



3 1761 05333701 0



D9
C81

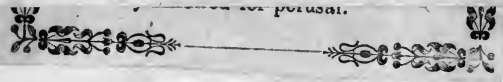
RESERVE

WITHDRAWN FROM VICTORIA
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Literary Society
LIBRARY!

Presented by.....

No. ~~225~~ 1135



John C. Willmott.

Trafalgar
C. N.

To.

The Literary Association
of Victoria College.

July 18th 1859.

W. Willson.

Jan 18

1877

to the Secretary of the
Board of Education
of the City of New York

to

of

6

1871

John G. ...

...

...

...

...

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

LOITERINGS IN EUROPE;

OR,

Sketches of Travel

IN

FRANCE, BELGIUM, SWITZERLAND, ITALY, AUSTRIA, PRUSSIA,
GREAT BRITAIN, AND IRELAND.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING OBSERVATIONS ON EUROPEAN CHARITIES AND MEDICAL
INSTITUTIONS.

BY JOHN W. CORSON, M.D.

Second Edition.

398

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
82 CLIFF STREET.

1848.

D

919

C677

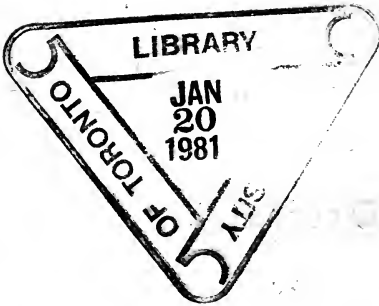
1848

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand
eight hundred and forty-eight, by
HARPER & BROTHERS,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District
of New York.

1462
914

Dedicated
TO
MY FATHER.

D
919
C677



PREFACE.

THE reasons for publishing, on the present occasion, are so much like those of other people who have written similar books, that, to prevent repetition, the author takes the liberty of referring for them to some other preface. One or two features in the work, however, seem to require a few words of explanation. It has been rather the result of accident than otherwise.

When about to embark for Europe, on a professional tour, some two years since, he was unexpectedly solicited by friends, to whose kindness he had been previously indebted, to write a few traveling letters for a leading journal, in which they were interested. He consented to serve anonymously, and thus appeared the earlier part of this volume.

Those most interested happened to be persons of strong religious feelings, and he was thus naturally led occasionally to express his more serious thoughts. Shielded by a convenient mask, on the other hand, each letter was a sort of confidential circular to certain friends in the secret. He indulged at will in detailing trifling personal adventures, as a relief to graver matters, and felt little restraint upon innocent playfulness. These buoyant feelings were as balm to spirits before depressed by care and bereavement, and he rather courted them.

Having thus begun, like some people in talking, he found it hard to stop. He journeyed farther, and wrote more than he

expected; and a combination of circumstances induced him afterward to finish the series in a small volume.

The free, gossiping style of the commencement was continued from choice. It seemed the most natural. He noted every change of cloud or sunshine that came over him, to convey to others the *sensations* of traveling. Such things are commonly read as substitutes for the exercise itself; and he treated the reader as an intimate companion, telling him of his joys and sorrows, not to be egotistical, but to make the illusion more complete, and carry him, as it were, to the spot. He hopes such confidence will not be abused. The better to accomplish his purpose, he sometimes designedly "*loitered*" over the merest trifles. Like a landscape painter, if you please, he tried to make the picture more truthful by interspersing, among greater objects, blades of grass, insects, pebbles, and creeping flowers.

In addition, the writer has, from the first, firmly resolved to be good-natured. The peace interests of the world, and the softening of national prejudices, seem to require that the foibles of every people should be dwelt upon and reproved rather by their own countrymen than by strangers. We justly complained of certain foreigners, who repaid our best hospitalities with libels on our political and social institutions. The writer prefers erring, if at all, on the side of charity. He is willing to forego the credit for patriotism gained by abusing our neighbors. He saw, every where, more to praise than to blame; and, in looking at things on the bright side, he only followed the golden rule.

Few are more liable to imposition, from interested parties, than travelers; and it is possible that, with all the care taken, there may have crept in slight inaccuracies.

With the advice of valued friends, a couple of lectures on European Charities and Poor, delivered while these sheets were passing through the press, and embodying materials gathered in attempting to execute a commission in behalf of a

benevolent society, with some emendations, have been inserted, in an Appendix. The local allusions they contain are merely applications of general principles, important to common humanity. The letter on Foreign Hospitals and Schools of Medicine explains itself.

In excuse for some of the defects of the work, the writer may state, that higher obligations have made it throughout a secondary matter. More than a year or more than half the time spent abroad, was passed in close confinement among the hospitals of Paris, Vienna, and London. His tours were mostly but long vacations, and his "Loiterings" often necessarily brief. He endeavored to make up for these disadvantages as well as he could, by striving to improve every hour possible in sight-seeing and traveling, in all weathers and at all seasons. Many portions have been hastily written after fatiguing journeys, days spent in professional toil, or during hours stolen from needed sleep.

In conclusion, upon the subjects discussed, and all others, the author both yields and claims freedom of thought. He assumes no infallibility, nor exemption from honorable criticism; and simply desires, in return, that fairness and liberality which, in these pages, it has been his sincere desire to cultivate.

BROOKLYN, *March*, 1848.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

WITHIN the brief period since the first edition went to press, changes scarcely foreseen by the most sagacious, and astonishing even to the actors themselves, have convulsed Europe.

Steam and the telegraph have latterly linked the world into one great sympathizing community. Every throb in the political pulse of France, Italy, or Germany, has been felt to the most remote extremities. Months have seemed to convey to us the sensations of years. By the events of a few weeks the great centers of civilization to which these pages are devoted have acquired an intense interest—an interest but enhanced by the mystery which enshrouds the future.

The author has generally preferred giving as many facts as possible, and leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

It does not at present seem necessary seriously to curtail or amend. Descriptions of the scenery attempted to be brought home to the reader, forming so large a proportion of the volume, if faithful, must remain so for years to come. The Alps will continue in grandeur to shine, the ruins of Rome and Pompeii in their desolation to sadden, and the Loire, the Arno, and the Rhine in beauty to roll on as before. Even great national traits can vary but little in a generation. The mercurial Frenchman, ardent Italian, high-spirited Englishman, and kind-hearted German, must long be the same.

We are kept constantly advised, too, of the slightest change in each of the members of the great body politic, by the public press.

Amid the present confusion and uncertainty it seems convenient to keep in view former landmarks.

The few sentences, therefore, not applicable to the present political state of Europe are left untouched, as fragments in the history of that ominous calm which we have just begun to appreciate, and whose importance has only been increased by the mighty quakings that have followed.

BROOKLYN, *September*, 1848.

C O N T E N T S.

CHAPTER I.

	Page
Sea Weariness—Last Storm—Land, ho !—Mouth of the Seine—Remarkable Researches—Havre—Taking Portraits	13

CHAPTER II.

New Quadruped—Normandy—Sudden Elevation—Rouen—Helps to Memory—Carnival	19
--	----

CHAPTER III.

A French River—Things Rural—Humanity in a Blouse—Chateau of Rosny—Railway—Paris—First Impressions	23
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

Easter in Nôtre Dame—Relics—Church of the Royal Family—Funeral in the Madeleine—Wesleyan Chapel—The Oratoire	27
--	----

CHAPTER V.

Fête du Roi—Imagination—Place de la Concorde—The Tuileries—Champs Elysées—Living Statue—Arch of Triumph—Louis Philippe—Fireworks—Pericles	33
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

Palais Royal—Flight of Fancy—The Louvre	39
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

	Page
Quartier Latin—Escape—Orleans—Jeanne d'Arc—Galvanizing History —The Loire—Tours—St. Martin—Amboise	42

CHAPTER VIII.

Escape from a Pastoral—Shepherdesses—Vineyards—Chateau of Che- nonceau—Blois—Salle des États-Généreaux—Fontainebleau—Return .	49
--	----

CHAPTER IX.

A deep Subject—The Abattoirs—Hôtel des Invalides—Chamber of Deputies—M. Lamartine—Chamber of Peers—Père-la-Chaise	56
--	----

CHAPTER X.

Narrative Style—Illustrative Facts—Garden of Plants—Scientific Insti- tutions—Life in a Madhouse—Politics	63
--	----

CHAPTER XI.

Introduction—St. Cloud—Sèvres—Versailles—Journey to Boulogne— Foggy Reception—London—Evangelical Alliance	71
--	----

CHAPTER XII.

Trying the Nerves—Dover—Influence of the Moon—Ostend—Ghent— Brussels—Bold Design—Waterloo—Trip to the Rhine—Cologne	77
--	----

CHAPTER XIII.

St. Ursula—Happy Meeting—Cathedral—The Rhine—Ehrenbreitstein —Legend of Lurlei—Home Feelings—Fair at Frankfort	83
---	----

CHAPTER XIV.

Speculation—Ariadne—Madame Rothschild—The Bergstrasse—Heidel- berg—Baden-Baden—"Conversation House"—Strasburg—Basle	89
--	----

CHAPTER XV.

Styles of Traveling—Innocent Amusement—Basle Campagne—Lake Sempach—Arnold of Winkelried—Lucerne—Singular Tradition— Ascent of the Righi	96
---	----

CHAPTER XVI.

	Page
Lake Lucerne—Tell's Chapel—Night Adventure—Tour in Oberland— The Wengern Alp	104

CHAPTER XVII.

Interlachen—Knightly Feat—A Fair—Taking an Observation—Lake Thun—Berne—A Wandering Journeyman—Neuchâtel	109
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

Neuchâtel to Geneva—Savoy—Chamouny—Mer de Glace—A Failure —Alpine "Curiosities of Literature"—Mont Blanc from the Flégère —Chamois Chase with a Walking-Stick—The Tête Noire	115
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

Distant Beauty—The Vallais—St. Bernard—Chillon—Lausanne—Lake Geneva—Revolution	123
---	-----

CHAPTER XX.

Lyons—Misty Visions—Sad Memorials—The Rhone—Avignon—Ragged Escort—Palace of the Popes—The Inquisition	130
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

Exuberance—Vaucluse—Nismes—Roman Antiquities—Pont du Gard— Marseilles—Marie Discovery—Bay of Genoa	135
---	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

"Fond Anticipation"—Genoa—Ancient Costume—Shadowy Reflections —Politics and Trade—Palaces—Chiesa Annunciata	141
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

Sea Retirement—Leghorn—Toleration—Civita Vecchia—A Dilemma— The Campagna—Rome	146
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

Roman Impressions—Pantheon—Airy Visions—Capitol—Dying Glad- iator—The Pope—"Taking Possession."	150
--	-----

CHAPTER XXV.

	Page
Romantic Weather—Coliseum by Moonlight—Suspicious Visitor—Trajan's Column—The Forum—Arch of Titus—Santa Scala	156

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Caught Napping"—Subterranean Celebration—St. Peter's—Sistine Chapel—The Vatican—Last Judgment—Raphael's Transfiguration—Baths of Dioclesian	162
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVII.

Adieu to a Breakfast—Italian Village—Papal States—Monk in a Minority—Monte Cassino—Capua—Vesuvius—Skirmish with Lazzaroni	168
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bay of Naples—Street Customs—Lazzaroni—"Gallant Friend"—Virgil's Tomb—Grotto of Posilippo—Sibyl's Cave—Elysium—Pompeii	174
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIX.

Neapolitan Ethics—Swiss Soldiers—Gastric Insurrection—Pisa—Leaning Tower—Duomo—Campo Santo—A Recitation	180
---	-----

CHAPTER XXX.

Italian Railroads—Vetturini—"Effort in Public"—Tuscan People—Florence—Powers' Greek Slave—Episcopal Service	187
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXI.

Attack of Enthusiasm—Paintings—Pitti Palace—Memorials of Galileo—Adieu to Florence	192
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXII.

Crossing the Apennines—Sights not Seen—Bologna—San Petronio—St. Dominic—Monuments—University—Lady Professors—Leaning Towers	198
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXIII.

	Page
Early Rising—Moonlight—Lombardy—The Po—Ferrara—Italian Politics—Palazzo d'Este—Tasso's Prison	203

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Dull Entertainment—Crossing the Po—Nervous Affection—Rovigo—Padua—Perseverance—St. Anthony—Classical Discoveries	207
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXV.

Poetry and Steam—Bridging the Sea—Venice—Piazza of St. Mark—Cathedral—Stealing a Patron—Doge's Palace—Council of Ten—Bridge of Sighs	212
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Sentimental Habits—Housetop Reflections—A Gondola—Grand Canal—Bridge of the Rialto—Trieste—Crossing the Julian Alps—Carniola—Styria	217
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A Discovery—Locomotive Memorial—Gratz—Country Archduke—Iron—Smoke—Vienna by Snow-storm—Suburb City—Austrian Manners	222
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Street Lecture—"Declaring Intentions"—Austrian Government—Education—Policy—Italian Question—Emperor and Empress—St. Stephen's—Monument	228
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Crossing the Danube—Olmütz—Lafayette's Prison—Primitive Bed—Prague—Ziska's Camp—Memorials of Huss—Synagogue—Palace of Wallenstein	234
---	-----

CHAPTER XL.

A Sleigh-Ride—Culm—Saxony—Dresden—Gallery—Green Vaults—King and Queen—Leipsic—Poniatowski's Tomb—Society of Gustavus Adolphus—Lutzen	242
--	-----

CHAPTER XLI.

	Page
Affair of the Heart—Halle—Theological Lecture—Magdeburg—Wittenburg—German Manners—Luther's Grave—His furnished Sitting-room	249

CHAPTER XLII.

Berlin—Brandenburg Thor—Unter den Linden—Chamber of Art—King—Government—Prussian System of Education—Army	256
---	-----

CHAPTER XLIII.

Grateful Wishes—Misty Recollections—Mecklenburg—Körner—Hamburg—Hull—Route to London	263
---	-----

CHAPTER XLIV.

Glimpses of London	267
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLV.

A Chapter of Fragments—Case of Rheumatism—British Association—Oxford—Yorkshire Elections—Lake Windermere—Coach-ride	279
---	-----

CHAPTER XLVI.

Meeting on a Bridge—Attractive Scenery—Edinburgh	287
--	-----

CHAPTER XLVII.

Route to Glasgow—The Clyde—Loch Lomond—Rob Roy's Rock—Race after a Pony—Loch Katrine—Stirling Castle—Bannockburn	291
--	-----

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Prison at Sea—Belfast—Politics in a Coach—Drogheda—Dublin—Phoenix Park—Trinity College	297
--	-----

CHAPTER XLIX.

Wicklow Scenery—Vale of Ovoca—Jaunting Car—"Meeting of the Waters"—The Seven Churches—King O'Toole—Curious Legends—Return to Liverpool—Sabbath at Sea	300
---	-----

APPENDIX.

EUROPEAN CHARITIES AND POOR.

LECTURE I.—*Institutions for Children.*

	Page
Crèches of Paris—Foundling Hospital—Children-Preservation-Institutions of Germany—Swiss Hospital for Young Cretins—Beggars at Rome—Industrial Establishment of San Michele—Monte Domini at Florence—Labor Schools of Aberdeen—Juvenile Pauperism in Edinburgh—Ragged Schools of London—Letter from a Pupil—Orphan House at Halle—Herman Francke—Inferences—Robert Snow—Claims of Children	309

LECTURE II.—*Adult Institutions.*

Lazzaroni at Naples—Hotel of the Poor—Roman Dowry Societies—Company of Mercy at Florence—Voluntary Workhouse of Vienna—Penny Savings' Bank at Berlin—German Poor—Silk Weavers of Lyons—French Poor-system since the First Revolution—Bureaux de Bienfaisance—Canaille of Paris—Poor-Economy of Belgium—Pauper Colonies of Holland—History of the English Poor-laws—Pauperism in Ireland—Famine—Soup Kitchens—Glasgow Night Asylum—Voluntary System in Scotland—Charitable Pawning Establishments of France and Germany—Concluding Remarks—Poor-Association—Parks—Hospital—Private Charity—Plan of a Benevolent Pawning Institution	337
--	-----

LETTER ON FOREIGN HOSPITALS AND SCHOOLS OF
MEDICINE.

Hospitals of Paris—General Council—Bureau Central—Internes and Externes—Sisters of Charity—Statistics—Hôtel Dieu—Roux—Baron Louis—La Charité—Velpeau—Bouillaud—Hospital of St. Louis—

	Page
Hôpital des Cliniques—La Pitié—M. Piorry—Necker Hospital—M. Trousseau—Civiale—Hôpital des Enfants Malades—M. Guerin—The School of Medicine—Faculty—Ecole Pratique—Clamart—Private Courses—General Characteristics—Great Hospital at Vienna—Rokitansky—Advantages for Studying Pathology—Professor Skoda—Theories of the Sounds of the Chest—Wards for Teaching Auscultation and Percussion—Rosas—Ophthalmic Department—School of Berlin Hospitals—Peculiarities of Practice—Schönlein—Baron Dieffenbach—Hospitals of London—Superiority in Surgery—English Practice—Edinburgh—Practical Advantages of the Dublin School—Excellencies—Expenses in the Different Cities—Recapitulation—Comparative Advantages—Conclusion	373

LOITERINGS IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

Sea Weariness—Last Storm—Land, ho!—Mouth of the Seine—Remarkable Researches—Havre—Taking Portraits.

On a gloomy winter's morning at the commencement of '46 I waked on board the New-York packet-ship *St. Nicholas*, more than two thirds of the way across the Atlantic. Who but the initiated can describe the sensation of intolerable weariness—that second sea-sickness in the shape of a sort of subdued salt-water hydrophobia—that is felt in the latter half of a long voyage? Every source of amusement seemed exhausted. Some of us had practiced the wildest and the tamest ship gymnastics; others had desperately turned students, and perpetrated barbarous French and frightful German, or perseveringly worried the poor sailors in learning their alphabet; and several had conspired to torment an inoffensive piano in the cabin, by giving nautical concerts, whose vehemence astonished even the performers.

Some allowance must, of course, be made for having one's imagination stirred by a boisterous winter passage like ours; but, omitting the preparatory deadly loathings of sea-sickness—to be “cabined and confined” for weeks or months—to gaze

day after day on the same cheerless prospect of sky and water, varied only by clouds and tempests, till the chilly expanse seems fairly increasing in blueness—to sleep in fear of the floor, and to eat in dread of the affectionate flight of roast beef—seem almost too much for a peaceable endurance. I think I shall always, after this, have more charity for crimes and misdemeanors at sea. It is enough to make people desperate. Instead of retaining all my school-boy indignation against the Spanish crew of Columbus, it now seems rather wonderful that they did not carry out their purpose of making him take Jonah's leap, and try protracted sea-bathing as the hydropathic cure for ambition, instead of discovering our beautiful western world.

With one exception, it had rained or snowed every day of the passage. In the edge of the evening the wind increased, the clouds grew blacker, and on came our last and most terrific storm. I had often read of such things, but I confess the reality far surpassed all my former conceptions. There seemed something ominous in the trumpet-voice of the captain giving orders amid the din of the tempest—the seamen hurrying in gangs about the decks, hastily furling the sails and dangling wildly among the slippery yards and rigging. The uproar increased, and as you timidly staggered toward some object for support, you felt the ship heaving, rolling, and plunging like a thing of life, contending with a merciless enemy; and suddenly, with a booming crash, a sea flooded her decks—you looked hastily around to see if any were swept overboard, and you felt beneath your feet a recoiling tremor, that seemed to run through every panel and timber. You strove to look abroad, but all was impenetrable darkness, relieved only by fitful flashes of lightning, and the foam of the angry waves; you essayed to listen, and a continuous stunning roar, as of a hundred cataracts, added fearfully to a scene that was enough to make the stoutest hearts to quail. Below, our ladies shrieked; the most boisterous became thoughtful and sad; and faces that a few hours be-

fore were wreathed in smiles, grew horror-stricken and pale. Death is terrible enough on the softest couch, and soothed by those we love; but the prospect of suddenly sinking far from friends—of gasping and buffeting with mountain waves—of having your limbs mangled by the shark, or your requiem sung by howling winds, and the sea-weed for a winding-sheet, has in it something peculiarly appalling. While the storm still raged, a little group might be seen in one part of the cabin, drinking in, with strange earnestness, the beautiful and consoling passages which, in a voice faltering with emotion, one of their number read from the ninety-first Psalm.

Next day, toward evening, the wind abated, and the morning succeeding we were saluted with the welcome shout of "Land, ho!" We all rushed on deck in a tumult of joy. It was the dimly-seen headland on the English shore, termed the Start. As we glided along before a light breeze, the Channel became more thickly studded with sails. For the first time in our lives some of us had caught a glimpse of the land of our forefathers. Strange emotions were excited. It was the scene of a thousand incidents embalmed in story and in song. The very waters over which we were then being wafted seemed every where to call up interesting historical reminiscences. Across our path had once floated the Spanish armada, with its mighty arms extended for miles, as if to grasp the shore; and just to the northward it had first encountered its intrepid enemy. A little farther west, two centuries previous, Blake and Tromp had, for three successive days, fought for the empire of the seas; and away to the south, the sea, then so tranquil, had been dyed with the blood of the French and English. At length, we saw the blue outline of Cape La Hève and the sunny hills of Normandy. Every one seemed to have his special reason for being delighted. Our excellent Captain H. was about to complete his first voyage in our superb ship in only eighteen days; the Baron D. and the rest of the French passengers, after an exile of years,

stood rapturously gazing on their own *La belle France*; leaning with enthusiasm over the bulwarks was the tall, slender form of an only son, traveling for health, and about to leave with a fresher cheek; beside him, with a gladdened visage, rested one who sought, by change of scene, to soothe a heart almost broken by bereavement; and close at hand was a young adventurer, about to realize advantages in study and travel, for which he had despairingly toiled for years. The gently swelling sails, the bright waters, and all the splendid panorama before us, were illumined, too, by one of the most glorious of earthly visions—a sunset at sea. As we looked eastward, the rich effulgence appeared resting as upon a mirror on the mouth of the silvery Seine, glistening from the chalky cliffs, and bathing in gold the winding shore; and as we turned westward, the great centre of attraction seemed softening his rays with a ruby tint, and expanding his disc, as if to court a more intense gaze, and then tranquilly to melt away into the ocean; and the gorgeous assemblage of clouds, steeped in violet, gold, and sun-beam, that gathered around, as if to do homage at his departure, appeared like the drapery of a brighter land than earth.

The sea was thickly dotted with fishing-boats, and at length a clumsy craft, more respectable than the rest, hoisted the tri-colored flag, floated under our lee, and directly there clambered up the side an aquatic curiosity, said to be a French pilot. He wore a peaked, glazed hat, and a short jacket, expanding downward like a diving-bell, covering the apex of a body resembling the little jolly-looking picture of St. Nicholas on our stained cabin windows, or, in sea phraseology, his latitude nearly equaled his longitude.

The port of Havre can only be entered by ships during four hours of each tide, and we were forced to wait till morning, when we were towed in by a steamer. The entrance of the Seine is somewhat difficult, on account of the shifting-sands, and it was here that Sir Sidney Smith, in attempting to cut out

a French man-of-war, got entangled and left by the tide, and his ship, like a huge monster, stranding, was forced to yield to a few Lilliputian gun-boats.

As we came alongside of the dock, there was a rush of porters vociferating the names of the hotels, and a scramble for our baggage that would have done credit to the Roman imperial amusement of throwing silver among a crowd, or the invasion of a North River steamboat. Directly, a tall gendarme, in a blue uniform, with a sword and mustache, touched his formidable military hat, pronounced the significant words, "Passports, messieurs!" and walked off with our papers. When we went on shore, another important personage, who might have been mistaken for one of the light-fingered gentry, but for the circumstances, with that inimitable politeness peculiar to a well-bred Frenchman, went through the delicate operation of searching our pockets. There were also cool philosophical investigations as to the quality of our linen, and the state of domestic affairs in our trunks generally, at the custom-house.

There is naturally a strange sensation in passing suddenly into a country differing entirely from your own in language, customs, religion, government, or domestic habits; and it is not to be wondered at that both European and American travelers should mutually have their prejudices shocked, and too readily form unfavorable conclusions respecting a people about whom the hasty tourist can know too little to sit as a rigorous judge. I happen to be a great admirer of the happy, well-meaning race of people known as the good-natured, and in my future peregrinations I have resolved, when allowable, always to prefer the sunny side of the picture. In conformity with these peaceable intentions, I was not disposed to abuse the good citizens for the faults of their ancestors, as I edged my way through streets a dozen or more feet wide, without the modern innovation of sidewalks. They were drained by a ditch in the middle, lighted above by lamps suspended in the same central

position by chains from the opposite six or eight-story houses, and paved with stones that might pass for Norman antiquities.

Havre is, on the whole, an unprepossessing town to a stranger, belonging rather to the useful than the ornamental class. It contains, as most are probably aware, some thirty thousand inhabitants, and, from its American and cotton trade, its extensive excavated docks, and from its being the port for the principal manufacturing towns, it has been sometimes termed the Liverpool of France.

Toward evening we applied, according to custom, at the police-office for provisional passports, till those we had presented should be returned to us in Paris. One feels rather queer in being stared out of countenance while having his likeness taken by artists who (not being well paid for it) flatter so little. I feared that mine was alarmingly faithful, and so, without scanning it, hastily put it safely into my pocket. A youthful fellow-passenger, however, afterwards kindly obliged me with a glance at his, and I found that they had taken an exact inventory of his flowing locks, forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, and features generally. As illustrating their singular minuteness, I may mention that, for want of other amusement on ship, and perhaps to prepare for the continent, he had been cultivating the downy symptoms of a mustache; and the passport described his beard by the use of a glowing French term usually applied to the birth of flowers. Shortly after we took the diligence, by the north bank of the Seine, for Rouen.

CHAPTER II.

New Quadruped—Normandy—Sudden Elevation—Rouen—Helps to Memory—Carnival.

A DILIGENCE is a remarkable species of the genus vehicle. You may comprehend from books something of an Irish jaunting-car, a Turkish araba, or a Hindoo palanquin; but through such an imperfect medium, to get a clear idea of what the naturalist would term the more complicated physical structure, the cavities, bones, muscles, and locomotive organs of a French diligence, is not quite so easy. Somewhere in the romantic region of toy-books, you may possibly have faint childish recollections of the picture of the traveling house of a great man set upon wheels. The French, in their refinement, have improved upon the idea, and divided the said building into apartments. It does not admit of seditious assemblages; and, while it leaves you to choose your rank, it goes upon the aristocratic and poetic principle, that

“Some are and must be greater than the rest.”

An intelligent American Indian, who lately visited Paris, in describing a diligence to a friend in England, stated that it was a great animal that carried sixteen persons: three in the head, three in the breast, six in the body, and four in the tail, referring, in order, to the banquette, coupé, interior, and rotonde. The four wheels answering to feet, it should, of course, be classed among the quadrupeds. Just imagine an ordinary Broadway omnibus, somewhat lengthened, with the leather top and seat of a huge gig extending transversely across the roof, in front, for the banquette, and unequally divided below into three separate compartments, and you have the tamer representation

of a deteriorated civilized citizen. Of the places above mentioned, the *coupé*, or lower front, is the dearest, and the *ronde*, or rear, the cheapest. This apparently unwieldy affair is usually drawn by five or six horses, with three abreast in front, at the rate of from seven to nine miles an hour. The horses are changed about once an hour in the short space of three or four minutes, and away you rattle over hill and dale to the constant crack of the whip.

We passed through a gently undulating country, a little back from the river, thickly studded with villages and small towns. Many of the country seats were approached by avenues of closely-trimmed, military-looking trees. This portion of the country is particularly interesting to Englishmen and their descendants. Their language, institutions, and early history remind them of the Norman Conquest: here are still places bearing the names of leading families in England: here, too, are Falaise, the birth-place of William the Conqueror; the abbey at Caen, founded by Mathilda, his queen; the celebrated "Saucy Castle," of Chateau Galliard, built by Richard to annoy his rival, Philip Augustus; the stone step of the church at Avranches, where Henry II. kneeled before the pope's legates to do penance for the murder of Becket; and many memorials of later events. But the modern spirit of invention, the genius of utter utility, is at work even here. The age of chivalry is past. Springing up amid the very Gothic ruins—the strong-holds of the chiefs of ancient renown, the places of battles and sieges—are cotton factories! Apart from its historical associations, the traveler feels little disposed to doubt in advance the general assertion, that this is one of the most attractive and beautiful provinces of the kingdom. I happened to sit next to an intelligent passenger belonging to one of the villages, who kindly pointed out many remarkable objects, and afforded much useful information till twilight shrouded the view, when he mused a few moments; then, as if unable to restrain the natural enthusiasm of a French-

man, he suddenly volunteered, in a low, sweet tone, two or three stanzas of *Ma Normandie*.

It was *his* way of manifesting that love of country so mercifully implanted by Providence every where in the human breast. Surely if the peasant of the bleak mountains of Switzerland, or the barren heaths of Scotland, can sing of his home, he of the sunny slopes, winding streams, and green meadows of Normandy has reason to be contented and happy.

Near midnight we were suddenly set down in Rouen, amid a salute of emphatic invitations; and by the time we came fairly to our senses, we found ourselves, with meek resignation, following the least suspicious-looking of the group through the wide gate-like entrance, and up what seemed the eight or tenth flight of a French hotel. The ascent, like all great undertakings, had its object and reward. We were permitted to view and enjoy the floor of little six-sided red tiles, the comfortable, flashy-curtained bed, folding-windows, the gilt ornaments, flowers, expanded mirrors, and other peculiar wonders of our French bedrooms.

Living at what is termed a *table d'hôte*, as is customary in France generally, and paying only for the articles for which we called, we went upon the natural system of regulating our dinner by the appetite and purse. The charges, on the whole, somewhat exceed those in our Atlantic cities.

A party of four of us concluded to remain and examine the curiosities of this ancient capital of Normandy, and among others the far-famed cathedral. I confess that my first impression of this immense Gothic pile was not such as I had anticipated. Either the proximity of surrounding high dwelling-houses, or the lofty iron steeple, towering aloft from the rear more than four hundred feet, gave the front a comparatively lowly, unimposing appearance. Part of it having existed since the third century, time has imparted to the surface of the elaborately-carved stone a worm-eaten, sombre appearance. But, like the Falls of Niag-

ara, it seems to grow upon you. As you enter the door, and the eye stretches across the space of four hundred feet to the richly-decorated altar of the Virgin, it is bewildered with the ranges of tall columns, the lofty pointed arches, and the paintings, the ornamented side chapels, the choir, and immense aisles, dimly lighted by the rainbow hues of its hundred stained windows. You slowly advance, and muse thoughtfully on the memorials of all that is left of the mighty dead. The earliest annals of your own country are so recent as to require little effort for your belief; but here as you gaze on statues, arrayed in the rude drapery of olden time, and touch with your hand the cold marble, your faith seems more confirmed in the dreamy legends of the elder world. There, with his son, lies Rollo, the converted chief of the ravaging Northmen, and first duke of Normandy; farther on are the remains of several English and Norman princes, and the "Lion Heart" of Richard. For a moment you seem to live with the past. You think of Palestine—of Saladin, and the Saracens; you conjure before you the opposing banners of the crescent and the cross; you see the prancing steeds and nodding helmets of the steel-clad Christian warriors, and foremost of all their dauntless chief. Can it be that the heart, inclosed beneath the little marble tablet there, once beat high before the walls of Acre?

One of the days we remained at Rouen happened to be the sabbath. We attended high mass at the cathedral in the morning, and Protestant service in the evening. As we returned from the latter, we were rather startled at meeting, on a sabbath evening, a great many persons fantastically disguised in Turkish, Spanish, and other costumes, females in male apparel, all bending their way to a grand masked ball. It was the festival corresponding to the Carnival at Rome.

Before we left, we paid a visit to the statue of Joan of Arc, in the spot where she was so cruelly burned.

Taking advantage of a beautiful bright morning, I was also

enabled to greet the rising sun on the top of the overhanging hill, Mont St. Catherine. Here were the remains of old ditches and fortifications, the scene of many a deadly struggle when besieged by Henry IV. The good king, after the siege, kindly demolished them, at the request of the citizens, with the memorable words, "that he desired no fortress but the hearts of his subjects."

At length we started in the railway train for Paris.

CHAPTER III.

A French River—Things Rural—Humanity in a Blouse—Chateau of Rosny—
Railway—Paris—First Impressions.

THE Seine is a thoroughly French river, full of beauties and full of capricious changes. Sometimes it flows as gently as the stream of a terrestrial paradise, restrained by the conservative banks into quite peaceable limits; and then, as below Quillebœuf, with an aqueous outbreak, it suddenly expands to four or five times its former width. Occasionally it glides in a straight direction, as if, like a perspicuous speaker, it were coming to a point, and then with a circuit of miles, it returns to near the same spot, as though with national fondness it was determined on going back to Paris. Now it modestly courses along in a single channel, and anon, in showy Parisian taste, it takes a fancy to decorate itself with a range of little fairy islands. And then, to carry out the figure, even its tiny steamers seem to bow their pipes at the bridges with true French politeness.

It is navigable to Rouen for vessels of two hundred and fifty tons.

The extensive cotton and woolen manufactories of Rouen and Elbœuf, respectively the Manchester and Leeds of France,

give a considerable impulse to its trade. The valley of the Seine is perhaps on the average about a mile in width, bounded by well-cultivated slopes occasionally rising to higher eminences, which give indications of a chalk formation. Above Rouen, the level space on each side terminated by these parallel wavy acclivities reminded me of places and views in the valley of the Mohawk above Schenectady. The former is, perhaps, a little the wider stream; but just imagine the huge barns and comfortable farmhouses on the banks of the latter removed; level the fences, cut up the extensive corn-fields into little oblong squares of varied herbage, like the beds of a garden several times magnified, and over the whole scatter here and there clusters of little low-roofed stone cottages, and you have a fair representation of the scene described. Occasionally the group increases in size and respectability. Symptoms of gardens, ornamental trees, and a church appear, and it is pointed out as a village. To make the picture complete, however, you would be obliged to transform the sturdy Dutchmen of the Mohawk into a more slightly-made race of peasantry, and clothe them in a different costume. Judging from those I saw in Havre and Rouen, and the laborers in the fields along the route, I should think them to be below the average height of our rural population; but then you scarcely see a narrow chest or a pale face among them; and they seem to excel in cheerfulness, and to be, in fact, very lively specimens of humanity. Very generally they wear a light, cheap outside dress, made of blue cotton, in the form of a shirt, termed the *blouse*. Frequently, too, you are introduced to veritable wooden shoes.

The track of the railway from Rouen to Paris, accompanied by the wires of a magnetic telegraph, generally runs close to the river, crosses it on bridges three times, and passes through two tunnels. This admirably-conducted line will soon be finished to Havre. We went along quite leisurely for railway speed, making some twenty stoppages at the towns and villages.

The place that interested me most along the route was Rosny, the late residence of the Duchess de Berri, and distinguished as the birthplace and retreat of Sully, the celebrated minister and friend of Henry IV. The king, having overtaken this faithful servant on the road, after the victory of Ivry, desperately wounded, and borne on a litter, fell on his neck and embraced him, and passed the night at the chateau. Hard by is the forest where Sully generously sacrificed at one time timber to a large amount to pay his master's debts. The grounds and chateau still seem to retain something of the unostentatious simplicity that characterized the illustrious statesman.

At length we passed a line of fortifications; the houses began to thicken, and we were suddenly released, amid a multitude of strange sights and sounds, in the busy capital. There were carriages, with servants in splendid liveries; easy-swinging hacks, like a large, old-fashioned physician's gig; and carts, with immense wheels, drawn by two or three horses in single file, whose large, shaggy collars, and low heads, gave them, at a distance, the appearance of a cross of the bison; files of soldiers marching to the monotonous music of a drum; tidily-dressed females, in ordinary life, swarming the streets, without hats; itinerant musicians, giving cheap concerts by machinery; venders of little fancy wares, and rosy-cheeked flower girls; worn-out veterans, hobbling along in the fierce-looking military chapeau, with the red ribbon of the legion of honor on the breast of the comfortable blue coat; exquisites promenading the fashionable streets—all in a style peculiar to this city of cities.

The first impressions of a stranger can scarcely be but favorable. Almost every object wears a lively charm. The streets are, indeed, with few exceptions, badly paved and drained, and so narrow that you are compelled to seek apartments as near the clouds as possible, to get the fresh air; and the irregularly high houses are nearly all of a smoky, tawny hue outside; but there

is so much of refined elegance in the architectural decorations, so much that you meet to admire in every walk, that you forget any faults in the picture. We are apt to receive exaggerated impressions of the peculiarities of every people at a distance. There was much less of gaudiness, and far more of richness and neatness in the external aspect of things than I had anticipated. A French lustre is, indeed, visible every where, but it is a brilliancy developed by the most exquisite taste. One might almost write a dissertation on the attractions of a Parisian shop-window. The artistic talent that, with such nice attention to perspective, arranges the mirrors and gilding, so elegantly folds the drapery, and so skillfully brings into play innumerable other devices, is, indeed, truly wonderful. This delicate sense of the beautiful seems to pervade the whole population. It is visible in their tastefully-adjusted dress, their easy, graceful carriage, and fascinating manners. With much justice, perhaps, it has been attributed to the effect produced by their constantly frequenting the public gardens, museums, and palaces—their familiarity with the perfect forms embodied in painting and statuary, and the combined charms of nature and art, that in so enlightened a spirit are here made freely accessible for the gratification and improvement of all ranks, from the peasant to the prince.

Another feature that strikes you in your first walk is the easy cheerfulness depicted in every face you meet. There is more of philosophy in this than we dream. He who has taught the sun to shine, the flowers to bloom, and the birds to sing, doubtless never intended that his creatures should be always sad. There is none of the “pride in the port, defiance in the eye,” or melancholy of some of his Anglican neighbors about the true Parisian; and nothing of the sharpened, anxious expression of our American victims of the money-fever you meet emerging from a ten minutes’ lunch in the neighborhood of Wall-street. He seems every where leisurely enjoying himself.

CHAPTER IV.

Easter in Notre Dame—Relics—Church of the Royal Family—Funeral in the Madeleine—Wesleyan Chapel—The Oratoire.

My first visits to a few of the principal churches of Paris happened to be on the occasion of important festivals, and as affording, in connection, an imperfect glance at some of the predominating religious peculiarities of the people, the notes of some of them are given together. It is perhaps scarcely necessary for the writer in advance to say, in courtesy and honest frankness, that they are the impressions of a decided Protestant.

Very early on Easter morning, in company with an immense crowd, I edged my way into the venerable Cathedral of Notre Dame. Near the door was a marble basin, containing holy water, and a person standing near it with a brush to sprinkle those who passed. The galleries, and the greater part of the immense edifice, were nearly filled with a variously occupied throng. The more devout, on arriving, kneeled, crossed themselves, and, with upturned eyes, seemed reverently to whisper a first prayer. Others, having apparently finished their course of devotion, were constantly retiring. Spectators were bending eagerly over the railing, as at some curious show, and priests in their vestments, and little boys in white, were solemnly moving here and there. As in all the French Catholic churches, even the most magnificent I have yet seen, the whole audience were seated upon innumerable rustic, split-bottomed chairs, most thickly clustered near the centre, for the use of which the occupants paid two or three sous each time. With

little or no distinction, all classes seem promiscuously mingled. By the side of the palsied matron, bowed a gentle girl; farther on, in her clean white apron and hood was a sister of charity, and close to the fine lady and gentleman worshiped, in more homely attire, the plain artisan. A large company of priests appeared to take the lead in chanting the forms of the mass, and the confused sound of hundreds of untrained voices from the assembly, who joined them in a kind of half-singing, affected tone, seemed somewhat harsh and monotonous to the unaccustomed. But this was sometimes relieved by a very sweet strain from some choice youthful performers, and the notes of a powerful organ. Then came the tinkling of the little bell, and the swinging of the silver censer. As the Host was elevated, every head was lowly bowed. But the most imposing part of the ceremony immediately followed. Arrayed in robes covered with gold embroidery, appeared a long train of priests and attendants, bearing aloft the sacred emblems, slowly and solemnly moving down the passage opened in the centre, and making an extensive circuit round the sides of the church. Near the close of the procession walked the venerable Archbishop of Paris, clad in still more gorgeous vestments, and wearing a very lofty cap—such as we sometimes see in the pictures of Catholic saints. Near the door, I noticed, posted up, what seemed to be a kind of annual charge or announcement of the archbishop, in French, from which I was subsequently enabled to make the following extract:—

“Sunday the 5th of April, at the termination of the grand mass, which commences at nine o’clock, the archbishop will transfer, solemnly, from the sacristy of the altar destined to receive them, the relics of the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, namely, a piece of the true cross, the holy crown of thorns, and the holy nail. The archbishop will accord to the faithful who assist at the procession, and to those who, during the holy week, come to venerate these relics, and recite five times pater and

five times aye, with act of contrition, forty days of indulgence each time."

I had witnessed the ceremony of kissing the wood of the true cross a few days before, at the anniversary of a Catholic benevolent society, at which the receptacles for the contributions were held by several ladies of rank and a Polish princess. Yet the French are far from uniform in their belief of these things.

I did not stay to hear the sermon at Notre Dame, having listened to discourses of the kind before. They are delivered extempore from a little plain pulpit in the centre, usually in the style of somewhat earnest moral lectures, without much declamation or violent gesture. The preacher frequently changes his position—standing, sitting, or leaning familiarly over the desk, as suits his convenience or inclination.

This very ancient pile is situated on the south edge of an island in the Seine, which formerly contained the whole city. It is in the severe Gothic style, with two huge square towers in front, and can not compare in architectural beauty with that of Rouen. Yet some of the antique bas-reliefs within are quite interesting, and the two circular stained windows of some thirty feet in diameter in the transepts are very fine.

It will be remembered that in Notre Dame, during the frenzy of the Revolution, took place the impious and obscene ceremony of the installation of a courtesan as the goddess of reason. A star wrought in the marble floor indicates the spot where Napoleon, in presence of Pope Pius VII., and a brilliant concourse, with his own hands, placed the imperial crown upon the brows of himself and Josephine in 1804, and the magnificent robes worn by these illustrious personages on that occasion are still exhibited.

After Protestant worship in the afternoon, I went to St. Roch, in the Rue St. Honoré, the church at present patronized by the queen and royal family. Though, in comparison with many others, it is plain in its architecture, yet it is said to be the rich-

est in Paris. It is celebrated for its music, and on grand occasions some of the first professional and opera singers are engaged. Soldiers in uniform were interspersed through the crowd, apparently to keep order. In a pause in the services the immense organ played till the vaulted roof appeared fairly to tremble; and the deep bass notes seemed like the reverberations of half-suppressed thunder. They yielded to the flute-like cadences of a lovely duetto. Then, from an invisible source, there stole on the ear the plaintive, silvery notes of one of the sweetest solos to which I ever listened. It seemed like the voice of a pure spirit interceding for the sins of the throng below. Now, as if overcome with its own impassioned tenderness, it grew fainter and fainter; and again, as with increasing faith, it rose till, as soothingly as the last thrillings of a wind-harp, it was gently hushed. In a gladder strain burst forth the mingled warblings of a dozen voices. For a moment I was fairly carried away with emotion. I thought of the songs of the redeemed in a happier land. But a single glance at what, to one educated in a different faith, seemed very strange associations around, speedily dissipated the charm.

Sauntering along the Boulevards one day, I came in front of the beautiful Madeleine. The gigantic bronze doors were hung with black cloth, and I quietly entered. The wax-lights burning, the coffin in the centre, the priests gesticulating and praying for the dead, and the chanting of the mournful dirge told too well the nature of the sad ceremony. This is a very singular edifice, both in its history and construction. Commenced at an early period by Louis XV., the work was suspended at the Revolution, remodeled by Napoleon for the erection of a temple of glory in honor of the grand army, changed again to its original purpose by Louis XVIII., and finally completed by Louis Philippe. The plan of the building is said to have been taken from a heathen temple, and it certainly has little of the appearance of a Christian church. Yet there is

something exceedingly imposing in its external aspect. The more you gaze on it the more you are pleased. Without dome, tower, or side windows, it stands on an elevated base, majestically supported on every side by a very lofty range of Corinthian columns. And the colossal statues of about as many saints in the intermediate niches in the walls, and the magnificent alto-relievo of the Savior and Mary Magdalene in the southern pediment, form the details of the picture. Within are marble, gilding, and splendid paintings. The first view really is so gorgeous that it takes away somewhat of that sense of solemnity that we naturally associate with a church. Four large domes, leading up to as many circular sky-lights, ornamented with elegant paneling, seemed covered with gold. The composition of the historical picture of the progress of Christianity, over the altar, and the group in marble, representing Mary Magdalene borne by angels to heaven, are superb.

Close to the Madeleine, as you walk down the right-hand side of the Rue Royale, you notice the inscription "Wesleyan Chapel." You enter. They are singing in your native tongue, an air that you have heard in many a worshiping assembly far away. A venerable minister with white locks is peering through his glasses. Presently, in a pleasing, earnest manner, he enforces some leading religious truth. When service is over, you step forward perhaps, and, with the slightest introduction, you receive a cordial greeting. You have been listening to the Rev. Mr. Toase.

Some twenty-four missionaries, including one or two in French-Switzerland, are now laboring successfully among the French population; under the auspices of the excellent Wesleyan Missionary Society of London.

Perhaps the reader will allow me, in fancy, familiarly to take his arm, and continue the walk down the Rue Royale, and, turning to the left, down the Rue St. Honoré to go a little beyond the Palais Royal to a massive church, which some one

politely tells us is the Oratoire. We are not far from the tower of the old church whose bell tolled the fatal signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the window in the Louvre from which Charles IX. fired upon the hunted Huguenots. Too much occupied with thrilling memories, we stop not to admire the exterior, or count its pillars. We enter, and are courteously seated. Having been changed from a Catholic to a Protestant place of worship in the time of Napoleon, all its pictures and showy ornaments inside have been removed. A sedate-looking minister, thickly set, more than middle-aged, with a massive forehead and dark features, enters the desk. He wears a plain black gown. A very earnest prayer is offered. How touching and expressive is the use of the second person singular in French in addressing the Deity! It is the very form of speech only permitted in the most intimate and sacred relations of life.

Every one appears furnished with a book having the French hymns on one side and the music on the other, and almost every voice in the entire assembly seems to join in full and sweet harmony, assisted only by an organ.

The sermon is extempore, glowing, chaste, and evangelical. Toward the end, the speaker becomes quite eloquent and impassioned, and uses considerable expressive gesture.

We have been at the head-quarters of the National Protestant Church, listening to Frederic Monod. He and his brother, Adolphe Monod, are the great champions of the evangelical party in France.

In theory no country in Europe has more religious freedom. The last revolution finished the work of the first and made the various sects equal in the eyes of the law. Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish teachers were alike to be salaried by the state. Still, however, the local magistrates in the provinces, under false pretexts, occasionally persecute.

The Protestants of France are variously estimated at from

one and a half to two millions, with seven hundred and ten pastors paid by the government, of whom two hundred and forty are Lutherans. The public expense last year for Protestant worship was 1,250,000 francs. More than one half of the French Protestant clergy have latterly become evangelical. The rest are rationalists. The Duchess of Orleans, mother of the heir to the throne, the Duchess d'Aumale, fifteen peers, and twenty of the late deputies are enumerated as professors of the reformed faith, and M. Guizot is so nominally. About two hundred colporteurs in the dress of the peasantry, and on foot, are engaged in distributing the Scriptures and religious teaching, under the patronage of excellent societies in Paris and Geneva, aided by benevolent individuals or organizations in connection with various religious bodies in Great Britain and America.

CHAPTER V.

Fête du Roi—Imagination—Place de la Concorde—The Tuileries—Champs Elysées—Living Statue—Arch of Triumph—Louis Philippe—Fireworks—Pericles.

THE sun of the first of May rose upon the dome of the Invalides, and the winding Seine, as brightly as the famed one of Austerlitz. Soon the drums beat to arms, and files of the National Guard were streaming along the streets. All Paris was in motion. Was there to be another revolution? or a review of the troops in the Champ de Mars in presence of the Grand Turk? or the ceremony of welcoming Spring, by crowning, with a wreath of flowers, a gentle maiden? Neither. The Emperor of China is said to encourage agriculture by holding the plough in great state once a-year, and the kings of France have an ancient custom of doing what, in the end, perhaps

amounts to much the same thing, by giving annually a grand holyday, or *Fête du Roi*, as it is termed, on which they show that they have been duly patronizing the products of that most useful instrument, by publicly exhibiting their goodly persons. The citizen-king then was about to have an interview with his excitable subjects.

As the day advanced, the press at the more attractive points was so great that it became a debatable question, whether it were longer justifiable for diminutive persons or invalids to appear. About noon a small detachment of friends, among whom I ranked as only a private, formed themselves in column, and succeeded in gallantly penetrating as far as head-quarters in the *Champs Elysées*.

I must now beg the reader, who in fancy has accompanied us thus far, to go with me to some lofty point of observation to reconnoitre the field. Here we are, after a few minutes' walk, in an open square space, beautifully laid out, embellished here and there with groups in marble—personifying the principal cities of France—high bronze columns, and a splendid fountain at each end, gushing up amid sea-gods, nereids, and dolphins; and the whole, as it were, forming a continuation between two parks. It is the *Place de la Concorde*, formerly the *Place de la Révolution*.

Now, either by an active effort of the imagination or mesmeric clairvoyance, please seat yourself on the top of the obelisk of Luxor, that you see standing in the centre. There—steady—hold fast. You are at an elevation of some eighty feet. What a magnificent prospect! Here, in the heart of Paris, covering the whole north bank of the *Seine* for about two miles, is a wide space, occupied with a continuous range of public pleasure-grounds, bounded at one end by the *Palace of the Tuileries*, and the other by the *Arch of Triumph*, ornamented with shady groves of lime, chestnut, and elm, with leaves just expanding in the luxuriance of spring, sunny spots, marble

statues, parterres of flowers, murmuring fountains, terraced walks, and green avenues, all mingled with delightful effect.

Eastward, including some sixty acres, between you and the palace, is the Garden of the Tuileries; westward, the more extensive Champs Elysées; northward, the Palace, hotels of the Rue Rivoli, while just opposite you, on the same side, through a short, wide avenue, is a full view of the front of the Madeleine; to the south again, without any edifice or obstacle to obstruct the prospect, flows the silvery Seine, spanned by light and beautiful bridges; and just on the opposite bank, at a corresponding distance from the Madeleine, is the Chamber of Deputies, with the Hospital of the Invalides in the rear, with its grounds running down to the river on one side, and on the other the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and the beautiful Palais d'Orsay, built by Napoleon for his son.

Please examine, also, for a moment, the lofty pedestal upon which, in fancy at least, you are supported as a respectable living statue. You perceive it is a square, tapering column. You have occupied no common seat. It was the magnificent present of Mehemet Ali to the French government. Composed of a single block of red syenite, it required the labors of eight hundred men, for three months, under a burning sun, to remove it to the Nile. The curious figures of birds, circles, and lines which you see upon its sides were worked more than thirty centuries before you were born, to commemorate the deeds of Sesostris. It is planted, too, in the centre of a place that has been moistened with the blood of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the Duke of Orleans, the eloquent leaders of the Gironde, Madame Roland, and nearly three thousand of the more illustrious victims of the Revolution. Perhaps it is well thus with the associations of a primeval age to relieve somewhat the burden of sad reminiscences that cling to this fatal spot. But, possibly, you are fatigued, and it is time to descend.

On reaching the ground, you find that the groves, avenues,

and open spaces are so arranged as, in whatever direction you turn, to bring into view some fine structure, and those corresponding to the four points of the compass are the church, the legislative chamber, the palace, and the monumental arch before mentioned. From what single point in the whole world besides can you see so many splendid and beautiful things?

And now, to get a still better idea of some portions of the field, we will crowd our way through the masses up the broad avenue through the centre of the Champs Elysées westward, to the triumphal arch that we see standing out so boldly in the distance.

Here we are, after quite a walk, gazing at the arched pile towering a hundred and fifty feet above us, covered with bas-reliefs and colossal groups and figures in stone, representing noted victories, with the names of triumphs and generals innumerable inscribed upon the stone.

This great work was commenced by Napoleon, and finished, as usual, by Louis Philippe. Let us ascend to the elevated platform on the top, by the winding staircase within. What a splendid panorama is before us! You see the whole city, lying, as it were, in a basin, of which you are upon the highest elevation, surrounded by the neighboring hills, with the Seine winding through the centre, from east to west, while the space through which we have just passed appears a verdant oblong square running eastward along its left bank. In the distance before are seen peering up the towers of Notre Dame and the dome of the Pantheon.

Let us descend and study the people, by watching their amusements.

To return to the description: In that part of the Champs Elysées nearest the river, in the open spots among the trees, there are several airy structures for pictorial exhibitions, cafés, and various diversions. This was the great centre of the excitement for most of the time. Here was erected a temporary

theatre, and from the occasional reports of musketry within, I supposed there was some martial or tragic performance. Then there were stands for selling all kinds of refreshments and small wares, conveniences for innumerable games, flying horses, and swings suspended in air, monsters just caught, shows of various descriptions, with bands of tawdry-clad musicians, and persons in front of the tents, playing most ludicrous antics, and shouting at the top of their voices, to decoy those who passed—all forming the strangest scene imaginable.

The most amusing thing to me was a popular lecture on rheumatism, probably one of a miscellaneous series, delivered, by a charlatan, in connection with the sale of a wonderful medicine. Our priest of Æsculapius was a fierce-looking man, about fifty years of age, dressed somewhat in the Turkish style, and wearing a most respectable beard. His traveling establishment consisted of two carriages and four musicians. The latter would play a few minutes, when our hero would rise, adjust himself with becoming dignity, and beckon silence; and then there came such a flow of sublimated learning, so many happy hits, and such a strain of real, natural eloquence, that, after all, it was not strange that he succeeded.

Near sunset we moved onward with the masses till we came in front of the Palace of the Tuileries. As you approach, the view of the front, on account of its great width and turreted pavilions, is very grand. It is in the style of the sixteenth century, having been built principally by Catherine de Medicis. It will be recollected that it was in attempting to defend this place that the Swiss guards were so fearfully massacred on the memorable 10th of August, 1792. Over the passage, under the middle pavilion, there is a balcony. To this the eyes of the vast multitude were intently directed. At length the door opened, and the king stepped forward, raised his hat, and courteously and repeatedly bowed. For the first time in my life I heard the celebrated cry of "Vive le roi," and from an immense

orchestra, placed in front, burst forth the Marseillaise, followed by the Parisienne. The king and queen kept saluting the assemblage continually; and his grandson, the Count de Paris, a sprightly lad of some eight years, who is heir to the throne, forgetting to raise his cap, the king turned and reminded him of it by a gentle touch of the hand. He looked exceedingly well, being, as most are aware, of a medium height, rather full figure and face, with an easy, dignified bearing, and still appearing to retain considerable of the vigor of a green old age. The attempt upon his life, by Le Compte, just previous, added interest to the occasion.

