of the sharp pieces of stone. The manner in which Queen Victoria was received here, on her visit two years ago, must have produced a curious effect. As soon as she arrived, 1300 explosions were heard from all parts of the quarry, having been all previously prepared for this purpose. After having (the greater part of the time in the rain) inspected all the parts of this immense quarry, and, besides, a saw-mill, for cutting up the thicker plates of the slate, we returned towards Bangor, and visited Penrhyn Castle, the property of Sir Douglas Pennant, to whom the quarry belongs. In olden times, a castle belonging to Roderic Molwynoy, grandson of Cadwallader, stood on this spot. It was rebuilt in the time of Henry VI., and has been quite lately (renewed under the direction of a London architect, of the name of Hopper) by the father of the present possessor. It is a remarkable and splendid building, such as could only be completed with a revenue like that proceeding from the quarries.

On entering the park, the castle is seen on a wooded height, gray, like Windsor, with large towers and high turrets, without any apparent roof, quite like an old fortress. Through the castle gate we entered the court-yard, ornamented in the Norman style: but this style is much more splendidly and grandly exhibited in the entrance hall, from whence staircases conduct to the upper rooms. Every thing here is in the Saxon style of building; the columns with their curious ornaments, and the upper parts covered with arabesques. Tall stone candelabra and a splendid chimney-piece, all in the same style, increase the magnificent appearance of the hall; the windows with their round arches are filled with stained glass; the staircase winds over arches supported on columns, and beside Norman statues; in a word, the whole sight is grand and imposing. The internal arrangements of the whole place, the drawing and dining-rooms, the library, the bed-rooms, are all on a similar scale of magnificence; several wainscotted with beautifully carved oak: the furniture and beds all harmonising with the prevailing style of the building. We remarked a curious object in the state bed-room (almost all such castles appear to have such a state room, with a bed in it); namely, a bed, of which the whole of the bedstead and the posts which supported the canopy were

made of the finest black slate, beautifully polished and manufactured. This reference to the principal foundation of the wealth of the possessor, appeared to me to show his gratitude rather than his taste. It may easily be supposed, however, that other curious objects were to be seen here; among these, we were shown one of those curious drinking-horns, formerly general in this district, as also in Scandinavia. I was sorry that we entirely lost the view from the continued rain; for this view, both towards the sea and towards the mountains, must be of a very splendid description. We soon descended from the castle, and drove along the northern coast of Wales, towards Aber-Conway. The scenery of the rocky coast and of the sea was beautiful! the foaming breakers of the green waves dashed against the yellow sand, which extended to a great distance from the shore; to our right, beside the road, were dark, solemn-looking oaks, and opposite to us the promontory of Great Orme's Head stretching out gracefully into the sea. The appearance of the trees along this coast was curious; they looked as if burnt up from the influence of the long drought and the sea breezes, and generally had little foliage, and that of a dark red colour. The works for the future railway are everywhere to be seen in progress. We at last arrived at Aber-Conway, a deserted, but very ancient little place, surrounded by walls gray with age, and presenting altogether a very Norman appearance. The numerous old houses here would be really a mine for a scene-painter; they frequently present a very peculiar, but at the same time extremely picturesque style, and the shape of the gable roofs and of the projecting windows struck me as very extraordinary. These windows are of a prismatic shape, such as I had never seen before. Above the town lies an old castle, originally built by Edward I., to keep Wales in subjection. Here, too, every thing is ruinous and overgrown with ivy. Many towers are still standing, and there is much picturesque masonry on the ground, overgrown with ivy; and besides, through the now empty arches, some beautiful views of the town and the little suspension bridge over the Conway, which here falls into the sea. I had hardly time to make a slight sketch of the ruins, when the carriages again drew up and carried us off in the direction of Chester. The road, after passing Aber-Conway, leaves the sea by degrees, and is on the whole uninteresting; fresh clouds had in the mean time, too, come up, and treated us to some of their contents at various times, during our drive. Not far from Abergely, a little castle to the right of the road presented a very remarkable appearance. It appeared to be a well-preserved castle, built quite in the old Norman and Anglo-Gothic styles, rising rather fantastically with its numerous towers and turrets, above the dark green of the wood. I counted ten or twelve towers and terraces. Even the farm buildings, which extended for a considerable distance along the road, were in the same

style. This place had one of those unpronounceable Welsh names; it was called Gwyrch Castle, and belonged to a Mr. Hesketh. Our road next led us through St. Asaph and Holywell, in the neighbourhood of which are some lead mines, occupying very many workmen, as also paper and cotton manufactories, &c. At a later period of the day, the sky began to clear, the clouds passed away to the east, a golden sunshine poured its beams over the still moist meadows and bushes, and the most splendid rainbow I have ever seen made its appearance, extending like an arch of light over our road. May it be a favourable omen!

It was already pretty dark when we entered Chester; but I intend to avail myself of the repose of the present Sunday, to make myself rather better acquainted with its localities.

LVI.

Liverpool, July 14th—Evening.

I COMMENCED my wanderings in Chester this morning, with a walk round the old walls, or more properly speaking upon them. This town presents much that is remarkable. It evidently, as its name testifies, originated in an old Roman camp (Castrum), and the observing visiter easily discovers the remains of this camp at the present day. It is easy to recognise the oblong form of the camp enclosed in a surrounding wall, which still exists, though considerably altered in some of its parts; this wall is four or five feet broad at the top, and is at present a sort of promenade, no longer, however, as in the original state of the town, conducting round the outside of it, but passing along between houses and court-yards, past gardens and squares, &c., by the river Dee, and affording opportunities for some curious observations on the lives of those who live close to its circuit. Besides this wall, however, it is easy to perceive that the camp was crossed by two roads, meeting at right angles in the centre, and these roads were dug, in the plateau on which the city stands, to about the depth of one story. When, therefore, every part within the wall became covered with houses, the curious circumstance happened, that in all the houses standing upon these streets, a sort of gallery had to be formed for passers by, running on a level with the first floor, instead of in the place where the ground floor abutted on the lower street. In this portion of the houses, therefore, we find the house doors, shops, and warehouses, and the smaller streets, which are upon the level ground, branching off from these galleries. The first impression is naturally a very curious one, when one looks up one of these streets, and sees in that portion of the houses occupied elsewhere

by the first floor, a gallery running along, supported partly by handsome pillars, partly by unsafe-looking props, and filled with passers by, who make their purchases there, from large and elegant shops of all kinds. Besides this, the whole town exhibits a striking variety, for Chester contains more little old houses than large new ones; sometimes the gable end of a house is towards the street, sometimes the front; sometimes the gallery passes before an old rickety habitation, sometimes before an elegant modern house; and the same variety is to be seen in the flights of stairs leading from the gallery to the street: always a very original, and sometimes a very pretty effect is produced by this style of architecture.

Chester contains also some very old churches. I saw the cathedral from without only, as it was just the time of service, and to attempt to enter an English church at such a time, to look about one, would cause a very disagreeable scene. (I often thought of Italy in such cases, where no notice whatever is taken of such slight disturbances, although the devotion of the Catholics there is certainly not less fervent than that of these English, whose pedantry, rather than their religious feeling, is manifested by the prohibition.) The cathedral appears externally an old building in the Gothic fortress style, built of red sandstone, and considerably weather beaten. It is said to contain a sepulchre of the unfortunate German emperor, Henry IV., though he certainly did not die here; probably some mistake in the name. I had an opportunity of seeing St. John's, a church founded in the seventh century, but built in the eleventh, also internally; its situation is very picturesque. An extensive churchyard surrounds it, containing some ancient elms, and the antique building, also of red sandstone, which appears here to be in general use, seems to have sunk a considerable distance into the earth. Towards the western end of the church, at one side, is the low porch of the entrance, where, under semicircular arches, the interior of the church opens, and close beside it rises a red square tower, very much weather-beaten. The whole, with the old trees in the churchyard, would have made a very pretty picture. The tower was originally in the centre of the cross of the church; but about 300 years ago it fell in, breaking down by its fall the whole of the eastern part of the church which stood behind it, which at present makes a very picturesque ruin, and the church was, therefore, reconstructed at the western end, on this very account. The interior of the building has a more decided impress of old Norman style than most similar buildings; round arches supported by short, solid columns, with their capitals either adorned with Byzantine arabesques, or entirely without ornament. The forenoon passed away in these observations. The day was beautiful and bright, but rather windy. After one o'clock we drove out to a park belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, whose picture-gallery we had seen on one of the last days of our stay in London, and whose income is reckoned at about 1000*l.* per diem. The park appears very extensive, has several large gates, with hand-

some porter's lodges, but in other respects appears to possess no particular interest. Eaton Hall is, on the contrary, a large and splendid building in the ornamental Gothic style, and exhibits internally more splendour than any other palace I have yet seen; everywhere are to be seen gildings, rich red damask, splendid mirrors, and beautiful furniture. It was also so arranged that there should be pretty views from the windows over the park. The richest room is the library; Gothic columns, a white and gold ceiling, and some rare and curious works, as well as some splendid editions of others, on the shelves. With all this splendour, however, I missed that unseen influence of an intellectual mind, which must be impressed upon all magnificence, if a corresponding effect is to be produced on the spectator.

Among the curiosities preserved in the library I was particularly interested in a massive gold ring, found in the neighbourhood during some excavations, about twenty years ago, and in a ground where there were no other indications of its being a place of sepulture. It was so large that it might have been worn pendent from the neck upon the breast, and in its rude workmanship imitated the coils of a rope. What old king of the Britons may have worn this necklace?

About Chester many antiquities, particularly Roman, have been found. In the garden here was a Roman altar, dedicated to the Nymphs, set up in a little temple devoted to itself. Also coins, lamps, &c., have often been found in the neighbourhood.

We now walked through a part of the park; an arm of the river Dee flows through it, and instead of one of those light bridges common in gentlemen's parks, we were surprised at finding a good, solid structure in iron over the river. Such a bridge for a place where no one comes, except, perhaps, now and then the owner himself! These very rich individuals must often find themselves in a state of singular embarrassment concerning means of disposing of all their wealth, and it is only by some such reason that these pieces of extravagance can be explained.

The hot-houses and forcing-houses of this park are less considerable than in many other places, but I was so much the more interested in the celebrated stud at Eaton Hall, and in the ideas I thus obtained on the subject of the more particular treatment of the horse, an animal so important in England. An extensive portion of the park, covered with turf, well shaded by oak trees, and watered by several little streams, is entirely devoted to these noble animals; and here, from one year's end to the other, they live in a state of half wildness; yet are wonderfully tame. This part of the park is enclosed, and contains several other smaller divisions within it. The one which we first visited contained a number of mares with their foals, of various ages, from half a year to a year. An old man, lame of one foot, the stud groom, came up to us, to point out to his majesty some of the finest horses. He made a particular sort of cracking sound with his

mouth, and it was beautiful to see how the horses galloped up to us at this signal, snuffing around us and looking at us with their intelligent eyes; particularly the young ones, who, having been always accustomed to be treated mildly, and with kindness, are entirely free from all fear. I now perceived what a great influence this mode of life must exercise on the young horses, where they grow up wild.

In another division we were shown the two most celebrated horses of the stud, which, of course, cannot be allowed to go entirely at large, but are usually under cover. The first was Pantaloon, already twenty years old, but of powerful build, splendid action, and a fiery temper. He is of thorough-bred race, and is only used as an entire horse. The other, Touchstone, a splendid black horse, beautifully and powerfully built, is only thirteen years old. In order that we might see all the beauty of his movements, the stud-groom had him taken to the longe, and gave him a course in the circle. The various movements of his body, the turns of his neck, his eye, all indicated fire and spirit. Suddenly something appeared to interrupt his course—he cocked his ears, and rose gracefully on his hind legs; but, perhaps from some improper movement of the reins, lost his balance and fell; but it is to be hoped, without injury. The circumstance was disagreeable, however, as the marquis had been offered 4000*l.* for him not long before.

We now left Eaton Hall, and drove back to Chester, found our carriages packed, and were soon on our way hither, to Liverpool.

After travelling for about two hours through a simple, but seemingly rich country, we arrived at Birkenhead, which may almost be called the New Town of Liverpool, situated on the opposite side of the Mersey to it; and even before reaching Birkenhead (which is increasing with enormous rapidity), we obtained a view of Liverpool, lying along this wide arm of the sea, with its docks, its numerous vessels of all sizes, steamers with their smoking chimneys, passing rapidly to and fro, and its immense warehouses close to the water; single ships are anchored here and there, in front of the town, and behind it appear bluish rising grounds. The effect of the whole, illuminated by the evening sun, was very pleasing.

Who could believe, on thus seeing this important commercial town, the second city in the kingdom, that about 150 years ago, it was nothing but a fishing village, dependent upon Chester? The Dee, however, formed an impassable sand-bank at its mouth by degrees, whilst on the other hand, the Mersey began to be more and more appreciated as an arm of the sea, capable of bearing vessels of the largest size, and even of conveying them as far as Liverpool; all the trade of Chester passed gradually to Liverpool, and this little town became what it now is, in this inconceivably short space of time.

When we arrived in Birkenhead, the steam-ferry was waiting to convey us to the opposite shore. The carriages were put on

board, and in company with numerous promenaders from Liverpool, we crossed the somewhat muddy waves of the Mersey. The manner in which the vessel was guided into a sort of bay in the high stone quay on the side, constructed purposely to receive it, was worthy of observation. We were at last safely landed on the quay, found carriages in waiting, and were conveyed rapidly to our hotel.

In spite of the Sunday, the streets were very full of walkers, and as we passed along, I saw one scene perfectly English, not far from the quay. A Methodist preacher, mounted on a cask, was haranguing a number of persons around him, using at the same time a great deal of gesticulation. I remembered that several years before I had seen upon the Mole at Naples a ragged improvisatore, surrounded by an audience of about the same stamp; this was certainly rather different.

LVII.

Liverpool, July 15th—Evening.

THIS morning about 10 o'clock, some gentlemen belonging to the corporation were announced, who offered to show the king some of the most remarkable objects in the town. We immediately set out with them, and proceeded first to view some of the large covered markets for the sale of vegetables, meat, and fish. These, however, are now become so general in England, that a large town can no more be conceived without them, than without a church, town-house, or theatre. In Liverpool, which has increased from 3,000 to 300,000 within a century and a half, these markets are, as may be imagined, very extensive. I should have been glad to have examined some curious specimens of marine animals exposed for sale in the fish-market; but the people crowded upon us so much, that this was impossible, and we escaped with difficulty through the increasing crowd to our carriages.

We next visited the Docks, which already line the whole town on the side next the Mersey; the number of them, however, will shortly be doubled. There were at this time about 1400 vessels in the docks, and several were obliged to anchor in the middle of the Mersey, because there was no room for them in the docks. It was a very beautiful sight when all these vessels, as soon as the arrival of his majesty was known, hoisted their various flags, and thus the whole forest of masts was at once covered with pennants and flags waving in the sunlight. This navy certainly is a splendid and magnificent idea. We next visited several magazines; first that where the buoys are kept, floating casks used to designate the shallows. They are of the most various shapes. To some are attached bells,

which thus give a signal which cannot be mistaken, even during the fogs, which frequently would prevent their being seen. The entrance to the Mersey is such as to require several of these safeguards, as it abounds in sandbanks; and we saw a gigantic map of the mouth of the river, on which the positions of all these buoys are carefully laid down. We then walked through rows of ships, and went on board the "Caledonia," which is shortly about to sail for America. She generally performs the voyage in thirteen or fourteen days. She is 210 feet long, and of 440 horse power, beautifully furnished and ornamented, and really was almost enough to induce one to confide oneself to her for the trip, and thus cross, as it were at one stride, the immense Atlantic Ocean. There was also in this dock a beautiful sailing vessel bound for America, by which the voyage out is usually made in thirty days.

Finally, we were shown the enormous building going on at the new dock (Prince Albert's dock) which is to be surrounded with splendid warehouses. A million sterling has been set aside for the building of this dock; the basin is almost finished, and a number of the warehouses completed. These latter are built entirely without wood, being constructed of iron and stone. The foundation walls, as well as the walls of the basin, are of Scotch granite, the upper walls of brick; large columns of iron, a couple of feet in diameter, support the gallery which surrounds them entirely. Then come the several stories, one above the other, supported by smaller iron pillars and flattish arches of brick, and above all are spacious floors immediately under the roof, which is entirely of iron. The cellars are so arranged that casks can be rolled into them from the ships, through large portholes, and every thing is simple, clean and regular, merely in the common sense style, exactly fitted for the real conveyance and reception of the material, and, consequently, entirely without any poetry whatever.

Liverpool hopes by means of all these new establishments, and its continually increasing trade and commerce, to be shortly in a condition to compete even with London, and when one has visited these docks, &c., one cannot help admitting the possibility of such a result. The care with which those parts of the docks, which are exposed to the action of the water, have been built, may be understood from the fact, that as England itself produces no cement capable of resisting the action of the water, a sort of Pozzalanà has been brought from Italy for the purpose, with which all the stonework is cemented. We saw a steam-engine solely employed in ramming down the piles into the muddy soil, upon which the stone work is afterwards to be built. The movement of the machine drew up the ramming block by means of a long chain, and a sort of pincers, to the top of the grooved beam, in which it worked; there the pincers let go their hold of themselves, the block fell, the pincers descended more leisurely, and again seized and dragged it up, and so on till the pile was driven down as far as was necessary. That the corporation of a town, which is building

all these works entirely at its own expense, should show them with considerable pride, may well be imagined, but I found their pride fully justified.

We next drove to see the interior of the Custom House, a very large but unartistical building, and thence to the Town Hall, where an immense crowd was assembled. At the entrance, and upon the steps of the Custom House, there had been a considerable crowd; but here, where the mayor was waiting to receive the king, and, notwithstanding his majesty's refusal to make use of it, had caused the state coach to be drawn up before the Town Hall, the crowd became intolerable.* In an extraordinary and highly inconvenient manner, we pressed through the people into an elegantly and richly furnished building, containing, however, nothing especially remarkable; but when the mayor afterwards induced the king to go with him into the court-yard, to see a statue of Nelson, erected in the centre of it, the crowding upon us was really disagreeable, and without the assistance of a strong body of constables, we might have been nearly pressed to death. Of course, in this confusion, we could not possibly get any sort of view of the building, and we were very glad when we were again seated in the carriage, on our way to the Docks, where the *Medina*, a steamer which runs between Liverpool and Dublin, had been put at his majesty's disposal, in order to give him some idea of the effect of the town from the river.

This little voyage was in the highest degree amusing. One of the steamers employed in the steam ferry first received us, as the *Medina* could not approach near enough to the shore, and conveyed us to the *Medina*, coming very skilfully alongside, so that a bridge could be thrown from one ship to the other, and over this we passed to the splendid vessel. We then steamed along under a bright sun, only obscured now and then by light fleeting clouds, upon the waves of the Mersey, slightly ruffled by a storm early in the morning, and by the west wind, in the direction of the open sea, past the castle and the lighthouse; and we might have been in Ireland in eleven hours, if this trip had been consistent with the plan of our journey. The scene was beautiful; the active and bustling sea-port stretched along the shores of the Mersey, the numerous vessels passing and repassing, fishing-boats sailing to and fro, and sea-mews rocking themselves in the wind. The limit of our trip was but too soon reached; the vessel was turned round, steamed back again up the river towards the docks, where a crowd of people was assembled, who cheered with might and main; here the smaller steamer again took us on board, and brought us to land in the same manner as it had conveyed us from it. We

* Although only London and York have the honour of possessing Lord Mayors, the chief magistrates of all other cities being merely mayors, the latter are still permitted to have a state carriage, with splendid liveries.

then got into the carriages, and drove to a higher part of the town to visit an iron church.

I had often read and heard of the iron power of the church, but a church of iron was something new to me, and I could not help admiring the industry of this people, who will certainly yet send iron churches ready made into the remotest corners of the earth, as they already send palaces and houses ready built. The name, however, is not here quite literally applied, for the external wall is of stone; in the interior, all the columns, buttresses, the choirs, &c., are of iron, painted to resemble wood. The style of the building is the English-Gothic; the church itself, however, is small, and the material seems the only remarkable point about the place. In these later English cities, material interests are always the most important. They somewhat resemble those of North America.

In the evening, for want of something better to do, we went to the theatre, where a couple of pieces were given. We only waited till the end of the first, namely, Sheridan Knowles's "Love Chase." It may easily be supposed that in Liverpool, where practical advantage is so much regarded, the theatre meets with very little support, and is rather at a low ebb. The house itself is small, and not elegant; that it was rather fuller than usual, was in consequence of his majesty's presence. The play itself was very feeble; it appears intended to represent several couples in various embarrassments and vain hopes, but internal life was wanting everywhere. The actors were still worse than those in London; a Miss Rose Telbin alone showed some talents in the sentimental parts. I was also struck with a certain commonness of pronunciation, and certain arrangements in the play-bills, in which the names of some actors who were starring in Liverpool, were announced, and their accomplishments mentioned, as if they had been wild beasts.

At the conclusion of the piece, the audience called for *God save the Queen*, in honour of the king, and cheered him loudly.

I did not find myself much edified by the Liverpool manufactories, but hope to-morrow to see some better ones in Manchester and Leeds.

LVIII.

York, July 16th—Evening.

THIS day we made a little excursion by rail, to see York Minster. A trifle! In the same way as people used to drive ten miles to see any pretty view, we crossed the whole of England this morning by steam (from Liverpool to York is exactly the whole breadth of England), to take a view of an old building. It is true, we had

to pass Manchester on our road, and there we found several objects for observation.

The railroad leaves Liverpool by a very strange outlet. The station is in the middle of the town, and no exit is perceived, nor are any locomotives to be seen.

The carriages all stand drawn up ready to start—the passengers enter—at a given signal the train is set in motion, being drawn along by a powerful rope, and with lanterns all along the train, we entered a long tunnel, which rises slightly, and passes under a considerable portion of the town; after fourteen or fifteen minutes, we arrived at the open air again, where the stationary machine is; and now first the locomotive was attached to the train. Hardly an hour later, and we were in Manchester; but whereas in Liverpool the railway passes under the town, it runs here over the tops of the houses into the centre of the town.

Under the ground, or over it, it is all one in these manufacturing districts, provided only that a good profit is the result.

We had intended first to view the subterranean Bridgewater Canal, not far from Manchester, but the agent had not received the intelligence, no preparations had been made, and we passed at once to the view of the manufactories.

The first of these was the enormous one of Sharpe, Roberts, and Co., where 600 or 700 workmen are constantly employed. There was a German, named Beyer, who has been employed as overseer there for ten years, and who was thus enabled to act as our guide, and to give us the best information respecting the various parts of this immense manufactory. Locomotive engines are specially constructed by this company, but besides these also spinning machines, iron cutting and boring machines, &c.

I had never before seen cold iron treated like wood, or rather like cork. Bars of iron, an inch thick, were cut through like paper by one machine; by another, circular holes of various sizes, were punched out of plates of iron of half an inch thick, seemingly without an effort, so that the piece punched out appeared even larger than the opening. Several of the latest improvements in machine building, which the never-ending intellect of these thoroughly practical men keeps continually adding to the former improvements, were pointed out to us; but without a thorough comprehension of the whole, no one can follow all these refinements. The wonderful accuracy which has been attained in casting iron may be judged of from the fact, that a clock has been constructed of wheels merely cast, and not afterwards polished or smoothed, which has now been going regularly for a couple of years, and the dimensions of which are so large, that the weight of the pendulum is 300lbs.

The second manufactory which we visited was that in which the carding machines of Horsefold are constructed. It is well known, that in the preparation of woollen stuffs, it is necessary to cleanse them from any threads of wool which may remain on them, by

passing some rough surface over them. For this purpose it has been usual to employ the teazle (*Dipsacus fullorum*). It has latterly, however, been found impossible to procure a sufficient quantity of this plant for the enormously-increasing manufacture of woollens, and hence has arisen this useful invention, being a sort of artificial teazle, consisting of pieces of fine wire fastened to cloth or leather. For this purpose a machine driven by steam power has been erected, which, with the accuracy of the human hand, actually sews the wire into the stuff, and that in so many directions that it looks as if it were covered with hairs consisting of fine wire. The organic formation of the teazle is very accurately imitated by this process; but it afforded me a certain satisfaction to hear, that nature has not been quite set aside by art, and that in certain processes the teazle is still indispensable.

In a third manufactory which we visited was the silk weaving and embroidering machine, belonging to Louis Schwabe, a German; in his manufactory there are not only Jacquard looms, which weave the most splendid silks of any given pattern, but a machine invented by himself, which sets in motion, at once, from 50 to 150 double-pointed embroidering needles, threaded in the centre; so that any given pattern can be quickly embroidered on cloth or silk, and a single girl, who directs the machine, is enabled to do the work of 50 or 150 embroiderers. While we were there, some black cloth was being embroidered with little dark-coloured violets, for exportation to North America; we also saw a beautiful piece of embroidery in various colours, in silk, after a pattern of the Queen of England's; and this was as well done as if the best embroiderers in England had been working at the frame. The principle of this machine is, that the frame is moved after every stitch, instead of its being necessary for the embroiderer to move her hand every time, the frame remaining stationary. The pattern was stamped in tin on a large scale, and placed beside the girl who directed the machine, and every stitch was marked by a corresponding mark on the tin pattern. After every stroke of the machine, which set all the needles in motion, a peg connected with it was moved to another mark on the pattern, and the frame was thus moved into exactly such a position, that all the needles at once made the same stitch. The whole was very ingenious.

We next drove to Burley's great cotton-mill, where 1200 work-people of both sexes are employed. These spinning and weaving manufactories are improperly called mills; and it is particularly in these places that children are employed, the observation and consideration of whom gave rise to many interesting points of discussion, in the same way as the employment of children in Birmingham. I was much interested in observing, in regular order, the various processes by which the raw cotton is, within a short time, converted into the several cotton threads and stuffs, such an immense mass of which is constantly exported from England to other countries. We

began at the beating and rolling of the cotton, saw how it was spread out into a sort of fine wadding by a particular kind of rollers, all worked by steam, and then the manner in which it was rolled into cylinders of an inch in thickness; these cylinders were then taken to the spinning machines, each of which had several hundred spindles, turning round 4000 or 5000 times a minute, and there drawn out into threads of various degrees of fineness. In other rooms were the looms. In one, certainly an enormous one, there were 600 looms at work, and the noise was perfectly deafening. Sometimes even more than that number are in one room. The children whom we saw here, almost all girls, looked pale, but in other respects not unhealthy or neglected; some were even pretty.

The same house possesses a manufactory of the waterproof stuff, called Mackintosh. We were also shown the process of preparing this article, for which enormous quantities of Indian rubber are used. We saw the way in which it is cut, melted, and then, in the form of a thick tough mass, passed between rollers; and, finally, by means of polished steel rollers, laid upon the thin stuff, and covered with a still thinner covering of the cloth.

Finally, we visited the large cotton printing and dyeing factory of Thomas Hoyle and Sons, at present belonging to W. Neil. Here we were first shown the large depôt of copper rollers, upon which the patterns are engraved, which are to be afterwards impressed on the cotton. In the other parts of the building we afterwards saw the dyeing and printing processes, all of which were completed with the greatest nicety and exactness. Patterns of various colours are effected by passing the cotton stuff under rollers with different colours, sometimes three or four, or even six; it receives from each a pattern of a different colour. In the various dyeing processes, all the latest discoveries in chemistry have been applied to practice; and, besides this printing by rollers, there is also in use a more perfect kind of printing from plates. All this produced an extraordinary effect on me, as I could well remember having been, during my childhood, much in a cotton-printing establishment of my grandfather's, at Mühlhausen, in Thuringia, and to have seen all that is here done by means of more extended knowledge of chemistry, and more perfect mechanism by machinery, effected with an immensity of trouble and delay by human agency. On such occasions it produces a peculiar sensation, to see, as it were, the beginning and end of half a century in the same moment! It caused me more reflection than I could well get rid of at a time when there was so much else to think of and to observe.

Manchester is certainly a strange place. Nothing is to be seen but houses blackened by smoke, and, in the external parts of the town, half empty, dirty ditches, between smoking factories of different kinds, all built with regard to practical utility, and without any respect at all for external beauty. In the midst of all this a pallid population, consisting entirely of men who work for daily

wages, or of men who pay the wages of daily labour. The population consists of 300,000, among whom are several Germans; but every one of any property has a country-house at some distance from the town, and only enters its atmosphere of smoke when his presence there is absolutely necessary. At the same time some feeling for science and art is not entirely wanting. After our wanderings through all these factories, we were conducted to the Royal Institution, a handsome building adorned with columns, where there is a collection of objects of natural history; lectures are delivered there, and just at the time of our visit an exhibition of paintings was going on. This latter proceeded from a sort of art-union, like our German societies for the same purpose. There were a number of oil-paintings, principally landscapes and pictures of still life, most of them inconsiderable, a few tolerably good. Scientific gentlemen from other parts of England are frequently invited to deliver lectures here. A particular interest appears to be felt in those on natural philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy, and geology.

The geological collection interested me most, particularly because it contains a number of curious specimens from the coal region. Here, too, the cuttings necessary for various railways had brought much that was interesting and instructive to light. The most important objects I saw were a number of trunks of trees, which had been found at a considerable depth underground standing upright, inasmuch as these afforded a most decided proof that the level of the ground here, too, had been at some time or other subject to great changes. Casts of these trees had been taken on the spot, and were exhibited in this collection in a very interesting manner. A little volume of geological treatises, published here ("Transactions of the Manchester Geological Society," Vol. I.) was presented to the king, and I, too, was presented with a copy; this volume contains several interesting essays, especially one on the subject of these trees.

Our last visit was to a Club-house, arranged and conducted quite in the same manner as in London, where a lunch was served; immediately after this we proceeded to the railway, and entered a particular carriage prepared for us, consisting of a central cabinet, with an open gallery at each side. We left Manchester with the speed of light, passed through various sorts of country, sometimes busy, sometimes rural, through beautiful green valleys, over immense viaducts, and through several long tunnels, and arrived, just at sunset, at the termination of our journey in the ancient city of York, the birthplace of the Emperor Constantine.

LIX.

Liverpool, July 17th—Evening.

THE impression produced upon our minds yesterday evening, on our way from the railway station to the town, by the antique appearance of the city of York, was a very remarkable one. It is certainly curious that a long series of years or of centuries seems necessarily to leave behind it a sort of air of antiquity—a peculiar feeling, proving the antiquity of the place. This could not have been fancy in my case, for I had not had time, during our rapid journey, to read any thing on the subject ; but we passed close by some little chapels of considerable antiquity, over a bridge, from which we caught a sight of the old red buildings along the river, glittering in the last rays of the sun ; all produced a certain *je-ne-sais-quoi*, which called forth a peculiar state of feeling. Early in the morning the Dean of the Cathedral, Dr. Cockburn, came to conduct the king to the Minster ; he conducted us through narrow streets with old houses to an open square, in the midst of which, glancing in the rays of the early sun, splendidly ornamented, but quite in the later Anglo-Gothic style, the majestic building stood before our eyes. I could have wished to have remained standing before it for some time alone, in order to obtain a full and complete idea of the structure. This cathedral is said to be the most beautiful in England, and it is certainly very magnificent, but I should not for a moment compare it with that of Freiburg or Strasburg.

We next passed into the interior ; the nave is large and simple, without rows of columns. Then comes the central part, where the several arms meet, upon which, instead of a cupola, an octagonal roof is placed ; and then the choir. This part of the minster is separated from the rest by means of a partition wall, adorned with statues of kings and saints in Gothic niches, and two gates form the entrance into this most splendid and most richly ornamented part of the cathedral. We were received, on our entrance, with a burst of music from the organ, and the choristers then sang Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." The effect was grand and solemn. This place is really well fitted for sublime or solemn ceremonies. The slender arches of the Gothic windows, with their rich stained glass—the lofty stone screen with its beautiful ornaments, separating the choir from the passage or cloisters, running round the whole church—the beautifully-carved stalls, and the lofty vaulted roof of the whole—all this together produced a powerful effect ; and not without feeling deep emotion did I await the end of the chorus.

We next descended into the crypts. Here are to be seen foundations of buildings of very different dates. First, remains of the walls of a temple of Bellona, as is generally believed ; then some large columns from the old Norman period (for a church is said to

have existed here as early as the seventh century), and then the vaults belonging to the present church, which has been several times destroyed by fire, once very recently, and always rebuilt. These numerous rebuildings may, perhaps, be the reason why the church does not produce so powerful a *historical* impression as that of Westminster, for example ; the air of antiquity produces, however, its accustomed effect, and the whole has a powerful influence.

Opposite the cathedral is the splendid Gothic-built house of the dean ; we were conducted thither to partake of a sumptuous English lunch which had been prepared for us by the family of our conductor. After this we took a view of a very old octagonal chapter-house, not far from the minster. It somewhat resembles that of Salisbury ; and here, too, we found workpeople employed in repairing the ravages of time. We next visited the Yorkshire museum, near the ruins of St. Mary's Church. This would appear to deserve a more attentive examination than we were able to bestow on it ; for the near approach of the time of starting for the train hurried us considerably. It contains, first, a geological collection ; then a natural, historical, and a small anatomical one ; and, finally, a number of Roman antiquities found in the neighbourhood. There were several tombstones, bronzes, and tiles, with the name of the legion which had used them stamped on them, fragments of glass, &c.

When it is considered that York, under the name of *Eboracum*, was the principal town of the Roman portion of Britain, and that so many emperors were born, lived, and died within its walls, it seems extraordinary that more remains have not been discovered. Perhaps more will be discovered by degrees.

The ruins of St. Mary's Church rose gracefully not far from this little museum. Several cells, with large Gothic windows, are still standing, built of a clear white limestone, very elegantly wreathed with ivy, and shaded by elms.

We next drove to the Castle, which is partly used as a model prison, partly as a sessions' house, during the assizes held here at certain times by the judges on circuit. It was just assize time in York when we were there, and the ceremonies observed at this time afforded me another proof of the firmness with which this people holds fast its ancient customs ; for, according to our ideas, it looks rather odd for the assizes to be announced as having commenced by three trumpeters, who blow various flourishes upon trumpets adorned with flags. As we were ascending Clifford's Tower, which is just opposite the Castle, the high sheriff, in his official dress, with a court sword, and powdered, came over to welcome the king—and the three trumpeters sounded their flourish of welcome, at some little distance. There still exists here, therefore, the summoning to trial by means of the trumpet, quite according to the myth of the last judgment.

This old Clifford's Tower, of which only the surrounding wall

is still standing, and in which an old walnut-tree spreads out its branches, is said to stand upon a Roman foundation, and to have been built by William the Conqueror. It affords a good view of the town, which contains 30,000 inhabitants; and it was pointed out to us that here, as in Chester, the old walls still form a continuous road, leading sometimes through houses and yards, and sometimes presenting a view of the country.

At 10 o'clock, we quitted York, with a warm sun shining upon us from a cloudless sky. In less than three quarters of an hour we were in Leeds, and again breathing the cloudy and smoky atmosphere of a second great manufacturing town. Strange how near to each other these extremes have been brought by railway! And yet in what other country, even with all the advantages of railway communication, would it be possible to pass in one day through three cities, each containing and employing about 200,000 inhabitants, as is the case in Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds. And I now leave out of the question the ancient city of York, which we also visited on the same day.

In Leeds we were also desirous of visiting some of the most important manufactories, and in order to obtain the necessary information, we stopped at the first inn we came to, in which we were fortunately able entirely to preserve his majesty's incognito. I was much interested in the situation of the little parlour into which we were shown, and in which the comical little bay-window, projecting into the street, of which the English are so fond, and which is to be found in most small houses, was not wanting. The life and bustle of the streets was going on immediately before the windows; opposite to us were other little old gable-houses; the room itself, with its queer-looking chimney-piece, looked rather smoke-dried, and with all this corresponded very well the simple, but thoroughly English luncheon which was served to us. I thought of the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, mentioned in Henry IV., where the prince and Poins cracked jokes on the drawers;—I had hardly ever felt myself so actually in England as here. At last the necessary information arrived, and we drove first to the flax-spinning factory of Messrs. Marshall and Co. We were here able to obtain a complete idea of this important branch of industry, which is gradually supplanting all smaller branches of the same trade, and even the spinning-wheel on the continent; and in an establishment which employs above 1500 workpeople, two-thirds of whom are children, and furnishes its products in quantities which, without machinery, probably a thousand times the number of hands would not be able to produce.

We began with the beating, hackling, and sorting of the raw flax, which is first separated into the *lint* and the *tow*, we were then shown how, by means of other machines, a sort of wadding is made of the flax, but in broad soft bands, which afterwards, as in the cotton factories, are spun into finer or coarser threads upon the hundreds of

whirring spindles; and, finally, how the yarn thus obtained is woven into coarser and finer sorts of linen. Here, too, the principal mover of the whole is an enormous steam-engine, singularly enough built, entirely in the Egyptian style. The chimney rises in the form of a mighty obelisk; the front of the building, which contains the steam-engine, is adorned with short and massive Egyptian columns, but richly ornamented and in good taste; and, as a ventilator on the machine itself, the holy symbol of the globe with the sparrow-hawk's wings, turned round swiftly in the current of air. What would an Egyptian priest say, if he could behold the desecration of their most sacred mysteries? The progress and changes in men's notions of what are sacred are curious—in one case what was common, as for instance the cross, becomes a sacred symbol, in another, as here, the holiest symbols come to be used as common! Another curiosity in this factory is an enormous room for spinning, covering two acres; it is not very lofty, lighted from above, and well ventilated. It is supported by a number of columns, and the roof, in which are the raised windows by which the light is admitted, is covered with asphalte, and over that with clay and mould, so as to have become a perfect meadow. We ascended to this roof or large meadow, and walked about on it through the little glass houses, forming the windows. Above us were the clouds, under us the humming sounds of the spinning and weaving machines; more than a hundred children, principally girls, directed and governed this immense mass of outlets for the steam power of the great machine. This turfy covering is said to have the advantage of keeping the room warm in winter, and cool in summer. It has been built three years, yet it does not appear that any trace of the admission of moisture has been perceived.

I took this opportunity of making some inquiries relative to the condition of the children employed in the mills. Till their thirteenth year, they are said to work only half a day, and to be in school the other half; after their thirteenth year, their hours of instruction are fewer, and only occasional. Their wages amount to from two to three shillings a week, to four or six shillings, and sometimes even more. As far as possible, some sort of amusement is provided for these poor creatures; as, for example, a playground and nine-pins for the boys, in a court close to this enormous room. With all this, however, one must consider the organism of man very much *en gros*, in order to comprehend the growth and nourishment of an entire crop of human beings, in order to preserve them for the purpose of some definite advantage they are of to others. It will sometimes give rise to some curious considerations, as to the possibility of any really great geniuses being ever formed in this mass of human creatures thus brought together, as it were, in sheaves. If this does happen, it will be a proof that an original intellect cannot be entirely suppressed even by such a slavery begun at such an early age; if it does not, it will show that

an immense amount of natural talent (for among so many thousands, there must be much talent) can be destroyed, and actually is destroyed, by such operations. If I were to speak my real opinion, I must say, I think the latter case the more probable one, for although one cannot find any difficulty in conceiving the possibility of a Pope Sixtus V. having been produced from a poor boy, feeding swine in the open air, it will not be found so easy to comprehend, that the poison of this factory slavery, which renders a mechanical occupation, and one presupposing no intellect whatever, compulsory, can have any other effect than that of preventing all development, or exhibition of any innate intelligence. And will not the same effect be produced sooner or later, by our present system of education, which comprises the whole generation in one class, and treats them accordingly? or rather has not such an effect already been apparent?

We next drove to the great woollen factory of Messrs. Gott and Co. Extensive courtyards, surrounded by the various factory buildings, give a high opinion of the large business of the proprietor. We were first shown the large steam-engine, which sets the various machines in motion. One particular arrangement, in respect to this engine, was particularly pointed out to us, namely, that by means of certain valves, in the heating portion of the machine, the mass of black smoke produced by coal fires, is reduced to a slight blueish vapour. If this plan could be more generally introduced, a great change would certainly be produced in the atmosphere of England; for, in truth, the smoke produced by so many coal fires, is, in the strictest sense of the word, "air obscuring." We next passed to the wool magazines, in which is preserved wool from all the countries of the world. We saw some Australian wool, about equal to the inferior kinds of Prussian and Silesian wool. The best is still considered to be the Saxon, and some of the better Silesian wools. We then passed to the various processes, from the cleaning and sorting of the wool, to the spinning and weaving of the same, in innumerable separate spinning and weaving machines. The buildings here consist of several stories, and each process is carried on in the room immediately above that devoted to its predecessor, so that there are here certain machines by which any thing can be conveyed along a sort of shaft from one floor to the next above. We ourselves were conveyed up in one of these machines. After the weaving came the various processes of fulling, clipping, and dressing the cloth. These processes are generally considered as separate businesses, here they were all carried on in the same establishment, and the machines are all worked by the same engine. Mr. Gott himself conducted us over the works, and explained all difficulties in a very interesting manner. I was particularly pleased by what he said on the subject of fulling: that it was necessary, in the case of the threads of wool, or rather of the animal fibre, to draw the threads more together internally, whilst in the case of flax or the vegetable

fibre, it was necessary to divide and draw out. I filled this up in my own mind, by considering that the law of spirals is here in operation, which form a narrower coil, the more they are pressed together in masses. The fibre of wool is internally spiral, and coils spirally; if, therefore, a cloth, woven of spiral wool alone, is pressed or beaten in a warm liquid, these spirals contract in every part of it, and form a close substance. When we came to that part of the works where the cloth was dyed, a curious feeling came over me, for the whole period of my boyhood rose in vivid colours before my eyes. There is hardly any thing which rouses certain recollections in the human mind with such freshness as a peculiar smell. The smell of the indigo, in a deep vessel half wood and half copper, in which it undergoes a peculiar sort of fermentation, recalled to my recollection the image of my father's workshops, where this mode of dyeing was very usual. I saw with a certain indescribable feeling those green looking waves in which the cloth is soaked, being, when drawn out, green, and becoming shortly blue by being exposed to the air, a process which I had so often seen in my boyhood, and never since—then an inexperienced child, now by the side of a revered monarch, and after the advantages of so much experience and information! Such recollections and such comparisons give rise to a peculiar tone of mind!

I was also interested in the dressing of the cloth. For this purpose, the teazle is still absolutely necessary, but the plants are used in a very different manner from that in which I had seen them employed before. At that time the teazles were held in the hand, and slowly and laboriously passed along the cloth; but now they are fixed in oblong frames, and fastened on rollers, over which the cloth is swiftly drawn by means of steam, the surface being closely pressed against the teazles.

After having examined all this, we returned to the railway, where we unexpectedly found the little garrison drawn up with glittering accoutrements and flying colours, to receive the king. We swiftly passed away, and about eight o'clock again arrived in Manchester.

I could not help being again forcibly struck by the peculiar dense atmosphere which hangs over these towns, in which hundreds of chimneys are continually vomiting forth clouds of smoke. The light even is quite different from what it is elsewhere! What a curious red colour was presented by the evening light this evening! It is not like mist, nor like dust, nor even entirely like smoke, but is a sort of mixture of these three ingredients, condensed moreover by the particular chemical exhalations of such towns. The peculiar tint which the country around such a city assumes, cannot be better designated than by the phrase *factory tint*! Even this, however, might be looked at from the poetical side, and I could fancy that it would make a pretty picture, if any painter should represent the lofty masses of these square factories, with the much loftier chimneys,

between them a couple of Gothic spires, and in the foreground the high walls of a viaduct, with its broad arches, the whole surrounded by this factory tint.

When we came to the long tunnel near Manchester, I counted, by means of the lamp in our elegant carriage, the time we were in passing through it at full speed. We were exactly five minutes and fifteen seconds, and this may give some idea of the length of this subterranean work.

Shortly before ten o'clock we arrived in Liverpool, and passed down the long tunnel to the terminus, whence we shall start to-morrow for Cumberland; from manufacturing districts and factories to free and open nature!

LX.

Bowness, July 18th—Evening.

IN consequence of numerous delays and the particular time of starting by the railway, it was eleven o'clock before we left Liverpool. The train pursued a northerly direction; the weather was very beautiful; the country through which we passed rather flat, but well cultivated. We first came to Preston, a very considerable manufacturing town connected with the Irish Sea, by the bay formed by the embouchure of the river Ribble. From Preston we continued our course by the railway to Lancaster. This town also lies on the river Lune, at the extremity of a very wide, shallow, and sandy arm of the sea, called Morecombe Bay. Its old castle, built by John of Gaunt, in the reign of Edward III, and situated on a height, forms a great ornament to the place.

We no sooner left the station than we proceeded immediately to the castle, which presents a noble and stately appearance from a distance, but when more nearly approached proves to be a county prison. The arrival of the king had instantly brought together a great crowd of people, who collected around and pressed so closely upon us, that we found some difficulty in making our way, and were only freed from our troublesome escort when the large and heavy door of the castle was closed behind us. This castle is historically remarkable, and presents a noble appearance with the square towers which adorn its walls. One of these towers is said to have been built by Constantius Clorus, the father of Constantine; the second dates from the old Anglo-Saxon period, and the third, over the gate, was added by John of Gaunt, who at a later period restored and completed the fortress. We were conducted to the summit of the gate tower, and enjoyed a very delightful view of the wide-spreading hilly country around;—of the bay, glittering in the bright sunlight of a summer afternoon;—and the outline of the Cumberland mountains.

in the distance. The governor himself joined us soon after our arrival, showed us the courts in which the assizes are held, gave us a hasty glance at the cells, and even at the narrow passage which leads to the place of execution. It gave me a feeling of inward satisfaction to hear the benevolent tone and truly humane language of the governor, in reference to the inmates of the prison. When speaking of the offenders under his charge, he constantly called these unhappy persons "the unfortunate criminals."

Whilst we were thus engaged in examining the castle, the carriages had been brought from the railroad—horses put to—and we proceeded on our journey through Burton, to Bowness. As we advanced, the country became more and more hilly, and exhibited a richer green in its vegetation. After having been so long in the great coal district of Manchester and its neighbourhood, and the region of red sandstone, we now again found ourselves upon a limestone soil. On our way hither, we stopped at Leven Hall, a very charming old country-seat, some miles south west of Kendal; built in what in England is so often called the Elizabethan style, and belonging to Sir Greville Howard. This small residence or country-house has remained, in all outward things, in its present condition for about 200 years—whilst the interior is not only habitable, but fitted up with luxury and taste. In all parts of the house there are very fine specimens of wood carving. A large fire-place in one of the rooms is especially worthy of notice—as containing singular arabesques and figures—quaintly representing the five senses, the four elements, the four seasons, and similar subjects; here also breathes that peculiar mild air, that spirit of the olden time, and that feeling of faithful transmission from generation to generation, which gives such a deep interest to all these ancient family castles, and fills the mind of the traveller with a feeling of something almost sacred within their walls. It is impossible not to feel how charming a residence here might be—of course always under the condition of having an agreeable social circle. The surrounding park is calculated to produce the same effect upon the mind as the residence to which it is so suitable an appendage. The grounds immediately around the house, which is for the most part covered with ivy and roses, were originally laid out by a gardener in the service of King James II. These grounds present very remarkable specimens of hedges cut into the quaintest forms, among flower-beds carefully bordered with box; yew trees cut into extraordinary figures, and entwined with roses and honeysuckles; and, behind the whole, a lonely walk on the soft turf, thickly overshadowed by lofty beech and lime trees. This of course forms but a small portion of the grounds, and leads into the wide-spreading park, which is full of charming scenery. We met the family of the owner in the garden; it consisted of an elderly and a young gentleman and several ladies. We entered into a very agreeable conversation, and at length the younger Howard proposed to drive before us in a light carriage, and thus to show the way.

which our carriages should follow in order to obtain a general view of the park. His majesty accepted the offer—and in the train of our conductor we took our road across pathless meadows—under ancient oaks and lime-trees—and by the side of mountain streamlets rushing down and foaming over their rocky beds, till it was at last found impossible to pursue these devious tracks with our heavy travelling carriages. We then returned to the high road, and in about two hours arrived at this delightful village, after driving through a country constantly becoming more mountainous in its character. Bowness is situated between lofty, wooded hills, above the shores of Windermere, which lies in all its beauty before the eye of the traveller, and possesses all those attractions which are calculated to render it one of the great points of attraction to English tourists.

The evening was so beautiful, that even at sunset a short excursion in a boat was undertaken by our party, in order to visit some of the small, rocky islands with which the lake is here interspersed. The play of spectral light upon the rocky heights was beautiful beyond description—the western wooded hills were reflected in broad and deep shadows upon the smooth face of the lake—and the reflecting surface of the waters, enlivened by numerous wherries filled with ladies and gentlemen enjoying the evening breeze and the beautiful scenery, who swarmed around our boat, served to complete the picture of our first evening on the celebrated English lakes, and a picture which, if not grand, was at least extremely agreeable and lovely.

LXI.

Patterdale, July 19th—Evening.

THE morning at Bowness was somewhat overcast, but still beautiful. At an early hour we ascended a small rocky eminence which rises charmingly not far from the inn, and on our way up, we found by the wayside one of the most remarkable of English plants—the beautiful yellow poppy (*papaver cambricum*), which has never heretofore been found except in Wales and Cumberland. This was, properly speaking, our second interesting botanical discovery in this neighbourhood. Yesterday evening, during our pleasure excursion upon the lake, we met with the flowers of the *lobelia dortmanna*, along the shore of a little rocky island, growing out of the water like reeds. The view from the rocky eminence, which was the object of our walk, was truly enchanting. Before us lay the waters of the calm and peaceful lake, and in the distance the outlines of the mountains, with a constant play of clouds around their summits. The air was fragrant with the

sweet smell of thyme, and nothing could exceed the charming picture presented by the small rocky islands which lay scattered on the bosom of the quiet lake.

The carriages were now sent forward along the shore, whilst we entered a small boat, in order thus to see and enjoy the whole extent of the charming lake in the exhilarating morning air. The water of these lakes is remarkably black, and yet in some places singularly clear. There is nothing whatever of the beautiful green of the Swiss lakes. Our excursion along the lake proved very delightful; there were numerous enchanting plays of light and shade on the mountains—many beautiful houses lay either on the shores, or on the lofty banks above the lake; and the far-echoing cannon, thundering as we approached, greeted his majesty on his landing.

We immediately entered our carriages, and drove into the beautiful valleys. Our road soon brought us to Ambleside, one of the usual stations of tourists to the lakes. From thence we pursued our route under wide-spreading ilex and nut-trees, through green valleys abounding in springs—into the mountainous district, the elevation of whose rocks and hills continually increased as we proceeded. Numerous small streams bounded down from the heights—we passed along the shore of another small lake, called Grassmere, after which the road immediately assumed a steeper and more mountainous character. We no sooner arrived at the summit, than the postillions put their horses to a gallop, and calculating to a nicety the swaying of the large travelling carriage, they drove us with the greatest skill and safety, round all the windings of this mountain road, and brought us to Keswick about noon. From the heights above the town as we approached, we obtained a magnificent view of the mountain lake called Derwentwater, and straight before us rose the ridge of the loftiest mountain chain in Cumberland, topped by the rounded summit of Skiddaw. We remained at the inn only long enough to prepare ourselves for an excursion to the top of Skiddaw, and to obtain a good guide and light carriage to facilitate the ascent. Both were quickly at the door, and we immediately set off in the direction of the mountain, and drove as far as the road was practicable for a carriage. The weather appeared somewhat doubtful, blinks of sunshine and light showers alternately passed over the country, but the guide assured us of our being able to make a successful ascent to the summit, which lies 3022 feet above the level of the sea. This man pleased me well, his name is Wright; he showed himself to be well acquainted with the botany and geology of the district—has been a collector of plants and minerals for years, and had been formerly in Iceland and Sweden.

The ascent was very gradual, over black mountain slopes, covered with short grass and heath, and occupied us full two hours. As

we began to approach the summit, clouds settled around it, and we were now a second time involved in their loose gray mists. Fortunately, however, the wind speedily dispelled them, and in the bright afternoon sun, one of the finest views of mountain scenery imaginable lay stretched out before our astonished eyes. Towards the north the nearest Scotch mountains greeted us from afar; eastward lay the picturesque chain of the Cumberland and Westmoreland hills; to the south the beautiful lake of Derwentwater, with its splendid bold rocky shores; and to the west the sun shone full on the bright and glittering waters of the Irish Sea, in which the eye reached as far as the Isle of Man. Our guide now directed our attention to a streak in the distant horizon, which he assured us was the eastern coast of Ireland. Although I must admit that the many days which had now been spent in contemplating the beauties of natural scenery, had begun to awaken in me a longing after the works of the intelligent mind, and the more elevated subjects of reflection, yet, notwithstanding this longing desire, on this occasion nature made such a rich display of her beauties before my eyes, that she recovered her full power over my mind, and allured me into a sweet forgetfulness of myself and of all human efforts. The fine and beautiful wavy outlines of the mountains, in a magnificent atmosphere, and under the sloping rays of the afternoon sun, in the play of passing clouds, which like a half drawn-up curtain partly covered and partly revealed their beauties; and the bright silvery light of the sun reflected on the wide sea, the pure invigorating mountain air, all worked upon me with such purity and effect that I felt myself full of that feeling of a happy earthly existence, which in all its extent, and especially as the product of natural objects, rarely falls to the lot of mortal man.

In addition to all these outward beauties, the internal geognostic relations of these districts are very remarkable. The mountain itself consists of hard black slate-clay. On the north-east the granite breaks through, and has pushed up the slate on both sides; to the north there are some copper and lead mines—and to the south lie the mountains behind Derwentwater, which produce the graphite of such rare occurrence, from which the admirable Keswick pencils are formed.

We remained for some considerable time upon the summit of the hill, which is strewed over with fragments of slate-rock—were a second time enveloped in mist—and finally descended to a lower indentation of the mountain, to a place in which a spring breaks forth, in order to sit down and enjoy the contents of a basket of provisions which had been carefully packed for the occasion. The elevation of the place, and the beauty of the opposite mountains, made this meal an *exalted* luncheon in a twofold sense; and in order that it might enjoy importance in both, his majesty proposed to drink, in admirable sherry, the healths of all true naturalists, who like

Leopold von Buch, Elie de Beaumont, and Alexander von Humboldt, have contributed, by their travels and researches, to make us better acquainted with the history of mountains.

The sun began to decline rapidly—the various tints produced by his rays became more and more beautiful, and we commenced our descent in the highest spirits, whilst our guide plied us incessantly with anecdotes of his travels, even to the Faroe Isles, proved very entertaining, and pointed out to us the *habitats* of many rare plants. On our way back to Keswick, we stopped to see one of the most remarkable of the lead-pencil manufactories. This species of manufacture was also quite new to me; and the manner in which every description of these useful articles was here produced by the application of machinery, driven by steam power, was at once instructive and entertaining. We were shown the whole process, from the quick and fine cutting of the cedar—by means of a delicate circular saw—to the insertion of the lead, of various qualities and dimensions, into the grooved wood, the glueing and fastening of the two sides, and, finally, the turning, polishing, and stamping of the finished pencil; and it may be well supposed that I did not fail afterwards to take advantage of the opportunity to provide my friends at home with a complete stock of these excellent drawing-pencils. In the meantime the carriages were got ready, and we left Keswick in order to return to Patterdale, amidst the cheers of an immense mass of curious spectators, who had assembled to see and welcome the king. The evening came on apace—the tops of the lofty hills glowed once more with the deep red of the setting sun, which was relieved by masses of dark clouds—and after a short thunder shower, night set in and concealed many a pleasing prospect from our view, as we drove on in the dark. We first passed over some barren wastes, and afterwards entered upon a well-wooded district, with numerous hedges enclosing fields, in some of which cattle and in others horses were pasturing, just visible in the twilight. Having reached the highest point of the road, we almost immediately passed into a deep ravine, and two small arms of a lake became indistinctly visible through the leaves of the trees, in the uncertain light. We drove round rocks and through trees of thick foliage, and might have fancied ourselves in a complete wilderness, had not light suddenly glimmered through the bushes, and the carriage been drawn up before an elegant hotel, fitted up with all the enchanting decorations of a fairy palace. Such hotels are fitted up for the use and pleasure of English tourists, who perambulate these districts in summer in hosts, sometimes for the purpose of fishing, sometimes of sketching, or for mere recreation or enjoyment; and many of whom have well-furnished hunting-boxes, which they occupy during the season for the pleasure of field sports. From the top of Skiddaw some of these hunting-boxes were pointed out to us in a valley of these Alpine meadows.

It is not to be denied that this, too, contributes to raise and

maintain the independence of this extraordinary island. In Cumberland and Wales the Englishman possesses a kind of English Switzerland, which in its free, beautiful, and variegated scenery, furnishes him with multifarious means of recreation and invigoration, after the exhaustion of a town life, and the demand of public and private business. In the same way as the English so thoroughly well understand how to compress into a small compass in their travelling cases, all that is both useful and elegant, so nature has brought together in their island, for their use and enjoyment, a combination of things the most necessary and the most delightful; meadows, fields, and coal-beds, with all the advantages and beauties of a sea coast; and even, too, a scenery like that of Switzerland or the Tyrol on a small scale.

This day's drive presented us with beauties which produced a great impression even in our hasty passage. How much greater must be the charms of this mountain district to those who are able to dwell upon and enjoy them at leisure.

LXII.

Carlisle, July 20th—Evening.

HAVING walked out early on this sunny morning in Patterdale, to explore the neighbourhood, I found myself in a delightful idyllic vale; meadows lay around, from which the new-mown hay sent forth its charming fragrance, and behind the inn stood a small rocky elevation from which there is an extensive view into the valley, and over the bright lake. All around me were young plantations and bold projecting rocky hills. Every thing in this charming vale breathed of the deepest peace; the bottom of the valley was clothed with the richest green, studded with pretty country-houses, and the atmosphere rendered pure and invigorating by the breeze from the lake. If I were engaged on a work requiring long and deep reflection, I can conceive no place better fitted for such a true exercise of the mind. The carriages were again sent forward in order that we might more fully enjoy the pleasure of the scenery by traversing the lake in a boat. Here, too, we found the pretty *Lobelia Dortmanna* springing up in full bloom above the surface of the waters. We glided leisurely over the bright waters, followed at a distance by another boat, in which there was a band of music; and delighted with the continual change in the aspect of the mountains and scenery. The primitive rocks begin again to show themselves in this district—the rocks behind the hotel contained porphyry. Syenite also appears; and, together with these primitive elements, there are also found ores of the precious metals. We saw at a dis-

tance the smoke of a mine which yields no inconsiderable quantity of silver and lead.

Having spent about an hour in this delightful transit, we landed under some trees, and found the carriages in waiting. We however still proceeded a little distance further, when a small country-house of ancient exterior, situated in the midst of meadows and forest trees, presented itself to our view. The house is called Lyulph's Tower, and was fitted up as a hunting-box by a former Duke of Norfolk. The present possessor is Henry Howard, Esq. This small residence is built in the castellated style, on a beautiful site, which commands an extensive and splendid view over the lake; the rooms on the ground-floor are furnished after the ancient fashion, and adorned with some magnificent antlers of deer, and a great variety of hunting apparatus. In front of the house, on the luxurious sunny lawn, the scene was splendid. The bees were humming around—the dark surface of the lake lay spread out before us—and the mountains stretched away to a distance in beautiful Alpine outlines. We lay down on the fragrant grass and attempted to obtain some sketches of this beautiful district.

Not far from the house a rapid mountain torrent, presenting a most picturesque scene, dashed down between craggy rocks overspread with luxurious foliage; and every thing in this little excursion filled us with pleasure. We now entered our carriages and followed the course of a pretty road overshadowed by trees, along the borders of the lake, till we came to its termination, and crossed a bridge which spans a small stream that runs into the lake. Here we enjoyed a still finer view than we had yet seen of the hills near its banks. From thence we followed a road over hills and through ravines, which, after a short drive, brought us to Lowther Castle, a seat surrounded by a park, belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale.

The avenue which leads to the castle is magnificent. In front lies the rocky valley of the Lowther, richly covered with wood—the extensive meadows traversed by alleys of lime-trees—the whole, in the midst of the haymaking, presented to the eye a scene full of life and pleasure; and at the termination of these charming green glades lies the extensive castle, covering an immense space, built in the Anglo-Gothic style, perhaps with even too much symmetry. The approach to the castle is truly splendid; and on the entrance into the grand hall, the stranger is surprised by the splendour of the surrounding objects. This hall is supported by lofty Gothic pillars, and leads directly to the grand staircase, adorned with variegated glass windows and numerous suits of armour, tastefully arranged. The other apartments of the castle correspond with the hall, both in grandeur and richness. There is a drawing-room with a large and splendid bay-window, built in a fine Gothic form, and ornamented on the outside with flowers; it looks towards the park, and is especially worthy of notice. Nor is there any deficiency of pictures

and busts. Among the former, there is a picture with small figures hanging over a chimney-piece, ascribed to Titian, which is very remarkable; it seemed worthy of a longer study. An Oyster Feast, by Steen, exhibits fine traits; and the genuine Dutch beauty of the hostess deserves particular notice. There are several admirable landscapes, by C. Poussin, and P. Brill; and I here, for the first time, saw a picture by Brill, which is not only historically remarkable, but really appears to be an able work—executed almost in the style and tone of Everdingen.

We took a walk through the park, and were greatly pleased with a kind of forest terrace, from which there is a very fine view of the country lying beneath, and of the distant mountains which bound the horizon. Behind this, lay a larger wood of firs and beech, which a few years before had been almost completely prostrated by a violent storm. Many of the stems, which had been merely sawn across, stood high above the surface of the ground now occupied by a *Pinetum*. It was to me a singular contemplation, these denizens of the ancient forest blown down and destroyed, and their places occupied by a race of fashionable upstarts and far-travelled *parvenus*. Will those, too, in their turn, some time or other become mighty trees? And what will be their end? Lying still further beyond are, however, still to be seen many large and beautiful forest trees of the olden time, lofty pines, and splendid beeches.

A short drive brought us from Lowther Castle to Penrith, a small open town, close to which are the remains of a ruined castle, which possesses some historical interest from having once been the property and residence of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. We did not stop to examine the ruins, but immediately pursued our route. We here once again enjoyed a splendid view of the whole chain of the Cumberland mountains, with Skiddaw on the southwestern horizon in the clear blue sky; whilst to the north, the Scottish hills became gradually more and more distinct, and the country itself more level.

We reached Carlisle early in the evening, at six o'clock; and made several excursions on foot through this unimportant town of about 20,000 inhabitants.

We were first conducted to the old cathedral, which bears many traces of the heavy Norman architecture, and, with its weather-beaten red sandstone, reminded me strongly of the old churches in Chester. Near, and indeed in immediate connexion with, the cathedral, stands a *refectorium*, in which James I., on his way from Scotland, held his first parliament. None of these buildings possess any beauty or interest as architectural structures. From the cathedral we took our way to the old castle, which contains a small garrison; the officer no sooner became aware of the rank of his visiter, than he ordered the men under arms. We ascended the outer wall, and thus obtained an excellent view of the town and neighbourhood;

the old cathedral, when seen from this elevated point, was a very interesting object. We were afterwards shown the weather-beaten prison tower, where several of the Scotch rebels were once confined, previous to being executed on the green before the walls. The prison itself was a low dark cell; a single narrow opening afforded the only access to light and air, and the sight of the traces made in the soft sandstone of this little opening in the wall, by the fingers of the despairing captives, who lay for months in this narrow cell, and clambered up to see the light of heaven, awakened strong feelings of compassion and horror in the mind. There was another cell, close by, somewhat better lighted, where the prisoners had cut all kinds of small and monstrous figures in the soft sandstone. Here the torment of the inward man had found some relief and consolation in the practice of the rudest description of art—and there were visible the immediate impressions of the anxieties of the prisoners. Wonderful being is man! Not contented with that Prometheus torment, which his unsatisfied desires themselves continually prepare for him, in one way or another, he prepares, has prepared, and will prepare, in the most various ways, the most far-fetched torments for thousands of beings formed like himself! One of the wings of the castle, also, is said to have been built by Richard III., and many historical anecdotes relating to the wars between England and Scotland are connected with the scenes of this neighbourhood. We were told, that about fifteen miles from Carlisle, there were still to be seen remains of the Picts' wall—a description of diminutive “Wall of China,” which in remote periods was built as a defence against the incursions of the northern barbarians of the island; a Roman camp, too, was fixed near the city, and Roman remains are frequently found.

As we were about to return from the citadel, two of the magistrates of the town arrived; and at last, also, the mayor himself, which led to a new invasion of the populace, anxious to see the king—and an immense crowd of street boys was collected, from whose eager curiosity it was only possible to escape by a quick return to the hotel. These gentlemen incidentally informed us of the increasing industry of the town, in consequence of the opening of a railway from thence to Newcastle—boasted of the increase of the population, and the impulse given to important branches of manufacture, especially to cotton-spinning—so that in the very extremity of England proper, genuine English industry continues to spread more and more.

LXIII.

SCOTLAND.

Hamilton Palace, July 21st—Evening.

IN proportion as this day was gloomy, foggy, and rainy, the reception in the evening was agreeable, comfortable, and splendid, in this ancient Scottish residence, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton, father of the Marquis of Douglas, husband of the Princess of Baden, who is a near relative of his majesty our king. Changed in our journey as well as in life! As this was Sunday, we did not leave Carlisle till early in the afternoon,—after church. The sky was gloomy—the country became more and more barren and dreary. We soon crossed the river Esk, over a bridge with iron railings, and entered the kingdom of Scotland, in which the first stage brought us to the well-known village of Gretna Green, the anxiously-expected port to many eager lovers! The house in which these hasty marriages are celebrated lies at a short distance from the road, is of stone, covered with a gray slate roof, and looks very inviting with its clean white walls and green lawn under surrounding trees. Post-horses were here provided, and a large book was shown us, in which the names of all those who had here entered into wedlock are recorded. One of the last and most distinguished couples whose names were enrolled, were the Prince and Princess of Capua—who here, as well as elsewhere, had caused the ceremony of marriage to be performed, in order in all possible ways to strengthen and give validity to their disputed union.

It is the law of Scotland, that the validity of marriage does not depend upon the ceremony being performed by a clergyman of any description—the declaration of the contracting parties before a justice of the peace, or other competent witnesses, is sufficient to give it legality, providing the parties contracting such union are unmarried, and not within the prohibited degrees of relationship. The former procurator of marriages was a smith—at present the owner of the post-house performs the needful service for those who resort to this temple of Hymen. New laws, however, are likely to interfere with these adventurous unions, and the romantic will soon be deprived of this motive, as well as of so many others.

The rain continued to fall more heavily—the country to become more and more waste and desolate, and the clouds to descend. Our entrance into Scotland was very melancholy—completely in unison with what is said of the Scotch character—“*Sombre Ecossais.*” During the whole drive of many miles, we looked in vain for a town, or even a considerable village. The stages at which we changed horses were generally a few solitary dwellings, or resembled very poor hamlets—whilst the whole district was, for the most part, barren and waste. The road, generally speaking, ran along high

grounds, and was often marked out by stakes, in order to afford a guide to travellers in the deep winter snow: and here and there we observed single low stone houses by the way side. One circumstance on our journey made a singular impression. To the right of the road lay a house somewhat larger than usual—but not high, and almost flat-roofed, around which a number of men were standing with raised umbrellas. This was an assembly of some of the congregations belonging to the Free Church party, who were listening to their Sunday's sermon; and these individuals had been unable to find accommodation within the walls. This assembly, thus standing under the rain, presented a singular appearance, and reminded us strongly of the early Christians. In Scotland, in general, a severe puritanical spirit prevails, and a great number of the people have wholly renounced their connexion with the Established Church, in order that they may exercise the privilege of electing their own ministers, and now denominate themselves the "*Free Church.*" They consequently no longer occupy the churches built by the state, but assemble in the best and most convenient temporary places they can find, till they are able to build churches for themselves. It seemed to me as if I saw the gloom and melancholy of the rainy day depicted in the minds of the assembled worshippers.

The persons, too, whom we met on the roads, or saw in the houses or hamlets, were now of a very different build. They were, for the most part, large coarse figures, with wide mouths, melancholy countenances, and projecting cheek bones; the eye was destitute of fire, especially in the men, who were generally rolled up in a woollen plaid, drawn tight round their shoulders, and wore a flat, ugly-looking black woollen cap on their heads. The figures of the women were somewhat better, and we had the additional advantage of seeing them dressed in their Sunday clothes—though no small number of them went barefooted.

The country first began to show some signs of civilisation, when we had passed about forty miles beyond the border—trees then became more frequent, and the houses somewhat larger. The thick misty rain decreased, the temperature of the evening became warm, although the sky still remained cloudy. As we drew near to Hamilton, in the increasing twilight, we saw bright glowing lights in the northern horizon, which proved to be the distant reflection of the numerous iron-works in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. We now passed several considerable market-towns—which, however, present a melancholy and disagreeable appearance, with their long rows of one-story houses, under a uniform line of roof. The fact is, that these small houses are generally built by the proprietors of the soil, and then let or sold to tenants and occupiers.

It became continually darker and later; at length we arrived at the small town of Hamilton—and a little distance beyond the town, at this splendid ducal palace. The family was still in London; every thing, however, was prepared for the reception of the king.

The most admirable arrangements were made for the comfort of the whole party—and an elegant dinner was soon served upon the richest plate, as if by enchantment, in a splendid room, with numbers of ancestral portraits hung upon its walls:—it was close upon midnight.

LXIV.

Balloch, July 22nd—Evening.

ON the past night I slept soundly, and enjoyed pleasing dreams in a large soft bed with silk hangings, in a fine and richly-furnished chamber in Hamilton Palace. The agreeable night was succeeded by a beautifully clear, sunny morning. The number of very fine pictures which adorn this rich, magnificently-furnished palace, afforded the most various materials for observation and thought, both before and after breakfast. Of some of these I must now give a somewhat more particular account. The collection contains an infant Christ sleeping on a cross, by Guido. The Christ is painted with a full and circumstantial power of conception, and with a peculiarly deep, foreboding character. It is impossible to contemplate this admirable work without observing in the small, apparently accidental, features of the child an anticipation of his future destiny. And besides this, the painting is most delicately executed. There is also a head by Antonello da Messina, of the year 1474, which is historically remarkable. The house contains also several fine pieces by Rubens, who, if we may judge by the multitude of his works, must have painted, like Briareus, with a hundred hands. The first of these is a sketch taken from the history of Decius Mus, and was no doubt the original of one of the large pictures of the Lichtenstein collection in Vienna. The second represents the “Birth of Venus from the Sea,” a sketch intended for a shield to be executed in metal, or for a large silver dish. Both are executed with all the vigour and ease of this giant artist. The third is a large, boldly-painted picture, representing “Daniel in the Lion’s Den;” and a fourth is the representation of a group of male and female Centaurs—a small picture painted with a full overflowing luxuriance of pleasure and genius. My attention was further long arrested by the contemplation of a large, tall picture by Girolamo dei Libri, let into the wall above an open flight of stairs. This same picture was formerly in the church of Leonardo del Monte, in Verona. Under a laurel, in an open landscape, is seen the lofty figure of the Madonna, surrounded by saints. There is a peculiarly rich splendour of colouring in the figures,—the blue air, the green foliage of the laurel, and the rich neighbourhood. Every thing breathes the balmy air of a luxurious southern world. In addition to these, there is a smaller picture of a “Madonna and

Child," by Francia, as it is said, but it is executed with such admirable delicacy, and is so full of life, that I should be disposed, certainly, to ascribe it to Raphael.

I cannot omit mentioning a "Dying Magdalene," by Corregio, and Albert Dürer's portrait of himself, which represents him almost precisely as in his bust at Florence, on a reduced scale, and with a singularly small gray cap.

Van Dyck's portraits are numerous in almost all great English houses, and it may therefore be well supposed that they are not wanting in this collection. I would especially direct the attention of travellers to the full-length portraits of the Earl of Denbigh, James, Marquis of Hamilton, and that of Von Myrtens. Finally, I must mention a picture taken from the history of Myrrha, by Giorgione, and an interesting historical picture by a Spaniard, Pantoxa della Croce, who has represented a number of English and Spanish gentlemen seated round a table, at the time immediately succeeding the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and engaged in negotiations for a peace between Philip and Elizabeth. This is a picture, which, as a work of art, is by no means distinguished, but it has many remarkable and national physiognomies.

The morning was most agreeably spent in viewing these works of art; soon after breakfast, Mr. Brown, the duke's factor or steward, an old, experienced, active man, presented himself, and ordered carriages to the door, in order to show the king a part of the demesne, and the most remarkable objects therein. He drove us first into the wilder portions of the park, along the edge of a rapid stream, also called the Avon, running between rocky banks, and to the lonely Castle of Cadzaw, now completely in ruins, and overgrown with trees and creeping plants. This castle formerly belonged to the kings of Scotland, and was afterwards inhabited by the duke's ancestors. It was destroyed in the wars carried on with Scotland by Elizabeth. All around was wild and beautiful! Magnificent oaks, wild shrubs, and the ruins of the tower overgrown with ivy; deep under the rocks of the castle run the yellow waters of the Avon.

Not far from this forest solitude, commences an extensive hilly district of pasture land, upon which Mr. Brown pointed out to us in the distance a large herd of white cattle, some lying, and some wandering over the pasture. These are stated to be the descendants of a breed introduced into this country by the Romans, and traceable from the time of Julius Cæsar to the present. They are here called the "white cattle," and the duke always keeps a stock of them amounting to about seventy head. They are in a sort of half-wild condition, remain all the year round in the open air, on the pastures, and under the trees, and whatever increase takes place above the standard number of the herd, shot yearly. The flesh is said to be extremely fine. It is only safe to approach them with great caution, and well provided with stout hedge-stakes; when we had got near

enough to see them distinctly, our conductor sent a dog to drive them past us, so as to give us the best opportunity of seeing their build, size, and movements. It was indeed a singular sight. A couple of large bulls, whose heads and necks were grayer than the rest, and even somewhat blackish, paced along with a most stately gait, especially attracted our attention, and gave us the impression of their being very dangerous animals. The whole of this scene, and the half-wild drove of cattle, would have afforded a splendid opportunity for a painter of animals.

We now drove back, crossed the bridge of the Avon, and ascended a little hill, on which the duke has erected a small hunting-box, and from which there is an excellent view of the whole of this extensive domain. According to Mr. Brown, the yearly income of the estate amounts to about 70,000*l.*, and if the duke were to work, to their full extent, the coal pits and iron mines on his property, which are very numerous, this income might be very easily increased to 100,000*l.* per annum, or more.

Some idea may be formed of the produce of the arable land, from the fact of our having had pointed out to us, on our way back, a beautiful and extensive field of clover, the yearly produce of which was estimated at 500*l.* Here, too, the herds of cattle graze in the open fields day and night, from the first of April till the end of September.

After having taken luncheon in the palace, we entered our carriages, and took leave of a household by whom we had been most hospitably and splendidly entertained, and of a mansion and grounds where we could have tarried longer with the greatest pleasure. The king, before leaving, was presented, in the name of the duke, with a copy of a splendid book, containing a number of lithographs on a large scale, which the noble owner had caused to be struck off a few years before, representing the reception given at the palace to his step-daughter, the Princess Marie of Baden,—only a small number of copies was prepared and issued. These drawings were confined to views of the palace and grounds, and the festivities on that occasion. The arrival of the state carriages before the lofty portico of the mansion, the festive scenes within the palace and in the park, &c., formed the subjects of the various prints: the whole was extremely well calculated to furnish a good idea of the princely grandeur of the house of Hamilton.

After a short drive, we stopped at Bothwell Castle, a beautiful country-seat, belonging to Lord Douglas, also situated in the valley of the Avon, and surrounded by a park containing some magnificent specimens of forest trees. Not far from the modern mansion, lie the ruins of the ancient Castle of Bothwell. The view of the castle, with its lofty wall towers, studded with turrets, with its ancient crumbling red sandstone walls covered with ivy, and overgrown with oaks and lime trees, was extremely beautiful in this splendid summer weather, especially on the river side, where the

stream rolled along with its yellow waters far below, between overhanging woods, and rocky banks.

The castle is said to have been built as early as the reign of Edward I., and many tales and anecdotes of deeds of violence and war, of which it had been the scene, were related to us. We only saw a few of the lower rooms in the small and modern castle; these contained a number of family portraits, and portraits of other remarkable persons, some of which are well painted. I was particularly struck with that of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, by his military bearing, and delicate yet bold and adventurous physiognomy, makes a deep impression on the spectator.

From Bothwell Castle, we pursued our route to Glasgow, taking in our way a hasty view of some of the great iron works in the neighbourhood. That nearest to Glasgow seemed to be the most important, and eight large blast furnaces were here in continual operation. Here, too, as in Wales, the iron-stone and coal are found close to each other, and brought out of the coal pits at the same time, but the iron-stone, which is too much mixed, is obliged to be put through a process of roasting, before it is subjected to the blast furnace. A second peculiarity of these works is the use of hot-air blasts, by means of which the consumption of coal is diminished about one-third. We were very anxious to have seen one of these furnaces empty or in course of erection, in order to have obtained a complete idea of the construction of the blowing apparatus. The warm air is pressed into immense iron balloons by the pressure of a powerful engine, and from these reservoirs it is conducted by means of pipes to the glowing fires. Formerly, these streams of air were admitted or forced into the fire at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, but it is now forced through strong iron tubes into the glowing cavities of the furnace, after having been itself previously heated to a high temperature—thus a great rapidity of the process, as well as diminution of the cost, is accomplished. These iron pipes form a species of bower about the height of a man. In all other respects, these iron works are precisely similar to those of Merthyr Tydvil.

We soon arrived in Glasgow, the most industrial of all the towns in Scotland; and increasing in population and houses in a ratio almost incredible. On our entrance, we passed through the dirtiest, poorest, and most smoky part of the lower town. The entrance from all quarters is disagreeable and offensive. The smoke was not merely coal smoke—the whole atmosphere was impregnated by exhalations from chemical and other manufactories, which sent forth smells and vapours almost suffocating. The houses are small and dirty; and the town filled with a population, many of whom were lounging at the doors or in the streets in rags; and there were incredible numbers of children, who ran after the carriages, uttering the most disgusting cries. This continued long. By degrees, however, the houses began to improve; but the well-known manufacturing tone

of Manchester and Leeds, still prevailed through all the streets, and in the appearance of the parti-coloured thronging masses of the people. We at last stopped at an hotel, not much frequented. Mr. Brown, who had accompanied us so far, and was thoroughly well acquainted with Glasgow, immediately ordered hackney coaches, in order to show us some of the most remarkable objects in the city, with as little loss of time as possible; and ordered the travelling-carriages, with fresh horses, to wait for us beyond the limits of the city, in order that we might avoid the crowding of the people, and be able to pursue our journey without molestation or inconvenience.

Our first drive was to the ancient buildings of the University, founded as early as 1450. It consists of several courts, surrounded by houses, built almost without style, leading to an open space, in which stands the Hunterian Museum, erected in a completely Grecian style. This museum contains a number of collections of various kinds; a library; coins and medals; a few pictures; a collection of weapons; a gallery of natural history; and the rich anatomical cabinet, founded by the celebrated John Hunter. Unfortunately, scarcely any of all these things could be seen by us, we were so much limited as to time. On the whole, however, the museum appeared more remarkable for the variety of its contents than for their rarity or value; and the *tout ensemble* of the collections was old-fashioned. This, it is true, is no reason why it may not contain many things worthy of a much closer inspection, and of great worth. There are exhibited, under glass in the library, some most splendid miniatures from an ancient psalter, and other beautiful paintings in large missals;—a picture of James Watt, and his statue in marble, are also well worthy of notice; and the anatomical collection, which our time did not even allow me to glance at, must undoubtedly contain many things worthy of attentive examination. We proposed to reach Loch Lomond this evening. It appeared to me very characteristic of a city, which is, properly speaking, to be considered as a great manufacturing town, that the *custos* of the museum, in directing attention to the curiosities and treasures which the collections contained, uniformly added the value of the article in money, as if to enhance its estimation. We were informed that the collection of coins and medals, cost 20,000*l.*; a picture, 1500*l.*; a statue, 2000*l.*, &c. &c., but all to no purpose.

We next drove to the new large exchange, also built in what is called the Grecian style—that is, adorned with a number of columns. It is singular, that one observes very little here of that Anglo-Gothic style, which is almost universal in England. Exchanges every where have been built in the ancient Italian style, as if the form of the building was in some way connected with the method of book-keeping, which has been derived from Italy, with all its conventional terms and subjects, as a memorial of those long-past times, when Italy ruled the trade of the world. The building is, moreover, spacious and well executed. The *news-room*, in which papers and

journals of all kinds were spread about upon the tables, and notices from all parts of the world attached to the columns, appeared especially well arranged.