As it grew dark there was the most brilliant exhibition of fireworks along the Seine that I ever witnessed. Rockets, stars, suns, and figures of every hue mingled in the air in a thousand coruscations.

Returning homeward, we passed near the gate a beautiful marble statue of Pericles, and I could not help thinking that the wily Greek, who was so fond of embellishing his native city, and flattering the Athenians with expensive amusements, had some very successful imitators.

CHAPTER VI.

Palais Royal—Flight of Fancy—The Louvre.

FACING the Rue St. Honoré is the imposing front of the Palais Royal. This far-famed place, so dear to the Frenchman, is to Paris what Paris is to France; and a decree of banishment from its inclosure would be quite as grievous to the citizens as that by Napoleon was to poor Madame de Stael. They have named a portion of their public grounds the Elysian Fields; but if you were to ask where the real Elysium was, you would probably be shown farther east, to a garden inclosed by a palace. It is indeed as romantic a spot as any of which the old poets dreamed; nor is it wonderful that a people constituted as the French are should cling to it with strange affection. There are several causes for this. Every one has felt the peculiar sensation of satisfaction with himself and all the world which steals over even the previously anxious man just after a leisurely, comfortable dinner. This event usually occurs with the Parisian from four to six o'clock. He is the least solitary in his habits of any of his species. In fact he is perfectly gregarious. He dines with a throng at a restaurant, and, after this, if he can possibly afford it, he throws aside all care and business, and spends the rest of the day with his friends or family in some public place of recreation. Among the most frequented of these, in the summer evenings, is that we have mentioned. Fancy the good citizens of New-York to be thus, from education, gradually weaned from their hearths, and the Park converted, for their entertainment, into a square instead of a triangle, and the City Hall removed from the centre and expanded into a magnificent edifice completely surrounding the whole; so as to afford a shelter from the chilling wind, and the noise of the

neighboring streets; remove the fountain to the middle, and place here and there among the trees a statue and beds of flowers; furnish it with free seats, a large number of easy chairs, and the journals of the day to be rented for the merest trifle; tastefully arrange behind the pretty row of columns extending the whole way round the finest jewelers' establishments and fancy shops in Broadway, and fill a portion of them with the more showy and elegant curiosities (ladies included) exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute; illuminate it with hundreds of dazzling lights; make it the cherished place of friendly greetings, and the scene of thrilling events in the history of the struggles for freedom, and you have the best explanation we can devise in the shape of an imaginary plan of a republican Palais Royal. I shall never forget a moonlight walk in this enchanting place. Hundreds were dreamily basking in the summer air: some, with the genial sky for a canopy, in the oriental spirit of contentment, were sipping a tiny cup of coffee, or an ice; others gathered in little circles, in sweet, low tones, were exchanging respectful or affectionate civilities in the most polished of languages, while many, like the insects that flit from flower to flower, were gracefully roaming in search of the varied beauties of the fairy scene. To one group at least, it was a delightful, unexpected reunion in a strange land of long parted friends, the rest of whom, should they ever glance at this, may sympathize with me in treasuring its remembrance with peculiar interest.

Having been built originally for the princely Cardinal Richelieu, the Palais Royal was afterward given as a marriage present by Louis XIV. to the Duke of Orleans. The father of Louis Philippe, its present owner, having become involved, had shops fitted up in the style we see them now, and thus realized a large revenue.

It was a popular rendezvous in both Revolutions. Here Camille Desmoulins first harangued the mob, pistol in hand;

and here met the Jacobins, the Girondists, and other political clubs. The interior of the palace and the paintings, unfortunately, are only open on sabbaths, to the practical exclusion of the more conscientious of our countrymen.

Meeting an American friend one day, who complained of being somewhat fatigued, I ventured to inquire the cause. "Oh," said he, "I have been seeing about three miles of pictures." He had been at the Louvre. This very ancient residence of kings, now converted into a palace of the fine arts, is near that last described, and extends along the Seine to the Tuileries. Besides the marine museum and those of antiquities and sculpture, it contains, as is generally known, one of the largest and finest collections of paintings in the world. Nearly equally divided among the French, Flemish, German, and Italian schools are some fourteen hundred pictures, together with four hundred and fifty in the Spanish gallery. There are *La Belle Jardinière* by Raphael, gems by Guido and Salvator Rosa, many choice specimens from the pencil of Rubens, deep-toned religious pictures from Murillo and Morales, and other masterpieces from the old painters, enough to turn the head of a connoisseur. The works of living artists are only admitted temporarily for a few weeks at an annual exhibition. This was open at my first visit. If an inhabitant of another world had wished to have sought some spot where, in the shortest time, he could have learned the most about this, he could have hoped for no better opportunity than to have ranged through the Louvre on this occasion. It told of the living and the dead. In the galleries of the old paintings were the pale faces of the artists, male and female, sometimes lighted up with the fire of genius, as they tried to catch the spirit, and copy the works of the great masters, while hundreds of every rank were flocking as to a festival to see the productions newly exposed. Every earthly scene, and every form of human bliss or suffering were there delineated; variously arranged were the peaceful cottage, and

the storm-tossed ocean, the angelic face of infancy, or fond ones plighting at the altar, and the foaming chargers, the frenzied visages, the bleeding wounded, and the trampled dead of one of Horace Vernet's battle-pieces, and countless others, all vividly true to life. Death was there in every form. A child was expiring in its mother's arms; the beautiful Princess Lamballe, all pale, was fainting in the midst of her assassins; a lost one was sinking in the flood; Cleopatra was slumbering with the poisonous asp upon her arm; and then you recognized the haggard face of the imperial exile of St. Helena; by his bed were the sword and the green surtout, and you almost fancied you could hear from those pallid lips the low death-murmur, "*Tête d'Armée.*"

CHAPTER VII.

Latin Quarter—Escape—Orleans—Jeanne d'Arc—Galvanizing History—The Loire—Tours—St. Martin—Amboise.

SURELY if we are ever prepared to appreciate the goodness of Providence in bestowing breezy hills, glad streams, and flower-scented fields, it is after an imprisonment in a densely-populated city. To be near the hospitals and schools, I had taken up my abode not far from the Sorbonne, in one of the oldest and closest parts of Paris, which, from its being the seat of the French Institute, the colleges, and various institutions of theology, law, and medicine, as well as the residence of several thousand students and literary characters, great and small, is jestingly or seriously known in common parlance as the *Quartier Latin*. I fancy that it must have been on this classic ground

that the word "ennui" was invented. I became a victim. All the attempts of the people in the streets to be as uproarious as the outside barbarians were insufficient to break the spell. The early showers and delightful changes of spring were now past. Every thing was going on in a state of utter regularity. The sun rose in my window every fine morning over precisely the same smoky pile of chimneys; the dome of the Pantheon, like all great things, was growing rather tame from familiarity; the statue of Henry IV. on Pont Neuf remained in *statu quo*; the streets were as narrow, the pavements as intolerable, and the shops as tasteful as they were the week previous; the patients in Hôtel Dieu and La Charité were very similar; and the lecture-rooms seemed as crowded, the professors as profound, and their followers with their note-books looked as knowing and wistful as ever. Either from too presumptuous exposure to so much learning, sudden change from an active to a sedentary life, or some other cause, my unpleasant feelings amounted at length to decided indisposition. I used languidly to saunter into the adjacent garden of the Luxembourg, and bare my feverish brow to court a little fleeting breath, that sometimes came laden with the perfume of the orange-trees, and that would have grown to a breeze but for the surrounding walls of houses. In the midst of a throng of strange faces I felt lonely, grew sentimental, and in a deep reverie dreamed, fondly dreamed of home and absent friends. I fairly envied the unconscious happiness of the children that in noisome glee were playing in the shade of the trees. Artificial as the place was, it reminded me of freedom. I longed for some spot where the flowers grew wild; and, like a bird let loose, I might sport with the gentle south wind, and gaze at will on the prospect of the azure sky, fringed only by the green earth.

To my great delight, I had the good fortune to meet a very dear early friend, who had just recovered from a dangerous ill-

ness in London, and I gladly embraced the proposition of an excursion for our health. So away we flew on the wings of steam, or, to speak less poetically, upon the Paris and Orleans railroad, for the sunny south. Ascending the right bank of the Seine, we caught glimpses of many charming country-seats; and as the engine stopped now and then, as if for breath, we had views of several pretty villages, among which was Ablon, the seat of one of the three churches allowed the Protestants of Paris by the edict of Nantes. Leaving the river at Invisy, over a gently-undulating surface, we passed Savigny, the splendid residence of the widow of Marshal Davoust, the once dreaded tower of Montlery, and the battle-field of the tyrant Louis XI. and his turbulent vassals, till at length we made a full stop in the centre of the route at Etampes, an elongated old town, with a leaning tower, and the remains of a dismantled castle. Then, halting occasionally, we whirled for a long distance through the monotonously-level, but very fertile, country of La Beauce, till the train stopped in a pleasant suburb, and there was a general rush for the good city of Orleans. This very ancient and once-flourishing town occupies a level area on the north bank of the Loire, formerly the site of the Roman Aurelianum. As you are suddenly transferred from the busy capital, its quiet streets, dilapidated, dingy old houses, and the absence of striking objects in a place so renowned in history, excite at first a feeling of disappointment. The cathedral, a fine Gothic edifice, commenced by Henry IV. to ingratiate himself with the pope, attracted our first attention. Then we saw a large placard from the city authorities announcing a recent celebration of the anniversary of the raising of the siege by Joan of Arc in 1429; and we started in search of memorials of the heroic maid, whose name is the brightest association of Orleans. We visited the house which she selected for her residence, that she might be under the protection of a virtuous and respected matron, its mistress; as also the cross and monument to her

memory, near the spot where she was wounded, on the opposite bank of the river.

After all there is nothing that so galvanizes one's historical lore as contact with such storied relics. I really fancy that my friend and I, just at that critical moment, from memory and sundry peeps into a convenient narrative we had thoughtfully pocketed between us, might have stood a tyro's examination on the "Life and adventures of Joan of Arc," from a professor in spectacles. What a pretty little romantic tale to have repeated in hesitating sentences! A young prince, heir to a kingdom ruined by factions and the prolonged insanity of his father, is betrayed by his own mother and flies to the south of the Loire, leaving three fourths of his country in the hands of the English and the stern successor of the hero of Agincourt—Orleans, the key of his position is invested, the French and Scottish forces covering it are defeated. All seems lost, and the citizens dream of cruel capture, and the prince meditates a retreat.

At this crisis a simple peasant girl of seventeen, in a remote village, is seized with a religious enthusiasm to deliver her country—accomplishes almost alone a long and dangerous journey—finally succeeds in obtaining the countenance of her prince, places herself at the head of a body of troops, penetrates the lines, and in complete armor, with her sacred banner waving, presents herself to the astonished citizens. The English are terribly annoying the town from a strong fort erected on an island, where the bridge crosses the river, and garrisoned with their best troops. Against the remonstrances of the most experienced officers she determines on attacking this, leads the assault in person, and when, after hours of ineffectual conflict, she sees her diminished band falter, she seizes a ladder and attempts the breach, is wounded and taken up for dead, rallies and returns to the charge, carries the fort, and, the seventh day from her entrance, raises the siege.

Then come the marvelous events of her subsequent career—

her bravery in future conflicts—her skill in rousing the nation, by leading the incredulous Charles to Rheims, then in the hands of the enemy, to be crowned; the spotless purity of her life—her horror of cruelty, and her humanity to the prisoners—her modest request, after having accomplished her mission by so many splendid victories, to be permitted to return to her former humble sphere—her uniform trust in Providence, and devotion to the duties of religion, as prescribed in the rites of that dark age—and, finally, her gentleness and resignation in submitting to a cruel and unmerited death.

Bidding adieu to Orleans next morning, we took passage down the Loire in one of its curious little narrow steamers, and without landing but for a few moments the whole day, we swept past several ancient towns, frowning castles, and imposing chateaux. The river, though shallow, was still very broad; and the recent rains having increased its ordinary rapid current and partially overflowed its innumerable low, wooded islands, it really seemed quite a bold stream. It is much more direct in its course than the Seine, and also lacks its pleasing variety of scenery. Yet intersecting what is termed the garden of France, the vine-clad slopes and sunny prospects upon its banks remind you that you are in the cheery confines of the south. Either the change of air, or our gallant enthusiasm in our pilgrimage to the souvenirs of Jeanne d'Arc, produced a most happy effect on our health and spirits, enabling us to do ample justice to an excellent dinner. It was a perfect cure. And then the crowd of passengers were uniformly so courteous and communicative, that the day passed very pleasantly. The physiognomy of many of the country people resembled somewhat that of the French of Lower Canada.

We were surprised to find the Loire the channel of so much commerce. Constantly we met long ranges of river sloops, composed of six or seven fastened in a line, each cheerily spreading its broad sail; and one of the officers informed me, that, in-

cluding the iron "Inexplosibles" of M. Larochejaquelin, there are twenty-seven steamboats now sailing upon the Loire.

In the evening we landed at Tours, the ancient capital of Touraine. It is pleasantly situated on the north bank, at the point where the great road from Paris to Bordeaux and Bayonne crosses the river on a very fine bridge. Before the revocation of the edict of Nantes it was the seat of extensive manufactures of silk, and contained some eighty thousand inhabitants; but in common with Orleans, Saumur, and many other places in this region, it suffered severely from the banishment of the industrious Protestants, and contains at present but little over one third of its former population. Sauntering up one of the back streets, we succeeded in finding an ancient dwelling, with the front ornamented with festoons of ropes, and here and there an ominous knot, carved in stone, as if in cruel mockery. It is said to have been the residence of Tristan l'Ermite, the favorite executioner that ministered so fearfully to the tyranny of Louis XI.

Perhaps the most interesting antiquities of the city are two lofty ruined towers, the sole remains of a vast cathedral destroyed at the Revolution: one named the Tower of Charlemagne, from its being the tomb of his wife—and the other that of St. Martin, the first bishop of Tours, and founder of the edifice. This celebrated personage flourished in the fourth century, and is termed the second Apostle of the Gauls. He took a noble stand against the shedding of blood for religious opinions. His shrine became the Delphi of the dark ages, and part of his dress was borne in battle, centuries after, as a sacred standard.

By a section of the Orleans and Bordeaux railway just finished, we traversed a level country, and arrived next day at the little town of Amboise. The ledge of soft rock here forming the banks of the Loire is perforated in many places for dwellings, and the smoke of these, thus terraced irregularly one above another, and the sight of the inhabitants' scrambling about, or

peeping out of doors and windows in the face of the rock, seem really novel. Not far from the town there is quite a subterranean village. The Turones are mentioned among those who confederated under Vercingetorix against Julius Cæsar; and there are slight remains in Amboise said to mark the place where he once encamped, and some singular walled excavations in the rock, known as *Les Greniers de Cæsar*, are pointed out as his granaries or storehouses. Perched upon a lofty rock on the south bank, in a situation which in feudal times must have been nearly impregnable, is the famed castle.

Here the suspicious Louis XI. fearing that his son, afterward Charles VIII., might be spoiled at court, sent him, it is said, to amuse himself in guarding poultry, with directions that he should be taught but one sentence of Latin: *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*; and surely if dissimulation was the secret of governing, the reign of the crafty father was a capital lesson. Amboise is noted as the scene of the most sanguinary deeds of persecution, if we except the massacre of St. Bartholomew, recorded in French history.

The streets streamed with Protestant blood; and when the executioners grew too weary, the rest of the victims, amounting to some twelve hundred in all, were drowned in the Loire. The castle was decorated with the hanging bodies till the offensive odor obliged the court to leave. Such was the fearful spirit of the times, that, of all the ladies about the king, including his mother and his youthful consort, the unfortunate Mary Stuart, the Duchess of Guise alone manifested pity, and, with prophetic forebodings, exclaimed, "Alas! what a storm of hatred and blood has accumulated on the heads of my children!" Never was the declaration of holy writ, that the violence of the wicked shall return upon their own heads, more signally verified. Nearly all who had any hand in the bloody deeds of this dark period perished miserably in the long series of civil wars and assassinations that followed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Escape from a Pastoral—Shepherdesses—Vineyards—Chateau of Chenonceau
—Blois—Salle des Etats-Généreaux—Fontainebleau—Return.

WE had stolen the freshest breath of the morning. The white sails upon the Loire, just illuminated by the rising sun, peering over its rocky bank, were gliding by as merrily as ever. The birds were holding a jubilee. As we turned rapidly round the Castle hill, the prospect of fields and vineyards stretched out before us in joyous loveliness. We, too, caught the spirit of gladness. Cabins and cars were things of the past; and the genius of Watt and Fulton no longer constrained us. Luckily for our friends, we had not conveniences for inflicting upon them any original poetry, in a small way. My learned companion, who had been so improvident as to expend the first lines of the *Bucolics* on a previous shadowy occasion, was either modest or forgetful, and our fit of enthusiasm ended in an invasion of the peaceful plains of the south.

For a change we were curious to learn something of the peasantry, by visiting some of the more retired places. We had become interested too, in certain fairy tales of a fine old chateau, situated in a secluded, romantic spot, a few miles distant, said to be the finest specimen of the kind in France, with all its unique embellishments, and rich store of antiquities, as carefully preserved as if it had been buried a few ages under the lava of a second *Herculaneum*.

The country through which we passed presented a slightly varied surface, with small farmhouses, rather thinly scattered here and there. Agriculture appeared to be in a backward state, compared with that of other sections, and the ground was

tilled with a rude wheel-plough. As in other portions of France, the women seemed to be very commonly employed in out-door labor. Fields of rye and other grain were every where unhedged and unfenced, and about their edges, and the roadsides, females were frequently seen, each with a rope attached to a refractory beast or two, over which they thus watched while grazing. The whole domestic animal kingdom seemed to be under the protection of these gentle attendants, whose characteristic constancy through storm and sunshine, with scarcely any covering to their heads, had sacrificed their original fairness. I confess there is something revolting in this condemnation of women to constant field servitude.

By far the most care seemed bestowed upon the cultivation of the great staple production of this region—the grape. This, perhaps, is stimulated by the rivalry arising from the circumstance that the wine of each locality, and often of each separate establishment, has an individual character, known in the market, by which, in proportion to its quality, the price is regulated. All the southern exposures were covered with vineyards. The vines are planted about two feet apart, and trimmed annually to within a few inches of the ground. Early in the spring shoots put forth, the earth between is kept fresh and clean, and occasionally dug over, somewhat in the same way as in the cultivation of Indian corn. Small sticks, two or three feet high, are placed as a support to each vine. At the time of our visit, the shoots were about the height of a large currant-bush.

We passed in sight of Chauteloup, formerly the residence of Count Chaptal, the distinguished chemist and minister of Bonaparte, and the place where was established the first manufactory of sugar from the beet-root.

At length we wound through the beautiful valley of the River Cher, entered the little, quiet village of Chenonceau, and up a long avenue of trees; and partly upon arches, over the very bed of the river, stood the famous chateau. As you approach its

coquettish defenses of moat and round tower, guarding the enchanting grounds in front, the showy façade and pretty extinguisher-turrets, and the general profusion of ornament are sufficient to inform you at once, that it has been arrayed with characteristic skill in decoration by some lady architect—some designing creature, determined on making the most of its charms. It was commenced by Francis I., and afterward given by his son Henry II. to the celebrated Diana of Poitiers, who completed it in its present rich style. Through the uniform courtesy of the proprietor, the Count de Villeneuve, to strangers, we were kindly shown through the whole premises. The old armor lining the whole of the hall, the curtains at the doors, the tapestry covering the walls, the rich blue ceiling, studded with stars, the curiously-ornamented fireplaces and chimneypieces, the singular specimens of glass and china, the antique chairs, beds, and cabinets—all of the most costly description of the time were in such perfect order that it seemed almost incredible that they had occupied their places for three hundred years.

By a singular coincidence, the place had been inhabited by a succession of characters, among the most remarkable that had flourished from the time of its first mistress to that of its late occupant, the accomplished and virtuous Madame Dupin. Every step presented some interesting memorial. You inspected the favorite goblet of the pleasure-loving Francis I., and then you saw the mingled initials of Henry and Diana upon some ancient piece of furniture, or you stood by the bed of Catherine de Medicis, and surveyed her sleeping-apartment just as she had left it; you beheld your own respectable visage in Mary queen of Scots' mirror, or you tried to decipher the quaint French of an original letter of Henry IV.; you pensively moralized on the fleeting nature of earthly beauty as you gazed on the sweet faces of Agnes Sorel and Gabrielle d'Estrées; or, more sadly still, you lingered in the chamber of the widow of Henry III.,

with its walls still covered with black cloth, and the very windows shrouded with the drapery of death. To this delightful retreat the hospitality of Madame Dupin often drew many of the leading literary characters of the last century. Notwithstanding its numerous relics of royalty, such was the respect entertained in the neighborhood for its amiable mistress, then advanced in years, that, as one of the very few instances of the kind, it remained untouched during the ravages of the French Revolution.

Returning to the village, we strolled into the country, discoursed with several of the peasantry, and visited their rustic, but comfortable dwellings to make inquiries. We were received in the most hospitable manner. One of their first questions was, whether we had eaten; and my friend, having accepted a draught of wine, which was voluntarily proffered us, the offer of remuneration was promptly refused. You find the characteristic national politeness prevailing even among the uneducated poor. Scarcely did we meet a single laborer in his blouse, who did not, as if it were a habit, give us a respectful salutation; and some of them made good-natured inquiries, as to whether we were pleased with the country, and other matters. One good old lady, apparently near eighty, whose faculties had evidently failed, and who had, probably, not seen the last edition of Malte-Brun, upon learning that we were Americans, quite innocently tried our patriotism by naively inquiring where America was situated. They seem to be a cheerful and industrious race. We learned that the laborers about the vineyards and fields ordinarily received from thirty to forty cents per day. As in all countries, the rural population seemed much more estimable than the masses in large cities.

Returning at length to Amboise, we arrived by railroad, late in the evening, at Blois. We rose very early next morning, sallied out to reconnoitre the town, and found it pleasantly situated in a kind of partial amphitheatre of eminences, commanding

a fine view of the Loire. Bending our steps to its indifferent cathedral, we were surprised to find the door open. It was not six o'clock in the morning, and yet there was quite a throng of worshipers, mostly aged females; and some, so infirm as apparently to need assistance, had faltered to the place, which they doubtless regarded as particularly holy and privileged, to perform their private devotions. There was something affecting in those forms, kneeling like statues upon the marble floor—those stifled sobs and upturned eyes. Erring, as we may honestly believe them to be, in the theory of religion, who can say but that many of these humble and faithful ones shall, by a feebler light, succeed in finding their way to a brighter land?

Ascending a height on the west side of the town, we succeeded, after some difficulty, in gaining admission to the castle, then undergoing thorough reparation. It will be recollected that Blois was very early a place of considerable importance, and that it was frequently the place of the sittings of the States-General, the rude legislature of former days. We visited the hall where they met in the north part of the castle. Though they deliberated together, yet there were still the remains of the division lines, or railings separating the three different orders. The precedence was given to the clergy, then came the nobility, and last and least the *tiers état*, or representatives of the people.

It was to meet this body that the Guises were drawn from their stronghold in Paris, to be assassinated by the orders of Henry III., whose weakness they had imprudently despised. He had never forgiven the treacherous day of the barricades. Though he had formerly joined them in persecuting the Protestants, and, before his accession to the throne, had even commanded at the siege of Rochelle, yet, finding the League to be continually fomenting civil wars and commotions, and discovering their treasonable plot to force him to become a monk, at

the instigation of the vindictive queen-mother, he sought to break up this dangerous combination, and rid himself of its powerful chiefs by a fearful crime, which was soon after retaliated on himself. We were shown various apartments, associated with the details of this dark deed, and we traversed the staircase by which the king descended to distribute, with his own hands, the daggers to the forty-five gentlemen in waiting, who were to encounter the mighty Henri le Balafre. The Duke of Guise was summoned by a royal page from the legislative hall below to attend the king in his cabinet, and as he turned aside the tapestry at the door he received the first dagger. Struggling with prodigious force, he fought his way nearly the length of the room, when he fell, pierced with numerous wounds, exclaiming, "My God, have mercy!" A messenger, sent by one of his friends, conveying a slip of paper, wrapped in a handkerchief, with the words, "Save yourself, or you are dead!" arrived too late. Next day, his brother, the cardinal, was put to death, and the clothes and bodies of both were burned in a fireplace in the upper part of the castle, and their ashes thrown into the Loire, to prevent their friends from preserving them as relics.

As another proof of the fearful superstition of the age, it may be mentioned, that, during the progress of the murder, prayers were offered for its success in the chapel in the eastern wing. A tower, looking over the river, is pointed out as the place where the cruel and intriguing Catherine de Medicis used to retire, with her astrologer, to consult the stars.

Having taken our passage in the cars homeward, we had fleeting visions of ancient villages, and vineyards, fields, farm-houses, and rows of poplars, chasing each other through the level country, and the north bank of the Loire to Orleans, and then partly by our former route, in different ways, managed to make up about a hundred and fifty miles, when night found us at the little hamlet of Chailly, situated some forty miles from

Paris, upon the great road to Lyons, and on the edge of the vast forest of Fontainebleau. Next morning we were penetrating its intricate labyrinths and its barren gorges, climbing the sandstone rocks upon its bald hills, resting in its deep, cool shades winding along its delicious vales, and its murmuring streams. For rich variety in forest scenery it is, perhaps, unsurpassed in the world.

At length we entered the quiet town of Fontainebleau, and duly presented ourselves at the palace. It was commenced by Louis VII. as early as the twelfth century; and, with few exceptions, it has been a favorite with his successors. It is, perhaps, too well known to bear an elaborate description. Its gorgeously-furnished halls called up strange reminiscences of festal joy, pining sorrow, fearful crime, and blasted ambition. There was the marriage-chamber of Louis XV. and the late Duke of Orleans; the hall where Francis I. had feasted Charles V.; the apartment ornamented by the fair hands of Marie Antoinette, and the window-bars, curiously wrought by Louis XVI., in their happier days; the place where the revengeful Christina of Sweden assassinated her chamberlain; the rooms occupied by Pope Pius VII. as the prisoner of Napoleon; there, too, were the favorite apartments of the emperor himself, and the imperial throne, the price of so much blood and treasure, still undisturbed; and there, too, inclosed in a glass case, was a little table upon which he signed his abdication. In the green court-yard in front took place the scene of his celebrated adieu to his faithful guard.

Taking the diligence in the evening, we returned through a rich, beautiful country to Paris.

CHAPTER IX.

A deep Subject—The Abattoirs—Hôtel des Invalides—Chamber of Deputies
—M. Lamartine—Chamber of Peers—Père la Chaise.

I NEVER expect to see the veritable fountain of Helicon, but (I confess it modestly) I have just had a warm drink from the Artesian Well of Grenelle. If in attempting to fathom so deep a subject, like the schoolmaster in the Deserted Village, I should necessarily be implicated in

“Words of learned length, and thundering sound,”

I hope the reader will not ascribe it to any vanity for display, but charitably attribute it to an overdose of the scientific waters.

Paris is situated over what is termed a geological basin, or vast subterranean valley of one solid stratum, filled up to the level of its circumference with several layers of various consistence, arranged something like what is technically termed a *nest* of earthen vessels, the smaller being contained in the larger, as is frequently the case in secondary and tertiary formations. Supposing that, lining the bottom of this concavity from the centre up to the very brim, there is a second stratum impervious to water, while intervening between these two solid formations there is a layer of sand or porous substance readily conducting that fluid, which may be freely supplied from the surface of the earth, at the edges, it is evident that if a hole be bored from above, near the centre, so as to pierce the other hard stratum, and a tube be inserted, that the water will rise to the level of its source, which may possibly be considerably above the spot at the surface where the opening is made, and it will thus flow in a constant stream. It is on this principle, doubtless familiar to most readers, that Artesian wells are constructed.

The municipal council of Paris, finding that a scarcity of water existed in that direction, upon the recommendation of competent geologists, authorized, in 1832, the experiment of sinking one of these wells in the Abattoire de Grenelle. M. Mulot, to whom the contract was at length given, commenced boring on the 30th of November, 1833, and in two years succeeded in penetrating to the specified depth of four hundred metres, without obtaining the desired result. At the earnest representations of M. Arago, who with wonderful accuracy had previously predicted that it would be necessary to descend several hundred feet farther, an additional grant was obtained, and operations were continued. The most discouraging accidents occurred, requiring months for their repair—the municipality grew discouraged and stopped the funds—but, at the risk of ruin, M. Mulot courageously involved his own fortune, when at last, after a period of seven years from the commencement, and from a depth of eighteen hundred feet, a full stream gushed violently forth.

The water is confined in a tube of galvanized iron supported by scaffolding, and rises more than a hundred feet from the ground. At this height the rate of discharge is three hundred gallons per minute, and the force is calculated to be sufficient to supply more than twice that quantity at the surface. Upon placing my ear upon the tube there was a vibratory whizzing sensation, from the rapid motion of the fluid within. The water, of which I before intimated I had the benefit of drinking, is extremely pure and soft, and comes up at the temperature of about eighty-four degrees of Fahrenheit, or a little less than blood-heat.

Several of these wells now exist in France: some for the purposes of ordinary consumption, and others for irrigation, and to move machinery. Lately, M. Mulot has made a proposition to government to sink one in the Garden of Plants, to a depth so great that the water shall be sufficiently warm to heat

the greenhouses. It has even been proposed to warm some of the churches by this means.

The Abattoire, or public slaughter-house, in the court-yard of which the well at Grenelle is situated, is itself a great curiosity. All the meat for the consumption of Paris is slaughtered at these immense establishments, of which there are several in different directions outside the barriers. Their great extent, the amount of business done, the neatness and order prevailing, their conveniences for the minutest details of the business, and the care of the resident inspectors in preventing the supply of an unhealthy or inferior article, are indeed admirable.

Not far from this, on a slightly-elevated position a little back from the Seine, is the famous Hôtel des Invalides. This majestic pile, with its fine dome, like many other magnificent things in France, is a monument of the Augustan age of Louis XIV. Soldiers and officers, from the marshal of France downward, who have actually been disabled by their wounds, or who have been thirty years in the service, are here comfortably, and even luxuriously maintained. The number of inmates is at present about three thousand. It is really an interesting sight, some sunny day, to watch these veterans quietly hobbling about, or resting contentedly under the trees in the pleasure-ground, stretching down to the river, or going through the duty of mounting guard at their own hôtel, or attending to some of the lighter martial exercises of their youth, as cheerfully as if they were flattered with the idea that they were still soldiers. As I found by experiment, their eyes still brighten at the mention of Marengo, Jena, or Austerlitz. Some of them amuse themselves in constructing models representing the ascent of St. Bernard, and of the battles and sieges in which they have been distinguished. Every thing around them reminds them of the eventful past. The hotel is defended by foreign brass cannon, the fruit of their former bravery. The different courts and departments are named after their most famous victo-

ries. The chapel is hung with captured flags and trophies, and beneath lie the remains of several of their commanders; in front is a colossal statue of Napoleon, the model of that upon the column in the Place Vendôme, and in the rear, at present inaccessible, are the remains of their idolized Emperor, over which there is now being erected a fitting mausoleum.

As you walk down the esplanade to the river, and turn to the right, you are suddenly presented with a view of the front of the Chamber of Deputies, ornamented with statues, bas-reliefs, and a fine row of Corinthian columns. Having been politely furnished with a ticket at the American minister's, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of visiting the chamber while in session. The legislative hall is semicircular, with the richly-furnished seats of the members rising in front of the president in the form of an amphitheatre. It is decorated with marble figures of Order, Liberty, and several cardinal state virtues, and a fine large painting representing Louis Philippe swearing to the Charter on the 9th of August, 1830, in the presence of La Fayette, Casimir Perier, Lafitte, Benjamin Constant, and a crowd of the principal actors of the Revolution of July. The galleries, including the boxes for the royal family, the corps diplomatique, and the reporters, are estimated to accommodate some seven hundred spectators. The first row of seats below are for the ministers. Immediately in front of the president's chair is a desk, or tribune, as it is termed, from which the more elaborate addresses are made. By the less practiced speakers these are often read from manuscript. I was agreeably disappointed, however, to find much more animation and freedom than from previous accounts I had expected; and there were frequently replies and extemporaneous remarks of considerable length from the deputies in their places. The subjects of discussion were a commercial question and an appropriation for the encouragement of agriculture. Among others, we were

favoured with a speech from the distinguished poet Lamartine. He is tall, slender, and dignified in his person, with slightly-aquiline features, and speaks with much clearness and eloquence. Once or twice the debate grew warm, slight confusion ensued, and the president called them to order. From what I have been enabled to gather from different sources, M. Berryer, the leader of the legitimists, or friends of the dethroned family, is generally regarded as carrying away the palm for fascinating eloquence; and yet its practical effect is perhaps inferior to the clear, cutting logic, and fearless rejoinders of M. Guizot, the wily strategy and well-prepared fulminations of the leader of the opposition, M. Thiers, or the valiant efforts of his ally, Odilon Barrot. M. Arago, the celebrated astronomer, is associated with the two latter in the opposition, and is so liberal in his politics as to be regarded as decidedly republican. Each of the great parties, and indeed, to a certain extent, each leader, have their accredited organs out of doors. M. Guizot and the Conservatives are represented by the *Journal des Debats* and the *Presse*; M. Thiers and the moderate opposition, by the *Constitutionnel*; the more ardent Liberals, by the *Siècle*; the Republicans by the *National*; and the Legitimists, by the *Gazette de France* and the *Quotidienne*. The deputies, 459 in number, are elected every five years, by a carefully-registered list of voters, paying 200 francs in annual taxes. The qualification was reduced one third, and other beneficial changes were effected at the Revolution of 1830. In a population of 34,000,000 there are 150,000 voters. To be eligible for a deputy, the candidate must be thirty years of age, and pay annually 500 francs in taxes. About 200 of their number hold offices of honor or emolument under government. The hall of the Chamber of Peers, in the Palace of the Luxembourg, which I afterwards visited, is arranged in much the same manner as that of the deputies, and presents a similar appearance, except that the members, when in session, wear a richly-embroidered uniform,

and from their being generally persons advanced in life, or some other circumstance, there is more quiet and imposing dignity in their deliberations. Peerage in France is no longer hereditary, but they are nominated for life by the king. In looking over the list of some 300 in all, I was pleased to see, as a just tribute to science, associated with the leading ancient nobility, and the recent acquisitions of the marshals and ministers of Napoleon, the names of Gay Lussac, Villemain, Cousin, and some others engaged in literary toils, or still holding professorships.

There was no place in Paris that so deeply impressed me as Père la Chaise. It was not so much from the beauty of the grounds, the pleasantness of the hills and valleys, or the tasteful arrangement of the trees, for in these, perhaps, from having my expectations too highly excited, I was somewhat disappointed; and though the better class of tombs are doubtless more expensively and elaborately finished, and more carefully kept, yet at the risk of being set down as utterly heterodox in taste, I frankly confess that in diversified scenery and general natural embellishments, I think it surpassed by more than one of the lovely cemeteries of our own country. But my visits have always happened to be alone, and when I was at leisure to indulge in the pensive reveries natural to the resting-place of so many of the illustrious dead. At your first approach you are struck with the inscriptions upon the entrance. Little more than a half a century has passed since the atheistical frenzy of the Revolution, as if to wither the last hope of the afflicted, traced upon the portals to the burial places of Paris, "Death is an eternal sleep," and now, as an indication of a happy change in the world without, you read, as you pass the barrier of this famed inclosure, the more reasonable and sublime teachings of Christianity, "Their hope is full of immortality," "Whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." It is a fitting reproof to the madness of skepticism that this assurance of a life beyond the grave, this release of the noblest powers from

the bitter sentence of annihilation, should be associated with the spot where lie the earthly remains of La Place, Monge, and some of the mightiest spirits of the past century.

There is something striking and peculiar in the construction of a large number of the Catholic tombs. Instead of monuments or stones, there is erected over each family vault a little chapel some three or four feet wide, six or eight feet in length and height, and surmounted by a cross. It has a neatly-grated door in front, and a little stained-glass window in the rear, so that you readily see the inscriptions, busts, wreaths of flowers, and other objects within, and it is furnished with a chair, a prayer-book, a crucifix, or small image of the Virgin, wax candles, and other conveniences for their forms of devotion and intercession for the deceased. Upon emerging suddenly, and without intervening space, from the noise and bustle of the city of the living, and catching a first view of these little funereal temples scattered thickly every where, the thought irresistibly forces itself upon you that you are traversing a city of the dead. There were epitaphs in most of the languages of Europe. Friends and foes were quietly reposing together. Here, not far apart, were the remains of Sir Sidney Smith and a Spanish general whose name was associated with Wellington in the Peninsula, and a few yards distant was the plain gray stone, without ornament or inscription, which I should have passed by without a tribute had not some one recently, and apparently by stealth, with a paint brush rudely written upon one side, "Ney," and upon the other "Bravest of the brave;" and in another place was the prouder tomb of his more fortunate companion, General Lavalette, and his heroic wife, with the scene of his escape sculptured upon it, representing her looking from the prison as in female apparel he is passing the guard. There, too, are the monuments of Massena, Suchet, Macdonald, St. Cyr, and many of the marshals of Napoleon. Perhaps the most imposing are those of General Foy and Casimir Perier.

The most frequented is that of Abelard and Heloise. As I was returning from one of my visits, I noticed a gentle girl of about thirteen dressed in mourning, placing, with emotion, a wreath upon a little plain stone, which, from the inscription, seemed to be that over her mother. I kept quietly at a distance, and, to avoid disturbing her, pretended to be looking another way. Who that had ever lost such a friend could withhold a tear with that lone child by a mother's grave!

CHAPTER X.

Narrative Style—Illustrative Facts—Garden of Plants—Scientific Institutions—Life in a Madhouse—Politics.

THE writer happens from early instinct to be a great admirer of the narrative style, in preference to the dry descriptive. His first notion of "beginning in the world" came from Robinson Crusoe, and some of his first ideas of morals from Æsop's Fables. So if he ever becomes too circumstantial, perhaps some may charitably think to attribute it to his faulty education.

Those very fond of facts may excuse an anecdote illustrative of the manner of teaching, and the peculiar facilities of some of the scientific institutions of the French capital.

One fine morning, shortly after my arrival, I was greeted by what seemed to be the apparition of a very dear friend, with whom, from an early age, by a kind of happy fatality, in a manner really, quite romantic, I had been thrown several times into the most intimate relations of social and student life. Shift as I might for hundreds of miles, and every year or two, like the vision of some welcome flying Dutchman, he was sure to cross

my track ; and now I had fancied the salt sea between us, yet he was here. Yes, it surely was he ; there was his usual easy, independent walk, like one with a light heart and a clear conscience—there was the laughing twinkle of his eye—and I felt a thrill, as by an electric shock, as I brought to my aid the evidence of touch, and found my hand imprisoned in his habitually firm grasp. In a strange land one is thankful even for the sight of a domestic animal from home, but to meet a long-tried friend is bliss indeed. He was one of those frank, ardent, high-minded companions, to whom you can trust your whole soul ; and his ready fund of wit or sentiment, as occasion required, beguiled many a weary hour. So we formed an alliance offensive and defensive, established ourselves under the same roof as familiarly as years before, and, amid the hum of a foreign language, indulged in the sweet music of our mother tongue, engaged in kindred pursuits, shared our mutual joys and sorrows, and studied each other's domestic habits, somewhat after the amiable manner of the Siamese twins. One day, upon entering his room, I found pinned against the wall the periscarp of a plant, and lying upon the table was a regularly-constructed, fearful work on botany. "I need not look so quizzical—I must go with him to hear Professor Richard, and I, too, would be charmed." I was submissive. Several minutes before the time a crowd of the more youthful followers gathered impatiently before the door. When it was opened there was a general scamper for the front seats, and in a few moments a lecture-room accommodating several hundreds was comfortably filled. On a large black board was the synopsis of a few families of the vegetable kingdom, which was immediately copied into all the note-books. With these almost every one seemed provided. Spread upon a table some sixteen feet in length was a profusion of roots, stalks, seeds, and bunches of flowers, fresh from the botanical garden, arranged in order as the subject of the coming lecture. In a few moments, a tall, dignified-looking

personage, with a pale, intellectual face, and his coat buttoned closely, entered with a lively step, and, as a particular favorite, was received with a general cheer. He was then suffering from ill health, which subsequently obliged him to shorten his course. Yet the instant the first word escaped his lips, after taking his seat, his countenance brightened, and directly he was upon his feet, dashing from one end of the table to the other, sketching diagrams, or brandishing the fragment of a flower, and eloquently—yes, eloquently—discoursing upon it all the while, as if not a moment were to be lost, with such animated gestures and so much fluency and richness of language, and such a happy interweaving of humor and incident, that you became strongly interested. You had made a discovery. A science that you had perhaps previously laid upon the shelf on account of its interminable list of hard names, and the difficulty of seeing specimens, became wonderfully simplified, and you resolved again to be a disciple. Such was the earnestness of this excellent teacher, that at the close of his lecture his face was flushed, and he was generally in a free perspiration.

Upon becoming more regular attendants at the School of Botany in the Garden of Plants, we found every thing upon the most magnificent and instructive plan. It forms a large square inclosure in the centre. The plants are set at a convenient distance in rows like a nursery, and grouped together in classes and families, according to the natural system of Jussieu. By each specimen, elevated on a small iron rod, is placed a metallic label, painted green, on which, in letters legible a few yards distant, is inscribed its botanical name and the country to which it belongs, with a character distinguishing whether it is annual, biennial, perennial; as also a black, red, yellow, or other colored stripe across the top, denoting the plant to be poisonous, medicinal, ornamental, or edible. Besides these smaller green labels for each species, there were larger ones of different colors, at the head of each class and tribe. Thus,

commencing with the mushrooms, mosses, and other cryptogamous plants, in one corner of the inclosure, you can inspect, row after row, gradually ascending to the proudest tree of the forest. Besides the vast number in the other extensive portions of the Garden of Plants, there are more than twelve thousand specimens in this department alone. Encouraged by such rare advantages, my enthusiastic friend became a confirmed botanist. As an innocent amusement, he commenced translating the professor's thick octavo on the subject. His very witticisms grew herbaceous. An unconscious passer-by, with an exceedingly broad hat, was humorously pointed out, one day, as a specimen of the umbelliferæ.

It is thus that those who wish to pursue thoroughly any particularly intricate studies at the least expense find extraordinary facilities in Paris. The case we have mentioned is only a single example out of a vast number. If you wish to devote yourself to zoology and comparative anatomy, you have access without cost to the extensive menagerie of the Garden of Plants, and to the thousands of preserved specimens of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles, from the elephant and river-horse to the smallest insect, in its splendid museum; if you wish to perfect yourself in geology, you have at your command one of the most splendid collections in the world, in the centre of which, as if to encourage you, stands a fine statue of Cuvier, holding a representation of the earth, into an excavation of which his finger is pointing; and in the neighboring lecture-room you may attend the instructions of the celebrated Brogniart. Indeed, independent of the attraction of its teachers, the Garden of Plants may perhaps be said with justice, as a whole, to contain the most valuable exhibition of the three kingdoms of nature in existence.

On a corresponding liberal scale are the advantages for teaching every known science in the other institutions and colleges. Gratuitous lectures are given on the language and literature of almost every nation, ancient or modern. As an instance of the

extent to which this is carried, I may mention seeing the announcement of one of the public professors discoursing on Turkish. Every general department of knowledge is divided into a great many specialities, to each of which there is a separate chair. Thus in the faculty of medicine alone there are twenty-six professors.

The situation of a public teacher is esteemed very honorable, and though the salaries are moderate, it is eagerly sought. Peers of France are not ashamed to be considered lecturers.

There is a rising literary aristocracy more powerful than the proudest of the old nobility. The name of M. Guizot is still annually announced as a teacher of History. His place is temporarily supplied by another, and were he to cease to be premier to-morrow, and his voice be silent at the tribune, it would probably again be heard from the professor's chair.

Persons only who take degrees pay certain expenses of graduation; but all the lectures, museums, libraries, and hospitals are free. All the educational establishments are under the supervision of the Minister of Public Instruction, generally some eminent literary personage, and a royal council. The expenses for public education for 1846 are estimated in the budget at more than seventeen millions of francs.

One day I went to visit the Hospital of Salpêtrière. This place, it will be recollected, was the seat of the investigations of Esquirol. It is in a fine airy situation near the Garden of Plants, with extensive buildings and pleasure-grounds, and can accommodate near five thousand inmates. There are two departments—one is an asylum for aged females, disabled or above seventy years; and the other, numbering about one fourth of the inmates, is for the treatment of the insane. Never have I seen any thing of the kind so neat and comfortable as the first department. In one portion of the lunatic establishment there were conveniences for writing and innocent amusements, and they seem to have realized the idea that "Music hath charms

to soothe the savage breast," by placing at the disposal of the inmates an organ and a piano, and regularly employing a music teacher. Those in this division seemed quite cheerful and happy. Light employment was furnished them, and they spent an hour a-day in gardening. Most of them saluted our company politely. One of them, with a certain officious air and benignant smile, graciously opened the door, and the lady attendant addressed her as the queen. The poor woman really fancied herself to bear the responsibilities of royalty, as also to be the wife of the deceased Duke of Orleans. In another section were the more unmanageable. As we entered, one of the number rushed toward us, wept and sobbed piteously, said that she knew not why they had put her there, and begged of me to assist her to escape. Doubtless there was not found the least suspicion of foul play in her case; but the circumstance reminded me of a fearful incident related of one, who, under false pretenses, was incarcerated in a lunatic asylum, and who, in the wildness of despair, continually exclaimed, "I am not mad,"—only to prolong his captivity.

Before bidding adieu to this interesting capital, one might be expected to devote special attention to its secular Westminster Abbey, the Pantheon, with its imposing architecture and lofty dome,—the bronze column in the Place Vendôme, wreathed with bas-reliefs of warlike scenes, surmounted with the colossal statue of Napoleon, which was formed of the cannon taken in the campaign of Austerlitz,—the equally beautiful and lofty brazen monument of the Revolution of 1830, in the Place de la Bastille,—and the treasures of the Bibliotheque Royale; but really Paris is becoming so much a place of resort for all the world, that one feels somewhat scrupulous in penetrating farther into the region of twice-told tales. I am also reluctant to attempt a spiced dish of politics. Strong attachment to one's own country and its government does not necessarily involve the abuse of all others; besides, there was, at the outset, a sort of vow to

be good-natured. Much as the liberal-minded stranger finds to admire in many institutions of France, and great as have doubtless been the improvements in her political system, it would be too much for humanity for them to be perfect: and there are still anomalies, that from habit may be less irksome to her subjects, but which, perhaps, partly from an opposite cause, are much more so to those with whom they are happily unnecessary. The country has not yet entirely recovered, either in its warlike tastes or its economy, from the effects of the iron rule of Napoleon. Soldiers meet you every where; your passport is a necessary companion; and the police, if more quiet, are probably as numerous and vigilant as in the days of Fouché. In view of the astonishing changes that have taken place since the first Revolution, and the present feverish state of the public mind, it is difficult to anticipate the future. The love of order, and the intelligence so eminently favorable to the enjoyment of liberty, are evidently on the increase. The judicious peace policy of the present government, if successfully continued for many years, by encouraging trade and manufactures, must eventually raise up a powerful middle class in society, like that in England, who will not rest contented without an extension of suffrage and other reforms. War, unless in a necessary and successful struggle for freedom itself, is its greatest enemy. England granted Catholic emancipation and the Reform Bill only after a profound peace. It will be recollected, too, that the dynasty of Louis Philippe is in the same position with regard to Henry V. and the elder Bourbons, as were William III. of England and the House of Hanover with the Stuarts. It can only succeed by being the more liberal of the two. Its claims over its rival are not of hereditary right, but of political expediency and the voice of the French people. The successors of the Stuarts found it necessary to intrench themselves in their position, and conciliate their subjects by assent to the acts of habeas corpus and toleration, and the surrender of important prerogatives, and

when the hand of Louis Philippe shall cease to hold the reins, and the excuse of present danger from this cause shall be past, perhaps there will be a revolution in favor of a more liberal state of things, or it will be necessary to resort to a similar policy of gradual concession.

A transient visitor to the metropolis, perhaps naturally forms an exaggerated unfavorable opinion of the French morals. While drunkenness is almost unknown, the records of the Foundling Hospital, the character of the popular literature, and the loose opinions that too generally prevail of the obligations of the marriage vow, naturally shock the feelings of those reared under happier influences. Yet the capital is not the country, and those more intimately acquainted with the national character uniformly say that a very different state of things exists in the provinces. There is no sanctuary for virtue like a home. It preserves the young from the contamination of the world without, and it cherishes a thousand kindly affections that become powerful safeguards. How many in our own land of happy hearths would be lost in the hour of trial but for the thoughts of wounding and disgracing those they have there learned to love! Most of the Parisians, in our sense of the word, have no home. They lodge in hired apartments, and spend their leisure hours at the cafés and places of public amusement. Yet there are evident signs of improvement. The moralist looks with hope at the acknowledged increase of religious feeling; and after all, there is no virtue which endures like that which, above considerations of human expediency, looks for its reward in the world beyond the grave.

CHAPTER XI.

Introduction—St. Cloud—Sèvres—Versailles—Journey to Boulogne—Foggy Reception—London—Evangelical Alliance.

I RECOLLECT an acquaintance with whom the process of saying "Good-by," even on ordinary occasions, was often extremely gradual. Like certain orators, when he got under way it seemed impossible to stop. He was sure to fascinate you with the air rushing through the half-opened door upon your bare head, in a cold hall; or keep you hesitating between respect and impatience on the stone steps, and just as you fancied you had escaped, you heard a voice behind you: he had forgotten something, and returned to the charge, till he gave you as many parting salutations as a Chinese master of ceremonies.

Imitating his impressive example, then, let us linger about the precincts of the lively capital, to which we had professedly bidden adieu.

As you set out from Paris in a southwesterly direction, you pass through a portion of the Bois de Boulogne, celebrated for its duels, and the encampment of the English troops; and crossing the Seine a few miles below the city, you ascend the brow of a hill, on the opposite bank, to the imposing Palace and Park of St. Cloud. Here, as one of the pictures in the Gallery of Versailles vividly reminds you, Napoleon, assisted by his brother Lucien and his grenadiers, played the part of Cromwell, in forcibly breaking up the sitting of the Council of Five Hundred, in the Revolution of the 18th of Brumaire; and here were signed the ill-fated ordinances which cost Charles X. his throne, and made his ministers life-prisoners. It is still one of the summer residences of the royal family. The interior is ornamented with pictures and rich furniture similar to the others; and some of

the pieces of Gobelin tapestry lining the walls are so exquisitely executed, and the colors are so delicately laid, that, at the distance of a few feet, it is difficult to distinguish them from real paintings. The view of the winding river, and Paris, in the distance, from the grounds in front, is exceedingly fine.

My visit to it happened to be in company with a party of friends, and, after paying our respects to the palace, we strolled along the brow of the hill, through a forest of lofty trees in the grounds to the eastward for a mile or more, till we came to the village of Sèvres. On presenting our tickets, we were politely conducted through the immense show-rooms of the Royal Porcelain Manufactory, containing magnificent services, vases, and paintings upon porcelain, valued, in some instances, at thousands of francs each, besides a museum of the earthenware of all nations, from Etruscan vases and the rudest pottery of the savage to the finest fabrics of Europe and America.

The establishment employs one hundred and fifty persons, and, like the manufactory for the Gobelin tapestry, is the property of the government.

A little to the eastward of the village, you intersect one of the two railroads leading from Paris to what is certainly the principal attraction, both to citizens and strangers, outside of its walls—the Palace of Versailles. It costs but a pleasant ride of twelve miles from the capital. As you enter the gate in front, and walk leisurely up a gentle ascent, you are struck with the imposing array of colossal statues of some of the greatest men of France, on either hand, with Louis XIV., its founder, on horseback in the centre, at their head; and then the connected mass of edifices at the summit, with its gigantic wings extending far downward, presents an appearance of overgrown greatness worthy to be counted the masterpiece of the most tasteful, extravagant, and vain monarch of his time.

By the burden of debt and taxes thus created, it is thought that he left the French Revolution as a legacy to his grandson,

and by an ominous coincidence it was from this place that Louis XVI. was forced by the triumphant mob to become their prisoner in Paris.

Its unpleasant associations, and more especially the enormous expense of a corresponding establishment, have deterred Napoleon and succeeding rulers from inhabiting the principal palace, till at length that munificent patron of the fine arts, and skillful flatterer, Louis Philippe, affixed in imposing character upon its front a new dedication (*A toutes les gloires de la France*), pleasing to the national pride of every Frenchman, and filled it with a vast collection of statues and paintings, forming, perhaps, the largest and best arranged historical gallery in the world, and opened the palace and its magnificent grounds for the gratuitous instruction and amusement of all classes.

Commencing with the elevation of a Roman general upon a shield, by his soldiers, as their Gallic sovereign, and kindred scenes, there is a separate apartment devoted to each age, containing portraits of the kings, queens, eminent characters of France, pictures of coronations, marriages, and stirring incidents of each reign to the present time.

The department devoted to the Crusades is particularly full and interesting, containing representations of their leading events, in which Peter the Hermit, St. Louis, Philip Augustus, Godfrey de Bouillon, Richard Cœur de Lion, and hosts of mailed knights and turbaned Saracens are fiercely figuring, about the size of life. Very appropriately in this department are placed the carved doors and the huge mortar belonging to the Hospital of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, recently presented by the sultan.

The series depicting the various incidents of the career of Napoleon is also very full, and the whole is brought down to the deeds of the three glorious days, the swearing to the charter, the events of the commencement of the reign of the present monarch, and the battles in Algiers.

It seems that the splendor and extent of this royal residence were oppressive even to some of its first occupants, and Louis XIV., at the suggestion of Madame de Maintenon, built the Grand Trianon, a kind of cottage-palace, in a distant part of the grounds. Marie Antoniette preferred the Petit Trianon, a small residence still more retired, with half a dozen plain rooms, an English garden, ornamented with untrimmed trees, Swiss chalets, thatched with straw, a little dairy establishment, with whose affairs, it is said, she used to busy herself. The park, diversified with many splendid avenues and devices, extends for several miles, and the stupendous fountains and water-works, on account of the great expense attending the operation, play only three or four times a-year, on great occasions.