The part of the town in which the Exchange is situated, lies higher, and is much more airy than that through which we had driven. The streets are better built, kept clean, and almost free from that smoke, which enwraps every thing in these manufacturing towns. Still better, however, is the situation of the new town, as it is called, which lies much higher; it is built quite in the same style as the West-End of London, and well laid out in squares, which are so favourable to health. In this quarter we saw whole streets with several churches, some of them just completed—and some recently occupied—with others still in course of erection. The town, in this manner, appears to be in a course of rapid increase in various directions. Mr. Brown conducted us to a place still free from buildings, on the declivity of the hill, from whence we had an excellent view of the town, stretching far below us, and up the hill towards the place on which we stood. The beautiful summer evening shed an enchanting air over the masses of houses and churches which lay beneath, and the distant hills. The city, partially veiled in dark smoky clouds, still presented all the appearance of a manufacturing town; but the pure crescent moon rose beautifully in the clear, slightly reddened horizon, above the cloudy atmosphere beneath. Thus it is that the lofty poetical feeling of the human mind rises placid and clear above the active but grovelling occupations of every-day life.

In such a general view, one would almost believe it possible to see with the eye the rapid growth and increase of the city! In the eighth decennium of the last century, the inhabitants of Glasgow amounted to little more than 60,000, at present the number is greater than 200,000, and in a few decennia it will probably double that amount. Cotton and iron are the chief products of industry, and many of the rich merchants here possess extensive property in the West Indies.

Having taken this hasty bird's-eye view of the city and its environs we left Glasgow, found the travelling carriages at the appointed place, and immediately proceeded on our expedition towards the Highlands. Our road followed the direction of the Clyde, and ran at no great distance from the river towards the west. This small river, which is connected with Glasgow by a canal, progressively widens, and becomes a narrow deep frith running far into the land, constitutes the great artery that connects Glasgow with the ocean, opens up to it an intercourse with the whole world, and is one of the great causes of its continual increase in population, importance, and wealth. The lofty mountains around Loch Lomond soon began to appear on the western horizon, and presented a glorious spectacle, illuminated as they were by the golden tints of the setting sun. To the left we came, for the first time, immediately upon the banks of the Clyde, and had a view of the commencement of the frith, bounded occasion-

ally by picturesque rocky heights, and covered with merchant vessels and steamboats, gliding gently along its unruffled surface. A number of small vessels lying at anchor in the frith showed us the situation of the navigable channel, which is by no means wide. In the departing twilight—although in these northern regions it is much longer than with us—the picturesque and beautiful Castle of Dumbarton, perched on its rocky eminence close to the river, produced a most imposing effect. The rocky mass, with its old buildings, and here and there an occasional tree, presents such an original appearance, as to have induced us to stop the carriages to endeavour to make a hasty sketch drawn in the rapidly-fading light. We next passed through the small town of Dumbarton, and continued our journey in the dark, till, late in the night, the waters of Loch Lomond glimmered through the thick foliage. Here it was found that the postillions had gone out of the way, and treated us badly, for we did not arrive at this place till after eleven o'clock, just at the rising of Jupiter, when we could obtain nothing but some tea from the weary innkeeper, and met with but indifferent accommodation.

LXV.

Inverary, July 23rd—Evening.

WE were now all at once deep in the Highlands of Scotland. All that had been familiar to my youth in the poetic strains of its bards, was now in all its reality full before my eyes. It is truly a most remarkable world, and well worth more than the mere peep into its scenery and peculiarities, which alone such a hasty journey renders possible. What a wonderful variety of scenery has, this day, passed before my eyes—mountains of Alpine form—less, indeed, than the true Alps—but with bold and magnificent outlines—extensive and beautiful lakes, with an immense number and variety of charming islands—narrow and rocky mountain passes, and the glorious sounding ocean bays! What, however, makes every thing characteristic of Scotland, and distinguishes these mountains and lakes from those of Germany and Switzerland, does not, properly speaking, lie so much in the form of the mountains, or in the prevalence of the primitive rocks, which are so rare in England—in the distinctive appearance of the vegetation, or form of the lakes—but in the peculiarities of the atmosphere, half clear, half foggy, singularly moist, and of a peculiar bluish colour. This atmosphere surrounds every thing, and clothes nature in the most various hues; it penetrates, enlivens, softens, cradles the objects of life as in a kind of dream. In addition to this comes in the rare historical background to which one is here again continually referred—the mystical veil of obscurity which hangs over the history of ancient Scotland, the barbarous clan-

ship of the middle ages, and finally the beautiful person of Mary Stuart, the last Queen of the Scots, who, tossed on the sea of passion and poetry, was executed by order of the neighbouring queen; and yet we have an example of the enduring qualities and superiority of warm feelings over cool reason, in this fact, that it was the son of the condemned and executed Mary, who, as first king, was destined to unite under one crown the sister kingdoms of England and Scotland. As I have just said, all this pervades the very atmosphere, surrounds the scene in which one moves with a peculiar halo, and impresses the mind of the traveller with a peculiar tone.

I looked out of the window of the inn at Balloch, early in the morning; a gloomy veil of clouds hung over the simple neighbourhood; patches of wood stretched around; and immediately in front of the inn, the outlet from Loch Lomond flowed on its gentle course from the lake to the Clyde. A handsome iron bridge leads across the river, and several carriages full of tourists were driving out at this moment, in order to meet the steamboat which starts not far from the inn, and makes the circuit of the lake within somewhat less than a day's excursion. The extensive shores of the Loch are circumnavigated and visited, and as migrations of whole nations or clans alone were formerly made in masses, so now tours are undertaken for surveying the beauties of the natural world, and that, too, without any discrimination.

We were anxious to allow the rain to pass over, and therefore delayed till nearly eleven o'clock. As the immediate neighbourhood of the inn presented nothing very interesting, I sat down by the *fireside*, where some coals were still glimmering, and looked through Buchanan's "History of Scotland," which was lying before me. I ran over the history of the ancient kings of Scotland, which is related as if there was not a shadow of doubt respecting their existence, or even their succession. I experienced no little delight in finding, amongst more wonderful histories and names, that of King Durstus, a ruler against whom Father Mathew has, properly speaking, first appeared, with his temperance societies, as a rival monarch in very recent times.

After a short delay the clouds dispersed, the carriages were ordered to the door—we rolled away over the chain bridge, and were soon on the shores of Loch Lomond. In the commencement of our drive the shores were low and woody, but, as we advanced, high mountain chains began to appear, and several parks skirted the road, where splendid lime, oak, and even sweet chesnut trees overshadowed us as we drove along. Our first point of stopping was Luss, on the western side of the lake; at this point bold slaty rocks appear; Ben Lomond rises magnificently in the distance, and several islands on the glassy lake become visible. It was immediately resolved to make an excursion to visit one of these islands, and a few minutes found us afloat on the bosom of the smooth waters, under

the guidance of a couple of stout Scotch rowers, who pulled us rapidly over the dark waters. The weather had become splendid. The mountains round Loch Lomond, with the play of the clouds and shadows around their summits, presented a magnificent spectacle; the bare heights and rocks behind Luss formed a charming prospect; and the island to which we were steering, itself a considerable and richly-wooded hill, promised us a still more extended view of the surrounding scenery. At length we reached its shores, and ascending ground covered with heaths of various kinds—the odoriferous *myrica gale*—among young birch and pine trees, we gained the summit of the hill. The island is called in Gaelic *Inch-davenoch*, which our boatmen translated into the “Two Maidens’ Island.” From this point we saw many other islands on the lake—a true archipelago—and the singular loneliness of them all—the wild vegetation and foliage on their surface—the absence of human habitations, and the curious coast lines by which they were cut off from the blue lake, impressed my mind with the idea of a scene such as that which must meet the eye of a traveller in some distant land, in the interior of an unknown country, intersected by lakes. The boatmen told all sorts of stories of the clans, which dwell around the lake, between whom, in olden times, there was many a bloody contest and many a foray. Our guides themselves belonged to the clan Mac Gregor, and they called the beautiful carmine heath (*Erica Cinerea*) Mac Gregor, whilst to the smaller and paler one, they gave the appellation of Mac Donald. These were the very races which carried on bloody feuds with each other during the reign of James VI.

A story which they related to us seemed to me so characteristic of the manners and usages of these times, as to be worthy of record in these pages. Some young men of the clan Mac Donald were seized, upon a poaching expedition, by one of the royal foresters named Drummond, and subjected to the indignity of having their ears cut off as a punishment. Others of the clan took their revenge. On the arrival of the Princess Anne of Denmark, in Scotland, Drummond was commanded to bring some game to court. On his way thither he was surprised by the Mac Donalds, slain, and decapitated. The murderers, not satisfied with their revenge, directed their steps to Loch Earn, where a married sister of Drummond’s lived, whose husband was at the time from home. Though without any suspicion of the bloody deed which they had just perpetrated, she received them coldly, set some bread and cheese before them, and left the room. The monsters then took out the bloody head of Drummond, placed it on the table, put a piece of bread in his mouth, and then called the sister back. The unhappy woman, about soon to become a mother, was driven mad at the sight, and wandered for a long time among the mountains. Whilst this inhuman and dreadful

deed was kindling new thirst for vengeance in all directions, the murderers fled to the Mac Gregors, who took an oath upon the bloody head of Drummond, at the altar of the Church of Balquidder, to protect and defend the authors of this horrible crime. This was in the year 1590. From this time forth, the Mac Gregors were pursued with fire and sword, and Colquhoun, of Luss, proved himself to be one of their most powerful foes. At a later period, Alexander of Glen Strac, near Loch Awe, used every exertion to effect a reconciliation between the Colquhouns and the Mac Gregors, but even a meeting which had been appointed proved fruitless; and the Mac Gregors, who had come in very great numbers to the place of rendezvous, in the Vale of Leven, received intelligence that they would be attacked on their way home by not less than 300 of the Colquhouns. They immediately made preparations for the fight, adopted the best means of defence and attack; and when the enemy really advanced upon them, they fought with such bravery against a superior force, that 200 of their opponents were slain. This and another dreadful event, raised the general excitement against the Mac Gregors to the utmost. A great number of boys belonging to the clan Lennox, coming from Dumbarton, fell by chance into the hands of the Mac Gregors, and were burned, perhaps unintentionally, in the barn in which they were shut up. A procession was now formed, in which sixty of the widows of the slain, mounted on white horses, took part, carrying on long poles the bloody shirts of the 200 slain. King James declared all the property of the outlawed clan to be confiscated, and they were pursued with fire and sword like wild beasts, till only a few of the race remained, who were afterwards pardoned, on account of military services rendered to the Crown.

Such events, of which many similar took place in those times, are undoubtedly of a wonderfully gloomy and savage character; and whilst on the one hand, they receive a colouring from the gloomy atmosphere and savage country itself, it is necessary, on the other, to be acquainted with them in order to understand the northern light which they throw upon the country in which they have happened.

Having descended from the hill, and not forgotten in the interval of our remaining there to take a hasty sketch of the singular archipelago, we again entered the boat, and ordered the men to row us round the whole island; we floated along delightfully over the deep, dark waters; Ben Lomond rose majestically above the foliage of the Two Maidens' island; a small vessel with brown sails contributed to heighten the picturesque appearance of the scene; and, in short, our boat excursion was remarkably singular and beautiful.

We again took to our carriages in Luss, drove for a considerable distance along the shore of the lake, and then cut across through the mountains on the left to the district of Loch Long which, surrounded as it is by lofty mountains, presents a very pic-

turesque appearance; from this loch there are steamboats to various parts of the West. On reaching Loch Long our way turned again to the right, and we ascended an elevated mountain pass, the sides of which consist of immense craggy rocks of clay and mica slate, which assume the boldest and most abrupt forms. Large blocks of stone lie strewn as it were by the way side, mountain torrents rush over their rocky beds, and the road ascends till the traveller reaches a district which is completely barren. On the summit of the pass there is a small dark lake, from which the road takes a westward direction towards the shores of Loch Fyne. Here beautiful mountain groups lie scattered around the green waters of the sea, and the road winds over Cairndow and Kilmorich along the shores of the bay. As it proceeds, it continues to follow the line of the coast, which is chiefly composed of mica-slate rocks, and passes through woods of oak and ash; a new northern loch is reached, along the shore of which the road still winds its way, till Inverary comes in view. Situated on the estates of the Duke of Argyll, the Castle of Inverary itself—the ducal residence—soon appears, surrounded by lofty lime trees, and, on the wooded heights behind the house, an aërial Belvidere.

Twilight had fallen before we reached the town, and here, for the first time, the peculiar character of Scotland, as I had fancied it in my early years, presented itself in all its reality to my eyes. A grayish fog brooded upon the loch, on which numerous fishing-boats were riding at anchor. There was a peculiar bluish colour in the distance, a varying mist was spread around and over the lofty hills, and the sky covered with a half-misty and half-cloudy veil, through which the rays of the moon shed an uncertain and glimmering light. By the road side were numerous large red beeches and oaks, near at hand the ancient castle with its turreted walls, and in the distance the small coast town of Inverary, with its white houses, and a steamboat just arrived—all this combined to form a characteristic picture, and produced an effect upon my mind very different from any which I had hitherto experienced on the English coasts, in the mountains of Wales, or on the lakes of Cumberland.

About nine o'clock we drew up at the *Inn and Hotel* (as it is marked on the imposing front of the house in large letters). Here we met with most excellent and even elegant accommodation, and the fried herrings of the loch, which are considered among the best in Great Britain, and in fishing for which numerous boats are employed, furnished no unimportant part of a late, but I may say a *recherché* dinner.

LXVI.

Oban, July 24th—Evening.

THIS morning early, Inverary and the neighbourhood were again enveloped in mist and rain, grayish white clouds rested upon the mountain tops, but the air was mild and warm. About nine o'clock I went down to the pier, at which a number of fishing-boats and a small steamer were lying. There was also standing around a great number of barrels full of herrings recently pickled, and I was not a little interested in having for once an opportunity of seeing the process of salting this universally useful fish on the sea coast itself. The remains of the fish were scattered about, giving abundant evidence of the activity of the operations, and numerous barrels of rough salt were at hand for further use. The whole scene furnished on a small scale the most complete representation of the process of curing so many millions of this fish for the trade of the whole world.

The rain having abated, we afterwards went to visit the castle and park belonging to the Duke of Argyle. The park extends over a considerable extent of mountains; the castle is built externally in the Anglo-Gothic fortification-style, but within it is fitted up completely in the French style of the last century—tapestried chambers, large family portraits, and gilded furniture. In the hall there are a great many warlike weapons, formerly used in the battle of Culloden, but now employed to ornament the walls in fanciful devices. These consist of guns, broadswords, halberds, and other weapons. The Duke of Argyle of that day fought at the head of his clan against the Jacobites. The park is traversed by a beautiful dark mountain-stream, rushing like a torrent towards the lake, and is ornamented by splendid trees, among which the most conspicuous are ash, oak, lime, and beech, with some noble pines, and sweet chesnuts. A mountain, within the bounds of the park, rises to an elevation of 800 feet above the level of the lake, and as the weather became finer and finer, we ascended to the ruined Belvedere, from which there is a splendid view of the bay and the numerous mountain ranges which here rise one above another. Here, too, it was forcibly pressed upon our notice, how much the peculiar bluish, misty air constitutes the general element with which these districts are sometimes more and sometimes less enveloped.

The mountains in this part of the country are all composed of primitive rock, and the primitive limestone occurs a little farther west and northward. Mineral wealth is deficient, although a few copper veins have been discovered. This fact forms in general a remarkable contrast between England and Scotland; in the former, the recent formations, chalk, limestone, coal, and sandstone prevail; whilst in the latter, and particularly in the Highlands, there is little else than granite, mica slate, syenite, trapps, and basalt. There is a

manifest connexion between the general form and nature of the country and the races by whom it is inhabited.

We left Inverary shortly after noon, drove through a portion of the park, and soon came to a wild valley, sometimes rocky and sometimes marshy, after which we ascended rapidly to a considerable elevation, till we began to descend towards a small mountain lake called Loch Awe. The road takes a circuit along the shore and around the end of the lake, and a very picturesque ruin stands at the mouth of a mountain stream, which discharges its waters into the lake. As we advanced, the shores more closely approached each other, and we drove towards the extremity of the lake, from which the waters issue by a succession of small cascades.

Somewhat further on our way, the road again ascends, and the green, bright surface of Loch Etive—an arm of the sea stretching deep into the land—becomes visible. The land beyond the sparkling waters here presents beautiful outlines to the eye; the high mountains retire, and chalk rocks assume the place of the mica and clay slate. The scenery in the neighbourhood of this loch is again very peculiar. In the foreground lies the brown shore, covered with wrack and tangle, the flying gulls, above, the gray sky, and in the background the blue mountains. The country presented a number of very remarkable pictures, some of which I could have wished to have been able to sketch in colours, in order to afford my friends and acquaintances the most distinct representation of what may be called a “Scottish scene.”

There were, moreover, many very remarkable things to notice on this journey. First, for the comfort of all travellers, the admirable roads must be mentioned with the highest commendation. What difficulties must a traveller have encountered in this country of inhospitable mountains, half a century ago!—but now we travel with heavy carriages and excellent horses, if previously ordered, at a quick trot over the hills and along the valleys, and at every post station find an excellent inn. Secondly, with regard to the habitations and build of the people, it is to be observed, that every thing here is more and more characteristic. For the first time on this journey, particularly among boys and young men, we saw specimens of the naked legs and Scottish kilt, made of party-coloured woollen stuff. This national dress has been prohibited in Scotland for several decennia, and at first the people were so little disposed to wear the ordinary nether garments of the south, that (in order to comply with the letter of the law) they often carried them with them on a stick instead of wearing them on their persons. In these poor districts, however, the ancient customs, as it appears, are preserved still, at least among the youth, and as the national dress in later times has become a matter of taste and fashion among the higher classes, it will again, perhaps, come to honour. The build of the people still continues to be characterised by the same traits which I have

already mentioned on our entrance into Scotland; their poverty, however, is especially observable in the form and condition of their huts. The walls are thick and roughly built of stones heaped together almost without mortar, and the interstices stuffed up with moss; the roof is made of dried heath and straw, and the chimney is perched upon the summit somewhat like a beehive thickly laced and bound together with ropes; the smoke generally fills the house, and often issues from the windows, door, and various parts of the roof at its pleasure. The roof itself is also, for the most part, fastened down with straw ropes, and loaded with stones, in order to prevent it from being stripped off by the wind. With respect to the vegetable world, fruit trees are scarcely any longer to be met with in the open air, for very little fruit ripens, and the luxuriant English ivy is no longer to be found; the elm, the ash, and the birch, prevail among the trees, and very little wood is to be met with on the mountains. Finally, I must not omit to make particular mention of the brown colour of most of the mountain streams and brooks. This seems to arise from the nature of the sources from which they spring, and the character of the soil through which they run. These waters generally take their rise in mountain marshes and bogs, by which they are completely coloured, although at the same time they remain very transparent. The colour varies from that of English porter to pale ale, and it met with the general approbation of our party, when I proposed to distinguish the waterfalls with which we met as *porter-falls* and *alefalls*. On our road to-day, between Loch Awe and Loch Etive, we fell in with one of the transparent dark brown colour of London porter; it was extremely picturesque as it dashed down under a bridge and plunged into the depths. I now for the first time clearly understood the character of the waterfalls of Everdingen, which are so often seen painted of this dark colour. They must consist of waters of this description, and the colour depends upon the same causes in Norway as in Scotland. We arrived in Oban just before twilight. This is a small fishing and sea-port near the mouth of Loch Linnhe. The view of the little harbour with its ships, its pier, and several store-houses, and across the green waters to the coasts of the opposite island, as seen from the well-furnished inn, is very agreeable and interesting. Soon after our arrival a motley throng of people quickly gathered under the windows, who did not fail to greet the illustrious traveller with a number of loud hurrahs.

LXVII.

Bannavie, near Fort William, July 26th—Early.

YESTERDAY was the most considerable, magnificent, and beautiful excursion of our whole journey.

At four o'clock, in the quiet of the beautiful clear morning, I walked down alone to the pier, where the steamboat, *Brenda*, was lying, which was to convey us to Staffa. The splendid reddish morning clouds on the horizon of the sky, which was elsewhere clear, the freshness of the air, aided by the pure breeze from the sea, the gently swelling waves of the peaceful waters, and the small ships which lay peacefully on their bosom, all combined to produce a very peculiar but most delightful impression. By degrees the little harbour became a scene full of life; our provisions were put on board, and before half-past four all was ready for departure. The *Brenda's* paddle-wheels now began to move, and we joyfully clove our way through the bright surface of the glorious sea. The first object worthy of attention on the coast was Dunolly Castle, situated on a bold rocky coast, and presenting a very picturesque appearance. We came in sight of the castle just as the sun began to rise over the mountain ridge behind Oban and shed his beams upon its walls. It would be impossible to paint, and much less to describe, the beauty of the mountains glowing under the ruddy light of the morning sun, as we passed along the coasts of the islands embosomed in the waters reflecting all the colours of the rainbow. We left the island of Kerrera to the left and entered a wider channel, then left the island of Lismore to the right, and steered straight for the sound which separates the large island of Mull from the country of Morven.

Everywhere new scenes! To our right the lighthouse, which serves as a guide for the entrance into the sound; to our left, in the island of Mull, the Castle of Duart, with the "Lady's Rock," a small flat rock projecting from the sea, concerning which the captain related to us the tradition of its having been made a place of confinement for the wife of Maclean of Duart, who had fallen under the displeasure of the chief. She was a Campbell and sister of the Earl of Argyle. The inhuman cruelty no sooner became known, than one of her brothers assassinated Maclean in Edinburgh. The ancient walls and towers of Duart Castle, on its rocky eminence, presented a most picturesque appearance under a clear sky illumined by the morning sun, and seen across the glorious and gently swelling sea.

The very beautiful forms of the mountains and rocky coasts, however, were even more splendid under the influence of the early light, sometimes overshadowed as they were by a passing cloud.

The endless changes and varieties of the ancient Proteans, as they presented themselves during the swift transit of the boat, deserves to be ranked among the most beautiful things of the kind which I have ever seen.

The *Brenda* pushed farther and farther into the Sound of Mull, and we continued to enjoy the magnificent spectacle of the rocky coasts of Mull on the left, and the mountains of Morven and the promontory of Airdnamurchan on the right. I felt more and more as if the visionary world of Ossian were being realised, as the names which form the titles, and are to be found in the narrations of his poems, continued to increase. The captain sailed into a rocky bay, and lay-to off the small town of Tobermory, in order to take on board a couple of passengers, who had caused the boat to be signalled by a cannon-shot fired on the land.

The scene was very beautiful. The bay is sheltered by a projecting reef of rocks, and the sea within the harbour is very peaceful; precipitous basaltic rocks rise around in all directions from the bosom of the waters—and at the extremity of the bay, a mountain torrent rushes rapidly into the sea. The place is also very remarkable as being the scene in which the *Florida*, one of the ships of the celebrated Spanish armada, after having escaped the dangers of an engagement, was sunk and destroyed by an English cruiser. Some of the cannon and timbers of the ship were subsequently fished up by means of the diving-bell. The people, however, do not satisfy themselves with the mere historical fact, but have added a great variety of details which are pure fictions. The story is that a princess of Spain had seen in her dreams the object of her longing desire, in the form of a noble and beautiful, but unknown man; that she caused a ship to be equipped and put to sea to visit distant countries, in order to find out the object of her affection. At length, after long and fruitless search, her vessel entered this little bay. She spent some time upon the island, and went to visit Maclean at Duart Castle, and in him found the object of her anxious pursuit realised. The princess continued to tarry on the island; Maclean's wife became jealous, claimed the protection and aid of the men of Mull, and by their aid succeeded in sinking the ship with the object of her jealousy on board. The consequence was that Maclean turned the whole fury of his anger upon his wife, who had been instrumental in effecting the destruction of the ship. His hatred led him to expose her upon the barren rock, since known by the name of the "Lady's Rock," which led to her miserable and cruel death.

Our paddle-wheels were again put in motion, and we took our leave of the Bay of Tobermory. The mountains of Mull now rose more majestically before us, among which Ben More is the highest—and the rocky coasts on both sides of the sound exhibited a series of the most interesting views. We had proceeded to no great distance from Tobermory, when we saw another inlet, known to sailors by the name of "Bloody Bay," and also named after a

battle, which in ancient times is said to have taken place on its waters.

The sound at length began to widen; and the roll of the vast waves of the Atlantic gave sensible evidence of their presence. The land of Morven lay behind us, and the bold promontory of Airdnamurchen assumed a more conspicuous appearance; it, too, was soon passed, and the deep rolling ocean now lay before us in all its immeasurable extent. New islands presented themselves, scattered here and there on the mighty tide of waters, especially the island of Coll, which rises in the distance from the deep. We now steered a southerly course towards Staffa. The weather was, and continued splendid; flocks of divers here and there traversed the surface of the ocean, and a light wind dissipated the few summer clouds which lingered round the mountain tops of Mull.

Without our knowledge, we found that a part of our ship's company consisted of a couple of blind Scottish fiddlers, for whom the captain had ordered camp-seats to be placed near the chimney. As the steamboat clove her way through the calm sea, the fiddlers tuned their instruments, first played "God save the Queen," and afterwards all sorts of Scotch melodies. Notwithstanding the simplicity of their art, it nevertheless produced a peculiar and pleasing effect, and one quite in character with the excursion, as they played on the great waste of waters, amidst the rushing of the waves against the paddles of the boat, and the uniform beat of the engine. A singular melancholy strain, too, lies in these old melodies—and on whom would they not have made a deep impression? One of these melodies produced such a singular effect upon me, that I felt my eyes fill with tears, as I stood at the top of the cabin stairs, and listened to the softness of the strain. I asked the musicians for the words, and one of them said that they commenced—

" My gloomy winter is gone."

I caused them to repeat the tune; and whilst they played, gave full scope to a great variety of thoughts. There was a second, also, called "Rose's Dream," which was very beautiful; and what appeared to me singular enough, it bore a strong resemblance to the beautiful chorus from the fourth act of "Armida."

At this part of our excursion we retired to breakfast, which the captain had caused to be served in good taste in the cabin. On our again coming upon deck, our telescopes enabled us to catch a glimpse of Staffa, in the distant southern horizon, rising from the sea with its steep precipitous sides. It aroused peculiar feelings in my mind, to think that in a short time I should be near, and be able to see with my own eyes, that wonderful island, whose basaltic rocks and Fingal's Cave had occupied my fancy, even in my boyish years, and the imperfect and even bad representations of which I had so often contemplated with such earnest and longing desire.

However, every near fulfilment of a long and fondly-cherished desire has always something which causes sometimes a milder, and sometimes a more vehement beating of the heart.

About ten o'clock—that is, after a sail of about five hours and a half from Oban,—we were able to see the rocks of Staffa distinctly with the naked eye. The captain gave orders to fire a small gun, which sound re-echoed from the island, in order to give a signal to the boatmen upon Mull, and immediately a small sailing-boat from the distant island clove its way quickly through the waves towards us. Nearer and nearer rose before us the splendid phenomenon of this basaltic mass, which at some inconceivable time past had sprung up from the bosom of the ocean. We sailed past the south side of the island, and immediately there opened to our view the wonders of the basaltic colonnades and their two large caves, justly celebrated throughout the whole world. The island extends far over the splendid green waves, and its dark gray pillars rise majestically above the dashing foam of the surge; and above these again lies an elevated layer of yellowish black trapp, which forms the soil upon the summit of the island.

The steamboat lay quietly at about a gun-shot distance, and afforded us only a few minutes' time, in order to take a hasty outline of this immense phenomenon. Here, where one could have remained for days, in order to get a clear idea of each individual object, this vast overpowering thing was to be in such a short time overpowered! It was necessary to strain all our powers; and certainly, when such an inspiring task is imposed, the mind can embrace and retain an immensity, even in a moment. The Daguerrotype properties of the eye possess a wondrous power under such conditions; and how much to be pitied were man, to whom the most splendid things in life's experience are usually only offered for a rapidly fleeting moment, were there not a power in the mind to seize and *perpetuate* the momentary!

The fishermen now approached with their boat, came alongside the steamboat, and we descended into the bark, tossed like a feather upon the surface of the mighty waves, and proceeded directly towards the dark yawning mouth of Fingal's Cave—the larger and more beautiful of the two. Scarcely any hopes had been previously given that it would be possible to enter the cave with a boat, on account of the restless surge which constantly beats against its steep columnar sides. The boatmen, however, who are thoroughly acquainted with the most minute circumstances connected with the exploit, gave us assurance, and perfectly succeeded in their undertaking. They rowed their boat directly through the middle of the entrance into the cave, where the clear green waves broke playfully against the broken columns; then seizing short blunt poles they guarded the boat carefully, right and left, from being dashed against either side, and succeeded in passing safely into the interior. What wonders presented themselves as we passed along upon the bright

green waters between the lofty black pillars, and under a dark roof, some sixty feet above the level of the sea, and looked down through the transparent waves into the depths of the cave ; as the noise of the oars and the sound of the voices resounded from the vaulted roof and was re-echoed from the deep ; and what remarkable plays of colour on the columns, often three and four feet in diameter, excited our astonishment.

It is possible to pass into the cave to somewhat like the distance of the nave of a considerable church, and then it is necessary to return.

Towards the entrance we left the boat, and climbed along some of the broken basaltic columns on our left, and again proceeded a considerable distance into the interior, along their surface. In all directions the most wonderful sights. If one looks down from above into the water in the cave, the idea of its clearness is increased by seeing the columns under the water quite white with small *patellæ* and other shell-fish, a circumstance which gives the richest emerald hue to the superincumbent waters, admirably relieved by the darkness of the green sea in the middle. In this dangerous path the curious adventurer must keep always close to the columnar wall. Overhead hang masses of broken columns adhering to the trapp which forms the ceiling of the cave ; and many of the columns are thrown in a cross direction. The size and number of the sides of these pillars is as usual unequal ; and the boatmen did not fail to break off a few pieces to serve us as memorials of our visit. The singularity of the view from this dark pillared church, filled with the ocean, out upon the blue horizon of the sea, may, perhaps, *in some measure*, be imagined.

Having left the cave, we landed on the ruined columns running along the shore of the sea, and passed from place to place as if upon immense stairs. We visited Fingal's chair, which consists of a niche formed by the breaking off of two or three of the basalt pillars of the columnar wall. The chair is worthy of the hero to whom it is assigned, and the view from thence over the ruins and steps of the broken columns, beaten by the foaming surge, of the blue horizon of the sea, and of the mountains of the neighbouring islands, is one worthy of the strong and mighty in battle. Proceeding still further along the southern coast of the island, we reached a place where the columns became more slender, more closely pressed upon one another, and appeared, as it were, longitudinally bent under some heavy, superincumbent burden. A curvature in the columnar wall here takes place, and the bended pillars appear almost like the ribs of a ship upon the stocks. What wonderful questions has geology here to resolve in order to explain the varieties of those columnar formations and caves !*

* In order to present something scientific respecting these formations, I have given in Appendix iii. an abstract from Dr. Macculloch's description of Staffa.

At this point, a wooden stair is affixed to the perpendicular rocks, which we ascended, in order to have a view of the sea and the basalt masses from above, where a moist covering of short grass covers the small island. Here, too, every thing was splendid. We walked across the short grass, which is scarcely sufficient to furnish pasture for a couple of cows, to the small ravine which divides the island, and looked down upon the northern side, where the basalt columns are longer and smaller, and in parts reach up to the very surface. In all directions the eye meets with singular black masses of rock, curvings and caves; the gulls wheeling their flight around, and the deep blue sea running below. It would require several days to enable the visiter accurately to examine this singular volcanic island. Whilst we were standing on the edge of the precipice, intent on the wonders of nature before our eyes, we suddenly heard a cannon fired upon the sea, and when we returned to the southern side of the island, we saw another steamboat lying off with a large flag flying at her mizen. In the meantime a boat pushed off from this steamer, and brought ashore a number of gentlemen dressed in black, who mounted the stairs, came towards us, and inquired for his majesty. They were the members of the commission appointed for the yearly examination of the coasts and lighthouses of Scotland, composed of magistrates from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Hull. Being on this part of the coast in the performance of their duty, they had heard of his majesty's visit to Staffa, and had come thither in order to be presented and to pay their respects to him.

The gentlemen of the commission very soon took leave, and we also descended the narrow stair, and entered our boat, which soon conveyed us to the *Brenda*. We were no sooner on board, than the fiddlers struck up "God save the Queen," the paddles were put in motion, and we proceeded on our course towards the island of Iona.

Three quarters of an hour served to bring us to Iona, the ancient Ithona of Ossian. This island, also called Icolmkill, lies nearer Mull than Staffa, is considerably larger and broader, and consists of one single piece of granite rock. Staffa only furnishes pasture enough for a few cattle, and produces a rent of some 30*l.* or 40*l.* a-year, whilst here there is a sort of small village, some agriculture, and about 500 inhabitants. The history of Iona is very remarkable. St. Columban, a pious bishop, went thither from Ireland in the middle of the sixth century, and founded a monastery of learned monks. It happened that this little island became a centre from which the rays of a milder form of religion and of scientific culture were diffused among the wild Scottish clans, so that Iona came to be called the "Light of the Western World," and a "Pearl in the Ocean," and was afterwards the source from whence a prophecy was circulated that, "when, seven years before the end of the world, an unspeakably great flood should cover all countries and

overwhelm all people, the island of Columban would swim upon the waves, and continue to survive the longest." The tradition was, no doubt, one of the reasons of the custom of selecting this island as the burying-place of the ancient kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway; and for the orders given by many of the Scottish nobles to have their bodies conveyed to this sainted resting-place. Prepared by this previous knowledge, a singular romantic light guided us to this half-rocky, half-green, but treeless island. When, however, we landed on the beach, and, followed by the peaceful and harmless little people of the island, proceeded to visit the ancient burial places of the kings, and the revered white ruins of St. Oran's Abbey, our feelings rose to a state of high poetical inspiration.

Our ship's boat conveyed us over the clear blue waves, to the large granite blocks at the landing-place, on which we immediately landed, whilst the greater part of the inhabitants of the island were assembled to greet us. We proceeded directly to the ruins, not neglecting on our way to observe the peculiar physiognomy of the little island; the fine red granite of the surface; the rich fields of corn and clover between the rocks; the little stone huts of the dwarfish population, often immediately leaning against the sides of the great granite rocks; and the good-humoured, simple bearing of the people themselves, among whom there were many children running about, who continually offered for sale round specimens of serpentine, which are held in repute as amulets. The ruins nearest the landing-place are those of a nunnery, whose foundation dates as late as the thirteenth century. Scarcely any thing now remains but the humble walls and arches of St. Mary's Church, and there is still to be seen the tombstone of the last abbess of the convent, marked with an inscription in old English letters, of the year 1511. The ruins of St. Oran's Abbey, which lie at a greater distance, present a much grander and more picturesque appearance, enlivened as they are by the beautiful background of the blue sea, and the mountains and coasts of Mull. The earliest foundation of the abbey dates from the seventh century, but that of the present ruins dates no farther back than between the thirteenth and fourteen centuries. The style is very peculiar, and the architects, who appear to have been engaged, may very probably have been Norwegian. The tower is square, and not more than seventy feet high; the church was built in the form of a cross, and the four pointed gables are still standing. Some of the ornaments of the arches and windows are, even at this time, florid Gothic, whilst others partake more of the Norman character. The views towards the sea, through the windows and openings of the ruined abbey, whose walls are still in good preservation, are delightful; and a painter might here find materials for admirable studies. Not far from the chief ruin still exist the walls of a small chapel, which is regarded as much older than the cathedral itself. The church

is surrounded by an extensive burying-ground, in which there are a multitude of tombstones, but the inscriptions on very few of them are any longer legible. It is just possible still to trace on several of the rude slabs the arms of the old sea-kings—a ship under sail—very rudely cut. It is said that the ancient kings of Scotland, till the time of Macbeth, were interred in this holy soil. When we came to the second entrance into the churchyard, we were particularly struck with a very curious old stone cross. This is called Maclean's Cross, and is said to be the last of 300 with which the island was adorned, all the rest having been thrown into the sea by virtue of a resolution of the Synod of Argyle, in the year 1560. There are very few of the tombstones on which the date is legible. The oldest is that of one Lachlan Mackinnon, of the year 1489; the inscriptions in the Gaelic language are usually without a date. Upon some, which appear to have belonged to noble Scottish families, there are images of knights and coats of arms very rudely graven; and interments took place here till the end of the sixteenth century. The grave of a physician, too, belonging to a distinguished Scottish family, was pointed out to me. Having succeeded in taking a correct sketch of the church, we returned to the landing-places and were speedily again on board the steamboat, which was now to pass round the southern point of Mull and to bring us back to the inn at Oban in the evening.

We had not sailed far along the coast of Mull, when a fine white fog, which in Germany we never see at summer noon, spread over the sea, and completely veiled the rocks. Properly speaking, these fogs are only a more intense condition of that bluish air which scarcely ever wholly disappears. The state of the weather was what the captain called *hazy*, and he assured us that if the fog increased, he should be obliged to lie to, in consequence of the danger of rounding the point of Mull in such weather, on account of the dangerous breakers. Happily for us, the fog did not increase, but gradually rose, and was followed by a cloudy sky. The steamboat now pursued her course, dashing splendidly through the rolling sea, whilst we took some luncheon in the saloon. When we came on deck, the master pointed out to us the breakers at a distance, and we distinctly heard the lashing of the waves against them. The danger, however, was now easily avoided. The motion of the ship became quieter—the wind blew fresh—and gulls and divers sported around the vessel, as we plunged along on our course in full view of the wonderful scenery of these mountainous coasts. I observed numbers of *Medusas* swimming around our boat in the dark waves, and I would willingly have made myself master of some of them, but the powerful paddles urged us rapidly on our foaming course. At length we turned the southern point of the island, whose granite rocks, stretching far into the sea, recalled to our minds the descriptions given by our able countryman Dahl, of the bold promontories of Norway. The atmosphere became continually more and

more dense, and dark heavy clouds seemed to descend from the tops of Ben More. At one point of the coast, the captain directed our attention to some peculiar basaltic formations, and by means of the telescope we were enabled to see the singular bendings of these basaltic masses. How fruitful must a minute investigation of these islands be for the science of geology! Our course now lay northerly, between the island of Mull and the main land. We then entered the channel, between the isle of Kerrera and the main land, and reached Oban about eight o'clock—what extraordinary phenomena had passed under our notice, in somewhat less than sixteen hours! Our experience of what is most extraordinary in life always takes place in a comparatively short period of time. Whatever occupies long periods, and engages our attention for any continuous length of time, always belongs to the ordinary affairs of life. The greeting of the king, on his landing at the pier, moreover, was as hearty and distinguished as the means and facilities of this little town could command. Salutes of cannon were fired (they had borrowed a small ship's gun from a vessel in the harbour), flagstuffs were erected on the shore, and a great multitude of very orderly people, who were collected, continued to salute his majesty with a round of hurrahs. In addition to this, some of the men, and especially the innkeeper, had in the mean time dressed themselves and their families in full Highland costume; and, in short, the whole reception made a very agreeable and pleasing impression.

We had just time to take dinner, at which our handsome Highlander did the honours, when the approaching starting of the steamer for the Caledonian Canal was announced—our intention was to make use of this opportunity to go on as far as Fort William during the night, and to-day, to ascend Ben Nevis. The carriages were to be sent by land, with the courier. Shortly after nine o'clock, therefore, we again went on board the steamer; we steamed up Loch Linnhe, and arrived shortly after midnight at Fort William, whence carriages conveyed us to Bannavie—a little place about a mile and a half from Fort William. This voyage by night was remarkable, and fortunately there were, besides ourselves, only about a dozen passengers on board; so that we were not at all incommoded. The night was calm, and warm, but cloudy; and the moon could not be seen. On the other hand, the chimney of the steamer gleamed quite like a volcano, and sent a shower of sparks in all directions along its course. The appearance of the signal light from the bowsprit was also very peculiar. This consisted of a revolving lantern, in connexion with, and moved by, the steam-engine; showing red and white lights, to warn any fishing-boats in time to get out of the way of the swiftly advancing steamer. At first the loch was tolerably broad, and we passed promontories and islands in the half light. Presently the shores approached nearer to each other. We stopped at various stations, where the steamer's bell sounded, and at times, also, a passenger came off in a boat with a lantern. About one o'clock, we landed

at Fort William, and the sounds of a clarionet playing "God save the Queen," received his majesty even at this late hour.

About two o'clock, we were here in a little inn, where we were only able to get some tea—where we first perceived that peculiar peat smell to be found in all the cottages in the interior of Scotland, and which even penetrates into all cooked food. This morning every place is covered with mist and clouds; every thing denotes a rainy day; and we shall hardly be able to make our ascent of Ben Nevis.

LXVIII.

Bannan Nevis, July 26th—Evening.

THICK clouds covered the higher ground all day, and it rained incessantly the whole morning. It was hardly possible to see any thing even in the immediate neighbourhood. A large building is in course of repair here: the Caledonian Canal, which we shall see to-morrow, begins quite close to this, at the junction, namely, between Loch Linnhe and Loch Eil, which bends off at a right angle towards the west, and forms a communication in the first place between the former of these lochs and Loch Lochie. Just at the commencement the lochs were too narrow (for steamers), and the canal itself is in great need of repair; a large sum has therefore been very recently voted for the purpose of constructing several new buildings here, and widening the canal; and as the entrance to it was close behind our inn, we were enabled to see this very closely. The direct communication by steam is of course therefore interrupted, and we shall be obliged to post to-morrow as far as Loch Lochie, where we shall find the steamer, which proceeds to Inverness by the lakes. For an engineer, no doubt, there would be much to learn from the works on this canal: for my own part, I was perfectly satisfied with a general view of them.

We have been obliged to give up Ben Nevis, and determined therefore to make an excursion in the afternoon to see a pretty rocky valley, and Loch Shiell, where, about a hundred years ago, the Pretender first assembled his friends around him, and where one of the Macdonalds erected a monument to him about thirty years ago. The sky was still overcast with misty clouds, through which an occasional sunbeam now and then penetrated. Our road led along Loch Eil, and then through valleys, sometimes rocky, sometimes giving sustenance to pines and birch trees. By degrees, as we approached Loch Shiell, the mountains became higher, and more desolate looking, covered partly with meadows of short grass, partly with heath. We quitted our carriages at this point, and went to inspect the monument which is close to the lake. The view was now quite Scotch; green mountains, enveloped in mist, rose one behind the other, on each side of the lake, and gra-

dually sloping from it—in the midst an occasional glimpse of the sun struggling with the mist—below, the smooth, mirror-like surface of the lake, and in front, upon a marshy piece of heath land, quite removed from the road, the simple column, with its stone fence, surmounted by a statue of the Pretender. The view offered too many inducements to a sketch for me long to resist the temptation of trying one. The district here is very wild, lonely, and removed from all habitations, quite suitable for the secret meeting of the allied clans. The effect must have been strange, when Charles Edward, who had landed on the western coast of Scotland, not far from Loch Shiell, crossed the lake on the 19th of August, 1745, and unfolded his banner here, while the little army, with which he intended to regain the throne of his fathers, saluted him as their sovereign. About 700 men of Clan Cameron, led by Cameron of Lochiel, and 300 Macdonalds, led by Macdonald of Keppoch, formed the nucleus of this army, destined for the conquest of Scotland. The Mr. Macdonald, of Glenalodale, who erected this monument, is a lineal descendant of Macdonald of Keppoch.

We afterwards walked, or rather waded, over to the spot where the monument stands. A man who has the charge of it, unlocked a door in the stone fencing, and we ascended a small winding stair in the inside, till we came to the statue of the Pretender, in his Highland costume. The whole monument appears to be sinking by degrees, and I think it can hardly long retain its position upon this marshy soil.

Upon our return, in an old stage-coach that we had hired in Bannavie, I tried for a short distance the airy seat on the outside, where one really half hovers in the air. I had often seen these coaches, full inside and out, rush past us on the road, and had secretly wondered how not only men, but even women, could sit up there quite comfortably; and I, therefore, was glad to have this opportunity of trying it once myself. On good roads the affair is not so dreadful as it appears; the view one thus obtains of the country is very pretty, and any person who does not suffer from giddiness, which might easily be caused by the swaying motion, would no doubt be very pleasantly situated.

We had hoped, that in the evening, when there was a considerable quantity of movement in the sky, we should at least be able to discover the summit of Ben Nevis; but in vain,—it remained covered with clouds.

After dinner, the landlord brought in a bottle of genuine Scotch whiskey—that nectar of Scotland, the preparation of which Landseer has represented in a *spirited* painting, well known from its numerous engravings. It is nothing but very strong corn brandy, strongly impregnated, however, with the characteristic smell of turf, which is to be found in all Scotch dwellings, and prepared in a somewhat peculiar way. A mixture of hot water, sugar, and some of this spirit, forms an agreeable beverage, which, no doubt, is very

pleasant, and even beneficial, after a walk, or any expedition in the misty moisture of these mountains. Even the otherwise disagreeable taste of turf, gives a *piquant* taste to the spirit. And, indeed, is it not remarkable, that the extremes of the agreeable and the disagreeable are so nearly connected with each other? Pleasure and pain are often so closely connected, that an excess of pleasure becomes pain, and even a certain quantity of pain may produce pleasure. In the same way we find it with the very spiritual (intellectual) sense of taste, in which a certain aftertaste of what is disagreeable only serves to heighten the relish for the object. And this seems to be the case with this whiskey.

LXIX.

Inverness, July 27th—Evening.

THE most northerly point of our journey is here reached, at 58° N. lat., and reached by means of an interesting sail along the Caledonian Canal, consisting of a number of mountain lakes, united by small canals, and dividing, as by an enormous cleft in the rocks, the Highlands of Scotland into an eastern and a western portion.

When we left Bannavie this morning at six o'clock, the weather had become very fine, the summit of Ben Nevis lay before us covered with snow, and at intervals with fleeting clouds; and a clear but somewhat cold sunshine lighted up the green valleys. The distance to the commencement of Loch Lochie was only a few miles; close to it the canal is again navigable, and the steamer was lying there; it makes the voyage a few times every week between this place and Inverness. Some time was required to convey our heavy travelling carriages on board, and this opportunity I improved to take a rapid sketch of Ben Nevis. At last all was ready; we entered the vessel, which had some twenty passengers on board, principally tourists, among whom were several ladies, and some very pretty children, and began to cleave the dark blue waters of the loch. The sun was beginning to be warmer, the voyage was beautiful, and the scenery of the mountains on each side, and Ben Nevis in the distance, was delightful. Here, too, tales of the old clans are connected with every valley. Among others we were told of a bloody battle which had been fought here between the Frasers and the Macdonalds, of Clanronald. This tale had also a very dark and bloody colouring. The feud was caused by a natural son of the Chief of the clan, Ronald, having usurped the inheritance which belonged to his younger brother. The Frasers took up the cause of the rightful heir, and took arms in order to regain his inheritance, and met the Macdonalds at Loch Lochie. The battle lasted till night; the

Frasers were defeated ; and their chief, Lord Lovat, with his eldest son, and eighty men of his clan, remained on the field of battle. The Macdonalds had taken prisoner the rightful heir, called Donald Gaulta, and brought him to Laggan. A number of them were sitting there in the same room with their prisoner, who had been severely wounded in the head, and were boasting of their exploits. The wounded man, who had the day before killed one of their best men, raised himself with difficulty, and said—"If I were as I was yesterday morning, I would rather have to do with you all together than with the one I killed yesterday over again." This increased the anger of his captors, who had already been embittered by their loss, and they persuaded the surgeon, who was dressing his wound, to thrust the probe into his brain. This was done ; but the victim avenged his death by plunging, with his last effort, his dagger into the heart of his murderer.*

Loch Lochie is ten miles long. In less than an hour and a half our steamer had traversed this distance, and we reached the first lock, where the steamer was raised up in order to pass by the canal into Loch Oich. I was interested in learning the exact height of each of these mountain lakes above the level of the sea. The captain informed me as follows:—Loch Eil (he pronounced it like Lochhill) is itself an arm of the sea. Loch Lochie lies ninety-four feet higher, and varies ten feet in height. Loch Oich, the centre and highest of these lakes, lies 100 feet above the sea, and varies from eight to nine feet. They now again diminish in height, and Loch Ness, the longest and largest of the lakes, lies only from fifty-two to fifty-six feet above the level of Murray firth, in the north of Scotland.

During this same conversation, I learned the following particulars concerning the construction of the whole line of canal. In the year 1803-4 the civil engineers Telford and Jessop, according to instructions given them, examined into the possibility of cutting a canal, which should connect the lakes. They made an estimate of something above 400,000*l*. In the year 1822 the canal was opened, and had then already cost above 1,300,000*l*. A sum of 300,000*l*., in addition to this, is now being employed in the necessary repairs and improvements ; and even this will probably not be sufficient. The utility of such a canal seemed, especially at the time when the idea was first taken up—viz., during the war with France—to be very considerable, because it would save the generally unsafe voyages round the coast of Scotland, and would afford facility for bringing cargoes from the west to the east of Scotland, and *vice versa*. The peace which has now lasted for many years very much diminished its utility, and at present the profit from it is so small that it does not even cover the interest of the interest of the capital.

* This and similar stories will be found in the very much to be recommended work, entitled "Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland," by George and Peter Anderson. Edinburgh. 1842.

Notwithstanding this, however, the parliament considers the perfect restoration and repair of the canal as a point of honour, and it has never shrunk from far greater expenses in similar undertakings.

I also heard much that was interesting concerning the difficulties which had been surmounted; as, for instance, the canal, in the neighbourhood of Inverness, passes through a soft sandy soil, to which it was found impossible to give any consistence or firmness. At last Telford happened to notice, one day, the manner in which the wife of a fisherman protected a hole which had been dug to draw water from the intrusion of the sand; by means of a piece of woollen stuff, fastened by little sticks round the inside of the hole. The idea immediately occurred to him, of putting this plan into practice on a large scale; and, accordingly, this whole piece of canal was secured by a countless number of woollen sacks, made heavy with stones and clay—and so it remains.

The distance between Loch Lochie and Loch Oich is only two miles, and the latter lake itself is only about three miles in length, so that we had very quickly traversed it. We then entered the longer canal (about five miles in length) connecting Loch Oich with Loch Ness; and as locks occur every now and then in this canal, we proposed walking a little way along its banks, beside the meadows and bushes, as the weather was beautiful. The scenery is very pretty; rocks, generally of fine granite, frequently stand out in bold relief; gradually sloping mountains rise at each side, and several pretty dwellings stand on the gentle descents. A great number of locks are necessary, in order to bring vessels down into Loch Ness, which lies about fifty feet below Loch Oich. Five of these locks lie close together at Fort Augustus. An hour and a half was necessary in order to take the steamer through them; we, therefore, left it, and landed. The inhabitants of the little place stood on the shore; several of the young men wore the kilt, and the picturesque plaid; among them were a few soldiers belonging to the Scotch regiment, which forms the garrison of this "Pocket Edition of a Fortress." They looked very well in their red uniform, with the plaid over it, and the kilt beneath, their high caps with black feathers, and their bare legs, only partially covered by socks adorned with red ribbons. Their weapons, too, still retain a peculiar form, especially the sabre, the hilt of which is lined with red cloth. As we were walking up into the little town, we looked down on the loch; a pretty picture was formed by the scenery where the canal falls into Loch Ness, and we sat down to sketch. A few people stood watching us from the neighbouring inn, and in a short time the host himself, a stout elderly man dressed in the Highland costume, appeared, bringing in his hand a small bronze vessel (it looked almost like one of the small ancient Roman lamps, of *terra cotta*), filled with whiskey, and begged that his majesty would at least touch it with his lips; his majesty complied with his request, in order to free himself as soon as possible from the visit.

We then went to see the fort; it looked like a little farm, with its grassy bastions. The view from the rampart towards the lake afforded a most beautiful sight of the steep rock opposite, mirrored in the clear water. At length the bell of the steamer rang; we again entered it; it sank into the last lock, its watergates opened, and we were borne out on the long clear streams of this last *mountain* lake towards the sea.

This lake (Loch Ness) is the longest of the three connected by the canal (it is twenty-four miles long), and many a place celebrated in the history of the Highlands is passed while gliding along over its shining surface. The scenery is very beautiful. The whole extent of the lake lies in so straight a line, that the mountains on its shores are to be seen from its centre, as well towards the north as towards the south, placed one behind the other, like scenes in a theatre. The clear blue sky, with its light, fleeting summer-clouds, accorded well with this stage.

On the left shore is to be seen a barren ravine, and a story which was told us of a fight which took place there, is so characteristic of the spirit of clanship that I cannot omit repeating it here: In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Angus, the eldest son of the house of Glengarry, went on a foray into the lands of his enemies,—the Mackenzies. On his way back he was fallen upon by a troop of the latter and killed. This aroused fresh thirst for vengeance in his clan, and a large body of the Glengarrys marched into Rosshire under the command of Allan Mac Raonuill, for the purpose of falling upon the Mackenzies. Their plan succeeded but too well; they appeared one Sunday morning in the parish of Urray, and found a number of their enemies' clan assembled to hear divine service in the church at Beaul; they surrounded the church so closely as to prevent any one from escaping, and set fire to the building. Thus, every soul in the church—man, woman, and child—was destroyed either by the swords of Allan and his companions the Macdonells, or by the murderous element; and in order that the cries and moans of the unhappy wretches might be mocked at and drowned as much as possible, a Scotch piper walked round and round the burning church, playing an extempore piece, which was ever afterwards the Pibroch of the Macdonells.

This fearful deed resounded through the valleys of the Mackenzies. They rushed to arms and pursued the murderers, who had fled in two troops, the one over Inverness, the other along the northern shore of Loch Ness. The latter troop was led by Allan Mac Ranouill; while allowing his followers a little repose, he was overtaken and fallen upon by the Mackenzies. The fight was bloody but short. The Glengarrys were almost all killed, except Allan their leader, who, after a severe combat, escaped through the mountains towards Loch Ness; he arrived at the steep ravine which is to be seen from the lake; a desperate leap brought him safely over it; the Mackenzies pursued him, and one of them, the foremost and boldest, ventured to leap after

him ; but he missed the opposite side, and hung suspended over the abyss, clinging to the branch of a birch-tree which grew out of the rock. Mac Raonuill looked back, and saw his pursuer in this fearful situation. He turned back, drew his dagger, and severed the branch from the tree, crying, "I am largely in your debt for to-day, take this in part payment!" and saw his enemy fall headlong into the abyss. He then pursued his way to the lake, threw himself into its reviving waves, and swam to meet a boat which his fellow-clansmen had sent from the opposite shore. The other party of the fugitive Macdonells, who had gone by Inverness, did not fare so well. At a little inn at Torbreck, three miles from Inverness, where they were resting awhile, they were fallen upon by Murdoch Mackenzie of Redcastle ; the house was surrounded and set on fire, as a reprisal, and the whole seven-and-thirty perished by the same death that they had just before inflicted on their enemies. These stories have something in them which reminds me of the "Nibelungen-Lied," and other old German and Scandinavian legends, and it is singular to observe that this hot thirst for vengeance and delight in blood was almost as violent in these northerly countries as in those southerly ones, where the sun sends down fierce and burning rays. And this savage pleasure is by no means even yet entirely effaced from people's minds ; a proof of this may be found in the bloody acts of revenge still committed in Ireland, as also in the following fact: that one of the chiefs of the house of Glengarry, as late as the year 1812, caused a monument to be raised on the shore of Loch Lochie, in order to perpetuate the remembrance of a bloody revenge taken a considerable time ago on seven murderers, who had there murdered two heirs who were returning from France, and were regarded with unfavourable eyes, their return not being welcome.

Happily for us, soon after seeing these gloomy spots, our spirits were cheered again by an excursion to the fine waterfall of the river Foyers, in the mountains to the right. The steamer lay still when it arrived opposite the place, the large boat was lowered, we entered it and were rowed over to the verdant shore. We here ascended by a pleasant footpath among the trees, and a loud rushing noise soon acquainted us with the neighbourhood of the fall, which gushed in a beautiful and abundant stream from a high cleft in the rock. The scene, however, was much more beautiful, and even grand (remining one somewhat of the upper fall of the Reichenbach). After ascending higher, we came out by a small footpath upon a steep jutting-out cliff, from whence we looked deep into the basin of the foaming fall, where the sun, playing on the thickly-rising spray, formed the most beautiful rainbow circles I ever remember to have seen. From an opposite rock gushed a strong, clear mountain stream, of a brownish colour (like clear porter), and fell perpendicularly for about forty feet into the basin, forming, in its descent, a number of spiral waves, edged with light foam, until it was lost to

sight beneath the spray and the rainbow. It was one of the most beautiful falls I ever saw, and is, probably, the finest in the British Isles. The place looked very inviting for a longer stay, and pleasant studies might be carried on there. The vegetation around is rich; and the first gentians I had seen, either in England or Scotland, bloomed among the grass. The woods around consist principally of birch and pine trees. We were only too soon obliged to return to the steamer. Yet the steamer itself offered some entertainment. There were several pretty Englishwomen on board, and besides them, two pretty little girls, who amused themselves delightfully, by building towers and houses on the deck, with the little foot-stools which stand about there for the use of the persons sitting; and with the help of a kitten, carried on all manner of amusing games.

We still continued our northerly course, cutting through the clear waves, now passing steep rocks, and now wooded heights. We saw several very picturesque ruins; of these, Urquhart Castle is the prettiest. I took a slight sketch of it as we passed it quickly. This castle is often mentioned in the annals of Scotch history. It was first taken in the reign of Edward I, in the year 1303. It has, since the sixteenth century, been in the possession of the clan Grant.

After having had such fine weather the whole afternoon for our voyage, towards evening the sky suddenly grew dark; gray clouds rose over the mountains, and the nearer we drew to Inverness, the darker grew the weather. About eight o'clock, we reached the lock of Inverness, where the canal again descends a considerable depth into the Murray Frith; and so towards the Northern Sea. Here our voyage ended. By simple, though skilfully-chosen machinery, and not without great exertion, the crew of the steamer drew the travelling carriages on shore, post-horses were brought, and we were soon rolling towards the chief town of the Scotch Highlands. This part of the country presents a very peculiar aspect. The Alpine character of the Highlands disappears, large deposits of pebbles and sand round solitary pieces of rock, become visible in the shape of small hills, from 300 to 400 feet high; and in the distance are to be seen single points of land, stretching far into that inlet of the sea which bears the name of Murray Frith. Everywhere were to be seen fields, meadows, hills, and higher elevations covered with woods of pine trees. The gray cloudy evening sky completed this altogether somewhat gloomy picture.

The town, too, looks peculiarly Scotch, with its small gray houses, the gable ends of which often stand towards the street, and its churches with pointed steeples. The peculiar English elegance of streets is here altogether wanting. The broad Ness, a stream from the lake, flows through the town and out into the frith.

It is crossed by a stone bridge, and near this bridge, on a moderate elevation, stands a castle-looking municipal building. On this site, Macbeth's castle is said to have stood, and Duncan to have been

murdered. Its appearance to-day did not answer to the description given of it in *Macbeth*:—

“ *Duncan.* This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.”

As for ourselves, we have our quarters in the Caledonian Hotel, which has the golden thistle of Scotland showily exhibited on its sign. We had not long arrived, and were still in the drawing-room, when the authorities of Inverness entered and welcomed his majesty in a short but appropriate speech. His majesty with the greatest affability asked the mayor several questions concerning the locality and the manufactures of the place &c., &c.; in the answers the manufacture of whiskey was not forgotten, and it made rather a comical impression when, on this manufacture being mentioned, one of the aldermen officiously spoke, and immediately presented the mayor to his majesty as the principal distiller and wholesale whiskey manufacturer in the town. The number of inhabitants amounts to about 16,000 and the principal commodities are woven Scotch stuffs in wool and silk. It was very interesting and yet at the same time a great temptation, when, after supper, an exhibition of some of the best woollen and silken stuffs was made in a neighbouring room for the inspection of his majesty. The soft plaids of various colours, the excellent heavy silk-stuffs, the pretty Scotch plaid silken gloves for ladies, and the fine woollen veils, resembling the garments of nymphs, which are woven by the wives of fishermen in the Orkney Isles; all this was pleasant to look upon, and I did not neglect to appropriate to myself a small portion with which to make presents, and, it is to be hoped, agreeable ones, to those who awaited me at home.

In this exhibition was also included a handsomely done up and instructive work on the subject of the various patterns and colours of the plaids and kilts by which the different clans were distinguished; it was published in folio two years ago at Edinburgh, with a number of coloured illustrations; it is taken from a manuscript of the sixteenth century. The title of the work is as follows: “*Vestiarium Scoticum*,” from the manuscript formerly in the library of the Scots College at Douay, by John Sobieski Stuart. Edinburgh, 1842.

LXX.

Inverness, July 28th—Evening.

EARLY in the morning I stood at my window, looked across the broad Ness to the Gothic church and the small houses which form a suburb of the town in that direction, contemplated the phenomena of the gray rainy sky, and the green plains which stretch away to the pine-clad hills, and was using my best powers to obtain a thorough impression of this peculiar picture of a strange land, and a different description of architecture, when his majesty sent up to inform me, that he was about to undertake an excursion on foot in the early morning to Phaedric-craig, which lay at no great distance. In a few minutes I also was ready. This place is one of those remarkable ancient fire-hearths of Scotland, which have given rise to so many investigations and inquiries. Yesterday, on our passage hither, a Scotch traveller who was on board the steamboat had given us a variety of information respecting this singular place in the neighbourhood of Inverness. There are found, and for the most part on elevated places in the neighbourhood of the sea, large ebullitions of a singular description of vitrified rocks. These places have been regarded by some, as formerly by Pennant, as the remains of some volcanic or rather Plutonic eruption ; and, by others, declared to have been used as places for fires, serving as a substitute for lighthouses ; whilst others, as Macculloch, have supposed them to be the remains of small fortifications, and have called them *vitri-fied forts*.* It was, however, a matter of great interest to us to have an opportunity of seeing and examining one of these curious places with our own eyes.

Having provided ourselves with a guide, we set out on foot in spite of a light rain, and proceeded through the streets, which were perfectly quiet, partly on account of the early hour, and partly because it was Sunday, towards the canal, where we had yesterday landed, and then in the direction of the rocky hill, about 300 feet high, and overgrown with pines and heath. I had before noticed this hill yesterday from the boat, my attention having been particularly attracted by the reddish stone of which it consists, peeping out in kidney-shaped masses from among the pines with which it is partially covered. To-day, on a closer examination, the rock appeared to be a description of pudding-stone, containing a great number of rounded quartz grains in its brownish-red mass. On the summit of this extensive hill, covered with pines and overgrown with tall heath, there appeared a basin of about 100 yards in diameter, on which the rock was exposed only at one place of the northern edge. We regretted much having omitted to bring with us two or three labourers with spades and shovels, in order to have been able to remove a greater

* See Appendix iv.

portion of the heath and earth from the surface at this part of the hill, and were consequently obliged to confine our observations to the portion already opened. Certainly I was not a little surprised to find nothing on the surface but stones obviously vitrified by fire. Vitrified pudding-stones, and pieces of gneiss, in masses completely resembling lava, and even passing over into a kind of pumice-stone, stood out above the ground to the height of a foot, and the resemblance to the site of a volcanic eruption was remarkably great; nay, the elevation of the hill itself, with the basin on its summit, gives a surprising confirmation to this hypothesis. A very slight excavation on the spot would have immediately enabled us to have determined this question, but the means of making this excavation were wanting, and it would have required considerable delay.* We were therefore obliged to leave the examination of the nature and origin of the stone, and I merely sought to collect a few good specimens of the rock, in its various conditions, to be taken with us as memorials of this singular place. On our return, our guide pointed out to us another similar isolated hill, which is called "the Fairy hill." Our attempts, however, to obtain from him any account of the traditions connected with it, were fruitless. He seemed to treat such stories as something too absurd to be worthy of any attention. On the other hand, he related to us tales of Macbeth, and assured us that the place was yet shown, about twenty miles from Inverness, where the witches appeared to him and Banquo. It is very possible that the poet here first created the tradition, and the place of the tradition, as elsewhere the tradition informs the poet. Besides, it is certain that one cannot contemplate these districts, with their gloomy sky, their uniform green, their dark pine woods, and the peculiar bluish air which usually prevails in them, without feeling that such scenes must, there more than elsewhere, awaken those impulses in the soul of man, which produce a deep contemplative spirit, and singular modes of thought and feeling, manifesting themselves sometimes in stories and legends of elves and witches, and sometimes calling forth the singular phenomena of second sight. The latter, however, appears to belong more especially to the island inhabitants of the Hebrides, particularly of Skye, and the peculiar seclusion of the life of the people on these islands furnishes a satisfactory explanation of the fact.†

The afternoon of to-day was destined for an excursion to Macbeth's ancient Castle of Cawdor.

The weather having cleared up about two o'clock, we left Inverness in two light carriages, and drove first to the battle-field of

* It appears with certainty, from the investigations of Macculloch, that these are the walls of old forts, intentionally cemented by vitrification.—This process was used at that time instead of lime and cement, and is still in use for the same purpose in India.

† A multitude of stories of this faculty of second sight may be seen in "Martin's Description of the Western Islands of Scotland." London. 1716.

Culloden. Longevity is very frequent in the Highlands, and there are many persons still living, who remember the battle. Yesterday, as we came near the termination of the Caledonian Canal, we were shown the park and monument of a Mr. Bailey, who had lately died in Inverness, and who was accustomed to give very graphic accounts of the battle from the recollections of the sixth year of his age; the event, like every thing connected with the whole adventurous history of the Pretender, is interwoven into the circle of the popular traditions. The scene of the battle is an open, extensive, and elevated barren heath, lying to the north-east of Inverness, and interspersed with large blocks of stone. It was on this field, on the 16th of April, 1746, that Prince Charles Stuart risked the fate of a crown against the English, under the Duke of Cumberland, and fought a battle in which the lives of 1200 brave Highlandmen, and almost as many English, fell a sacrifice. In consequence of the efficient service performed by the well-directed English artillery, and the unskilful conduct of the Scotch leaders, the battle soon ended with the flight of the Pretender. The mounds which marked the graves of those who fell on that day are still pointed out, and arms are occasionally dug up. From a solitary standing tower, which is, properly speaking, only the balcony of a poor public-house, a few good views are obtained of the dreary neighbourhood, and of the friths of the Northern Sea in the distance.

We soon drove on, and after about an hour arrived at the entrance to the park of Kilravoch Castle. The interior of the park consists of a beech wood, in which the trees are of rather diminutive size, in consequence of the northern latitude and the wind from the sea; and their stems and branches are mostly covered with long moss and lichens. At length the wood opened up, and the large ancient square tower, the real building of the castle, came in sight. The tower was built by Hugh Rose, an old Scottish baron, in the latter half of the fifteenth century. Some small habitable buildings adjoin, and lean picturesquely against the ancient edifice, which is surrounded by a handsome shrubbery, lawns, and ornamental flower-beds, together with some old, large beech and ash-trees. Baron von Gersdorff happened to be acquainted with the then occupiers, and announced to them the arrival of an exalted guest. They were two ladies—mother and daughter—of the family of the Campbells, who, in the true spirit of English exclusiveness and separation, dwelt in this absolute solitude, and had taken a lease of the property from the owner, for a number of years. The whole of the ornamental grounds around were their work; they had planted fruit-trees, and even sweet chesnuts, and the careful selection of the flowers and plants gave abundant evidence of refined female taste. There is something quite original in the interior of the house. In the drawing-room there were a number of vases and grotesque figures; books, music, and portfolios were lying around; there stood a pianoforte and a harp, and, in short, every

thing gave evidence of the favourite pursuits of two ladies who had travelled much—had traversed Italy, and the highest and most dangerous passes of the Swiss mountains and glaciers, and at that time were living in the enjoyment of a kind of philosophical retirement and literary occupation. At first the mother alone was present; but the daughter also soon arrived from church, in a light gig driven by herself, and both now showed us, just as if we were all old acquaintances, the vaults of the tower, the corridors and stairs of the house, up to the platform of the old watch-tower, from whence there is a very extensive view of this wonderful and romantic woody district. The Pretender is said to have passed the night preceding the battle of Culloden in the castle. We could not avoid partaking of a light repast with them, after which we immediately set out for Cawdor. The young lady invited his majesty to take a seat in her gig, and leading the way, we followed in the other carriages. We met many church-goers on the road, to whom our Sunday excursion was obviously offensive; and to the right of the road, a little further on, we found, on the slope of a green hill, the assembling place of a congregation belonging to the free church. At the top there was a small house—a kind of chapel, whilst numbers of well-clothed persons were either lying or standing on the green slope. The service appeared to have been but a very short time over, and for that reason we had met so many on their way home, as we came. I hear that our German theologians, too, have not left this movement in the church unobserved, and that Sydow of Potsdam remained longer than he would otherwise have done, in Scotland, in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the nature and grounds of the schism.

At length we arrived at the ancient Cawdor. The whole locality is in the highest degree antiquated. A drawbridge under some large beeches, and in the small courtyard, the lofty, square, broad tower with its gabled wings; the whole furnishing a splendid picture. According to an old tradition, this was the place in which Macbeth murdered Duncan. This story has no historical foundation. The castle itself was probably built in the beginning of the fifteenth century. In the time of Edward the Confessor, who protected Malcolm, Duncan's son, there existed no thane of Calder or Cawdor; but Sir Hugh Horstrott, who obtained Macbeth's property here in Nairnshire, is said to have first borne this title. There are numerous and wonderful legends respecting the building of the castle itself. In one of the vaulted cellars there is still an old, dry, but firmly-rooted white-thorn, connected with which it is told, that the founder of the castle loaded an ass with gold, and vowed to build a castle wherever the beast should stop with his burden,—that the ass stopped at this white-thorn, and that here, consequently, the castle was built. It would not be difficult to find architects who have chosen much worse sites for their castles, than did this ass. The situation of the castle in the rear, on the side of a steep, rocky valley, formed by a

mountain torrent, and surrounded by woody ravines, leaves nothing to wish for in this description of country. "Freshness to its hawthorn tree" is still a common wish for the prosperity of the house of Cawdor.

We were very fortunate in being conducted through the castle by Mr. Staples, the steward of the present possessor, who was absent; our guide, too, was thoroughly well acquainted with the geology and botany of the neighbourhood. The vaults, passages, and chambers above, are all pervaded by a peculiar air of antiquity; I was particularly interested by a very ancient description of ornament in a chamber hung with woollen tapestry. The very chamber, too, in which Duncan is said to have past the night was, properly speaking, rude in its masonry, the walls even without plaster, and covered only with this old worked tapestry. When the tapestry is removed, in a castle built after this fashion, the whole appears as rude as the interior of a ruin. In addition to this, the rooms are low, the fire-places large and often singularly enough adorned. There are but few family portraits. The view from the windows down upon the rocky valley, with its mountain stream, is beautiful, and of a remarkably melancholy character. We mounted to the broad platform of the old watch-tower. Close to this place was a secret room in the roof, in which Lord Lovat is said to have lain concealed after the battle of Culloden. The view from this elevated spot towards Nairn, far along the coasts of the north of Scotland, and over the dark sea, detained us long, and was undoubtedly one of the most peculiar and interesting which we had yet seen in the Highlands.

Lady Campbell now took her leave and drove back, but we took a long walk among the deep ravines formed by clefts in the conglomerate sandstone, and thickly overgrown with beech, birch, and ash trees. There, too, the wild honeysuckle twined itself in full bloom among the bushes, some of the great oaks riveted our attention and our steps, and the birches hung most picturesquely into the abyss below.

There appears also to be a great quantity of game in these woods, especially of the favourite grouse, and Mr. Staples assured us, that if the owner would let his game, it would readily bring him in as great an income as his flocks of sheep—1000*l.* a year. We did not return to the castle till eight o'clock, we took a hasty sketch of it, and at half-past eight set out on our return to Inverness. In the 58° of north latitude there is an obvious difference between the continuance of the twilight and that in our latitude of 52°; it remained light for a long time. We returned by another road and drove near the sea, which here penetrates deep into the land. A cold wind blew from the smooth sea, and the greater part of the way presented few objects of interest and variety. As we drew near Inverness, the bright moon rose splendidly from the golden clouds, into such a beautiful azure blue sky, and accompanied by such charming tones of colour in the clouds beneath, as I had not yet seen either in

England, or hitherto in Scotland. The sea coast—the barren heath—and the splendid moon; nothing was wanting but a bard to give completeness to the Ossianic picture.

At length we turned round the walls of an old castle, built in the time of Cromwell, never large, and long since fallen into decay, and long after ten o'clock reached our quarters in Inverness.

LXXI.

Blair, July 29th—Evening.

OUR first great step southwards—the first step on our homeward journey—has been made to-day, and many a thought, therefore, sped before us towards our homes! Even though a journey may be the continuous, and often warm labour of the harvest, who is there that does not enjoy and rejoice in the repose of the cooler evening, in which the peaceful but deep enjoyment of the past, succeeds the day of vigorous labour! Our object to-day was to reach Dunkeld, which was merely a day's journey; but even this long day proved too short, and darkness came upon us some time before we reached Dunkeld, which is called the bay of the Highlands. On leaving Inverness, the road gradually ascends towards the higher mountains, and winds its way through barren valleys, producing nothing except heath and turf, and full of rocks. In the deeper and more protected places, the small, short, round-formed dwarf birch grows in considerable quantities, and a few miserable huts are scattered here and there by the road-side. Their walls are made of rough field-stones, heaped one upon another—the roof supported by a few weak timbers, covered with heath and turf, and often green as a meadow. The smoke finds an exit for itself through a rude opening at one end of the roof, and one or two miserable little windows give light to the narrow space within. We went into one of these huts. The interior was separated into two parts, by a very incomplete partition wall; on one side was the stable, which contained a small cow, the whole wealth of the family—on the other the dwelling-place of the family, a dark and miserable room filled and blackened with smoke from a kind of chimney-place at one end. In a recess of the wall, near the window, stood the bed of the woman of the house, which was indeed very miserable, but still fitted up like a kind of four-post bed, and surrounded by some old smoky curtains. The room had, properly speaking, no ceiling, but was open up to the beams of the roof, which were thoroughly blackened with smoke. A large basket of potatoes was steaming on the little table at which the husband was sitting, and supplied the place of pudding. The wife, who had opened the door for us, was carrying on her arm a child about half a year old; she pointed out to us

a small adjoining room, which contained another bed, together with some old furniture, and some potatoes stored up in one corner. The whole conveyed the idea of an existence of the poorest description. And yet, with all this poverty, and these walls so thoroughly blackened with smoke, there was a shelf adorned with a number of white and blue plates, of tolerable quality, set up on edge, and indicating a certain elegance. The people appeared to have been not very long married, as the child just mentioned was their first. The man worked as a day-labourer; and yet the whole presented something pleasing, which I have often found wanting in a splendid palace. Here the radical idea of human kind—husband, wife, and child—was represented, and the poor but independent existence was, at least, secured. I was pleased to see that a small present was left behind, which would always be to them a memorial of the day when a king trod the floor of their humble dwelling.

A cold wind blew through these lofty valleys, and some snow was visible on the cloud-capt summits of a dark mountain chain. These form the commencements of the Grampian ridge, which stretches its arms far into the country; it was not till towards evening that we again arrived at a somewhat milder neighbourhood. The rocks in this part of the country are all of the primitive order; and in parts of the road a way had been cut through mighty rocks of gneiss and mica slate. Single large swelling hills are mixed with the masses of granite. As one proceeds on the descent, the sloping layers of rock, which make an angle with the horizon, are remarkable, as furnishing the most decisive evidence of the bold and steep elevation of the central stock of the mountain.

Some miles from Blair, on the left of the road, there is a very picturesque and singular cascade, formed by the river Bruar, in the Duke of Athol's park. The carriages were stopped, and we went to have a nearer view of the rushing torrent. The first fall is particularly characteristic. The sharp projecting mica slate there forms layers, heaped upon one another like vast icebergs; single blocks stand separate from the rest, and a natural rocky grotto is formed, behind which the water plunges down with a roaring noise. The fall is crossed above by a stone bridge; and, in consequence of the irregular broken rocks, the whole exhibited a peculiarly grotesque appearance, which reminded me of the kind of waterfalls which one is accustomed to see upon the old conventional tapestried landscapes. Here, too, the water, which is in other respects clear, exhibits the brown porter-colour, so as to appear dark brown in the basins where it collects in pools. This, however, does not disturb, but rather harmonises well with the whole of this singular locality. Farther up there are three other falls, one above another in succession. In the first the water falls fifty feet; the lowest is, however, the most striking, and the rocks around are well clothed with firs and pines.

In these low districts the traveller again finds an admirably well

cultivated country; and, after having travelled for a whole day through barren wastes, rejoices no little in finding, in the evening, such agreeable evidences of human culture. Those desert mountain regions are, however, by no means so solitary as they appear to the mere traveller. Towards the close of the autumn, many of the valleys often become, for weeks long, the residence of rich lords and gentlemen fond of the chase; who either amuse themselves in grouse-shooting or deer-stalking. Parties, during the season, take up their quarters in these shooting-boxes, in the midst of the mountains; commit follies of all kinds; assume the Scotch costume, with kilt and dagger, drink, drive about in light carriages, drawn by Highland ponies, over the Alpine mountain-paths, and practise all the devices which youth and wealth, stimulated by pride and indolence, can suggest.

As we proceeded, the full moon rose splendidly in a beautifully clear evening sky, in order as it were to bring us greetings from afar. Meadows, fields, and woods, passed rapidly by—and in the contemplation of the moon, I sank into the indulgence of a variety of visionary thoughts, from which I was at length aroused by the execrable tones of a Highland piper, who was playing with all his might and main before the hotel at which we stopped.

LXXII.

Taymouth Castle, July 30th—Evening.

THIS morning was as wet and gloomy as yesterday evening was beautiful. We set out on our journey in the midst of thick rain, and in consequence lost many a beautiful view of the richly-wooded rocky valley, which leads to the pass of Killiecrankie. The river Garry here flows between steep rocky walls, sometimes covered with a rich foliage, and beech woods. This stream carries off the water from a small lake, and is crossed by a bridge of noble span, which connects the two sides of the narrow valley. Fortunately, when we arrived at this spot, the weather cleared up, and even in the rainy atmosphere the view from the bridge, both up and down the stream, of the woody ravines at either side, was very charming. The scenery continued to be of a similar description. Loch Tummel, a mountain lake, lay before us with its placid waters, girt in by mountains of the most various forms. Our road lay through extensive plantations of young wood, and the distant mountains, seen by snatches through the light places in the veil of clouds, made a grander impression than if it had been possible to see them clearly.

At a later part of the drive the country became wilder and more desolate, when, all at once, we crossed a bridge over a broad moun-

tain stream, in a wide valley, and the road began again to ascend into a sort of Alpine region. As soon as we crossed the summit of this range, the road again descended to the valley of Loch Tay, in which we proposed to visit Taymouth, the noble residence of the Marquis of Breadalbane. The way was still long, and led into the depths of the valley; when, after having crossed a ford in the broad and shallow Tay, we arrived at the outer gate of the park. Several of the Marquis's people, clothed in Highland costume, and wearing the tartan and plaid of the Campbells, were standing there and opened the gates, whilst one of them gave a signal on a horn, to announce the arrival of the illustrious guest. The park is richly wooded with the most splendid beech, oak, lime, and ash trees; the approach to the house passes through extensive pastures, and through several gates, which form divisions between the several portions of the park. At each of these gates, again, there stood one or two Highlanders to open them as the king advanced. During the drive within the grounds the Tay was crossed two or three times, by means of well-made bridges, the side railings of which were usually made of rough oak. Near the last bridge, at the farther side of the water stands a small well-built fort, under large oak trees; and presently the stately castle of the rich and powerful Marquis of Breadalbane, surrounded by beautiful lawns, and magnificent groups of trees, presents itself to the eye. This castle is built in the richest, modern Anglo-gothic fortification style. It is gay and handsome, and had the yellow and black flag flying on the main tower. The noble owner received his majesty at the door of the castle, and, as we entered the hall, the cannons of the fort thundered forth a royal salute of twenty-one guns. His majesty and suite were conducted into the splendid reception-room, where the family were assembled, and then visited the noble hall, the walls of which are panelled with wood in the Gothic style; it has an air of antiquity, and is tastefully adorned with armour and banners. Other state rooms adjoin the hall. The first greetings and observations being past, a walk was proposed through part of the park, towards Loch Tay. On the way we saw some really splendid specimens of lime trees in flower, with their branches hanging to the ground; and proceeded through an alley of lofty and magnificent red beech, not less than 300 years old, to an elevated point in the demesne from which there is a charming view of the lake, surrounded by richly-wooded hills. Near this spot stands the dairy, fitted up not only with admirable neatness, but in the most ornamental manner. This small house, over-grown with wild roses and adorned with lattices and ornaments of white quartz, is very charming. The basement floor contains the milk-room, in which the milk and cream, in large and handsome pans, are placed in running spring-water, while the upper story contains some elegant rooms for breakfast or luncheon. We were

scarcely returned to the castle when we were conducted to the dining-room, where a luncheon awaited us, which might very well have served for a splendid dinner.