Having taken my place in the diligence for the north, one fine morning, much in the style of the hero of the opening paragraph, I bade a lingering final adieu to Paris, and in the same spirit exchanged farewell salutations of various degrees of strength, according to the distance, with a very dear friend who accompanied me to the place of departure. On the arrival of the diligence at the railway station in one of the suburbs, the body of this lumbering conveyance was suddenly lifted off the wheels, and placed on a low, flat railway car, and directly, as we sat quietly in our places, we were flying at a rapid rate upon the great northern railway. Our course along the River Oise and all the way to our taking to wheels again, at the old provincial town of Amiens, was through a level and comparatively uninteresting country. To enjoy a better view, I had taken my place in the banquette, and a huge corpulent conductor having left his more usual place in front during the night, kept the blind open, and greatly encroached upon the lateral dimensions of two suffering fellow-passengers and myself. One of them was not of the gentlest mood, and grew perfectly furious. Finding he could scarcely speak a word of French, and that our oppressive

functionary was equally innocent of English, one of us ventured to translate some of the milder sentences of our companion. It was labor lost. Sleep at length came as a peacemaker, and at daybreak we walked into the good city of Boulogne.

As it became lighter we sallied forth, and obtained from a little distance a view of the column erected to commemorate the preparations of Napoleon and the grand army upon this spot for the invasion of England.

After we were on board the little steamer, and fairly in the Channel, the clear sky suddenly became overcast, a storm of wind and rain came on, and with it sea-sickness, like a prevailing epidemic, and, as we neared the shore there was a dense mist that tempted some of us to believe that the worst complaints against the climate of England were true, and that it was emphatically the land of fogs. But, as if by a charm, we had scarcely landed at Folkestone when the sun shone out in strange brightness, and we were soon whirling rapidly, by railway, through a beautiful, undulating country, whose pretty country seats, quiet cottages, and fields lined with hedges and luxuriant shrubbery seemed floating by us like a passing vision of some terrestrial paradise. Owing to the climate and the effects of an extremely high state of cultivation, vegetation wears a hue of intense green, and there is a remarkably finished softness to the landscape. We were presented, too, with one of the finest specimens. The county of Kent is often styled the garden of England; but we had scarcely gazed upon it before we were plunged into the smoke and din of busy, interminable London.

The immediate occasion of this earlier visit was a message received in Paris from kind friends at home, requesting me to represent them at the approaching meeting of the Evangelical Alliance. The history of that extraordinary assemblage is, doubtless, too familiar to need repetition. More than twenty different sects, and more than a thousand Christians from the

four quarters of the globe, and speaking several different languages, mingled together for nearly a fortnight in wonderful harmony. It was a touching and beautiful illustration of the identity of the Christian religion under many different forms. Ministers and laymen, gray-headed fathers of the Church universal, and learned divines whose eloquent writings had become familiar household books in distant lands, here gathered on an errand of peace and forgiveness. It seemed like the harbinger of a happier day. Whatever may be the future history of this effort, the assemblage itself is a great fact in favor of the truth of Christianity, which can never be destroyed. No other influence could have so delightfully calmed so many apparently discordant elements.

After a thorough friendly discussion, almost every important proposition was carried without a dissenting voice. Even in minor matters, there were scarcely even half a dozen hands raised in the negative. Had you not known them previously by reputation, it was commonly impossible to tell the peculiar sect of any of the speakers by what fell from their lips. It was the occasion, too, of delightful interchanges of feeling, generous hospitalities, and the formation of cherished friendships that can never be forgotten.

CHAPTER XII.

Trying the Nerves—Dover—Influence of the Moon—Ostend—Ghent—Brussels—Bold Design—Waterloo—Trip to the Rhine—Cologne.

THE fatigue of a previous journey, and daily occupation in the discharge of the pleasing commission of my excellent friends, prevented me from doing justice to the sights in London; and leaving them, and my heavier baggage as probable subjects of future attentions, at the end of a fortnight I was flying off at a tangent for the Continent, through the beautiful scenery, and the miles of dark tunnels, of the Southeastern railway. The average rate of speed of the cars in England is perhaps greater than any where else, and whirling through the air at forty or fifty miles an hour is very apt to give the nervous some of the ticklish sensations of the celebrated John Gilpin. The Channel steamers have no fixed hours for starting, but are regulated by the tide, which here rises very high. In fact, owing to natural or other causes, the influence of the moon upon them is not quite so regular as upon the passive waters; and, like some Belgian railways, it requires a good deal of science to tell the precise moment you should be in your place. So, instead of reposing as we might have done, amid the wonders of the capital, we rested till near noon next day upon the breezy shore at Dover, a quiet town that, like a belt, lies hemmed in on one side, while on the other are the lofty white cliffs that anciently gave the name to the island. A walk upon these, next morning, in the direction of the fine old castle, reconciled me to my fate. It was one of those blissful moments of existence when, though alone, we are not solitary, and the soul, awake only to loveliness, seeks companionship with nature, and charmed, as if by spirit-whisperings before unheard, seems to hold sweet

converse with earth, sky, and ocean. The prospect was fairy as a dream. Before me, calm as a forest lake, lay the Channel, while upon its surface, as if set in molten silver, were to be counted some fifty sail, courting, apparently in vain, the coy breeze. Trees, hedges, and lawns, mingled with pretty cottages and villas, and clad in the peculiar rich tints of an island shore, stretched away to the background, as its crowning beauties; and the slight characteristic haziness, like that of our Indian summer, but tempered the blueness of the sky and the glare of the morning sun, throwing a kind of spiritual dimness over a scene whose charms lulled me into a sweet reverie, in which all the less pleasing earthly realities were forgotten. From this transcendental state of existence, which from my nearness to the precipice was sufficiently hazardous to be interesting, I was suddenly awakened by a column of black smoke, which in these reckless days has become one of the symptoms of steam. The little packet, which from the dizzy height seemed but a plaything, was actually evincing signs of life, and snorting and puffing away as if to give fair warning to all sentimental loiterers. I set off at a furious pace down the subterranean staircase, and arrived on board just as they were pulling off, in a most unpoetical perspiration. After a pleasant sail of four hours, the steamer approached a flat shore, and edged its way into the little cove, on one side of which were the low, white houses and red-tiled roofs of the town of Ostend. Having, as I hope, given a satisfactory exemplification of the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance at the custom-house, and of patience in waiting an hour extra at the station, we were at length fairly in motion, and passed hour after hour of their railroad measure through a richly-cultivated but perfectly flat country, whose rows of willows, ditches, and canals, and peasants with tobacco pipes innumerable, attest its claims to neighborhood with Holland. At length we halted in the midst of a quiet, ancient-looking city, half in ruins, and a fellow-pas-

senger murmured the name of Bruges. I confess I heard it with a feeling of regret. Having suffered somewhat from too close confinement several months previous, and being a little anxious on account of the lateness of the season, all my sympathies were concentrated upon a projected ramble among the Alps; and in my haste to get on, I had taken a ticket all the way to Brussels, almost forgetting that with but a transient glance I was to pass through Bruges and Ghent—cities that with Venice were once the commercial capitals of the world—repositories of some of the choicest paintings of the great masters of the Flemish school, and of some of the most interesting historical monuments of the middle ages. As the engine stopped a few minutes, as if for breath, at the latter city, I looked out into its roomy streets, lined with stately old houses; thought of Charles V. and the cruel Alva; of the stormy days of the Van Artevelde and Philip the Good; of the time when its weavers darkened the streets in restless throngs; when at the sound of its great bell it could summon eighty thousand fighting men—and of a furious thunderstorm just rising—the probable conducting powers of steam pipes and railroad iron—of a certain precious morsel of loose baggage—when, at a given signal, there was a general rush; the passengers in the open cars were trying to change their tickets; an unexpected crowd from a fair were applying for places, and amid the shouts of conductors, and a general hubbub, the unfeeling engine forced us away from the good city of Ghent. Late in the evening we arrived at Brussels. The appearance of the streets; the cafés and restaurants, the language and dress of the better classes, and the general air of things, give one the idea that there is a very decided attempt at imitating Parisian life here. But my whole thoughts at the time were bent upon seeing the field of Waterloo. I can scarcely tell why, but I can hardly remember a single object of curiosity a visit to which has ever excited the same interest in advance as that famed battle-ground. It is true that the widely different accounts of French and English historians, the anima-

ted discussions respecting the faults or mishaps of different parties, its importance as a trial of military skill between two of the first commanders of the age, and as one of those critical conflicts which have influenced the destinies of the world for ages, in some measure justified this feeling. But really it became oppressive. I took no notes of my dreams the night before, but if I had any they must have been of the battle of Waterloo. I had pored over different authorities, till I was as much in the mist as a jury with too much evidence and too many lawyers.

Feverish with anticipation, I set out from Brussels without seeking for company; and, for the benefit of any who may be in danger of falling into this bachelor-habit of traveling, I may as well frankly relate my experience. For want of other employment, or from an overexcited imagination, I amused myself in constructing a "castle in the air," of extraordinary magnitude. I really conceived the design of writing a regular statistical heroic account of the battle of Waterloo, in the shape of a warlike letter to my friends, that thus I, too, might "shoulder my *quill*, and show how fields were won." If I could not recollect the well-known poetical description of the untimely preliminary festive scene at Brussels, I was pretty sure that I had a clew in the name of the author. Tempting scenes, too, for an enthusiastic pencil, were the unrolling of the French columns, and the moving of the imperial eagles along the brow of the opposing hill, to the sound of the Marseillaise;—the demon fury of the opening struggles for the possession of Hougoumont,—the carnage of La Haye Sainte,—the whirlwind descent of Ponsonby's ill-fated dragoons,—the reckless charges of the glistening cuirassiers,—the marshaling of the remnant of the Old Guard by Napoleon, as he led them a little way down the descent, pointed them the road to Brussels, and, for the last time, appealed to them as his "children;" and the rampart of steel that sprang as from the earth to receive them at the magic words "Up, guards, and at them!" What a crowd of martial

figures, ready forged, from Homer down to Napier, might be borrowed, in case of any scarcity of originals! One might, after the manner of some, play with fiery serpents, lions, rocks, sulphury clouds, volcanoes, and the like, by way of decoration, with perfect impunity. I was in the midst of the fray (in fancy, I mean), I had conjured up this sublime spectre, when, luckily for my friends, there flashed upon me a slight sense of the ridiculous. Other scenes, less familiar, might do; but they had probably read the regular account of the battle of Waterloo a hundred times, and really was I going to enlighten them upon this point again, in a mere traveling journal? I found, too, when I caught the first glance of the field, that by some unaccountable mistake (I hope some future historian or letter-writer will give us the benefit of a good map) I had always placed Hougoumont on the left instead of the right of the English. As has been often described, the plain presents two parallel ridges crossing the great road from Brussels, of which that occupied by the allies is a little the higher. As the road descends into the valley, it passes close to the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte. On the top of the French ridge is La Belle Alliance, and half a mile west of the road in the valley is Hougoumont.

The day was wet and dreary, and the field that, in imagination, I had just peopled with contending hosts was silent as the grave. There came over me a feeling of unmingled sadness. You trod as though the very turf beneath your feet had been "a soldier's sepulchre." The guide, who had been employed in taking care of the wounded, gave a fearful account of the cries and sufferings as, to use his comparison, they lay helpless and bleeding, like maimed and slaughtered sheep. How many, the pride and hope of many a circle, unpitied and unfriended, in lingering anguish expired upon the damp earth as their couch on that memorable day! No mother or wife came to moisten their parched lips, or catch their last whisper; but their death dream was of their brethren, who, they scarcely knew why, were piercing

each other's breast above them, and of the smoke and din as of a conflict of demons. The last pang was perhaps given by the crushing wheel of artillery, or their yet living faces were mangled by the hoof of the maddened courser: I never had such a consciousness of the sinful cruelty of war. I could not help secretly thanking Heaven that the blessed influence of Christianity was hastening the day when its ravages should cease. Every memorial was of destruction. Little innocent-looking children came up and offered bullets and bits of broken armor. From the top of the Belgian mound was pointed out each locality that had gained distinction from the number of its slain. I looked upon the fresh furrows in one part of the field, and discovered fragments of human bones mingled with the earth; and the guide, learning that I was a physician, and thinking to gratify me, offered me a skull.

Next day, after paying my respects to the comparatively unostentatious palace of King Leopold, some creditable modern paintings, the pleasure-grounds, and magnificent Hôtel de Ville of Brussels, I took the cars for the Rhine. Passing through Louvain, the celebrated seat of Catholic learning, and a country more agreeably diversified, we at length descended a long inclined plane to the ancient city of Liege,—the Birmingham of northern Europe, prettily situated upon the river Meuse, in a basin environed by romantic hills. Upon leaving this, the railway passed near the celebrated Spa watering-place along the course of a small river, and piercing very often the hills that projected too far into its beautiful valley. As we entered the dominions of Prussia, the trim-looking hedges reminded me of the careful culture and the character of the landscape of England.

The hum of the strongly-pronounced German around me and the harmonious mingling of the merry voices of some singers in the open cars, attested that we were in the confines of their "fatherland." At length it became twilight. We traversed a level plain, and the cars stopped. We were in the good city

of Cologne, distinguished for the number of its churches, convents, and beggars, and its apparently necessary perfume. It is redeemed, however, from the effect of any little faults by its situation on the banks of the renowned stream which, in a more refined way, is almost as much the object of the veneration of the dwellers upon its banks as the Ganges or the Nile.

CHAPTER XIII.

St. Ursula—Happy Meeting—Cathedral—The Rhine—Ehrenbreitstein—Legend of Lurlei—Home Feelings—Fair at Frankfort.

COLOGNE, as travelers for the last twenty years have told us, abounds with Roman remains. Its very name is one of these in a modified form, and was given it by Agrippina, mother of Nero, who was partial to it as her birthplace, and sent here a colony of Roman veterans. But all the inscriptions, altars, and old walls are eclipsed in interest by its unfinished cathedral, one of the finest Gothic specimens in Europe. So, as in duty bound, I made this the first thing in the order of a day of sight-seeing. The object that most prominently arrests your attention on your approach is a large crane for raising stones, that for centuries has been left standing on the highest unfinished tower. Having been once taken down, a terrible thunder-storm drove the superstitious citizens immediately to replace it in its former respectable position.

At length I made my way into the magnificent portion finished, which is garnished with a rare collection of monuments of ancient prelates and warriors; and after mounting to the dizzy height of the roof, and paying, article by article, for the different sights, according to a rather high tariff, which here parcels out knowledge in convenient lots, like books published in num-

bers, I had my faith tried by a peep into an inclosure said to contain vast treasures, and the bones of three kings, or magi, who came to worship the Savior, obtained in one of the expeditions of the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and presented as a rich prize.

This city, if accounts are true, is also remarkable as having received the largest emigration of young ladies on record. According to the current legend, St. Ursula, a British princess, and a train of eleven thousand virgins, in a sea voyage to Armorica, were carried by a tempest all the way up the Rhine to Cologne, and upon landing were cruelly murdered by the Huns. I went, toward evening, to the church dedicated to the principal victim, where the story is yet related, and their bones as hideous relics are still shown to wondering pilgrims; but I happened to be too late for admission.

Next morning, while standing on the deck of one of the Rhine steamers just pushing off, quite unexpectedly I encountered a party of several Americans, among whom I was delighted to find one of my most esteemed early friends. It was a glorious day. We are such creatures of sympathy that our enjoyments are happily contagious. After a couple of hours' sail we approached Bonn, and found ourselves fairly in the midst of the beauties of the Rhine. We formed a quiet, enthusiastic circle by ourselves upon the deck, and feasted our eyes for the greater part of the day. The romantic summits of the seven mountains crowned with gray, ruined walls of old castles—the peak of Drachenfels, where in legendary lore the Norman Seigfried killed the dragon—the sweet island of Nonnenworth in the midst of the river, with its white-walled nunnery embowered in trees, where was immured the betrothed bride of the unfortunate Roland—the tower on the opposite shore, where, as a hermit in view of her prison, dwelt the disconsolate lover—the castle that once sheltered Melancthon, and Bucer, and a Protestant archbishop—the wooded height and pretty church of

Apollinarisberg—the defile of Andernach—the spot where the French under Hoche, and the Romans under Cæsar, crossed the Rhine—the delicious wooded vale of the Sayn, all passed like shifting scenes of a beautiful vision; and the steamer approached the place where mingle the clear waters of the Moselle with the turbid Rhine at the flourishing and ancient city of Coblenz.

Our company represented several different sections, corresponding to the points of the compass in our own country; and each more remarkable turn in the majestic river, each frowning battlement of rock or bold headland, each green tributary vale or overhanging mountain called forth some happy remark, some appropriate allusion perchance to kindred scenes upon the Hudson, the Potomac, the Susquehanna, or the Ohio. It is a fact, that most have probably verified, that the most lovely scenes of nature seem often to remind the traveler of the happiest hours of his past existence—of home, and the friends whom absence has taught him more than ever to cherish. He may revel for moments as in a dream of a fairy land, but ever and anon, as a passing cloud, comes the thought that he alone of all his own hearth circle is sharing the blessed sight. How *much* more richly would he enjoy it could he chime in the ecstasy of a single home voice! I could not help but admire the strength of these better feelings of our nature, as manifested in frequent casual allusions by our companions. Among them was one who had been borne down by the earlier trials of an arduous profession, and had left a young wife and a loved circle in the hope of recovering his ruined health in a foreign land. He was happily improving. He seemed intoxicated with the sight, as if the joyous earth were a newly-bestowed boon, and his thoughts naturally turned to the one who, in view of the possibility of a final earthly separation, must have been regarding him with deepest interest. I shall never forget the enthusiasm which lit up his face. It seemed as if nothing but intense poetry could embody his feel-

ings. Seizing a moment when a little retired from the crowd, in a low, tremulous accent denoting deep emotion, and with a stress upon the last couplet, he repeated the well-known stanzas written by one far less happy :

“The castle crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine ;
 And hills, all rich with blossomed trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scattered cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have stréwed a scene which I should see
 With double joy wert *thou* with me ;

And peasant girls with deep-blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise,
 Above the frequent feudal towers ;
 Though green leaves lift their walls of gray,
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look on this vale of vintage-bowers,
 But one thing wants these banks of Rhine—
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !”

Even the writer—the only one in the company who had been stoic enough not to be beguiled into the respectable state of double blessedness—could not rest unmoved. As an impartial observer, I really could not help honoring his feelings. Under any circumstances but amid such enchanting sights, and after a separation, this warm expression of them might have appeared a little extravagant ; but, as it was, it seemed quite natural.

Frowning upon the entrance of the Moselle and Coblentz, on the opposite shore, is the fortified height and fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine that baffled all the attempts of Louis XIV., and was only reduced by famine in

1799. Its 400 cannon, ranges of covered galleries, and immense stores of provisions, appear at present to defy an enemy.

There is something very peculiar in the contrasts of the Rhine scenery. The gleaming of the sun upon the joyous river, the mountains on either side terraced to the very top, and every passable crevice gracefully ornamented with vines or green shrubbery that mingled with the points of rock, relieve each other like the light and shade of a picture; ivy-clad ruins, the nests of the robber-knights of olden time, hanging over sweet vales, and the white walls of cities and churches gleaming here and there, form a variety really enchanting. The historic associations and fearful German legends of this spirit-haunted river invest certain appropriate spots with strange interest. Above Coblenz the aspect grew wilder and the old towns more frequent. Passing the Castle of Stolzenfels (proud rock), now fitted up as a royal seat, and the ruin of Sahneck,—the decayed retreat of Oberlanstein,—the octagon Königstuhl of Rhense, where the emperor and the electors used to meet,—the old fortress of Marksburg, with its famous secret passages, its horrible hundlock and chamber for tormenting prisoners,—the pretty corn-fields and meadows above Boppard,—and the Castles of the Brothers, and several others celebrated in traditionary story, we came at length to the ruin, the most imposing, perhaps, of any upon this noble river, the extensive fortress of Rheinfels. Its founder, Count Diether, undertaking, some time about the middle of the thirteenth century, exorbitantly to increase the amount of pillage upon the merchandise that passed, conformably to the custom of the knightly highwaymen of those barbarous days, a furious quarrel ensued between the tradesmen and the nobility; and the former, not having had any lessons in the modern peaceable methods of corn-law agitation, rent—speechifying, and the like—determined on fighting for “free trade.” Sixty cities banded together raised formidable armies, and in a few years reduced the Cas-

tle of Rheinfels and every one of these "robber-nests" upon the Rhine. It is still used as a garrison. A little higher up, at a bend of the river, is a whirlpool somewhat dangerous, where, as the story goes, the beautiful and wicked water-nymph, Lurlei, used to charm the poor boatmen with her siren voice. A salute from a man hired and stationed for the purpose at her grotto near by, awaked the reverberations of a remarkable echo. Farther on, the castellated ruins and hard German names increased so fast, that I gave up counting. Between this and Bergen are the celebrated vineyards of Asmanhausen, and the plantation of Prince Metternich, at Johannesberg, producing the finest of the Rhenish wines. At length the banks of the river became tame again, my friends landed at the place below, and I stepped ashore at the fortress-town of Mayence. The only pleasant reminiscence that I have of it is, that of the statue to Guttemberg, the inventor of printing. After such a happy meeting, and so exhilarating a sail, amid beauties the like of which I may never see again, this monotonous place, in the midst of a level plain, hedged in with a treble line of fortifications, the constant marching to and fro of the motley crowd of Austrian and Prussian soldiers, by whom in equal numbers it is garrisoned, seemed a sad change. The sabbath following, spent here, was one of the most lonely that I remember. At sunrise on Monday morning, as I was waiting for a vessel to pass the bridge of boats, my hand was suddenly grasped. It was the chaplain to the Prussian troops, whom I had seen in London at the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance. It was with feelings of sincere regret that I found myself unable to comply with a hospitable invitation, tendered with all the warmth of a German heart.

Taking the cars on the opposite side, I passed along the level, well-tilled bank of the Maine to Frankfort. It was the fourteenth day or the middle of one of its celebrated semi-annual fairs. The bank of the river at the landing-place, and

whole streets, seemed filled with large booths or temporary shops, in which were exposed almost every variety of merchandise. The shopkeepers seemed suddenly to have preferred the street, and to have determined to give their goods and their lady-clerks an airing. Such a Babel confusion of tongues, and such a grotesque collection of human beings of all nations, probably rarely occur. Costumes of the drollest kind, artificial processes and folds, that in any other but our own species would be regarded as curiosities in natural history—headdresses that would do credit to the invention of the South Sea islanders—meet you at every turn. If my memory serves me correctly, I counted six varieties of the latter article in a single street. These singular forms of dress are generally worn by the peasants in certain districts, whereas in Bavaria, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe, each locality has a characteristic costume, and the fashion is hereditary.

CHAPTER XIV.

Speculation—Ariadne—Madame Rothschild—The Bergstrasse—Heidelberg—Baden-Baden—"Conversation House"—Strasburg—Basle.

THE general emigration out of doors, and the accumulation of a vast number of curiosities, human and commercial, from the neighboring country to the fair, rendering it difficult for a stranger to thread his way, in the general confusion, to the more ordinary objects of interest, I tried to obtain a guide.

But it was, in the speech of trade, a time of general speculation. The very beggars seemed too busy. Several times, just as I was about to put some innocent question on the subject of the locality of picture galleries or churches, or make known my needy condition, I was anticipated by an inquiry if I had any thing to buy or sell, or perhaps some eloquent laudation of German

tobacco pipes or razors. The word money seemed written upon every face. One might have fancied the thousands of Jews of Frankfort in the streets at once, or, rather, that all the people had suddenly become Israelitish. It was a scene worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. After meekly wandering about for a couple of hours, to little purpose, and finding quiet modesty at a discount, I put on a little of the consequential swagger, so unpleasant to most persons, and so effective with certain landlords and waiters, made a bold dash at a group more idle than the rest, and was answered by a little man in a large coat, of which the variety and brilliancy of the patches constituted a specimen of domestic mosaic. We went to the plain, ancient cathedral where St. Bernard preached the crusade and the German emperors were crowned; saw the wonderful clock, that tells the days of the year, and performs sundry other feats—visited the library where Luther's shoes are kept, the fine statue of Goethe, the house where he was born, and the room where he died, and at length found ourselves in a garden, where, in a pavilion built expressly for it, was Danneker's celebrated statue of Ariadne. It has become latterly the great curiosity of Frankfort. One can not deny its exceeding beauty; but the position of lying, delicately balanced or suspended, as it were, on the back of a tiger, is more romantic than comfortable, and your gallant solicitude is awakened for fear she will fall. But perhaps goddesses and the like ought not to be subject to the laws of gravitation as other ladies; and it would be almost treason to find fault with what has thrown so many into ecstasies.

The Jews' quarter, where they used inhumanly to be locked up early every night, still retains traces of old clothes and sharp faces; and in one of its crooked, unpleasant streets we paid our respects to the house in which the Rothschilds were born, and in which their very aged mother still lives, refusing to forsake this humbler dwelling and her people for one of their magnificent palaces not far away.

The banks of the Rhine, from the mouth of the Maine to Strasburg, being flat and uninviting, except as containing on the west side what remains of the once powerful free cities of Worms and Spire, since their desolation by the French in the time of Louis XIV., I took passage upon the railroad leading from the Maine to the Neckar, running a few miles in the interior, to eastward by the Bergstrasse (mountain road), celebrated all over Germany for the beauty of its scenery. Skirting the garden-like valley of the Rhine, it runs along the base of a range of lofty vine-clad and wooded hills on the east, with their interstices dotted here and there with churches and smiling villages, while upon their rocky summits frown the ruins of the fortresses of the feudal times; and away across the river and fertile plain to the west is seen the blue wavy outline of the Vosges Mountains. We passed through Darmstadt, the quiet capital of the duchy, and touched the Rhine again at Manheim. At length we took a turn up the vale of the Neckar, and in the evening arrived at Heidelberg. If the landlord's daughter at the hotel was a fair specimen of the better class of German ladies, they are certainly capital linguists. After presiding at the hospitalities of the evening, and chatting very prettily awhile in French, with a mischievous smile, she suddenly gave me the benefit of several sentences of sensible good English.

Next morning I sallied forth at daybreak to seek an early glimpse of its beauties from one of the wooded heights that embower that Eden-like vale. I had climbed up the face of the mountain to the ruins of the ancient palace-fortress that lowers so imposingly over the town, performed a tolerable pilgrimage on my hands and knees through its dark secret passages, roamed sentimentally and sadly through the desolate court-yard, drunk from the gushing spring that once supplied it, mused, as had probably every visitor before me, upon the defaced sculpture of the once finely-ornamented exterior, and progressed from the opposite side as far as what is termed the "Philoso-

pher's Walk," when, as if by some happy enchantment, the first glow of the rising sun flashed upon the rocky crests and the neighboring spires, till at length it rested upon the fertile plain seen through the opening to the westward, caused by the winding Neckar. There are seasons of lonely contemplation when strange beauty or desolation alike remind us of our mortality. Again and again had that valley, then so quiet and lovely, resounded with the terrors of bombardment, and witnessed the most cruel atrocities of modern warfare; and yet the leveled dwellings had reappeared, the gory and blackened earth was green as ever, and both the destroyer and the victims had passed away. Vines were carelessly growing, and the river was listlessly coursing on as if fire and blood had not been there. And where was he who had laid the first stone of that tower of strength? Where were the warrior bands who once feasted in those roofless halls; or the proud daughter of the Stuarts, in honor of whom its nuptial arch of triumph had been erected, and who had exchanged *such* a home for want and misery, because she would be a queen? It was an impressive lesson.

Of all the spots in the old world I have yet seen, were I compelled to choose, there are none that seem to present more natural attractions for a permanent residence than Heidelberg. It is not strange that many eminent scholars should have preferred it as their final resting-place. Those who have read the descriptions of their recreations and strong attachments in "Howitt's Student Life in Germany," will easily understand why a place with so many charms should be the object of the most enthusiastic regard by those who claim it as their *Alma Mater*.

Upon taking the cars again, the next move was to Karlsruhe, the residence of the court and the place of meeting for the parliament, or estates of the Grand Duchy of Baden. It is one of the youngest of German cities, having risen from a hunting-lodge in the course of about a century. Notwithstanding its situation in the midst of a level plain, the rare luxury of side-

walks and the comparative newness of every thing give it a neat and comfortable aspect. The streets are laid out upon the singular plan of radiating from the palace as a common centre, like the spokes in a wheel.

Pushing toward the south, through a richly-cultivated country, we at length took a turn to the eastward, and in a gap in the mountains, and on the edge of the famous Black Forest, lay Baden-Baden. Its name, like a double superlative, expresses what to a German is so dear to him,—that it is a little terrestrial paradise of baths. The passion for watering-places that exists among all classes is really marvelous. With all who can possibly afford it, there is a sort of general breaking up during the *kurzeit* (curing time), and a kind of joyous universal scramble, as we would say, for the *springs*. I constantly encountered crowds flocking to these places all the way from Brussels. Princes, statesmen, philosophers, bankers, shopkeepers, artisans, blacklegs, dyspeptic invalids, and desponding candidates for matrimony, are said annually to make this pilgrimage with the regularity of the arrival of June. As if to dispense the blessings of these mineral health-fountains to the poor as well as the rich, the country abounds with them. Every little principality seems to have its Saratoga on a larger or smaller scale, and a great many of them are unknown abroad. They are generally nestled among the mountains, amid scenery affording delightful rambles; and from what I saw, I fancy that their visitors lead a much more free-and-easy, or, to use an expressive home phrase, a more *pic-nic* sort of life than is customary at the springs of our own country. The utmost good-humor prevails, and the more troublesome forms and ceremonies of society, and distinctions of rank, are, for the time, thrown aside. A princess does not disdain the invigorating frolic of a donkey-ride upon the hills; a grand duke and a tradesman may sit side by side at a table d'hôte; and you may converse with a sovereign prince or fine lady without an introduction.

Anxious to make the most of my time, in my traveling-dress, without changing or purifying, I posted off impatiently to a neighboring height that seemed to command a fine view. In this uninteresting plight I encountered several well-dressed parties, some of whom were apparently persons of distinction, and received kind attentions and civilities quite unexpected.

The ruins of the old castle are situated at some distance, upon a lofty peak in the midst of a forest; and in trying to reach it without a guide, I lost my way in the wood. In cautiously advancing, I perceived ahead of me, at a distance, two suspicious-looking men, crouching as it were for concealment. They might have been hunters, or other harmless people; but I had read in early life too many German stories of robbers, the Black Forest, and the wild huntsman, not to have a sort of superstitious respect for all the undefinable characters I might meet in these regions, and so, aided perhaps by my puzzling exterior, I turned in another direction, and succeeded in postponing our meeting.

After much trouble I found the right road, and was amply repaid for my pains. The castle itself was dismantled by the French, in the war of the Palatinate. Good-sized trees are now growing within its walls. The prospect from its lofty and massive battlements is one of the most splendid conceivable. On the eastward are the darkly-wooded hills of the Black Forest; westward is an immense plain, traversed by the Rhine like a silvery thread; and, skirting the horizon, in the distance lie the Vosges Mountains. Behind you are lofty heights; and beneath you is a sweet spot where three valleys meet, that by rich contrast become greener and softer as they descend from the rugged steeps around; and strewed along a tiny river, formed by their united rills, are the churches, mills, and white-walled dwellings of Baden-Baden.

If you have not visited the rest, after such a vision you are quite willing to take for granted the truth of the general asser-

tion, that in point of scenery it exceeds all the other watering-places in Germany. The castle and present palace of the Grand Duke, lower down, though not so old as the one mentioned, is still an ancient edifice, and contains a secret judgment-hall, chamber of torture, dungeons, and relics of baronial cruelty, of which fearful stories are told. A passage is still shown where the horrible punishment called "Kissing the Virgin" was executed. The unfortunate prisoner is said to have been desired to kiss an image of the Virgin Mary, which stood at one extremity. The moment he approached it, a trap-door gave way beneath him, and he was precipitated to a depth below, where, by means of wheels armed with knives, he was torn to pieces.

The hot springs, thirteen in number, vary in temperature; and, besides supplying the baths and the grand drinking establishments, are said to furnish hot water for some other purposes. That of which I happened to drink was nearly as hot as could be comfortably borne in the mouth.

A magnificent edifice, in the midst of beautiful grounds, with a band playing near, and having at one extremity a place for refreshment and a library, was pointed out to me as the "*Conversation House*." On entering the principal saloon, a circle whose countenances I shall never forget were gathered around a large table, upon which heaps of gold and silver were lying; and a man with a little instrument was turning a wheel, upon which were black and red spots and numbers, and proclaiming the result. Every sweep was helping to enchant or strip some deluded victim. It was the famous gaming and swindling-machine of *Rouge et Noir*—to me an unpleasant sight. France, Austria, and Prussia have, of late years, laudably suppressed public gaming establishments; and two or three only of the petty German princes, in consideration of large annual payments have stooped to license these demoralizing concerns.

The route from Baden-Baden to Strasburg lay through a monotonous but productive country; and on both sides of the Rhine I was somewhat surprised to notice the rather extensive cultivation of tobacco. Doubtless it is an opportune provision in the centre of a great smoking region.

Having visited the cathedral of Strasburg, with its spire towering above the pyramids of Egypt and every rival in the world, as frequently described, one sunny morning I took the cars upon the railroad skirting a chain of hills forming a continuation of the Alps, and in a few hours alighted at Basle, in Switzerland.

CHAPTER XV.

Styles of Traveling—Innocent Amusement—Basle Campagne—Lake Sempach—Arnold of Winkelried—Lucerne—Singular Tradition—Ascent of the Righi.

No country, perhaps, presents so many differences of style and taste in traveling as Switzerland during the warm season. Russian and English nobility with their carriages and liveried attendants, Parisian *rentiers* and London shopkeepers lionizing in a small way, literary characters supported by long staves armed with an iron point and a chamois horn, artists with fantastic hats and chair walking-sticks, German and Swiss students spending a vacation in a blouse and knapsack, and many other interesting varieties of the species may be met in remarkable perfection. Probably nowhere is a little self-denial in a few exteriors better rewarded. The fewer your wants are the better. For trifling luxuries, easily sacrificed for a time, the voyager in state is subjected to many more annoyances. He must miss the more wild and interesting routes, or move with a

cavalcade of attendants, with trappings that, when spread out in single file on a mountain path, remind one of a trader of the Andes, or tales of journeyings in the desert, except that mules are not camels, nor bleak precipices burning plains. Each principal of the party must have a mule, and each mule a guide, besides extra bearers or animals for the accessories in the shape of small trunks and overgrown carpet-bags balanced; nice parcels of hat-boxes, umbrellas and toilet-cases, symptoms of a cabinet library, a flask of mountain cordial, a few very choice Havannas, and other exquisite products of high civilization. Or, perhaps, from being forewarned of the fact that mules, either from the length of their ears, the length of their burdens, or some other cause, have acquired the obstinate habit of instinctively preferring the outer edge of the mountain path, as if to frighten the rider, or for some other grave reason, he manages to get a peep from Righi, or the Flégère, by being carried upon a machine like a chair upon a bier by several panting, perspiring fellow-creatures. He is too polite or good-natured to stop the party or those behind that he may meditate a little on a fine view, a glacier, or the glories of the setting sun. Having much to care for, he has many cares. In fact, his attendants and exterior indications of wealth create a sensation that very much disturbs his studies of nature. Little boys with minerals, little girls with flowers, extra guides that scarcely hear the first two negatives, and objects of real charity, take a particular fancy to him, and lie in ambush for him at every turn.

In addition to his retinue and appearances, he speaks English, and, though a luxurious republican, gets the title abbreviated on the Continent to "Milor," and pays a corresponding penalty in the shape of a really exorbitant bill and perquisites, which mar the Alpine scenery for the next two miles.

On the other hand, such are its advantages in a mountainous country, that large numbers, who would not be induced to do so elsewhere, annually make the tour of Switzerland on foot.

Learned professors and others, who could well afford to do otherwise, have occasionally preferred this method. Any one traveling for health, or sincerely desirous to learn much of the country, and who has the independence and good sense to disregard the unreasonable people whose esteem is purchased solely by outside appearances, will, by going in this simple, plain way, secure much greater immunities and privileges. You are free to go when and where you list. No one has a right to hurry you. Chatting familiarly with the peasants by the roadside, or entering the mountain châteaux, you learn more of the people. You climb to wilder heights. If you happen to have a taste for geology, or botany, you can turn aside to pry into the secrets of every interesting rock or flower. You remember better what you see. Passing for a modest and moderate man, you are more honestly treated and less annoyed. Your fatigues only give you sweeter sleep, a delicious appetite, and you are astonished to find, after a few days, that your powers of endurance have wonderfully increased, and that you climb up Alpine heights with an enthusiasm like that of early days.

Possibly my impressions of these matters may be a little exaggerated from having met certain rather marked examples of both extremes; but I have thus frankly stated them for the consideration of some who may follow.

So, partly as a restorative from the injurious effects of a period of close confinement some months previous, at the enthusiastic recommendation of some friends who had tried it (as with most extraordinary remedies), I determined to take a medium course, to reduce my single self to the smallest portable dimensions; to send my baggage to suitable points by the peculiarly excellent and safe facilities of the Swiss post-office; to render myself independent of guides in most places by the use of one of Keller's very admirable maps, with all the routes from the great roads to the wildest footpaths carefully distinguished, and the fine views, ruins, glaciers, waterfalls, and many other things,

clearly marked ; and to compromise matters by taking the diligences and lake steamers on main and less interesting routes, and make pedestrian excursions of all the wilder scenes.

Leaving, as a preparatory training, the fine old town of Basle, with its half German aspect and manners, I was soon in the midst of the charming rural scenery of Basle Campagne. The next morning was one of surpassing loveliness. Mountains began gently to rise, but they were so green and cultivated that they seemed to blend harmoniously with the sunny slopes and deeper-tinted vales in one pleasing picture. It was diversified by hamlets of white dwellings, orchards, and vineyards, and the winding of the young and foaming Rhine. The earlier vintage was just commencing, and the quaint costumes of the peasant women were seen moving quietly here and there among the vines. Distant echoes were strangely distinct. The numerous bells of the herds and flocks in Switzerland have a peculiar, clear, ringing tone, something like those which are used by certain musical performers, and the chiming of hundreds of these upon the surrounding hills, as in pastoral concert, seemed to lull the listener into a kind of sweet forgetfulness. Suddenly, a peculiar wild warbling strain burst forth from a young peasant upon a height just across the river. It was one of those mountain airs peculiar to the country, the famous *ranz des vaches*.

As the sun waxed warmer I noticed a delicious spot on a by-road, in one of the valleys leading up into the mountains ; and being at liberty to indulge in every caprice, I turned aside, sought a grassy shadowed knoll, with a fine prospect, by the bank of a little rivulet, and sitting down, spread out a rather weighty pocket library of books and maps upon the grass, and attempted to settle the details of my yet undecided route. Little peasant children, attracted by red covers and pictures, came timidly near, and being encouraged by a smile and a kind word, at length peeped, with childish simplicity, over my shoulder into the wonderful book. Sometimes I seemed to read and

sometimes to dream. It was a happy revery that could not last long. Upon waking, I set off in the direction of Lake Lucerne, some sixty miles to the southeastward. Passing through Liechstall and several minor villages and a mountainous portion of the Canton of Soleure, I at length descended from a lofty height, through the intricate windings of the pass of Unter Haunstein, and reached the quiet town of Olten, upon the banks of the rapid Aar. Aarburg, with its imposing rocky citadel, and the rich thriving valleys of the Protestant Canton of Argovie, slowly receded, and I entered the less pleasing and apparently less prosperous territories of Catholic Lucerne. The husbandry, in some parts, seemed as if it might not have greatly changed since the days of Tell. As in some of the primitive cantons, and like the custom mentioned by Saussure, in his description of Chamouny in the last century, the peasants seemed not content with subjecting their ladies to hard out-door tasks, but to have called into requisition the gentler sex among the herds. Quite as frequently, perhaps, as any other animal, milch-cows were seen attached to the plough or cart. The associations and trappings of these beasts of draught were sometimes of an extremely odd character. In one instance a stately ox and a patient horse were matched in harness at the plough. Then perhaps you saw a pair of oxen led by a couple of cows, with a singular kind of yoke lashed to the roots of their horns, or a cow in shafts, collar, and traces, assisted by a donkey. Some of these peculiarities I observed in other portions of Switzerland, and also in Germany; but the combinations did not happen, perhaps from accident, to be any where so grotesque as here. The cattle were generally in fine condition. I was uniformly honestly treated, and there was something touching in the manner and accent in which every man, woman, and child repeated "good-day" (*guten tag*), or some other hearty German salutation; and in the friendly inquiries, and simple, kind reception at the inns, in some of the less frequented districts.

At length, from the top of a little eminence, there burst upon me the pleasant prospect of the Sempach, a beautiful sheet of water, with its sloping shores, covered with orchards, which strongly reminded me of a view of one of the lakes of Western New York. Its attractions, too, were enhanced by the fact that its name is a souvenir of the second great Swiss victory for freedom—of one of the most heroic actions on record—the self-immolation of Arnold of Winkelried.

Leopold, duke of Austria, son of him who was defeated at Morgarten, with an army of many thousand mail-clad knights, having cruelly ravaged part of the country with fire and sword, advanced along the north shore of the lake, burning to wipe out the former disgrace. To oppose this formidable array was a little band of fourteen hundred peasants perched on the heights above. The Austrian nobles dismounting, formed a solid phalanx, and leveling their long lances so as to present a bristling wall of steel, advanced with loud cries of defiance; and the Swiss seeming perhaps, to their enemies, in fear, knelt stilly and solemnly in prayer. Rising from their knees, they swept down the hill at a running charge, with a courage worthy of the Greeks at Marathon. It was in vain. The flower of a brave army was there, and not a rank of the foe could be broken. It seemed as if the bristling barrier was impenetrable. "The Swiss," says one of their historians, "fell one after the other; already sixty weltered in their blood. All wavered. 'I will open a path to freedom,' cries suddenly a voice of thunder. 'Faithful and dear confederates, protect my wife and my children!' Thus speaks Arnold Strouthan de Winkelried, knight of Unterwalden. He embraces as many of the hostile spears as he can, forces them in his breast, and falls. The confederates precipitate themselves above his body, in the opening in the wall of steel, breaking all with their terrible blows; helmets and arms fly crashing beneath the heavy weapons; the brilliant cuirasses are stained with blood. Three times the principal ban-

ner of Austria, steeped in gore, escapes to dying hands. The earth is strewn with dying nobles. The duke himself dies in the dust, struck down by a man of Schwytz. Terror flies through the ranks of the cavaliers; they sound a retreat and demand their horses: but their servants and horses have already fled, seized with consternation. The unhappy nobles, borne down with their heavy cuirasses, heated by a burning sun, begin to fly. The confederates press upon their steps. Many hundreds of counts, barons, and knights of Suabia, Tyrol, and Argovie, and thousands of their attendants, perish. Such was the issue of the battle of Sempach, fought the ninth of July, 1386—such was the glorious result of the heroism and martyrdom of Arnold of Winkelried.”

From the above extract it will be seen with what enthusiasm the names associated with their wonderful early struggles for liberty are still regarded.

Resting at the only inn, in a little village near Sempach, next morning I entered Lucerne. The town is finely situated on both sides of the clear, rapid Reuss, just as it issues from the lake, commanding a fine view of the lofty peaks of Righi on the north shore, and Mount Pilatus on the south. With Berne and Zurich it claims alternately the honor of being the federal capital, and is the residence of the Papal nuncio. The whole canton, indeed, from the numerous crosses and pictures at the roadside, and other indications, seems strongly attached to the Catholic religion. It is the rallying point of the newly-formed league of the seven cantons, and the law by which Protestants are unjustly deprived of the rights of citizens is said to have been one of the causes of the late troubles.

A popular legend exists, that Pilate, having been banished into Gaul, committed suicide by leaping from the lofty mountain near Lucerne into the lake, and they say his restless spirit still breeds storms.

There was something touching in the sight of homely-clad

peasants gathering from miles round to the only hamlet church. In the way of their fathers, these simple mountaineers were worshipping God. And who but the All-wise could tell how much a faith, which I might deem imperfect, had ministered to pain, and sweetened the cup of sorrow and death!

Rest, and the invigorating effect of my previous trip, really made me feel quite adventurous; and being desirous to see the sun rise from the mountain noted for the finest panoramic view in Switzerland, I rose at three o'clock the following morning, and with, perhaps, scarcely justifiable presumption, managed to find the path. With the aid of a lantern and mountain staff, I succeeded, after a three-hours' march, in reaching the top alone. The morning, at first, was not perfectly clear, and fogs occasionally obscured the view. Yet the first gleam of the sun upon the ranges of snow mountains, on the mists brooding over the dark Lucerne on one side, and the churches, villages, plains, hills, and shining lakes on the other, was really gorgeous. The prospect extends over a circumference of three hundred miles, and embraces views of many spots associated with remarkable events. The victory field of Morgarten—the places distinguished by the adventures of Tell—the spire of the church where the reformer Zwingli fell—the mountain, whose slide buried the village of Rossberg, and the icy summits where the armies of Massena and Suwarrow fought, are all within the range. On a perfectly clear day, it is said thirteen lakes are visible. Leaving the unexpectedly large and respectable shivering assemblage who had staid over night, or arrived later at the hotel upon the top, I made the best of my way to the warmer regions below.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lake Lucerne—Tell's Chapel—Night Adventure—Tour in Oberland—The Wengern Alp.

ON arriving at Weggis, I took passage in the little steamer that daily makes the tour of Lake Lucerne. Perhaps nowhere in the world is there such sublime lake scenery. As you gaze upon it from the town itself, though bounded on each side by Mount Pilatus and the Righi, yet the softness of less bold shores, the green skirting round the base of the latter, and the quiet bays spreading out on either hand give a more peaceful aspect; but when you advance eastward upon its surface, it increases in wildness. Two mountains on either hand seem about to close the view; but a narrow passage is at length formed between them, and you sweep along gazing upon their frowning forms reflected in the water, till at once you take a new direction round a sharp promontory, and discover the magnificent bay of Uri, till then invisible, with its rock-bound shores, dark at their bases, rising almost perpendicularly, and tapering away into ragged, snow-clad peaks, far above. And then almost every romantic spot upon this famed lake has been immortalized in poetry by the genius of Schiller, and consecrated in the memory of the Swiss by the most thrilling recollections. As you set out, spreading away to your left is the bay of Kussnacht, leading up to the "Hollow Way," where Tell lay in ambush for Gesler. Just after you turn the promontory and enter the bay of Uri, the little green solitary ledge that you see between the rock and the water close to your right is Grutli, the spot where were held the mighty meetings of Werner Stauffacher, Walter Furst, and Arnold of Melthal, in conspiring for the freedom of their country. Farther on, in sight,

upon the opposite bank, and built upon the rock where the Swiss hero, unbound to steer the tyrant's boat in the storm, leaped ashore, is Tell's Chapel. Like many other objects in this region it is ornamented with rude representations of the events of his life, and incidents connected with the birth of Swiss liberty. It was erected shortly after his death, and every year there is still a grand religious ceremony performed in it commemorative of his deliverance.

Happening to meet with a couple of extremely intelligent and agreeable young men, one of whom was from a Swiss institution, spending a vacation among the mountains, a joint excursion was planned, and I staid with them at the little village of Altorf, near the landing. It is celebrated as the place where Gesler compelled Tell to shoot the apple from the head of his child. Early next gloomy morning we took the route up the wild gorge of the Reuss. The stream, dashing and foaming from rock to rock, between dizzy, dark precipices and overhanging woods, rendered it a fit scene for the pencil of Salvator Rosa. It is a spot perfectly in character with the savage encounters which took place among these seemingly impassable defiles and untrodden icy summits between the French, Austrians, and Russians, in the fierce campaign of 1799. Perhaps some of the little villages here could hardly be kept alive were this not the route to Italy by the passage of the St. Gothard. Large droves of fine cattle, the staple export here, were being driven over the Alps. Having dined early at Wasen, the last village in the Canton of Uri, we struck upon a solitary wild path over the mountains, by the Susten pass, to the westward. It was a dismal day. The chalets grew smaller and more thinly scattered. It seemed a wonder how the famished peasantry had food for subsistence; for the most extensive terraced patch of potatoes, the only article cultivated, did not appear much larger than the area of a cottage. Finally, cattle and pasturage disappeared, and we saw nothing but a few goats browsing among

the cliffs. We had passed the last habitation: the mists grew more dense, and the freezing rain poured in torrents. We had ventured without a guide. A kid that had so far strayed that no efforts could drive it back, and which, like ourselves, seemed lonely, was the only living thing in sight. The cold increased, and mosses and arctic plants began to appear. Were those dimly-seen masses close at hand but thicker fogs? They were glaciers. Night came on sooner than we had dreamed. Hungry, wet and shivering, we began gloomily to contemplate the contingency of sleeping among snows. At length the steep, zig-zag path seemed for a moment easier; but it was getting dark, and we could scarcely see any thing. We soon thought, however, by the sound of the mountain torrents that they ran the other way. The summit was gained. After groping our way in the dark with our alpenstocks for a time in descending, we gladly welcomed the sight of a human dwelling, and rested at the first mountain chalet. A plentiful supply of warm goats' milk, devoured with a voracious appetite, and a night's rest, soon made us forget our troubles.

Next day we passed through a pleasant green valley, in which an artist was sketching, to Meyringen in the Canton of Berne. Here I reluctantly parted with my excellent companions, whose time had expired, for a route along the foot of the higher Bernese Alps, in Oberland, which common report had represented to exhibit the most impressive views of the kind in Switzerland. It was dusk when I came to the baths of Rosenlauri. The kind-hearted mistress of the hotel was tenderly leading a pale, consumptive girl backward and forward, for a walk upon the greensward near. I was treated with more than mercenary hospitality.

The following morning, in pursuing the path over the Scheideck, I caught a glimpse of the brilliantly-illuminated summit of the Wetterhorn, (Peak of Tempests,) the advance-guard of this magnificent chain; and presently my ears were saluted

with a distant, grinding, reverberating noise, like thunder. It was the first of the day's series of the harmless avalanches of this season. Soon after I missed my way, till some peasants kindly directed me into the elevated valley of Grindelwald. Shaping my course from this, over the Wengern Alp, as commanding the finest near view, I seemed carried along close abreast, as it were, of the principal peaks at half their height. In keeping with this upland scenery, a herdsman, even at this late season, brought strawberries and cream; a girl, in Swiss costume, knitting by the roadside, sang *Ranz des Vaches*; and a sturdy mountaineer blew the wooden Alpine horn, till every ice-crag around echoed with wild and sweet music. An hour or two after, I reached the highest point. The panorama surpassed all previous conception. Wetterhorn, Shreckhorn, Finster—Aarhorn, Eigher, Monch, and, loftier than all, the "virgin" Jungfrau stood arrayed before me within the limits of little more than half a day's journey, like a range of giants concealed in white drapery, and piercing the clouds. From natural causes it is said, that the snow on these peaks is more continuous, and of a more dazzling purity than elsewhere. I had fancied that the impression would be but a little exaggerated beyond that which our own winters often present in a hilly country; but I was mistaken. The sky above the region of clouds was clear as a mirror; and in the transparent air the sun appeared to glitter warmly upon them, as if they had been hills of crystal; and the effect of this upon the clouds and veiling mists that floated round their breasts was to encircle the whole with a kind of halo, an ethereal radiance, that seemed not of this lower world. Having always previously thought travelers extravagant in describing these scenes, I shall not take it unkindly to be esteemed so by others. It was just then a privilege to be alone. I recollect sitting down in a kind of bewildered enthusiasm, and looking upward, and the immediate sensation was that of irresistible religious emotion. The sight

of those glittering mountains reminded one of the descriptions in the Apocalypse of the tearless land of light.

Frequently we can scarcely ourselves account for the character of our feelings, or trace the invisible links of thought. We may weep at the sound of a lively air that brings remembrances of a voice that will never come again, or the sight of a charming landscape that we know was often beheld by eyes that have lost their earthly lustre.

Perhaps it was because I had heard most of the happier land from those lips, or that the sight of dim emblems of that far dwelling reminded me of a pure spirit there; for as I sat wrapped in a revery, my thoughts strangely wandered. In that Alpine solitude I could not help dropping a tear to the memory of one departed. That scene, in fancy, is still fresh before me. In engrossing occupation with what had passed, I little regarded the dark abyss of Lauterbrunnen, into which I afterward descended, or the stream of the Staubach, reduced as to dust by a fall of many hundred feet, or the romantic views seen by moonlight all the way to Interlachen. I had never been so stirred by any prospect before. Prose seemed too tame for some of the emotions that found, perhaps, but an imperfect embodiment in a

LAY OF THE WENGERN ALP.

Pure, white-robed, heavenward things,
 As the beacon-hills of light
 Ye seem—the dark earth's tokenings
 Of visions veiled from sight.

Deem this a fancy wild—
 By its faith, the stricken breast,
 That mourns the dead, as a trusting child
 Must *image* yet their rest.

The loved, by ocean cleft,
 In dreams will be ferried o'er;

The wrecked, on the floating timbers left,
From clouds will fashion shore.

On Jungfrau's snowy height,
From this lower steep I gaze;
And shining glacier, sky, sunbeam bright,
And cloud, blend in one blaze.

From Lauterbrunnen deep,
Like spirits to blessedness,
Rise white-winged mists, that as guardians keep
Round diamond palaces.

And though "eye hath not seen"
The light of the great white throne,
Yon mount to the fond lone heart hath been
The type of worlds unknown.



CHAPTER XVII.

Interlachen—Knightly Feat—A Fair—Taking an Observation—Lake Thun—
Berne—A wandering Journeyman—Neuchâtel.

A SWEET spot is Interlachen. Situated on a green, narrow strip, separating the beautiful lakes Thun and Brienz, and surrounded with gently romantic scenery, leading away to the Bernese Alps in the background, it has many attractions to strangers as a summer residence.

There is something cheery in its lively stream and its white dwellings, and trim rows of trees. Not far away, too, are the ruins of a castle, which has connected with it a pretty legend of olden time.

The last male descendant of a powerful race, its ancient lords, had an idolized only daughter, beloved by a young knight who utterly despaired of success by peaceable means on account of a deadly feud. Like some of the chivalrous adventurers

who, in modern times, hastily visit Gretna Green, he had recourse to a bold expedient, and succeeded in scaling the castle walls in the night, and carrying away, as his willing bride, the beautiful Ida. Years of bloody strife followed. At last Rudolph, taking his wife and infant son with him, threw himself, unarmed and unattended, upon the old man's generosity, in the midst of his stronghold. The enmity and pride of the warrior were in a moment overcome by the feelings of the father. He burst into tears, welcomed them as his children, and made the infant heir to his immense possessions. The day of their reconciliation was set apart by him for the annual celebration of rural games and amusements, the last of which took place upon the spot within a few years.