I was very happy in having an opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of a scholar, to whose works upon natural philosophy, and especially upon optics, I had been previously indebted for much information. This was Professor Brewster of St. Andrews, whom, as a friend of the house, the marquis had invited for the purpose of meeting and being presented to his majesty. Properly speaking, this meeting afforded me double pleasure; first, on account of the professor himself, whose knowledge and scientific character have gained for him a European reputation, and whose simplicity of nature and ability were so very agreeable; and, secondly, on account of the lord of the mansion, to whom it does great honour to maintain such friendly relations with men of eminence and science, and who furnishes an example in the high aristocracy of the cultivation of the sciences, which is but of rare occurrence either in England or Scotland.

In the afternoon light carriages were ordered, and we made a second excursion, partly through the rich woods of the park, and partly through the village of Aberfeldy, in order to visit the beautiful waterfalls of Moness, which lie just above the town. The waters in this case are not brown, as is the case in so many of the other Scotch waterfalls, but perfectly clear; the rocky ravine, in which the falls are formed, is luxuriously wooded; moss-covered, decaying stems hang down from the projecting rocks, whilst the water rushes down in charming cascades from basin to basin, and many very original views, admirably calculated for being made subjects of the artist's pencil, reward the pedestrian who climbs from one ascent to another. On this occasion I kept always close to Dr. Brewster, and, *chemin faisant*, we exchanged many interesting communications. I was much surprised with the account of the discovery of an American, who had found out a process for making every description of paper from straw. Dr. Brewster had seen some specimens of the production, which appeared to him every thing that could be desired. A manufactory of this description was about to be established in the neighbourhood of London. Might not this power of making paper from straw produce this result, that so much written and printed paper should no longer be nothing better than coarse straw? Another discovery, which Dr. Brewster mentioned to me, may also become one of great importance. It relates to the steam-engine, and consists in a species of mechanism, by means of which the first moving power, caused by the expansion and condensation of the steam, produces, not a rising and a sinking motion, as in the present piston, but a revolving motion. On my part I communicated to the Scotch naturalist my observations detailed in my system of physiology, on the effect produced on the retina in seeing as closely related to the Daguerreotype process, a theory which he

immediately comprehended, and with which he expressed his great satisfaction, and in this way conversation shortened the road, by far too short for our communications. On our return the conversation turned on the divisions which had taken place in the church, and I learned on this occasion that the Marquis of Breadalbane himself, with all his house, belongs to the free church party. This intelligence caused me no surprise; for on first meeting with this respected nobleman, I was immediately impressed with the manifestation on his part of a certain love of freedom and attachment to popular rights.

Soon after our return, the time came to dress for dinner, assemble in the drawing-room, and then proceed to a noble banquet, where every thing was admirable except the music of the Scotch piper, who here again, as he had often done at the royal table in London and at Windsor, filled the dining-room with his nasal thrilling tones. In other respects, as I have said, every thing was in the highest degree splendid; the multitude of servants, the magnificence of the plate, a remarkable side-board set out and adorned with large silver salvers and vases, in front of which, on the floor, stood a large silver wine-cooler, bordered with beautifully carved oak, the choicest selection of dishes, and splendour of illumination, all announced the wealth and power of the house of Breadalbane. A few years previously, the Queen and Prince Albert had made a visit to the castle, and were entertained right royally, with festivity upon festivity, by the noble owner. The marquis had caused an account of these festivities to be printed, and illustrated with drawings beautifully lithographed. A few copies only were printed and splendidly bound for presents. I looked through this magnificent book with great pleasure. The royal pair were amused during their sojourn at the castle, with hunting parties, Scottish dances, illuminations &c.; whilst the simplicity, freedom, and at the same time the lofty pride of the owner of the castle, was fully expressed in the illuminated inscription which met the Queen at the entrance to the park, and consisted of these few words:

“Welcome to Breadalbane, Queen Victoria!”

After dinner we found a pianist at the instrument in the beautiful Gothic hall; and whom should he be but the Scotch musician Miller, whose playing had excited so much admiration in Dresden a number of years ago, especially his splendid execution of Beethoven's “Sonatas” and other pieces. With what pleasure did I again listen to the splendid sonata in C minor, performed by a person who at that time played almost all these works without looking at a note; a true mental refreshment after the national music of the piper. But the latter soon again made his appearance, for the marquis did not wish the king to leave the castle without seeing the exhibition of a national dance, and the drone was an indispensable accompaniment to the exhibition.

The company moved into another room, and several men imme-

diately entered, dressed in full Highland costume. The piper commenced his enlivening strains, and a young man in Scottish garb first appeared with two naked swords. He laid them crosswise on the floor, and with a peculiar jerking motion of his legs and arms, began to dance to the music of the bag-pipes. With a certain rhythm, he stamped with both feet on the ground, quicker and quicker, trod now on this side and now on that, of the naked sword-blades, without ever touching them—threw up his arms in the air, and one while assumed the attitude of an attacking, and at another of a defending warrior. At length he seized the swords again—swung them over his head, and disappeared. The whole exhibition had something savage, but, at the same time, natural and primitive, in its character, which made a lively impression on my mind; and the movements of the youth were so bold and vigorous, that it was impossible to avoid participating in the spirit which he displayed.

Next appeared two, and then four Highlanders, who performed a dance of similar character and significance as the former, but without weapons. At the moments of their liveliest movement, they continually uttered a sort of quick, lively, exclamatory song, which was succeeded by fresh vehemence in dancing, stamping of the feet, throwing about the arms, and advancing and retreating. I found it impossible to avoid recalling to my mind the drawings of dances among the New Zealanders and other savages, which I had often seen. One must be inspired with a complete interest in all the national peculiarities of Scotland, to be able to follow those movements and bursts of music and shouts with attention.

We now returned to the great drawing-room, and thus ended the festivities of the day.

LXXIII.

Sirling, July 31st—Evening.

ON looking out of my window in Taymouth Castle, this morning early, I was not a little astonished to see several large bisons grazing on the smooth, green grass, scarcely a hundred yards from the castle. Game of *this* kind, I had never yet seen in any park, and the very fact of the Marquis of Breadalbane's having caused a number of these immense American oxen to be transported hither from the Western prairies for the purpose of furnishing a rare kind of ornament to his park, is in itself sufficient to enable my readers to judge of the magnificence of the demesne and the wealth of its owner.

After an early breakfast, at seven o'clock, his majesty took a

simple but hearty leave of his noble host ; as the royal carriages rolled away, another salute of twenty-one guns was fired from a second fort, lying somewhat higher up the mountain, and it was really beautiful to see the white vapour of the powder curling through the foliage of the hills, in the gray and somewhat gloomy morning air.

This very brief sojourn in Taymouth Castle had left a most agreeable impression on our minds. The magnificence and yet convenience of the castle—the splendour combined with the simplicity of its arrangements—the luxuriance of the timber—the full bloom of the lime-trees—the green of the meadows—the forests on the surrounding mountains, and the rushing of the waters, were all subjects of pleasing reflection, and furnished materials for admiration and praise. The family, too, had left upon us a strong impression of cultivated minds, nobleness of character, and intelligent goodness. The marquis is a man approaching sixty, but of vigorous frame and intelligent mind. He speaks French but little and unwillingly; the marchioness is delicate and sickly, but of charming disposition. They unfortunately have no family. The company, too, in addition to Dr. Brewster, consisted of some remarkable persons. There were Lord Ruthven and his lady, who had formerly made a long sojourn in Greece and Albania, and been at the court of Ali-Pasha of Jannina. Lady Ruthven told us many anecdotes of the Oriental harems to which she had access, and where she had been delighted with the natural simplicity of the ladies of the seraglio. There was also the Honourable Fox Maule, a member of the opposition, and formerly one of the secretaries of the treasury—a humorous, sarcastic person; and, finally, a young Campbell, nephew to the marquis—a genuine specimen of a vigorous, strong-built, thorough Highlander—always in the national costume, with his kilt, plaid, and Highland bonnet. It will be readily believed that a company composed of such elements, furnished abundant materials for interesting conversation. And when to all this is added the magnificence of the place—the significant ornaments of the rooms (the ceiling of the grand hall was covered with the arms of the ancient kings of Scotland, and among them I often observed the well-known ship, engraved on the tomb-stones of the sea-kings in Iona), together with the many admirable pictures by Van Dyck, a large Rubens, and a Salvator Rosa, together with a delightful moonlight scene by Van der Neer, it will be readily admitted that Taymouth Castle was enough to have awakened an earnest wish to have been able to remain a little longer, to have enjoyed its attractions.

After leaving the grounds of the castle, we drove down the beautiful valley of the Tay, and more and more left the mountainous country behind us. Green hills, sometimes wooded, stretched along the sides of the valley, prettily-situated farm houses succeeded one another on the banks of the charming Tay, winding its course

to the sea, and after some hours we arrived at the small but ancient town of Dunkeld, which may be regarded as the last town in the Highlands; it, too, is surrounded by wooded hills. We passed into the town over a stone bridge, and enjoyed from thence a beautiful view of the extensive ruins of an abbey beyond the water, whose bright gray walls are charmingly relieved by the dark green of the mountain woods which form the background. We had scarcely alighted, when we walked to the Duke of Athol's Park in order to take a nearer view of the ruined abbey. This park stretches to a great distance along the banks of the Tay and the neighbouring hills; the abbey is surrounded by beautiful meadows and large groups of trees; the fore part was repaired some time ago and is used as a church. The effect produced by the ruined portion is, however, much more imposing. The walls stand desolate and overgrown with ivy, whilst the hands and pendulum of the clock still move in the ancient square tower which rises above the ruined arches, and produces quite a ghostly impression on the mind of the spectator. There are great peculiarities in the style of this cathedral, built in the fourteenth century; I was particularly struck with the small semicircular windows above the large windows in the pointed style. Many beautiful subjects for the pencil here present themselves to the eye of an artist; a view of the gable, seen through the boughs of the lime-trees, was too attractive to leave without making a hasty sketch of its beauty.

Not far from the ruin stand a few old larches, the first grown in the open air in these districts. The stem of one has already realised the measure of fifteen feet in circumference.

As the traveller leaves Dunkeld on the road to Perth, the hills on the right-hand side of the way are covered with young plantations; this is Birnam Wood; and at no great distance lies Dunsinane, which, however, is not to be seen from the road—I immediately thought of the words:—

“ Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill
Shall come against him.”

And everywhere as we proceeded recollections of the great poet of the nation presented themselves to our minds.

The weather became clearer as we advanced—the mountains of the Highlands more and more receded from our view—and the country became gradually flatter. Towards noon we reached Perth, a town of considerable importance, situated at the head of the firth of Tay, with a population of about 20,000 souls. The town has more of an English appearance—and contains many manufactories—cotton mills are numerous—and gloves were also formerly one of the chief productions of the town.

In order to obtain a view of the neighbourhood of Perth, which was the seat of a royal residence (till the times of James II. and

III.), we drove across the river in a light carriage and up to the Castle of Kinfauns. In the park, adjoining the castle, a Belvedere has been erected upon the summit of some precipitous porphyry rocks, which affords an extensive panoramic view of the town and neighbourhood and down the firth of Tay. The road is so well made, that one can drive through pasture lands and woods, past the castle, to the very summit of the mountain. In the gloomy light of a sky almost completely veiled by a thick layer of foggy clouds, the extensive and occasionally hilly district presented a very interesting picture to the eye. The Tay widens progressively as it approaches the sea, and below us at the moment appeared a steamboat in the distance, apparently not bigger than a nutshell.

At a distance of some miles from Perth, there appeared a building springing up from the midst of the forest park—this was Scone, the place where, in ancient times, the kings of Scotland were crowned—but now a modern castle, belonging to the Earl of Mansfield, and resembling so many others in the British isles.

We returned to Perth, and, as we drove past the old churches and public places, our memories recalled many of the scenes which had been there enacted in days of yore.

Thus, for example, James I. was murdered here in the cloisters of the Black Friars, and Edward III. slew with his own hand, before the altar of St. John's Church, his own brother, the Earl of Cornwall; and in Robert III.'s time, a battle between two clans took place here, which reminds one of the contest between the Horatii and the Curiatii. The following is the account given of it, in which the old Scotch colouring may be easily recognised: The Macintoshes and Mackays, who had long been at feud with one another, at length obtained leave to settle their differences by a battle between thirty men on each side, in presence of the king and court. The champions were chosen, and the North Inch, an open space close to the Tay, selected as the field of battle. When the two clans arrived in Perth, one of the Macintoshes lost heart and fled; but a bold burgher of Perth, one Wynde, a saddler, allowed himself to be hired as a substitute, for half a French crown. The battle began with fury: twenty-nine of the Mackays perished in the field; the last sprang into the water, and escaped by swimming. Ten of the Macintoshes and Wynde were still alive. The contest was now decided for ever.

After this short stay, we again left Perth, in the environs of which the Romans of antiquity discovered so much resemblance to Rome, that when, under Agricola, they arrived at the heights now called Moncrieff Hill, cries of "*Ecce Tiber! Ecce Campus Martius!*" were heard from their ranks. I confess I could not see the resemblance.

There are several roads from Perth to Stirling. His majesty chose that by Crieff. The country here becomes more hilly,

we arrive nearer to those points where our journey in Scotland commenced, and we again obtained a view of the mountain chain around Loch Lomond, among which Ben Lomond is conspicuous. Some miles from Stirling is a newly-built and prettily-laid-out town, Allanbridge, containing mineral springs. The water is cold and slightly aperient; it is also used for bathing.

In this part of the country are several hills, sloping on one side, and falling off very steep on the other, the very shape of which is an evidence of a later formation and a sudden generation. The castle of Stirling stands on one of these hills, and as it had been determined to pass the night in Stirling, we had time enough in the evening, between eight and nine o'clock, to take a walk to the hill on which the castle stands.

The town, containing about 7000 inhabitants, stretches along the mountain. On the summit, not far from the castle, is an old cathedral, blackened by time, and not far from it again, the ruins of a palace of an Earl of Mar, commenced, but never finished. A highly romantic picture is made by the broken, moss-covered columns of this unfinished building, glancing in the reddish light, and behind them the massive form of the church. We then passed on to the castle, which is fortified, and has a garrison of 250 men, with a few cannons. The castle is historically remarkable. It was a favourite residence of the Stuarts. James II. and James V. were born and Mary Stuart was crowned here. Not far from the entrance into the fortress, one is immediately struck by a little, one-story, long palace, built by James V., the most extraordinary and comical piece of workmanship I had ever seen. The style is properly the old French style, but without so much ornamental work, and with a single row of tolerably large windows; but between the windows figures are represented projecting from the wall, and bearing columns, upon each of which is a figure, generally naked, and sometimes in most indecent position. Fortunately, the exterior of this palace, which is now used as a barrack, is yielding gradually but surely to the influence of those causes which destroy also the most interesting specimens of art. I made my own observations on the very low state in which the arts must have been at a time when the father of Mary Stuart could suffer such things. The coarse indecency of some of the figures, too, is a fact which premises some remarkable conclusions as to the *ton* of that period, and may perhaps have some importance in explaining certain very remarkable traits in the character of this queen.

In the meantime, the director of the arsenal of the fort (the commandant was ill) had been informed of the presence of his majesty, and shortly arrived. He allowed us a sight of the interior of the palace-barrack, of the dwellings of the officers, and the walls. One of the rooms, which was his own, had belonged to the dwelling of King James, and was said to have been the same in which the king had stabbed Earl Douglas, whose corpse was subsequently thrown from one of the windows into the moat. The

rooms were small, and, in connexion with the diminutive size of the whole palace, gave a clear testimony to the simplicity of a court life at that time. In respect to the view from the walls, it had a very pretty effect even at that late hour, in the ruddy beams of the sinking sun. The blackish basalt rock breaks off here very steep: on the western horizon one sees the mountain chain of Ben Lomond, and through the plain the Forth winds along in several bends, to spread itself out a little more to the east, into the Frith of Forth. The plain towards Edinburgh was covered with mist, but in clear weather it is said to present a pretty view.

We returned to our hotel by a different road. Below the castle are still to be seen some old buildings, which served for stables during the time the court was at Stirling; we also passed by some geologically interesting quarries of trapp, of which the castle is built. It is very plain that the uppermost of the large horizontal layers of sandstone, over which the trapp originally flowed like lava, have in one place been lifted up and broken, somewhat in the same way as thin ice is raised by the water under it, then broken, and a portion of it carried away.* Similar extraordinary examples of Plutonian masses, which have thus swelled up and assumed the form of Neptunian formations, are said to be found as far as the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and they remind us here, as everywhere else, of the unintelligible riddle of the peculiar formations of the crust of our planet; unintelligible to us in consequence of the law so well expressed by Goethe, that man can only comprehend that which has been formed in his own experience (*dass der Mensch nur das guverstehen vermöge, von dessen Entstehen er die Erfahrung habe*).

LXXIV.

Dalmahoy, Aug. 1—Evening.

NOUS voilà encore au milieu de la vie de château! All at once, at the concluding point of our journeyings through Great Britain, we are received in the quiet and rural residence of the family of Lord Morton.

We were just on the point of leaving Stirling this morning in the midst of the rain, when a museum for objects of use in agriculture, very well worth seeing, was mentioned to his majesty. We proceeded thither, accompanied by the provost, and found an establishment, the consideration of which is well calculated to give one a tolerably comprehensive view of the great progress made in Scotland in this respect. It is the agricultural museum of W. Drummond and Sons, seedsmen and nurserymen, is private property, and the owner

* In the "Transactions of the Geological Society," vol. ii. p. 309, there is a very interesting essay, with an instructive print, by Taylor.

has an agent in Dublin; all such objects as are exhibited here, or as come under the head of agricultural, are for sale. This institution is, at the same time, a sort of central point for the exertions of the Agricultural Society, which has been of late very active in this neighbourhood, and has given rise to many improvements. A meeting of this society will be held here shortly. An entire house is occupied by the various articles exhibited. The first compartments contain various implements used in husbandry, and we were able here to examine with more attention the form of the Scotch plough, which had several times already attracted our attention in farm-yards and by the road-side. It is entirely of iron, and appears well adapted to the purposes for which it is used; indeed, it is said to have almost entirely taken the place of the more old-fashioned implement. I had here another opportunity of observing how much shorter is the path from theoretical improvements to actually practical ones in this nation than in ours. One reason, no doubt, is to be looked for in the fact of the non-existence here of a separate and exclusive race of agriculturists, and of the close connexion existing between the farmers and the inhabitants of cities, nay even the land-owners themselves. Among us, it is still, notwithstanding the advantages afforded by the new societies, by no means an easy matter to bring into use among the tillers of the land any improvement or new method deduced from the discoveries of scientific men. The farmer considers himself a member of a different and distinct class, he holds fast to the traditions of his province, he considers the man of science who pretends to teach him any thing in his own branch, in the same light as that in which the artist regards the amateur—as a stranger pressing in where he has no business; and with difficulty, if at all, will he take advice proceeding from such a quarter. In England and Scotland, where no particular class of men devote themselves to agriculture in opposition to the inhabitant of the town or to the man of science, all is different; and for this reason, every improvement discovered in theory by the scientific man, is made to produce its proper effect in practice.

Besides the improved plough, we also saw here various new kinds of sowing machines; dibbing machines; harrows of various forms and constructions, according to the various kinds of seed; scythes, some for grass, some for grain; vessels for milk and cream constructed of tin, which metal is said to have peculiar advantages in preserving them fresh; machines for pressing cheese; various sorts of harness for beasts of burden; small lanterns to be fastened to the stirrup when one has to ride far at night, and several sorts of shoes, not only for whole-hoofed quadrupeds, but also for the divided hoofs of oxen. In other compartments of the house were collections of the various sorts of grass used for feeding cattle, a collection of seeds, and an exhibition of the results of a number of experiments relative to the best soil for several kinds of grain. This latter was particularly clearly displayed, for a number of flower-pots were set up, containing different sorts of earth, and beside each pot was a dried specimen of

the grain grown in it, whether more or less productive. Lastly, there were a number of geological preparations. There was to be seen, for instance, on a small scale, a series of layers, composed of the fossils themselves, of the formations found in the coal country, and, in connexion with this branch of the subject, were also to be seen examples of the various means resorted to for draining land; a point naturally very important in a country so moist and marshy as Scotland. Several plans have been tried; at first hollowed tiles were laid down on inclined planes, under which the water was to make its escape. It was found, however, shortly, that this was of most advantage to the destructive animals mice and moles, who were in fact assisted by this arrangement; besides which, the desired effect was not produced. Later experiments have shown, that the purpose is better effected by means of a layer of roughly broken stones thrown loosely over one another, which leave between them a number of irregular interstices. In like manner, there was much more to be seen in this collection, which would certainly have had much interest for, and been no less profitable to, many German agriculturists.

Even to me, who, properly speaking, take no positive interest in such objects, the totality gave a very agreeable representation of one particular branch in this important island's occupations, a country which we are so soon to leave, and which offers so much to interest the traveller, whatever may be his particular occupation. What different, but at the same time interesting and profitable results would be produced by the journey of a statesman, a manufacturer, a historian, a geologist, and an agriculturist, through the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland! For me, who had as yet had but few opportunities of studying the agriculture of England and Scotland, this collection, which also interested his majesty in a high degree, possessed a very considerable interest.

The carriages had drawn up in the mean time, and we soon found ourselves on our road to Edinburgh, or rather to Dalmahoy; as the king had determined to live here in quiet, and from hence to visit the Scotch metropolis and its vicinity, in preference to living in the noise and sometimes unpleasant bustle of the city itself.

Between Stirling and Linlithgow we crossed the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway, and examined some of their splendid works, namely, a large and lofty viaduct, crossing a deep valley, supported on lofty arches, and a deep cutting through layers of rock. Certainly, all the works on the English railways are of a power and grandeur of execution, which make the so-called colossal undertakings of the ancient Romans in roads and aqueducts appear merely child's play in comparison. Tunnels through mountains and under cities, bridges and viaducts over inhabited towns and wide valleys, roads across marshy plains—all this and more is performed, all this have other nations learned from England! The whole island of Britain will soon be covered with a net of railways as it formerly was with roads!

The country hereabouts was particularly interesting to me, as it was intimately connected with the history of an old Scottish hero, who, as it happened, from a romantic account of his exploits, which had accidentally fallen into my hands during my childhood, has always been to me one of the most marked characters in history: I mean Sir W. Wallace, that remarkable man, who, when Edward I. was preparing to advance with a powerful army to accomplish the total subjection of Scotland, collected a band of patriots around him, defeated the invaders on several occasions, and was at last only overcome by treachery. We soon arrived at the little town of Linlithgow, through which Edward, in the year 1298, led a mighty army to meet Wallace in the neighbourhood of Falkirk. In this town are still to be seen the ruins of a palace belonging to the Scotch kings: the carriages stopped on the market-place, we descended, and proceeded to visit it. These ruins are by no means the most picturesque in the island, for the palace was never much distinguished in the architectural way, and was, besides, destroyed by fire only about 100 years ago. On arriving at the castle from this town, one first comes upon the church, which has been partially repaired, and in which there are some memorials of that poetic-mythical personage of Scotland, Mary Stuart. In an ancient portion of the choir, is a font worked in the wall, at which Mary Stuart is said to have been christened: above, in the choir, is an arm-chair, it must be Queen Mary's chair; who would wish to apply strict historical criticism in such a case? It is at all events certain that James III. began the palace, and that James VI., Mary's son, completed it. The walls are still standing, unroofed however, and covered with blue mould from the dampness of the climate; and the wind whistles through the unglazed windows. There was once a splendid fountain in the courtyard, the ruins of which, with the background of massive walls, ornamented with the escutcheons carved over the doors, presented a pretty picture. In the same way some pretty views were obtained through the windows, of a little lake behind the castle. A quiet-looking woman, dressed in black, conducted us through the corridors and rooms, over the stairs and turrets of this old castle, and I could almost fancy at times, that we were preceded by a ghostly housekeeper of the time of Queen Mary.

We soon returned to the open air. The country now became more level, and mountains were only to be seen along the horizon; and after a short drive we reached the park and castle of Dalmahoy, surrounded by well-cultivated fields, where Lord Morton and his family joyfully received the king. Lord Morton had been the lord-in-waiting on his majesty during our residence in London, and, along with Lord C. Wellesley, had attended him on all his excursions in that city: the family, too, was living at that time in London; we found ourselves, therefore, quite at home in a short time, and as it were among friends, and the termination of our various

rambles thus corresponded harmoniously with our entrance into the kingdom at Buckhurst. Even this place itself reminds us, by its quiet rather than splendid character, and by its extent, of the desmene of Lord Delawarr! A simple, large square building, with an entrance to the garden overgrown with roses, is situated in the midst of an extensive park, richly planted with splendid trees, and spread out in different parts into meadows; we entered the drawing-room, and on the other side of a little lake the castle of Edinburgh rose before us.

We were hardly settled in our new habitations, and had taken some refreshment, when the carriages drew up, and an excursion was proposed into the neighbourhood, particularly to the coasts of the Frith of Forth. The weather was entirely that of a Scotch summer; a cloudy sky, pierced at times by wandering sunbeams, occasionally a fine misty rain, and a coldish west wind. The object of our visit was Hopetoun House, the seat of the Earl of Hopetoun. It is not far from the sea, surrounded by a large park, and large kitchen and flower-gardens, and is an extensive palace, containing three wings, somewhat after the fashion of the palace at Versailles. The late possessor died suddenly a short time ago of disease of the heart, being still a young man, and all this property devolved to a child hardly a year-and-a-half old. We alighted from the carriage in front of the house in order to enjoy the splendid view of the bay, afforded from this point of land. To the west the Frith extends far into the land, and I again saw with pleasure the chain of mountains containing Ben Lomond; to the east it widens more and more beyond Queensferry towards the open sea. In that direction lies our way home! A splendid rainbow at the moment spanned the wide gulf: may it prove a favourable omen of our voyage.

The castle is built in a rich and grand, but somewhat heavy style, and contains a few good pictures among a great many only tolerable ones. One of the most important is Ruben's large picture of the Birth of Christ, which has been engraved by Borstemann. As in general the more peaceful and retiring feelings of Christianity are not those in which this artist is most at home, those of his pictures painted in the ecclesiastical style are those in which he has been least successful; and this is one which may almost be said to be a failure in this respect. Next to this was a picture by Cuyt—cattle reposing beside a piece of water—and then a good portrait by Rembrandt.

Besides all this, the internal arrangements of the castle are splendid, although by no means on the same scale as in some seats we have seen. As very important, however, must be mentioned a large vase with handles, by Majolica, adorned with rich painting, in which Raphael's influence is very clearly perceived. This splendid piece of workmanship was estimated, in calculating the property of the deceased earl, at 600 guineas.

After having passed through most of the interior, we were con-

ducted into the gardens and the park. The flower-beds extended to a considerable distance along the side of a slope, and I was astonished to find a couple of cedars, apparently very healthy, so far north. We must indeed consider that the climate is here much tempered by the neighbourhood of the sea, the snow hardly ever remains on the ground, the cold is slight; on the other hand, rainy and dark weather is the more common. The most beautiful point in the garden is a projecting corner, from which one has a lovely view of a wooded hill, behind which the Frith extends in graceful lines. The whole had something in it reminding the spectator of the pictures of Claude—and this is a great deal to say.

We then returned to Dalmahoy and arrived about eight o'clock; dinner and a soirée with the family, and a few guests besides, completed our day.

LXXV.

Dalmahoy, August 2nd—Evening.

THE sun illumined the green park before my windows this morning in a quiet and cheerful manner. Every thing is so peaceful here. In the midst of a wood of beech, ash, lime, and oak, is a wide meadow; in the midst of this a small pond; and beyond it, on the bluish heights, the castle of Edinburgh is visible. I sat a long time at my window, lost in the consideration of this remarkable silence, so near the chief town of Scotland. We then assembled in the parlour for breakfast, at which the table was loaded with delicacies, as for a regular meal, with cold meat, fried fish, all sorts of pastry, eggs, ham, and besides these, honey and Scotch marmalade. This last is a preserve of strips of orange-peel, and is eaten with bread and butter, which appears strange, but is really very good.

The Scotch claim for themselves the rather equivocal honour of having invented this kind of luxurious breakfast, furnished with so many kinds of food, and of having introduced them into England. We soon became accustomed to them, however, and ate of the most various sorts of food, without feeling any evil effects.

I went into the garden after breakfast with the eldest son of the Earl (who is himself the father of a family), to see some specimens of grouse, which were kept in a cage, and had already become tolerably tame. They really look very pretty, with their speckled plumage and small combs. I hear that this cage, with its tenants, is to be presented to his majesty, in order that he may convey them to Dresden with him. The time of our departure for Germany is approaching; to-day the officers of the *Lightning*, a war steamer, which the lords of the admiralty have placed at his majesty's disposal, were presented. By this and other delays, our

drive to Edinburgh was put off for some time; and as I was obliged to wait in the drawing-room, I amused myself with looking through some thick volumes containing remarkable autographs. This taste for collecting autographs seems to be universally diffused through England and Scotland, and I was amused at the various contrivances made use of to obtain an autograph of his majesty, or even his cipher. Here, too, there was a collection of this kind, and I found a number of autographs of ancient times contained in it. I was particularly interested in the original royal ordonnance, by virtue of which Mary Stuart was imprisoned in Lochleven Castle; a Lord Morton, an ancestor of this family, was one of those who had signed it.

Shortly afterwards every thing was ready for our trip to Edinburgh. We arrived there in an hour, and on stopping at the post-house, the most prominent feature of the view is the castle, which rises immediately opposite. This rock produces a remarkable impression, rising, as it does, immediately out of a mass of modern buildings; and a little farther on, a slender Gothic spire, and various other buildings, seem to be joined to it. In truth, Edinburgh is quite a new phenomenon in the scale of cities. Every thing appears original, great, effective. Our drive through the town conducted us first to Heriot's Hospital, an educational foundation, built with funds left by a certain Heriot, goldsmith to the court of James VI. One hundred and eighty boys are entirely brought up, lodged, and educated here. The value of the foundation has so much increased since it was left, that, besides these, education is afforded to 2000 children in the town.

The building is situated on the height opposite the castle; and, besides being itself a beautiful object, in the English-Gothic style, with its fortress-like appearance and solid square towers, it affords a splendid view of the castle, and several other pretty objects. It has been built now 200 years, and contains a chapel and an extensive quadrangle. There were besides large playgrounds covered with turf, on which, at the time of our visit, the boys were playing at ball. Several first-rate men have been educated here.

Our next object was the castle, and we arrived there by means of one of the large bridges, which unite this rocky fortress with the opposite heights of the town. The bridge we crossed is called King George IV.'s bridge, and conducts one upon enormous arches over the streets and houses which occupy the valley. This idea again is original and grand. From the end of the bridge a fine street (High Street) leads to the castle, at the gate of which his majesty was received with military honours—we hastened to reach the heights. The buildings of the castle are not worthy of notice—they are mere barracks and old magazines—the situation is everything! We stepped out upon the terraces and walls, and what a beautiful prospect met our view! I did not think that there was a city which could kindle in me those feelings of enthusiasm which the sight of Edinburgh

produced in my mind. I certainly consider Edinburgh the most beautiful and most interesting looking city I know; Rome and Naples not excepted. The peculiar boldness and imaginativeness of the town is to me only another proof, that reality may produce an effect, exceeding even the boldest flights of fancy! We stood on the hill, beside the unwieldy iron cannon of the 15th century, and saw to the left the blue sea in its wide extent, studded with islands and ships of various sizes; in front, Calton Hill, the second rocky height of the city, with its lofty monument, and the commencement of a Doric temple, which completes its resemblance to the Acropolis of Athens; and, finally, to the right, the old town and the mountain, which is geologically remarkable for its considerable formations of trapp, and is sometimes spoken of by the name of Arthur's Seat; sometimes, from its resemblance to a *lion couchant*, by that of the Scottish lion: all this presented a force and an effect of form rarely, perhaps nowhere else, to be found. When we further consider the prospect of the connexion between the old and the comparatively modern town, by means of the enormous work of the North Bridge, the various Gothic churches, Heriot's Hospital and the new monument to Sir W. Scott, rising like an immense Gothic tabernacle, a panorama is produced, such as does not exist anywhere else on earth.

After we had feasted our eyes for some time on this splendid view, we were conducted into one of the old buildings of the castle, where the crown-jewels of Scotland are preserved. It is a dark vault, still smaller than the jewel-room in the Tower of London, in which, illumined by several lamps suspended around, the splendid crown of Scotland, and the sword and sceptre, are displayed behind a grating. Feelings of an extraordinary kind possessed me at the sight of these treasures! Scotland on the whole is really very different from England; it is a different country, a different air, a different race of people; the peculiar boldness and splendour of this its chief city seems to have claims for a ruler of its own,—and—it is merely a portion of the English empire; Edinburgh has ceased to be a royal residence; and these treasures are buried in this dark vault as in a grave, and hope in vain for a joyful resurrection. It is remarkable how the fortune of the times treats kingdoms as it does individuals; raises them, humbles them, frees them, and loads them with chains! Thanks to its peculiar constitution, so firmly and consistently carried out, Great Britain, as a whole, has never been loaded with chains, but always maintained a free and an important position; several of the first statesmen of the United Kingdom have been and are Scotchmen; and yet one cannot help reflecting, at the sight of this crown, on the last ill-fated head that bore it, and which was at last obliged to bow beneath the stroke of the executioner's axe! That peculiar melancholy expression, so often to be perceived in the Scotch, and which justifies the expression '*sombre Ecossais*,' has always seemed to be connected, as well as their moist and misty

atmosphere, with the impression on the minds of the Scotch, that with the head of the unfortunate Mary fell too the crown of Scotland, and was broken to pieces! When we again emerged to the light of day from this dark vault, the arms of the company drawn up to receive us glanced in the sun, and the full band of the regiment struck-up "God save the Queen!" The officers invited his majesty to glance at the internal arrangements of the barracks, and I was interested in having an opportunity of observing somewhat of this military system, in seeing with what completeness and neatness the English soldier is equipped, with what accuracy every thing necessary for the comfort of the body is arranged and packed in the knapsack; in what manner the linen, the beds and the various portions of his equipment are arranged. In the whole of this system the English freedom prevails! There is no conscription, but all are volunteers! In cases too where troops have to be transported, or have to march through the country, the soldiers are never quartered on citizens or farmers, but are all billeted in public-houses. We were, however, particularly astonished at the wealth even of single regiments. After we had passed through some of the mess-rooms and dormitories of the troops, we were conducted to the officers' mess-room, where an elegant luncheon, served on silver, was prepared. On both sides of the table were buffets, upon which vases, tureens, girandoles, rechauds, &c., all of the finest silver, were displayed, exactly as we had seen in the country-houses which we had visited in various parts of England. On inquiry, we were told that all this was the property of the regiment, booty gained in many a glorious campaign, descending as an unalienable inheritance from generation to generation.

His majesty drank a glass of sherry to the health of the officers, and we left the castle, amidst a considerable crowd which had assembled during our stay.

We drove down High Street, and stopped a moment at the Houses of Parliament, which are now devoted to the purposes of a town-house, and where the authorities of the city received his majesty. The building is in the modern style; we went over some of the rooms, some of which are ornamented with statues, and then to the library, where several documents of importance in the history of Scotland are preserved. The attentive librarian would willingly have produced several of his treasures, but unfortunately the time was too short to admit of more than a glance at them. The most interesting to me was a large quarto volume, containing letters of Mary Stuart. Von Raumer copied and published several of these; I could not regard without a feeling of deep sorrow, the firm and rounded characters of this unfortunate lady, perhaps too *naïve* and affectionate for a throne.

We had still to see the large Museum of Edinburgh, which is spoken of generally only as the College, and we therefore crossed the South Bridge, another of the bridges, which, like that of King George IV.'s, spans the valley between the heights, and alighted

from the carriage in the large oblong courtyard of this extensive building, built in the antique Italian style, ornamented with columns. Here, too, our time was far too sparingly measured out; we were able, however, to see the museum of natural history, the library, and the collection of pictures, which is not, however, very large. In the first of these collections, which is on the ground-floor, I was particularly interested in a specimen of the gigantic stag of the primitive ages, found in the Isle of Man (*cervus primogenitus*). A skeleton of the elk is near it, but the fossil stag is considerably larger. The extremities of the horns were perhaps four or five ells apart. The formation of the bones is very well preserved. A similar specimen, but still larger, found also in the Isle of Man, is in Dublin. The collection contains also a number of other skeletons, particularly some interesting *cetacea*, and several stuffed birds and mammalia. We had no time to go into it more carefully.

The library occupies a large and splendid room on the first floor. Its ornaments, consisting of columns and pilasters, are almost too rich—perhaps richer than the library itself. The small collection of pictures is in an adjoining room; but in the short glance I had of it, I did not observe a single picture worthy of more careful attention.

We next drove over the magnificent North Bridge, past the Royal Institution, which is quite built in the style of a Grecian temple, and a considerable distance in the direction of the port of Edinburgh—Leith—to the Botanical Garden, where the director, Professor Graham, received the king, and conducted us through the hot-houses and plantations. The garden is well furnished, exceedingly well kept, and contains much that is new and rare. I found in one of the hot-houses the *Agnostus sinuatus*, a tree from New Holland, which I never remember to have seen anywhere else. The building devoted to the palms, too, contains many beautiful specimens; unfortunately, however, the building could not grow with the trees, and these splendid objects are compressed into a space far too narrow for them. Is it not thus, too, with many human natures, that, when they become continually greater and more important from within, the external in their circumstances does not grow with their internal, and thus certain inconsistencies continually arise? Among the numerous varieties of plants growing in the open air, the several varieties of Irish and Scotch heath (*erica*) gave rise to much interesting conversation. Nature, which is continually producing, and which knows no final limit, has given botanists much trouble in fixing the station of the immense number of new varieties in this family.

But we were compelled to pursue our course through this beautiful city, and our next point was Calton Hill, the second of the heights.

The road to it is a wide spiral, and it is not easy to choose between the view from the hill, and that from the castle. The great beauty of

the former consists in the castle itself, which rises magnificently to the south, on the right of the spectator, whilst to the left Arthur's Seat is perceived at a shorter distance, and at its foot Holyrood, the ancient residence of the Scottish monarchs. The weather, too, was very beautiful, a blue sky, covered with summer clouds stretched over our heads, and only a light misty smoke from the manufactories of Edinburgh rose like a veil over the massive buildings of the city. The view to the north embraces the port of Leith, and on the other side of the Frith the distant mountains of the Highlands—with a climate like that of Rome or Naples, one could hardly imagine a more perfect representation of a splendid city of kings!

Calton Hill is, besides, remarkable in an architectural point of view. First of all the immense Nelson monument—of itself not exactly beautiful, but in its meaning grand, and producing a fine effect at a distance. The architect wished evidently to represent Nelson as a naval hero, and has endeavoured to accomplish this by building a sort of fort, from which a column, something like a lighthouse in its shape and proportions, projects. He has thus expressed that he, to whom this monument is erected, was a fortress for his nation, a lighthouse for its navy, and that he directed that element on which lighthouses are the milestones. Not far from this monument is the Observatory, which is also interesting, inasmuch as it is a perfect imitation of the buildings about the gates of the Acropolis of Athens. Somewhat higher up is to be a large sort of temple, a kind of Walhalla for Scotland, which is to be an exact copy of the Parthenon. As yet, and probably it has been so for the last two or three lustra, there are only a few rows of the large Doric columns with their architraves, and in this half-finished state, the building presents an appearance wonderfully like that of the ruins at present on the Athenian hill. The project has been let alone for some years, and perhaps the building is more beautiful as it is. The taste for monumental art on a large scale appears to prevail very much here. The near neighbourhood of the material (a yellowish sandstone, which is found in a quarry close at hand, in which a fine specimen of a fossil tree was discovered not long since) renders the erection of such works of art easy, and there can be no want of competent architects. At the present moment a colossal Gothic monument with arches and turrets is rising in the neighbourhood of one of the principal streets (Princes Street) just opposite the castle, intended for Sir W. Scott; upon Calton Hill are two more, one to a man of the people, another to a man of learning, also in the antique style, and somewhat resembling the Temple of the Winds in Athens; and in King George's Street are to be seen the monuments of Pitt and of King George IV.

After delaying long on this curious rock, which, besides bearing monuments on its surface, is itself a monument of a Plutonian period of our planet, consisting as it does of masses of trapp curiously connected together, we began to descend, and visited at the base of

the hill an atelier for that peculiar sort of Daguerreotype painting, invented by Talbot, which is here called Calotypography, and in which the reflected image is not represented on a shining metal surface, but on paper, in a brownish colour,—often exceedingly well, and much more like a drawing, but wanting the sharpness and fineness of the other process. Professor Brewster, in Taymouth, had previously exhibited to the king a number of these specimens, and had also presented me with some of them at the same time, particularly directing our attention to this atelier. We found a large number of specimens hung up here,—landscapes, architectural pictures and portraits. Many of them had a peculiar charm! Such immediate copies of nature have always given me ample materials for reflexion. It is not easy to get a better idea of how much a real work of art,—that is, the representation of the idea in the soul of an artist, carried out originally and with method, *must of necessity* differ from nature, than by comparing a really beautiful portrait—Raphael's Fornarina, for example—with a head copied by this process. The free work of art can and ought indeed to present everywhere *less* and at the same time *more* than nature,—the mere copy only gives the shadow of nature itself, and therefore remains soulless, unsatisfying, and rigid. All this however does not prevent the neatness, exactness, perfectness, and the peculiar want of style, but at the same time *want* of affectation, of these latter specimens from possessing a peculiar charm for the artist: and I found all these old ideas confirmed on the present occasion. His majesty determined upon having a group drawn, containing the whole of the travelling party. The sunshine was all that could be wished, all the necessary preparations were made and the camera obscura twice employed. Unfortunately the master himself was not in the way, and an assistant was obliged to conduct the process. The result was not very successful.

We next proceeded to Holyrood House, the gloomy palace of Scottish kings, and for a long time, too, the residence of Mary Stuart. It is large, and in many respects remarkable; I could have wandered about for days among the ruins of the neighbouring abbey, and in all the old rooms and corridors of the palace, but we had only time for a cursory view. We began with the ruins of the abbey. The long rows of arches and columns receive the visiter with a sort of deep solemnity; the only roof is the blue vault of heaven; and the richly ornamented Gothic portal, built by the later monarchs, through which the coronation procession entered and left the abbey, is still in existence. The style is half Norman, half Gothic, for the building has been erected at different periods (the Abbey of Holyrood is mentioned as early as the twelfth century); but it is easy to see, that the large central nave, with its two side aisles, must have produced much the same effect as that produced by the central portion of so many English cathedrals. The effect of this, however, is certainly not to be compared with that of Tintern Abbey. The walls want entirely that romantic dress of luxurious

foliage and vegetation, from which arises the whole charm of a human work entirely restored to the spirit of nature; but notwithstanding this, in the twilight or moonlight a powerful chord must be struck in the soul by these deserted cloisters. I walked for some time beneath the crumbling columns, where old tombstones, though imperfectly, still recall the memory of the dead, and would willingly have indulged still deeper in the peculiar train of thought produced by this old abbey, but our guide summoned us to visit the palace, which was built in the sixteenth century, as a protection as it were to the neighbouring abbey, and to a clergy still powerful in Scotland.

The building, which is close to the abbey, is in a peculiar style, which one would almost call awkward. Four towers at the corners, with pointed roofs, and four connecting wings, enclose a square court, giving the whole rather the appearance of a castle, than of a royal palace. The appearance of the interior, too, is extraordinary—it is not new, it is not old; not elegant, in the modern English style, nor heavy, in the old French one; it is not quite deserted, yet not inhabited—not gloomy, yet certainly not cheerful; in a word, it is difficult to describe it, but by these negatives and contradictions.

The first part of it we saw, was the long gallery, a room containing the portraits of 111 Scottish kings, the fabulous ones included, all painted according to measure, by a certain De Witt, a Fleming; and, as we were told, he never got paid for this piece of work; his only consolation must be that of the musicians in "Romeo and Juliet." We were then conducted to the rooms occupied by Mary Stuart, and here alone there appears to be a decided air of antiquity. They are on the second floor of the north-west tower, and consequently in the oldest part of the palace, built by James V. The rooms shown are Mary's reception-room, in which her conversation with the enthusiastic John Knox took place, her dressing-room, her bed-chamber, and adjoining this last, the closet in which she supped with her sister and Rizzio, on the 9th of March, 1566, just before the murder of the favourite by Darnley's command. Not far from this room is the ante-chamber, in which the murder was perpetrated, and in which some dark spots on the floor are still regarded as drops of Rizzio's blood. As I said before, in these rooms there is a peculiar air, I had almost said like that of a charnel-house. The old, dusty wainscoting, the rotting and decaying tapestry, old engravings and pictures, a large bed with heavy, half-decayed curtains, pieces of furniture of the most extraordinary shapes, in which the worm has almost destroyed the handiwork of the joiner; sofas covered with silk, the colour of which has long since faded, one ornamented with embroidery by the hand of the unfortunate queen herself; in a word, all this, by the imperfect light of comparatively small windows, produces on the mind a curious and almost disagreeable mixture of feelings. With all this, these rooms have been long considered as a show; strangers are continually being conducted through them;

cords are placed to prevent visitors from approaching too near to the antiquities; a pair of old gloves and some dusty pieces of armour are shown as having belonged to Darnley; that which belonged to a melancholy page in history, and might well raise sad feelings in the mind, is almost made a farce of by chattering house-keepers. It is much the same case as Goethe remarks concerning the published history of Werther, when the people at a fair are standing before a representation of the dying man:

“Und jeder kann mit dem Stocke zeigen,
Gleich wird die Kugel das Hirn erreichen.”

(“Every one can point with his stick, see! the bullet will immediately pierce his brain.”)

And for these reasons every one leaves these apartments with feelings of such an opposite nature agitating him.

Lastly, we were conducted to the more modern wing of the building, in which is situated the suite of apartments, where Charles X. of France was twice received, and hospitably entertained; the first time as Count d'Artois, from 1795 till 1799, the second time as an exiled king, in 1831. In this part of the castle there is little interesting, except the remembrance of what has lately taken place in it; and among the portraits in the rooms, I only mention one of George IV., of the size of life, representing the king, whose tastes were certainly rather eccentric in some things, in the Highland costume, and in rather a theatrical attitude. Opposite these rooms are those of the Duke of Hamilton, who is hereditary-keeper of the palace, and who, therefore, always has rooms in it at his disposal, by no means, however, to be compared to his own at Hamilton Palace. They are only remarkable for some portraits in them; one, that of Queen Mary, painted while she was in France, in the sixteenth year of her age; and another representing her in the mourning which she wore at her execution. I was glad that I had the opportunity, in Holyrood itself, of getting an engraving from a third portrait of the queen, in the possession of the Earl of Morton. The delicate and soft countenance shows to great advantage amidst the mass of lace and veils, under the small velvet cap. Fate seems sometimes to take a pleasure in choosing some peculiarly tender and delicate nature to suffer all the hardships of life, and to go through all sorts of extraordinary and severe trials; this face may be considered as an example of such a one.

The neighbourhood of the Scottish *lion couchant* was too inviting for us to pass it by without having ascended it. We drove this short distance across St. Ann's Yards, and alighted from the carriages, where, at a part of the old park belonging to Holyrood, and called the Duke's Walk, a footpath leads to the summit of the hill. In old times Duke's Walk was the general place for duels, and I find in a little book upon Holyrood, generally speaking pedantically tedious, a story of this kind, which appears to me so ghostly and original, that I will mention it here, before conducting my friends

to the summit of Arthur's Seat. In the year 1745, about the time of the battle of Culloden, a respectable farmer, named McMillan, came to Edinburgh, and stopped at the house of a friend, who lived not far from Holyrood. During the night he felt himself unwell, and got up; the moon was shining brightly, and thinking that a turn in the fresh air would be good for him, he strolled out to take a walk in the neighbouring park. McMillan had just arrived in the shadow of the wall, when he perceived a man approach from the other side, and walk up and down impatiently. The man was tall, wrapped in a thick great-coat, and armed. He had several times consulted his watch by the light of the moon, when a second made his appearance from the same side; short, thick-set, wrapped up and armed in the same manner as the first, with a Highland bonnet on his head. After they had met and exchanged a few words, they took off their upper garments, drew their swords, and a violent combat began. McMillan remained in some anxiety in the shadow of the wall; it was impossible for him to retire without being perceived, and he found himself compelled to await the end of the conflict. In the meantime, the taller figure was driving his antagonist about from place to place. Each sought to gain for himself the full advantage of the moonlight, so that his adversary might have the moon in his face; at length a cloud covered the moon. The combatants felt the effects of fatigue; they cried "Halt!" by common consent, and wiped the perspiration from their brows. Presently the moon again appeared, and the combat recommenced; the tall man in the course of a lunge struck his foot against a stone, and stumbled forwards; his antagonist took advantage of the accident, and received the falling man on the point of his sword. The wounded man fell heavily, and after a few seconds had ceased to breathe. The victor coolly drew out his sword, wiped the blood from it, put on his great coat, and retired.

Half dead with fear, McMillan now quitted the shadow of the wall; he did not dare to approach the fallen man; still less to rouse the neighbours, lest he should be suspected himself; he therefore crept home, laid himself in his bed, and heard the next morning, with great pretended astonishment, that the body of a man had been found not far from the house. No one knew him; there was no one means of finding him out by his clothes or his arms, and in spite of all inquiries, his antagonist could never be heard of. The whole affair ends, therefore, like the moonlight, when the moon suddenly sinks behind a cloud, or like a light suddenly extinguished, and for this very reason, no doubt, leaves behind a sort of unpleasant sensation.

But enough of this moonlight: the sunshine on our way up to Arthur's Seat was very intense. After ascending a short distance we perceived, upon a grassy knoll to the left of the path, ruins of brickwork: these are the remains of St. Anthony's Chapel; and close to the path, a small but very clear spring flows quietly along

(St. Anthony's well), which is believed by the people to possess peculiar healing virtues. A number of poor children came with little tin vessels, and offered us of this water to drink, hoping to receive some halfpence in return. I drank a cup of the clear refreshing stream, and found myself much better able after it to continue the ascent to the summit, which I should consider about 800 feet above the level of the sea. The path leads generally over grass, but here and there the trapp of the mountain rises through it, a curious brown or blackish Plutonian stone, which resembles basalt in some respects, and is even said to form basaltic columns on the east side of the hill. At length we reached the summit. In Edinburgh, too, there are many manufactories, and hence something of the whitish factory tint to be found in Manchester and Glasgow veils the splendidly-situated town. This vapour, to-day, concealed rather too much the masses of houses, churches, castles, and monuments, which from this point appear rather distant, nay, even the mountains and the sea. Notwithstanding this, the view was splendid. On one side, beyond the old palace, Calton Hill, as Acropolis; in another direction, the old town rising gradually towards the Castle; more to the south, lofty mountain ranges; to the north, the harbour of Leith, and the Frith of Forth.

We now began to descend, but during our drive back we could not resist the temptation, on coming near Calton Hill, of stopping, and again ascending this fine height, to enjoy the view of this beautiful place once more by the light of the evening sun. And before returning to Dalmahoy, I could not help trying whether I could not retain a little, at least, of this splendour in a slight sketch. The result, however, was like that which Goethe says of their similar efforts—

“Auf neues Wagniss endlich blieb doch nur,
Vom besten Wollen halb und halbe Spur.

The attempt came far short of realising my purpose.

LXXVI.

Dalmahoy, Aug. 3—Evening.

THE preparations for our departure are continually going forward; to-day, Saturday, our carriages have been put on board the steamer, and we shall follow them ourselves to-morrow, however little the commencement of a journey on Sunday is considered proper according to the short-sighted religious feelings of the Scotch.

As I was very desirous of getting a somewhat better idea of the scientific institutions in Edinburgh, I took the opportunity of driving over this morning, in company with M. von Gersdorf, whilst his majesty, with the other gentlemen of his suite, was making an excursion on the Frith of Forth. About eleven o'clock, therefore, I found myself in the hall of the college devoted to anatomical preparations, and, as I had caused my visit to be announced the day be-

fore, I met there Professor Thomson and Dr. Goodsir, to whom, particularly in respect to comparative anatomy, my visit was very welcome. It was a great gratification to me to be able to observe more closely, and with more care, the preparations made by these gentlemen during the last few years; the earnest endeavour to advance and perfect such an important branch of the natural sciences, was clearly manifested in them. The sea, on these coasts, offers a rich supply of materials; and I found here in some most beautifully-arranged and carefully-preserved injections and dissections, the most various forms and the most delicate formations of the rarest marine animals, clearly explained.* Professor Thomson had also done much for the explanation of the history of development and of reproductions, and several new programmes and dissertations, treating of various subjects in anatomy and physiology, were presented to me as an agreeable remembrance of him and his colleagues. Besides all this, one of the oldest, and no doubt the most celebrated physician of his time in Scotland, Dr. Abercrombie—since dead—was also present; a venerable old man, inspiring and enjoying much esteem; and I spent a very agreeable and instructive hour among these celebrated men.

Not far from the college stands the Anatomical Museum of the university, of which Dr. Goodsir's brother is curator. I was conducted thither in order to get at least a slight view of the treasures it contains. The nucleus of this collection is one made a considerable number of years ago by a Dr. Barkley, and left by him to the university; and a long past period of science is to be recognised in the kind of taste displayed in its arrangement. The most curious preparation of this kind is seen immediately on entering the large hall; namely, the skeleton of an elephant, upon the neck of which the skeleton of a man, in the sitting posture of the driver, is placed,—presenting a very striking object to the uninitiated, but in other respects merely to be regarded as a *curiosum*! Several interesting pathological preparations however are here preserved.

After we had looked over these, the indefatigable Dr. Goodsir conducted me to the large city hospital, in which the clinical instruction is given. The building is without any pretension simple, but well adapted to the purpose—except that perhaps the patients' rooms are rather low. It contains something more than 400 beds, and being the only large public hospital for a city of upwards of 150,000 inhabitants, it is by no means sufficient for what is required. The arrangements for nursing the sick are here quite the same as in the London hospitals, and are superintended by sisters. I was told that Edinburgh is very subject to illness; that various sorts of nervous

* The most curious preparations were those of the nervous systems of the *Asteriæ*, *Holothuriæ*, and *Ascidia*, then some beautiful injections of *Sepiæ*, injections of the system of *Medusæ*, of the vessels of different livers, of the lungs of the *Boa* and *Testudo*, and a preparation of the first teeth of whales, which so soon fall in a fetus of sixteen to seventeen inches long.

fever are continually to be found in the oldest parts of the city, where the high houses are close to one another, in which numbers of poor families reside; so that a wide field is still open for this particular branch of benevolence.

In one division of the hospital I found the clinical instruction going on, and was much pleased at the care and attention with which the medical cases were discussed. The medical school of Edinburgh has however been long a distinguished one. Professor Simpson, whose department is the diseases of women and children, is perhaps the most distinguished man in Britain, in this particular branch. I wished much to make his acquaintance, but did not find him at home.

In the course of my wanderings in the city with Dr. Goodsir, we again ascended Calton Hill, and had a long conversation respecting the gradual increase of the town and the plans for its further improvement. The situation is peculiarly well suited for arriving at a clear understanding on the subject. The old abbey of Holyrood and the Castle were probably the limits of Edinburgh in former times. The houses between these two points are built in a peculiar style of architecture. As these buildings are always erected either upon, or close to the rock, they have a curious tower-like appearance. Houses are not uncommon, which on the one side consist of ten or twelve and even fourteen stories, whilst upon the other they consist only of four or five. High Street and the Canongate form the principal street which passes through this portion of the city in a straight line from the Castle to Holyrood, and whereas in this part of the town a certain serious and antique character prevails, the style of the new town to the north of Princes Street, appears to the spectator almost frivolous in comparison—although it is merely the elegant, and in its repetition somewhat tiresome, style of the West End of London. Between the old and the new towns, where at present are to be seen houses, gardens, and promenades, was in former times a small lake, which served as an additional defence to Edinburgh from the north. At present every trace of a lake, as well as of fortifications, has vanished; and when the city is placed, by means of railways, in communication with Glasgow and also with London, its industry, population, and extent will increase. A long tunnel, belonging to the London railway, extends already under a considerable part of the new town: thus, by the magical word *association*, do the most enormous works quickly arise in this country, without the government giving itself any particular trouble about them.

There was still one object which interested me, and my guide conducted me thither also. Some considerable time before, a phrenological society had been formed, and a numerous and important collection of skulls brought together; and although, in a scientific point of view, no more important result has been produced here than elsewhere, and on the contrary, here as well as in Germany, nothing but endless repetitions of the doctrines of bumps which can never be physiologically proved, has been promulgated by the imitators and

apers of Gall, the materials which have been collected are interesting and I wished to see whether I might not be able to discover among them something of which I could make some further use. Dr. Goodsir himself was not quite clear as to the place where these treasures were to be found; at length we discovered it in a narrow dark street, and the collection, curiously enough, is under the care of an old woman. From the external appearance of the museum I was obliged to conclude that the circumstances of the society were not the best in the world: indeed it is not to be expected that a subject which is wanting in a real foundation of truth, which only contains in itself a *germ of truth*, as yet unrecognised by the mass of mankind, should long find sympathy; its effect is generally confined to that produced at its first development in a small enthusiastic sect, and for this very reason can have no very long duration.

I looked over the collection slightly and in some haste. It contains skulls of several nations in great numbers, and the plaster casts were of great and instructive variety. Much of it was already known to me; but we paid a visit afterwards to the plaster-caster, who works for the society, and I ordered from him a few casts of some of the more interesting and remarkable objects. I had thus accomplished at least this object and was obliged to depart, leaving much unseen, with which I might have profitably occupied myself. Before leaving Edinburgh I made a few hasty purchases, and towards sunset we were again here, where a farewell soir e awaited us.

Dinner to-day was later than usual, and in the drawing-room after it, several guests were assembled at tea. Music too formed a part of the entertainment. We heard, for the second time, Miller the pianist, whom we had heard in Taymouth; and a few of the melancholy songs of Scotland, by a Lady Scott, offered an agreeable "farewell" for this our last evening in Scotland. My thoughts were not quite with the company—they wandered to the past and to the future; I stood at the window, saw the moon rise late, and beside her the beautiful planet Jupiter, and could often hardly persuade myself, that from this place, where the waste of the North Sea and a large portion of Germany separated me from home, a journey of six days would bring me to the Villa Cara.

LXXVII.

RETURN HOME.

On board the Steamer *Lightning*, Aug. 5—Morning.

OUR first night on board ship is over! The morning is fine, the sea-breeze blows freshly on the deck, and all around us extends the immense waste of waters. I remained standing a long time at the

bowsprit, watching the cutwater cleaving its way through the dark-coloured waves (for this sea is of a blackish-green hue), and thought of those to whom every stroke of the paddles was bringing us nearer. As yet wind and tide have favoured us, and already nearly half the voyage from Edinburgh to Heligoland is over.

We left Dalmahoy shortly after ten o'clock. I was early in the morning out walking in the park. It is not so splendid as some we have seen, but quite suited, by the charms of nature, to increase the enjoyment of a happy domestic life, like that of Lord Morton. Around the house, neatly-arranged flower-beds, and lawns of closely-shorn grass, with beautiful beech and ash trees, the branches of which almost reached the ground; further off, a little lake, and some pretty bushes of laurocerasus and rhododendron; every thing combines to make it a cheerful and pleasant residence.

Our parting from this amiable family was affecting, and our hospitable host insisted on accompanying his majesty on horseback into town. The king drove first to the Catholic chapel to hear mass, and it was arranged that immediately after the conclusion of the service, we should drive down to the harbour to embark. It had not escaped our notice, that our intention of setting out on a Sunday had been taken ill by the Scotch, who are very puritanic in their notions of the respect due to the Sabbath day; a paragraph had even been inserted in the paper on the subject, and it would have been disagreeable if any public demonstration on the part of this very irritable nation had disturbed the close of our pleasant journey. The excellent arrangements of our ambassador, however, and the continual presence of Lord Morton, prevented any unpleasant occurrence.

During the time that his majesty was attending divine service, I, in company with the other two gentlemen, had visited a Presbyterian church,* as I wished to obtain some idea of English ecclesiastical arrangements and service, before leaving this remarkable island. The impression produced on my mind by the church and the whole service was more solemn and sublime than I had expected. The church itself was in the modern Anglo-Gothic style, simple and but slightly ornamented; the organ was a fine one, the hymns impressive, and the manner in which sentences are read, the most important parts of which are repeated by the congregation, somewhat in the manner of the chorus in the old tragedy, produces a good effect: but the litanies are too long, and contain much not to be approved of by sound common sense. Among these, I may reckon the continual reading of the old Mosaic laws. From this part of the service, however, I perceived clearly how it is, that this nation in general has so much reverence for the Sabbath. Every time they go to church, they hear, and even several times in the course of the service, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it

* Dr. Carus has here evidently mistaken an Episcopal chapel for a Presbyterian church.—Ed.

holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates:" and it is quite natural that they should find this commandment easier to observe than many others, and should, therefore, begin with it. There happened to be no sermon this day. During several of the prayers all the congregation knelt down in their pews. The peculiar puritanic strictness, which distinguishes the English form of worship, was to be perceived in the bearing of all present. I was glad to find myself once more in the open air.

In order to excite as little attention as possible, the steamer had been ordered to be in waiting, not at Leith, the proper port of Edinburgh, but at Granton, to the west of Leith, a harbour which the Duke of Buccleuch, the owner of the land, has caused to be built at an immense expense, and which probably now pays him a very good interest. We drove out there after the conclusion of the service, and thither, too, Lord Morton accompanied his illustrious guest. In this port all was quite still. The flight of steps leading down to the water, within the stone harbour, were adorned with flags and carpeted, and we thus descended immediately into the "Lightning,"—a government steamer, at least twice the size of the "Alice," which had brought us from Ostend to Dover. The greater duration of the voyage, averaging from three to four days, had probably induced the Admiralty to place at the disposal of his majesty this vessel, so much larger and more convenient than the former one. The officers were all on deck in their blue uniforms, embroidered with gold; the anchor was already weighed; the ropes were cast off, and the captain, having obtained permission from his majesty, gave the word to "go on." The enormous wheels began to revolve, and the immense vessel bore us out over the dark but very quiet waves of the Frith of Forth.

How beautiful was the view of Edinburgh from this point!—and almost more beautiful from a point at some greater distance down the Frith. The very lines of the hills on which the town is built, continually varied, and the mass of buildings became less and less distinct, as we passed further on our way, in the peculiar bluish vapour which surrounds almost all districts in Scotland. The Acropolis of the city—Calton Hill, with its Nelson monument and its Doric columns, was the last part of the town visible to us.

The coast is interesting on both sides of the frith. To the north we saw some little islands, which were soon lost to our view, for we were going past at about nine miles an hour. At length we perceived on the right, the termination of the coast of the bay, the Bass Rock, and even at this distance, the telescope gave us a pretty good idea of its extraordinary steepness, which became more and more remarkable, as we approached nearer to it. This mighty mass of trapp rock rises almost in the shape of a pyramid from the sea,

except on one side, where it is nearly perpendicular ; but its greatest peculiarities are only to be seen when about a rifle-shot from the island. Not only does this rock of 500 or 600 feet in height, at the extremity of the coast, and facing the wide ocean, present a remarkable appearance—more remarkable still, when one considers that it is of Plutonian origin, and in the remote ages of the world, actually rose here by the influence of internal fire, as it still appears to rise up before the eyes of the seamen who approach it from the ocean—but it presents also a most complete and animated picture of an Arctic bird-island. One must imagine the high inaccessible front of the cliff, and imagine further, that to the approaching stranger it is almost a matter of doubt whether all the projecting points and ledges of rock are not covered with some white substance, appearing at one time as if strewn with freshly fallen snow, at another, as if covered with innumerable white flowers. When one approaches it, however, this white substance becomes animated—it takes wing—in a word, it consists of hundreds of thousands of birds, which sit in the most manifold rows, hatch their eggs here, teach their young to fly, dive into the sea to seek their food, and on the whole lead a quiet life, only disturbed now and then by a passing vessel.

The steamer passed almost close to the rock (in the water also it is very steep, like most rocks of volcanic formation, so that large vessels can pass very near it) ; the captain caused a couple of shots to be fired towards the rock, which echo quickly returned, and clouds of birds flew up, fluttered about, rose in the air, and dived down into the water ; thousands of others remained sitting, accustomed, no doubt, to this noisy salute. In a word, it was a scene which I could have contemplated for hours together, but which was soon lost to our view. I had often read accounts of such republics of birds on islands and rocks, in the Arctic regions, and been particularly interested in them, but I had hardly hoped to see upon this journey so lively a picture of Aristophanes' state : it may be easily imagined, therefore, how much I longed to be able to obtain some further insight into the habits of the species which dwell here, their mode of hatching their young, and their way of life. As far as I could see in so short a time, there did not appear to be very many species—the most general being specimens of the *Uria troile*, *Procellaria glacialis*, *Mormon fratercula*, and several kinds of sea-mews ; all, however, in enormous numbers. It is well known that some of these species have some very peculiar habits. The petrel, for instance, lays only *one* egg, and hatches it without any regular nest. In some of the species, as for instance the *uria*, which lays two eggs, there is a sort of nest on the body of the bird itself, the feathers of the under part of the breast being so arranged as to form a sort of hollow, into which the egg fits exactly, and is thus hatched in perfect safety. Notwithstanding this, however, on account of the thickness of the egg-shell, and the want of a proper nest, the young birds are a very long time before making their

appearance—from five to six weeks. This would have been an excellent opportunity to have investigated all these points, by observing the habits of the birds. It was lost, however, like so many others, and we hastened on our way.

In turning again to look at the rock, and viewing it from a south-easterly point of view, as the vessel was pursuing a south-eastern course, direct for Heligoland, I perceived that this side of it was covered with birds, almost more thickly than the other; and in the same manner as freshly-fallen snow brings into sight several projections and ledges of rock which could not otherwise have been seen, so here the endless uneven parts of the rock were clearly defined by the whiteness of the birds which rested on them. I was thus able to get a tolerably clear notion of the totality of such a scene.

The vessel was now entering upon the open sea, and we soon perceived that the waves were of a different kind. The sea was very calm on the whole, but instead of the short broken waves in the bay, we now saw immeasurably-long parallel waves spread over the surface of the water like colossal furrows on ploughed land; and each gently-swelling wave approaching, or arrived at, raised the vessel a little, and allowed it to sink again as gently. The motion of the ship was therefore only slight, and we were enabled to practise learning to walk straight along the deck, in spite of this motion, and in this we soon succeeded tolerably well.

The coast of Scotland, which was still in sight to our right, offered several interesting views, and our telescopes were in constant requisition. A ruined castle (Thornton Castle) looked particularly well; not far from it is to be seen an ancient-looking castle, but inhabited. There were also to be seen, more inland, a few large trapp hills, somewhat like the Bass Rock, rising from the level like volcanoes. The sun sank at length towards his setting almost entirely surrounded with clouds; the coast became less and less distinct, and we were only just able to distinguish Berwick, the limit of Scotland towards England. We now sailed for some distance along the coast of England in a southerly direction, and I thus took leave of a country to which I owed so many new and interesting ideas. When it had become quite dark, the last we saw of the coast of England was the two lighthouses in the Fern Islands. One of these shines constantly, whilst the other is a revolving light, sometimes showing a red flame and sometimes none at all. The situation of the two islands is thus clearly pointed out to the seaman, and by means of the excellent charts now in use, he is enabled to direct his course with the utmost certainty.

After a late dinner, perhaps almost too rich and well-served, his majesty retired to his own cabin, and three of the four sofas, which were in the saloon, were speedily fitted up as beds for us. Each arranged himself as was most agreeable to his taste, and we sought not in vain to draw down sleep upon our eyelids, even over the yawning element upon which we were.

LXXVIII.

Same day, Aug. 5th—Evening.

THIS morning was fine (after a little rain in the night), and when I came on deck I saw for the first time nothing but sea and sky. The feeling of this waste of waters is something peculiar! This is one of the cases in which one clearly sees how necessary contrast is to heighten the effect of any object. The sea, dashing against the coast, with its green waves foaming and dashing over rocks, or meandering through them, or the sea seen from the land stretching out into interminable space, is so beautiful, and seems as it were to complete and beautify the land; but sea, and nothing but sea, in its wide endless sameness—it is always mighty and grand in its restless motion, in the uniform and yet ever changing, ever new, yet ever old beating of its waves; but for this very reason it has still the impression of wasteness, and at the same time something so strange, so merely elemental—so immense; I can now conceive the feelings of one who has been weeks at sea, on hearing the cry of “land!”

The day became warm, an awning was put up across the deck, and between reading, drawing, and writing, the time passed agreeably enough. Life on such a floating habitation in the midst of the ocean is always extraordinary. How inconvenient too may it often be! for us it had been, of course, made as convenient as possible. That we were the only passengers in a vessel so elegantly fitted up internally, with staircases and a saloon, wainscotted entirely with mahogany, was part of this convenience.

There was in the second cabin a small library belonging to the ship, containing several light works. I took up a Byron and began to read some of “Childe Harold.” I can fairly say, that after I had now gained clear ideas respecting England and naval life, this work produced a different and more powerful effect than it had formerly done, but the sore point which is but too easily perceived in all the works of this poet, was not concealed by this knowledge. Then, as the day became warmer, I sought for some lighter reading, and came upon ‘The King’s Own,’ by Marryat, the well-known delineator of naval life. This author was entirely new to me, and the talent for narrative which I found in his pages, entertained me exceedingly. The whole plan of the work was now intelligible to me, which would hardly have been the case had I read it previously to my visit to England. I had often seen in Portsmouth and Plymouth dockyards, that every thing belonging to the royal navy is marked with a peculiar mark (the broad arrow) which denotes that it is the property of the government. I was now reading of the child of a soldier born on board ship, who having soon become an orphan, is specially distinguished by an old sailor as the king’s own, by a broad arrow tattooed on his arm. The detailed manner in which

this is all related caused me to pursue the course of the story for a considerable time with interest.

I was not so successful in my attempt at writing on board ship, particularly in the cabin. After continuing this occupation for some time, I began to experience a disagreeable sensation, notwithstanding the very slight motion of the ship.

I often stood at the bowsprit, or on the starboard side of the ship, and looked down into the waves foaming and dashing, rising and sinking, below. Now and then a vessel appeared on the horizon, and we conversed a good deal with the officers, who never failed, as soon as the chronometers showed it to be mid-day, to measure the sun's altitude with the quadrant, in order to determine our latitude.

Of living creatures we saw but few; yesterday we saw a few dolphins jumping; to-day there was only now and then a bird to be seen skimming the sea.

LXXIX.

On board the *Lightning*, August 6th—Evening.

THE sunset yesterday was very beautiful. The sun sank like a glowing sphere into the dark blue waters; and the many *cirrus* clouds gave an omen of wind next day. The play of colours was beautiful, the shading off of the several tints, and their reflection from the sea; all this was remarkably varied and beautiful. Later the moon in its last quarter rose, also of a deep red colour, and was long reflected from the dark waves. We had gone to rest without any suspicion, and had fallen asleep very comfortably.

About four o'clock, being only half awake, I heard the captain enter the saloon, and announce to M. von Gersdorf that the wind was high, and dead against us, and that it was raining in torrents. I felt that the ship rolled more, but I went to sleep again, and did not wake till near seven o'clock. I now heard the ship's planks groaning and creaking, the waves dashing violently against the bows, the irregular beating of the paddles, and the creaking of the rudder-chains. Every thing announced a storm. I lay still some time, listening to this dangerous music; at length I rose, and had some difficulty in standing upright, and still more in dressing myself, as the vessel rolled and pitched considerably. I accomplished my task at last, not without some disagreeable sensations, and went on deck. How different was the scene! The deck was covered with water, the waves dashed over the bowsprit and the fore-castle of the ship, and poured themselves along the deck till near the place where the staircase descended to the saloon; the sea

was running high, the grayish waters were crested with white foam, and it was interesting to watch the waves as they advanced, till they dashed against our bows, and were broken into small particles of spray, which the wind carried away. On the ship, too, the scene was quite changed. The sailors, wrapped up in canvass, pattered barefoot along the deck, now covered with water, and relieved each other at the wheel. The wind whistled through the cordage, and the ship rolled so much, that I was obliged to hold fast to preserve my balance, and even experienced a slight attack of sea-sickness, which, however, some ships' biscuit and whiskey effectually dispelled. And yet the element—notwithstanding its state of agitation—was very beautiful. How beautiful were the mountains of water as they swelled around us, how splendid the valleys between them! How purely white appeared the creamy foam on the dark grayish waves that dashed with all their passionate vehemence against us! The sea was under the influence of passion—it ran high. A real and fine passion in man, too, serves but to rouse and heighten the feeling of one's terrestrial existence.

One of the officers, wrapped up like the sailors, in oil-cloth, stood near the wheel, and directed his looks unchangingly towards the compass. When I looked at him inquiringly, he said, "Very rough weather, but still we must go on;" and as a firm spirit undauntedly continues to pursue the course of its development throughout all the storms of the mind, so the powerful ship continued to hold on its course unchanged, against all the powers of wind and water.

I was exceedingly glad to have had the opportunity of having experienced such an event, and gave myself all possible trouble that none of these impressions should be lost upon me. Towards noon the weather became calmer, the sky clearer, the sea quieter; but at the same time a peculiar sultriness filled the air, and a dark mass of clouds collected by degrees in the west, in which a thunder-storm was evidently brewing. Towards five o'clock we heard the first thunderclap, and shortly after the storm approached nearer, and the claps followed each other in rapid succession, but without wind, though accompanied by heavy rains. Just at this moment we perceived the first signs of the coast of Germany, towards the mouth of the Weser, and just before the rain, the first German insect arrived on board,—a tired cabbage butterfly! The poor thing rested for some time on the deck, and then flew off again towards the north, where it was without doubt swallowed up by the waves.

The storm was now just over our heads, the rain became so heavy that I was obliged to retreat into the cabin, the thunderclaps followed one another in rapid succession, though still without wind, and sounded strangely amidst the pattering of the rain and the splashing of the paddles. Our situation here on the sea, in the midst of this storm, was peculiar enough, but it became still more so, when,

as I was sitting reading at the table in the cabin, a sailor came down and begged my pardon for being under the necessity of removing it, but that he must go down into the powder-magazine, as it would be necessary presently to fire some shots for a pilot. He then moved the table away, a trap-door was opened—I had been sitting exactly over the powder-magazine, and above me the lightning was flashing through the windows of the cabin.

I had here a double opportunity of coming to a rapid conclusion, and I might have said, like Schiller's hero, "time and eternity embrace over this gulf;" I observed all these circumstances with interest, but, I may say it, with the most perfect coolness. It appeared to me something like an attempt of Goethe to become acquainted with the first smell of powder, when, however, the world appeared to him "all of a reddish-brown colour." For my own part, I only remember thinking that I was particularly comforted in knowing that those who loved me were ignorant of my uncomfortable position.

Towards seven o'clock the storm was over, and the beautiful redness of evening lighted up the sky, and reflected the most beautiful tints on the sea. I was quite enchanted with the beauty of the scene, and the most varied images were presented to my mind. The sight was most original, and at the same time most interesting, as I stood on the deck and looked towards the wheel. Two sailors, in their storm-dress, presented a fine contrast to the beautiful red of the evening, and to the glittering sea; and the group was completed by the boat hanging to the stern and the flag-staff, with the ropes from the sides to the top of the masts.

Not less picturesque was the appearance of one of the fishing-smacks, of which at least twenty were to be seen on the horizon. This had been spoken by means of the trumpet to obtain a pilot, and it was now rocking about not far from us, with its dark sails beautifully set off by the glowing sky, and the bluish-green waves. It looked rather ghostly, to see this dark mass lying so quiet and so near us. I thought of the Flying Dutchman. A third picturesque scene was the bringing the pilot on board. The fishermen had replied that they could furnish a pilot, and a couple of sailors jumped into the boat which hung suspended at our stern; it was quickly let down into the sea, they rowed off to the smack, took the pilot on board, returned and came alongside the steamer. The ladder was let down, and the Blankenese pilot came on board, with his dark fisher's dress and his south-wester hat, looking really something like a dolphin. All these sea scenes have a peculiar character. I can well imagine that a passion for the sea may be produced in minds predisposed to it, and that afterwards cultivated life on the land must appear really *dry* in every sense.

The paddles of our vessel, which had rested for a short time, were now again set in motion, and we proceeded at a rapid rate through a somewhat dangerous channel, between Wangeroe and Heligo-

land (which latter, however, we could not yet see): and we then proceeded into the cabin to dinner, as no one on board had shown much appetite during the day, in consequence of the stormy weather. When we returned on deck, it had become quite dark; to the north we perceived the fiery signal on Heligoland, to the south that on the coast of Germany, and to the east that of the light-ship on the dangerous sand-bank of the Vogelsang, on which the *Manchester* had been wrecked a few weeks before: but still more beautiful was the summer lightning which often illuminated the quiet sea and the dark sky. The officers did not consider it advisable to proceed further that night, but determined to cast anchor and to wait for the daylight, before attempting the difficult entrance of the Elbe.

And thus was our good ship at rest among the several lights, and in the midst of summer lightning upon the quiet sea, and beneath a dark and cloudy sky. The night was sultry, and I leaned over the edge of the vessel thinking of the electricity sometimes visible on the sea. As the waves swelled slightly against the side of the vessel, an electrical greenish-looking light was visible on the crest of each. I was delighted to have had an opportunity of seeing this phenomenon too, and the more my eyes became accustomed to the darkness of the night, the more and more variously could I remark this curious property of the sea which I had never before seen. A bucket full of water was drawn up at my request upon the deck. It looked beautiful. Every time the hand was dipped into it or moved about in it, a strong shining light was produced, and when I sprinkled some of it on the deck it looked like beautifully burnished globules of silver rolling about. I did not fail to fill a bottle with this water to take with me to Dresden, in order to submit it to further investigation*, and as I poured the remainder of the water from the bucket slowly into the sea, electric fire seemed to be given out at every fresh gush. I continued long considering all the phases of this as yet so imperfectly explained phenomenon; and although I was convinced of the infusorial origin of the appearance, there was yet much in it which appeared to lead to the conclusion that electricity was really liberated in the process. Any one who will apply to the subject the multipliers and galvanometers, by which free electricity may now be measured, will undoubtedly be able to discover the streams, which penetrate

* It was about a fortnight before I had leisure to make some microscopic observations on this shining water. The liquid was as clear as crystal, but upon the bottom of the bottle was an exceedingly fine powder, which the microscope showed to consist of the flinty shell of several shining *Infusoria*. The most curious forms were those of the *perithinia* (*Perithinium fuscum* and *tripes*). There were also, but in less quantity, the remains of *porocentrum micans*, and of some minute *crustacea*. That these *Infusoria* are concerned in causing this property of the water, is evident from the fact, that such water strained through filtering paper leaves the shining material upon the paper, but no longer shines itself.

water under given circumstances. The influence of the electrical atmosphere to-day was not to be denied, or else why did not the sea shine yesterday, when there had been no thunder-storms?

LXXX.

Hamburg, Aug. 7—Evening.

OUR last night on the steamer passed very quietly. Shortly after three o'clock, being still half-asleep, I heard the anchor weighed, and at four we proceeded on our journey.

It was nearly half-past five when I again woke, the sun was shining in through the deck-window of the cabin, and as I wished not to miss the entrance into the Elbe, I rose, dressed myself and went on deck. Alas! where was my beautiful sea of the evening before! Yellow waves were streaming out towards the ocean, and taking with them whole rows of fishing-boats; northwards there was still a clear sea horizon; westward, to our right, was a flat piece of coast, from which projected the tower of Neuwerk. The eastern bank of the Elbe was shortly after visible at a considerable distance. The sky was tolerably clear, a fresh breeze blew from the land, and light morning clouds floated rapidly across the greenish-blue sky. The scene was very different. The peculiarities of the wide mouth of a large river had never been so clearly presented to my mind.