The day after my arrival happened to be that of a Swiss fair. It seemed to be a time of general barter between the people of the mountain and the plain. Altogether it was a rare collection. Men and animals, from the tall mountaineer and his wilful mule, to wayward cows, slippery porkers, and sheep and goats, bred in a land of freedom, sadly obstructed the streets, and by general contribution gave a kind of concert that would have done credit to the domestic section of Noah's ark. I chose a quiet spot, and took what in more sublime things might be termed an observation. The effect of such an impulse upon a Swiss village was, after all, not unhappy. Smiling and ruddy faces were gleaming over the counters of the little shops, and every fold of white, black, and purple, in the singular female costumes, was carefully arranged as for a holyday. The men were generally clad in a kind of brown domestic woolen cloth, resembling the fabric often worn in the more retired parts of our own country, and dyed with the bark of one of our forest trees. I had never seen so many of the hardy race of the mountains together before, and I was curious to notice their physical peculiarities. It might have been imagination, but I fancied that the constant habit of climbing pre-

cipices seemed to have given the shoulders a peculiar set, or stoop forward. Independent of the deformity of tumors, so common, the necks of the peasant women from the high Alps seemed unnaturally masculine—the effect, probably, of the extraordinary muscular exertion required in balancing the immense loads they so often carry upon their heads over foot-paths impassable to ordinary conveyances.

On embarking to cross Lake Thun, the little steamer was heavily freighted with a dense crowd of human beings and tobacco pipes. I mention the latter on account of their number and magnitude. It is said that when the Mexicans first saw the cavalry of Cortez, they fancied that the rider and horse formed but one animal; and if there yet remain any simple-hearted people entirely innocent of the ways of civilization, and the use of the fashionable narcotic, the sight of the remarkable bulbs, tubes, and appendages suspended from the faces of the Swiss and German peasantry, and the symptoms of constant combustion, would surely be to them a wonder.

Lake Thun is a charming sheet of water, some ten miles in length. Emptying into it on the south shore is the River Kander, which, within little more than a century, has deposited a delta of several hundred acres. Its formation has recently been ably investigated by Professor Lyell. A little farther on, in the side of the mountain, is the Cave of St. Beatus, a hermit of British extraction, who, according to tradition, dispossessed a dragon at very short notice; and, among other things, is said to have astonished his neighbors unreasonably, one day, by ferrying himself across the lake on his cloak!

As you approach the western extremity of the lake, at the place where the Aar emerges from it in a pure, limpid stream, lies the pretty town of Thun. It was a pleasant day as I coursed along the valley of the Aar to the westward; and the richly-cultivated fields, green meadows, and immense farm-houses, consisting of a barn and dwelling, side by side, under

the same roof, contrasted strongly with the sterile soil and diminutive habitations of the more elevated regions. As in other parts, the system of irrigating the lower lands with the rivulets from the hills often prevailed, and wheat was being sown in many places on quite a different plan from the husbandry of our own country. Four horses, or a corresponding force of some kind, drew a heavy plough, that turned over the strong green turf to the depth of nearly a foot. A large company of women and boys stood ready with hoes to dress the furrow finely, and beat it level, and without further preparation the grain was immediately sown.

In the evening I crossed the splendid stone bridge over the Aar, as it forms the eastern boundary of the town of Berne. The next fine morning I took a stroll to see the lions, or, rather, the bears of the place; for every where signs, gates, and fountains with the images of Bruin bear testimony to his popularity; and he has figured upon the standard of the canton and in the affections of the citizens for centuries, very much in the exalted position of the American eagle in our own hemisphere. From his title, in old German, the name of the canton is derived. Several live specimens are still kept at public expense. The same greediness which occasioned the removal of the famous bronze horse from Venice, and the most valuable statues and pictures from Italy, induced the French, in 1798, to carry away their finest bear, as a trophy, to Paris, where he was long a favorite.

The situation of the city, on a kind of elevated promontory in a bend of the river—its lofty, well-built houses, and clean streets, with showy arcades projecting over the sidewalks—its fine terraced walks—and, above all, the magnificent view of Jungfrau and the snow Alps to the eastward, give it many charms.

As the diligence did not leave till several hours later, at the conclusion of my tour through the town I took a fancy to walk

on leisurely in advance a few miles, and amuse myself with any thing that might occur. On the way I was overtaken by one of those young, wandering journeymen, whom you very frequently see in Germany and Switzerland, and especially the former.

With a pack of implements and clothes, a staff in hand, and a record of their journeyings and testimonials in the pocket, they are compelled by custom to subsist by their trade, and travel to perfect themselves for a given number of years, before being established in business. When forced to ask alms they are always treated more kindly than other applicants. A register of places vacant is kept for their convenience at the head-quarters of each trade in every town. There was a modest reserve, intelligence, and pensive air about my new acquaintance that exceedingly interested me. I was traveling for information, and concluded for a while to keep him company. He was evidently a genius. He had wandered over a large part of the Continent, and obtained the knowledge of several languages. Some of his adventures in Italy and Spain had been really quite romantic. His last place of steady employment had been Rome, and after being on foot for more than a month, he had passed the Alps by the Simplon, and reached his own country again. He turned into two or three villages, and came out every time with a sadder face. Occasionally he grew absent, and sighed heavily, as if laboring under a weight of secret grief. I could not feel happy in leaving him without delicately prying into the cause. At last he confessed that all his late applications for work had been vain, that he was penniless, and that he had traveled since the day before without food, in hopes of reaching that day the place of his birth, which ten years previously he had left as a friendless orphan. He would like, he said, to see it once more before he died. With a kind of shudder he at length spoke of temptations to commit suicide. "Who will weep for me?" said he. "If I had but *one friend*"—and he seemed choked

with emotion. The only thought that seemed for a moment to console him was of Him who feeds the "young ravens when they cry." Never shall I forget the mingling of enthusiasm and sorrow that gushed forth as we ascended an eminence commanding a distant view of the spot which, in the absence of the sympathy or love of the living, seemed the dearest object of his affections. It was the simple poetry of nature. I could not but feel thankful for so instructive a lesson. How little ought those to murmur who in mercy never endure the deeper sufferings of humanity!

A dinner and a trifle, which were really but payment for value received, and which it would have been cruelty to have withheld, seemed to make him more cheerful; and there was something affecting in his repeated parting salutations from a distance as I whirled away in the diligence for Neuchâtel.

The country through which we passed was pleasantly undulating or hilly, and well tilled. At last the blue, calm Lake of Neuchâtel, bounded on the west by the green ridge of the Jura, lay spread out before us, and a little way up from the eastern shore we caught a distant view of Morat, the only Protestant village in the adjoining Canton of Fribourg, and the place of the famous Swiss victory over the Burgundian chivalry, led by Charles the Bold.

It was a very clear day, and as we rounded the northern end of the lake, and looked out of the window of the diligence, the snowy peaks of the Bernese Alps, some forty or fifty miles distant, were seen with wonderful distinctness, reflecting gorgeously the declining sun in a surface of lights and shadows, blended with a slightly azure tint, and presenting an aspect not unlike that of the magnified surface of the full moon as seen through a telescope.

At dusk we arrived at Neuchâtel. I happened to have a letter of introduction to one of those wealthier Swiss families, whose quiet, roomy mansions are so numerous in the suburbs

of their towns. Their enthusiastic hospitality I can not easily forget. A carriage excursion along the lake was planned and executed; some choice friends were assembled, and various expedients were kindly contrived to make the newly-arrived stranger happy. This, and some other cases in other places immediately subsequent led me to form a high estimate of the social qualities of the educated classes in the towns of French Switzerland. It is not strange that they have furnished favorite retreats to many eminent literary characters. From this or other causes there seems to exist also an intellectual refinement that is very pleasing. With the language and polished manners of the French there appeared to be blended something of German sincerity, and fondness for music, and love of domestic life and comfort, that reminded me of the happy hearths of our own land.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Neuchâtel to Geneva—Savoy—Chamouny—Mer de Glace—A Failure—Alpine "Curiosities of Literature"—Mont Blanc from the Flégère—Chamois Chase with a Walking-Stick—The Tête Noire.

EARLY one fine morning I was looking back somewhat fondly from the deck of the steamer at Neuchâtel, and admiring the prospect of the vine-clad slopes in the background, its houses rising prettily one above another, its neat villas and the shaded pleasure-ground that skirts its shore. We had a pleasant breezy sail. After touching at several villages, we landed at the southern extremity of the lake, at the little town of Yverdon, whose castle, in the spirit of the age, was latterly turned into a school-house, and occupied by the celebrated Pestalozzi. Here a huge affair, something between a diligence and an omnibus,

awaited us, and we made to the southward. As we were all "free and equal," I preferred a position on deck, and thus enjoyed the view of the agreeably diversified country, till at length Lake Geneva lay calmly before us, and we descended a long, steep declivity, and entered Lausanne. Having a pressing engagement farther on, and intending to return, I immediately secured a passage in the diligence, round the north shore, for Geneva.

Night came, and I languished awhile in obscurity, tried to admire the lake in the dark, waked up and rubbed my eyes at Nyon, the birthplace of Fletcher, and Coppet, the retreat of Neckar and Madame de Stael, and finally reached Geneva in time to get in bed before daylight.

It was verging to the very last of the Swiss traveling season, and, after concentrating my baggage, which had made the tour by the package-post, in detachments, by different routes from the owner, I left the sights of Geneva for a future day, and hurried away toward Mont Blanc.

A few miles out of Geneva, just after passing through Chesne, one of the largest villages in the canton, you cross the boundaries of Savoy, and enter the kingdom of Sardinia. The road continued on through a less flourishing country to Bonneville, crossed the rapid Arve at Bonneville, and again at Cluses, and then entered a long defile between two mountains. The roar of the river, the loneliness of certain spots, covered with trees and shrubbery, and the wildness of overhanging cliffs, rendered this defile a fit prelude to more impressive scenes. After passing an innocent little cataract, which we were provokingly directed to admire, and other curiosities in a small way, we again crossed the stream at St. Martin and left our conveyance at Sallenches, the last place to which any vehicle, except the Swiss *char à banc*, penetrates.

Having lost the magnificent view of Mont Blanc at the bridge, on account of the haziness, I accompanied, by invitation, an

intelligent Savoyard, who was a fellow-passenger, a few miles farther in the evening.

French is still the prevailing language of this part of the country since its incorporation with the empire by Napoleon. My companion gave me much political and domestic information. The reigning monarch, Charles Albert, is said to be popular and liberally inclined, but to be greatly fettered in reforms by the influence of the clergy. Owing to a concession made within a few years, there is more religious toleration than in some of the Catholic cantons of Switzerland. Each hamlet, with a surrounding territory of a few square miles, usually forms what is termed a *commune*, which is separated from its neighbor by some mountain stream or other boundary. The domestic government of every commune is managed by a sort of municipal council of four persons, including a syndic or president, who hold office for a limited time, and recommend their successors, who are appointed by the provincial intendant. These village legislators regulate the rights of pasturage, the cutting of timber, the erection and repairing of public buildings, and other local matters.

A few loose stones supplied the place of bridges over the mountain torrents in the hollows swept by avalanches. Rather late in the evening we arrived at the mountain-hamlet of Servoz, and my good friend did not desert me till he had gone some distance out of his way to see me comfortably lodged at the inn. In the morning I resumed a track that wound among precipices, streams, and glens, till at last I entered a long valley, with a ridge of Mont Blanc on one side and the Brevent and the Flégère on the other, with white glaciers here and there piled like immense icebergs against the foot of the former that extended almost to the lowest level of the vale, while in the centre was the foaming torrent of the Arve. It was Chamouny. I was soon nestled in my room at the hotel, and, by the aid of a fire, trying to bring on what the doctors

would call reaction, after collapse from a cold morning. Since the first revelation of its wonderful scenery to the rest of Europe, by Messrs. Pocock and Wyndham, little more than a century ago, in place of the solitary priory, the annual influx of strangers in summer has created a thriving village, with four or five hotels, a standing army of some fifty or sixty guides and assistants, commanded by a chief, and long-eared cavalry in proportion. I was, like a solitary bird of passage, left behind. The boys with minerals, and the deformed objects of charity, seemed to consider me as an unexpected prize. In fact there was, in commercial phraseology, a general stagnation of business. I watched all day to get a peep at the monarch of the Alps,

"On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow;"

but he was, just then, particularly invisible. Winter was approaching, and the fine days were becoming as rare as the visitors. Being assured by the guides that the clouds above would not interfere with the proposed trip, I started next day with one of these trusty attendants, and, after an ascent of two hours and a half up its wooded sides, reached the top of Montanvert. And there, before me, with bleak mountains for shores, lay the famed Mer de Glace, like an arm of a boisterous sea, suddenly congealed with icy waves of varied forms still lifted in air. The towering precipices, the reverberation of falling rocks or avalanches, the cloud-piercing Aiguilles, and the wintry aspect of all around, made it a scene of wild sublimity. By clambering along the rocky shore, and crossing over the greater part of the width of this frozen sea, at some distance above, you are enabled to penetrate deeper into the recesses of Mont Blanc, and at length you are led to a rock poetically termed "the garden," which in August is said to be adorned with herbage and flowers, and which then lies like a sunny island in an arctic bay surrounded by ice mountains. I

proceeded part of the way to this spot, when it became very foggy, so as to spoil the prospect, and with the advice of the guide, the excursion was, in legislative style, "indefinitely postponed."

I tried, by the offer of an extra fee, to get the guide to take me across the Mer de Glace in a place where it is sometimes practicable. He at last yielded. We were each furnished with the alpenstock, a long slender pole armed with an iron point, and with which the guides and chamois hunters do such wonders in leaping chasms and scaling precipices. It was really astonishing to see how my faithful assistant managed to cross gaping crevices, slide down inclined planes, and mount pyramids of ice. He gave me a lift now with the hand or foot, and again with the end of his mountain staff, and towed me along with the greatest care imaginable, till we had achieved about two thirds of the way, when new difficulties occurred, and he declared that we could not proceed farther without a hatchet to cut steps in the ice, and that the attempt was too hazardous at that place. As travelers are rather solemnly advised implicitly to obey their mountain pilots, I was submissive.

Between the hillocks of ice are occasionally tunnels and wide seams or crevices, in which water is trickling; and the peculiarly pure azure tint of the ice, seen by looking down into them, is very beautiful. A kind of beach, termed *moraine*, consisting of a mixture of gravel and broken rocks, some of which are of a large size, by a slow movement and the lapse of years have been conveyed upon its surface, and at length deposited at the sides.

The rude hotel on the bleak top of Montanvert occupies the spot where once stood the hut of loose stones and turf in which Saussure slept, and to which he wittily alludes in his description; and the cabin erected long after by an Englishman, and known as the Chateau de Blair. The visitors' book, like those at the hotels below, contains names, readable and unreadable

observations, facetious, insipid, and sentimental, and some rare things not in any printed edition of the "Curiosities of Literature." Among others, I noticed the names of a party of German students, from Heidelberg; and beneath was an irresistibly comic sketch, probably intended as a faithful caricature of one of their number, fantastically dressed, mounted on a fully-developed mule, winding up the mountain, with a meditative countenance, and smoking a meerschaum, whose length reminded one of distillation.

On returning to my quarters, I sat down to wait for fine weather. As the only guest in a large dining-saloon for days, the operation of eating, so social throughout the animal kingdom, became passive and lonely. I fancied there was something unnatural in the rattle of a single knife and fork. Sabbath came, and I went to the only place of religious worship near, and listened to a sermon in praise of the Virgin. At length, after having tried in vain for near a week to get a satisfactory sight of the Mountain King, on waking up at three o'clock one morning, the moon was shining brightly. I hastily rose and equipped, and, without stopping for guides or any thing, posted off, determined, if possible, to mount the Flégère, and see the sun rise upon Mont Blanc. I had no other companion but a faithful walking-stick, the object of an affection which time and distance had only increased. Luckily I had no difficulty in finding the path, and, after a toilsome ascent, reached the then untenanted house of refreshment, and the elevated platform which is the ordinary place of observation. There was an elevated range of Aiguilles, or needle-like peaks, in the rear; and, like all climbers, I wished to mount higher. After panting from steep to steep, I at length gained a satisfactory height. When the excitement had died away, I was enabled calmly to survey the gorgeous prospect. The sun, which I feared would be concealed by a small cloud, at length beamed upon the white crest of Mont Blanc; and shortly after, all around us and far away

the tops of the snowy Alps, as if by magic, were flashing in gold. When we witness almighty power in the boiling ocean that threatens to overwhelm us, the mind, distracted by danger, is the prey of various impulses ; as we gaze upon the cataract of Niagara, we behold a single object, which, however stupendous, fills not the field of vision ; but if I may judge from my own sensations, the awful silence, the towering height, the dazzling brightness, and imposing array of which we are conscious upon the summit of a range of snow mountains, are often still more impressive.

For a while I seemed fixed to the spot. I can scarcely now describe my various emotions. Our conceptions of things are frequently modified by accidental circumstances. I had just previously received the intelligence of the death of an intimate young friend, of great promise. The recollection of the most manly virtues and amiable qualities can scarcely console us for the loss of genius that falls by its own ardor. Except when diverted by some new scene, I felt unusually sad. Never, perhaps, does the heart so fondly claim a beautiful earthly vision as revealing the Father of mercies as when oppressed by affliction. There was consolation in the splendor around me. Overlooking the scenery so sublimely described in Coleridge's Hymn at Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny, one could scarcely help inwardly responding to its breathings. Just opposite, across the valley, like a frozen wall of waters closing a mountain glen, was the termination of the Mer de Glace ; from beneath which gushed the Arveron, and rolled on till it united with the Arve. As the eye turned northward it rested upon the glittering peaks far over the Col de Balm, in the Canton of Vallais. Eastward, before me, were the lofty, clearly-defined Aiguilles Dru and Verte, and the forest-clad face of Montanverte ; and farther on, towering above all its rivals, was the dome of Mont Blanc.

Wishing, if possible, to get a western view, I left my position,

and crossed a glacier which was concealed from below, but was arrested by the ridge of high rocks and peaks before mentioned. While I was deliberating, the sky became overcast; and it commenced snowing. As I happened to look back, just along the lower edge of the glacier, and within easy rifle-shot, was a slender iron-gray animal, much of the shape and size of a goat, with a share of the symmetry and agility of a deer, now bounding lightly a few steps, and then snuffing the air suspiciously, as if conscious there was "something in the wind." It was a chamois. Had I anticipated my good luck, I might have saved myself the trouble of visiting the half-grown tame one exhibited below. This, as I afterward learned, was one of their favorite haunts; and by a mere accident it had crossed my path. Thinking to observe its speed, of which I had heard so much, I gave it a respectful noisy salute, and it flew up the rocks with astonishing swiftness and ease. With the intention of examining its track, I hastened to the spot where it left the glacier, and was surprised to find that its instinct had discovered an unobserved path up the precipice possibly practicable for me. So, after clambering on my hands and knees, and insinuating my walking-stick into the crevices for support once or twice, I succeeded in gaining the ridge, and reached a point to which I had before aspired in vain. But the chamois had disappeared.

On descending to the hotel, I visited the source of the Arveron, and was soon after threading the wild glens, amid the roaring torrents and mountains—now bleak and bald, and now clothed with dark forests of fir—that form the peculiar features of the passage from Chamouny to the Valley of the Rhone, by the Tête Noire. There are tunnels cut for the path in the solid rock, over abysses that are really fearful. A violent rain-storm overtook me, and I took shelter for the night at a little apology for an inn. Next morning I arrived at Martigny.

CHAPTER XIX.

Distant Beauty—The Vallais—St. Bernard—Chillon—Lausanne—Lake Geneva—Revolution.

FROM Martigny I took the route up the valley of the Drance for St. Bernard. It was a sunny day, that strangely contrasted with the preceding; and the warmer vegetation, and declining symptoms of vineyards at the commencement, had something of a cheery aspect, though the scenery in comparison had little of interest. With some of the smaller and more remote Swiss villages, as with the famed Turkish capital, "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

The houses of the peasantry are usually rather neatly constructed, either of wood, something in the manner of the better class of hewn timber dwellings of our own western country, or of stone, with plastered and white walls, that in a green valley, surrounded with frozen Alps, or upon an elevated platform, contrasting with bare rocks and dark firs, have a picturesque effect. There is, too, an air of rural simplicity and prettiness in their uniformly-projecting roofs. By chance, also, you meet some of the peasant women in the vicinity, dressed for a holiday, and you are struck with their lively costumes, unchanged for generations, varying in different cantons. The headdress of the Vallais is indeed quite artistical. But when, as sometimes occurs, more especially in this region, upon your near approach, you are shocked with the appearance of idiot Cretins, with lobulated, unsightly necks, basking in the sun, some of whom have been taught just enough to hold out the hand for alms, and utter uncouth sounds—when you find men and ani-

mals occasionally dwelling harmoniously under the same roof—when, as you struggle through a narrow, filthy passage, answering to what is elsewhere a street, your olfactories are saluted with a compound of “villainous smells”—much of the romance is lost.

After passing through three or four villages of various sizes, I at length came to St. Pierre, the highest this side of St. Bernard. It was among the windings and rocks in a forest just above this, in the crooked road, now superseded by the improved route cut by the enterprising Vallaisans, that Napoleon is said to have encountered the greatest difficulties in transporting the cannon for his extraordinary expedition.

A few miles beyond St. Pierre, just as it was getting dark, I supped at a little rude inn, the last habitation. Three Italians, drinking and playing cards, who looked desperate enough to be the heroes of tales such as I had just before heard, eyed me rather closely. From an unjust prejudice, perhaps, I did not care to sleep there, or to trust myself to a guide from the establishment. Being a little pressed for time, I determined to push on alone to the Hospice. Listening occasionally for unwelcome visitors in my rear, I traveled as rapidly as possible, so as to feel less the intense cold. Once or twice I missed my way among the rocks in the dark, but soon righted again. At last, just as I was in one of the wildest parts, at a sudden turn, I was startled with the sound of human voices, and immediately a dozen men were right upon me. It was a party of Savoyard militia, returning unarmed from drill by a more convenient route across part of the Swiss territory to their homes. The lonely stone cabins, placed by the roadside to receive the dead bodies found in winter, seemed to have a ghostly air about them. At length, to my great relief, the moon rose, and displayed rocks and ice hills around in savage grandeur. I could then see the high posts set to mark the road through storms and snow drifts.

After crossing some beds of snow, I at length saw gleaming on a height above me the welcome light of the Hospice. I was thoroughly wearied and chilled, and the warm room, seasonable refreshment, and comfortable bed, which I soon enjoyed, were luxuries indeed. Next morning I breakfasted with the monks, in company with two other travelers. The *Clavandier*, whose business it is to entertain guests, presided. It was scarcely possible to receive more courteous treatment, and many interesting details were freely and kindly given.

The main building is of stone, strong and massive, with double windows, capable of accommodating some eighty persons with beds, and three times that number with shelter. It is situated on the very summit of the pass, where the snow annually averages seven or eight feet, and not far from the site of an ancient temple of Jupiter. To beguile the traveler detained by a stormy day, it contains a drawing-room, a piano presented by a lady, a natural history cabinet, a library, a few journals, and a chapel, in which is a monument erected to General Dessaix by Napoleon, after the battle of Marengo.

Their race of dogs, so celebrated, is said to be related to the Newfoundland and Pyrenean breeds, and more than once has been nearly extinct.

A servant conducted me to the Morgue, a small separate structure, used as an open sepulchre for the dead. It is furnished with a grating to admit the light, and the drying and petrifying air; and here for recognition, with their clothes upon them, and in the attitudes in which they have been frozen, are placed the bodies of those found buried in the snow. Without putrefying in this elevated icy region, they undergo a kind of dry decomposition. The effect is very ghastly. The flesh, hanging in tatters upon the skeletons, garnished with decayed shreds of clothing, and resting upon bones, the deposit of cen-

turies—the occasional white color of the latter contrasting with the blackened mummy-like faces, that grin upon you like death phantoms—give this place peculiar horrors. Among the rest was the deeply-touching spectacle of the bodies of a mother and child, found frozen, and clasped tenderly together.

The monks, usually ten or twelve in number, are of the order of St. Augustine, and wear a neat and becoming black dress. They are quite young, and possess an intelligence and polish of manners, from constant intercourse with the traveling world, quite different from persons of this class ordinarily.

Whatever may be our prejudices against a system generally, the liberal-minded must be glad to find such pleasing exceptions and redeeming features; and we can not but admire the heroism and self-denial of men who thus bury themselves in this perilous and bleak situation solely to succor the distressed.

Although no return is ever asked, yet as a great many of the poor Swiss and Italian peasantry are gratuitously relieved, as their hospitality is indiscriminately extended to those of every faith, and as they subsist now almost entirely by voluntary contribution, few who can afford it ever leave without dropping an offering into the proper receptacle, equaling, if not exceeding the value of their entertainment.

Returning, I took passage a few miles below in a *char à banc*. This singular vehicle is peculiar to Switzerland, and from its narrowness and lowness is better fitted for the mountains than any other. Imagine a small sofa, set lengthwise upon four wheels, with a leather cover stretched over it, which rides sideways, like the passenger, while a kind of box concern, let down between the fore and hind wheels, supports your feet within a foot or so of the ground, and you have a tolerable idea of its construction. In the evening I arrived at St. Maurice, and next morning I crossed the Rhone, here a sluggish river, and entered

the Canton de Vaud. A striking improvement in the cleanliness and comfort of the population was evident. After passing through Aigle, we at length came to Villeneuve, at the termination of Lake Geneva. But owing to the revolution which had broken out in Geneva a day or two before, the steamers had stopped running, and I was obliged to go to Lausanne. Not far from Villeneuve, on a rock in the lake, within a stone's throw of the pleasing shore, stands the Castle of Chillon, its white walls springing, as it were, from the waves, are quite conspicuous from every part of this end of the lake and the surrounding shores. The fortress, as is well known, was built by the Duke of Savoy some three centuries before the Reformation, and at the latter period was used as a state prison, where were long immured the reformer Bonnivard and other victims of persecuting cruelty. As I trod its damp, dark vaults—saw upon the walls the dim traces of the figures which the condemned in their weary hours had drawn—gazed upon the black beam in a deep cell, from which they were stealthily strangled, or stood by the trap-door where, perhaps, conducted in the silent night by a light that shone upon grim faces, the prisoner took one step, uttered a wild shriek, and a moment after lay quivering and bleeding far below, one mangled mass, feelings came over me such as had been inspired by no other scene. I thought, too, as I descended to the dungeon of Bonnivard, deep in the solid rock, and heard the waves with a dismal sound, as of a knell, beating against the walls, put my hand upon the stone pillar, felt the cold, massive ring to which for six weary years he had been chained, and put my foot into the tracks which, to half its depth, he had worn in the unyielding rock, that there flashed upon me some faint realization of his sensations. How wildly must his heart have beaten when he first heard the oars of the Genevese galleys! How the hope that had died within him must have thrilled as he listened to their assailing cries in the din of bat-

tle, answered by the shouts of the allied Bernese upon land! And when at last his deliverers rushed into his prison to knock off his chains, and bring him forth to beautiful day, how joyfully must he have been agitated at the wonderful intelligence that in the years he had been unconsciously dreaming there Geneva had become Protestant and free!

Perhaps my own impressions were the more warm from the accidental circumstance, that almost in childhood I had, with the early faith that transforms the imaginative creations of the poet into living realities, read the "Prisoner of Chillon," and I still had a vivid recollection of the cold shudder that came over me.

I had been affected almost to tears at the agonizing picture of the death of the gentle and beautiful younger brother, his "martyred father's" favorite, and his "mother's image," and the frantic desperation embodied in the passage:

"I called, and thought I heard a sound.
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him:—I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew."

The scenery all along the shore to Lausanne was exquisitely bright and beautiful. The contrast of the stern opposite coast of Savoy, the blue expanding lake, the white houses and ornamented seats about Montreux and Clarens, the sunny shore pleasantly rising from the clear waters, and garnished with herbage, vines, and trees, the amphitheatres and extensive slopes about Vevay, all covered with vineyards, presented a succession of singularly lovely combinations.

My hotel at Lausanne happened to be not far from the site of the summer-house where Gibbon finished his history.

During a delightful sojourn of a few days, I was so happy

as to make the acquaintance of a daughter of the celebrated blind naturalist, Huber, an elderly lady of great intelligence and worth, as also of a much-respected Wesleyan missionary, known as one of their earliest laborers in France, since banished by a decree of the authorities of Lausanne for doing good—and one of the most influential and beloved of the ejected Vaudois pastors. I shall never forget worshiping in a private house with a company of the Free Church of this Protestant canton, who, less fortunate than their brethren in Scotland, dared not even sing, for fear of interruption from the intolerant mob without.

It was a pleasant day as in the steamer we were gliding over the bosom of the lake, so celebrated in history and song; and the different aspects of the Savoy and Swiss coasts were as characteristic as those of the people. But all was excitement. A civil war had just terminated in Geneva, and we were little disposed for sentimental speculation. During my absence a revolution had changed the government, and when I arrived the streets every where exhibited armed men and placards. A distinguished medical gentleman kindly invited me to visit the wounded with him in the hospital. It was a melancholy sight. These unpleasant associations were, however, greatly relieved by the kind attentions and hospitalities of Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, Drs. Malan and Scherer, and other members of that delightful literary circle for which Geneva is so famed.

After visiting the place where the waters of the Rhone, so wonderfully blue and limpid, refuse for a long time to unite with those of the turbid Arve, which ever after pollutes them, I began anxiously to think of choosing one of the three different routes for Italy.

Taking the malleposte, with a worthy French Protestant minister, whose acquaintance I had previously made at the house of a friend, I was soon on the road to Lyons. It was getting too dark for us clearly to see the place where the

Rhone buries itself under ground, and, in the literal rendering of a French *bon mot*, "The loss of the Rhone was lost." Next morning, before it was light, we were set down in the streets of Lyons.

CHAPTER XX.

Lyons—Misty Visions—Sad Memorials—The Rhone—Avignon—Ragged Escort—Palace of the Popes—The Inquisition.

OUR affections, like most uncertain things, are doubtless much under the influence of the weather. There was brooding over Lyons, the morning of our arrival, a peculiar mixture of fog and smoke, highly efficacious in making darkness visible, and it impressed me gloomily. Not long after, it began to rain heavily at what might be termed the angle of penetration, and our meditations in the open air were sadly disturbed. When the storm had abated a little, I set out upon a tour of observation. Plunging into the most densely-populated region of that portion constituting the body of the city, upon the flat tongue of land between the Rhone and the Saone, I was soon amid the dwellings of the poorer classes. Fancy immense high houses, all dingy and black, huddled closely so as to allow but narrow, offensive lanes between, built as if purposely to exclude the air and the light of heaven, and crowded like prisons, and you have a picture of the dwellings of the operatives of the City of Silks.

Lyons, it will be remembered, suffered terribly in the French Revolution. The leading facts are, doubtless, familiar; but there are sad memorials still pointed out to the visitor that recall some of its incidents with strange freshness, and traditions related, that ordinary history has scarcely preserved in their fullness,

Conscious that they had mortally offended the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, and of their doom if conquered, the inhabitants defended themselves for a long time with the most desperate bravery. But the assault was fearfully relentless. When the hospital containing the sick and the dying was set on fire by the red-hot shot that were showered upon the city, the signal raised to excite the humanity of the assailants only drew a heavier fire. The hotel where I lodged happened to be close to the public square, said to be the largest in Europe, where the infamous Couthon, carried about on a litter, gave the sign for the demolition of houses by striking with a hammer upon each door. But the spot with the most melancholy associations is that where these ministers of cruelty, fatigued with the slowness of the ordinary methods of execution, invented a horrid refinement. Under the superintendence of Collot d'Herbois a party of prisoners, two thousand in number, were tied, sixty at a time, to a cable, in a row; two cannons charged with grape-shot were brought to bear upon them, and the quivering victims that remained with too much life after the third discharge, were then dispatched with bayonets and sabres.

Toward evening I took a walk in the neighborhood of the heights overlooking one side of the city, and from the more pleasant outskirts the town gained upon me.

The sabbath morning following I was privileged to listen to a delightful sermon from a French Protestant pastor, whom I had met on an interesting occasion in London. His kind recognition, the hospitable circle to which he gave introduction, and the new and pleasant associations that were created, made me resolve not to be too hasty in judging of every thing in a place again upon a cloudy day.

As soon as it was light next morning we were steaming at a furious rate down the Rhone. Its shallowness, width, rapidity, and scenery in places, remind one of the Loire. Our filthy craft was laden with a mountain of merchandise and baggage,

and enlivened by a party of soldiers apparently on their way to Toulon and Algiers; Frenchmen with curious caps, looking like Italians; traveling representatives of sunny Italy, with a fierce, careless air, as if their ancestors had worn the turban; and a party of quiet English, and a collection of minor characters sufficient to relieve the tediousness of the paroxysm of the storm, of which we enjoyed but a brief morning intermission. The old churches and castles frowned more darkly; and the vine-clad hills, white châteaux, and towns and villages scattered here and there in such a medium, lost some of their brightness. Either drought or a freshet affects the navigation of the stream. Swollen by the recent rains, it was just then spreading out here and there to a great width, and half burying the willows upon its banks, and we began to entertain fears as to whether we could still pass beneath the suspension-bridges. There seemed also to be an anxious bustle of the people on shore, as if they feared a repetition of the devastating flood of six years before.

The little ancient city of Vienne, remembered for its settlement of early Christians; Valence, with its souvenirs of the youth of Napoleon; and St. Esprit, with its bridge of the middle ages, built by a process corresponding to its great length, from the offerings of devotees, passed successively in the dimness before us; and at evening steam, with a powerful current, had brought us far south, abreast of the thick walls and imposing old ruins of Avignon. A fierce, ragged detachment, with clamors and gesticulations that reminded one of the stories of shipwrecks on barbarous shores, carried off the baggage in triumph, and I meekly followed to the hotel. The city is nearly on a level with the Rhone, and the streets in many places were nearly impassable from inundation. I had promised a friend, some weeks previous, to meet him at the house of a wealthy English gentleman, who had become naturalized to the city by long residence, and to whom I happened to have a note of introduction. He was living in princely style

in the former residence of one of the old nobility. Next day nothing would satisfy our generous host but I must decamp and take up my quarters with him for a few days. Soon the weather became fine, the cool, dry mistral, a periodical wind of these regions, began to blow, and the waters abated.

As I sallied forth each bright morning, the remarkable quiet of the city, the cleanness of the streets for a French provincial town, and the cheerfulness that beamed from flashing eyes and bronzed faces pleased me. The old walls around the courtyards and gardens, so still and dreary, seemed, as in the Eastern tales of concealed magnificence, to be hiding something beautiful.

It will be recollected that Avignon was a papal residence during the greater part of the fourteenth century, and it was under the agreeable inspirations to which I have referred that I started one fine morning, in company with a friend, to visit the palace of the popes. The site is upon a commanding platform of rock overlooking the rest of the town. In the spirit of the age of its erection the heavy pile that frowns upon you as you approach seems to combine in one group the purposes of a palace, a fortress, a church, and a prison. Running out as from a wing of its fortifications are still the crumbling arches of a private bridge across the river, and a secret passage is said formerly to have led to the castle on the opposite shore. The gloomy old palace, with its immense thick walls, is now occupied as a barrack, and the soldiers were burnishing their arms, and amusing themselves in its halls, as if they cared little who had been its former occupants. Priests, and a solitary worshiper or two, were chanting their services in the dimly-lighted cathedral. The exterior rudeness of the architecture of the whole seemed indicative of the decline of the arts at that period, and beyond its rich associations there was little of interest.

Presently we were shown a lofty square tower, with black stains plainly visible upon its inner surface. In the frenzy of the

Revolution, some sixty persons, men, women, and priests, dying and dead, were hurled from the top of this tower, and buried in quicklime, and the splash of their blood against the walls had produced the ineffaceable stains upon which we had gazed. Yet this was the work of political fanatics, goaded on by the oppression of centuries—of men who openly professed themselves enemies of Christianity. But we were soon amid the memorials of a cruelty diabolical in its deliberateness, and perpetrated in the name of religion herself. We were in the prisons of the Inquisition. There were the narrow, dark, stone cells, where the prisoners were first left for forty-eight hours, to shake their fortitude; there was the place of the sittings of the terrible tribunal; and there were the contrivances to hear the agonized sufferer's whispers as evidence against him. Could the cold stones which we touched have related all they had witnessed of the deeds of men more obdurate than they—could they have given a sum total of the tears, the prayers, the groans, and the blood that had there been expended, it would, doubtless, have been an appalling revelation. But without this they were sad indications enough. Strange feelings came over me as I stood in the chamber of torture. It was constructed so as to stifle the sound of the victim's cries. There was still the place of the lacerating stake over which he was suspended, and the furnace in the wall to heat the torturing-irons. Man had dared to prescribe the relation which should exist between his brother and his God, and consummated the wrong by shedding his blood; and all this had been done in the name of Him who taught his disciples to love even their enemies, and who sojourned on earth but to heal and to bless! Surely the followers even of the faith thus abused must rejoice that these are but things of the past, and that we live in a happier day.

CHAPTER XXI.

Exuberance—Vaucluse—Nismes—Roman Antiquities—Pont du Gard—
Marseilles—Marine Discovery—Bay of Genoa.

IT was one of the balmiest days of the south, as a friend and I rode over the plain from Avignon on a sentimental pilgrimage to the Fountain of Petrarch, at Vaucluse. Even the dead green foliage of the olive-trees, like stunted willows planted thickly every where, seemed brighter than usual. My light-hearted friend was perfectly exuberant. Not an appropriate sigh, not a touching quotation escaped his lips. It was perfectly useless to stem the current of his joyous spirit. I fancy that if Laura herself had been in the act of reading one of the tenderest sonnets of her poet lover, and caught the mischievous twinkle that lurked in the eye of my companion, and listened to his amusing drollery, she would have unbecomingly smiled. The spirited steed, the dogs, the driver, and the noisy urchins by the roadside, were just then fair specimens of "animated nature." Half a dozen leagues were soon passed; we were presently in a more barren, uneven country; and on being told to look forward to the spot, I could see nothing but bare rocks and hills. At length we came to a little river that made a gap in the latter, and, winding along its banks, we were not long in coming to a charming green spot inclosed by surrounding hills, like the happy valley of Rasselas. It was Vaucluse.

I left all the arrangements to my excellent friend, as familiar with the place, and possibly, from poetical considerations, or the reputation of its trout dinners, he decided that we should rest at the Hôtel de Petrarque et Laure. From the barren ledges above, and the intermediate terraces of olives, the trees, grass, and flowers assumed a deeper and deeper hue till they

approached the brink of the stream. It had a fairy aspect, like one of those representations created by the imagination of the painter, in its playful moments, when it would embody ideal beauty in what are termed fancy scenes. We traced the course of the Sorgues, now leaping prettily from ledge to ledge, now whirling in eddies, and again showing every pebble and speckled tenant of its limpid waters, till we turned around a little eminence, and there, beneath the shadow of a precipice, clear, calm, and beautiful as the creation of a poet's dream, lay Petrarch's fountain. It is a circular basin some half a dozen rods in diameter, one of nature's excavations in the rock, and in that sheltered retreat its surface is ever tranquil as a mirror. The winding river so wonderfully fed from its brim, the overhanging precipice, the rich verdure below fading away to rows of the fig, almond, and olive, and contrasting with the bleak, barren summits above, formed a novel and pleasing combination. Independent of the associations thrown around it by the genius of the enamored bard, there is a mystery about its source that invests it with additional interest. Why is it so unfathomably deep? Why are its waters so pure? And why does it sometimes seem to eject quantities of finny inhabitants? These questions have given rise to a corresponding amount of romantic speculation. Some have thought it to be the natural outlet to some reservoir in the mountains, and others, with a faith worthy of the ancients, have even fancied that it might be connected with Lake Geneva. If it had not been in the possession of the barbarians in the palmy days of old mythology, it might have rivaled the Fountain of Arethusa.

On a little eminence below, and overlooking the fountain, are the half-dilapidated walls of an old castle that belonged to a friend, but is now called after the poet; and near by is the spot once occupied by the garden which Petrarch cultivated, and which he has described as the scene of so much quiet enjoyment. We climbed up to the place, and were soon engaged in

a horticultural discussion on the subject of a certain peach-tree, possibly a lineal descendant of one of the poet's, which finally turned out to be an almond. Toward evening we started briskly homeward, and shortly after I was duly packed in a modest diligence, and conveyed in a few hours to Nismes.

This fine provincial city is in the neighborhood of some of those mountain fastnesses in which the professors of the reformed faith sought refuge during their early persecutions, and it is still one of the strongholds of Protestantism in the south. I looked from my hotel on a bright sabbath morning, and recollections of home came over me. I had listened to one of their eloquent pastors, as to an immense concourse, in London, with a figure dilating, as to embrace them all, he had given vent to a Christian and hospitable invitation, which in its extent and warmth had thrilled every breast; and, having declined a note of introduction offered me in Avignon, I determined to call upon him simply in the character which he had so generously included in his touching request. Nobly did the good man fulfill his pledge, and the happy associations of a few days that succeeded can never be forgotten.

It will be recollected that Nismes and its neighborhood are celebrated as affording some of the most rich Roman remains now known. The arena, if less extensive than the Coliseum at Rome, is in far better preservation, and, in spite of its occupation as a fortress in the wars of the middle ages, rises above the houses a lofty, circular mass in the centre of the city, with its outlines as distinctly defined as if it had stood but a couple of centuries.

The place of the emperors, and the seats of the vestal virgins, and of the different orders, rising one above another, and decreasing in rank to those of the slaves at the outer edge, are still mostly entire. It is supposed to have been erected during the reign of Antoninus Pius. Not far away is the *Maison Carrée*—a wonderfully perfect heathen temple, with all its Corinth

ian columns and more delicate portions scarcely marred. Its history is rather amusing and curious, it having been successively converted from its original destination to a church, a *hôtel de ville*, a stable to a convent, a place of sepulchre, and a revolutionary tribunal; and it is now tastefully fitted up as a museum of antiquities. After visiting the fountain, with its rich ancient sculpture, the adjacent temple of Diana, the singular old tower, the portal of Agrippa, I found the taste for these relics beginning to increase, and I determined on a little excursion of a few miles to perhaps the most curious of them all, the Pont du Gard.

A gentleman in the conveyance kindly amused us with a short popular lecture on the curious dialect of the peasantry in some parts of this country—one of the things, perhaps, which deserves to be classed among the mutilated “Roman remains,” being a “transition formation” between French and Italian, with possibly a slight suspicion of the Saracen.

Near sunset we came to the small River Gardon, where we alighted, and I took a little walk along its bank, when presently there was before me a lofty structure of masonry obstructing the view and stretching across the whole valley nearly nine hundred feet in length, and almost two hundred feet in height in the centre. It is composed of three rows of arches, decreasing in size as they increase in height, and from a lower tier is a projection that is still used by conveyances for its original purpose of a bridge. But the great design of this immense structure would now be accomplished with a few metal pipes. It was to convey water across the valley, and it formed but a part of a Roman aqueduct, some twenty-five miles in length, to supply the city of Nismes. I began at one end, and, encouraged by some fellow-travelers, equally juvenile in their tastes, succeeded, at the expense of sundry admonitions from the stone above upon my organs of reflection, in scrambling through the water-pipe from one end to the other. I finished with the thor-

ough conviction that the cement was quite as hard as in the time of the Romans.

I had lost a good deal of rest in some little preparations for leaving France, and writing letters to friends, and my sensations and dreams in the diligence, after leaving Nismes, were rather unusual. I remembered in my natural senses being hoisted with the lumbering conveyance upon the railroad, and then there was a misty recollection of an unearthly whistling and puffing : after a while I revived for a moment, and felt an unusual vibratory motion, and we were oscillating, horses and all, upon a long suspension-bridge, over a broad, rapid river, which I was informed on credible authority was the Rhone. I presently relapsed into somnolency, and on half waking a second time, fancied, in the dark, that some of the passengers' heads had grown to an enormous size. They were merely the hoods of the singular dress of some peasant women who had recently joined us. Then came ludicrous minglings of fictitious adventures and real accidents, and the gradual transition from dreaming sleep to reality, till the donkeys with panniers, oranges, and wood, and the thronging market-women in the thoroughfare, became more and more distinct, when with an effort I thrust my head out of the window, and there, a little in the distance, was the city of Marseilles ; and in strange loveliness, as it caught the new-born sunbeams, there, too, lay the Mediterranean. I shall never forget the ecstasy of that moment. The throbbing of my brain was gone, I was quite refreshed, and the sea-breeze that came soothingly to fan my temples was delicious. Then how many strange reminiscences of schoolboy lore came over me ! I had listened to marvelous tales of fictitious relics till sick of them ; but there was no deception there : it was the very sea upon which, like the nautilus, man had first spread the tiny sail. Names, each a key-note to some thrilling strain of olden time, or index-word of the eventful past, came thick and fast : the fleet of Agamemnon, Ulysses, Eneas, Sala-

mis, Tyre, Carthage, Rome, Actium, the journeying of St. Paul, and a thousand things, sacred and profane, were among its rich associations.

I could never before tell satisfactorily whether the sea was green or blue; but perhaps it was from the peculiar reflection of the bright Italian sky, or because the view was taken before breakfast, I thought the waves were incontestably of a beautiful blue. I was soon awakened from this pleasing reverie by being let down amid a motley collection of lively Frenchmen, gruff English sailors, long-bearded Jews, Greeks with red caps and pantaloons that grew more extensive as they descended, uncompromising turbans, shirts of every hue, and all the fanciful representations of the poetical East.

I embarked on board one of the steamers in the bay, and we had a delicious sail along the coast, peeping into Toulon and Nice, and gazing on the fairy-indented shores, now soft and green, and now stern and bald with the projecting Apennines, till, as if by enchantment, there lay before us an inviting bay; and as we entered, the beautiful panorama of imposing palaces, churches, and terraced gardens became more and more distinct, and we landed in Genoa, "the proud."

CHAPTER XXII.

“Fond Anticipation”—Genoa—Ancient Costume—Shadowy Reflections—
Politics and Trade—Palaces—Chiesa Annunciata.

THERE is, doubtless, a great deal in making up one's mind to be pleased with a thing beforehand. Poetry had yielded to nausea and empty stomach (a valuable fact); the “blue Mediterranean” had become as ordinary salt water, and we had longed for the shore. It had seemed, too, as if nothing earthly could be more lovely, as we had approached it, than the prospect of Genoa, sweetly nestled in an amphitheatre of hills, and like a crescent encircling a charming bay, fanned only by the south wind; and as our eyes had surveyed its palaces, churches, convents, and gardens, pleasantly mingled, and rising range after range far up the mountain, it had appeared as if it must be strangely delightful to roam there. And so it proved. To some it was the first invasion of the land of song and macaroni. There was romance in the porters' Italian, though diluted with French, and music in the placards and names of the streets. Recent rains had garnished the old painted walls, cleanly swept the streets, and purified the air. The sun was cheerily shining, and the sea-breeze gently breathing, and earth, sea, and sky were again beautiful. It was one of those delicious southern mornings in autumn, like the spring time of our own clime, when one feels in love with all around. As if in good humor with the fine weather, all Genoa appeared in motion. The mules jingled their little bells, the market-women praised their wares, files of Sardinian soldiers in blue and red uniform primly passed, and even the fat monks with the cowl and dangling rope, and the grave-looking priests in long, black dresses, silk stockings, and turned-up hats, seemed livelier than usual.

The moment I had secured quarters, I started off in a fit of en-

thusiasm for a ramble. I was soon pleasantly bewildered among fine old palaces, with great marble steps, decorated above with lions and hybrid animals that never existed, representing the armorial devices of their former owners; massive churches; vast embankments filling up ravines; piles of brick and mortar, in the style of the Tower of Babel, and lofty terraces covered with the oleander, fig, and orange that reminded one of the hanging-gardens of olden time. There is a singular air of grandeur about every thing, and it is no wonder that the fervid, imaginative Italians should have given this romantic city the epithet of *La Superba*. The closeness of the streets is compensated by their increased coolness, their cleanliness, and the magnificent views that break upon you from almost every point. I strolled on, seeming ever to go up hill, and never to reach the top; now gazing at a fine edifice, then admiring the trappings of an interesting donkey; again stopping to listen to the gambols of a troop of Genoese children with laughing black eyes, and then perhaps undertaking an exploring expedition up a mysterious winding passage, that branched off and grew narrower and narrower, to the serious inconvenience of large people, till at last it terminated against a brick wall with a little gate affording a side-view of a court-yard with a dilapidated fountain, a noisy watch-dog, and a ferocious animal or two in stone that needed repairing. At last I came to a fine avenue of trees, with seats beneath them, and set down to indulge in a day-dream. How imposing were still the ruins of that ancient sea-queen! The dust of centuries seemed to rest lightly there. A few touches to cracked and dingy walls, a little garnishing of marble steps and halls, and cleansing of old pictures, and all would be fresh again as in the days of the Dorians. The wealth that had so strongly cemented those imposing piles had been gathered from every clime. What a lesson on the power of freedom and commerce! From that sea-born city has issued a force that had crushed Pisa, and besieged Venice in the height of her glory

in her own lagunes; her fleets had assisted to ferry over armies of Crusaders; and she had colonized rich possessions in the Mediterranean and Black seas, and encroached upon the suburbs of Constantinople. Her enterprise had given birth to the daring genius which had led the way to an unknown continent; the fortune of a single citizen had fitted out a fleet that had turned the scale in a conflict between two of the first monarchs of Europe, and delivered his country; and the draining of her bank by patriotic English merchants had delayed for a year the Spanish Armada, and deranged the monetary affairs of the world.

I was getting into the sublime humor that sometimes comes over one almost unawares, under strong temptation, when my attention was diverted by some odd-looking peasants, and a vehicle laden with a curious article of merchandise. Possibly it was only its near relative inflated with a solid or fluid, but it looked like a sheep with its coat turned, in Russian style, and the head and extremities absorbed, and it reminded one of the descriptions of the Arab water-sack.

Presently a troop of girls, possibly from an Italian boarding-school, with innocent, happy faces, came tripping along with their long white scarfs gracefully thrown over the head, and the ends floating in the breeze. The females of nearly all classes still retain this somewhat singular part of their ancient national costume. Like most peculiarities of this kind, it is adapted to the local circumstances of a fine climate and narrow streets, shaded by lofty houses. It is the simplest form of headdress imaginable, such as one might almost fancy Eve herself to have invented some fine evening. A piece of thin muslin, of the texture and appearance of a white veil, some yards in length, is merely thrown sideways loosely over the head, so as to expose the forehead and face, while the two free ends, hanging down on each side in front, are retained by the folded arms; and it gives the wearers a sort of bridal appearance that is quite poetical.

Genoa is to some extent a free port, a space being set off for the storage of goods for reshipment. The increase in latter years in the trade of the Mediterranean, and the resumption of intercourse with India by the ancient channel, have given a new impulse to its trade; and it is a principal port for the commerce of the kingdom of Sardinia, part of Lombardy, and even Switzerland. If one can judge by the newly-erected forts, that tower like Bastiles in the middle of the town, to overawe the citizens, and the throng of soldiers, the King of Sardinia intends to keep possession for some time of this handsome present from the Congress of Vienna. Of course, the oldest inhabitants can recollect the time when it was an independent republic, and there are many ardent spirits impatient of the present yoke. A strong feeling of nationality still exists. Shortly before my visit, the foundation of a pedestal for a magnificent statue of Columbus was laid, amid great enthusiasm, at the annual meeting of an association of literary men, comprising some of the most enlightened spirits of Italy, and headed by the Prince of Canino, son of Lucien Bonaparte. The city has been the seat of at least one formidable conspiracy for the overthrow of the present government. But the authorities are evidently on the alert. The fortifications, so wonderfully defended by the indomitable Massena, have been materially strengthened. A continuous range of forts commands the semicircular mountain ridge around the city, which was the scene of so many bloody conflicts between the Austrians and French, during the memorable siege.

The grandeur and number of their palaces give one an exalted idea of the power and opulence of the ancient aristocracy. A single street, the splendid Strada Nuova, contains some thirteen of these princely edifices within a short distance. Their entrances are usually very imposing, often presenting a lofty front and a fine, open hall, ornamented with columns, and leading to a court-yard visible from the street, surrounded by ar-

cedes, with the arches resting upon pillars, and terminated by a grand staircase, leading up on each side; and in the background is frequently a little garden filled with orange-trees, whose dark foliage, contrasting finely with the marble of the sides and foreground, fills up the perspective, and adds a finish to the picture. Many of them are still enriched by choice paintings of the best Flemish and Italian masters.

As you approach the city from the water, perhaps the most striking of them all, from its isolated position and its extensive gardens, running down toward the sea, is the palace given to the great Andrew Doria, the restorer of the republic, and friend of the Emperor Charles V. A somewhat pompous Latin inscription extends across the whole front, reminding one of the large letters used by the venders of sea-stores. From one of the upper stories a gallery leads across the street to a very high-terraced garden, in front of which is placed a colossal statue of Jupiter guarding the tomb of a favorite dog, presented to Doria by his imperial patron, and visible at some distance.

The passion for display is exhibited in the profuse decorations of the churches. A day or two after I landed, I went to high mass at the Chiesa Annunciata. This church, like many others in Genoa, was built at the expense of a single family. It was one of the most lavishly-ornamented I had ever seen. The vaulted ceiling, and the whole interior, seemed one rich array of variegated marble and gold. It was crowded with worshipers, constantly coming and going. Yet to a Protestant, taught by absence to cherish the institutions of a happy home more dearly than ever, the confession, the lowly bowing and the upturned eye, the swelling anthem and the chanted prayer of the morning, naturally seemed a strange contrast to the noisy streets, the thronged vehicles of pleasure, and the placarded ball and play of the sabbath evening.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Sea Retirement—Leghorn—Toleration—Civita Vecchia—A Dilemma—The Campagna—Rome.

ONE balmy, breezy day, from the deck of a Neapolitan steamer, we indulged in a parting gaze at beautiful Genoa. We were crowded with a multitude of curious or devout pilgrims on their way to Rome, to grace with their presence the grand inaugural ceremony of the pope taking possession of St. John in Lateran. In a few hours the wind freshened, the captain stormed, the steward grew amiable, the deck passengers crawled under the carriages, and we retired to our berths to dream of steam-engines and frightful convulsions. As we afterwards found, however, our brave commander was really a worthy specimen of a Neapolitan—rough, but good-natured—only gifted with a little sea eloquence for trying occasions; and when he was in a gentler mood, and deigned, through a smile, to unveil a fine set of teeth, his bronzed face would sometimes glisten as with the fluid that calms the troubled waves.