Our vessel, from the mast-head of which the royal flag of Great Britain and Ireland now waved, advanced quickly into the well-known river, the Elbe. Cuxhaven came in sight, and the Hanoverian guard-ship saluted the king with twenty-one guns, whilst a boat came along side containing the commander of the fort and the governor of the province, who were presented to his majesty, and then took their leave.

The shores on both sides now became more defined, and with and without the telescope we eagerly contemplated the first part of Germany presented to our view. It formed a strong contrast to the country in which we had been passing some months, and I have found the same thing several times on returning to my native country from foreign lands; a certain common-place, but thoroughly good-humoured character, looks as it were at one from every person and every thing, with bright blue eyes. So, too, it was here; the broad green meadows, with rows of osiers cut and flourishing greenly; the ditches full of rushes; cows feeding singly here and there, and now and then a stork, which we could make out with the telescope; the broad, foolish-looking peasants' houses, and the

pointed spires of the village churches upon flat plains, uninterrupted even by the the slightest rising ground; all this appeared to me like an old acquaintance, and at the same time so peculiarly and insignificantly good-natured. It was a scene which occupied much of my attention in many respects, and excited in me the most curious thoughts and comparisons. At the same time vessels of all sorts passed us on their way to the sea, and presented a pretty sight in the bright morning sun. A couple of steamers, too, from Hamburg, passed us, one for Heligoland, the other for London. The crews and several passengers were on deck, and saluted us with huzzaing and waving of hats.

We thus arrived in the neighbourhood of Stade, and a short distance above this place is that part of the Elbe in which there is most danger from the numerous sand-banks. A number of buoys pointed out pretty clearly the position of the shallows, but notwithstanding this great caution, a good pilot (we had now a second from Hamburg on board) and the flood tide were necessary to pass the sand-banks in safety. We saw a few vessels lying fast on them, and we had now to decide whether there was water enough in the river to bring us to Hamburg by noon. Fortunately, there had been a good deal of rain in Germany, and the river was very high; our officers sounded the depth carefully, and it was at last decided that there was nothing to prevent our *Lightning* from proceeding as fast as possible to her destination.

The shores of the Elbe began now to draw in closer to each other; green islets were seen here and there in the stream, and on both sides the land was more cultivated, and the villages and hamlets more numerous. The weather continued to be remarkably fine, and so much the more cheerful was the sight of the yellow waves, enlivened by the numerous yachts and fishing smacks. How much it all reminded me of many a good painting of the Dutch school, when a brown vessel, with its loose sail and a strong light on the one side, or a ferry-boat laden with country people, passed along through the foaming yellowish waves.

At last we came in sight of the hills near Altona, covered with country-houses, gardens, and promenades, and not long afterwards we perceived from afar the spires of Hamburg. Our vessel seemed almost to fly, and after a very short time, the spires and the forests of masts in Altona and Hamburg were before us, and we were passing by the Danish guard-ship. It saluted the king with twenty-one guns, which had been loaded so well, that the burning wads came almost upon our deck.

We now perceived the pier and the promenades of Hamburg close before us, covered with an immense concourse of people, whom the news of his majesty's arrival had drawn together. Joyful huzzaing, waving of hats and handkerchiefs on all sides! The *Lightning* came close alongside the jetty, and we could soon distinguish among the magistrates of the city some well-known faces

from Dresden. Privy-councillor von Minkwitz had arrived to receive his majesty, and along with him Count Martellini, Grand Chamberlain of the Grand-duchess dowager of Tuscany, who awaited the king, her beloved brother, in Dresden, after a long separation; and besides these gentlemen, there was a deputation from Leipzig. Here too, our faithful guide M. von Gersdorf expected to meet his lady, who was to return with him to London.

We now landed—the crowd was so great that it was with difficulty I could get at one of the carriages in waiting, and then the whole procession drove through the crowded streets of Hamburg to the hotel, the “City of London.”

How often had I endeavoured to represent to myself a picture of Hamburg—that worthy old member of the Hanseatic League, and I now gained a general idea of the town during our drive through it. A remarkable contrast to the appearance of Edinburgh. The old town lies stretched along the many canals and basins beside the broad river, exhibiting curious broad low gable houses, with rows of little windows, looking almost like hot-house windows; the new town, which has been built since the fire, seems to be rather an imitation of the English style, consisting almost entirely of houses four stories high; it has not however adopted the perpendicular division of large houses into several small ones, nor the large English sash-windows. I found that the old town, notwithstanding its awkward appearance and a certain good-humoured exclusiveness, has yet something decisively national and great. As Hamburg stands in such close connexion with the interior of Germany on the one hand, and Holland on the other, so the style of this old part of the town hesitates between the Nuremberg and the Dutch style. The style of the new town appears to aim at cosmopolitanism, and leads us to consider how *ennuyeur* the earth will be at some time or other, when the individuality of nations and of human beings will be more and more destroyed, when the same clean-looking, lofty, barrack-like buildings will be everywhere to be seen, on all sides manufactories and railways to be found, and pretty much the same manners and customs spread over all countries and nations. Curious enough, though every single individual must shudder involuntarily at the contemplation of such a picture of the future, *this* is exactly the goal to which the stream of humanity is pressing forwards restlessly and without cessation.

His majesty was also anxious to get as good a view of the town as possible, within as short a time as convenient, and after a hasty luncheon, we entered the carriages for this purpose, in company with the Saxon consul at this port.

Our hotel is situated on the Alster-Basin, which looks very pretty with its new buildings round an extensive, clean, and neat lake. We first drove to the exchange, and the short distance thither conducted us past several plots of ground covered with walls in course of erection, and past the church of St. Peter, yet in ruins,

which, with its lofty fortress-like spire, looks upon all this novelty like a gray ghost. The exchange itself, one of the very few public edifices which were spared by the fire, is a large, well-situated building, but if considered in an architectural point of view, very common-place, where about 10,000 human beings meet together every day to manage what they call "current business." The name always appeared to me very characteristic of the business, for the purpose of the whole is a "running after gain," and in fact, when one considers it more carefully, the whole of the activity of such a commercial city depends entirely upon one principal idea, and this is money! money! money!

We next drove to Altona—I had always thought that the two cities were near each other, but they are so near that only a single wooden gate, in the middle of an uninterrupted street, marks where the territory of the free city ends, and that of the Danish monarchy begins; this was, I confess, something which I had not expected. In such cases, a boundary is only an abstract notion; and is not the case precisely the same in reference to other boundaries, where a distinction is to be drawn between the great opposing principles of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong?

Altona also includes Ottensen, and with it the church and the lime-tree, beneath which is the grave of Klopstock and his Meta. We descended from the carriages, and walked round the enclosure, behind which is to be read on both gravestones, "Saat, gesät, am Tage der Garben zu reifen." (Seed sown, to be ripened on the day of the harvest.) When I came to analyse my feelings on this occasion, they were rather those of sincere sympathy with a happy human existence enjoyed and concluded together, than that deep feeling with which we think of a real poet's decease. I cannot mention Klopstock, without recollecting at the same time that malicious, but appropriate, announcement of Schlegel's, "Any German, who can prove that he has read the *whole* of Klopstock's 'Messiah,' is hereby informed, that upon our receiving an intimation to this effect, a copy of Tiedge's 'Urania,' will be forwarded to him."

Our next point was the garden of M. Buch, or Book, situated just out of Altona. (He is really an Englishman, but has become naturalised here under the above name.) A number of hot-houses are here open for purchasers, all arranged in the English manner, and containing numerous varieties of rare plants. Oaks are now a favourite article of trade, and North America in particular furnishes a great number of species of this tree. The *quercus glabra*, an oak with a leaf like that of an orange-tree, looked very curious. As unlike the common shape of the plant was a specimen of cranberry from New Holland, which, instead of a compound leaf, has merely a single one. Finally, we saw in bloom a splendid lily (*Lilium punctatum*) the pink colours of which produced a most beautiful effect. This man appears to do a great deal of business, and we

found his house arranged quite in the English style, and very well and even luxuriously fitted up.

His collection of acorns, which he showed us, is very interesting, for it showed plainly in how many ways nature is able to vary even such an apparently simple shape as that of an acorn. These dry, withered-looking fruits were placed here side by side, in many varieties of form, and from the usual size up to that of a moderate-sized apple. Still more curious was an imitation in wax of the largest, but at the same time ugliest, of all flowers, the *Rafflesia*. This plant, discovered in Java, produces flowers about two feet in diameter, and something like five pounds' weight, brown speckled, and rather disagreeable looking. Such a flower can of course only be preserved in spirits of wine, where it loses all shape, and as it will be long probably before we are enabled to produce such a plant in our hothouses, the only way of getting a tolerable idea of these enormous flowers, is, to make drawings of them, or imitations of them in wax. The latter method has been here pursued, and we willingly delayed some time in the contemplation of so unusual and so curious a form of flower.

We next drove a little farther out of town, and came to the country-house of M. Jenisch, one of the richest merchants in Hamburg, which is celebrated for its elegance. This really very pretty little villa sufficiently proved that England alone can furnish the original for every thing which is to be carried out in a great or rich style. At the entrance of the park is a small but very neat porter's lodge, overgrown with creepers; the garden is a miniature imitation of an English park, but without the rolled and closely-mown lawn; the house, a cheerful-looking elegant villa, small, but for a German family, elegant, in its arrangements. The owner received the king at the door, and conducted us through the several rooms, which contain a number of modern oil-paintings, chiefly of the Düsseldorf school, but including also some French paintings. There were also some good copies of old pictures. Two little marble statues by Tenerani produced the most powerful effect on me. The never exhausted subject of antiquity, namely, Love, the many-formed, always changing, and yet always the same god, in the form and conditions of the various pursuits and occupations of mankind, had given rise to two ideas, which might certainly have been better and more naïvely represented than has here been done. One little figure represented Love as a hunter, the other as a fisher. The subject was capable of being pursued still further, and he might have been represented as a shepherd, a gardener, a warrior, &c., for *that* can be said of him, and with more justice, which has been said of Suleika, in Goëthe's "Divan:"

" und wenn ich Allah's Namenhundert nenne
in jedem klingt ein Name nur für Dich!"

(And if I should say over Allah's hundred attributes, in each would only be found another name for thee!)"

Thorwaldsen has in this opened a way, and has shown that modern art can still further work that quarry which ancient art opened up in sculpture.

After we had passed through the various rooms in the villa up to the platform, we descended to the garden, visited some pretty hothouses, also little grand-children of England, and enjoyed the view over meadows and bushes of the broad Elbe, flowing peacefully along in the evening sunshine. The carriages had in the meantime been sent round to the road along the shore, and we thus drove back along the river to Altona and Hamburg.

This shore district has much that is quietly cheerful. I can imagine how pleasant it must be to wander along it in early morning or at sunset, when the larger ships are leaving for the sea, the little fishing-boats are returning home, and the fisher-boys are amusing themselves in their own way on the shore, among the willows. Sea, nature, and river-life meet here in many peculiar contrasts.

As we drove into the town, my companion pointed out to me the long row of places of amusement without the gates, where the sailors belonging to the ships of all the nations of the world hold their orgies. They are no doubt assisted in these by the girls of Hamburg, and the neighbouring peasant girls, whose freshness and beauty soon attracts the attention of the traveller. The latter, in particular (die Vierländerinnen), are distinguished for their good looks; they still obstinately adhere to their peculiar dress, with the close-fitting red boddice, and the curiously-platted round straw hat. We saw at M. Jenisch's a painting, representing a pretty group of these girls, who serve as domestics here; and on the road we met many a pretty face and figure belonging to the same class.

"Antigone" was performed this evening at the theatre, and we wished to see something of it before returning to the "City of London." The theatre was not very full, and we got good places in one of the front boxes. The internal arrangements of the house are simple, but in good taste. The arrangement of the Greek stage was well managed, with small means, but in large masses, so as to look imposing; and the chorus spoke, moved, and looked well. We arrived during the scene where the messenger brings to the enraged Creon the account of the burial of Polynices, and stayed about half an hour. Grunert as *Creon*, and Mademoiselle Lang as *Antigone*, acted very well, and the whole breathed upon me with a breath the more invigorating, in proportion as my theatrical impressions of England had filled me with grief. I felt with pleasure that I was again on German ground, where, if perhaps the material part of life, and all that relates to its attainment are less cultivated, yet a higher and more enthusiastic feeling for the ideal side of life, as represented in philosophy, art, and poetry, has

planted itself in the people, and continually gives evidence of its presence.

The active day was concluded by a rich and pleasant dinner about nine o'clock, to which his majesty had invited the magistrates and the superior officers of the *Lightning*. The effect was very good, when towards ten o'clock music and singing were heard from the Alster-Basin, and illuminated boats floated up and down before the windows, in which, very quickly and with great precision, a handsome decoration in coloured lamps was represented in a long line, whilst an immense mass of people continued to huzza and shout without intermission.

The conversation at dinner was the more interesting to me, as my good fortune had placed me between two of the most experienced of our officers; for setting aside the pleasure that I had in conversing once more uninterruptedly in English, the stories of their adventures on the coasts of North America and of the Red Sea, which they communicated to me, were in every respect interesting and instructive. I was particularly interested in the younger of the two: he had served much in smaller vessels, especially merchant vessels; he said, he found there were so many more opportunities of collecting information respecting the different seas, and naval experience in general, than on board ships of the line or frigates, which were much in port, and seldom made any long voyages. About a year before he had commanded a vessel, which had taken in a cargo of ice in North America, and conveyed it to the East Indies, where it was sold at a high price. His anecdotes, too, respecting the various stations on the coasts of the Red Sea, where steamers arrive and leave as regularly as in European ports, were very amusing and interesting. I had read much previously of these countries, but told directly by word of mouth, every thing appears different and so much more agreeable. I parted with a hearty shake of the hand—the true English salutation—from both these gentlemen.*

CONCLUSION.

I WALKED about a little on the morning of the 8th of August, round the Alster-Basin, then through a few of the new streets, where, behind splendid panes of glass, the attractive contents of

* I take this opportunity of giving a copy of the list of the officers of our steamer, marking with an asterisk my two companions at table.

A list of the names of the officers on board her Majesty's steam-vessel *Lightning*:—

Commissioned Officers.—William Southey, William Roberts,* George Kerr, and George Foster.*

Subordinate Officers.—Richard Reed and James W. Ralph.

Warrant Officers.—Thomas Truscott and George West.

rich shops were exposed to view, and turned finally to the ruins of St. Peter's, in which more is still being done in the way of removing the rubbish, than in rebuilding. Grand, and in the purest proportions, stand the columns and the Gothic arches of the nave exposed to view, and above them towers the massive spire, like that of a castle. If the ruin could only remain so, in a lonely valley, overgrown with wood, and covered besides with the luxuriant green of English vegetation, what an effect would it produce! As it stands now, it resembles the mass of mankind, who arrive at no clear views or knowledge of self, who always live partly in the past and partly in the future, and like them, one can only consider what it was in time past, and what it will be in time to come, whilst the impression of the present can hardly make itself conceived at all.

Exactly opposite the church stands now the school-house, built *in rustico*. It contains a square court, and both the wings are connected on the side towards the street by a line of arcades. The whole is of only moderate height. The impression produced on my mind was favourable, but without any definite character. In fact, this decided character is wanting in the more modern part of Hamburg, as well as in good society: and in this way I can prophecy to both an increase *ad infinitum*.

As I returned along the Alster-Basin to our hotel, I saw the large floating baths, which lie on its further bank. A boat full of children was just coming over; they had been enjoying the luxury of a refreshing morning bath. A swan was swimming beside the boat, eager and probably accustomed to receive his share of the boys' breakfast. This time, too, he did not fail to receive a piece of bread here and there. The beautiful creature sailing along quietly beside the merry faces of the children, would have made a very pretty picture.

When I returned, the carriages were in waiting, and we soon set off in the direction of Zollenspieker. My companion in the carriage, instead of the adjutant, who had ridden forward as courier, was now Count Martellini.

The district we were now driving through, was a curious and strange-looking one; low ground, partaking very much of the character of a marsh, and which might with propriety be called "the paradise of storks."

We first passed through Boberg, to the small town of Bergedorf, from whence a wide strip of deep sand, through which the carriages could only proceed at a walking pace, stretches between marshy pastures. During this part of the journey, I preferred performing a considerable portion of the way on foot. It was while thus walking, that I saw for the first time in flower, in its natural *habitat* the water-alec (*stratiotes aloides*), a very rare German marsh-plant. It appeared to me, at first sight, with its long, green, prickly leaves

and large white flowers, completely foreign. As we approached Zollenspieker, we came in sight of the Elbe, and drove along the top of the lofty dikes which are here raised, in order partially to protect the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood against the overflowing of the river. I had my own reflections in these Vierland villages. The peasants' houses reminded me somewhat of Pomerania; for, as they are large and wide, they usually include under their straw roof both the stable and cow-house, whilst the stork builds her nest, as it were, on an old wheel on the roof, and standing on one leg, with all the gravity of a *Philister*, appears at once to watch over the safety of her young and the inhabitants of the farm-yard. The ferry-boat, by which travellers are conveyed across the Elbe at Zollenspieker, appears to be constructed, as such things were probably built 300 or 400 years ago, heavy, lumbering, and equally unwieldy in sailing and in rowing. Nevertheless, it carried us and our carriages safely across the Elbe, which is here a very broad stream. As we pushed off from the high wooden barriers which surround the water dike in Zollenspieker, we had still before us a very attractive gallery of pretty women belonging to the four nations, who, dressed in their short black petticoats, red bodices, and round straw hats, with black caps beneath, had collected here, with their husbands and children, to see us take our departure. They are a pretty, national, fresh-looking race of people, but by far too near the luxurious town of Hamburg.

From Hoopte, on the further side of the Elbe, the roads became better, and we travelled rapidly along a well-paved causeway, through a part of the Lüneburg heath, to Lüneburg. This heath, of which I had formed such a gloomy picture in my mind, is, however, by no means so repulsive; fields alternate with patches of wood; a few scattered villages lie here and there and the distant horizon is bounded to the eastward by a low range of wooded heights. In some parts of the road there are extensive waste tracks, and a peculiar grayish sandy soil appeared between the thinly-scattered vegetation on its surface; it reminded me of Ehrenberg's discoveries, who has shown that the most desolate portions of the Lüneburg heath consist of vast layers of *Infusoria*, of more than fifteen feet in depth. I would gladly have entered into some examinations, and dug up some of the soil, but journeys of this kind are but little calculated to facilitate any minute investigations in the physical sciences.

Early in the afternoon we reached Lüneburg, and before arriving at the town, saw the station of the railroad, which will very shortly connect Hamburg with the Brunswick and Magdeburg line.

Lüneburg itself, with its peculiar old ornamented gable houses, built of red, uncut stone, presents all the characteristics of a genuine German town, and vividly carries the mind back to the middle ages. It is impossible to see any more remarkable contrast, than

such a city and a populous modern English town. On this occasion Lüneburg proved abundant in its supplies, for it furnished us with a very substantial and simple German dinner.

On leaving Lüneburg, the road proceeds over extensive cultivated fields, plantations ornamentally enclosed, and numerous low sandy hills. The evening drew to an end, and night came on. The sky had become clear, and a few thunder-showers having fallen over the country about mid-day, the night was tolerably cool. I muffled myself carefully in my cloak, ensconced myself as comfortably as I could in the corner of the carriage, and indulged in a passing review of many of the most striking objects and events of my journey. This excursion was now rapidly approaching its close, and I looked forward to the succeeding period of my life, as into one, in many respects altogether new.

About two o'clock in the morning I was roused from my multifarious dreams, and a series of lofty poplars rising above long walls in the light of the moon, now in her last quarter, and shining in a cloudless sky, announced to me our arrival in Brunswick. It was, in fact, but little past two when we stopped at the gate of the first hotel, and with some difficulty obtained chambers, in order to get a little rest. It was fair-time in Brunswick, and therefore all the hotels were filled with strangers.

The 9th of August, found us again up at an early hour, as we were about to avail ourselves of the railroad from hence to Magdeburg; from which his majesty would immediately proceed by a special train to Leipzig. There was still a little time to spare, and as Count Martellini had not yet seen Brunswick, we got into a hired carriage, in order to take a short drive through some of the chief places of the city, and then to the railway station. In the early morning light, the old narrow streets with their picturesque houses and their carved wooden gables, exhibited a very different appearance from the country which we had just left. The contrast between Germany and Italy, had never on any occasion, appeared to my companion so great as here, especially in the chief square of the town, before the Lion of Henry, and at the old cathedral, with its large lime-tree behind. Our time, however, was very limited; railway trains do not wait; and, therefore, we soon drove to the station—forth rushed the train past Wolfenbüttel, and soon arrived in the plain of Magdeburg; after having once again seen to our right, in the clear morning sun, the summits of the Harz range. And this time without snow.

Having arrived in Magdeburg, we merely stopped until the carriages were put on trucks, and the train was ready to start. We again rushed forward on our course, and did not stop till we came within three miles of Leipzig, at the small village of Wahren, about twelve o'clock. Here the first festivities for the reception of his majesty commenced.

From Wahren to Dresden, the king's return to his home really resembled a triumphal procession. And to have seen a thing of this description with all that convenience which resulted from forming a part of the suite, may also be reckoned amongst the remarkable things of one's life. To speak justly of their character, all these festivities, as well as something rich and imposing, had also a genuine heartiness in them—a certain family character, which on such occasions can perhaps only be enjoyed by a *constitutional* king—that is, a king who calls around him the representatives of *all classes*, in order to consult for the common weal. On this occasion, too, the nature and character of the places where these receptions were given, were so clearly displayed in their respective and peculiar modes of celebrating the event, as to furnish materials for many reflections.

At this, the close of my journal, I shall mention only a few of these particulars, and I select first the reception near the village already mentioned, on the frontiers of the kingdom; secondly, the reception in Leipzig, my native city; the people of which possess a freer and more active spirit, the result of their commercial and cosmopolite life; and, finally, the reception at the entrance into the capital, which, on the other hand, has at all times given evidence of a stiffer and more aristocratic character. One and all of them were favoured by the splendour of the weather, which added an additional charm to the preparations made to do honour to the king.

The first of these receptions then, was wholly of a rural, I might almost say, a pastoral character. The young people of all the neighbouring villages, dressed in their Sunday clothes, stood in a long row from the place where the king left the railroad, whilst the train proceeded with the carriages and servants, to the road by which the procession was to enter the town. And their small green and white flags, and oak boughs, formed a passage, in the midst of which the pastor, accompanied by the civil and military authorities of Leipzig, congratulated his majesty, in a short address, on his safe return. On the road stood several open carriages, with four and six horses each, and postillions in handsome dresses, for the accommodation of the king and his suite. The procession was immediately formed, and joined, not only by the authorities, but by a large cavalcade of well-mounted country people and Jägers, who rode partly before, partly behind, the royal carriage. In this order the procession moved slowly along through the dust of the highway, passed under a number of festive arches, surrounded by immense crowds of persons, and was occasionally delayed by new salutations and greetings.

Next came the reception in Leipzig. At some distance from the town, near Gohlis, surrounded by woods familiar to me from my youth, and through which I had enjoyed many a solitary evening walk, indulging in the reflections and visions natural to my years,

the mounted burgher-guard joined the cavalcade, and placed themselves at the head of the procession. The multitudes by the way-side increased by thousands, and the dust with them, as well as the greetings and hearty and loud rejoicings of the throng. In this way we reached the entrance to the suburbs, where the road leading to Halle, exhibited a display of festive preparations, such as I had never seen on any similar occasion. Such manifestations often appear merely showy and ostentatious; but these made a really poetic impression. All the houses were adorned with festoons of oak-leaves around the balconies, windows, and doors; so that the street, when seen in perspective in the glorious sun-light, appeared almost like a wall of foliage, in which every window was occupied by a joyous people waving their handkerchiefs, and greeting their sovereign. The effect, too, was increased by oak garlands ornamented with chaplets and crowns, being hung across the streets, so that the way had all the appearance of a leafy bower. The various corporate trades, with their flags and banners drawn up on both sides of the way, added no little to the magnificence of the spectacle, as they welcomed the monarch with their music and shouts.

At the end of the street stood a large ornamental structure in the form of a gate, under which the magistrates of the city presented their address of congratulation, and a well-selected band of singers sang a festive hymn. The procession finally passed along a portion of the public promenade—entered by the Ranstadt gate—passed through the Brühl—and again out at the Halle gate to the railway station. This street also was adorned for the joyous occasion—and I was especially pleased to see a number of gentlemen and ladies at the upper windows of a house beautifully decorated with flowers, who held immense glasses of foaming Champagne in their hands and made their salutations, and drank to the health of the king as he passed by.

Having received the congratulations of others, and especially of the heads of the University, under an ornamental tent at the station, and enjoyed a short but acceptable *dejeuner*, we entered the carriages of the train a little after four o'clock, and in about two hours and a half reached Dresden.

The royal family were in waiting to receive his majesty, on his arrival at Dresden—and the festive reception in the capital, commenced in front of the station. A large body of military and of the burgher-guard was drawn up—the ministers and generals were in waiting and the burgomaster commenced his address;—my attention, however, was suddenly arrested—for behind the circle of troops, and among multitudes of equipages collected on the occasion, I soon perceived my own, occupied by my family, who made signals to me by waving their handkerchiefs.

It may readily be supposed that these magnets possessed a greater attractive power than the well-set phrases of the authorities. I

succeeded in penetrating the surrounding line and immediately drove off in company with my family. We were, however, obliged to wait till the throng permitted us to advance—and made but little way till his majesty and his family were far on their way to Pillnitz. We, too, then reached the bridge—drove along the gaily-adorned streets, from a window, in one of which, a chaplet of flowers was thrown into the carriage, and arrived in safety at the *Villa Cara*.

And thus, in joy and festivity, was concluded a journey, which was commenced and completed under the happiest constellations—and furnished me with a new and varied view of Europe and European life.

APPENDIX.

I.

ON THE NATIONAL WEALTH OF ENGLAND.

It cannot be otherwise than interesting to add to the general remarks which I made in the chapter upon the characteristics of Great Britain, respecting the power and wealth of the country, a few numerical and statistical notices, particularly in order to make it clear to what an extraordinary extent such a people, with such a history and such means, may increase its riches and its power.

I premise that in 1842, the population of Great Britain was as follows:

Upon 4132 square miles lived 18,664,800 human beings, giving thus 4512 to the square mile.

Scotland contained 1397 square miles, and a population of 2,666,400, thus giving only 1909 to the square mile.

In the first place, concerning the industry which prevails in this mass, we find it to be produced:

I. By the *enormous extension* of the *manufacturing system*; in proof of which I would adduce the following examples:

1. The increase in the manufacture of cotton wares. In the year 1800, 516,000 cwt. of cotton were used; in the year 1840, on the other hand, 3,890,000 cwts.*

2. Its woollen manufacture. This branch of industry requires,

* In order to communicate a more exact and more extended account of at least one article, and that so important a one as the present, I add the following remarks:—

“ According to a report of the Board of Trade (in reference to certain railways in Lancashire), there are now concentrated around Manchester, within a space of about fifteen to twenty miles in circumference, more than 1,500,000 human beings, who all, mediately or immediately, obtain their living from the cotton factories in the neighbourhood. The enormous quantity of cotton imported into England (in 1843 amounting to 528,000,000 lbs.; in 1844 to 646,874,816 lbs.) is principally manufactured here, spun by machinery, woven, bleached, printed, and in an inconceivably short time again despatched to all parts of the world. The exports in cotton wares was given as follows in 1843, the last year of which there is any detailed account:—

	<i>Quantity.</i>	<i>Declared Value.</i>
White or unbleached wares.....	562,575,105 yards.....	£8,024,287
Printed or coloured wares.....	356,065,000 „	7,144,177
Stockings and other small articles.....	1,085,586
Yarn, single and double.....	140,321,176 lbs.....	7,193,971

Making a total value of..... £23,448,021

besides all the wool yearly produced in the country itself, above 500,000 cwt. of foreign wool, gives occupation to more than 330,000 men, and produces manufactures to the amount of about 20,000,000*l.* yearly.

3. Its hardware manufacture, producing manufactured articles of the value of about 18,000,000*l.* yearly; and the potteries producing wares to the amount of 2,000,000*l.* yearly.

II. By the *enormous commerce and trade* of England. An example of this may suffice. During the last few years, the yearly imports (including part which was afterwards exported) have been 4,861,000 cwt. of sugar, 443,600 cwt. of tea, 500,000 cwt. of coffee.

III. By the *increase in the number of its merchant vessels*: for example, from the year 1803, in which there were 20,893 vessels, altogether of 2,167,863 tons, to the year 1841, when there were 30,052 vessels, of 3,512,480 tons. In the last year there were among these vessels 856 steamers, of 104,845 tons, and 75,000 horse-power.

IV. By the *laying down of railways*, in which a capital of 80,000,000*l.* is sunk. (The Great Western alone cost 6,000,000*l.*)

In regard secondly to the wealth of Great Britain, we must measure it as we do that of a private individual, by the amount of its debts; the national debt, with that of the Indo-Britannic empire, amounts to something like 1,000,000,000*l.*, and devours, therefore, nearly two-thirds of the revenue yearly in interest alone; and this revenue amounts, for Great Britain and Ireland, to about 60,000,000*l.* yearly.

As some more exact notices, which in general correspond with the above, which I have borrowed from Berghaus, I give some results of the budget published in 1844.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Income.</i>	<i>Expenses.</i>
1841.	52,315,433 <i>l.</i> , of which 28,376,305 <i>l.</i> are produced from Customs, and 5,820,038 <i>l.</i> from the Income Tax.	54,465,318 <i>l.</i>
1843.	56,935,022 <i>l.</i> , of which 27,928,659 <i>l.</i> were produced from Customs, and 5,387,455 <i>l.</i> from the Income Tax.	55,501,740 <i>l.</i> (of which 29,261,012 <i>l.</i> were paid for State Debts, and 14,513,917 <i>l.</i> for the Naval and Military Forces.)

The following estimates given by Porter ("Progress of the Nation"), serve still more clearly to show the wealth of England, and its yearly increase:

"By far the greatest part of these articles is manufactured in the district of Lancashire here under consideration. However enormous such a productiveness may appear, there is nothing to justify us in the belief that it has reached its extreme limit. On the contrary, every year some new improvement in machinery is introduced, or the system of manufacturing advances in some other way. The consequence of this is, that work is continually cheaper and more lasting, that notwithstanding casual stoppages and occasional changes, the increase of these branches of industry is rendered more certain, by means of which the population and the productive power of Lancashire have been almost tripled in forty-three years."

The first document from which the immovable property of the nation may be estimated is, the calculations made at different periods in reference to the income tax. From this we have the yearly income of all the citizens of England in the year 1803, as 38,691,394*l.*, which would give a capital (multiplying this by twenty-five), of 967,284,850*l.*

In the year 1842, the income was 72,800,000*l.*, and the capital, therefore, 1,820,000,000*l.*

The second document is an account of the various sums deposited in savings' banks at different periods by the working classes:

In 1836, 599,326 depositors had deposited a sum of 18,805,884*l.*; in 1841, 841,204 depositors the sum of 24,474,689*l.*

(The capital deposited in savings' banks in Paris in the year 1842, only amounted to between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 of francs).

Thirdly, the Fire and Life Insurance Companies afford a very fair estimate of the general wealth, from the sums sunk in this way. In reference to the latter, Porter estimates the capital of the several companies approximately at 40,000,000*l.*; and in the former, the value of property insured in 1801, was 232,242,225*l.*; in 1841, on the other hand, 681,539,839*l.*

Finally, we may form some idea of the wealth of England, by considering the sum spent for the poor, according to law. The greatest amount of poor-rates ever levied was in 1818, and in that year they amounted to 7,890,000*l.* (about as much as the whole revenue of the Prussian monarchy). This rate has since been diminished, and yet in the year 1833 it amounted to 6,790,000*l.*

Besides all this, we must still consider the vast quantity of English money which has passed out of the country to other nations. The United States alone, within the last five years, have received upwards of 53,000,000*l.*, partly as loans, partly as capital for the working of canals, railways, and banks.

In conclusion, I must still remark, that the various improvements in agriculture have given employment to a large amount of capital. Porter states, that a single landowner, the Earl of Leicester, has expended within a few years, on the improvement of his extensive domains, upwards of half a million sterling.

This may, then, suffice to give a tolerably adequate idea of Great Britain in this respect.

II.

ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE HIGHER OFFICES OF STATE IN ENGLAND, AND PARTICULARLY IN 1844.

AS so much in the country and in the life of the English, is matter of tradition, and derived from former ages, so is also the arrange-

ment of their system of political economy, and the distribution of the high offices and dignities of state, and therefore not to be understood without considering their historical development. The following pages, therefore, are intended to give a general view of this development, though necessarily a very partial and imperfect one; indeed, I could not have given even such a one, had I not been assisted by much valuable information.

When we consider the government, apart from the person of the sovereign, and from every thing relating to the parliament, the following is to be remarked:

The soul of the whole is the Prime Minister, or Premier, for the time being; whose official title, however, because finances generally are the most important point, is First Lord of the Treasury. At the same time, the Premier has a special finance minister under him, who is called the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Premier has no official rank definitely laid down, as the various degrees of rank are in the table of precedency; on the contrary, the President of the Council, who must first be chosen by him in the course of the formation of his ministry, precedes him. This latter is at the same time a sort of *Ministre de l'Instruction Publique*, whilst the Home Secretary shares with the Archbishop those duties which, in other countries, would be discharged by the *Ministre du Culte*. Besides this, the Home Secretary is, in many respects, also *Ministre de Justice*. The Lord High Chancellor, another important person in the ministry, is the President of the House of Lords, and of the High Court of Chancery, and, in this latter capacity, guardian of all wards. As President of the Upper House, however, his power is more limited than that of the Speaker of the House of Commons, who, chosen by the house itself for the period of one parliament (seven years), remains entirely independent of the ministry. The Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests has principally to do with royal palaces, public buildings, and, therefore, with the new Houses of Parliament; but the crown lands are also under his management. The Lord Chancellor is Keeper of the Great Seal. Besides this, however, there is a sinecure in the ministry, the office of Lord Privy Seal. The person who fills this office has the charge of the smaller royal seal, which is affixed to less important documents. In the cabinet, however, as well as in the field, viz., in the parliamentary debates, the Privy Seal, although without a portfolio, often has the opportunity of being very useful to the ministry; for, in general, we must remark, that no one is admitted into the ministry, who either cannot play a part in parliament, or, at least, does not possess some considerable parliamentary influence, even since the passing of the Reform Bill.

The principal active members of the ministry are, however, the three Secretaries of State. The principal duties of the Home Secretary have been already noticed; he has nothing to do with much, indeed almost all that, which, on the continent, is included in the duties of a Minister of the Interior; the principle of local government

and administration has done away with all this. The Colonial Secretary has a very extensive field of operations, in consequence of the great extent of the British power; England has at present forty-five colonial establishments. In those colonies which have a representative constitution of their own, this minister is only the connecting link in the chain. In the others, called crown colonies, he rules very despotically, and sometimes arbitrarily. It is remarkable, that in time of war, the Colonial Secretary is, in point of fact, also Minister of the War Department. The Secretary at War has merely the material part of his department under his direction; and even here, the influence of the Commander-in-Chief, although he has no portfolio, is often felt very decidedly. The financial affairs of the army and navy are under the direction of the Paymaster of the Forces. The Admiralty, as a department, consists of a First Lord of the Admiralty, who, however, is not necessarily a seaman (in the same way as it is not necessary for the Secretary at War to be a military man, which, in fact, he seldom is), and several *hommes du métier*, forming his counsel, under the title of Lords of the Admiralty. The office of President of the Board of Trade and that of Master of the Mint are united in one person. As the East India Company is an *imperium in imperio*, it is only connected with the general government by a minister and his *bureau*, which is called the Board of Control, the minister himself being called the President of the Board of Control.

Ireland, in consequence of the Act of Union, has its own viceroy, who has a real court, by which means the Irish are compensated for the absence of the sovereign. His assistant is the Secretary for Ireland, who is the responsible minister for every thing regarding Ireland, residing in Dublin whilst parliament is not sitting, and in London during the session. In the law department, Ireland has its own peculiar staff, whilst Scotland has only a single individual connected with the government, namely, the Lord Advocate. The artillery is considered as a separate branch from the army and navy, and is under the direction of a Master-general of the Ordnance, being president of a council totally distinct from those which manage naval and military affairs. All law matters in connexion with courts-martial stand under the direction of the Judge Advocate General. Finally (though last not least), we must notice the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This whole department, causing necessarily so much work, and extending so far, consists of only about thirty employés (exclusive of couriers, messengers, and servants). All the subordinate secretaries, &c., are of good family; there are no paid copyists or writers; handsome writing is not necessary, only a tolerably legible hand is required. The employés are not bound over in any sum as caution (on the continent, and particularly in Germany, this would be perfectly incredible), and notwithstanding no great faults have as yet been discovered. But all the employés are well paid, and have a prospect of good advancement and pensions. Every attention is paid

to the *Corps diplomatique*, and the government is very liberal in freeing them from custom duties, &c.: but as the government has no influence at all in matters of private right, or in points of law, any request for official interference in individual cases of law would have no effect. The law is quite independent of the government; and if, for example, even an ambassador were to commit a felony here, he would have a very fair chance of being hanged, without the ministry being able to save him, even with the best intentions. The ministry, that is to say, all who have any thing to do with the government, and are appointed by the Premier, has a smaller committee, the cabinet, which is the actual council. The number of the cabinet ministers is generally odd, in order that there may always be a majority in voting; but in general, of course, a prime minister keeps his colleagues in such good order that there can be no difficulty on this point, as I think Pitt once answered a lady who asked him about the way of voting: "Do you think we count the majority by noses?" The principal offices at court are always filled by the Premier from his own party; and here, too, parliamentary influence exercises great power, although the pleasure of the sovereign is also at times consulted. The great officers of state are, however, never in the cabinet, although they are generally considered as belonging to the ministry. Only a few, as the Earl Marshal (President of the Herald's College, and of all court solemnities), the Grand Falconer, and the Lord High Chamberlain are hereditary. It is well known, however, that a great deal depends upon parliamentary interest, and upon a seat in one of the houses of parliament, and that the ministers, *as such*, have no seat in parliament. Whoever is member of the House of Commons, must, on accepting office in the ministry, submit to a new election on the part of his constituents. An office under the crown, and a seat in the Lower House, are in theory incompatible, and hence is derived the form of a voluntary resignation of a seat in parliament, by accepting the imaginary office of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds.

We give in the following pages a list of the Officers of State, as they now exist in Sir Robert Peel's ministry, and as they were in that of Lord Melbourne.

<i>Cabinet Ministers.</i>	1844.	1835—41.
First Lord of the Treasury	Sir R. Peel, Bart.	Viscount Melbourne
Lord High Chancellor.....	Lord Lyndhurst.....	Lord Cottenham
Commander-in-Chief.....	Duke of Wellington	
President of the Council....	Lord Wharnccliffe.....	Marq. of Lansdowne
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Rt. Hon. H. Goulburn	Rt. Hon. F. T. Baring
Lord Privy Seal.....	Duke of Buccleugh.....	Earl of Clarendon
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.....	Earl of Aberdeen.....	Lord Palmerston
Secretary of State for the Colonies.....	Lord Stanley.....	Lord J. Russell
Secretary of State for the Home Department.....	Sir J. Graham, Bart....	Marq. of Normanby
First Lord of the Admiralty	Earl of Haddington,.....	Earl of Minto

Cabinet Ministers.

1844.

1835—41.

President of Board of Control	Earl of Ripon.....	Rt. Hon. J. Hobhouse
President of the Board of Trade	} Rt. Hon. E. Gladstone	} Right Hon. S. B. Labouchère
Secretary-at-War		
Paymaster-General of the Forces	Sir E. Knatchbull	Rt. Hon. E. Stanley

The following are not in the Cabinet:—

Chief Commissioners of Woods and Forests	Earl of Lincoln	Viscount Duncannon
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.....	Lord G. Somerset.....	Sir G. Grey, Bart.
Vice-President of the Board of Trade.....	Earl of Dalhousie	Rt. Hon. Fox Maule
Secretary for Ireland.....	} Lord Elliot (now Earl of St. Germaines).....	} Viscount Morpeth
Master-General of Ordnance		
Postmaster-General.....	} Viscount Lowther (now Earl Lonsdale)	} Earl of Lichfield
Two Under-Secretaries for the Colonies.		
Two Under-Secretaries for the Foreign Department	} Lord Viscount Canning	} H. N. Addington, Esq.
Two Under-Secretaries for the Home Department...		
Secretary of the Admiralty...	Hon. Sidney Herbert	

Great Officers of State.