Next morning we ran into the harbor of Leghorn, and obtained the furlough of a few hours on shore. The port was crowded with merchantmen of different nations; and gangs of criminals condemned to the galleys, with soldiers at their heels, were working dredging-machines and toiling about the docks. After paying a fee to the police for entrance, we were soon rambling about the town. Like many other thriving spots in the world, it is a monument of the effects of industry and toleration. At the middle of the sixteenth century it did not contain a thousand inhabitants; but, shortly after, Ferdinand I. made it an asylum for the persecuted of every creed, and invited the Jews, just driven out of Spain by the Inquisition, to

settle there. The same enlightened religious freedom is still maintained by the Tuscan government. Until the present century it contained the only English burying-ground in Italy. To foster its trade, the custom-house is placed at the outside barrier, so that it is completely a free port; and the railroad to Pisa, which will shortly be completed to Florence, and steam-navigation, have helped to make it a place of much commercial activity. In fact, we were continually pestered by hawkers and brokers, refusing to hear a negative, and humoring our foreign accent by afflictive French and English—now eloquently expatiating on the edge of a razor, or again pointing, with Italian energy, to a neighboring woolen-shop, where, in the speech of trade, was a chance for speculation. The city is situated on a level shore, whose monotony is somewhat relieved by the prospect of the height of Monte Nero, a little way off, crowned with a monastery and several villas. On returning to embark, I stopped to look at a fine statue of Ferdinand I., near the basin. It is surrounded by an exceedingly effective group of four Turkish captives in chains, with beseeching agony in their countenances, said to have been modeled from some prisoners that attracted his attention, who were taken at the battle of Lepanto.

A slight competition among the watermen and a little bustle on board, and our craft was again steaming southward in the open sea. It was bright moonlight, and an elderly, sociable English gentleman remained with me on deck till near midnight, looking out for the island of Elba. Our friend had been in the service, and by good luck had visited the island, and had an introduction to Napoleon during his residence there, and he kindly offered to point out the place. At last the island dimly appeared, and on coming abreast of it my companion directed attention to a dent in the shore, where the lights were gleaming. The island now belongs to Tuscany.

Next morning we neared the mainland, and made for Civita

Vecchia. The massive bulwarks and bright walls of its port have withstood the elements, with little damage, since their erection by the Emperor Trajan, and still present a rather imposing aspect toward the sea. But our meditations of Roman antiquities were soon disturbed by a ragged detachment, that escorted us and our precious effects to the custom-house. One would think that, from its name, a passport was intended to facilitate one's progress; but it seems in Italy just the contrary. I had obtained a nuncio's signature to enter the Papal States—had afterward contributed to the consul's revenues at the port of embarkation; but the police were inflexible, and I was forced with the crowd to seek consular aid.

Civita Vecchia, though the port of Rome and the surrounding territory, seems exceedingly dull and uninteresting, and it would be still more so were it not for the almost daily arrival of some of the numerous steamers that ply upon this part of the Mediterranean. We therefore hurried to get away. At last, after the numerous friends that had assisted at our entrance into the pope's dominions had been duly remembered—after we had paid the extra fee for conveyance, and all the men and boys, who, by systematic division of labor, had lifted a carpet-bag a few feet backward or forward, or touched a hat-box—had, in Eastern phrase, "eaten our salt"—and the driver had looked calmly around to see if there were more claimants—we moved leisurely off. Altogether, we loaded quite a cavalcade of carriages. The road led in the direction of the Aurelian Way, along the level seashore for some distance. It was a pleasant day, a gentle ripple was laving the beach, and the picturesque lateen sails of the fishing-boats were prettily coquetting with the breeze. On the left hand, in one part of the road, was seen the town of Cerveteri, upon the site of Cære or Agylla, one of the most famous cities of Etruria, described by Virgil as governed by Mezentius on the arrival of Æneas. In the tombs at this place were discovered the finest Etruscan remains which adorn the

museum of the Vatican. One of them contained a famous breastplate of gold, the bronze bier, the armor, the funeral car, and tripod which, some ten years since, were brought to light by the researches of Regulini and General Galassi. These tumuli and highly-interesting relics have been set down by able antiquaries as belonging to the era of the Trojan war.

On stopping to change horses, our senior postillion and all the ragged juniors, with hat in hand, came supplicating a fee. We were as yet uninitiated, and puzzled to know, in small points, our just duties to the public in a strange country. Poor fellows, they really looked as if they needed it, and the majority were generous. A wealthy lady in her private carriage behind us, however, seemed resolved to resist what she seemed sincerely to believe was some dishonest charge; and the postillion, with violent gestures, was enforcing his demand. The words grew high and loud, when an English gentleman by my side, who was fluent in Italian, and rather given to waggery, managed, most amusingly, to protract the debate and perplex them both, and in the end gallantly sided with the lady.

As we penetrated into the interior, the country became more and more dreary. A moldering ruin, partially inhabited, or a solitary lodge here and there, with miles between, were the only human dwellings. In one place, a large number of miserable-looking laborers were collected in a plain, ploughing. Four of the large gray Roman oxen were fastened abreast, with a rude yoke, to a plough shaped like a triangular, sharp-pointed spade. A man on horseback seemed superintending the whole. It was the famed pestilential Campagna. This immense district is farmed by a few rich capitalists at Rome. In winter it is covered with myriads of cattle and sheep, but as summer comes on, it becomes too sickly even for brute beasts, and they are driven to the cooler pastures among the Sabine Hills. In harvest, the poor famished peasants who, to eke out an existence, come down from the hill country to the

plain, as reapers, weltering in the broiling sun by day, and sleeping on the damp ground, amid the noxious exhalations of the malaria by night, fall victims to its deadly fever by hundreds. Many return but to drag out a miserable existence. As soon as the harvest is gathered, the Campagna is utterly deserted.

At length, in the bright moonlight, we looked out over a little hill; there, looming up in the distance, gorgeous and beautiful, was the dome of St. Peter's. I shall never forget the sensation which burst upon me at the first glimpse of desolate yet magnificent Rome. We entered by the Porta Cavallegieri. Passing in front of the Piazza of St. Peter's, we crossed the Tiber by the bridge in front of the Castle of St. Angelo, and were soon in the depths of the Eternal City. It was not late, but it seemed there reigned a deathly stillness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Roman Impressions—Pantheon—Airy Visions—Capitol—Dying Gladiator—The Pope—"Taking Possession."

NEXT morning I sallied forth to satisfy the curiosity of years. After all, there is no earthly spot that gives you, perhaps, the same first impression as Rome. You see nothing of the stir of commerce and the bustle of the nineteenth century. It is a city of priests, churches, and ruins. Unless you happen to be an enthusiast in painting, or a devotee to her faith, your earlier rambles in this Mecca of arts and southern Christendom are apt to produce a slight feeling of disappointment. The mind dwells most upon her former estate. You have come dreaming, perhaps, of the beautiful fictions of the poets, and the lore of history from the times of Æneas and Romulus to the last of

the Cæsars; and forgetting the ravages of the elements for so many centuries, and of captors more fierce than they, you are scarcely reconciled to find all so changed. In the inhabited portion, objects of time-hallowed memory are singularly masked and blended with the more trivial things of life, or the associations of an imposing ritual. I strolled into the first square along the Corso, and men were cleaning shoes, and selling oranges and matches around the Column of Marcus Antoninus; my banker's bureau and a great many other things were in the Palace of Justinian; a little farther on I came to a little open space, where women were roasting chestnuts and selling vegetables, and on one side stood a round ancient edifice surmounted by a dome, and ornamented in front with a portico sustained by Corinthian pillars, the most beautifully simple and effective in its proportions I had ever seen. It was the Pantheon. The "temple of all the gods" has, as most are aware, with surprisingly little alteration, been converted to Christianity; and, fitted up as a church, it now remains the most perfectly-preserved monument of ancient Rome. I entered, gazed awhile at the tomb of Raphael, and retired. The change was but one of a class. Statues of angels and apostles were standing upon triumphal columns and monuments once decorated with emperors and warriors; old temples were transformed into churches, and the niches, probably formed for images of the gods and devices of heathen worship, were occupied by saints and the Virgin. The cross had simply effaced some other emblem. Every object of the ancient worship seemed to have been industriously modified and appropriated by the new; and the palpable evidences of the transition carried the mind back to the days of Constantine, and Julian the Apostate, and the long and deadly struggle between paganism and Christianity.

Apart from the bearing of these indications upon the question as to whether the purer faith became deteriorated by yielding too much to its predecessor, they are interesting as showing the ex-

treme tenacity with which human nature clings to every thing ancient, and the great difficulty of suddenly reforming or changing the habits of a whole people.

It requires several days to get the enthusiasm and abstraction requisite to thoroughly enjoy the ruins of Rome. You must have time to let the soft disguise of Italian digest and return to you in thrilling historic words of schoolboy Latin; processions, masses, and wax candles must become familiar things; you must cease to be distracted by the sight of priestly robes of black, red, or gold, or the cowl of a monk, or amused with the flaring costume of the Albano peasant, or the appearance of a buffalo from the Campagna; and when you are sated with scenes among the living, you may wander to the outskirts, and in congenial loneliness, amid crumbling arches and broken columns, revel for hours in memories of the past.

After wandering about for a day or two, seeing many things cursorily, and few satisfactorily, I determined to commence anew by getting some idea of the geography of the city from the tower of the Capitol. This famed citadel is now in the outskirts of modern Rome, with the most interesting ruins beyond—a kind of central point between the city of the living and the dead. What phantoms of glory desolate started in a moment into vision! Other empire cities had passed away, and left scarce a wreck behind; but there, just below, were the remains of the Roman Forum; beyond were the Arch of Titus and the Palatine Hill, covered with the moldering relics of the Palace of the Cæsars; and farther still were the Arch of Constantine and the gigantic Coliseum. On the other side was the compact mass of modern Rome, with obelisks, columns, and churches peering up here and there, skirted on its western edge by the “yellow Tiber” rolling unchangeably on as when its waters received the vanquished Maxentius, or the captive maiden from the camp of the Grecian king. Across the river was seen the pile of the Vatican, St. Peter’s, and the Castle of St. Angelo. The world has

not another prospect so rich in its associations. My head fairly grew dizzy as I tried to count the seven hills. Five of these were deserted and covered with ruins, and the Capitoline and Quirinal were only in the borders of the present city. Beyond the walls on every side was the gently undulating and desolate Campagna, the once fruitful territory of ancient Latium and Etruria. Bounding this on the north, in the distance, were seen the Sabine Hills, and on the east a range of heights, the advance-guard of the Apennines, below whose crests were perched the towns of Tivoli, Castiglione, Frascati, and Albano. In this direction, too, were the plain where Hannibal encamped, and the lofty summit of Monte Algidio, the "Gelidus Algidus" of Horace, and still the ice-house of Rome.

Entering the museum below, I was soon fully occupied in a maze of halls and apartments, stored with treasures of ancient art. A very completé collection of the busts of the Roman emperors, the poets, and philosophers, possessed much interest. One could fancy the ill-natured wife of Socrates could not have had greater triumph than presenting a mirror to her amiable and ugly husband. But the marble base, the mosaic doves, the antique fawn, the exquisite statue of Antinous, and all the other wonders of the collection, were but slight attractions compared with the celebrated statue of the Dying Gladiator. I confess no marble ever caused me half so much feeling. There was more of life and thought in him than from description I had expected.

The dizziness of death was but commencing. You see it all. There is the blood trickling from the wound in his side; his right arm has been stretched out to support him as he had fallen, and it is just giving way; the manly limbs that for life and victory have struggled so fiercely are unconsciously relaxing; the sweat has matted his hair; the head is slightly drooping; the gaze is upon vacancy; the brows are knit, the lips discomposed; and every line of that noble, agonized face tells that a struggle within, has succeeded the conflict without, and that the most fear-

ful death-pang has come. Almost irresistibly in thought you mutter over—

“The arena swims around him—he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.
He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play—
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holyday.”

The Palace of the Capitol, it will be remembered, was built and arranged by Michael Angelo. Close at hand, among a mass of small houses, with a little difficulty I succeeded in finding a portion of the Tarpeian Rock. But its height is so diminished by rubbish that a leap from it would probably no longer cure either love or treason.

One bright morning the cannon of St. Angelo fired, and all Rome was in motion. I followed the crowd. Presently we were rushing, in one countless array of foot, horse, and carriages, past the Coliseum toward the ancient Church of St. John in Lateran. This splendid ancient edifice, on account of its alleged consecration by Constantine, and other circumstances, claims precedence even to St. Peter's; and the crowning inaugural act after the election of a new pope is a gorgeous procession to this church, and other ceremonies constituting what is termed the “taking possession.” The act, from some cause, had been deferred a few months, and the enthusiastic joy of the Italians at the signs of amendment in the papal policy, the well-timed clemency of the new incumbent, and their fears and aversion of Austrian and other influences made them determine on giving a popular demonstration. A friend who had been twenty years in Rome had never seen any thing so imposing. The windows and balconies

were filled with thousands. Beautiful women waved their handkerchiefs. Flowers and olive-leaves were strewed all along the route. I hastened in advance to the church. There is a confused recollection of a hale, good-looking old man carried on a triumphal chair, like a bier—of immense yellow silk canopies, like umbrellas, spread over him at the steps—of deafening huzzas that followed a blessing—of clouds of incense and pealing anthems—of a church all decorated with scarlet and gold trimmings—of the Swiss guard, with a queer striped uniform and halberds—of long ceremonies at the altar, and of the pope's return to the grand entrance with increased pomp, wearing the triple crown. I hastened by a nearer route to the Coliseum, and secured a position where I could see the whole cortege as it passed on its return. The pope was drawn by six horses, splendidly caparisoned; and an immense state coach, covered with scarlet velvet and gold, with a couple of gilt angels in front bearing the keys of St. Peter. Then came the College of Cardinals, each in a richly-gilded coach, with three liveried attendants behind. A long array of other dignitaries, the mounted guard of nobles, and some regiments of artillery and infantry followed. Altogether it was a most imposing pageant. It was easy to see that the descendants of those who relished Cæsar's triumph four days were Romans still, and loved a show as intensely as ever. Their affections had been transferred to spiritual rulers.

To one of another faith, it seemed strange to see the alleged successors of the fishermen of Galilee surrounded with kingly pomp and the implements of destruction.

CHAPTER XXV.

Romantic Weather—Coliseum by Moonlight—Suspicious Visitor—Trajan's Column—The Forum—Arch of Titus—Santa Scala.

ONE night or morning I was suddenly wakened by a furious rain, and as it died away, I saw by the light in my window, that there was a small moon. It was a joyful discovery. I had been repining at my not having made the famous trip to the Coliseum by moonlight some time previously, and I could not remain another month. I sprang eagerly out of bed, and thrust my head out of the window. It was a singular, wild-looking night, presenting the aspect of black clouds fringed with narrow strips of moonshine, and the glimmer of a few stars through the crevices contrasting with the gloom like the light in a picture of Rembrandt; the sort of nocturnal weather in fact that makes one think of child-stories of conjurors and evil spirits—such as one would fancy should have succeeded the storm in which the hero of Burns escaped from the witches. My watch was paralytic; the Roman clocks, with dial plates of twenty-four hours, commencing and changing with Ave Maria or twilight, are a complete puzzle to a stranger; and in blissful ignorance of the hour, I hastily equipped, and succeeded in waking the porter. He rubbed his eyes, then stared at me as if to detect insanity, muttered some very significant words about robbers, as if to give fair warning, and seeing me resolute at length unbarred the street-door. Assassinations, though much diminished, are not even yet so rare as they might be in Italy. By our joint calculations it was somewhere between midnight and daylight, and though I knew that since the poet's famous description this moon excursion had become quite fashionable, yet the adventure all alone, at so very late an hour, when I came to reflect

upon it, in the cool street, seemed to have about it something of danger as well as romance, and I comforted myself with the companionship of a respectable stick, my tried friend in the Alps. I turned for a moment for one earnest gaze at the Column of Trajan, then by a winding way escaped from the houses of the modern city into a kind of common, surrounded with ruins—the site of the ancient Roman Forum, and passing beneath the Arch of Titus along the edge of the Palatine Hill and the Palace of the Cæsars, I presently reached the Arch of Constantine, when just before me, like some immense towering fortress, more impressive in the stillness and gloom of night, was the Coliseum.

By this time the moon shone out, and there remained but a few flitting clouds, that seemed determined to rain, and floating in mid air, like spirits, filled the earth beneath with changing lights and shadows. It seemed more impressive, and less like day than the glare of a full moon in a cloudless sky. I appeal to all poets, and tender people too, if moonlight is not improved by being a little damp? The face of nature, like the human face, is, doubtless, more interesting after weeping.

The world is already familiar with the ordinary daylight description of this wonderful structure, and most are likely aware that it is a slightly oval amphitheatre, more than a hundred and fifty feet high, and estimated to have originally covered about six acres of ground, and to have been furnished with seats to accommodate more than eighty thousand spectators—that it was commenced by Vespasian and finished by Titus, in the latter part of the first century, by the labor of Jewish captives; and that for four succeeding centuries it was the scene of gladiatorial combats, and other bloody spectacles indicative of the taste of a warlike and cruel people. To the modern visitor, one of its most touching associations arises from the circumstance that it was the spot where Ignatius of Antioch and multitudes of the early Christian martyrs were thrown to wild beasts. Ma-

jestic as its ruins now are, it is said but about two thirds of the original pile remain. It endured the devastating changes of a fortress in the middle ages, and served as a quarry for several palaces, till about a century since, with a view to its preservation, it was solemnly consecrated by Benedict XIV. to the memory of the Christian martyrs who had perished there. The arena is now ornamented with rude representations of the Savior's passion, a pulpit in which a monk occasionally preaches, and a cross in the centre, for each kiss of which an indulgence is promised for two hundred days.

I never felt more vividly the fitness of the midnight hour for lone contemplation. Above were but the moonlit sky and the silent stars; and around, frowning more grimly in the gloom of midnight, like deserted piles in the city of the dead, were some of earth's proudest monuments. How eloquent was that stillness! The watch-dog had forgotten to bay "beyond the Tiber." Not an echo died upon the breeze that whispered plaintively amid the leaves of the ivy and the ilex, and the crumbling arches on the Palatine Hill. The owl had ceased her wail in the buried mansions of Augustus, and the damp vaults of the "golden house" in which Nero had once reveled. Where cohorts in shining armor had gathered, with their eagles proudly waving, and music, and the shouts of assembled nations had rent the air at the elevation of the triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine, was now not a human voice nor a habitable dwelling.

If with the waving of a hand the spirits of the mighty dead could have been summoned from their graves to gaze upon the little that remained of what had been once their pride, what a lesson would it have been upon the vanity of human ambition! Yet who can estimate the sum of mortal agony which these few relics had cost!

The busy fancy conjured up strange phantoms. It needed little effort to fill again the empty seats of the deserted Coliseum

with a multitude, rising like a forest on a mountain-side—to picture the tyrant emperor, the Roman guards, the vestal virgins, and the senators in the sumptuous seats, nearest the arena, and the various ranks in their costumes, receding away to the slaves far above—the hush of suspense—the advance of a bearded, tottering old man, just torn from the parting embrace of a venerable matron, and a trembling maiden, and toward whom every eye is directed—the glaring eyes and roar of the hungry beast—the moving of the lips, and the upward look of that meek face, as if in faith he saw the martyr's crown—the terrific bound—the victim quivering beneath the jaws of the furious beast on the sand—the spouting gore, staining the white locks—the demon gaze of the multitude mingled here and there with a compassionate face, in tears, and the cruel, drowning shouts of thousands of heathen voices. It was but an idle dream. The dimness of night and the silence of desolation were again around me. I heard but my breath and the beating of my own excited heart.

Both my imagination and my feet had traveled a good distance for so late or early an hour, and I naturally began to think of returning. Walking round to the side of the Coliseum, toward the Arch of Constantine, and casually looking homeward, I perceived a real human being, that was no optical illusion, making directly toward me, in the shape of a tall figure that, with a little feeding would have done for the English horse-guards. He wore a cloak and slouched hat, fit for a representation of Guy Fawkes, or the picture of an assassin, and was dressed inferiorly in white (a discovery for painters), which with advancing steps, by moonlight, was particularly effective. I then recollected the porter's warning, and determined to sound his intentions by taking a little circuit. He closely followed. Just as I began to think seriously of showing my defenses, and demanding explanations, unexpectedly I stumbled upon one of the pope's sentries, whom I succeeded in puzzling with bad Italian till

my interesting, and possibly harmless, follower had passed. Presently day began to break, and I returned to my hotel.

Let us retrace the route by day, and notice some of the objects a little more leisurely. The Column of Trajan stands in an excavated square, amid the bases of the broken columns of the Forum of Trajan; and in the series of delicately-sculptured figures, winding spirally from the bottom to the top, and, in general appearance, somewhat resembles the bronze imitation in honor of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme. Originally it sustained a colossal statue of Trajan, bearing his ashes in a ball, at the height of about one hundred and thirty feet. It was built by the celebrated Apollodorus, of white marble, at the commencement of the second century. Perhaps, on the whole, no monument of the kind in the world is more interesting or beautiful. In exquisite and wonderfully-preserved bas-relief, it exhibits more than two thousand figures of persons, the costume of various conditions, houses, armor, fortifications, and other devices illustrative of ancient manners and customs, and embodying an epitome of the life of the hero. First is the crossing of the Danube upon a bridge of boats, then follow the battles, storming of fortresses, the emperor addressing his troops, the reception of supplicating ambassadors, and leading incidents of the Dacian wars.

Then, as you advance toward the Coliseum, partially wedged in between the Palatine and Capitoline hills, is the site of the Roman Forum, with three solitary upright Corinthian pillars, relics of the Temple of Saturn, the adjacent Arch of Septimus Severus, and the eight granite columns remaining of the Temple of Vespasian. Presently you are abreast of the Palatine, covered with irregular mounds, with here and there broken arches and masses of brickwork peering through the turf and vines, in the excavations beneath which the visitor is still shown damp vaults, and dark moldering chambers, the remains of the luxurious baths and sumptuous halls of the Palace of the Cæsars.

Hard by is the finest of the triumphal arches—that erected in honor of Titus, and commemorative of the conquest of Jerusalem. As directly corroborating Holy Writ, it is deeply interesting. Beneath the arch, on one side, is still seen a procession in bas-relief, bearing the seven-branched candlestick, the golden table, the silver trumpets, and the spoils of the Temple, corresponding exactly with the description of Josephus, and forming the only authentic representation of these sacred utensils now remaining.

Nearer the Coliseum, and more imposing in size than the others, is the Arch of Constantine, exhibiting evidences of the plunder of a monument to Trajan, and the greatly-degenerated sculpture of two centuries later.

Happening to be exploring in this direction one morning just after sunrise, I went on past the Coliseum to see the Santa Scala or Holy Stairs. They consist of a flight of some twenty-eight marble steps, the same, according to the Catholic tradition, upon which the Savior descended from the judgment-seat of Pilate. So reverently are they regarded, that they are preserved with great care in a fine porch close to the Church of St. John in Lateran, and none are allowed to ascend them but penitents on their knees. To protect the stone from being worn away by the multitudes who seek to undergo this penance it has been necessary, it is said, to cover the steps some three times with consecrated wood.

Three or four devotees made the ascent during the few minutes of my early visit. I shall never forget the appearance of one of their number, a pale, sickly-looking monk. More earnestly than the rest he seemed to linger with his lips in the dust, and kiss fervently, one by one, every step till he slowly crawled to the top. His face had a haggard, wild expression of enthusiasm, such as one might almost fancy in a pilgrim of the Ganges; and his frame appeared wasted to a skeleton, as if by night-watching and self-imposed suffering. I looked on, with the nat-

ural incredulousness of one of another faith; but I felt no disposition to ridicule. There seemed more cause to pity than to sneer. The Searcher of hearts only knows how many of the misguided are sincere. I frankly confess there is to me something solemn and touching in every seeming attempt of erring humanity to propitiate its God that compels me to treat it with decent respect. The pains which the distracted spirit may even blindly inflict upon its fleshly tenement, in its yearnings for a happier world, are at least signs of the instinct of its own immortality.

CHAPTER XXVI.

“Caught Napping”—Subterranean Celebration—St. Peter’s—Sistine Chapel—The Vatican—Last Judgment—Raphael’s Transfiguration—Baths of Dioclesian.

WHATEVER is very unexpected naturally impresses us strongly. The most careless individual who had gone regularly to bed at home, would doubtless be surprised into marked attention to wake up and find himself in his seat in church, as the French have it, assisting at a sermon. People rarely go to church in sleep, though they sometimes go to sleep in church. I had one evening retired to rest, wearied with the labor of sight-seeing, and for aught I know might have been in the midst of a solo of those nasal sounds denoting deep slumber, when I was all at once awaked by the mournful chanting of a multitude of voices. As soon as I knew where I was, I sprang to the window, and found the street in front filled at the lone midnight hour with a religious procession. Part of the company in a grave, bass tone repeated a sentence or two, and the rest, in a higher key, solemnly chimed a response. I fancied they were doing it as a sort of penance. Every night for some time suc-

ceeding, at precisely the same hour, I was regularly startled from sleep by this singular service.

I set out one day rather leisurely for a visit to St. Peter's. Taking a turn through one of the more retired streets, I was engaged in reflecting upon the silver shoe-buckles of the last priest, meditating upon the well-feigned deformity of the latest applicant for alms, or some other harmless occupation, when my cogitations were arrested by a crowd entering a small ancient church. I followed. They pushed on through a narrow passage, and presently descended into a set of spacious vaults beneath, lighted up with wax candles, and filled to suffocation with throngs of the eager living in the place of the dead. The walls were covered with bones and skeletons arranged as if for more fearful effect, and in one compartment were wax figures of grim-looking Roman soldiers with spears and ancient armor, and a group of characters, among which was a beautiful girl, apparently about to be executed as a martyr. I learned, upon inquiry, that it was a holyday, kept in memory of the Christian martyrs, many of whom were reputed to be buried there. An ecclesiastic stood at the door rattling a box very significantly for contributions. The novelty of these ceremonies to one unaccustomed to them was, doubtless, enhanced by sudden surprise.

Continuing my walk, I presently stood at the entrance of the magnificent Piazza of St. Peter's. This, it will be remembered, is a kind of outer court, nearly inclosed by two lofty circular colonnades with pillars, four deep, expanding from the front of the church like long-advanced wings, inclosing ground enough for a tolerable city park, and capable, according to Roman periodicals, of containing a half a million of persons, or more than the entire population of New York. Within this area the multitude receive the pope's blessing from the balcony of St. Peter's during the ceremonies of the holy week. As has often been observed, the effect of these imposing outworks, the

complicated high front, with its three stories and heavy balconies, equally fit for a palace or a theatre, and the colossal statues and other appendages, is to partially conceal its crowning beauty, the unrivaled dome. You feel that the later barbarous additions to the front, with an exception or two, seem like an insult to the shade of Michael Angelo, and you regret that it was impossible that he could have lived to be the architect of the whole. Externally, especially, there is a want of unity and simplicity. Yet it is scarcely reasonable to expect, that an edifice that, with its appendages, was some three centuries and a half in building, under forty different popes, and many succeeding architects, should be without faults of this kind. It is only after you enter and scan the massive columns, the wide-spread arches and giant figures, and lose the tread and voices of the diminished human beings in the gloomy distance, and gaze upon the gorgeous concave of its dome till the head grows dizzy, that you begin fairly to realize the grandeur of the greatest of earthly temples. Suddenly there breaks upon you a revelation of the sublime genius of Michael Angelo. You feel it almost a sin that you were at first so inclined to censure.

Though a few of the extravagances of Bernini may offend your taste, yet when you come to dwell more leisurely upon the later monuments of Canova and Thorwaldsen, and examine some of the choicest productions of Raphael and Guido, imitated in mosaic so delicately as to lead the uninitiated to believe these copies to be oil paintings, you begin to esteem the place as a very interesting depository of art.

In the centre, where the lamps are ever burning, is the tomb of the erring disciple thus honored. On one side as you enter, is also the famous black bronze statue of St. Peter, the extended great toe of which is devoutly kissed every few moments by some of the throng of worshipers.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat the account of the well-known ceremonies in St. Peter's, or enter into details of the

grand illumination during the holy week, when, by the light of thousands of lamps suspended over the whole of the outside, every line and projection of the immense edifice, as if by magic, flame in the darkness of night unconsumed—the pope blessing the people—washing the feet of twelve aged priests, and afterward waiting on them at table—the grand masses for the dead, and the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul—the Christmas service, and blessing a hat and sword as a present to some Catholic prince, or any of the imposing celebrations so often described. Some of them draw a vast concourse of strangers; yet it is said to be almost impossible to have so large an edifice entirely filled. It has been recently calculated to be able to accommodate at once fifty thousand persons, and the area is estimated to be considerably more than twice the size of St. Paul's at London, or Notre Dame at Paris. My impression of its vastness was increased by mounting to the roof and climbing up to the ball. The view, at an elevation of more than four hundred feet above one of the most interesting fields in the world, is really magnificent.

Hard by St. Peter's is the Palace of the Vatican. I shall never forget the days spent in dreaming over the wonders in its museum. The gems of the vast collection of statues are placed in a group of apartments around an octagonal court in which are the Boxers, by Canova; the Belvidere Antinous, so exquisite in its anatomy; the Laocoon, supposed to be that which Pliny described as a work superior to "all others both in painting and statuary;" the famous Apollo Belvidere, and other choice things. It was worthy to observe, that, as if by instinct, those apartments of which the two latter trophies of art were the sole ornaments, were always most crowded with spectators. The group of the Laocoon is singularly interesting to any whose profession or other causes have led them to study particularly the human frame and the process of dying. Each of the three figures expresses just the amount of life which would naturally

remain. The younger of the two boys, or that to the left of the spectator, is strongly compressed; the side of his chest is grasped severely by the fangs of one of the serpents, he lies almost passive, and his are the later pangs of death, in which the external world is forgotten. The elder boy, on the other side, more free and less injured, looks pitifully up at the father, as for relief, and tries fearfully to push off the serpent's coil from his beautiful limbs, while the father, more entangled and bitten, yet contends with all the energy of manhood, in his muscular arms, and expressive, agonized face, to save himself and his offspring.

As evidence that the ancient sculptors studied nature very closely, even in the smallest trifles, I observed that on one part where the body of the lower serpent pressed the leg of the father, that the veins were turgid below, and almost obliterated for a distance above.

And who, upon paper, can do justice to the Apollo Belvidere? You return and return, to get a last look, till you almost chide yourself. Hardly could you before believe that so much of exulting, flashing life and beauty, and might, could be expressed in marble.

It would take long to enumerate the other great attractions of the Vatican—to speak of its Etruscan and Egyptian museums and its unrivaled library. Forming part of this palace is the celebrated Sistine Chapel, where, during the holy week, the *miserere* is sung, and one end of which is covered with the immense fresco, by Michael Angelo, of the Last Judgment. I never gazed on so terrific a picture. The frowning Judge, the martyrs rising with the emblems of their suffering, the promiscuous trembling of the affrighted condemned into the flaming gulf below, are expressed with a masterly power almost inconceivable. Yet, as works of art, the embodiments of harmony and beauty in the school of Athens, and the rest of the stanze of Raphael, and above all his matchless picture of

the Transfiguration, in the adjoining apartments, find many more admirers. It will be recollected it was this masterpiece of the greatest of painters that was hung over his corpse as it laid in state at his early and greatly-lamented death. The picture represents the Savior in unearthly beauty and majesty, caught up in the air with the floating figures of Moses and Elijah, above Mount Tabor, while on the ground beneath them are stretched the three apostles, unable to bear the light, and in the distance, far below, at the gloomy foot of the mountain, are a group personifying human suffering. A maniac boy, possessed of an evil spirit, with a livid face, distorted eyes, and convulsed limbs, is struggling between two females kneeling and beseeching the disciples, two of whom point, as if to the only source of relief, away to the glorified figure in the sky, personifying the mercy of Heaven. There seemed strange pathos and poetry in the conception, and the earnest gaze upon the representation of that scene, recalling reminiscences of deliverances in hours of trial and deadly sickness brought tears upon one face present.

Indeed, one can spend much time in Rome looking at nothing but pictures. Without mentioning the churches, you can gratify your taste leisurely with Raphael's Entombment of Christ, the sweet Madonna of Carlo Dolce, and other gems in the gallery of the Borghese Palace; the beautiful landscapes of Claude in that of Prince Doria, and Guido's very celebrated picture of the lovely, innocent-looking, and sorrowful Beatrice Cenci, in the Barberini gallery, taken, it is said, from memory, as she was passing to her execution.

There are also interminable ruins. Of those undescribed, the Baths of Caracalla are among the most stupendous: yet from certain capricious early associations, I lingered longer over the far less imposing remains of the Baths of Dioclesian. There was more of romance in the history of the prosperous warrior and statesman who could bring himself voluntarily to resign a

crown. If any friend addicted to sentiment and poetry—one who may have ever so carelessly amused himself with rhyme, as a child with musical instruments—just to hear how it would jingle—or innocently conned over the Greek alphabet for a signature for the village paper, should think of visiting the Eternal City, we caution him against exposure to old ruins. They are as infectious as the miasma.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Adieu to a Breakfast—Italian Village—Papal States—Monk in a Minority
—Monte Cassino—Capua—Vesuvius—Skirmish with Lazzaroni.

It is a very old sentiment that there is no bliss without slight twinges of pain. I arose one delicious sunny morning full of visions of scenes of southern Italy, and in fancy pictured even the Bay of Naples. Rome was particularly quiet, and seemed to have overslept itself. The payment for the formidable list of names on my passport, and the highest fare I had met in Europe for a place in a shabby diligence—the mistakes of a razor—the hasty adieu to the ruins of a breakfast—and the moving adventures of my baggage in pursuit of its owner were soon things of the past. I was in too happy a mood to be disturbed by trifles. The air was balmy as the breath of spring, and the Italian sky, so liquid blue and transparent, seemed like the canopy of some happier world. While our friends at home were shivering over their wintry fires, evergreens and roses in full bloom peeped here and there among the old walls beyond the Coliseum.

There are two principal routes to Naples: one by Terracina, traversing for some distance the Pontine Marshes, and partially following the course of the ancient Appian Way, and the famous journey of Horace; and another shorter road more inland,

among the mountains. We chose the latter. Traversing the Campagna toward Frascati, we soon reached the pleasant hills. A party of peasants with supplies for the market, in primitive style, unyoked their oxen to feed by the roadside, and then gathered around their own homely fare. Here and there we met sorry-looking vehicles, drawn by a single horse, laden with casks of wine. By a simple contrivance they were scantily sheltered by a few sticks radiating from a common centre in one corner, or the leaning branch of a tree, covered with the loose hide of some animal—the original, probably, of the top of a modern gentleman's coach. Half reclining beneath this paltry covering was stretched the driver, basking in rags, apparently enjoying what the Italians term the *dolce far niente*, a phrase difficult to translate, but probably familiar to many as expressing the ecstasy of prolonged dreamy indolence. It was a warm, relaxing day, and every body and every living thing we saw moved so languidly that the sensation seemed really contagious. The general apparent relish for its endurance reminded one of the story of the Indian who, on quaffing very gradually a favorite draught, wished for the addition of a couple of miles to his throat, that he might taste it all the way along. In this healthier hilly country I had hardly expected to find so much sluggishness. Every thing seemed going to decay. A Roman patriot attempting the best apology for its ecclesiastical government might say something, perhaps, of the enervating influence of climate; but there seemed deeper ills resting upon this fruitful, yet blighted land. The soil appeared naturally rich, the wheat-fields, even with poor cultivation, in spots were beautifully rank and green; carelessly-trellised vines spread luxuriantly here and there; and ever and anon, there burst upon the view in the distance, a lovely landscape, that only betrayed its wretchedness as we draw near. Having taken my meal in advance, as the diligence leisurely stopped an hour for breakfast, I perambulated the adjoining filthy village. Groups of ragged

creatures were lazily roasting chestnuts, and lounging in the few open spots; the contents of its narrow lanes would have well manured some of the neighboring fields, and the odor was so offensive that I was glad to make a speedy retreat. The houses were diminutive, irregular, and I had never seen a collection of human habitations so wretched. As we left, a detachment of beggars followed the diligence for some distance. Farther on, we were surprised to find the open country so thinly inhabited. Many spots could not compare in population with an American back-settlement of a dozen years. In some portions of the Neapolitan territories, and especially in the north of Italy and Tuscany, we afterward found a far more prosperous state of things. The question naturally occurs, Why should central Italy, once so populous, be now so desolate? There has been scarcely any emigration. The wars of Napoleon principally affected Lombardy and the north, and were almost unfelt in the Papal States. Space enough for *reparation* has elapsed since the decay at the era of the thirteenth century, mentioned by Sismondi. Since the time of Julius II. none of the popes have turned warriors, to enlarge the patrimony of St. Peter, and for more than three hundred years it has seen scarcely any thing of bloodshed and devastation.

Toward sunset we wound through a valley of singular natural beauty, and late in the evening stopped to refresh at a wretched little cabaret. There was a mingled murmur of French, English, German, and Italian at the fare; but hunger knows no law, and the unpalatable biscuits and coffee of mine host, in spite of remonstrances, rapidly disappeared. Our conveyance was divided into compartments, and regulated much as a French diligence, only that the prices of all the places were equal; and being among the unfortunate applicants who were last, I was compelled to ride sideways, and crowd into a little close place in the rear. My next neighbor was a good-natured monk, not particularly addicted to cleanliness, who

in our afflictions, had freely proffered the consolations of a snuff-box, and from a well-worn ancient volume, printed in red and black, while daylight lasted, had kept repeating aloud his accustomed Latin forms, for the edification of another Protestant and myself. He seemed to think ventilation inconsistent with religious seclusion, and to desire to make our traveling apartment as much of a monastery as possible; and there was an amusing strife between the poor monk and the majority, as to whether the window should be open or shut. Near daylight we arrived at the custom-house, on the frontier, and after the rummaging of passports and baggage for some time, and the amicable adjustment of all disputes, by means of a few pauls, we were permitted to enter the Neapolitan dominions. We breakfasted at a little town not far from Arpino, the birthplace of Cicero, and enjoyed a fine view of the famous Benedictine convent of Monte Cassino. It is perched far above the town, upon a lofty height. As the earliest establishment of the kind in the Western world, and containing a library in which were preserved some of the most precious works of classical antiquity, and which is still one of the richest in the rude literature of the dark ages, it possesses much interest.

The day was most lovely. One could not help occasionally uncovering his feverish forehead to let the soothing breeze play with its locks. We revived from a state of torpor, like hibernating animals in spring. Sometimes as our young officials, in tawdry uniform, leisurely halted to change horses, a party of passengers would break out and playfully start a pedestrian opposition in advance, and when they were overtaken, it was interesting to see the smile, and the winning way with which the steps were let down, in hopes of future remembrance. Cultivation improved, and the world without began to look brighter. As the pleasantly-terraced hills of the morning receded, we came to a rich, level country. At last we entered through a circle of formidable fortifications into Capua. The

modern representative of what was once reputed the third city of the world is rather insignificant, but the climate is still delicious, and its surrounding volcanic soil is as productive as ever.

There was a dearth of Neapolitan change among us, and a fine-looking swarthy urchin, with a roguish black eye, and possibly a tinge of Carthaginian in his veins, followed us from place to place through the town, and teased us amazingly. One of the company declared he had noticed his perseverance in the same vocation a year or two previous, and he certainly was a little Hannibal in his way.

Beyond Capua, nearly all the way to Naples, stretched the most fruitful plain I had ever seen. It was the famous Campania Felix of the Romans, whose fertility was so justly celebrated by Virgil. As in olden time, it is still planted with rows of elms of moderate size, upon which vines every where cling, and pass overhead occasionally in festoons, so trimmed as not to obstruct the light to the wheat or other grain below; and it vividly reminds one of the description of the Georgics.

Presently it grew dark, and we looked forward in the dim distance, and saw a dark mass peering toward the clouds, crowned with a fiery brightness mingled with smoke, and there burst forth the exclamation, "Mount Vesuvius!" I could not keep my eyes from that mountain light-house, and little heeded the bustle of one of the noisiest cities of Europe as we entered the streets of Naples. Sleep in a quiet quarter came with a double relish, and the next morning the first thought was of the volcano. In my eagerness I could scarcely then appreciate the beauty around me. By what I confess seems now a morbid and unreasonable caprice, the battle-field of Waterloo and Mount Vesuvius interested me more in anticipation than any other scenes in Europe.

Having secured the services of a guide, with a torch and other equipments, I made my arrangements to remain after dark at the top. It was a beautiful afternoon as we slowly

ascended from Resina, winding amid the most luxuriant vineyards, and mounting, one after the other, mounds and hardened rivers of lava, the deposits of the various eruptions of a thousand years. We passed the guard stationed near the spot where the guide said a party of English, with their wives, had been murdered by robbers, a few years since, and near the summit saw the sun in strange beauty set upon the bosom of the Mediterranean. Panting up the highest and steepest ascent, all bare and black, without any thing to lay hold upon, and with our feet sinking every step in the ashes and loose cinders, we at last caught the smell of sulphur and the sight of fire. Melted lava was slowly oozing at two or three spots outside, below the brim of the crater, and we went and stood beside one of these burning streams, while one of the men present thrust a stick into the fiery viscid mass, and brought out a portion of lava, which, like a piece of dough, he molded with the stick for me round a copper coin. The volcano had been unusually active for some days. One of my fellow-travelers, in trying to protect a lady, had just burned and spoiled a good coat, and a piece of burning rock had hit and severely injured his hand. Every few moments an explosion rent the air. The sulphurous stench nearly stifled us, and the ground was reeking hot beneath our feet. I greatly desired to see the crater, and tried urgently to get the guide to pilot me. After coming all the way from Rome to look into the throat of the fiery monster, it was hard to be disappointed. But this ordinary feat had become highly dangerous. After demurring awhile, he grasped my hand, and seizing a more calm moment, rushed with me for a few dizzy seconds to a spot overlooking the burning abyss. The fearful convulsive explosions shaking the ground beneath us—the hissing of melted rocks hurled high in air—and the boiling fiery gulf below contrasting with the darkness of night, and the murky cloud above, will never be forgotten. Presently there was a heaving in the direction in which we stood, and the guide took to his heels, drag-

ging me after him, and we managed to dodge the shower of hot grape that fell around. Returning down the mountain, by torchlight, to Resina, I overtook my suffering friend, who had met with no further accident, except the falling of his horse.

We fancied our adventures for the night were finished, and quietly crowded into one of the conveyances that you see about Naples, with furious drivers, and horses without bits, merely curbed by a strap above the nostrils. But we were mistaken. Our Jehu lightly grazed one of the ragged lazzaroni, and as he halted to see if any harm was done, the offended party drew a knife, which, missing the driver, passed just in front of my knee, while the latter, pale as a sheet, put whip to his horse and distanced two or three pursuers that by this time joined in the chase. I went to bed heartily tired, and thankful for having escaped unhurt through the incidents of the day.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bay of Naples—Street Customs—Lazzaroni—"Gallant Friend"—Virgil's Tomb—Grotto of Posilippo—Sibyl's Cave—Elysium—Pompeii.

I HAVE a vivid recollection of sitting one evening in company with a friend upon the flat roof of the hotel near the shore, and rapturously gazing upon the beauties of sunset in the Bay of Naples till the gentle chime of Ave Maria came over the waters. It was one of those earthly visions that return not in their original brightness. The placid silvery wave, dimpled here and there by the tiny bark with its white sail, the dim azure isles like gems in the sea, the shore like a terrestrial paradise, and the magic of the declining sun throwing lights and shadows over distant mountains, presented a picture that none but the Omnipotent could create. It was sabbath. There seemed religion

in the hour, and this may have served to engrave its memory more deeply upon the heart.

Imagine the Bay of New York somewhat enlarged, and the Narrows removed, so that it rather expands toward the sea; in place of the farther Jersey shore let a chain of romantic rocky islands extend out some twenty miles along the widening entrance; on the opposite side, remove Governor's Island out to sea as a sort of natural breakwater, to keep the waters tranquil within, and indicate the position of the elevated and picturesque island of Capri; fancy the North and East rivers closed, and the whole bay surrounded with an amphitheatre of hills, now softly receding and again boldly advancing; picture the city and its dependencies with their white walls reflected in the clear waters, stretched as an unbroken crescent some ten miles along their inland margin; beyond Brooklyn Heights let a peak rise loftier than the rest, clad in fire to represent Vesuvius; and, to make the contrast of beauty and stillness below more remarkable, let the waters be the bluest, and calmest, and their breath the sweetest, and the sky above the loveliest that your senses have ever known, and you have an attempted image of the Bay of Naples.

I saw nowhere more external liveliness than in this southern city. The Mediterranean has latterly become a thronged sea, and Naples attracts a goodly share of its commerce. Besides, the mildness of the climate allows nearly every kind of occupation and trade to be carried on in the open air, and in some of the back streets you may find eating, drinking, tailoring, blacksmithing, and countless other things, going on in the street. With the furious driving of the vehicles, the hubbub is prodigious. The Neapolitans, too, seem a most excitable, noisy people, and to be blessed with remarkable lungs, which have probably grown powerful by use. Loud and boisterous discussions arise about the most trivial matters, and a stranger would almost imagine that the parties were about to eat each other, when

they mean no such thing. They are celebrated throughout Italy for the extent and violence of their gestures, and for excelling in pantomime. Many may be familiar with a rather hard hit of a late traveler, who relates the case of a person in the street touching his lips and waving the extended five fingers of his hand at the angle forty-five degrees, as a sign to a passing friend; and on inquiring the meaning he learned that it was to telegraph the second party as a guest to dinner at half-past five.

Along the shore toward Portici, somewhat reformed in their habits, you see swarms, the descendants of the true lazzaroni, still inclined to sleep in the open air, rejoice in scanty garments, and bask listlessly in the sun. They seem to live principally on shell-fish and macaroni, the latter of which they manage to swallow in strings very dextrously; and the clamors and pranks around a temporary out-door cooking establishment in the edge of a fine evening are really diverting. The government has of late years made efforts to diminish their numbers and improve their condition with considerable success.

One pleasant afternoon I clambered up the romantic, vine-clad ridge separating the Bay of Naples from the Gulf of Baiæ, on a pilgrimage to the Tomb of Virgil. My companion was full of Oxford lore and classical enthusiasm. He was the same gallant friend who had so narrowly escaped the fate of the elder Pliny, and who had borne upon his coat and hand the honorable scars received in rescuing the fair upon Mount Vesuvius. We were annoyed with throngs of unnecessary guides offering to conduct us in a perfectly plain road, so ugly as to mar the poetry of the expedition. At last a pretty little black-eyed girl, some six years of age, lisped Italian so sweetly and innocently, and took my hand so confidently, that we put ourselves under her protection to keep off the rest. The tomb is in a kind of grotto, among the vines up the side of the hill, in a spot commanding a view of the Bay of Naples and the prospect of the

country the poet loved so well. A small monument inscribed with his name has been erected by a modern French traveler.

Passing below the Tomb of Virgil, and penetrating the mountain from one side to the other, like a railroad tunnel, is the Grotto of Posilippo, a third of a mile in length, wide enough for the passage of two carriages, and constructed, in ancient times, as a thoroughfare between Naples and Cumæ. Having taken my passage one morning, in one of the conveyances that hourly run from Naples toward Baiæ, I was carried, with a throng of foot-passengers and carriages, beneath the cool grotto to the bright plain on the other side. We coursed along the beautiful shore beyond till we halted at the town of Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, at which St. Paul landed. Selecting a guide among the ferocious crowd, I was soon dreaming over the rings for the victims and receptacles for the blood, amid the crumbling pillars and vaults of the Temple of Serapis. But the unsentimental guide reminded me that we had a full day's work, and we walked round the shore toward Baiæ, and gazed awhile upon the ruins of the Villa of Cicero. Presently we passed by the Lake of Lucrin, famous for its oysters in the times of the luxurious Romans, and approached Lake Avernus. But earthquakes and cultivation have sadly deranged the geography of old mythology. The entrance to Tartarus is now a very earthly-looking piece of water, birds fly over it with impunity, and the dark Cimmerian forests have been absorbed.

We came to the mouth of the cave of the Cumæan sibyl, and, at a signal from the guide, instead of the wild lady that so startled Æneas, a commonplace, ragged Neapolitan received us, and, by the aid of a smoking pine fagot, and mounting on the back of the barefooted conductor to be carried through long winding passages partly filled with water, I was enabled, at last, to rest on the sibyl's rocky bed, and get as far as practicable toward the ancient realms of darkness. We emerged not much wiser, and, returning to the seaside, took a steaming at

the natural volcanic vapor-baths of Nero, on the side of the hill, a mile distant, and then cooled ourselves in the rotunda of the Temple of Mercury and amid the ruins of the temples of Venus and Diana, along the shore. Every eminence and promontory along this beautifully-indented coast is covered with fragments of villas and temples. We lunched very complacently among some ancient remains; the guide grew gracious, and talked incessantly of Lady Hamilton, in whose household he had been in childhood. Presently we started over the hill for the Elysium. The view from the top was like that of a fairy land. We were in the midst of classic ground. Hard by these villas had lived Marius, Cæsar, and Lucullus, and at the spot where stood the residence of Hortensius, Nero had murdered his mother. Just to the southward was the promontory and port of Misenum, the ancient station of the Roman fleet. We wandered awhile amid the wonderfully-preserved galleries and pillars of the Piscina, a subterranean water-reservoir connected with the Roman arsenal, and the more horrid deep dungeons of the prison of a hundred chambers, where, to extort plunder, the Roman tyrants confined their victims. The Stygian Lake and the Elysium I was so curious to see, consisted of a sluggish pond, beyond which were certainly some monotonous-looking fields that had probably been badly ploughed that year, and the only representative of Charon, that we saw in our travels, was the ragged and loquacious steersman, who, for a very worldly consideration, took us homeward across the beautiful Bay of Baiæ to Pozzuoli. I reached Naples after dark, feeling much less romantic than in the morning.

If one's anticipations fail with some things in this region, I fancy they are frequently exceeded in others. I was hardly prepared to expect so much of beauty and interest as I found in the disinterred treasures in the museum at Naples, and the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum. How exquisitely executed were those cameos and necklaces! How

natural and graceful were the statues of the Balbi and Aristides! Then you were introduced to the comforts and luxuries of ancient common life. Commodious cooking utensils and lamps elegantly molded, like fruit hanging upon trees, were there. In excellent preservation, you saw the very delicacies of the table in the bread stamped with the maker's name, and the remains of eggs, fish, honeycomb, and fruits. As you gazed upon the pots of rouge, silver mirrors, ivory pins and combs, you fancied you could almost furnish a fashionable Roman lady's dressing-room. But the most vivid sensations were experienced in treading the streets of these cities of the dead. Herculaneum, on the west of Vesuvius, toward Naples, was buried beneath a river of liquid lava hardened. The portions now exposed consist of a theatre and a few vaulted passages, inspected with candles, and lying at some depth beneath the ground, upon which stand the houses of Resina. One of the wonders about Naples I visited last was Pompeii. It lies on the south side of Vesuvius, only buried beneath cinders and ashes. It has been excavated to the extent of several acres, and its lonely streets have been laid open to the light of day. One can not forget the sensations of roaming in such a place. You can hardly believe that seventeen centuries have passed since life was there. The streets were all paved, their names were still legible; the quarters for the soldiers, the forum, the two theatres, and the temples of Isis and Fortune, were all remarkably preserved. Here, by the arrangement of furniture or signs, you learned there lived an apothecary; his neighbor was a wheelwright; then, perhaps, came the shop of a wine-merchant, a pastry-cook, or a sculptor. The houses, with a few exceptions, were of one story, containing an open court, with a well in its centre, and the apartments placed around this were paved with mosaic, and were usually only lighted from the doors. The public baths were of marble luxuriously arranged, and, with a little repairing, and a supply of the needful element, they could be fitted for present use.

But the most touching sight was the sumptuous mansion of Arrius Diomedes, with its garden, its architectural ornaments, and its extensive cellars filled with wine-vessels, while, on first opening them, in one corner was a skeleton, grasping in its bony fingers coins and gold ornaments. In this black spot, in fancy, the whole drama of that fearful night came over you.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Neapolitan Ethics—Swiss Soldiers—Gastric Insurrection—Pisa—Leaning Tower—Duomo—Campo Santo—A Recitation.

DOUBTLESS the most valuable kind of knowledge is that gained from actual experiment. But poor selfish human nature, like the cunning animal that preferred deputing the limb of a neighbor to test the sensation from fire, best enjoys tricks played upon others. Naples is rather notorious for the enterprise of a certain class skillful in detecting money and foreign accent; and it might have been from a lurking temptation to relish a joke at the expense of some good-natured member, that, when our traveling company accidentally met, we were often much amused by tales of the sleight-of-hand way in which pocket-handkerchiefs and their owners parted in a crowd; the ingenious modes in which hotel bills were magnified, or perchance the guileless face with which in the shops and streets several times the current value of things had been extracted as soothingly as in surgical operations with ether. Of course as transient visitors we saw not the fairest specimens; but there seemed a prevailing tendency to the uncharitable belief that the popular conscience was considerably relieved from its arduous duties. It often pays one in happiness, however, to be unsuspecting.

There is no prescription in traveling so valuable as unconquerable good-humor. Some of the younger ones among us, to borrow a beautiful metaphor, had probably left home "in verdure clad." Such might comfort themselves that in these trifling matters they were legitimately purchasing wisdom, and completing their education by "learning the ways of the world."

As in furious haste, for fear I should lose my passage, I rushed toward a small boat at the wharf, the last lesson in physics I received on shore was a hint from the officer stationed to prevent the exportation of pictures and antiquities, that a piece of coin would instantly make my baggage transparent. Soon after I was standing on the deck of the steamer, as it rapidly made for the open sea, and taking a last look at the Castle of St. Elmo, Mount Vesuvius, the promontories of Misenium and Salerno, the islands of Capri and Ischia, and the detail of the gorgeous panorama of the Bay of Naples. Besides the usual complement of passengers crowding the forward deck, was a detachment of Swiss soldiers in the service of the King of Naples, who were returning on leave of absence for a few weeks to their native mountains. These hardy mercenaries, receiving much more pay and indulgence than the native soldiers, like the Swiss guard in France before the Revolution, are maintained, to the number of five or six thousand, as household troops, to keep in check the loving subjects of his Neapolitan majesty. For more than three hundred years the Swiss have been in the habit of hiring out as soldiers, and within the present century they have had regiments in the service of four or five nations; but at present the pope and the King of Naples only are allowed by treaty to enlist soldiers in a few of the cantons. Though thus selling their blood on a foreign soil, they still retain their national character for bravery.

Our company seemed joyous as unprisoned birds at the thoughts of revisiting their mountain homes. They supplied themselves from large flasks of the wine of the country, and at

length some began to be amiable toward the bulwarks, or whatever was next them, and others gathered in threes and fours, and sustained their parts in some sweet German airs. There was an appeal to the heart in some of the more innocent demonstrations of gladness from these returning exiles that none present seemed willing to disturb. At last sleep came and quieted every thing but the engine and the sea. During the night we passed the Gulf of Gaeta and the coast to the northward, and the next day we touched at Civita Vecchia. The steamer was a very fine one, belonging to an early established Neapolitan company, and was one of a number that had been built and fitted out for their service in England, and furnished with English engineers. Near the island of Elba, the second night we encountered a gale, and for a little I was more submissive to seasickness than ever I had been on the Atlantic.

Since the days of Ulysses and St. Paul the Mediterranean has been noted as a troublesome place in a storm. Next morning a more sad-looking group could scarcely be pictured than our worthy company. If any affrighted, clinging creatures strove for a gasp of fresh air, the merciless waves respected not even the ladies' dresses. We were prostrated by a general gastric insurrection. Some sought solitude in the covered carriages on the deck, others instituted a sympathizing society by huddling together on the leeward side of the cabin, and holding on to each others' chairs. Just at that sorrowful moment, I fancy, with a little assistance from art, our faces might have furnished a print-shop with variously expressive caricatures of misery. But if any itinerant Hogarth or Cruikshank was present he was probably disabled. The steward, amiable man, was continually flying from one patient to another, trying to alleviate the general distress, by dispensing gruel, cordial, and soda-water. As we neared the port of Leghorn there began to be more serious apprehensions. The sea was rolling fearfully high, threatening to dash the ships anchored outside, upon a lee shore, and the port

was difficult to enter. But the steamer, at some peril, made her way where no sailing vessel could have ventured, and we at last landed, sincerely thankful for our deliverance.

Not caring to remain long in a place before visited, I went in the afternoon by railroad through a level, well-cultivated country eastward to Pisa. Making my way through a crowd of most industrious applicants for alms, I was at last quietly domiciled at the hotel. The days that followed were unusually tranquil and happy. When all around is eloquent of the past, temporary isolation is often a luxury. Sheltered by the romantic hills toward Lucca from chilling winds, and sweetly nestled upon the banks of the Arno, Pisa enjoys an exceedingly mild climate, that invites many northern consumptives, and makes its winter seem like our own spring. I could not resist the balmy influence without that tempted me to dreamy walks about the outskirts and along the banks of the river.

The surrounding evidences of superior intelligence, comfort, and industry, which one sees every where in Tuscany, take away much of that alloy of sadness which one feels in regarding the monuments of the past in other parts of Italy. In Pisa, too, the four great attractions to the curious are all grouped closely together in a retired spot, congenial to undisturbed reflection. This with every visitor must be a favorite walk. The famous leaning tower is but the campanile, or bell-tower, to its near neighbor the cathedral. Perhaps, from the imposing objects around, it did not at first produce that impression, as to size and effect, that I anticipated. But my respect was wonderfully increased as I walked around to its threatening side, and beheld an immense round tower, nearly a hundred and eighty feet high, with the top leaning over more than a dozen feet, and the whole seeming about to tumble upon me; and the feeling was increased, as, after climbing up its interminable steps, and peeping out successively from its eight stories of columns, I at last reached the belfry, and tripped lightly and

cast a dizzy glance over the battlements on the frail side. The view of the hills to the northeast, covered with white villas, the Arno winding through a fruitful plain to its mouth, and the blue Mediterranean but five or six miles to the westward, and the glimpse of some of its islands in the distance in fine weather are magnificent. The architect, however, has skillfully contrived that the centre of gravity should just fall within the line of the base below, and that the much greater weight of materials in the opposite direction should balance the tendency toward the leaning side. It is so firm, that some time since, it is said to have withstood a slight shock of an earthquake that damaged some of the houses in Pisa. The Duomo is of marble, of different colors, and is a wonderful edifice for the eleventh century. Having grown powerful by its commerce, and obtained a great victory over the Saracens in Sicily, the republic of Pisa, in the spirit of the times, consecrated the spoils to the erection of this cathedral.

Hard by is a burial-place filled with monuments, fresco paintings, and interesting antiquities, occupying the celebrated Campo Santo, or holy ground. It was founded by an archbishop, driven from Palestine by Saladin in the twelfth century, during the height of the enthusiasm for relics, who made what modern irreverent people would call a large speculation, by arriving safely with fifty-three vessels, said to be laden with the earth from Mount Calvary, and depositing his treasure here. There is generally considerable difference in the capabilities of the various conductors in magnifying the remarkable things to which they happen to be attached. The keeper of the Baptistry was particularly fluent. Fancy the dome of St. Peter's at Rome cut off at the base, lifted and set upon the ground, pierced for an entrance, and containing inside a fine altar, a baptismal font, and many beautiful things, and let every whisper reverberate about you as if the place were enchanted, and you have an image of the fourth wonder of Pisa.

During the repeated attempts of the German emperors to conquer Italy at the era of the Italian republics, it will be recollected that all the great families and cities were divided between two bitterly hostile factions—the Ghibelines, or high Tories of those times, siding with the emperor; and the Guelphs, or Liberals, who fought for Italian independence, and assisted the popes, who, in the early part of the struggle, from policy were with the patriotic party. Pisa was commonly as fierce for the Ghibelines, as her rival, Florence, was for the Guelphs. There is a famous tragedy connected with one of the popular commotions recorded in her history which has been immortalized in the “Inferno,” and which is probably suggested to every visitor.

A powerful Ghibeline chief, Count Ugolino, having been expelled from the dictatorship, was placed for safe keeping, with his children, under the care of his former associate, an archbishop. But the prelate forgot the mercy of religion, and at length secretly threw the key of the prison into the Arno, and cruelly starved to death that father and his innocent children. The poet, it is well known, in his account of the characters he met in his journey to the bottomless pit, did not spare even the priests, and he puts a fearful tale into the mouth of the tortured ghost of Ugolino.

I shall never forget a scene with an Italian friend with whom I happened to be on terms of pleasant intimacy. The Italians, it is well known, have more expression of face and gesticulation in speaking than even the French. Our friend had a fine bass voice, and had been educated for the bar. I casually asked him very quietly one evening, who was the first of the Italian poets? “Why, Dante, of course,” he replied. Rising suddenly from his seat, and stretching himself to his full height, he muttered impatiently, as if the honor of his country was impeached, “Do you think there is any passage in Homer to compare with this?” and as he stood he began repeating and acting the speech and sufferings of Ugolino. After finishing the horrible preface, and the

dream of the ravenous wolves, he warmed with the subject as he repeated the passage, which, scarcely in its native fullness or sonorous versification, has been thus rendered in English:

“Uttering not a word,
 I looked upon the visage of my sons.
 I wept not: So all stone I felt within.
 They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,
 ‘Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?’ Yet
 I shed no tear, nor answered all that day,
 Nor the next night, until another sun
 Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
 Had to our doleful prison made its way,
 And in four countenances I descried
 The image of my own, on either hand
 Through agony I bit; and they who thought
 I did it through desire of feeding, rose
 O’ the sudden, and cried, ‘Father, we should grieve
 Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us.’

* * * * *

“There he died; and e’en
 Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
 Fall one by one ’twixt the fifth day and sixth:
 Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
 Over them all, and for three days aloud
 Called on them who were dead. Thus fasting got
 The mastery of grief.”

Thus having spoke,
 Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth
 He fastened, like a mastiff’s, ’gainst the bone
 Firm and unyielding.

It was dim twilight, we were alone, and the effect was really startling. Near the close the face of my tall friend grew flushed and wild, his frame seemed convulsed with emotion; and the grinding of his teeth, as he repeated the last lines, and described the terrible retribution upon the head of the tormented priest, seemed almost fiendish.

CHAPTER XXX.

Italian Railroads—Vetturini—"Effort in Public"—Tuscan People—Florence
—Power's Greek Slave—Episcopalian Service.

ONE day we whirled away from Pisa and its leaning tower, with a force that would have astonished Galileo and the sages of ancient science. Surely there is no telling where the aggressions of the nineteenth century will end. The example of constructing railroads, so creditably commenced by Tuscany, is now being imitated by almost every state in Italy. Within a year you may probably reach Florence from the sea, and in a few years you may drive to St. Peter's with harnessed steam. No pope or earthly potentate can long resist the subtile element.

Yet exulting thoughts like these, and certain commonplace elated ideas, about the march of steam and the march of intellect, were checked by the consciousness that much of the scenery of the lovely valley of the Arno was so quickly to vanish.

This bird-like passage ended, we suddenly produced quite a sensation among the hangers-on at the little town of Pontedera. In the exciting scramble, he was a happy man who had what, I believe, some intellectual people call "adhesiveness" enough to stick to his luckless baggage.

There is a class of men all over Italy termed vetturini, variable in character, who make a business of carrying passengers to and fro in tolerably comfortable conveyances, as may be agreed by private written contract, often with ingenious verbal additions at the last stage. Thirty or forty miles a-day are usually accomplished; the horses are not changed, and all rest at night. The driver commonly agrees, for a sum stipu-

lated, to furnish meals and lodging for the party at the inns and stopping-places along the road. Respecting these, luxurious livers should not form too brilliant expectations. Yet such private vehicles can often be hired to go to the small towns, and places inaccessible by the public diligences; and even on the main routes the privileges of more leisurely observing scenery and domestic life, and of resting regularly at night, are weighty considerations with many not pressed for time. A party of friends, some of whom may know enough of the language to seek redress in case of any great excess of imposition, beyond the amount which the traveler for the sake of his own enjoyment soon learns to endure as tranquilly as possible, may in this way sometimes get on very pleasantly. But it is much more precarious for one alone.

As soon as the train had stopped at Pontedera, I had, as I thought, engaged my passage in the regular diligence for Florence, from one who represented himself as an agent. But when the diligence came to start, my name was not down, the places were all taken, and my friend, who was the ally of an enterprising vetturino had deceived me. Still under the pleasant illusion that an extra was waiting, I was meekly led to one of the above-mentioned conveyances. When I discovered my error, it was too late to remonstrate, and I submitted with a sort of Turkish stoicism. Our smooth-tongued driver had promised to get to Florence early in the evening, and it really mattered little how we were carried there. But after trying to increase the original terms, he collected a crowd around us in the street by beating up for more passengers, and got into a furious altercation on the highest key with a party whom he deemed not liberal enough. The most extravagant gesticulations and expressions were freely exchanged; and but for the affliction to one's ears, the scene was altogether quite amusing. We had waited a long time in the middle of the street, without any signs of moving, and the storm raged as violently as ever. Gentle re-

monstrances were tried in vain. At last, I bethought myself of attempting a little mock tragedy—imitated, as well as I could, a towering passion—fiercely produced paper and pencil—demanded the full name of the driver—and, with a face that I could scarcely keep in frowning shape for a struggling inside laugh, shouted at the top of my voice the respected name of the police. It was rather a bold experiment, but it succeeded admirably. In five minutes there was a perfect calm, and we were on the road to Florence. My companions happened to be all Italians; and perhaps from the above incident, the gratitude of some, their curiosity, or their politeness, to the only one present who had the natural right to put on “foreign airs,” I was treated the rest of the way, in the human sense, as a sort of pet lion.

The Tuscans seem by far the best governed, most intelligent, and happy people in Italy. There is an appearance of cleanliness, comfort, and prosperity generally visible, which contrasts strongly with the condition of some parts of the Roman and Neapolitan states. Tuscany, it will be remembered, includes territories occupied, during the middle ages, by the republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna, some of which were then taking the lead in civilization: and it seems as if, even to this day, their influence may be traced upon the race. Agriculture is made very productive; and that part of the valley of the Arno through which we passed seemed really like a fruitful garden, with scarcely a spot untilled. What is termed the *metayer*, or share system of farming, as in portions of the Papal States, has prevailed from time immemorial. The proprietor of the soil furnishes all the capital and half the seed, and the tenant the labor and utensils, and the produce is divided equally between them. The olive, the mulberry, and the vine grow almost every where, and are indications of the leading staple articles.

In the edge of the evening we supped at the town of Empoli. Here, in the middle of the thirteenth century, was held the

council, celebrated in history and poetry, in which the Ghibelines of Pisa and Sienna, after the defeat of the Guelphs at the battle of Arbia, proposed to utterly destroy the stronghold of the latter by razing Florence to the ground; and she was only saved by the powerful eloquence and patriotism of Farinata, one of her banished citizens, and the general who had planned the victory.

At a late hour we arrived at the barriers, and plodded slowly through the silent streets of Florence.

Having been accidentally deprived of regular rest for a night or two previous, it was really a luxury to be introduced to the clean, comfortable quarters one finds at Florence; and the welcome apparition of white sheets produced a sensation like that of the nodding hero, who muttered

“Bless'd be the man that first invented sleep.”

Next morning I had a pleasant ramble. In the thickest part of the city you are hardly conscious why it is called “The Beautiful.” The streets are narrow; the Arno, as regularly as a canal, runs straight through the town; and the grand old palaces, at a near view, frown gloomily upon you, with massive walls of great rough stone in the Tuscan style, large iron rings for the standards of their former owners, and close-barred windows like prisons, as if built for defense against the street assaults of rival factions in olden time.

But when you escape to the garden of the Grand Duke, or some open elevated space in the outskirts, a lovelier vision breaks upon you. The sky of Italy is above, and the compact city, with its churches, houses, fortresses, and palaces, lies basking beneath, in a sweet valley cleft by a silver stream; tower, roof, and bulwark, in the enchantment of sunshine, mingle their lights and shadows, while around and beyond the walls glow pleasant green hills.

Happening to step into a neighboring café to read the jour-

nals, I found myself beside a gentlemanly retiring countryman. An accidental conversation afterward led to the discovery that I had made the acquaintance of the celebrated American sculptor, whose chisel has produced the "Greek Slave." Upon visiting his studio, the marble copy seemed more beautiful than from any of the current glowing descriptions I had ever dreamed. She stands as a lovely, bashful creature of seventeen, chained to a stake, and exhibited in a slave-market for sale. Her form is symmetry itself. Her exquisite face is averted, as if blushing at the unkind gaze of the beholder; and there is depicted in her innocent, intelligent features an unutterable sadness that is deeply touching.

There are several American artists who professionally, or as students, have been residents at Florence for some years. Among others, I had the good fortune to meet a fellow-townsmen, an enthusiastic youthful sculptor, the brother of a promising young painter who had preceded him, and who died much lamented a few years since.

At the invitation of my friend I went one sabbath to the English Episcopalian Chapel. It is a fine, commodious edifice, built for the purpose, by permission of the liberal Grand Duke. In several of the Italian cities the authorities have found the visits of northern strangers so desirable in a pecuniary point of view, that they have encouraged them latterly by granting similar privileges. Florence, especially, on account of its many attractions, has become the permanent residence, or annual resort, of some thousands of English and many Americans; the cause of civil and religious liberty is steadily advancing, and there are many reasons for believing, that upon application, any Protestant Church, sufficiently represented there, may, very shortly, be thus allowed the free public exercise of its faith. The church was quite thronged. Differences of evangelical belief seem scarcely visible so far from home; and, doubtless, some of other Christian flocks gladly mingled there.

The sermon was eloquent and faithful. It seemed a strange coincidence to hear such primitive religious truths, several centuries after, in the very place where the martyr Savonarola had sealed them with his blood, and, as if appealing from cruel earth to Heaven, in reply to the anathema of one of his tormentors, had exclaimed, "Thou canst not separate me from the Church triumphant!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Attack of Enthusiasm—Paintings—Pitti Palace—Memorials of Galileo—
Adieu to Florence.

ONE goes to Rome, as the world knows, to see the pope, the Coliseum, St. Peter's, and a very full assortment of other curiosities; but the sights of Florence are nearly confined to pictures and statues; and of these it has treasures enough almost to turn a weak head. It is sometimes really amusing, after they are passed, to think how much our fancies and impulses are the creatures of accidental associations. This is especially the case in traveling. Like the chameleon, the hue of one's thoughts changes with each succeeding object. You get heroic upon the ocean wave or the mountain top, pastoral amid the bright plains and running streams, and narrative at the sight of old palaces and battle-fields; and after sufficient exposure in picture galleries and the like, mildly or gravely according to the constitution, you are almost sure to catch the real mania after ideal beauty. The susceptible may expect it at the proper time and place, as certainly as they would the ague or the Campagna fever. It may commence at the North in the Louvre, or in the Vatican or the Capitol at Rome, but at Florence they will find themselves, as a patient once said, "rapidly getting no better."

I confess, with due humility, I was rather astonished at my own fit of enthusiasm. It was quite unreasonable. I felt a conscious innocence of any sublime attainments in the fine arts. To borrow the words of an honest Quaker, they were "not in my line." Yet even a child may have an instinctive sense of the beautiful or striking, and can often, it scarcely knows why, select the most excellent statue or painting in a group. Some of them, indeed, are so wonderfully natural, that it would betake itself to them as spontaneously as the birds that, before they knew better, flew to pick the painted grapes of the wily Greek, or the mother who strove to kiss a sweet child on the walls of the Pitti Palace. I fancy that books, accomplished companions, and observation but give us the *reasons* of such preferences.

Perhaps some for whom it may be in store will pardon a little history, or defense, if you please, of the kind of pleasant infatuation to which we have above alluded. Like the visitor himself, it is a thing of gradual growth. In a young country like our own, it is impossible that there should be large collections of the works of the old masters, many of which can now be scarcely purchased for money, and they possess at first the charm of novelty. You are naturally curious to see things of which you have heard so much, and enjoy the whole intellectual bill of fare of the place. Certain forms and faces, as in any strange living crowd, immediately please you more than others. These become at length confirmed favorites. The interest increases as one migrates from one gallery to another. You may have begun with very slender pretensions, but frequent visits and a little study increase the pleasure and improve the taste. Step by step you bring yourself to linger rapturously among lifeless images for hours. You have your likes and dislikes, and, feeling a sort of enthusiastic affection for the works of those whom you have taken into particular friendship, you soon learn without any assistance from the catalogue to distinguish them at first sight. Not only are the peculiarities of the

Flemish, Spanish, or Italian schools apparent, but you are delighted to find that you can detect the productions of any great artist by their family resemblance.

Entering, perhaps, a strange gallery, your eye catches a small picture exhibiting a grotesque group in a style admirably natural and finished; it awakens a reminiscence, and you instinctively mutter, "A Teniers!" That rich-looking portrait of an old man farther on, with the colors exquisitely blended, the face all wrinkled and life-like, and the small allowance of light beaming upon it, as it were, from a corner above, is surely by Rembrandt. Others of lesser note are more quickly disposed of, and, even at a distance, the attention is arrested by a staring Bacchanalian scene. There is no mistaking Rubens. You were a little disappointed with him at first; perhaps he sometimes apparently laid on his colors in such a dashing, careless style that the effect is almost tawdry; you wish his beauties were not quite so fully developed and coarse; but still there are wonderful grouping and action. You may have not yet seen the Descent from the Cross. Every body says he was a great painter, and you begin to think it may be true. The Spanish-looking figure there in light and shadow, strongly contrasted with raven locks, projecting brows, and marked features full of mind, bears the stamp of Murillo.

South of the Alps, of course, one finds Italian paintings predominate. Now, you rejoice in the discovery of a beautiful Madonna; with the peculiar sentimental air and glossy miniature-finish of Carlo Dolce; a good piece, with a touch of sky-blue above, by Andrea del Sarto; or suspicious-looking fishermen by a stream, in a wild rocky glen, as if from recollections of bandit captivity, by Salvator Rosa. Then the attention is riveted upon one of Guido's graceful heads. That painted flesh, all blushing and warm with life, can be no other than the matchless coloring of Titian. The scene is changed, and you are looking upward in the Sistine Chapel. There are twelve years' worth of anatomy

in those muscular figures—and the artist loved to show it—and yet who but Michael Angelo could clothe them with such grandeur and power? In another place you stand meditating, perchance, upon a Holy Family that at a glance is recognized to be by the prince of painters. Lights and shadows blend as softly as in twilight. The happy group seemed dwelling, as it were, in a heavenly atmosphere. Mother and children have angel faces, full of innocence and tenderness. Exquisite harmony reigns throughout, and there is the embodiment of calm beauty, such as none but the pencil of Raphael ever depicted.

The passion for such sights rapidly increases with the indulgence. One could hardly have previously believed that he could be brought to spend day after day merely in studying paintings. You come to understand the secret charm that led, perhaps, some cherished companion of your boyhood to reject a more lucrative profession, and grow solitary and haggard in the confinement of a studio till the pencil dropped from the thin hand of the consumptive. In this practical age one feels that he ought not to be intemperate even with such intellectual luxuries. Yet in traveling it is natural to wish to sip at every harmless flower. Studying in detail the effects of form, combination, and color, amid statues and paintings, the eye becomes better educated. The mind is stored with new images that may serve as rich drapery to thoughts upon other subjects. Historical recollections are sometimes brightened. The attentive student gains, as it were, a new sense, and becomes endowed with a quicker perception of beauty even in the natural world. As you gaze upon the brightest landscape of Claude, or the loveliest creation of Raphael, you may be admonished, too, by the thought that these which you admire so much, are but faintest images of some features in the works of Him who has decorated the sky, shaped the winding stream, clothed the trees in verdure, and molded the forms that walk upon the beautiful earth.

But we will return from this little excursion to the regular thread of description. The works of art in Florence, as may be familiar to many, are principally in three collections: those of the Academy of Fine Arts, and the Vecchio and Pitti palaces, the latter of which alone has been affirmed to be the finest, as a whole, in the world. In the academy there are a cabinet of very old paintings illustrative of the progress of the art from its infancy, and a great many casts, remains of statues, and other objects more interesting to the artists who attend its lectures. The Imperial Gallery contains the famous Bacchus and Faun, by Michael Angelo, some of the masterpieces of Raphael and Titian, the Venus di Medici, the Wrestlers, the wonderfully expressive marble representing Niobe and her children, and a bewildering assemblage of rare things besides.

On the other side of the Arno, but communicating through a secret gallery over a bridge lined with shops, is the Pitti Palace, so identified with the history of Florence, and now the residence of the Grand Duke. But for fear of fatiguing the reader with cold written descriptions, I leave him to imagine the attractions of its collection of pictures, now the richest in Florence. Here, too, are the finest and most extensive set of wax anatomical preparations in the world. But what interested me most, on account of their rarity, was a suite of delicately-colored wax representations of the minute structure and vessels of plants magnified many hundred times, and illustrating admirably vegetable physiology. In one part is a sort of literary temple, erected at great expense by the present Grand Duke to the memory of Galileo, and dedicated a few years since by the Italian Association for the Advancement of Science. Though closed for improvements, the obliging keeper allowed me to peep into its mysteries, look through his telescope, and gaze upon the statue which tardy justice has erected to the memory of the great philosopher.

No city in Italy seemed to me so desirable, on the whole, as

a place of residence as Florence. There was a general appearance of superior order, cleanliness, and comfort. Applications for alms in the streets are exceedingly rare. Unlike that of Rome, the climate will allow strangers to remain in safety the year round. The galleries and gardens of the Grand Duke, and many other places of recreation, are all free; and, besides those mentioned, there are the cathedral with its splendid campanile and baptistery, the Church of Santa Croce, with its monumental souvenirs of Dante, Michael Angelo, and other great men of Florence, the gorgeous Chapel of the Medici, the depository of the statues of Day and Night, by the famous sculptor just mentioned, and many other interesting spots in which to while away the vacant hours. Living is cheaper than in any other large city in Europe. The language is the most musical and pure in Italy. Pretty little flower-girls, neatly clad, and bright as Flora herself, come tripping gracefully up to you and present you with a smile and a flower, and then fly coyly away, leaving it to your generosity to remember them at a future day, or at your departure. Pleasant walks and drives lead along the banks of the Arno and to the heights of Fiesole. From no city in my route did I part with quite so much of sentimental regret as, in the twilight of a balmy evening, from beautiful Florence.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Crossing the Apennines—Sights not Seen—Bologna—San Petronio—St. Dominic—Monuments—University—Lady Professors—Leaning Towers.

MANY a romance in anticipation has been spoiled by the weather. Possibly from a streak of original wildness in my nature, I have always dearly loved mountains. In my gayer moods there has been pleasurable excitement in the climbing, and attraction in their ever-varying scenes; and when thoughtful or sad, it has seemed wonderfully congenial to indulge in reveries at will, in the mute companionship of solitary rocks and dark overhanging woods, or, free as air, to roam amid bald peaks, where earth in silent grandeur has seemed to commune with the clouds. As the prospect brightened once or twice at the commencement of our journey, it was very pleasant to dream of moonlight in the Apennines. How charming it would be in the splendors of an Italian night to revel amid those gentler "children of the Alps!" Our hopes were vain. The sky soon became thickly overcast, and for hours together our only amusements were listening to the pelting rain and sleeping. To these was afterward added conversation. But one may often qualify his expectation of enjoying this rational pastime in traveling by the nautical phrase, "wind and weather permitting." The effect of a noisy or chilly storm is decidedly unsocial. There were but three fellow-passengers in the interior of the diligence, including a quiet Italian priest, a modest young girl, apparently a relative or friend, under his charge, and a lively Frenchman. Our grave ecclesiastical friend dealt sparingly in monosyllables, and wrapped a huge traveling cloak more closely around him at the close of each attack. But no frowns in the dark from her Mentor, could silence the gallant friend by my side, from having a little amiable

chit-chat with his timid neighbor. From sheer necessity, at intervals in the storm, the Frenchman and I were at last forced to monopolize the conversation. He was just returning from a residence of several years in Algiers, and was full of interesting stories of African life. The rain, the sight of an occasional dark object in the mist—possibly either a rock or the side of a house—a jolt now and then reminding us of our mutual relation, the crack of the whip and the driver's voice, the dragging sensation of a lumbering vehicle that seemed ever going up hill, and dreams of extraordinary fertility, were the only other things to divert the attention for many weary hours. Even the robbers who used formerly to infest this route were probably either low-spirited, asleep, or retired from business. In this state of torpor we passed unconsciously the site of the villa built by Francisco de Medici, at the cost of immense treasure, for the vicious and beautiful Bianca Capello, and the palace where the lovely Eleanor of Toledo was murdered by her princely husband.

Early in the morning we were equally unfortunate with a spring, whose mud, upon being lighted up, is said to burn for the amusement of visitors; and a piece of rocky ground not far distant, that, of its own accord, as the peasants say, burns blue by day and yellow by night. The flames are said to resemble those from alcohol, and to rise a foot or more from the ground; and chemists have found them to depend upon the exhalation of a gaseous compound of carbon and hydrogen.

When broad daylight came I was quite disappointed with the Apennines. The idea of being thus perched upon the backbone of Italy, midway between two seas, was decidedly interesting, and one naturally looked for something romantic in the way of scenery. Whatever we might have passed in the night, we were now forced to rest contented with the sight of the respectable bald hills, without woods or precipices, which here tamely represent the mountain chain that sometimes fringes so boldly the Gulf of Genoa. At last we came to a little inn on

the frontiers of the pope's dominions, which thus, as it were, partially envelope Tuscany. A peaceable breakfast, the signs of improvement in the weather, and the merciful conduct of the custom-house officers at length raised our spirits several degrees. Once or twice the horses were assisted in their arduous duties up the steeper ascents by oxen, and we enjoyed the privilege of walking. I fancied that the villages looked cleaner, and the farmhouses seemed more numerous and comfortable, than in that part of the Papal States between Rome and Naples; and as we traversed the more level region toward Bologna, the soil visibly improved in richness and the cultivation was really quite creditable. About noon, at a dashing pace we entered the city renowned for sausages, leaning towers, and jurisprudence.

Coming directly from cheerful, busy Florence, the number of churches and functionaries in black visible, and the quiet, ancient air of things in Bologna, made it almost seem like a second Rome. It was probably some saint's day, for I found every little chapel and place of worship thronged. Falling in with the manners of the place, I spent most of my time more curiously than devoutly, I fear, in going to church. Indeed, it is the only way in which many most interesting monuments and choice works of art in the city can be seen.

As the seat of the famous eclectic school of the Caracci, its churches and public gallery are particularly rich in their pictures, and those of their later disciples Guido and Domenichino. A few of the edifices still used for religious worship are among the oldest of the kind in Italy, and exhibit traces of heathen temples, ancient Greek paintings, and Lombard architecture. The Church of San Petronio, commenced in the prosperous days when Bologna was a republic, if completed according to the original plan, would be larger one way than St. Peter's at Rome. Its interior is exceedingly grand and effective, and it contains a masterpiece in bas-relief by Properzia de Rossi, a

female artist celebrated for her misfortunes and her wonderful attainments in sculpture, painting, and music, and who died of a broken heart, just as Pope Clement VII., having noticed the fruits of her genius, at the coronation of Charles V., in this church, too late invited her to Rome. Just in front of this edifice once stood the famous bronze statue of the warrior Pope Julius II., executed by Michael Angelo at their reconciliation, and afterward broken up and cast into a cannon, after a popular revolution. It is related in the life of the sculptor that when he asked the fiery pontiff, who had added so much to the patrimony of St. Peter, whether he should represent him with a book in his hand, the latter replied, "No: a sword would be more adapted to my character; I am no book man."

The Church of San Domenico contains among its relics the head of St. Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition, said to be incased in more than a hundredweight of silver; his splendid monument, and the tombs of Guido and Elizabeth Sirani, a favorite female pupil; as also that of Hensius, king of Sardinia, commander of the Imperialist and Ghibeline forces at the great battle of Fossalta.

The story of the latter is rather curious. His father, Frederic II., one of the most able and ambitious of the German emperors, who so long threatened the liberties of Italy, having effected the subjugation of the Guelphs, or popular party, in Florence, turned his attention to Bologna, their next stronghold, and placed his son, the King of Sardinia, at the head of the allied forces of Modena and the other Ghibeline cities. The Modenese cavalry even succeeded in making a sudden dash one day into Bologna as far as a public fountain, and carrying off a bucket celebrated in story and song, and long preserved as a proud trophy. But the insulted citizens soon after rallied all the Guelph forces, defeated the enemy in a bloody conflict, took King Hensius captive, and, defying the power of the emperor, and refusing the treasures offered in ransom, kept him in a splendid manner

as a state prisoner in Bologna till his death, more than twenty years after.

The University of Bologna, long its chief glory, and the most ancient of Italy, it is said to have been the first where academic degrees were conferred. It was for a lengthened period principally famous as the first law school of Europe. It claims the merit of extending the researches of medicine by introducing human dissection; and in later times, it will be recollected that within its walls originated the discovery of galvanism. More than any other seat of science in the world, perhaps, it inherits the peculiar honor of having had the professor's chair in almost every department filled at some period or other by learned ladies. Novella d'Andrea supplied her father's place in teaching the canon law; Matilda Tambroni was professor of Greek; Laura Bassi, a lady doctor of laws, had the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy; and Madonna Manzolini graduated in surgery, and taught one of its branches.

The beauty of Christina de Pisan, another of these lady professors, is said to have been so fascinating that when she lectured it was necessary to have a curtain drawn before her, in order that the students might not be distracted by her charming face from the drier study of the law.

I fancy that after admiring the lofty leaning edifice at Pisa, with its circular columns and exquisite masonry rising literally like a dreamy "castle in the air," most persons will be much disappointed in visiting the square brick curiosities, apparently about to tumble down, which are pointed out as the true leaning towers of Bologna. The latter resemble the former in architectural beauty about as much as a tall chimney does an elegant church.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Early Rising—Moonlight—Lombardy—The Po—Ferrara—Italian Politics—
Palazzo d'Este—Tasso's Prison.

HAVING taken my place for Ferrara over night, in my great anxiety not to be delayed, I engaged a couple of assistants in the virtuous practice of early rising. A little after three in the morning I was gliding stealthily along in the shadow of the imposing gloomy arcades with which so many of the sidewalks of Bologna are covered. The city was as silent as a graveyard, the sky was intensely clear and blue, and the full, round moon shed a flood of light over spires, towers, and ruined palaces, that made the whole seem like the fairy creation of a dream. On coming to the appointed place and knocking, not the least sign of life could be perceived, and for some time I stood alone in the street, looking anxiously upward and around, and might have passed for a bewildered policeman, or disappointed serenader.

One by one a group of three or four gathered in the street with carpet-bags and signs of itinerancy, and at last the door opened, and we made the acquaintance of a kind of extensive omnibus, in which each chose a corner, and the company arranged themselves in various positions, the most fashionable of which seemed the classic one between lying and sitting, in which certain respectable people, some two thousand years since, used to take their dinner. The road was so smooth as scarcely to disturb our slumbers, and daylight found us in the midst of the extensive dead level of the valley of the Po. Like the waters of the Nile, those of this famous river are the source of great fertility, only that in the latter case the irrigation is entirely artificial, and is controlled by enormous embankments and canals, and ditches innumerable. The fields are divided

into oblong squares a few rods in width, separated by the smaller of these ditches, and rows of willow and Lombardy poplar, which are closely trimmed for fuel.

At proper periods the land is flooded by suitable contrivances, and receives a rich sediment; and some of these artificial inundations covered the fields and places as we passed. Toward noon we entered rather violently the quiet, ancient city of Ferrara. The arrival of a diligence appeared to be quite an important event, and a numerous detachment of beggars, guides, policemen, and other functionaries stood drawn up to receive us. Many of these were needed, to lessen those petty vexations of traveling which in Italy are at times quite annoying to quiet people. At every town you must have a new name to your passport, to depart in peace; and a commissioner commonly waits upon you to relieve you of the duty for a small sum on your first arrival; if at all hurried, it is necessary to hire an attendant to find out for you the various objects of curiosity; and in addition to these and the numerous objects of charity who piteously hold up their hands and flock around you, the apparition of a hat every time the horses are changed reminds you of your benevolent duties toward the postboys.

Singling out for my companion a bright-looking lad of sixteen, apparently rather proud of a little broken French, I undertook immediately the duty of seeing the town. My young guide was decidedly intelligent, and I succeeded in drawing from him quite an interesting account of his "life and travels." From books or tradition, he had a fair notion of the most beautiful paintings in the churches, knew the names of their authors, and I fancied there was a kindling of something like patriotic pride in his piercing eye as he pointed to the works of Garafalo, the Raphael of Ferrara. Then came a scantily-supplied market, and farther on was a fine old cathedral, with its beautiful Gothic front, and its picture of the Last Judgment inside, in which the artist has placed his enemies among the condemned,

and his friends among the elect, including in the respective groups a lady who had rejected him, and another who had accepted him in marriage.

Near the centre of the town we came to a massive square fortress, which frowned gloomily, and was surrounded by a deep moat and approached by bridges. It was once tenanted by the princely House of Este, and it has associated with it thrilling recollections. There, stealthily, in one fatal night, Parisina and her lover met a cruel death; there, too, in that prison-like dwelling, the highminded Princess Renée had furnished an asylum to the early reformers, when they were driven from almost every other land. Huguenot leaders, fleeing from oppression, once gathered in its halls; and there, under an assumed name, Calvin himself was a guest.

Deserted as Ferrara now appears to the visitor, he is reminded, too, that the munificence of her princes and the intelligence of her citizens made her, in more prosperous days, the sanctuary of genius. Her school of painting was one of the first in Italy; and if Florence had her Dante, Ferrara had her Ariosto and her Tasso. In modern times, as in other parts of Italy, the light, so long dim, flickered more brightly after the agitation of the French Revolution; and a square, ornamented by the republican invaders, still exhibits a statue of the "Italian Homer." Indeed, in Italy, more than most countries of Europe, the miseries of this great civil commotion have been repaid by its fruits, and there more than in any other conquest is the era of French rule still gratefully remembered. It abolished the feudal laws, greatly reduced the number of monks and idle ecclesiastics, and diverted the lands and revenues which maintained many of their religious establishments to other purposes; it originated numerous roads and public improvements, and devised systems of general education; and it promoted the more capable to offices of trust, and gave an impulse to the public mind that is felt to this day. Much as they might have been disposed, the rulers estab-

lished by the Congress of Vienna could not safely undo all this. As proof of their jealousy of the newly-awakened spirit of liberty, the most extraordinary precautions were taken to crush it, and in accordance with an express stipulation, on their return in 1815, Ferrara, though within the pope's dominions, has, till recently, been strongly garrisoned with Austrian troops. The revolution of the Carbonari at Naples, and the outbreak in Piedmont in 1821; the insurrections in Modena and the Papal States, suppressed by Austrian bayonets ten years later; the less formidable plots since, and the discontents which, up to the accession of the present pope, have crowded the prisons with political offenders, show that there is still patriotic feeling at work in the minds of the Italians which the utmost vigilance of their authorities can not entirely repress.

On returning from the castle, we sought the spot whose associations have made it the most famous sight in Ferrara. Bending our way to the rear of a decayed pile, still occupied as a hospital, we entered and walked about in a gloomy basement cell, lighted from the yard by a grated window, and were told we were pacing Tasso's prison. Having been stung to remonstrance by the tyrannical caprice of his princely patron, the unfortunate poet was here incarcerated under the false pretext of insanity for seven years, till he was at last released at the intercession of some of those powerful friends in the neighboring cities whom his genius had won. The scanty furniture and part of the door are said to have been carried away piecemeal, as relics, by visitors. Upon the walls, and externally, are seen the names of Byron, Casimir Delavigne, and some hundreds of others, known and unknown. At the instance of the keeper, I added my own to the list.

Entering by invitation the sick-wards above, I found them more wretched in appearance than any I had ever seen. In one of them candles were burning, and a priest in white, with an attendant or two, was kneeling, gesticulating, and repeating

forms by the bedside of a dying man; and the gloom of the dimly-lighted place, the deathly silence, and the sight of that sunken, pallid face inspired a feeling of deep sadness.

I left my companion, and wandered through the city a while in congenial loneliness. It was a hazy, calm day, with the air of an American Indian summer, and it seemed to invite to contemplation. Few places speak more eloquently of fallen greatness. It has lost three fourths of its former population; the Jews' quarter only prospers; the grass grows in the wide, regular streets; whole rows of houses in the outskirts are closed and tenantless, or, without doors or windows, crumble to decay. Around is the unhealthy Polesina, whose exhalations give the inhabitants a haggard, sickly look. It is just above the level of the sea, and below that of the Po, whose waters every day threaten to complete its ruin; and the traveler cares not to linger long in dreary, desolate Ferrara.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Dull Entertainment—Crossing the Po—Nervous Affection—Rovigo—Padua
—Perseverance—St. Anthony—Classical Discoveries.

It is surely a great mercy that the world is not all a dead level. Perhaps one is never more grateful for the ups and downs of his native planet, and all the wild things of creation, than after lazily crossing the stagnant plains of Lombardy. The eye is soon fatigued with a country where all but the sky is in straight lines. From the dull monotony of the landscape, and occasional night traveling, I remember enduring, for days together, an intolerable disposition to yawn. Sometimes I was awakened from a sort of nightmare slumber by the stoppage of the diligence to change horses, and the attention of the needy pop-

ulation that gathered round. There crept over me a sort of fellow-feeling, that made me unusually charitable toward indolent people, and I neglected to take notes either of my sleeping or waking dreams. The turbid waters of the Po, as if it had been another Lethe, seemed to make one forgetful, and I became nearly as tame as Phæton, after using it too long as a cold bath. There is a misty recollection of the dreary space between Ferrara and the poverty-stricken town on the papal side of the river, and I can just manage to conjure up shadowy images of low farmhouses—moldering walls, once white, become mottled and green with age and moisture—files of gray Roman oxen, dragging grain and farming implements over the plain—fields all ditched and ridged like a piece of corduroy—limbless trunks of willow and poplar in rows, like beheaded cabbages—men with queer-looking hats, and tawny peasant women, to whom a looking-glass would have been an affliction.

We crossed the main branch of the Po by attaching ourselves to the lower end of a string of boats, the uppermost of which was fastened, at some distance above, to a fixture in the middle of the river, and thus, by some arrangement, with the force of the current, without the splash of an oar, and with only a steersman, we glided across the muddy stream something in the style in which certain adventurous or naughty people were formerly represented to cross the Styx.

The Austrian custom-house officers had been represented to me to be about as ceremonious and suspicious as Chinese mandarins; and even in the smaller towns in the interior, for the least informality in a passport, the police were reported to be in the habit of escorting forgetful people to the frontier. I was feverishly looking forward for some weeks' arrears of letters from home, which I supposed had missed me, and which I had directed to be forwarded to Vienna; besides, from not expecting to have remained in northern Italy so long, I had thought-

lessly neglected, at the proper place, to draw a sufficient supply of the needful, and my exchequer threatened soon to become an exhausted receiver; my banker's letter of credit was only next available in the distant Austrian capital, and I felt a secret horror of a "perfect vacuum," equal to that which the old philosopher attributed to Dame Nature herself. It was true, I consoled myself with the thought that my baggage was purified and condensed to the most inoffensive dimensions, on the poetical and practical principle that "Man wants but little here below." It was certain that my precious traveling-ticket, from salutary apprehensions, was highly charged in advance, with inky impressions of the double-headed eagle and German characters; but a delay of a few days just then would have been disastrous; and as we neared the opposite bank of the Po, and the boundaries of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, I confess I felt decidedly nervous. A pipe, even among savages, is a sign of peace. I caught a comforting glimpse of my anticipated foes, in blue coats and military caps, at a little distance, passively inhaling the soothing weed, and I felt still better as, on presenting my effects and papers, I looked inquiringly into their broad, good-natured faces, and found them expressive of nothing more alarming than the love of smoke and beer.

We were let off with a careful, but cautious examination; my passport was all right, and with a lighter heart I looked back as we rattled along the top of the dike on the eastern side of the river. The country around, in exuberant fertility, lay flatly beneath us; and the muddy stream, like an immense aqueduct, coursed in places above the roofs of the houses. As geologists have told us, the effects of the gigantic system of embankments in Lombardy have been to elevate the rivers; and, by confining them to their beds, and carrying their earthy deposits more rapidly to the sea, during the Christian era alone, to cause the low shore to encroach in places for a space nearly twenty miles in breadth upon the Adriatic. Except the valley

of the Arno, I saw no part of the country so carefully cultivated as portions of Austrian Italy.

In the evening we arrived at the little cheerful city of Rovigo. After refreshing, I walked out a few minutes; became interested in the tricks and gambols of the young population; and, being much fatigued returned, with scarcely a single edifying observation. The most ancient event in the history of the place that my wearied brain could recall was, that it had given a title to one of the generals of Napoleon.

Then came a long ride by misty moonlight—the splash of being ferried over a broad, rapid stream, which, on waking up, proved to be the Adige—thoughts or dreams of the marches and conflicts of the French and Austrians upon its banks; and then a relapse into the same yawning sensations, till at last the whip became more musical, and we wound, by the light of dim lamps, through streets darkened at the sides by heavy arches in the old Italian style, and some one muttered we were in Padua. The diligence drove into the yard of a large hotel; and, excessively tired, I hastened to a bed in the regions above. On turning to close the door, I found myself followed into my very bedroom by the apparition of an enterprising and impudent postillion, beseeching for an extra gratuity. Half amused at his ingenuity, I bought him off as speedily as possible, and threw myself upon the bed. Next day was spent in quietly strolling about the city.

I was surprised to notice so many government lottery establishments. The Italians, particularly of the lower classes, have a perfect passion for this species of gambling; and the authorities, perhaps finding it difficult to suppress, every where make it a source of revenue. Any accident, or natural phenomenon, which can be tortured to refer mystically to a number, is said to cause a run upon it by the superstitious multitude. If a man, for instance, were to fall and break his leg in two places, there would probably be a rush for the number two. I had

the curiosity, one day in Naples, to compare, and I found the licensed lottery-offices considerably to exceed the book-stores. I supposed that the firmer government of Austria might regulate this matter much better; but there seemed no great difference.

Among the rest I sauntered into the magnificent Church of St. Anthony, the patron-saint of Padua, to whom tradition attributes miracles innumerable. It is crowned with eight cupolas, something in the Oriental style, and contains exquisite carving and painting; but one is sometimes fatigued with minute descriptions even of beautiful churches. The University of Padua possesses the most ancient botanical garden and anatomical theatre in the world. More especially in the department of medicine it still retains a portion of its ancient glory. In the catalogue of its professors, it has been honored with the names of Vesalius, Fallopius, Spigelius, and the illustrious Morgagni. At present, in the four faculties, it usually accommodates from fifteen hundred to two thousand students.

As proof of their classical enthusiasm, it may be mentioned that, at the revival of learning in Italy during the middle ages, the citizens of Padua took absolute possession of the right to the nativity of Livy; and finding a skeleton in a leaden coffin, near the spot where, according to tradition, had stood his house, the anatomical skill of the professors discovered it to be his bones. Portions were sent, by request, as precious relics, to kings; and the remainder was buried beneath a suitable monument with the most imposing ceremonies. More ambitiously still, in the thirteenth century, they dug up a marble sarcophagus, containing a gigantic bony frame, enveloped in lead and cypress, with a sword in its hand, which, upon reference to book, chapter, and verse in the *Æneid*, was pronounced to be that of their great founder, Atenor, the Trojan; and the poor heathen was honored with a burial in a Christian church in a style of which he had never dreamed.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Poetry and Steam—Bridging the Sea—Venice—Piazza of St. Mark—Cathedral—Stealing a Patron—Doge's Palace—Council of Ten—Bridge of Sighs.

Puff, puff, puff, and away we flew, leaving Padua behind; the head grew dizzy with the sight of farmhouses and poplars chasing each other backward over the level plain, and we seemed skimming the earth as if in the wooden-jointed tail of a little smoking comet. What an innovation to be calling upon the "Bride of the sea," on wheels by steam! Yet, presently we came to the low margin of the Adriatic, and in the distance, bright and fairy, as if she had just floated up from the caves of ocean, and reposed in state upon its breast, with the waves kissing her feet, lay beautiful Venice.

Within the last few years a bridge for the railroad, intended to be completed to Milan, has been built, at enormous expense, all the way over the shallow sea from Venice to the mainland, for a distance of more than two miles. As we came to this the cars slackened their pace, and we commenced gently crossing the lagoon. The passage seemed to have lost much of its romance.

How charming it would have been to have first floated to the sea-born city, as in days of yore, in one of her own gondolas, soothingly, as the spirits in Indian story were borne to their island Paradise! How pleasant to have tempted the gondoliers to sing from Tasso!

There was little time for idle speculation. In ten minutes we were safely deposited in Venice. It is built, as most are aware, upon some seventy or eighty low islands, upon which, according to Gibbon, the Christian fugitives from Aquelia and the mainland, in the sixth century, sought refuge from the sword of Attila and the Huns.

There is but very little tide in the Adriatic, and the lagune is sheltered from storms by long projecting banks toward the sea, and marble palaces and churches in airy, Oriental style seem to rise as out of the calm waters themselves.

Communication is kept up between different parts of the city by about a hundred and fifty canals, and innumerable land passages, like alleys, three or four feet wide, perforating the masses of houses, and crossing these water-streets by bridges. These again are arched, to admit of boats and gondolas beneath, and thus almost every house in Venice is accessible both by land and water. The wonderful stillness occasioned by the absence of paved streets, carriages, or horses—the gliding of beautiful fairy barks noiselessly here and there—the effect of the rich, stately mansions of the ancient merchant-princes towering amid state palaces and churches—and occasional glimpses of the surrounding blue sea that laves their marble thresholds—all conspire to produce a strange impression at first, as if you were wandering in some enchanted place.

After winding for a long time through narrow passages, I at last came to the great centre of attraction in Venice, the Square of St. Mark. It is one of the most splendid in Europe. On the east are the Cathedral of St. Mark and the Doge's Palace, while on the other sides are seen the splendid official residences of the ancient dignitaries of the republic, the more modern Palazzo Reale, and the lofty Campanile. The most imposing of these, externally, perhaps, is the cathedral. It is a gorgeous pile of many-colored marbles, crowned by several domes, in Eastern style, with its greatest attraction over its portal, in the shape of the famous gilt bronze horses, plundered from the Hippodrome of Constantinople, at its capture during the fourth crusade. They are somewhat celebrated for their travels, having started from parts unknown, and in addition to the places mentioned, having visited Alexandria, Rome, and more recently returned from a trip to Paris to grace the triumph of Napoleon.

St. Mark's seems to have been the fruit of that mingling of superstition, religious zeal, and intense patriotic pride peculiar to some of the Italian republics in earlier times.

Some Venetian traders visiting the port of Alexandria, in the ninth century, contrived to bribe the priests to substitute the body of a lady saint for the reputed remains of St. Mark; and after concealing the fruits of their pious theft in a furled sail, from the infidel officer in search, they succeeded in making their escape to Venice, and were greeted by the whole city with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. St. Mark was solemnly adopted as the patron-saint of the republic. His effigy or his lion thenceforth figured on the coins and standards of the republic, and the rallying cry of her citizens in tumult, or her soldiers in battle, was, ever after, *Viva San Marco!* The magnificent church we have been describing, was designed to his honor, and we are told that for a lengthened period during its erection the Venetian merchants returning from every part of the Mediterranean vied with each other in bringing home beautiful marbles and treasures to enrich this national monument. Interiorly, its gloominess prevents the profusion of precious stones, mosaics, and costly ornaments, with which it is decorated, from being seen to advantage.

In ancient times the churchwardens, or guardians of the treasures of St. Mark, were a numerous and highly privileged body. They were lodged in a palace, and in the later and more venal days of the republic, when dignities were bartered for money, the place was sold for a hundred thousand crowns.

A little distance from St. Mark's is its campanile, or bell-tower, three hundred feet high. I panted up the steps one day, and was richly repaid by a magnificent view of the fairy city beneath, the shipping in port, the distant curved shore, and the calm sea around, dotted with tributary islands. Opposite this tower is the famous town clock, with its dial plate glittering in gold and azure, and exhibiting certain motions of the

heavenly bodies. Bronze images of two men, with hammers, strike the hours, one of whom is said to have been once guilty of manslaughter, by disturbing, with an unlucky blow, the gravity of an unfortunate workman. The space about the front of the cathedral every where presents interesting memorials. First come the bronze bases to receive the masts, from which were anciently suspended the three gonfalons of silk and gold, representing the three rich dominions of the republic, Venice, Cyprus, and Morea; then, as you traverse the Piazzetta toward the water, are seen the curiously-sculptured square piers of St. John of Acre, carried away from the gates of that city; the Stone of Shame, where bankrupts were once freed and humiliated; and on the very edge of the port stand the two celebrated columns, crowned with the winged lion of St. Mark, and the statue of St. Theodore, his predecessor in the care of the city, between which criminals were always executed. Of these columns there is a curious tradition. The Venetians having brought them as a prize from Constantinople, were puzzled to fix them steadily upright, and offered a suitable reward for this purpose. A certain accomplished gentleman, whose feats had gained him the appellation of "Nick, the Blackleg," succeeded, and claimed, as the price of his labor, the privilege of playing between the columns prohibited games of chance. The authorities, feeling bound by their promise, could not refuse; but defeated his purpose by assigning it as the place for the expiation of guilt with blood, and thus making it an ill-omened spot, dreaded by the superstitious multitude.

Between St. Mark's and the mole stands the magnificent Doge's Palace. After being partially destroyed by fire two or three times, it assumed its present form in the sixteenth century. Ascending the "Giant's Stairs," I was soon wandering among its stately apartments. Few places ever called up more thrilling remembrances. The walls are adorned with representations of the great naval victory of Don John of Austria

and the Venetians over the Turks at Lepanto, and many other triumphs and events in the history of the republic, by Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and other masters of the Venetian school; and in the series of portraits of the doges there is only one vacancy, and the beholder is reminded of a fearful tragedy as he gazes upon a black space in the frame where the likeness should be, and reads a Latin inscription, stating, "This is the place of Marino Faliero, beheaded for crimes."

One of the chambers was pointed out as that of the famous Council of Ten. This odious tribunal of a jealous aristocracy, it will be remembered, was clad with fearful powers, and for five centuries ruled the destinies of Venice. The fortune and life of every citizen were entirely at their mercy. Their will was law. The unhappy accused never confronted their accusers, were sometimes refused even a hearing, and their death, in various horrid forms, was as secret as their condemnation. But, to make matters worse, the Council of Ten, at a later period, deputed these unlimited powers to three inquisitors of state. The whole city was filled with paid spies.

In a part of the walls of the palace I was shown the openings where once gaped the terrible lions' mouths to receive anonymous accusations. Prisoners were either confined in hot, unwholesome places for the purpose, just beneath the leads of the roof of the palace, or sent to the dark dungeons we visited beneath the level of the water. Instruments ready for strangling, beheading, and various forms of death, were kept in these gloomy recesses. Between the Doge's Palace and a sort of Bastile, a canal runs, where a gondola used stately to wait to receive the bodies of the victims. Some distance aloft is a closed gallery connecting the two edifices, by which it is said the condemned crossed the fatal stream never to return; and I still remember the involuntary shudder that came, as from the surface below I gazed upward on the "Bridge of Sighs."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Sentimental Habit—Housetop Reflections—A Gondola—Grand Canal—
Bridge of the Rialto—Trieste—Crossing the Julian Alps—Carniola—
Styria.

I HAVE always had a special fondness for meditating by moonlight. It may be from an instinct, like that of those lady sages who never plant vegetables without consulting that potent luminary, or from poetical associations; but certain it is I am frequently attacked with fits of tender enthusiasm on the appearance of her ladyship the queen of the night. On a housetop in Venice—gazing on fairy palaces, and the moonlit sea—how romantic! So thought I, as I stood leaning over the Square of St. Mark, and the gorgeous piles around, one bright, cool evening. How rich was the story of that spot! From yonder palace for centuries the doge and his train, on the morning of the Feast of Ascension, had issued forth to pay their devotions; and having embarked on board the shining Bucentaur, with festive shouts, had visited the shore of Lido, and renewed the marriage rites of Venice with the sea. Within the portal of that church, Pope Alexander III. had placed his foot upon the neck of a warlike emperor, long his enemy, haughtily breathing, "The young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet." It was within that same glorious old pile of St. Mark's that the counts of Flanders, Champagne, and Blois, and a mail-clad host, had gathered, with the merchant-princes of Venice to hear mass for the last time before the sailing of their splendid armament for the fourth crusade; and in the midst of the solemnities the Doge Dandolo, eighty-four years of age, and blind, had risen and offered to take the sign of the cross and be their leader, and an answering shout had risen,

“In God’s name do as you have said!” and the veteran had tottered forth to be the conqueror of Constantinople. The place had witnessed some of the most splendid pageants the world had ever seen. Beneath an awning stretched from opposite palaces, and converting the whole Square of St. Mark’s into a magnificent saloon, glittering with artificial stars, and laid with the richest carpets of the East, Henry III. of France had found the senate waiting in state to receive their royal guest.