Lord Steward of the Household	Earl of Liverpool.....	Earl of Errol
Lord Chamberlain	Earl Delawarr.....	Earl of Uxbridge
Master of the Horse	Earl of Jersey.....	Earl of Albemarle
Master of the Buckhounds...	Earl of Rosslyn	Lord Kinnaid
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland	Earl de Grey	Earl Fortescue

Hereditary Offices.

Earl Marshal	Duke of Norfolk
Grand Falconer.....	Duke of St. Alban's
Lord High Chamberlain.....	} Lord Willoughby d'Eresby

III.

ON STAFFA.*

“HAD the ‘Description and Natural History of Staffa,’ by Faujas de St. Fond, or the various other descriptions which have been published of the island by naturalists and by tourists, exhausted the subject, I should have forborne to have troubled the society with any remarks on a place which ought now to be well known.

“But a visit to this celebrated island having given me an opportunity of remarking a circumstance before unnoticed, and of some importance in its natural history, I think it my duty to lay it before the society. In so doing, I find it difficult to avoid entering rather minutely into the general description of the island, particularly since a second examination, besides confirming the remarkable fact I at first noticed, has enabled me to investigate its structure more completely. I shall, doubtless, still leave something to be corrected by those who may come after me. A multiplicity of objects pressing at once for regard, a visit always necessarily hurried from the impossibility of remaining long on the island, a boisterous sea, and a stormy atmosphere, are hostile to that accuracy of observation which may preclude future correction.

“The circumference of Staffa is estimated at about two miles. It forms a sort of table-land of an irregular surface, bounded on all sides by perpendicular cliffs, varying in altitude, and broken into numerous gorges and promontories.

“It is intersected by one deep cut scarcely to be called a valley, which divides the higher and more celebrated columnar part from the remainder of the island. At the highest tide this more remarkably columnar part appears from its south-western side to terminate almost abruptly in the water, but the retiring tide shows a causeway of broken columns, forming a sort of beach at its foot. Round the other side of the island there is also a beach of varying breadth, consisting of detached fragments, and of rocks jutting out into the sea in many irregular directions. This beach, when the weather is perfectly calm, and the swell off the shore, will, under due precaution, afford landing in various places; but it is on the eastern side that the most numerous landing-places occur. Various narrow creeks, sheltered by the island itself from the predominant western swell, admit of easy access in moderate weather, provided the wind is in any direction from S.W. to N.W.; and for the encouragement of the mineralogist, who may be terrified at the exaggerated reports of this difficulty, I can assure him that I have landed on Staffa when the vessels that navigate this sea have had

* This and the following article on the vitrified forts of Scotland, are chiefly derived from the papers in the “Transactions of the Geological Society,” by Dr. Macculloch.

their sails reefed, and the boatmen of Iona and Ulva have called it impracticable. The love of the marvellous has conferred on Staffa a terrific reputation, which a greater resort has discovered to be somewhat akin to that of Scylla and Charybdis.

“It is easy to perceive from the southward, that with this flat disposition of its surface, and notwithstanding its irregularities, Staffa possesses a gentle inclination towards the N.E., although no opportunity is afforded for ascertaining the precise dip. It is not of importance to ascertain it, nor can it amount to more than five or six degrees of variation from the horizontal plane.

“The highest of the perpendicular faces which bound it rise about sixty or seventy feet above the high-water mark, and these are on the south-western side, where the most remarkable columns, and the great caves exist. The greatest elevation of the island cannot be more than 120 feet above the level of the sea. There are no sunk rocks round it, but the water deepens rapidly from the shore, and admits of large vessels coasting it close at hand, provided they have a leading wind. There is a soil of considerable depth on the surface, and it is covered with herbage.

“It is almost superfluous to say that the whole island consists of a mass of basalt. I have indeed been told that a sandstone bed has been seen at low water on the south-western side, but I had not an opportunity of observing it.

“This is the part of the island, when, if in any place it should, from the inclination of the strata, be perceived, and there is no reason to doubt the assertion, as we find most of the trap rocks of the western islands lying on beds of sandstone. It is equally superfluous to describe the basalt, since specimens of it are in every one's possession. It may be sufficient to remark, that its texture is more compact, more crystalline, and less earthy than that of basalt in general; and that it is at the same time less homogeneous, less black, more fragile, and more sonorous. But it would be idle to attempt to apply different terms to the endless varieties of the rocks of this tribe.

“This basalt exhibits two modifications—the columnar, so often described, and the amorphous, which is generally more or less amygdaloidal containing imbedded zeolites of different sorts. I saw no example of basaltic breccia, or of trap tuff, as it is improperly called.

“It is in the amorphous basalt, that the zeolites are most abundant. The nodules vary from the size of a pea to that of a hen's egg, and upwards, and generally exhibit specimens of radiated mesotype, and of analcime.

“The cubical zeolites (Chabasite) are of rare occurrence, and the mesotype is seldom granular, and never, as far as I saw, capillary.

“The lamellar variety of stilbite is occasionally found filling the intervals of approximate columns. I did not observe any zeolites in the larger and more perfect columns, but in the smaller and more irregular ones they occur, though rarely.

“If we were to view the island only from the south-western side, and at half-tide, we should conclude that it had been formed of three distinct deposits, or beds of basalt. Of these the lowermost appear in some places amorphous; but it is not easy to see enough of it to judge whether it actually forms a continuous bed. It is only from the analogy of Canna, and the other basaltic islands of the sea, that we should be tempted to generalise this conclusion.

“The next bed is that which is divided into those large columns which form the most conspicuous feature of Staffa, and it varies from thirty to fifty feet in thickness. The upper one appears at a distance to be a uniform mass of amorphous basalt; but on a nearer inspection, it is found to consist of small columns, laid and entangled in every possible direction, often horizontal, and generally curved. It is this bed which forms the ponderous cap (as it is called) which crowns the summit of the grand *façade*.

“Although the great columnar bed occupies but a small portion of the whole exterior face of the island, the columnar form is perhaps predominant throughout the whole. Yet it would be as difficult, as useless, to attempt to determine its proportions to the amorphous part, when they are irregularly mixed, as they are at the northern and eastern sides. On these sides, also, the division into distinct beds, such as I have described above, is by no means easy to trace, and possibly it does not exist.

“To those who have seen the beautifully regular columns of the Giant’s Causeway, those of Staffa will appear rude and comparatively shapeless. They nowhere exhibit that accuracy of design which is so conspicuous in the former, and are rarely seen of any considerable length without some incurvation. But their thickness is much greater, since they often attain a diameter of four feet. They vary perpetually in the number of their angles, the pentagonal and hexagonal being the most common; and those of an inferior number of angles being less common than those of a superior. Their joints are very irregularly planned, and are frequently wanting through a considerable length. When separated, the touching surfaces are either flat or marked by a slight respective concavity and convexity. In many places, and most conspicuously in the great cave, the angles of the upper joint are considerably and obliquely truncated at the point of contact with the lower one. But I did not perceive any instance where a corresponding projection of the end of the inferior angle rose to cover the truncation; a circumstance of such frequent occurrence at the Giant’s Causeway. I may add, that the articulated columns are most remarkable in the great cave, and that the straightest columns generally exhibit the most frequent articulation. The curved columns, visible at the cave called the Clam-shell Cave, extend for forty or fifty feet without a joint.

“The disposition of the variously-curved columns above this small cave, is, perhaps, one of the most striking features of the whole

island. But it will be time enough to speculate on the formation of a curved basaltic column, when we have something rational to offer on that of a straight one.

“A very extraordinary aggregation of columns lies off this cave, forming a conical detached rock, corruptly called *Boo Shala*. The Gaelic name *Buachaille*, (*Βουκόλος*) the herdsman, is commonly applied to conspicuous single rocks all over the country. This rock consists of variously-inclined columns resting against each other, and uniting till they form a conical body, which appears to repose on a bed of curved and horizontal columns.

“It is superfluous to attempt a description of the great cave. The language of wonder has already been exhausted upon it, and that of simple description must fail in an attempt where hyperbole has done its utmost. I may, however, remark that its dimensions appear to have been over-rated, in consequence of the mode of measurement adopted, and that the drawings of it, which have been engraved, give it an aspect of geometrical regularity which it is far from possessing. Its superiority in point of effect to the greatest efforts of architecture, might admit of dispute if there were any disputing about feelings. Another cave occurs at a short distance westward, of inferior dimensions, and inaccessible, unless when it can be entered in a boat, an event requiring a combination of circumstances of no very common occurrence at Staffa.

“Large fissures are seen above this cave, with an incipient detachment of considerable masses, threatening a ruin which is perhaps not far distant. Beyond this there is still another cave, which appears to pass through the promontory in which it lies, but equally or even more difficult of access, and still involved in uncertainty. Many other caves of less note are to be seen in various parts of the cliff around the island, into which the sea breaks with a noise resembling that of heavy and distant ordnance.

“In a letter transmitted last year to the secretary of this society, I took notice of a fact of considerable importance in the natural history of this island, which had before escaped the remark of visitors. This is the occurrence of a bed of alluvial matter on some parts of its surface containing fragments of the olden rocks. It is most easily seen at that side of the island which faces Iona, and on the summit of the cliffs of a semicircular bay opening in that direction. The bed is here broken at the edge of the cliff, so as to expose its whole thickness for a considerable extent. But the same appearance may also be observed immediately above the ordinary landing-place, where the bed has also been broken. The stones which it contains are all rounded, and of various, often considerable dimensions, and they exhibit specimens of granite, gneiss, micaceous schistus, quartz, and red sandstone. Together with these are some rolled pieces of basalt.

“Here then is a circumstance in the natural history of Staffa, adventitious it is true, but involving difficulties of no small importance.

If we cast our eyes on the map, we shall perceive that it is embayed in a large sinuosity, formed in the island of Mull, and nearly enclosed on the opposite side by Iona, and the Treshanish islands. Beyond the latter a second line is drawn by Tirey and Coll; while to the north, but at a greater distance, are placed the islands of Muck, Rum, Egg, Canna, and Sky. The whole island of Mull, with the exception of the Ross, is of trap formation, containing, however, some partial tracts of sandstone and other rocks, which I had not noticed. The islands of Ulva and the Treshanish, with their dependent rocks, are also of trap formation. So are the islands which lie to the north, and which I have enumerated above. Iona, however, together with Coll and Tirey, consists principally of gneiss and mica-slate, traversed by granite veins, rocks which also form the chief parts of the coasts of Lorn, Appin, Morven, and Ardnamurchan. It is to the former, then, that we must look for the origin of the rolled stones which covers Staffa, if, limiting the great operations of nature by our own narrow views, and the ages which have contributed to change the face of the globe by our own short span, we are led to seek for that solution which may appear the least difficult. Even then we must admit that Staffa has formed part of one continuous land, with the islands of Coll, Tirey, and Mull, since no transportation could have been effected without the existence at some period of a continuous declivity between them.

“The language which this circumstance speaks, is not obscured; and the nature of these changes allows of little dispute.

“If we admit the obliteration of so large a portion of solid land, and consider that a deep sea now rolls above the foundations of former mountains, we have no further difficulties to obstruct us in accounting for the numerous and distant accumulations of transported materials which occur over the whole surface of the earth. The same power, whatever it was, that hollowed the great sinuosity of Mull, might well remove the solid matter that once filled the valleys which now separate Mount Blanc from the ridges of Jura.

“But if appalled at the supposed magnitude of those changes, and at the period of time which must have elapsed to complete them, we suppose that the island of Staffa was elevated from the bottom of the sea in its present detached form, and retaining on its summit a portion of the bed of loose matter deposited under the present water, another order of phenomena crowds on us, no less important, and involving circumstances almost equally repugnant to the visible operations of nature.

“The appearances are, perhaps, insufficient to enable us to decide between two difficulties of equal magnitude, nor is it here necessary to enter further on that question. I may also leave it to those who have entered more deeply into such investigations, to determine, in the supposition of the first of these causes, *whether* the wasting of the land has arisen from the gradual action of natural operations, or the more violent efforts of an occasional destroying

force. It is my humble task to point out a fact as a contribution to that mass of accumulating information on which a consolidated fabric may at some future time be erected.

“Yet the idle spectator or enthusiastic lover of nature, who shall hereafter view this interesting spot, may, when he contemplates these grand revolutions, have to wonder less at the efforts of that power which has hollowed the Cave of Fingal, and submerged in the depths of the ocean those columns which seemed destined for eternity.”

IV.

REMARKS ON THE VITRIFIED FORTS OF SCOTLAND.

“THE contest about the vitrified forts of Scotland having for some time ceased from an apparent want of new matter, it may be deemed superfluous to revive it by the description of any more of these extraordinary structures. But some appearances which seemed to have been overlooked having occurred to me in examining these works, I thought it might yet be interesting to those who took a part in the former discussion, to receive any additional remarks which might assist in clearing up the points in dispute.

“As far as archæology is concerned in the question, I deem it useless to inquire to what era they are to be referred. That they belong to a people who had not learned the Roman arts is probable, since they contain no calcareous cement. But that this is a certain conclusion, I am not inclined to admit, as the knowledge of a simple fact among a savage people does not necessarily imply the power to direct it to use. The ability to detect calcareous stones, the means of quarrying them in certain situations, and the power of transporting them from great distances to places where they do not naturally exist, must have been possessed by these people before they could have directed to any useful purpose this naked truth derived from their conquerors. To instance only those vitrified forts which are found in Galloway.

“There is no limestone to be procured in that country, but by a very distant land-carriage, or a very circuitous route by sea. It is evident that a commercial system of some sort must have been established before the inhabitants of these countries could have cemented their buildings with lime, however they might have been acquainted with its properties.

“It is equally a matter beyond the power of modern investigation to discover, whether they were the works of the aboriginal Caledonians, or of their Danish invaders. Neither analogy nor examination of the remains throws the least light on the subject, a subject

which, as it is beyond the reach of historical or traditional evidence, seems equally divested of all those circumstances from which truth is sometimes elicited. It is nevertheless a general opinion, that they are remains of the earliest works of ancient inhabitants.

“This, too, is a proposition which appears to rest on a very vague sort of reasoning. The same antiquarians suppose that the well-known circular Pictish town, was built before the use of iron, but admit that they are of more modern date than the vitrified forts, from the greater artifice apparent in them. It will, however, be clear to any one who shall examine the vitrified fort near Amworth, in Galloway; that the ditch which has been excavated for the purpose of giving the fort a scarp all round, has been cut down by iron, or, at least, by a tool of metal. It is from the greater accumulation of soil on the ruins of the vitrified walls, an accumulation often sufficient to conceal them entirely from the view, that we are (if from anything) entitled to consider them as erections of a date more ancient than the towns of Glen Elg or Dun Dornadilla, or than any of the works as yet examined in which vitrified masonry has been used. But it is superfluous to pursue these archæological difficulties further.

“The question on which the two contending parties have been most at issue, was, whether the vitrification was the result of design or accident. While one party asserted that a regular process had been carried on for the purpose of making a solid wall, the other supposed that these walls might have been originally constructed of stone and wood united, and that accidental fire, or the attack of an enemy, had destroyed the compound structure, producing in consequence the vitrification now to be traced in them.

“Mr. Williams and Mr. Frazer Tytler are the most conspicuous leaders on each side.

“It seemed to me that light might be thrown on the question, by examining with mineralogical accuracy the substances of which these structures were composed, and noting the changes which each had undergone from the operation of the fire, and also by observing whence the stones had been derived which were used in them; and that the question of accident or design might be illustrated, by examining in the laboratory the degree of heat necessary to produce the requisite appearances in the stones which actually exist in these structures.

“In the present more diffused state of mineralogical and geological knowledge, it is unnecessary to refute the notion of their volcanic origin in a paper addressed to a society like this. For the purpose of the ordinary spectator, that refutation may be trusted to the increasing progress of natural knowledge.

“The hill of Dun Mac Sniochain, which lies in the plain, now supposed by some to be the site of the ancient Beregonium, has long been noticed as the seat of one of these extinguished volcanoes. Having seen specimens of pumice and lava (as they were called) collected from it, I was glad to have an opportunity of investigating

a very accessible specimen of what I concluded to be a vitrified fort. Such it proved.

“Those who have seen similar works know how completely they are sometimes covered with the soil, a circumstance which, as I have just noticed, perhaps more decidedly than any other, marks their high antiquity. Imperfect, however, as their traces generally are, there is a very peculiar form in that which is the subject of the present paper, and a plan differing much from the uniformity of structure and rudeness of design, which have been supposed to distinguish these works.

“The long narrow hill on which it stands, is nearly precipitous along three quarters of its circumference; at the other end it rises from the plain with a very accessible acclivity. A series of parallellogramic works have been constructed, so as nearly to cover the principal and precipitous part of it to the very edge. The greater portion of the hill being thus occupied by two of these works, the strongest part was cut off by a wall from the more accessible end, thus forming a sort of citadel, or place of retreat, at the last extremity, a practice very common in the ancient peninsular fortifications of Cornwall, in Castle Trereen for example, and in a similar castle at Zenor. To occupy and defend the vulnerable side of this position, the outer work appears to have been placed without the principal area, that from it the enemy might be seen and opposed in every part of his ascent. This disposition bears incontrovertible marks of military design and experience. Were a modern engineer to defend Dun Mac Sniochain, he could do little more than build a fort to occupy the ground, and contain his men, erecting an out-work to command the approach.

“I have thus particularly detailed the military relations of this work, to show that these forts very probably belonged to an age of some talent and improvement, a notion adverse to the suppositions of those who have conceived them to be the efforts of the rudest barbarians. But the ignorance and rudeness attributed to nations of mere warriors and hunters, is falsely assigned.

“The history of infant society shows on the contrary, instances of acute reasoning, of ready invention, of perseverance and prowess, which would be in vain sought among the enlightened populace of modern times, nay even among those who are far removed above that rank. But this ability and vigour of mind have been necessarily directed to those objects only, which were useful or honourable, or were then in fashion. The abilities of infant nations require to be compared with their necessities, and to be measured by their best works, not by their worst.

“The whole length of ground enclosed beyond the cross wall is about 200 yards, and its breadth is about 60. Within this space are two works, the one containing a perimeter of 153 yards, and the other one of 110. These, according to the modern military computation for the defence of a redoubt, are capable of holding more

than 500 men. The perimeter of the external work is 96 yards, a space nearly capable of disposing of 100 men. We are unable, from ignorance of their weapons and modes of warfare, to determine in what way these works were occupied or defended, but on any supposition, it appears that this must have been a military fort of some magnitude and consequence.

“I have entered into details of the magnitude, and figure, and military importance of this work, for the purpose of setting aside another hypothesis with regard to the vitrified forts. They have been supposed by some to have been merely beacons, and that the vitrification has been the result of the combustion of those heaps of wood which were used for signals.

“The supporters of this opinion have asserted that they always occupy the highest elevation, and that many of them are so placed as to be visible from each other. This is not true. The fort at Amworth is not on the highest ground it might have occupied, nor is the fort of Dun Mac Sniochain so situated: but they are both on the strongest ground. When the strongest and highest ground coincide, a case very common in hilly countries (I speak of military strength of ground, as connected with ancient modes of warfare) there, as at Craig Phadric, they naturally occupy the summit. I may add, that no fort has hitherto been discovered between this and Craig Phadric, except that at Dun Dheairduihl, nor have any been observed in its neighbourhood, in other directions. I might strengthen this argument by referring to the descriptions of other similar works, but I prefer arguing from those which I have seen.

“It now remains to inquire, if by any examination of the walls of Dun Mac Sniochain, light can be thrown on the causes of its vitrified appearance, and whether it was the result of design or of accident.

“The remains of walls in the other vitrified forts, noticed by different observers, have been so well described, as far as relates to their general appearance, that little can be added on this head. It may be sufficient to say, that they appear in the present work to be about twelve feet in thickness, and are now nearly buried under the soil.

“One circumstance, however, requires attention, as some false speculations have been founded on it. Both the outside and inside of the walls, near the ground, are rendered much thicker than their true measurement shows, by a mass of loose stones accumulated against them, and this renders it difficult, in the present state of things, to ascertain their real dimensions. It has been supposed that this was done with a view to strengthen the work, or else that it was an effect of the rude manner in which they were supposed to be erected. It would have been an extraordinary system of defence, which should have heaped up a pile of loose stones on the outside of a wall. Modern warfare is satisfied when its ordnance has produced such an addition to the face of an enemy's bastion. A little attention, also, to the angle which loose stones assume when they are at liberty,

might have shown that such a system would not only have prevented the defenders from approaching their own walls, but would, in fact, in small works, such as those of this fort, have occupied a very considerable portion of the included area.

“It is the dilapidation of the consolidated parts of the building which has produced this appearance. The thickness of the walls of this fort, as nearly as it can be appreciated, is, as I have already stated, twelve feet. They bear the marks of vitrification throughout their whole extent, but in some places it is more complete than in others. In no case does it seem to have extended more than a foot or two from the foundation, and the most perfect slags are found at the bottom of the wall. As we proceed upwards, we find a mixture of porous slag with stones, which having been but partially fused, have adhered together in a mass. Higher still, we meet with stones, which, though unvitrified, are roasted by the action of the heat, and at length the marks of fire diminish, until they almost entirely disappear, leaving only a heap of loose and unconnected stones. The loose part of the wall having fallen, through time, has caused that accumulation of rubbish which we find about the vitrified parts. On account of the mixed construction, we have no means of ascertaining the original height of these works; but if a judgment may be formed from the quantity of loose stones which are found at the base of the walls, it was probably not considerable. Nor, indeed, would a work which was intended for defence from within, admit of a greater height of wall than five feet, or that over which a man might look, a height which is equal to that of the ancient British field-works, if this may be determined from some of the perfect fragments which remain in Cornwall.

“Of one of the most remarkable of these, I have given an account to the Antiquarian Society. It is the fort known by the name of Castle au Dinas, in the parish of Ludgvan, in that county. Here the altitude of the work is determined by the perfect finish of part of the remaining wall, which consists of well-fitted dry masonry, the strength and solidity of which shows that it was not a temporary inclosure, but a sort of citadel, or work of permanent defence. The wall is here only five feet high, and from this I am inclined to conjecture that the vitrified forts did not exceed this height. Nor, indeed, are the accumulated ruins about them sufficient to give reason for suspecting that they were of a greater elevation. It is deserving of remark, that the vitrification of the outer work is not so complete as that of the inner one.

“Before examining the materials of which the wall is composed, it is necessary to mention the mineralogical nature of the rock on which it stands, and that of the immediate vicinity. The hill of Dun Mac Sniochain, is formed of limestone, lying in schistus; similar to that which constitutes the neighbouring island of Lismore. The schistus and the limestone alternate, but the latter is the predominant rock. The hill itself is perfectly insulated in a great alluvial

plain. To the west this plain is bounded by the mountains of Benediraloch, which descend abruptly into it, approaching at their nearest point, within half-a-mile or less of the fort. These mountains are formed of the old rocks common to the country, granite, gneiss, mica-slate, quartz-rock, and porphyry. A long mountain of trap rising at the borders of Loch Etive, skirts the edges of these hills for a considerable space, terminating on the plain of Connel by a trap breccia, that pudding-stone well known to tourists, as occurring in various places from Connel to Oban. This breccia, when nearest the fort, is at least half-a-mile distant from it. As the geological site of this rock does not concern the present inquiry, I shall limit myself to its mineralogical description.

“It consists of rounded pebbles of different magnitudes, cemented by a paste of a mixed brown and white colour. The pebbles are generally small, and are much more numerous under the size of an orange than above it. There are very few of considerable magnitude. They exhibit for the most part, different varieties of trap, or grunstone; all of which have been rounded previously to their entanglement. Of these there are purple, red, gray, and dark blue specimens; varying as much in solidity of texture as they do in colour, and more or less homogeneous in their appearance. Many of them are of an amygdaloidal structure, containing imbedded grains of calcareous spar, zeolites, and grun earth; and some are perfectly cavernous and scoriform. Besides these pebbles of trap, there are rounded pieces of quartz of different colours. white, gray, and red; cemented in the common ground. In the specimens which I examined, I could not trace any other kind of rock. The paste by which the whole is cemented is of a peculiar quality. It is either dark purple, or brown, or mottled, or gray, or a dirty mixture of brown, white, and dull green. It may be scratched with the knife, has an earthy smell when breathed on, and effervesces with nitrous acid. Its fracture is not properly granular, but rather of the small splintery. Before the blowpipe it is fused into a dark glass. On a minute examination, it appears to consist chiefly of fragments of trap cemented by a whitish substance, which proves to be the hard variety of calcareous spar mixed with a sand of trap. This trap sand is generally of a dark purple resembling many of the imbedded pebbles. Although this sand is the predominant ingredient in the paste, there are also found in it grains of quartz, minute zeolite, garnets, crystals of calcareous spar, and here and there prehnite, diallage, and chlorite-slate, as far as it is possible to speak decidedly of objects so very minute. The spar which cements this sand into a common paste, surrounds every grain so as to form them into a proper breccia, and enable the whole to break with the splintery fracture above noticed, instead of a granular one. Here and there the paste occupies large interstices, which have been formed by the approximation of two convex surfaces of considerable extent; and from these it may be traced, insinuating itself through all the grains of the mass. It is evident that the calcareous spar has

been introduced while in a state of fluidity, among the sand and gravel, as the larger pieces of paste may be observed to envelop the grains of trap. Generally, therefore, we may consider the pudding-stone of Lorn, as a congeries of trap sand and trap pebbles, cemented by calcareous spar, a rock often designated by the improper name of trap tufo.

“ This, however, is not the place to inquire into the means by which the mass was consolidated. That it is a case of an agglutinated rock differing greatly from the ordinary sandstone breccia, or the ferruginous and argillaceous pudding-stone, is very apparent. It resembles them indeed only superficially, and in its mechanical texture; and it will be worthy the labour of geologists, to direct their attention to the pudding-stones of this coast with more care than they have hitherto done. The other rocks are too well known to need any description.

“ The walls of the fort are found on examination to consist partly of the old rocks before enumerated, and partly of that which I have now mentioned. Gneiss, quartz, granite, mica-slate, clay-slate, pudding-stone, and pyritical slate, are seen entangled together, with a very small proportion of the particular rock on which the fort itself is founded. The source whence these rocks are derived is evident, with the exception of the pyritical slate, which I could not trace in the neighbourhood.

“ I have now to inquire what motive could induce the builders of this work to reject the stone which lay at their feet, and to fetch from such a distance the large quantities to raise their walls.

“ It is particularly remarkable that although the plain and shore are covered with fragments, yet these are almost entirely fragments of the primary rocks. I state this for the purpose of obviating a supposition that may be adduced to nullify the argument which I am about to derive, of a previous intention in the builders to vitrify their work, from their having neglected to use that rock on which the building was erected, and which was not adapted for the purposes of vitrification.

“ It might otherwise be suggested that they collected the loose rolled stones of the plain, as being ready broken to their hands.

“ But besides that the pudding-stone is rare among these fragments, the pieces of the wall which have not felt the fire are angular, and not rolled stones, showing pretty clearly that they were not collected on an alluvial plain, but broken from the rocks where they were formed.

“ Now, in the walls, the pudding-stone, which we shall presently find to be the only vitrified ingredient, predominates to such a degree, as to occupy the greater part of it.

“ Hence it appears at least a probable conclusion, that the builders were acquainted with the effect of fire in destroying limestone, and that intending to erect a vitrified wall, they rejected that which was unfit for their purposes, however conveniently placed.

“Had the object been to erect a dry wall of stone and wood, the limestone would have equally answered their intentions. This notion of a design to vitrify seems to receive additional strength from the apparent solicitude and labour employed in introducing so much pudding-stone into the work. It is very likely that accident had taught them the vitrifiable nature of this ingredient; a piece of knowledge the more probable, if, as there seems little reason to doubt, they were acquainted with the art of making iron, an art which we must not deny to them when it is known to many of the inhabitants of Africa who are in a very low state of civilisation.

“Such are the consequences, I would endeavour to deduce from the mineralogical considerations belonging to this question.

“It is now proper to examine the changes which the several substances have undergone, that we may, if possible, form some rational conjecture on the degree of heat to which they have been subjected, and on the probable means by which this heat was produced.

“Where the quartz has been most exposed to the fire, it has become brittle and easily pulverisable. The granite too is brittle and crumbles to pieces. Gneiss and mica-slate are also rotten when they have contained much iron, in consequence of the oxidation of that metal. When pure they have remained unchanged, as we might expect from the well-known properties of some of the varieties of mica-slate. Often when their flat surfaces have been in contact, they are agglutinated, from the superficial vitrification of the quartz which they contain, when united to the potash produced by the fuel. This is also the cause of the glazed surface which covers the clay-slate and which has frequently occasioned numerous small pieces to adhere in one lump.

“In many places the mica-slate has been so softened by the application of heat as to have bent and conformed itself to the neighbouring protuberances, undergoing at the same time no great change of texture, unless when much impregnated with iron; an appearance perhaps assisting to confirm that explanation of the contortions of the gneiss beds which attributes this effect to the action of heat.

“Very little change appears in the specimens of common slate which I have taken from it. If any limestone has found its way into the wall, it has probably been calcined, and subsequently assisted to bring into fusion the refractory earths. It is to the pudding-stone, however, that the main part of the vitrification is to be attributed. Without this it would have been only a mass of burnt rocks, and specimens of it may be taken from the wall in every state, from that of a black glass, to a spongy scoria capable of floating in water. There are also many pieces, which having been exposed to a lower heat, exhibit a gradual succession of changes, from incipient calcination to complete fusion.

“This, therefore, is the cement of the building; and it has been so mixed through the whole, that there is scarcely a part, (I speak of the foundation), which has not been united into a continuous mass by the

fusion of this substance. The last stone of which the changes are worth noticing, is the pyritical slate.

“In general, it has become disintegrated, in consequence of the sublimation of the sulphur contained in the pyrites. But many specimens may be taken from the wall, where the pyrites has felt no change, proving, evidently, that it has scarcely undergone the action of heat. In the vitrification, therefore, of the pudding-stone, and the integrity of the pyrites, we are furnished with the two extreme points of temperature under which this work has been raised.

“How these are to be reconciled is a new difficulty; it is unnecessary to examine the highest temperature at which pyrites can maintain its integrity, as it is known to be low. It is equally useless to examine into the powers of the granite and quartz rocks to resist heat, as they are also well known.

“The fusibility of the pudding-stone arises partly from the fusible nature of the substance which I have described as forming its proper paste, but in some measure also from that of the amygdaloids and grun-stones imbedded in it. It is in consequence of the carbonic acid contained in the calcareous crystals, which these amygdaloid pebbles exhibit, that the inflated scoria are produced; for it may be easily traced to them through a regular gradation. To pursue this subject experimentally, I thought it necessary to submit various parts of this rock to the furnace, that I might ascertain the degree of heat necessary to effect the corresponding changes in it, and the fragments were accompanied by one of Mr. Wedgwood’s pyrometers.

“The spongy scoria remained unchanged, and the natural amygdaloid was sometimes unaltered, and sometimes disintegrated by the calcination of its lime, without undergoing any mark of fusion in a heat of 20° , a heat at which brass is melted. From 20° to 30° the amygdaloid underwent no change, except a slight vitrification on the surface; at 40° it was much affected, and was fused into a glass at 60° .

“Having excited the fire to 100° , I exposed to it various parts of the pudding-stone, which had not been affected in the heat at which the amygdaloid was changed. Some of these were vitrified, and became precisely similar to many of the specimens taken from the wall, whilst others continued to resist for a long time even this intense heat; a heat at which many varieties of earthenware are baked. It is unnecessary to relate all the experiments which I performed on the different substances, as it is not my object to state these matters for the purposes of chemistry. Those which have been adduced are sufficient to prove that some of the fused substances must have been brought to that condition in a heat not less than 60° or upwards, of Wedgwood’s scale. Such, then, at least, is the temperature at which the walls of this fort have been fused; it may have been much greater. It is perfectly evident that if a

temperature of 60° existed in one part of the wall, pyrites lying near it must have been decomposed.

“There could be no such discordancy of temperature existing simultaneously, and so near, in a mass of this construction. Hence it follows, that the wall could not have put on its present appearance by one heating, if it were all actually built previously to the application of the heat. This precludes the possibility of the supposition contained in Mr. Tytler’s hypothesis. Had the fire, which he supposes the cause of vitrification, been produced by the burning down of the wooden part of the compound wall which he has imagined, it could not have happened that a vitrification requiring a temperature of 60° should have taken place in one part, while in another, such a substance as pyrites remained unchanged.

“The great heat requisite to effect the vitrification of the pudding-stone, is an additional argument against this hypothesis, as it could not have been produced by any quantity of wood, capable of entering into such a wall, unless the wood had predominated to an extent incompatible with any idea we can form of its architecture. It is not, indeed, easy to conceive a plan capable of producing these effects, and certainly none more feasible than the suggestion of Mr. Williams.

“With him I should rather be inclined to suppose that a sort of furnace was constructed of a double earthen wall, in which the materials were placed, with such a quantity of wood as was sufficient to excite a strong heat, and that this operation was repeated till the wall had gained its wished-for elevation. The earthen furnace in which the Africans fuse their ores seems to countenance this supposition.

“The imperfect combustion of the upper parts may be easily conceived to have arisen from a partial neglect of the fire after the wall had nearly attained its requisite height; nor is there any reason why it should not have been increased in height by the addition of cold stones after a firm foundation had been obtained.

“One other circumstance in the appearance of the burnt stones is deserving of notice before quitting this subject. The changes which the mica-slate has undergone, appear to be such as could not have been produced but by long torrefaction, or by such a repetition of the heat, as I have supposed to be the result of design. The transient effects which would follow the burning down a wooden wall, would scarcely have been sensible on stones of so refractory a nature, which exhibit changes, in many instances, as great as if they had been exposed for a long time to the heat of an ardent furnace. Such are the observations to which a consideration of the fort of Dun Mac Sniochain has given rise.

“As this was the only one of these mysterious fabrics which I had seen when the above remarks suggested themselves to me, I was afterwards glad to have an opportunity of examining the fort

on Craig Phaedric, it being that one on which most labour had been bestowed, and that which I thought might possibly either confirm or refute my notions on the subject.

“Its general appearance and military structure having been fully and carefully described, I shall only indulge in a very few remarks on its physical composition.

“The hill of Craig Phaedric, on which it stands, is one of a numerous set of pudding-stone rocks, which may be traced from Fyers, and, for aught I know, beyond it. At Fyers, they lie above the primary rocks, which they doubtless separate, as usual, from the secondary strata, as they may be seen near Inverness, succeeded by sandstone breccia and common sandstone. On the top of the rock there is a deep deposit of rounded stones, consisting of fragments of the olden rocks. The pudding-stone of Craig Phaedric differs completely from that of Lorn. It contains no fragments of the grunstone amygdaloid, there being no grunstone beds in its vicinity, as there are on the Oban coast. The pebbles which it does contain, are of quartz, gneiss, granite, and the other associated rocks. The paste which cements them is of a granular texture, entirely and essentially different from that of the Lorn pudding-stone, and belonging to a very different class of substances. It is agglutinated by adhesion, as the sandstones are, without a common binding paste; and consists of fragments of the same rocks which form the nodules, exhibiting generally a gritty mixture of hornblende, mica, felspar, and quartz, with a considerable portion of ferruginous felspar clay. The difference in the vitrification of the wall arising from this cause is obvious, since the scoria of Craig Phaedric contain none of that very light and spongy sort capable of floating in water, and which I have shown to arise from the fusion of the calcareous amygdaloid. It differs also in these respects, that it contains no pyritical slate, and that it contains fragments of sandstone. The heat has operated on these stones, so as to roast and crack the quartz, granite, gneiss, mica-slate, common slate, and sandstone, producing appearances similar to those of the specimens in Dun Mac Snochain. The gneiss only, which contains much hornblende, and passes into hornblende slate, is partially fused. The mica-slate, containing also, in some instances, layers of hornblende, has been split in sunder by the vitrification of these lamina; and in other cases it is bent and contorted in a very amusing and instructive manner. But the cementation of the wall is produced by the vitrification of the paste which forms the pudding-stone. By this, not only its own pebbles are united, but the neighbouring stones have been entangled in the general mass.

“It is plain that no additional argument to support the notion of a design to vitrify can be deduced from this specimen, except that of the great heat required to fuse it, which applies as well to this case as to that of Dun Mac Snochain.

“Having in these two instances detected the existence of a vitrifiable substance in the rocks from which the walls were constructed, I was in hopes that all the other vitrified forts would be found to occur in the vicinity of vitrifiable rocks. No mineralogical notice has accompanied the accounts of those which have been observed in Aberdeenshire, in Ross-shire, and other situations, nor had I an opportunity of inspecting them. But I have since learned that three or four exist in Arisaik, a country consisting of gneiss and granite rocks only. The refractory nature of these substances would almost lead us to doubt that the buildings are actually vitrified, unless hornblende or other unnoticed vitrifiable matters abound in them.

“It is but of late that similar structures have been detected in the southern parts of Scotland. Three of them are found in Galloway; but I had an opportunity of examining only that which lies in the parish of Amworth. It is a rectangular and simple wall, occupying the summit of a steep and strong but low hill, and exhibiting the usual general appearances.

“As the whole of this part of the country consists of common grauwacke, and grauwacke-slate; I was, I confess, incredulous about the reported vitrification, on account of the refractory nature of those substances.

“On examining the wall, it appeared, that although it bore very generally the mark of fire, the vitrification had occurred in very few places, and in distant patches. I was at a loss to account for this circumstance, till on accurate examination of the surrounding rocks, I found some places where the grauwacke assumed a peculiar character, exhibiting distinct grains of imbedded carbonate of lime. This variety is fusible, and from this, unquestionably, the vitrified portions had originated. It is here that a part of the rock has been cut down, very certainly by sharp tools, for the purpose of scarping one side of the fort. There is no bed of foreign fragments on the top of the grauwacke, and no covering but the common soil. I know not what conjectures we can form about this fort, except that the same attempt has been made, but has failed from the deficiency of proper materials. I confess that the consideration of the requisite heat inclines me, as much in this case as in the former, to the original supposition, and confirms in my mind the notion that the vitrified forts of Scotland are the effects of design.

“Since the above account was written, two circumstances have occurred to me, which seem to afford additional evidence of the truth of the opinions I have held respecting the vitrification of these buildings.

“The first is an article in the twelfth volume of ‘Nicholson’s Journal,’ page 313, quoted from the report of a French engineer, (M. Legoux de Flaix) describing a method of building practised in Hindostan. In this process a wall of brick earth is erected, which is then surrounded by a coffin filled with combustibles. As the

combustion proceeds, fresh fuel is added, until the whole wall is baked into one solid brick. The coincidence of the effects of this actually-existing process with those of one long since forgotten, seems to prove almost to demonstration, that similar means have been practised in the ancient military works of Scotland to produce structures so analogous to those now commonly used in India, and that the 'baking' of buildings in this country must be considered in the light of a lost art.

"The other is to be found in the history of Gatacre House, in Shropshire (now unfortunately pulled down), of which a slight and not perfectly correct account is given by Owen Salisbury Brereton, Esq., in the third volume of the 'Archæologia.' On applying to the present most respectable octogenarian proprietor (descendant of this ancient family), to whose regard for the superior comforts of a modern house we are indebted for the destruction of these singular and venerable remains, I was informed that the west end alone had been vitrified.

"The vitrification was so entire and continuous, as to form one uniform glassy substance over the whole of the wall, and thus to conceal even the joints of the masonry. The wall itself was of gray mottled sandstone, about eighteen inches thick. I have examined the vitrified crust in a specimen transmitted to me. It is scarcely the twentieth part of an inch in thickness, and consists of a green transparent glass, perfectly superficial. Its appearance would lead me to conclude that it had been produced by the application of alkali or salt to the surface of the walls previously to the process of firing by which the vitrification was effected. The proprietor is inclined to think that the vitrified wall was of greater antiquity than the rest of the building, but offers no conjecture relative to the time of its erection. It is only known that the family can be traced on the same spot to a period as far back as that of Edward the Confessor.

"We have here these additional accessory evidence to prove that the art of vitrifying buildings after their erection, was an art practised in Britain. In this case it was evidently intended for the purpose of excluding the weather, and certainly a more effectual expedient could not have been devised. The vitrified forts of Scotland, more solid and less exposed to the ravages of art, have but partially yielded to the universal enemy, time. The more slender structures intended for habitation, have disappeared in the lapse of years, or have suffered from the taste of other improvers."

THE END.



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