That palace, and its dungeons too, had witnessed dark deeds innumerable. There Carrara, the vanquished Lord of Padua, and his two sons, under pretext of treating for peace, had been treacherously murdered; and there the brave General Carmagnola had expiated his misfortunes with his blood. Even in our own times, fettered by the despotism of Austria, there had meekly pined poor Silvio Pellico.

I was getting on famously, and meditating a descent upon the bright waters in a gondola, when a pelting rain-storm quenched my fire, and sent me to bed.

Sauntering along the edge of the Rialto, one day, I came to a place where a collection of gondolas lay moored, with their steersmen, waiting patiently for passengers, as a lot of London cabmen. I was bent on a trip on this magnificent canal. The gondola, as most are aware, is a beautiful little pleasure-berge, painted black, drawing but a few inches of water, with a lofty, picturesque prow, and a comfortable little inclosure for sitting, canopied over and cushioned beneath. It is managed by one or two rowers standing up, and looks exceedingly pretty when moving through the water.

Presently we were floating along past splendid palaces of the ancient Venetian nobles. The shores on both sides are lined by these proud edifices. At last we came to the famous Bridge of the Rialto. It consists of a single lofty arch with a span of near a hundred feet. There are three divisions like streets for crossing, and it is ornamented with three rows of shops.

The palaces of Venice, and the Academy of Fine Arts, contain a great many choice paintings from her own masters, many of them on patriotic subjects. But who can represent the exquisite coloring of Titian, Paul Veronese, or Tintoretto by cold, written description ?

I had my passport all ready, and very comfortably, as I thought, reserved the whole of my last day in Venice for a visit to the ancient armory and curiosities of the Arsenal. On arriving at the place, the gates were provokingly shut, and the keepers as immovable as the marble lions in front. It was one of their numerous saints' days. I remonstrated so feelingly, and appealed to their love of money so strongly, that they took me to a higher functionary, to whom I made my best bow, and lisped my most soothing *signore* for permission. "No, *signore*," said he, "not to-day, if you were an archduke." Annoyed and feverish to get on, I determined not to pay him the proposed compliment of remaining another day.

So, in a pelting storm, like that in Venetian tradition, in which St. Mark was ferried across the harbor by the affrighted fisherman, to frustrate the designs of a galley full of imps and save the city, I crossed the Piazza of St. Mark, at four o'clock in the morning, and with three suffering fellow-creatures shoved off to the steamer.

The steamer puffed, and the bell rang ominously, and, amid a perfect hubbub and pitchy darkness, we stood for the Adriatic. I retired to the cabin to ruminare and dry. Daylight and breakfast came, the poor soldiers and knapsacks on deck were stowed away, the storm subsided, and before noon I was peacefully walking the deck and reflecting on the romantic associations of that storied sea. We were in one of the Austrian Lloyd Company's fleet and strong steamers, such as they are now sending all over the eastern Mediterranean.

In the afternoon we caught a glimpse of the wavy outline of the eastern shore of the Adriatic, backed by mountains, and to-

ward evening we ran among a crowd of merchantmen, ships of war, and steamers into the port of Trieste. The mingling of different tongues on shore reminded one of Marseilles, only that the Italian was the staple instead of French, and German came next. Within little more than a century it has risen, by imperial favor and natural advantages, from being a small town to be the first seaport of the Austrian empire, and its choice by the English as the line of the overland route for India has added much to its prospects. It is rather prettily nestled at the foot of hills, rising in the background. The stir about the wharves, the newness of the houses, and the width of the streets, reminded me of one of our own Atlantic cities.

I was anxious to take the first conveyance and hasten over the mountains northward for Vienna. There were two kinds, a larger and slower vehicle, corresponding with the French diligence; and a smaller, swifter conveyance, carrying the mails and three passengers, one beside the driver and two inside. I chose the latter. My immediate companion was an Austrian captain, who proved to be one of the most intelligent and kind traveling acquaintances I ever met. Eying me good-naturedly as we were stepping into the vehicle, and recognizing me as a stranger, he politely addressed me in French, telling me to have at command all my traveling wardrobe, as the mild air of Trieste would soon be exchanged for the snow-blasts of the mountains. We toiled up the heights back of the town, bade adieu to the Adriatic and balmy Italy, and, in a few hours, in spite of my blanket and pilot coat, my teeth were chattering, and my knees shaking as with the ague. I rubbed a corner of a pane, iced by my breath, and looked upon bleak hills and rocks covered with snows, as if we had exchanged the sunny south for Greenland. I had simply caught December on the Julian Alps. The change was too violent, and I suffered terribly. But the good captain protected me tenderly, and insisted on sharing with me his warmer covering; and by his fund of good

humor and cheerful conversation during that memorable night, enabled me at times, in spite of my shivering, to indulge in a sort of grim smile—so that I fancy if I had actually congealed, and been taken out next morning as a frozen curiosity, could I have “kept my face,” I should have furnished, position and all, the most perfect realization of the poet’s idea of “Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief.”

The hilly country of Carniola was thickly covered with snow, and the peasants were driving about with their sledges. During the second day I happened to pull out an English book, and, to my astonishment, the captain changed from fluent French to good English, and gave capital criticisms on our best poets. I learned afterward, from a friend, that he conversed well in some eight languages. Observing that the windows of the farmhouses were invariably small, and secured with iron bars, like prisons, and recollecting certain imputations against their hospitality, as well as that of their neighbors of Carinthia, I inquired of my friend as to the truth of the insinuation contained in the couplet from Goldsmith :

“Or onward where the rude Carinthian boor,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door.”

He stoutly denied the charge.

The sight of frequent wooded spots, and comfortable small farmhouses among the hills, strongly reminded me of the appearance of some of the more mountainous portions of our own country. The dress and rugged aspect of the people, and their harsh language, showed that we had left every trace of Italian character behind, and more and more as we advanced northward the rude Slavonian appeared verging toward the German.

Passing through Laibach, and one or two smaller towns and villages, we at last entered the mountainous part of Styria, and driving at the fastest speed, and taking mere excuses for

meals, late the second night we descended into the little ancient town of Cilly, quite benumbed and faint, and with just force enough left to stammer to the landlady the hungry German question, "*Haben sie etwas zu essen?*"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A Discovery—Locomotive Memorial—Gratz—Country—Archduke—Iron—Smoke—Vienna by Snow-storm—Suburb City—Austrian Manners.

WHEN I rose next morning and began to look about me, I found myself decidedly in a new country. The immense round earthen stove in the corner of my room, like the pipe of a steamer—the little feather-bed, too short at the head and not long enough at the foot, that had been over me instead of under me, and that it had so puzzled me to balance in my sleep—the fat, blooming landlady—the bill the most moderate on the Continent—the peasant houses with thick walls and low roofs—the broad people with little caps—the hearty, kind good morning (*guten morgen*)—the straw-colored beer in long glasses—the ornamented pipes, and the smoke that came from them—were all German. It was a still wintry morning, and the sun was glistening brightly on the deep snows of the surrounding hills. I walked out to try and get a near view of an old ruin belonging to the ancient counts of Cilly, once the lords of all Carinthia; but the snow chilled my ardor.

The railroad that (if they can tunnel or scale the Alps between) is intended to be completed from Vienna all the way to Trieste, now reaches as far as Cilly. On applying for my ticket at the little station-house, I noticed on the engine the name of the maker, "W. Norris." I recognized it immediately as the mark of our enterprising countryman; and the unexpected

meeting with the slightest memorial of home in the wilds of Styria was enough to cause quite a thrill.

As in our rapid flight by railroad, we came to the more level country, the temperature became much milder. There was an air of plenty and domestic comfort about the dwellings of the rural population that was quite pleasing. We crossed the Drave and halted at Marburg on the opposite bank, and, skirting in places the frontiers of Hungary, traversed a well-cultivated region, and stopped, at last, at Gratz, the capital of Styria. It contains a scientific institution with lectures, and a museum, for the study of natural history, founded by the patriotic and greatly beloved Archduke John.

Forsaking the pomp of courts for the dress and manners of his favorite Styrians, this prince has married the daughter of a postmaster, encountered in one of his hunting excursions, and, by living familiarly among them, and encouraging every laudable enterprise, has succeeded in acquiring immense influence.

Styria is still as famous for its excellent iron as it was in the time of the Romans. There is a legend among the miners, that, at the expulsion of the Romans by the barbarians of the North, the Genius of the Mountains appeared to the new-comers, and said, "Take your choice: will you have gold for a year?—silver for twenty years?—or iron forever?" They wisely accepted the last.

Gratz is a very cheery city and delightfully situated. The necessaries of life abound, and living is said to be cheaper than in any other city of Europe.

Taking the cars again, we crossed the Mur, and pushed rapidly on to the mountain pass of the Sömmering. Here we were unpacked from the cars and transferred to carriages drawn by horses, with which, in three or four hours, we scaled the mountains, and took the railroad again on the other side. All the passengers seemed inveterate smokers. There was a regulation posted up in the cars obliging all persons to use

pipes secured with a cover or lid from causing accidents by fire, and forbidding smoking, except with the consent of the company; but the inhalers being an overwhelming majority always ruled. It was intensely cold, and the atmosphere inside the cars was at times perfectly thick and dismal. Though never yet a partaker, I have always enjoyed the sight of the pleasure of smoking in others. I can conjure up the faces of dear friends that have never beamed so kindly, never seemed so contented with this sorrowful world, as when, after a social repast, or in the dim twilight, softly as the sighing of a fairy, curled from their lips wreaths of peaceful smoke. But my liberal sentiments were in vain, and, more than the most delicate German lady, I coughed and panted for an open corner of the window. Indeed, the ladies seemed to have admirably disciplined themselves to the puffing propensities of their partners.

At last, we reached Vienna in the midst of a furious snow-storm. I escaped from the cars, and took up my quarters at a clean, spacious hotel, as I fancied in the city. It was only the *Vorstadt*, a sort of outer city, extending like an immense suburb a little distance round the ancient walled city proper. Between this outside city and the inner one, there is an immense pleasure-ground a quarter of a mile wide, laid out with walks, and ornamented with trees, and extending like a belt round the whole of the old city. It is used for military exercises and other purposes, and gives Vienna a different appearance from any city in Europe, constituting an immense breathing-place, as it were, for the citizens. After crossing this broad, vacant space, you come to a ditch some twenty or thirty feet deep, inside of which are the defenses of the old city walls that anciently resisted the Turks; and you enter by gates and gloomy passages into the Paris of Germany. Within, all is bustling gayety. Only with the evidences of the lively pursuits of pleasure, there is more of stately magnificence than in the French capital. It is situated in the flat basin of the Danube.

about two miles from that noble stream. The streets are narrow but very cheery, the shops splendid, the houses massive and lofty, and the streaming of gay throngs and the dashing of rich equipages through every passage and square of the central or old city keep the stranger in constant excitement. Before the entrances to the numerous dwellings of the nobility resident in Vienna, you see in winter a livery greatcoat lined with fur, surmounted with huge bear-skin collars, and stuffed with tall, red-faced porters, standing passively all day long. You are soon reminded, too, that it is the capital of a large empire, by meeting in the streets the dress and physiognomy of some dozen different nations. Germans, Bohemians, Poles, Hungarians, Greeks, Italians, Dalmatians, Tyrolese, and all the intermediate varieties, are curiously blended. Encircling the whole of the old city is a mound of earth, some fifteen or twenty feet high, two or three rods in width, and faced externally with a stone wall. It was this fortification which saved the city in two sieges by the Turks. Since its capture by Napoleon it has been leveled on the top, and forms a delightful dry pleasure-walk for all classes, from royalty downwards. It served me for a daily promenade the greater part of the winter. There is scarcely a better chance for a stranger at this season to get a general glance at the Viennese than at the hour when it is most crowded.

Almost the first features that strike the attention of a stranger with the Austrians, and the Viennese in particular, is their air of contented gayety. The latter, indeed, have a proverb, "One lives to live" ("*Man lebt um zu leben*")—and they zealously observe it in their own way. Austria is a wine country; food, clothing, the necessaries, and even the luxuries of life are exceedingly cheap. The government, for political purposes, carefully assists in providing for the amusement of all classes. Vienna is, perhaps, the most musical city in the world. I have heard nearly the whole assembly in one of their Cath-

olic churches join with the organ in chanting a beautiful and difficult anthem; and the leading attraction in Vienna for years has been Strauss's famous band. The whole population, too, appear to let off their exuberant spirits through their heels. More than one half of the placards you see in the streets are of music and dancing. During summer, the citizens are said to go out to the beautiful environs of Vienna to waltz in the open air. In winter, the rich gather in splendid halls; the poor meet merrily at the smaller places, or rush to the shows and dancing of the "Elisium," a fairy cavern beneath the city; and on a frosty morning, the very children in the streets may be sometimes seen frisking about to measured steps to keep themselves warm. As in all popular assemblies in Austria, the police are sure to be always present at these festivities to preserve decorum.

I shall never forget the expression of blank astonishment in the faces of several Viennese friends, at different times, as I tried to explain to them the conscientious scruples which many of the religious community in our own country have to such light amusements. The stranger is often surprised with the warmth of heart and generous hospitality of the Austrians, and, in fact, all the Germans.

One is struck at first, too, with their ceremonious yet sincere politeness. It is a mortal offense any where in Austria to enter into any apartment, office, or establishment without being uncovered. Some members of the royal family visiting the manufactory of a friend doffed their hats to the humblest of the workmen. More than French politeness, the German seems unaffected and earnest. It is amusing to witness the formidable bows and interchange of civilities between two postillions meeting in a café. The higher classes often mingle with the common people with much freedom. Happening to meet some of the Austrian nobility quietly paying their respects to the social circle of a friend, I was struck with their good-na-

tured communicativeness, and the ease with which they moved in a mixed company.

One day after dinner, a friend, as recreation, gave me a lecture on German titles. An ordinary married lady is addressed simply *Frau* (woman), or, more politely, *Madam*; if of a higher grade, *Gnädige Frau* (Gracious Madam); if the husband have a government office she takes the title of her husband with a feminine termination, as *Madam Directress*, *Madame Judgess*, *Madame Generaless*. In speaking to an unmarried lady, you say *Fraulein*, or the French *Mademoiselle*. Gentlemen have an abundance of high-sounding appellations, from plain *Mein Herr*, to *Herr Von* (ranking the English Esquire), *Rath* (Councilor), and many others, depending on the grade or profession up to the different orders of nobility. It is customary to address persons by titles above their real rank, and to be profuse with compliments. Some of the more exquisite of these are really curious. In Vienna you frequently hear, as a parting salutation, or courteous acknowledgment to a lady, "I kiss your hand, gracious madam;" and in a courtly way the action is sometimes suited to the word.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Street Lecture—"Declaring Intentions"—Austrian Government—Education—Policy—Italian Question—Emperor and Empress—St. Stephen's—Monument.

"WHY have you repaid the saving of your capital and country from the Turks, by John Sobieski and his Poles, by helping to enslave Poland," said I, warmly, to a Vienna friend, as we were walking through the Prater one day, about the time of the Cracow troubles.

"The people do not rule here, as in your country and England, or that never would have happened," he replied. "We are governed by Metternich and the Archduke Louis." But the emperor—"The emperor is a dwarfish personage with a large head and a very weak intellect," he muttered, in a low tone, looking around to see if any one was near.

The Prater is an immense pleasure-ground planted with trees, laid out in drives, stretching away to the Danube, and constitutes the Hyde Park or Champs Elysées of Vienna. "Do you see those open spots there?" said he; "those are the places where the government provide shows and amusements for the populace to prevent them from thinking of politics."

The first reception of a stranger in Vienna is apt to give him an exaggerated impression of the arbitrary and jealous character of the government. His baggage is searched for seditious publications, and other things, at the gates. Frequently he is subjected to a very inquisitive examination on applying at the police-office for the necessary written permission to remain beyond the first day in the city. I was questioned to give the names of the friends to whom I had letters of introduction, the

business that had brought me to Vienna, the time I wished to remain, and the studies and pursuits I intended to follow. In fact, one is required, as in some other delicate affairs, fully "to declare his intentions." After this ordeal you are given in exchange for your passport a paper allowing you to remain, which you are obliged to return and have registered with every change in your residence, and which must generally be renewed every month or six weeks. Some friend, too, perhaps quietly informs you that the police keep a sort of domestic history of the doings of every citizen and stranger, and that if you talk politics freely in the cafés, you will probably hear of it again, and if you are refractory, and very meddlesome, you may be sent to the frontier under an escort. You find, too, that the censorship of the press is very rigid, and many foreign journals you have been in the habit of reading are often temporarily or permanently stopped. Yet if you are quiet, you have no further trouble. Every police functionary is very polite to you. In spite of these things, and your preconceived notions, the people seem wonderfully happy and contented. The peasantry seem the most carelessly joyous race in Europe. Austria proper and the Tyrol, having been favored for generations, are exceedingly loyal. To every Austrian subject of good character, from the most distant province, is conceded the privilege of a personal interview with his sovereign, for the purpose of redressing any grievance or asking a favor.

Indeed, in spite of one's prejudices, the government seems very paternal. Perhaps the visitor from the North, who has expected to find a land of despotism and darkness, is surprised to discover that the common people are the most carefully educated of any country in Europe, except Prussia. Public instruction has been liberally provided by the state at great expense since the time of Maria Theresa. The system comprehends primary and real schools (*Real Schulen*), gymnasia, and normal establishments for teachers, and is very

similar to that of Prussia. Books and gratuitous instruction are carefully provided for the very poorest. No person can marry or set up in business without a written certificate of attendance a certain number of years at school, and manufacturers employing children are obliged to send them, at stipulated times, to school. It is true that the government, with great watchfulness, interferes with the minutest details of education, examines every school-book, and ascertains that its favorite religion and passive loyalty are carefully taught; yet Protestants and Greeks are allowed to have their own state-paid schools when sufficiently numerous, and, when a minority, in Catholic schools, their children permitted to retire during the hours when the priest catechises the children.

With many such excellent domestic institutions, it may seem strange that Austria should so jealously oppose every liberal movement in Italy and elsewhere. Doubtless her leading motive is fear. She has a numerous and jealous nobility. With a population of some thirty-three millions, or equal to that of France, she is much weakened by being divided into several distinct nations differing in language and religion, some of whom are discontented. Part of Galicia was recently in a state of dangerous anarchy; Hungary, with a tolerable constitution, has lately obtained many reforms and has demanded more; Bohemia is impatiently asking for an extension of her liberties; the peasantry of the Tyrol have succeeded in obtaining a sort of representation, without whose consent they can not be taxed; Austrian Italy is seeking for a constitution, and, in spite of marriage alliances artfully cemented between the imperial family and almost every reigning house in Italy, and spite of the bayonets on the Po to overawe sympathy and to guard her new possessions, every echo to the liberal opinions of the new pope, and every popular demonstration in the Papal States, Tuscany, or Piedmont are felt in Lombardy, and watched with feverish anxiety by Austria. It is not very likely that she will

do more than try to intimidate her liberal neighbors. There are too many internal weaknesses, and Russia is plotting at the mouth of the Danube. Austria is probably too cautious and temporizing to risk an aggressive war. The provinces nearest the capital, pacified by the early reforms of the far-sighted Joseph II., are doubtless contented and loyal, and capable of resisting invasion, as they were on the fields of Aspern and Wagram; but an unnecessary crusade against Italian liberty, and the head of their religion, with the prospect of the hostile fleet of some sympathizing power in the Adriatic is quite another matter. Much, however, must depend on the moderation and courage of the Italians; and with so many slumbering elements of a conflagration it is difficult to foretell the result. Yet, with all her supposed influence in discouraging liberal concessions in Italy, Switzerland, and Prussia, it is pleasing to observe that Austria is quietly reforming at home, and very recently the custom has been introduced of annually printing, for public inspection, a full statement of all the expenses of the government.

At the invitation of a friend, holding a situation under the government, I went with him one day to the palace, to see the emperor passing in state to the Imperial Chapel. A courtly crowd in military dresses and decorations were present. The German, Hungarian, and Italian body-guards, in splendid embroidered uniforms of their different countries, were drawn up in two files, and presently, the emperor, in a rather plain military dress, in company with half a dozen dignitaries, came walking quietly through the apartments between the files of the guards.

The person of the emperor was exceedingly diminutive. He had a good-natured countenance, and a head so large as to appear deformed. With a train of lady attendants followed the empress. She was tall, stately, and good-looking, with dark eyes and Italian features. I followed to the chapel and listened to some exquisite music and a smooth discourse.

I confess I was afterward agreeably surprised at the quiet,

simple tastes of the imperial family in some things. - Walking along the public promenade one day near his palace, I encountered the veteran Archduke Charles, once the valiant opponent of Napoleon, in a plain dress, taking a morning walk all alone. Another time, near the same spot, a friend and I met the emperor, walking with a single companion, in a rather common blue overcoat; and had not my friend recognized and saluted him, I should have taken him to be of the rank of a respectable shopkeeper. He bowed politely in return. A servant was afterward discovered lingering at some distance behind.

Vienna has many interesting sights. One of the most conspicuous of these is her grand, old Gothic Cathedral of St. Stephen's. It is gloomy, and yet imposing and elegant. I remember stealing quietly in on Christmas Eve. The grand ceremonies had not yet began, and the place was but partially lighted and filled. But the whispers of those at the confessionals—the echoed tread of scattered worshipers—the group gathered round a picture of the Virgin, with the light of a lamp reflected on their faces—the priests and attendants in their robes crossing themselves, or gliding softly here and there—the outlines of the Gothic arches and tracery of the vast fabric receding away in the dimness of night, produced a strange effect.

On a clear day I mounted to the top of its very lofty steeple. The views of the windings of the silvery Danube—the island of Lobau, where Napoleon was once cooped up with his army—the storied fields of Aspern and Wagram—and the romantic sunny hills that encompass Vienna and the vale of the Danube, were very fine. Half way up the tower is the fire-watch of the city; and when a fire breaks out night or day signals are immediately given from this point. At a lofty elevation there is a stone seal with an inscription indicating that it is the place from which the brave Governor of Vienna, Count Staremburg, used to reconnoitre the Turkish camp during their last siege, and it was from here, on the morning of the 12th September, 1683, he first

saw the welcome advance of the Polish chivalry and the Christian banner of John Sobieski unfurled upon the Kahlenburg.

Near St. Stephen's is the stump of a tree said to be the last of an ancient forest, which is carefully preserved as a city relic, and is completely encased with the heads of nails driven into it, in obedience to custom, by the apprentices of Vienna upon setting out on their travels.

One quiet morning I went with a friend to the service at the Church of the Augustines, celebrated for its monument of the Archduchess Christina, one of the masterpieces of Canova. It was one of the most beautiful and impressive memorials of the dead I ever saw. A section of a lofty pyramid is placed against the church wall, with an opening to a dark sepulchre within; it is guarded by a sleeping lion and a drooping angel. As if slowly and pensively mounting to the gloomy vault, are seen a group of half a dozen figures with the contrast of the matronly form of Virtue bearing the ashes of the dead, supported by two angelic girls with torches to illuminate the grave; then comes a beautifully-carved tottering old man to weep over the remains of his benefactress. He is led by Benevolence as a female, and followed by an exquisite little child holding its hands and bowing its head in infantine sorrow.

But we have not space minutely to dwell upon the crowd of curiosities of the Austrian capital. There are the splendid picture gallery in the Belvidere Palace, containing a great many choice things from the Italian and Flemish schools, and a rich collection of the works of Albert Durer—the Ambras museum of ancient armor in the lower part of the palace, as a whole the finest in the world—the Imperial and City arsenals, with captured flags and trophies, Turkish and Christian, innumerable, and comprising the blood-stained elk-skin coat worn by Gustavus Adolphus at his death on the field of Lutzen—the green standard of Mahomet captured at the raising of the siege of Vienna—the arms of Marlborough, John Sobieski, and Scan-

derberg—the chain with which the Turks obstructed the Danube—the head and shirt of the Vizier Kara Mustapha—and a collection of firearms and deadly instruments, ancient and modern, enough to furnish a couple of armies; and there, too, are the *Volksgarten*, with Canova's celebrated statue of Theseus killing the Centaurs, and the beautiful Palace of Schonbrunn, a little way out of the city, where Napoleon triumphed and his son died.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Crossing the Danube—Olmutz—Lafayette's Prison—Primitive Bed—Prague—Ziska's Camp—Memorials of Huss—Synagogue—Palace of Wallenstein.

THE Danube has been a famous stream for crossing and fighting upon, from the time of Trajan to Napoleon. We passed over by steam on a railroad bridge at daybreak; and the only enemy we had to fight was a terrible frost, which seemed as if it would shrink us to mummies, and made us draw up our limbs like an assemblage of turtles. It froze our very curiosity. We passed the battle-field of Wagram with scarcely courage to look out into the penetrating air. One can easily conceive that in the same latitude as you go inland toward Prussia the cold increases. I have tried the winter of some of our most northern states and Austria, and I give the premium to the frost of Vienna. One finds natural causes for the habits of most nations. I came latterly to consider it quite proper that the Austrians should have extensive earthen stoves, and double windows, and indulge in the luxury of elegantly-tanned sheep-skin overcoats, with the wool inside.

We passed through many little towns and villages with hard German names, and traversed a portion of Moravia. In the

cultivated open country here were more evidences of extensive ownership and the effects of the feudal system than in any other country yet visited. Vast unfenced fields were often observed, over which game were frisking, without a human dwelling in sight. Here and there was seen a village of inferior little houses, all of a size, inhabited probably by the tenants of some neighboring nobleman. Prince Lichtenstein, one of the richest of the Austrian nobility, is said to have an estate extending in one direction a distance of two hundred miles.

The railway upon which we were traveling, like all the others in Austria, belongs to the government. It extends from Vienna to Prague, in Bohemia, and it is intended to have a branch completed to Austrian Poland.

Toward evening we arrived at Olmutz. It seemed a sleepy sort of place, full of old houses, beer-shops, soldiers, and guarded with formidable dikes, bastions, and strong walls. The Swedes nor any other enemy will hardly take it easily the second time. At the time I made numerous inquiries about the prison of La Fayette. At last I was delighted to find an old man who, with a rough Bohemian accent, I understood to say, had known the illustrious prisoner. It was a mistake—my German had not yet come to maturity, and I had misunderstood him. He was like the man who, being asked if he knew German, replied, No—but he had a cousin who played on the German flute. My friend had a relative who knew La Fayette's prison. Sauntering among the fortifications about sunset, I happened to meet a couple of Austrian officers, to whom I mentioned the object of my search, and stated that I was from America. They politely referred me to a moldering bomb-proof pile inside of a very strong fortress a few rods distant. It seemed uninhabited, and was roofed above with earth. One could easily conceive that in its damp, low cells, the sufferings of the illustrious patriot must have been very severe.

To be on the spot to start by the train at a very early hour, I removed in the evening to a respectable-looking, quiet inn, at the railroad station, about a mile out of the city. Happening to go down into the traveler's room rather late in the evening, I encountered a sight very often to be seen at the inns frequented by the country people in Germany. Men, women, and children, of the poorer class, unable to pay for a bed among the aristocracy above, were lying in their clothes in groups upon straw scattered over the floor. It was a bitter cold night, and I could not just then smile at the scene, grotesque as it was, for pity.

Taking the cars bright and early, we whirled all next day through a pleasant country, and at sunset came in sight of the spires of Prague. We entered the city by crossing the hill where Ziska, the blind Hussite chieftain, led out his valiant band to a camp fortified by the assistance of the women and children of Prague, and from which he descended, against fearful odds, to defeat the Emperor Sigismund, the betrayer of Huss. Except Edinburgh, I saw no city in Europe that approached in the grandeur and romance of its position to Prague.

It is situated in a valley encompassed like an amphitheatre with bold eminences, and traversed by the River Moldau; and the numerous turrets, domes, and spires that rise, tier above tier, from the water's edge, give it something like Eastern splendor. Loftier than all the rest, and looking boldly over the city from the brink of a precipitous hill, towers the ancient palace of the Bohemian kings, the Hradschin. It is larger than the Imperial Palace at Vienna. My first impulse upon gazing at it from the other side of the town was to climb up the hill where it stood. To do this I had to cross the magnificent old bridge over the Moldau, upon which stands the famous statue of St. John of Nepomuk. The saint, as the story goes, was confessor to the queen and having refused to divulge the secrets

confided to him was secretly drowned by being thrown from the bridge into the river. A miraculous light, however, revealed the situation of the body to the people, and it was removed, and, in later times, transferred to a silver coffin in the cathedral. The latter edifice is upon the same hill, and close to the palace, and derives its chief interest from the immensely rich shrine of this most popular saint. I never saw such a profusion of precious metal as is contained in the several good-sized statues of angels and other ornaments about the tomb. They are said to contain in all the incredible amount of nearly two tons of silver. And this forms only part of the treasures of a shrine now, perhaps, the richest in the world. More than eighty thousand pilgrims at a time have been known to gather from the surrounding countries within late years, to celebrate the great festival of the saint in May. The walls of the cathedral must have been originally of great strength, as it is said that during the bombardment of the city by Frederic the Great, in the Seven Years' War, it served as a mark for his cannon, and received more than a thousand balls.

Near the palace, also, once resided the Danish philosopher, Tycho Brahé, who was astronomer royal to the munificent Rudolph II. Beneath the palace walls are two obelisks, marking the spot where the cruel ministers, who counseled the persecution of the Bohemian Protestants, in a tumult, were thrown from a window at the height of some eighty feet, and preserved by a dunghill; and thus, in a slight affray, began the conflict which ended in the terrible Thirty Years' War.

Few things interested me so much in Prague as its university, distinguished as one of the most ancient in Europe and as the scene of the labors of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. In the height of its glory it is said to have been frequented by the almost incredible number of forty thousand students of several different nations, and some regulations affecting the privi-

leges of the foreigners within its walls, were the means of driving away some thirty thousand pupils in a single week, and founding the universities of Leipsic, Heidelberg, and Cracow. It was through some of the Englishmen frequenting the university that Huss is supposed to have become acquainted with the doctrines of Wickliffe.

One of the students, seeing I was a stranger, politely showed me into the library. It was crowded with busy, silent readers, and a librarian, with a bunch of keys and a black gown, beckoned me to explore with him its rich treasures. There was one of the first Bibles ever printed; and there were the celebrated theses of John Huss in his own handwriting. But the most interesting relic of all, was a manuscript Hussite liturgy discovered, as the librarian told me, in destroying one of their ancient places of worship. It was found to have been executed at the cost of the different trade-companies of the city, and was beautifully illuminated with paintings, the subjects of which were taken mostly from the Bible and the life of Huss. One series of these illustrations was very remarkable. It consisted of three small pictures on the margin of the same page, representing the progress of the Reformation. The first represented Wickliffe, striking a spark with flint and steel; the second Huss, blowing a little kindling fire; and the third Luther, holding up a blazing torch. Beneath was a picture of Huss intrepidly looking up in the agonies of death amid the flames and surrounded by fierce-looking persecutors at Constance.

One afternoon I took a stroll into the Jews' quarter, known, in the expressive German, as the *Judenstadt*. It is one of their oldest colonies in Europe, and the persecutions and massacres of earlier times, and hereditary prejudices at the present, have helped keep them a distinct people. They are now no longer locked up in their own streets at eight o'clock in the evening, and they are even allowed their own schools and magistrates. As in every Jews' quarter, there are the same intelligent, hard

faces, and there are the same streets of old clothes and small-wares, and now and then, as you saunter carelessly along, you are perhaps half startled at seeing, leaning archly over some little counter, the beautiful form of some bright eyed and dark-haired Naomi or Rebecca. The Jews of Prague boast of the most ancient synagogue in Europe, it having stood, as they allege, a thousand years. After a diligent search for the sexton, I gained admission to the most curious, dark, and dingy place of worship I ever beheld. The windows were exceedingly small; there was some religious scruple against any kind of cleansing, and the walls and high roof were blackened by time and the smoke of the lamps and torches that for days together are sometimes burning during their more solemn services. There were the curiously-wrought lamps and furniture exhibiting the mysterious number seven, and reminding one of the descriptions of the Old Testament, and in the place of the altar of a church was a sacred inclosure for the holy books of the law. Separated from the body of the synagogue, and communicating with it only by apertures through the wall about the size of an ordinary pane of glass, was the apartment to which the females only were admitted.

Not far away was their spacious ancient burial-ground. I wandered a while in this lonely place, brushed away the snow from some of the little heaps of stones, brought one by one as tributes to departed friends, and gazed vacantly on the curious symbols and the Hebrew characters engraved on weatherbeaten, crumbling gravestones. It is crowded to its utmost capacity. More than a century has elapsed since the last interment. The talkative guide explained the epitaphs on some, pointed out the more imposing monuments of their dignitaries and rabbis, and, with something of a look of pride, as I thought, showed me the grave of a Jewess who, by some freak of Fortune, had married a prince, and had preferred in death to sleep with her people.

There is a deserted old palace in Prague that with many a visitor kindles more thrilling memories than any other. And why is this so? He has seen splendid halls as lonely, and stately marble as defaced, not far away. It is a link to an ideal world created by the genius of Schiller. He is told it is the palace of Wallenstein, duke of Friedland, the master-hero of the great poet and generalissimo of the imperial forces in the Thirty Years' War. A hundred houses were demolished and a spacious fabric rose. Here, in the possession of a revenue of millions, his insatiable and proud spirit, after his first disgrace, amused itself with pomp and splendor like a king. Beautiful coursers fed from marble cribs, saloons garnished with choice paintings, pages of noble blood crowding round him, and an imposing body-guard were the toys with which, in brooding over his injury, he pretended to be engrossed. As he probably had foreseen, the armies of his ungrateful master had been driven back, and the emperor had begun to tremble in his capital at the victories of the Protestant confederates. "Fate itself had been the Avenger" of the disgraced general; and the monarch was forced to come as a suppliant to his most dreaded subject.

One can scarcely travel in Germany without being forced, as it were, to read Schiller; and places otherwise insignificant acquire strange interest from the witchery of poetry. The sight of Wallenstein's palace is enough to revive a whole drama. You think of the masterly picture of the struggle in that quaking breast of pride, revenge, and consuming ambition—the fearful conflict that terminates in—

"'Tis decided!

'Tis well! I have received a sudden cure
From all the pangs of doubt. With steady stream
Once more my lifeblood flows! my soul's secured!
In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.
Lingering irresolute, with fitful fears,

I drew the sword. 'Twas with an inward strife
While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife
Is lifted to my heart! Doubt disappears!
I fight now for my head and for my life!"

In fancy you dream over the agony of the mighty chief at Eger as friend after friend deserts him and goes over to the base emperor whom he has twice saved, and who is now hiring assassins to murder him, and, as stung at the aggravated treachery of the elder Piccolomini, he exclaims :

"The adder! O the charms of hell o'erpowered me.
He dwelt within me; to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he passed, suspected never.
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven,
Did mine eyes seek the enemy whom I
In my heart's heart had folded!"

You imagine again the tender last partings—the apparition of the astrologer—the mutterings and falterings of the conspirators—and all the fearful accompaniments of the murder scene.

L

CHAPTER XL.

A Sleigh-Ride—Culm—Saxony—Dresden—Gallery—Green Vaults—King and Queen—Leipsic—Poniatowski's Tomb—Society of Gustavus Adolphus—Lutzen.

THERE are surely fire and poetry in a sleigh-ride. How joyous to fly over snow-fields, behind bounding steeds, to the chime of merry bells! It was bliss unexpected thus to celebrate the last of winter in the vale of the Elbe. There is a beautiful song of one from a southern clime, who, after exile in the north, welcomed passionately the sight of a solitary palm-tree; and I confess there came thoughts of a far away home as we left wheels behind and glided cheerily out of Prague, on our snow-path northward. I dreamed of youthful revels with the frosty wind on the banks of the Ontario. But a good deal of the romance oozed away as at midnight we found ourselves unable to cross the river, and were forced to huddle into a little post-inn, and wait till daylight. After consuming a quantity of coffee, and beer, and solids in proportion, we sought repose. "Beds or straw, *Meine Herren*," demanded our host in thick German; and a respectable minority started up stairs, and the majority, too indolent to undress, drew more closely their tanned sheep-skin greatcoats and took to straw and the floor with our fat and venerable postillion.

Next day we passed through a fertile country, and the low, interminable fortress of Theresienstadt, at the junction of the Eger with the Elbe, and in the afternoon we dined at Toplitz, the celebrated watering-place. It is now the most fashionable in all Germany, being frequently visited by crowned heads and princes. The baths are supplied from seventeen hot springs. As in many of the towns in Germany, instead of being distin-

guished by numbers, the houses have some dedication, indicated by a sign; and, to furnish a sufficient variety, the names of the reigning sovereigns, the different cities of Europe, ancient mythology, and nearly every class of earthly objects are ransacked. The scenery about Toplitz can not compare in beauty with that of Baden-Baden.

The pass of Nollendorf forms one of the outlets of Bohemia, and we traversed the famous battle-field of Culm in going from Toplitz to Dresden. It is in a valley shaped like a triangle, forming a sort of dent in the mountain ridge that stretches along on either side, having the pass at the apex. Here, in the campaign of 1813, it will be remembered, Vandamme was dispatched by Napoleon with a force of 40,000 men to occupy the heights, and close the pass, but with strict orders not to descend into the inclosed valley beyond. Only 8000 Russians were posted there; and the French general carried away by too much ardor, ventured to disobey orders and attack them. Osterman and his Russians repelled charge after charge and fought like lions against five times their force for hours. At last, Colloredo came up with an Austrian re-inforcement from the Russian rear, the Prussians, under Kleist, retreating from Dresden, came down the pass in the opposite direction, and the French, completely hemmed in by mountains, on either hand, and an army in front and rear, were caught in the trap, and their commander and nearly the whole force were taken prisoners. We passed close to the three beautiful monuments erected severally by the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian authorities to commemorate the victory.

We were nearly an hour toiling up the pass; but the magnificent view from the summit of the mountain, fruitful plains, woods, and winding streams, stretching away in the rear, amply repaid the labor. At a village, just beyond the Saxon frontier, my baggage was examined for the last time on the Continent. Saxony belongs to the *Zollverein*, or great custom

league which, with the exception of some petty inclosed territories, now extends from the Austrian frontier to the sea. Night came on, and we lost the romantic views of Saxon Switzerland on our way, and, at a late hour, came ginging into Dresden. The Saxon capital has been poetically called the German Florence. The Elbe is its Arno; its environs are lovely; the climate is temperate; expenses are moderate; its German is pure and musical; the government is liberal; its amusements are choice and abundant, and its museums and picture gallery are the richest in Germany. Indeed, when the chances of war threw the last into the hands of Frederic the Great and Napoleon, they both hesitated to pillage its treasures. Perhaps it was from a little taste acquired too late; but I saw nothing of the kind north of the Alps that gave me so much pleasure. It contains a profusion of beauties from the Flemish and Italian schools. Your attention is particularly riveted first, perhaps, on Holbein's masterpiece, the Family of the Burgomaster of Basle adoring the Virgin. After wandering for a while through one apartment after another lined with exquisite things, till you are half bewildered, you come at last to the most precious gems of the collection, the *Madonna San Sisto* of Raphael, and *La Notte* by Correggio. The former, in Raphael's best style, represents the Virgin clad in unearthly beauty, caught up to heaven, while beneath her feet, gazing upward, are the faultless figures of a fine old man, a lovely female, and two cherub children. The latter depicts the scene of the infant Savior in the manger by night; the shepherds gather, wondering; a divine radiance, like phosphorescent light, is reflected from the child so brightly, that a female in the group starts back, with her hand shading her forehead, while the beautiful mother, in the fullness of her love, gazes undazzled. In spite of the injuries from cleaning, as you stand at a little distance so as to get the general effect, the wonderful management of light and shade, and the natural and happy grouping, make

you feel that it is one of the most impressive pictures you have ever seen.

Before the discovery of America the silver mines of Freyberg made the Saxon princes, at one time, the richest sovereigns of Europe, and they expended a large amount of the wealth in the accumulation of rare and valuable curiosities. These, in time of war, were preserved in the impregnable fortress of Konigstein, in Saxon Switzerland—almost the only fortress in Europe never yet captured.

The most remarkable of these collections, and, indeed, the first in the world of the kind, is contained in the celebrated Green Vaults, a series consisting of eight well-guarded apartments in the basement of one part of the palace. They are filled with a gorgeous collection of gold and silver utensils, exquisite casts, works in ivory, curiously intricatè toys of precious material, costly models, and a profusion of diamonds, pearls, and gems of every kind—enough to remind one of a scene in the Arabian Nights. The model of the Court of the Great Mogul, of enameled gold, by Dinglinger, cost eight years' labor, and more than fifty thousand dollars; and a single diamond necklace, lying amid several others, was said by the guide to be worth a million.

It will be remembered that John Frederic, elector of Saxony, was the most powerful friend of Luther and the Reformation. One of his successors, Augustus II., yielded to the temptation of changing his religion, as the price of the crown of Poland, and since that time the reigning family have been Catholics, though their Saxon subjects have been Lutherans. The court church is a showy edifice on the banks of the Elbe, and communicating with the palace by a covered gallery. Its music is celebrated all over Germany. On going here one beautiful morning, I noticed the royal pew in the gallery-occupied by a stout, middle-aged man, with a German face, dressed in a plain brown cloak, and a matronly-looking lady

by his side. I was afterward told that they were the king and queen.

The King of Saxony was one of those German princes who kept their word and gave their subjects a constitution. Since 1830, the debates of both Houses of the Saxon Parliament have been open to the public. I made arrangements to hear them the last day of my stay in the city, but, on going to the place, from some unexpected cause, there was a recess.

On one side of Dresden there is a circular rise of ground for more than a mile gradually ascending from the city. This was the position of the allies in the memorable battle in 1813, and the French occupied the town. On asking the way, from some one passing, to the spot where Moreau fell, I was pointed to a clump of trees at the summit, a mile distant. A monument over part of his remains in the place where his body was severed by the fatal cannon-shot, bears the inscription, "Moreau the Hero fell here by the side of Alexander, 27th August, 1813." I had to break the path some distance through deep snow, and I found the place unmarked by footsteps. It was an eloquent comment on human glory.

After amusing myself by watching the crowds of happy-faced Germans strolling along the beautiful terraced walk in front of the Bruhl Palace, and mingling with the spectators in the joyous freaks on the ice of the Elbe, I hurriedly crossed the bridge leading from the old to the new town, one afternoon, flew by railroad over an undulatory, fertile country, and, in three or four hours, was hunting a hotel in the streets of Leipsic.

Except during one of its three great fairs, when it is crowded with trading representatives from all Europe, it is rather quiet, or, as some would say, a dull town, and the visitor soon disposes of its few sights. It is the great centre of the book trade for all Germany. Six hundred booksellers, from every part of the country, sometimes assemble here. I went into one of

these establishments to make a few purchases, when it happened to be necessary to refer to one of their publishing catalogues, and the number of works issued was really enormous. A little out of Leipsic is the battle-field where Gustavus Adolphus utterly defeated the ferocious Tilly.

On ascending the observatory near the city wall, the keeper gave me a plan, and pointed out the localities of the great battle which ended in the disastrous defeat of Napoleon. The town is in the centre of a level plain. After three days of desperate fighting, in which some three hundred and sixty thousand men, of several different nations, were engaged, the allies encircled the city and the French as their prey; and the latter only made good their retreat through the heroic bravery of Poniatowski and Macdonald, in defending the rear, and the premature blowing up of the bridge over the Elster, by which they and twenty-five thousand French were surrounded and cut off from their friends. The gallant Polish general, already twice wounded and faint with the loss of blood, attempting to swim his jaded horse across the narrow stream, got entangled amid the dead and dying that choked the river, and was drowned. A simple monument was erected on the bank by the Polish soldiers to their brave commander on the spot after the battle. In searching for this, I was forced to inquire my way from a gentlemanly-looking person in the street. He afforded a happy example of unaffected generous kindness extended to perfect strangers in Germany. In spite of my remonstrances, he insisted on giving himself the trouble of going with me to Poniatowski's tomb, and afterward showed me many curiosities in his warehouse in the city, and finally introduced me to a brother of my own profession who invited me to dinner, showed me through the famous university and other institutions, and gave me so many introductions, without any endorsement but the ordinary civilities of a stranger, that, in a few hours, I had a delightful circle of acquaintances.

Happening to have occasion to call upon one of the professors, I was pleasantly detained with the history of the formation of one of the most useful missionary societies now in Germany. More than two centuries had elapsed since, when all seemed lost, the Christian hero, Gustavus Adolphus, landed on the shore of the Baltic, and knelt on the sand in sight of his army to pray for Heaven's blessing on their efforts to deliver desolate Protestant Germany. No memorials remained of him but the names of his victories—and the initials carved on the solitary rock by which he fell on the field of Lutzen. The "Stone of the Swede" had been indeed immortalized in story and song; and visited annually in procession by the children of those whose liberties and faith he had died in defending; but, at the return of the two hundredth anniversary of this dearly-bought victory, in 1832, they wished to do more. Thousands assembled on that lonely plain to erect a beautiful structure over the "great stone" itself, and a voice in the crowd—it came from the venerable professor himself—said "Let us erect a spiritual monument—let us found an institution to be called after his name, to aid the descendants of those he fought to rescue, now in Catholic countries"—and the result was the formation of the "Society of Gustavus Adolphus." Many thousand dollars have since been raised annually by its means in the north of Germany and Sweden, to send teachers and pastors to the poorer Protestant flocks in Hungary, Bohemia, and Catholic Germany. Bernadotte, king of Sweden, became one of its patrons. I was so stirred by the good man's story, that, at his suggestion, I set off instantly for Lutzen, and being unable in my haste to find a conveyance, I managed to get over the fifteen miles of solitary road in a few hours on foot, and arrived at the "Swede's Stone" late in the afternoon. The rock itself, at the period mentioned, was covered with a beautiful cast-iron canopy. It is one of those granite boulders brought by some mysterious agency from the mountains of Scandinavia, and scattered over the immense

plain south of the Baltic. The field is nearly a dead level. It will be remembered, the battle was one of the most obstinately contested in history. Wallenstein escaped by a miracle, amid showers of balls; Count Piccolomini had seven horses killed under him, and was borne off desperately wounded; the brave Pappenheim was killed in the hottest conflict, and the Swedish king fell pierced by two balls; and lying on the field were two entire regiments in yellow and blue uniforms, who marked in death the order in which they were posted. The cavalry fought long for the corpse of their idolized monarch, and at last carried it off in triumph. Darkness parted the combatants, and the only trophies with which the Protestants could console themselves for the loss of their commander were the field and the cannon of the broken enemy.

CHAPTER XLI.

Affair of the Heart—Halle—Theological Lecture—Magdeburg—Wittenburg—German Manners—Luther's Grave—His furnished Sitting-Room.

POSSIBLY I owed my own peaceable escape from the battle-field of Lutzen to the principle that the least kindness to others commonly begets kindness. There were scarcely more than half a dozen houses near the road all the way from Leipsic, and I stopped at the only dwelling near the monument to get some refreshment. I happen to be a great admirer of those innocent creatures that painters convert into angels by adding wings, or, in other words, of pretty children. The Germans, like the French, change their style of address in speaking to children, or very near relatives, to the second person singular, corresponding to the Quaker form; and, while waiting for what

I had ordered, I amused myself, as a learner, in trying to conjugate in this way a few amiable verbs, and speculating in the affections of a sweet girl, of four or five years of age, by means of small coin. She coyly fluttered around me a while, and then was fondly mine. Looking up, I saw the busy mother's eye kindle, and at length she brought me an additional supply of good things for which I had not bargained, and for which she promptly refused payment. Presently, the host and hostess called me aside, and muttered in a low tone that the men drinking in an adjoining apartment, who had eyed me so searchingly, were bad people, and gave me to understand, that if I wished to reach Leipsic that night, I had better set off before it grew dark and keep a look-out as I might possibly be waylaid. I coolly showed them the end of a noisy weapon in my pocket, carried to frighten traveling visitors, and requested them to report the matter to their guests, and hint that I was not amiable on the road. One of them followed distantly in the rear, some time after dark, and then vanished. I found exceptions to the rule of perfect honesty so very rare in the interior of Germany, that with such slight evidence I was, after all, inclined to believe my friends mistaken in their suspicions. Returning to Leipsic, next day I whirled, in an hour or two by railroad, across the frontier of Prussia to Halle. To punish the Saxons for adhering so long to Napoleon, the Congress of Vienna gave a large slice of their former possessions to Prussia. I had previously met one of the professors of the University of Halle, and being directed to find him there, I seated myself quietly in the rear of his class in the lecture-room. He was one of the first Hebrew scholars of the age. It was a theological lesson; a large room full of students, seated behind desks, with Bibles and paper before them, were rapidly taking notes, and attending closely to the professor's reading of the original. Subsequently I was present in his library by invitation, at the hour set apart by this worthy teacher for friendly conversation

with his pupils, and there was something touching in their free, affectionate intercourse. The pleasure was only equaled by that of a delightful evening in the professor's family.

Over the same monotonous, fruitful plain, I took a turn westward, by railway, to Magdeburg. There was nothing to interest me about that level fortress-town but one fearful chapter in its story. Yet, when the chance offered, I could not resist a morbid desire to visit the ground on which the tragedy was acted, the account of which, in earlier days, had caused so deep a shudder. Perhaps even those to whom they may be familiar will excuse a few passages descriptive of the last scenes of the memorable siege from the "Thirty Years' War" of Schiller.

"Here commenced a scene of horrors for which history has no language—poetry no pencil. Neither innocent childhood nor helpless old age; neither youth, sex, rank, nor beauty could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Wives were abused in the arms of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents. No situation, however obscure or however sacred, escaped the rapacity of the enemy. In a single church fifty-three women were found beheaded. The Croats amused themselves with throwing children into the flames; Pappenheim's Walloons with stabbing infants at the mother's breast. These horrors lasted with unabated fury till at last the smoke and flames proved a check to the plunderers. To augment the confusion, and to divert the resistance of the inhabitants, the Imperialists had, in the commencement of the assault fired the town in several places. The wind rising, rapidly spread the flames till the blaze became universal. Fearful, indeed, was the tumult amid clouds of smoke, heaps of dead bodies, the clash of swords, the crash of falling houses, and streams of blood. The atmosphere glowed, and the intolerable heat forced even the murderers to take refuge in their camp. In less than twelve hours, this strong, populous, and flourishing city, one of

the finest in Germany, was reduced to ashes, with the exception of two churches and a few houses. Tilly himself appeared in the town after the streets had been cleared of ashes and dead bodies. Horrible and revolting to humanity was the scene that presented itself. The living were crawling from under the dead; children wandering about with heartrending cries calling for their parents; and infants still sucking the breasts of their lifeless mothers. More than 6000 bodies were thrown into the Elbe to clear the streets; a much greater number had been consumed by the flames. The next day the whole number of the slain was reckoned at not less than 30,000. A solemn mass was performed in the cathedral, and Te Deum sung amid the discharge of artillery. The Imperial general rode through the streets that he might be able as an eyewitness to inform his master that no such conquest had been made since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem."

I went to the vast old cathedral, plodded about the fortifications a while, and then amused myself with looking on at the exercise of the Prussian troops. Taking the cars I returned by the same route as far as Gnadau, a Moravian village. It is in size the second settlement possessed by this interesting religious community, Herrnhut being the first. There was nothing particular about its situation in the midst of a plain; but the extreme quiet, neatness, and air of comfort about the place rendered it the most attractive village I saw in Germany. At the recommendation of a mutual friend in Halle, I called on the minister, and was hospitably entertained and shown through their educational establishment. The chapel, parsonage, and seminary were in a connected series of buildings. In the first, the seats were arranged so that the males and females sat on opposite sides; and there was an organ. Indeed, except in their fondness for music, there was a marked resemblance in the sedate air and exceedingly neat, plain appearance to the members of the Society of Friends. The ladies here have, by

custom, a very convenient way of, what some would call, hanging out their colors. The dresses of the smaller girls are ornamented with little unostentatious ribbons of deep red; the unmarried females, pink; the married, blue; and the widows, gray or white. I noticed that in the female school that almost every apartment was furnished with a piano. The girls were much occupied with needlework, the proceeds of which, as I understood, went to support the extensive missions of this extraordinary people. The settlement at Gnadau is next to that of Herrnhut in size, and it owns and tills only what would make but a moderate gentleman's estate; and yet these two villages send missionaries to almost every clime, and they now foster upward of forty establishments in different parts of the world.

Leaving Gnadau, I hurried back to Cöthen, the little, interesting capital of the petty principality of Anhalt Cöthen, and joining again the great northern railroad in the evening, reached Wittenburg, the cradle of the Reformation; and, as it is sometimes styled, the Mecca of Protestantism.

I was greatly pleased with my treatment at the inn. Indeed, except at the very fashionable hotels, where one sees less of the manners of the people, the traveler is often received more as if he were a guest sharing the hospitalities of a kind, domestic circle than otherwise. If he happens to speak a little of their language and is sociable, there springs up immediately a wonderful kindness of manner toward him. Perhaps I was more fortunate, from being from America, where are so many of their friends and relations. Many a pleasant hour have I spent answering innocent familiar questions with a hearth circle gathered around me as if I were one of their number.

I do not believe there is any country in Europe where the stranger, who can converse with the people, finds more pleasure from this source, and feels more delightfully at home, than in

Germany. He finds, in addition to hearty kindness, remarkable honesty. The inns are commonly quite moderate in their charges, unlike the rest of the Continent, and I scarcely remember an instance of being overcharged as a foreigner. Then, too, if their compliments are profuse, there is great apparent sincerity. When you are once accustomed to them, how pleasant are the last kind look and the "*Schlafen sie wohl!*" (May you sleep well) of the domestic who lights you to bed! Then there are little compliments for any emergency. Before dinner, your neighbor wishes you "A good appetite," and afterward "A good digestion." Often does the polite German repeat his everlasting "I beg you," or his parting "I commend myself," "I have the honor," "May you live well," and the like. A German bow, too, is the real article, and implies a graceful curve of the body, with the head uncovered, and not a sort of automaton affair, like a slight vibration of a wooden head with a spring.

My kind host procured me a guide, and I set off to visit the old church where Luther preached, and to the door of which he affixed his celebrated theses against indulgences. Beneath a tablet of bronze in the floor sleep the remains of Luther, and by his side lie those of his faithful friend, the gentle Melancthon. A little nearer the altar were the tombs of Luther's powerful friends, Frederic the Wise and John the Steadfast, electors of Saxony. Till the guide was quite wearied, I returned again and again to ponder over the grave of the mighty reformer. From my childhood he had seemed among the greatest of Christian heroes. His whole history whirled through the brain. The monk struggling for light in the dark cloister—the professor thundering to crowds of students from his chair—and, most majestic of all, the confronting of princes and emperors at the Diet of Worms.

In the market-place, not far away, is a beautiful statue of Luther in bronze, with his celebrated sentiment in German,

“If it be the word of God, it will endure; if it be man’s work, it will perish.” And on the other side is the first line of the famous hymn commencing with

“Our God is a strong fortress.”

Near the other end of the town we came to a part of the ancient university buildings, and found ourselves suddenly among the children of Luther’s charity-school. At last we entered the sitting-room of the great reformer, with the furniture just as he had left it at his death. There were the chairs in which sat he and the gentle Catherine; some of her ornamental work; the table on which he wrote; the jug from which he drank, and a pile of his manuscript music.

From Luther’s house we went outside the walls to an oak-tree. It was planted upon the very spot where the great reformer threw away the scabbard, in the height of the contest, by burning, in the sight of the professors and students of the university, the pope’s bull of excommunication.

From Wittenburg we took the cars northward, over the same level country, and one quiet morning we found ourselves suddenly in the midst of the din and bustle of the Prussian capital.

CHAPTER XLII.

Berlin—Brandenburg Thor—Unter den Linden—Chamber of Art—King—Government—Prussian System of Education—Army.

BERLIN, like Prussia, is itself a wonder. You would no more have expected to find so stately a city in the midst of such a flat, barren plain, without knowing it beforehand, than of old a camel in the desert would have prophesied of Palmyra.

It has not a single natural advantage except a contemptible sluggish stream, the Spree, connected by canals with the Oder and the Baltic in one direction, and the Elbe and the German Ocean in another. The streets are such a perfectly dead level that they are very badly drained, and for want of stone in the neighborhood the houses are all of brick. Yet with these disadvantages, within a century and a half its population has increased tenfold, and it has risen to be one of the finest capitals in Europe.

Frederic the Great having wrested Silesia from Maria Theresa, taken a large slice from Poland, and in various ways added to his patrimony half a kingdom, determined to have a corresponding seat of government. Wide streets were projected, large spaces inclosed and filled with houses, and at the bidding of a genius fruitful in the cabinet as the field, after long desolating wars, magnificent palaces and public edifices rose as by magic.

The way to get the finest impression of Berlin is to take a tour through the *Thiergarten*, an extensive pleasure-ground outside, like the Champs Elyseés at Paris, and from this to enter the city by the Brandenburg Gate. It is the most magnificent portal in Europe, being a copy on a colossal scale of

the Propylæum at Athens. Napoleon carried away the car of Victory and the horses on the top, to be returned with the additional decorations of an eagle and a cross, after the battle of Waterloo. Passing beneath the arch of this beautiful entrance, you find yourself in the *Unter den Linden*, a wide street scarcely rivaled for splendor, planted with rows of lime-trees for a shady walk in the centre, with carriage roads on each side, lined with the most stately buildings in the city, while in the distance, as they stand clustered round the other extremity, you catch glimpses of the University, Arsenal, Italian Opera, Guard House, Academy of Fine Arts, Museum, Cathedral, and lastly, the immense Royal Palace.

The stranger finds quite a treat in visiting the Chamber of Art in one part of the palace, containing a museum of curiosities of no common interest. In the historical collection is a rare assortment of authentic memorials. Among these are the orders and decorations presented to Napoleon by different nations, and his hat, captured by the Prussians in his carriage at Waterloo; a royal collection of filthy tobacco pipes; the gaudy white uniform of Murat; a cap worn in battle by the great Elector; Luther's large beer jug; a death-cast of the face of the beautiful Queen Louisa, and another of General Moreau; the model of a windmill made by Peter the Great while working as a ship-carpenter in Holland; a camp-chair of Gustavus Adolphus, and two cannon-balls fired by opposite parties at the siege of Magdeburg, and flattened by meeting in the air.

But the most curious of these relics are those of Frederic the Great. There is a wax figure of him in the shabby and soiled uniform he wore on the day of his death; his filthy and patched pocket handkerchief; and his books and favorite flute, the so-lace of his leisure hours.

On making my exit from this place into the palace yard one morning, I noticed the royal carriage drive up to the principal entrance and wait for the king, and in company with half a

dozen others pressed near. Presently a tall, middle-aged personage, with a red face, dressed in a plain blue cloak, came bustling down the steps, and those present saluted him. He replied by touching his hat, and bowing in the polite German style. It was the king. He had just before granted the constitution which his father had promised his people in return for assisting to conquer Napoleon, and which had been so long deferred. The few persons present seemed quite enthusiastic in their greetings. A few weeks after, the newly constituted representatives of the people were to meet in the Diet or Parliament of Prussia.

From what I could learn, the king was esteemed to be exemplary in religious matters, and to sustain a fair private character. It was thought that the fears of the conservative party, together with the influence of Austria and Russia, had long delayed those liberal concessions which enlightened public opinion had at last wrested. Since the time of Frederic the Great the government, though strictly monarchical and arbitrary in principle, has been paternal and kind in practice.

But the careful system of national instruction, begun by that wise prince, encouraged by his successors, and essentially matured nearly thirty years since, naturally prepared the people for a large share of political liberty.

As the Prussian system of education is perhaps the most perfect in the world, and as it has latterly excited an interest in our own country, perhaps a slight sketch of it may not be amiss.

One of the most important members of the king's cabinet is the minister of public instruction. To this functionary, assisted by twelve councillors eminent for their learning, is intrusted the supervision of all the educational interests of the kingdom.

Each of the ten provinces of Prussia, again, has a secondary organization on a smaller scale and acting under the first, consisting of a head president (*Oberpräsident*) and a school-board.

In almost every province is a university, which communicates with the minister of public instruction through a royal commissary. Every province, again, is divided into regencies, circles, and parishes; and corresponding with these and descending in the scale, are various inspectors, councillors, and others, down to the parish *Schulvorstand*, or school committee, mostly elective, who watch over and regulate the details of each individual school.

Both the Protestant and Catholic clergy, according to the character of the school, by virtue of their offices, are made to take an important share in its direction.

There are three principal classes of schools. The first or primary school gives instruction in those elementary branches which by the laws of Prussia are deemed necessary to the poorest citizen, embracing religious instruction, reading, writing, arithmetic, elementary geometry and physics, geography, German grammar, history, agriculture, gymnastics, and singing.

The second class are the citizen-schools, as they are termed, a higher grade for the children of the inhabitants of small towns and villages, who may wish for a better education than is given in the primary schools, and add to the branches taught in these, Latin, and one or more modern languages, mathematics, natural history, and a higher style of singing.

The gymnasia form the third class. These are in fact minor colleges or seminaries, scattered over the country, in which very respectable classical and mathematical courses are given, preparatory to entering the universities or the learned professions.

No private schools can exist without license and inspection by the local school authorities.

The whole educational interests of the country are thus merged into one admirable and harmonious system.

To insure a constant supply of superior teachers, their salaries have been gradually raised, so as to make their situation

quite desirable, and excellent normal schools for their special training have been established in every district.

The course of instruction, preparatory to teaching is very thorough, and usually lasts three years; the previous examination of the candidates as to morals, health, musical attainments, and the like, is quite strict; a model school is usually placed under their care for practice; they must become good performers on the organ, piano, and violin; at the end of the time those who are classed, after rigid examination, as "excellent" get diplomas and permanent situations as teachers, while those marked "good" or "passable" are employed for a time on probation. Teachers frequently return for further improvement.

Each graduate of a normal school agrees to hold himself in readiness to fill the place of teacher when called upon by the authorities, at any time within three years after leaving, or to refund the full expenses of his normal education.

The installation of a school teacher is made an imposing ceremony, and he pledges himself to faithfully discharge his duties, by taking a solemn oath. It is regarded, indeed, as a sacred calling, and he is forbidden to engage in any other pursuit which may lessen the dignity or efficiency of his office. For any misconduct he is subject to careful trial before suitable judges, and disgrace or dismissal. He is commonly married, and a house is as regularly furnished him as the minister. As a favored character he is granted peculiar privileges, and is exempt from certain burdens. When disabled by sickness or old age he has a retiring allowance, and his widow and orphans are aided after his death.

The provision by the state for the general support of education is exceedingly liberal. In addition to the school-rate levied upon each householder in every parish in the country, to support its own schools, large sums are annually expended for public instruction by the government.

The poorer localities are aided; books, the necessary implements, and a garden, are usually furnished to each school; and when the parents are too indigent to send their children decently clad, they are sometimes provided with clothing at the public expense.

But the most curious feature in the system is the rigid exactness with which the government secures the participation of its bounty. It is actually made a *crime* for any Prussian subject to neglect the education of his child. Nor is this regulation a dead letter, but it is carefully enforced. Registers are kept of all the children of the school age, or that from seven to fourteen in each parish, and these are compared with the school-lists. Parents or guardians wishing to educate their children by private tuition receive special permission from the local school committee; but all others, not represented in the school by their children, must send a certificate from a physician or clergyman of the disability of their children, from ill health, or be summoned before the school authorities. For the neglect of what the Prussian law terms the duty of "Christian and conscientious parents toward their children," in not sending them to school, the former are at first severely reprimanded; then, if refractory, they are fined and deprived of any offices in the church or school, and of poor-relief; and, finally, if necessary, they are sentenced to imprisonment or hard labor; and, as unworthy of the charge of their children, guardians are appointed to attend to the education of the latter.

In Prussia there are two great obligations generally recognized as due to the state from every good citizen, and which, in phrases particularly expressive in German, are termed the "school duty" and the military "service duty." Let us glance at the latter:

As you walk through Berlin, you are struck with the number and fine appearance of the soldiers. The whole male pop-

ulation have a military gait. Reviews and parades seem, as they really are, the most popular exhibitions. One of the first steps of Frederic the Great, after the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, was carefully to organize a very large peace establishment.

The territory of Prussia is disjointed, possesses few natural barriers, and is surrounded by powerful nations, capable of becoming dangerous neighbors; and his successors have felt the necessity, however great the burden, of making her the most military nation in Europe.

Every able-bodied male subject, from the peasant to the prince, is obliged to serve in the regiments of the line, or the provincial army or *Landwehr*, between the ages of twenty and thirty-two, for *three years*. After this service these form a body of reserve, or the second band of the *Landwehr*, until the age of thirty-nine years. These two bands of highly-disciplined militia, with the troops of the line, constitute, in any emergency, an army of upward of half a million of soldiers. In addition to this, in case of invasion, the *Landsturm*, or all those between seventeen and twenty and thirty-nine and fifty years, are liable to serve.

Yet, strange as it may seem, from its peculiar organization, so large a standing-army has been a check to arbitrary power. It is but a body of armed citizens. Their rights and feelings are always respected, and they are not subject to the same degrading punishments as elsewhere. Indeed, they are the most independent and intelligent troops in Europe, and they sympathize in every thing with the great mass of the people. No monarch or minister dares tyrannize over such a nation. Perhaps this curious feature is one of the secret causes of the paternal and conciliatory policy of the government. If the citizens are all soldiers the soldiers are all citizens.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Grateful Wishes—Misty Recollections—Mecklenburg—Körner—Hamburg—Hull—Route to London.

BLESSINGS be on him who invented railroads. Next to balloon-flying, or some other means in which I am equally inexperienced, they seem to afford the most comfortable way of traveling in cold weather. Posting over the rough ground is no comparison.

It is true, that, except the select few within the car, you see little of the people, and your recollections of the country are something like Milton's description of the voyage of Satan to Earth—rather misty. But who ever tasted happiness in this world that had not its drawback? And the calm pleasure of sitting like a philosopher, and without the motion of a hand or the quiver of a wing, flying over the beautiful earth, like a spirit, is necessarily fleeting; and the impressions of the scenes through which you pass are easily effaced.

The railroad from Berlin to the mouth of the Elbe had been finished but a few days previous, and instead of a jolting, tedious ride over a weary level for nearly two hundred miles, I found myself, on a fine brisk morning, sitting quietly in a car, waiting for the last whistle of the conductor, and expecting to sup in Hamburg.

Our route lay through the flat territory of the principality of Mecklenburg Schwerin, famous for its geese, horses, and other animals, the more fleet from having never to go up hill. It is a part of that vast plain, here less barren, that skirts for hundreds of miles the southern shore of the Baltic, and extends into Russia.

Scattered over this every where are numerous granite boulders of various sizes, brought apparently by some violent cause from a distant mountain chain. They have rather puzzled geologists. Some have fancied they were floated there upon icebergs, loosened and thawed at the time of the Flood; and others have thought that the Baltic once covered all this plain, and that rocks from the mountains of Scandinavia, upon flakes of ice, might have been ferried over and deposited.

We passed near the place where the poet Körner, the German Tyrtæus, fell in rallying his countrymen against the French, but a few hours after composing the celebrated "Sword Song," and was buried by his companions in arms, beneath a spreading oak.

Just at sunset we came to the pleasant environs of Hamburg, and in half an hour, with a cheerful party of Germans, I was duly established at an hotel.

Next day I had a delightful ramble through this old-fashioned commercial city. It will be remembered it was anciently a leading member of the powerful confederacy of the Hanse Towns. In some parts the houses have a very antiquated, odd appearance, as though they had stood for centuries. But these are quite eclipsed by the beautiful edifices rising from the ashes of the late fire. Its havoc must have been immense, as, with all the resources of the first seaport of Germany, a large space is still desolate.

The city is built at the junction of a small river, the Alster, with the Elbe; and the former stream is dammed so as to form an extensive basin, around which is a beautiful promenade, termed, in the expressive German, the "Maiden's Walk."

Happening to be out just after sunrise, I could not help noticing the dressy appearance of the servant girls out making their purchases for the day. It is customary for them not to appear in the streets except in the gayest attire, and it is rather amusing to see their provision baskets, shaped like little coffins,

nically enveloped in the folds of a splendid shawl, and borne by hands garnished with kid gloves.

But the most curious costume you meet in the streets is that of the female peasants from a settlement in the neighborhood, supposed to have been an ancient Dutch colony. Their dresses are queer as the most heathenish robes of savage people in a child's picture book, and their hats look as if the original idea had been taken from the top of a mushroom or the inverted form of certain dishes in a dairy.

When the water in the Elbe is low, the large London steamers are sometimes detained some eighty miles below at the mouth of the river, and this being strongly threatened at the time of our visit, a party of us embarked on board a smaller English steamer for Hull. Large quantities of floating ice impeded our progress, till at last we caught a glimpse of the port of Cuxhaven, and soon after were buffeting a rough sea in the German Ocean.

The voyage usually varies in length with the weather. At day-break of the third day we entered the mouth of the Humber. We had left winter in Germany to find decided spring in England. It was the beginning of March and yet it seemed like an April day. Soon after, the sun rose, and we landed in Hull. The hum of one's mother-tongue seemed delightfully welcome. It was a lovely Sabbath morning; and the stillness of the streets, the closing of all the shops, the ringing of the bells soon after, and the cheerful and yet sedate groups bending their way at a given hour to the churches, all contrasting with the dissipation and gayety of the day upon the Continent, strongly reminded me of home.

Next day I took an early stroll through the town. The situation of Hull at the head of a fine estuary, and its numerous communications with the interior, make it the first seaport of the north of England, and its docks, filled with shipping, covering a dozen acres or more, attest the activity of its commerce.

Of late its trade in the Greenland whale-fishery has considerably declined.

Soon after, in company with a fellow-passenger, a kind, intelligent German, who needed the assistance of an interpreter and guide, a party of three of us set out by railway for the south. The rich, finished aspect of the country, neatly hedged and ditched every where, the broad, sleek-looking cattle and sheep grazing in the fields, and the neat cottages and stately old mansions, scattered thickly over the country, quite captivated our German friend. Passing through the pleasant towns of Selby and Rotherham, we came to Chesterfield. The spire of one of its churches has a very singular appearance, looking as if it had been built of some yielding material, and been twisted round two or three times, and then pulled slightly to the westward. From this we pushed on to the pleasant ancient cities of Derby and Leicester, and joined the great Northwestern or Liverpool line at Rugby.

Anxious to get on, from pressing engagements, we took the first upward train, and in the dusk of the evening the houses and the smoke began to thicken; the conductors to search for some suspicious character on board, and we soon after were liberated at the immense station in Euston Square.

By nine in the evening I was in a distant part of London, enjoying the society of delightful friends.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Glimpses of London.

Do not ask me, gentle reader, for a regular description of huge London. I am weary, and so perhaps are you. No; you would frighten me by calling for it now. Besides, the story is so very old. Yet it is too important a place upon our planet to be entirely passed over. We will then loiter about it easily, carelessly, if you will. You shall, in thought, be my traveling companion. We may not be believers in mesmerism, but we will again borrow one of its figures; you shall, in imagination, be in a state of intellectual clairvoyance. Fancy the spell is on you. There! are you ready?

Here we are over a stream about half as wide as the East River opposite Fulton Ferry, standing in the middle of Blackfriars' bridge. It is one of the most central positions to get a general idea of London. Just over there, a little to the northeast, the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral looms up proudly in the smoke. What a pity the architect did not clear away the houses from it down to the river!

Westward, beyond Waterloo bridge and just north of the Suspension, we see a single column towering far above the houses, surmounted by a colossal statue of Nelson. Opposite this point the river disappears by taking a turn to the south. On the north bank, we notice the Temple Gardens, the only open spot on the Thames in sight, where the sages of the law air themselves and cool their learned heads. That grim-looking palace beyond is Somerset House. There is nothing notable in sight bordering the shore of the smaller and quieter part of the city south of the river, but smoky breweries, shot-towers, glass-

houses, and the like. Eastward and below us are Southwark and London bridges, and below the latter, again, are crowds of large shipping.

Passing constantly over the bridge where we are standing are a motley throng; vehicles of every kind; coalmen, with broad canvass hats, blackened faces, and linen frocks dyed with soot, and driving heavily-laden wagons, with broad tires, drawn by elephant horses in single file; stout servant girls; spruce clerks; splendid coaches, with footmen outside; old-clothes-men; red-faced market-women; portly gentlemen, with large noses and whiskers; children of all sizes; tall, civil policemen—the best in the world—with glazed crowns to their hats, and blue coats ornamented with white numbers; stately women, with fine complexions; foreigners, with moustaches, staring at the crowd like ourselves; and omnibuses, with the figure for sixpence and a noisy man behind. We begin to form an idea of the currents and eddies of human beings ever rushing through the streets of this vast capital. Detachments of the multitude on foot wheel round at the ends of the bridge, and embark from the different stairs on board the little iron steamers, like toy boats, plying incessantly on the Thames, and crowded worse than the streets. What curious river-craft of all sorts and sizes, are floating constantly backward and forward beneath?

We will take a walk for a quarter of a mile down to Fleet street and up Ludgate Hill. Here we are right in front of St. Paul's. The little space we see, about the width of a roomy street, around it, is St. Paul's Churchyard. It is shaped, to use an undertaker's figure, like half a coffin, and in it St. Paul's itself is half-buried. We will not ransack that beautiful solemn temple, for you have heard all about it before, but we will merely stroll about in it a little while. The door of the side entrance opens and we pay our trifling toll. We look upward from the centre, and the effect is singularly impressive. But

no one but an architect can well describe or remember details of columns, arches, aisles, naves, choirs, domes, and the like. We think, as all the world do, that it is all very grand, and so we will walk about and look at the monuments. Here are memorials of many a bloody conflict. In the centre rest the remains of Nelson, and around are those of Collingwood, Moore, Abercrombie, and many other military and naval heroes. But standing in one corner is the statue of a benevolent-looking old man with a roll, on which you decipher the word "prisons." It excites a deeper thrill than any martial figure of the collection. It is the testimonial of a nation's gratitude—the first ever erected in St. Paul's—in memory of a philanthropist, who spent a life, and traveled, at his own expense, more than fifty thousand miles, to comfort the prisoner and the distressed; and you easily recognize it as that to the illustrious Howard. We muse awhile and then walk out, to admire the front of St. Paul's. The joint effect of the weather and smoke upon this, as upon every other public building in London, has been to make it resemble a heavily shaded engraving, the bright lines and points being those most exposed.

We make our exit at the side entrance, and walk down Cheapside and Poultry to the commencement of Cornhill. The substantial edifice on the left, appearing somewhat low, from its vast extent, is the Bank of England. It employs 900 clerks, covers about eight acres, and has a capital of more than \$50,000,000.

Right in front of us is the fine Corinthian portico of the Royal Exchange. But we can not delay. We pass down Cornhill to the corner of Bishopsgate street. It is almost impossible to move or cross a street for the crowd of passengers and vehicles. Going down Leadenhall street, we notice a large building on the right, ornamented with fluted Ionic columns. It is the East India House, and here a company of merchants, with singular ability, govern an extensive empire,

several thousand miles distant. We turn through a narrow street to the right, and get into Mark Lane. The immense plain structure we now see is the celebrated Corn Market, whose reports influence the grain trade of the world. Presently, we come to an open space, and all at once we get a glimpse of the Thames, and the walls and gloomy old battlements of the Tower. We enter the first gate, and wait awhile in an office, when one of the warders, a stout old gentleman in a queer ancient uniform, comes to conduct the party who have gathered. Just as we start, we buy a book, which reminds us that the Tower was built as a fortress by William the Conqueror; that in subsequent reigns, it was at times a palace, but oftener a horrid prison; that the barons held it till they wrested the Magna Charta from King John; that here a Scottish and French king were imprisoned, and an English monarch and two princes were assassinated; that here pined or cruelly perished, Sir William Wallace, the Earl of Warwick, Sir Thomas Moore, the beautiful Anne Boleyn, the accomplished Lady Jane Grey, the gifted Sir Walter Raleigh, the eloquent Earl of Strafford, and many of the most noted characters in English history. But the talkative old gentleman interrupts our reading, and recites his lesson as regularly as a parrot. Presently we are introduced to a splendid collection of figures of men and heroes, in the steel armor and trappings of the various fashions of several different centuries. The most magnificent is that worn by the effigy of Henry VIII., and presented to that monarch by the Emperor Maximilian. We pass on to witness a curious assortment of warlike weapons of every age, and get a sight of the thumb-screws, the heavy iron collar, armed with points; the horrid machine for binding together the head, hands, and feet, and other instruments of torture. We are shown the dark cell that was the sleeping apartment of Sir Walter Raleigh, and read above names scratched upon the wall, consoling passages of Scripture, traced by some of the victims of the per-

secuting Queen Mary. But we have had enough of these sadder sights, and we escape to the room, where, glittering with diamonds, rubies, and gold, are four or five different crowns and sceptres, the gold staff of Edward the Confessor, and baptismal, sacramental, and coronation services, wrought in gold and silver, the whole being of immense value, and carefully guarded as the regalia of England.

Leaving the Tower, we continue our walk eastward, by the immense basins of St. Catherine's and London docks, filled with shipping. Traversing narrow, indifferent streets, we inquire for the Thames Tunnel. We enter a door at last, and find ourselves going down a flight of circular stairs, in a round place, like an immense well. On reaching the bottom, we see, running under the Thames, two arched passages, resembling as nearly as possible a couple of neatly finished railroad tunnels, with very strong supports, and small spaces between them, descending to the middle of the river, and rising slightly toward the other side, and brilliantly lighted with gas. There are carriage roads in the centre of each and foot paths at the sides. Our voices echo strangely along the arches. A ship of the line may be sailing over us. What if the Thames should burst in, and quench our curiosity with a cold bath? We emerge on the south side of the river, take the first omnibus, and, thoroughly tired, go home to our hotel. How dingy and prison-like most English houses are outside, and how thoroughly clean and well-kept inside! Here we are before a blazing grate, lounging upon a sofa and an arm-chair, with every thing bright and neat around. This is a great contrast to the Continent. Comfort is truly an English word. The beef and mutton of our late dinner are delicious, and the servants are tidy and attentive, but do not forget the expected shillings.

It is morning again; so at least say the clock and the breakfast-bell. But how dark! We have come to London, to borrow the hard expression of a friend from a sunnier clime, in

one of the "cut-throat months." The raw air pierces your chest as if it came from a cold, damp cellar. We stumble into the street. It is a real London fog. Not the light, semi-transparent article met elsewhere, but a murky composition, that reminds you of the poet's description of the shadowy place where dwelt the Cimmerians; something that has what the painters call "body" to it, and to which all the chimneys in the city have doubtless condescended to contribute. St. Paul's is in an eclipse, and we are in happy ignorance of what our next neighbors are doing.

It is beginning to clear, and we will fly away from the city, suddenly so dismal. We get into a little steamer, and go rapidly up the river.

Passing Westminster bridge, we notice a vast, richly-carved, Gothic edifice, that stands fronting the river on the north, for nearly nine hundred feet. It contains the new Houses of Parliament. The more venerable pile, whose turrets we presently see pointing up just behind this, is Westminster Abbey. A little higher, on the south bank, are the palace and gardens of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth. We pass the Penitentiary and Vauxhall bridge. That noble structure, fronting the river on the right, is Chelsea Hospital, built originally as a palace for Charles II., but converted by William III. into a delightful retreat for disabled soldiers, their widows and children. The Thames gets rapidly narrow, dark and clear; the banks, down to the very water's edge, are clothed with freshest verdure, diversified with luxuriant trees, and studded every where with magnificent villas. How gracefully those swans, with their white arched necks, float in the stream! We leave behind the splendid seats of Chiswick, Kew, and Sion House and land, on the south bank, eight miles from London, at Richmond, the "finest village" in England. Climbing up the hill, we get the privilege of a peep from the Star and Garter Inn. What a lovely vision! The rich valley of the Thames,

all the way to London, receding away to swelling hills on either hand, and dotted over with beautiful parks, gardens, and mansions, half-hidden by trees, and divided by the winding, silvery stream, forms one of the finest views in the world. I have gazed upon sunny spots in the valley of the Arno, mused upon the bright world before me, from the Black Forest to the Rhine, from the old fortress of Baden-Baden; and reveled in the equally sublime prospect of the vale of the Forth from Stirling Castle, but I have never beheld a landscape so freshly green, so softly finished, as that seen from Richmond Hill.

We ascend the river four miles farther, pass Twickenham, once the residence of Pope, get a view of Bushy Park, and at last find ourselves approaching the leading object of our trip, the palace of Hampton Court, built by Cardinal Wolsey. It is altogether a grand affair. We walk into the garden, amuse ourselves with the winding of the maze, and then inspect a sheltered grape-vine, said to be the largest and most productive in Europe. In one part of the palace we are shown a splendid ancient dining hall. But the leading attraction is its collection of paintings. Here figure the portraits by Lely of Nell Gwynne, and the celebrated beauties of the court of Charles II.; and here in a fine hall, built expressly for those sublime representations of Scripture characters, are the matchless cartoons of Raphael.

We hasten back to London, and land at Westminster bridge. The passing glance at Westminster Abbey was not enough. We stop a few minutes to walk round and admire its pointed architecture, and then enter. The interior is vast, richly wrought, and filled with memorials to the illustrious dead. There are the monuments of the earlier Edwards and Henrys, and their queens, the beautiful Mary queen of Scots, and the stern Elizabeth, statesmen, philosophers, painters, and heroes, lie mingled. Those who eloquently thundered against each other in life, sleep peacefully together in death; and not far

separated are the remains of Pitt and Fox, Grattan, Castle-reagh, and Canning. As precious relics, you are shown the ancient coronation-chairs, under one of which is the stone brought by Edward I. from Scotland, declared by tradition to have been Jacob's pillow at the time of his vision. In the chapter-house, in good preservation, is still kept the famous Domesday-Book of William the Conqueror.

The guide shows us through the different side chapels. Here we see the gem of Westminster Abbey, the chapel of Henry VII., built as a splendid mausoleum for royalty. What a gorgeous profusion of ornament and richly-wrought tracery! We gaze awhile at the marble effigies of King Henry and his queen, and make our exit from the chapel. Here we are in the Poets' Corner. Almost every distinguished English poet, from Chaucer to Goldsmith and Thomson, has a memorial. We linger longer here than elsewhere. Rich are the associations of this spot.

Beneath this vaulted pile, yonder lines from Shakspeare, upon his own monument, written as if for the epitaph of all around, seem strangely eloquent. We read with more emotion than ever :

"The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself;
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind."

We are in the street again, and in three minutes we find ourselves in St. James's Park. Swans and many rare aquatic birds are floating on those still waters. Children are playing with noisy glee on the green and under the shade-trees.

What a glorious improvement it would have been to have continued St. James's Park to the Thames. It would have given a current of air to choked London, thrown a new light

upon Westminster Abbey and the Parliament Houses, and opened one of the finest river views in the world.

Continuing our walk past St. James's Palace, we reach the head of the park in front of Buckingham Palace, the ordinary town residence of her majesty. Neither of them, compared with some upon the Continent are very splendid. We will visit a royal residence more interesting, and which, though twenty miles distant, may be reached by railroad in an hour, and may therefore be enumerated among the sights of London. Leaving Paddington Station, we are whirled rapidly through a pleasant country to Slough, and from this we get to our journey's end by omnibus in a few minutes. Yonder castle in the distance, looking proudly from a high hill, is Windsor. That ancient brick edifice in the village this side, is Eton College, the place where the Duke of Wellington, Canning, and many distinguished characters, have been educated. The boys are out merrily playing cricket on the green. We cross the Thames, here an insignificant stream, three or four rods wide, and mount the stairs up the steep hill to Windsor Palace. Getting within its lofty inclosure, we are shown into St. George's Chapel, one of the most elaborate specimens of ancient pointed architecture in England. It seems impossible that stone could be made so light and airy. We muse awhile by the monument of the lamented Princess Charlotte, and the burial place of George III. and his family, then walk through the splendid banqueting hall of the Knights of the Garter, and the Waterloo Hall, hung with portraits of the rulers, statesmen, and generals of the era of that great conflict. After inspecting various other royal apartments, and gazing awhile at the busts of Marlborough, Wellington, and Nelson, we escape to the lofty round terrace, commanding a magnificent view of the neighboring park and the country for miles round. From the beauties of its situation, we wonder not that this has been a favorite retreat for the English sovereigns for so many centuries.

We hasten back to London, take an omnibus, and come to an immense pleasure-ground, planted with trees, laid out in drives and walks, and having a fine sheet of water, the Serpentine River, in the centre. It is Hyde Park. There is a review of the troops going on at the lower end. We walk rapidly to the edge of the crowd. There are benches, boards, barrels, and temporary stands of every description, and rapidly as George III., in Peter Pindar, men, boys, and women call out to us "nice place, gentlemen"—"sixpence, only sixpence"—"this way"—"fine view, gentlemen"—"only sixpence." We get upon a high rickety bench, so as to overlook the people in front. The soldiers are marching, wheeling, and firing in admirable order, and the tall Coldstream Guards are there. Luckily, we are close to the staff. That personage, to whom they are paying so much attention there, is a foreign prince, in honor of whom the review is given. The cheerful, contented-looking lady in the carriage, slightly below the medium height, with pleasant, though not handsome features, and moderately full, rounded form, is the queen. Mounted at the head of the staff, is a tall, slightly-stooped veteran, with gray locks and aquiline features, and by his side is a well-formed general-officer of about thirty years of age, with an agreeable German face. The former is the Duke of Wellington, and the latter is Prince Albert.

Not having seen the newly-elected Parliament, I must here request the reader, in imagination, to go back a few months and accompany me on a visit to the former one, during one of the most animated debates of the last session.

We have been courteously furnished with tickets at the American minister's, and as the House of Lords may adjourn in an hour or so, we will go there first.

Entering the gallery, we get a first glimpse of the splendors of their new hall, altogether the finest apartment, in conception and decoration, we may probably see in Europe. That great

cushion affair yonder is the wool-sack, as it is termed, on which is seated the president or lord chancellor. On the left from us we notice a number of old men sitting in white dresses. They are the bench of bishops. Altogether, in its debates and every thing else, it is rather a quiet place. The members are generally aged, gentlemanly-looking men, with little pretension in their dress. Unlike the French peers, they wear no uniform. Lord Brougham has just thundered and sat down. That tall, pleasant speaker, somewhat advanced, is the Marquis of Lansdowne, the ministerial leader, making explanations. The nervous, keen, old gentlemen, in the white robe, that follows him, is the Bishop of Exeter. Several succeed. But there is to be a set battle in the House of Commons, and we will make the best of our way there. They have not yet got into their new hall, and we are crowded into a rather uncomfortable gallery. That sedate-looking gentleman, in a huge gray wig, presiding, is the speaker, and the curious affair, like a colossal sceptre, lying on the table in front of him, is the mace—the thing that Cromwell called a “bauble.” They are more careless-looking and noisy here than in the House of Lords. The stout old gentleman, fidgetting over some papers yonder, is the unconquerable and ever-plodding Joseph Hume, the useful man of economy and figures, and the greatest tease in the House. He has called the ministry to account to-night, by a grand motion condemning their policy in interfering with Portugal. The wiry-looking personage, in a blue frock-coat, below medium height, bald, with projecting eyebrows and restless features, not prepossessing, is the premier, Lord John Russell. Calmly reposing on one of the opposition benches, is a middle-aged gentleman, rather tall, with a broad chest and forehead, an intelligent and not unpleasant face, that our neighbor tells us is Sir Robert Peel.

An unpopular member makes a prosy speech in opposition, and half the members go out. There are ironical cheers of “oh,”

“oh.” Others follow. Presently, a manly speaker, slightly advanced, and of good height, rises, and, with a delicate infusion of sarcasm, adroitly and plausibly, makes explanations. There are frequent cries of “hear,” “hear.” It is the redoubtable foreign secretary, Lord Palmerston. Then come orators of lesser note. Lord John Russell drops a few clear, pointed sentences. Who is that speaker that declaims so wildly against the ministers, with gesticulation as if his arms and legs were of India rubber, sometimes so extravagant as to make the whole house titter? Surely, it is the high tory, Lord George Bentinck. Now comes the grand performance of the evening. Macaulay, the essayist, who so rarely and yet so eloquently speaks, as one of the ministry, rises to defend. It is his great speech for the session. The members come rustling quietly into their places, the vacant seats are filled, the crowds in the galleries lean forward, and the audience hang breathlessly upon that fascinating voice, till you might almost hear a pin drop. He is thick-set, moderately tall, and has a placid face. His manner is elegant, and his sentences are so honeyed, and he betrays so much warm special pleading, that you might almost fancy he was declaiming one of his own essays. How beautifully he descants upon the history of the treaties with Portugal for the last two centuries!

We see by the turn things are taking, that the ministers will concede and conciliate a little, and the Times of to-morrow will tell us Mr. Hume’s motion was lost. It is one o’clock in the morning. We have had enough for one evening.

There, the spell is off you, and you are by your own fireside again. Do as we may, London makes a long chapter. Are you nearly asleep?

CHAPTER XLV.

A Chapter of Fragments—Case of Rheumatism—British Association—Oxford—Yorkshire Elections—Lake Windermere—Coach-ride.

ENGLAND, for many reasons, is more familiar to Americans than any other part of Europe. Origin, language, literature, religion, and commerce, have all contributed to this end. Owing, in some degree, to the increased facilities for traveling, descriptions of a country sustaining such a relation have latterly lost much of their novelty. They are almost like tales of home: Delightfully painted in part by our own Irving, and retouched every year by crowds of eager travelers, it has scarcely a noble structure or city, a landscape or ruin, whose image has not been distinctly brought out in the picture. Really I have so little space left of that originally contemplated for these sketches, and this portion of the field is already so well-known, that I am disposed to leave out the more common-place matter, and collect from my notes a few passages, here and there, affording a little variety, so as to make up a chapter of fragments.

There was to be a grand gathering of learned characters from all parts of Europe at the approaching meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at the ancient city of Oxford.

Preparations were making on a grand scale.

A Swiss friend, a graduate of one of the German universities, and therefore scientific, had proposed jestingly that himself and I should constitute two of the "distinguished foreigners," as he termed them, present on the occasion. Fortunately, a leading member of one of the learned societies, at whose quiet

literary breakfasts we had sometimes met, gave us introductions, and the jest of my friend at length began to assume the prospect of sober reality.

There are slips, however, even between draughts of science and the lips. The morning previous to our intended departure, my companion waked stiff and moaning with rheumatism. I almost caught the disease from sympathy, and actually checked two or three half groans. But I fear my solicitude was largely selfish. I had set my heart on going. By accident I had known my friend in Paris and Vienna; I was his only intimate acquaintance in London, and it seemed cruel to leave him sick among strangers. I hesitated long between temptation and duty, till, with a long visage, by a spasmodic effort, I was at last able to announce my intention of remaining as nurse and physician. But the weather suddenly grew fine; in our anxiety we had overrated the case; and the fourth morning two strangers might have been seen entering a railroad-car at Euston Square, the more learned one limping a little, and carrying a pair of moustaches, and the other carrying an umbrella and small carpet-bag. As fast as an express train could carry us, we whirled away on the great western line, through green meadows, past luxuriant wheat-fields, sweet cottages, comfortable old farm-houses, trim hedges, bushy trees, turnip-fields, lawns, brickyards, lordly mansions, manufactory chimneys, seen at the rate of from forty to fifty miles an hour, and leaving an impression very much like this sentence.

At length the cars stopped, and we entered ancient, quiet Oxford. It is situated in the midst of a level, fertile plain, on the banks of a small river, and the first impression is peculiar on entering a city where nearly one fourth of the population are students, or members of colleges, wearing gowns, and within the compass of whose narrow limits, are the imposing edifices of some twenty colleges and five halls, besides libraries, museums, and other buildings.

The British Association, whose discussions we had come to attend, was organized, as most may be aware, some fifteen years since at York, by a number of the most zealous natural philosophers, mathematicians, and practical scientific observers of the United Kingdom. Its annual meetings have been changed from city to city, so as to give an opportunity for the most liberal extension of hospitality to distinguished foreigners and others who are usually present. The session continues for a week. Its organization is most complete. The whole range of investigation is divided into seven sections and one subsection, corresponding to seven leading departments of science. These divisions, numbered by the first letters of the alphabet, stand in the following order: mathematical and physical science; chemical science, with its application to agriculture and the arts; geology and physical geography; zoology and botany, with the subsection of ethnology; physiology; statistics; and mechanical science.

Meetings and debates, on all these different subjects, were going on at the same time, in separate buildings or rooms, each department having an independent organization of president, vice-president, secretaries, and committees of men distinguished in that branch of science.

Papers, many of them very valuable, from learned contributors present, were first read and then courteously discussed, and afterward printed in the yearly transactions of the society.

By a new regulation, ladies were admitted as spectators at the debates in all the sections. The meetings were exceedingly interesting in every division, and the visitors very numerous. Of course, the celebrated characters present formed no inconsiderable attraction. Side by side, harmoniously laboring in the same section, might be seen Le Verrier and Adams, the rival claimants to the discovery of the new planet; and here, too, were to be found the Marquis of Northampton, president of the Royal Society, the Earl of Rosse, Sir David Brewster, the

Prussian ambassador, the Russian astronomer Struvé, and Sir James Ross, the navigator. In the geological section were seen Dr. Buckland, Sir R. J. Murchison, Mr. Lyell, the Prussian naturalist Ehrenberg, Professor Nilsson of Stockholm, and many others. Professor Owen, the Cuvier of England, and Milne Edwards, the great French naturalist, were enlisted together in the department of physiology; and associated in the division congenial to their literary pursuits, were Mr. Bancroft, the American minister, and Mr. Hallam, the historian. From his decided resemblance in face to Napoleon, his winning manners, and his discoveries in science, the principal lion of the occasion, perhaps, was the younger Lucien Bonaparte, prince of Canino. Frequent festivities and liberal hospitalities relieved at times the graver pursuits of science. The colleges and every place of interest in Oxford, and the seats of the nobility in the neighborhood, were freely thrown open to the members of the Association.

In every sense of the word it proved a most delightful affair.

My friend and I took occasion to inspect the vast literary treasures of the Bodleian Library, the edifice and the pleasant grounds of Magdalen College, and some others, and rising one morning very early, we went to prayers with the students, and listened to the chanting in the magnificent chapel of New College.

* * * * *

It was a pleasant calm evening as I wound amid fields of grain and cheerful prospects, and entered at last the ancient town of Pontefract, in Yorkshire.

I had turned aside from the main route to fulfill a duty richly owed to an aged and valued friend in America, and to visit in person his son.

The conveyance had scarcely stopped at the inn, when I had the pleasure of grasping his hand. The generous hospitality of my new friend soon left me nothing to desire. I had made

arrangements to leave almost immediately, but I found it impossible to escape for two or three days, at least. So I accepted the invitation of my host to stay and busy myself as a spectator at the elections there and at the neighboring town of Leeds. The latter came off first.

The day previous to the voting, there is always a preparatory muster of the electors. The candidates present themselves upon a platform, and make speeches setting forth their sentiments; after which the returning officer calls for the show of hands, gives his opinion as to the majority, and the weaker party, if greatly in the minority, sometimes gives up the contest at this stage, so that the election takes place by acclamation. But in case either party wishes it, the contest may be carried to the polls and scrutiny of votes.

Early the following day, I took the conveyance, and in an hour after was pressing, with an immense multitude, through the streets of Leeds, toward a common, a little way out of the town. Three candidates were in the field; Mr. Beckett, a wealthy gentleman of the neighborhood, and moderate tory; Mr. Marshall, an extensive manufacturer, on the whig interest, and in favor of Lord John Russell's plan for national education; and Joseph Sturge, the Quaker corn-merchant, of Birmingham, on the Radical interest, and against the government education scheme. Two members were to be returned, and the contest was so equal that neither of the three parties seemed sure of victory. I found an immense concourse gathered at the place. Each candidate had his followers distinguished by a little slip of ribbon of a particular color, with the name and a motto, as a badge. Horses, cabs, and even ragged boys, took sides. The numbers wearing blue and "Becket forever," pink and "Marshall and Education," and orange and "Sturge and Freedom," were nearly equal. Much courtesy and manly feeling were shown by the candidates. All three speeches were respectable, but I fancied that, in fluency and

tact in appealing to a crowd, the sincere-looking Quaker had the advantage.

Returning to Pontefract in the evening, I managed to get into the thickest of the excitement of the Leeds election, next day.

The qualifications for voting at the English county elections are, the possession of an estate worth forty shillings a year, or the payment of fifty pounds rent as a tenant; and in the boroughs or towns, the occupation of premises worth ten pounds per annum. The elector declares aloud the name of the person for whom he votes. County elections last two days, and town or borough elections but one day. Of course there is intense activity.

The good people of Leeds were in a perfect uproar. Cabs and carriages conveying voters were flying about at a furious rate. To save appearances, all these matters are managed, at the expense of each candidate, by committees of his friends.

Till near evening it was doubtful how the contest would terminate. The Messrs. Baines, father and son, and a powerful dissenting interest, were for Sturge.

But their fiery candidate, in an anti-slavery excursion to the West Indies, had in some way said offensive things of those faithful laborers, the Wesleyan Missionaries. Leeds is one of the strong holds of Methodism, and Mr. Sturge paid the penalty. His friends tried to explain away the matter; but the attack had been too pointed. Sunset brought a clear majority for Beckett and Marshall. Things soon became quiet; all the faces in the streets seemed very sad or very joyous; and I hastened home to Pontefract.

Next day a conflict commenced on a smaller scale, but with equal spirit, at the latter place. One of the sitting members, though otherwise agreeable to the majority of the constituency, had given great offense by voting for the Maynooth grant.

My hospitable friend was the ex-mayor of the town, and nat-

urally active in assisting to keep order. The returning officer read the writ, as also the statute against bribery. There was a pleasing independence and liberality manifested in the election speeches. I had seen Lord John Russell, at the London Tavern, silenced for half an hour by tumultuous disapprobation of certain unpopular measures; and the discussions at Leeds and Pontefract were exceedingly free. The contest was very doubtful, but at last the two more liberal candidates were declared members for Pontefract. Chairs, all garnished with ribbons, were brought forth, and they were paraded on the top of a carriage in triumph round the town. Accidentally, a poor fellow, slightly intoxicated, fell with his head beneath one of the wheels. The festivities were suddenly stopped. With another, I was called to tell the crowd, professionally, that he was dead. The day that commenced boisterously and cheerily ended sadly.

* * * * *

Some five months' imprisonment amid the hospitals of London, and flying visits to thronged Liverpool and busy, smoky Manchester, made me long for retired silvan scenery. I had fixed my heart on a tour among the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland; and one sunny afternoon, as we wound pleasantly among green hills, all at once, calmly and brightly opened upon us the vision of Lake Windermere. It was lovely as a poet's dream. During my sojourn at Ambleside I fairly reveled in beauty. Sometimes I climbed to the top of Loughrigg Fell, to sit for hours looking down at this "river lake," winding among a paradise of islands, like a broad peaceful stream of Eden, or I strolled away toward Wordsworth's residence at Rydal Mount. The scenery all round Windermere is bewitching.

On a calm, clear evening we made the tour of the lake in a tiny steamer, with a band of music. It lies sweetly embosomed by receding hills. Every turn unfolded something pleasing.

Stately mansions, in the form of castles, Grecian temples, and pretty architectural devices, peeped from behind luxuriant groves. The smoke of peaceful cottages, the sight of contented herds, the dying fall of music on the waters, and twilight softly tinging all around, soothed me into a dreamy reverie.

Next morning I made an early pilgrimage to the Dove's Nest, once the residence of Mrs. Hemans. She was a favorite of my childhood and had brought from me very early the tribute of tears. I stole up to the hedge on the roadside and, as almost the only mementoes of travel, plucked a few blue-bells and honeysuckles, thinking the while of her own beautiful lay, "Bring Flowers."

Soon after I was careering through a lovely country westward, on the top of a coach. Almost every scene had been consecrated by the poetry of Wordsworth. One by one, varying in form and aspect, came Rydal Lake, Grassmere, and Thirlmere, till at last we descended to the lovely Derwentwater. After catching a glance of the former romantic residence of Southey, and looking about Keswick a little, we were on the road again, and passing by the pleasant lake Bassenthwaite, we soon rested at Cockmouth. Then by a gloomier ride along the seashore we reached in the evening the ancient border city of Carlisle.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Meeting on a Bridge—Attractive Scenery—Edinburgh.

It was in crossing the bridge over the Tweed at the old fortress-town of Berwick, after a lonesome journey from Newcastle, that I stumbled upon a couple of delightful friends, that I supposed were paying their respects to the sultan, or rowing up the Nile.

But steam had wrought a pleasant disappointment. It was a feat in the way of fast traveling. We had parted on the Danube, they for Turkey and the East, and I for England, and, as by a sort of witchcraft, we unexpectedly met over the middle of a stream between two kingdoms.

Our entry into Scotland on the opposite bank was quite triumphant. We took places together in a car for the north, and laughed and chatted the whole way, hardly looking at any other scenery than the bright spots and inequalities of each other's faces. The little portion of earth that we noticed outside seemed carefully cultivated like England, only the hedges were not so very green, and the ornamental trees were not quite so luxuriant.

At length we came to Dunbar. It was in the Castle, close to the town, that Edward II. found refuge after the battle of Bannockburn. Farther on we skirted the battle-field of Preston, where a descendant of the Stuarts with the Highlanders defeated the English troops. Leaving Haddington and Musselburgh behind, we at last caught a glimpse of queenly Edinburgh. There is no city in Europe that, from its situation, is so imposing. Prague comes nearest it, but lacks the view of a mountain on the one hand and ocean on the other. It crowns

a group of hills intersected by ravines, scarcely half filled by art, and the houses in the old part of the town are so very lofty and rise, tier above tier, so proudly, that even the crowded dwellings of the poor, with their steep, antiquated roofs look grand at a distance. The prospect from the Castle, or Calton Hill, is splendid. Nearer are seen the softer acclivities of the Pentland and Lammermoor hills, and more distant the bleaker summits of the Ochils and Grampians. On the very edge of the city looms up proudly the cone of Arthur's Seat. And there, as it laves the shore a couple of miles, you seem to look down upon the Frith of Forth.

In the new part of the town the streets are wide and magnificent, though almost as primly regular, in places, as those of the Quaker city of Philadelphia.

High above the old town, as a conspicuous object to the whole city, frowns the Castle, on a precipitous rock, rising above the level of the sea nearly four hundred feet. The only gradual approach is on the eastern side. It has been a fortress from time immemorial, and from the children of the ancient sovereigns being brought up there, it was termed the "Camp of Maidens."

In the vicissitudes of war it was taken twice from the English by the Scottish forces, by stratagem. The first time a picked band under the daring Earl of Moray crept stealthily, in the dead of night, from crevice to crevice, up the perpendicular precipice, with a short ladder, under the guidance of a desperate soldier, who had learned this secret and apparently utterly impracticable passage, and, shouting their war cry, rushed on and overpowered the slumbering garrison. The second exploit was less romantic. A warrior pretended to turn merchant, negotiated with the governor to supply a cargo of provisions, and was accompanied by a dozen armed followers in the disguise of sailors, who, when the gates opened to receive their goods, overturned a carriage to prevent their being shut, and being suddenly

reinforced by Sir William Douglas and a party in ambush, soon overpowered the defenders of the castle.

By the Articles of Union, this fortress, and three others, must always be kept up and garrisoned.

In one of the apartments are kept the crown and regalia of Scotland, discovered accidentally after a concealment of generations.

Upon one of the battlements is the huge ancient piece of ordnance, "Mons Meg," nearly large enough for a man to creep in and hide himself.

As you come down High-street to Canongate, a queer-looking old building is pointed out to you, with a pulpit outside, and an effigy of a preacher in it, and you are told it is the house of John Knox. Above the door are the nearly obliterated remains of the following pious inscription, traced, probably, under the special direction of the great reformer :

LIFE. GOD. ABOVE. AL. AND. YOUR. NICHBOUR. AS. YOUR. SELF.

Standing near the borders of the old and new town, and rather within the latter, is the splendid monument to Sir Walter Scott. It is visible from nearly every part of the city. But its details are, doubtless, too familiar, from plates and descriptions, to need repeating.

Perched above the new town, like the Castle above the old, are the monument and observatory upon Calton Hill. It forms a delightful promenade.

The attempt to commemorate the heroes of Waterloo, by crowning the "Modern Athens" with a copy of the Parthenon, unfortunately failed for want of funds.

It is easy to see, in the noble university buildings, and its numerous edifices for public worship and charity, an index of the literary and moral habits of the citizens.

Placed in a rather lowly situation for the ordinary tastes of royalty, is the moldering and lonely palace of Holyrood. Did

you believe in such things, you could almost fancy it to be haunted. Its castellated towers give it a military appearance, in keeping with the character of the history of its ancient tenants. The precise date of its foundation is unknown.

By the side of it, and seeming almost to form part of it, are the unroofed walls of an ancient abbey, erected by David I., according to tradition, after a miraculous escape; and illustrating the prodigality of that prince to the clergy, which made one of his successors say he was a "sore saint for a crown." The place is all in ruins, and in its inclosure are still the dilapidated tombs of some of the Scottish kings and nobility.

In one part of the palace is a rather apocryphal collection of portraits of more than a hundred of the Scottish sovereigns. But by far the most interesting portion are the apartments occupied by the beautiful and unfortunate Queen Mary. You are shown her sleeping apartments, and the bed, just as left by her, nearly three centuries since. There are some of the implements of her toilet.

You enter the little cabinet where the Italian Rizzio and two or three friends were supping with the queen, when her cruel and jealous husband rushed in, and, with his armed followers, dragged the object of their hatred into the adjoining apartment, and butchered him, regardless of the tears and entreaties of the queen. The black blood-stains in the floor, where the body lay, in one corner, either preserved or renewed, are still pointed out, and remind you of the horrid details of the atrocious deed.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Route to Glasgow—The Clyde—Loch Lomond—Rob Roy's Rock—Race after a Pony—Loch Katrine—Stirling Castle—Bannockburn.

I WAS strolling about, with happy groups, on the top of Calton Hill, looking at the beautiful world below, when I perceived that five minutes' delay would make me miss the train; and I set off, at a furious pace, for the station. Then came a rush in a crowd—a last look at baggage—a whistle, and a puff or two, and we were flying away at rapid speed from Edinburgh. A stormy election discussion among three or four beside me, the fiery fumes and gallant words of a military character, who had taken too much "mountain dew" after dinner, and occasional glances at the well-tilled country, occupied the attention till we reached the old town of Linlithgow. Then, skirting the battle-field of Falkirk, in less than two hours from the time we started, we were in Glasgow.

In its bustling activity, and modern appearance, this great commercial emporium strongly reminded me of some of our American cities. It owes its prosperity mainly to its trade with the West Indies and America, and its immense manufactures in cotton and iron. In population, as most may be aware, it is now the third city of the United Kingdom. The Clyde, which was formerly not navigable to the city, except by shallow craft, has been deepened several feet, artificially, for miles, and so as to admit ships drawing fifteen feet water.

Early one pleasant morning, I was panting to get a downward passage in one of the Clyde steamers, that threatened to leave me to my reflections on shore. I succeeded. Sitting down, I cooled my perspiration in looking over the election

news, and then walked the deck, looking at the banks of the river. Some of the prospects were beautiful. The stream, the channel of so much commerce, however, was here like a very wide canal; and, contrary to my expectations, it was lined with extensive estates, and seemed rather solitary. The coffee for breakfast was villainous—a mere watery decoction, instead of the aromatic infusion. They did not seem used to so much company on board, and the cabin was too small. I had left my former traveling companions in Edinburgh, and I felt lonely. Looking round, I saw a lady and gentleman, whom I took to be Americans on a wedding tour. Those who have not wandered months or years from home have no conception of the feeling which a kindred human face, or the slightest memorial, may sometimes inspire. I was desperate, and, at all hazards, determined on civilly breaking the ice. Just then, however, we approached the splendid scenery of the Castle of Dunbarton. It crowns an isolated mountain of basaltic rock, appearing to rise steeply out of the waters. The Clyde and its tributary, the Leven, wash the greater portion of its base, and it is supposed anciently to have been surrounded by water. Of course it is a military position of great strength, and its position, at the commencement of the estuary of the Clyde, makes it to Glasgow what Tilbury Fort is to London.

Landing at the town of Dunbarton, we took the omnibus along the valley of the Leven. I happened to sit next the American gentleman, and discovered, to my great delight, that he was a fellow-townsmen, known by reputation, but not by sight. The lady in charge was a sister.

I fancy that Eden was, after all, a much more pleasant place after the accession of our graceful mother, Eve. The lovely banks of the Leven were certainly vastly improved by the presence of a tasteful and happy lady. A party of four of us shortly after formed an agreeable traveling acquaintance, and the fortunes of the day from that moment improved.

The river Leven is the outlet to Loch Lomond ; and, after a ride of an hour, we suddenly came in sight of the "Queen of the Scottish Lakes." Embarking on board a small steamer, we were soon floating past its beautiful wooded islands.

Loch Lomond, like Lake Lucerne, presents, at one extremity, scenery soft and rich, gradually succeeded by the wild and sublime. At first it expands to the width of seven miles ; and, varying in form and size, are here clustered some thirty fairy islands, with names derived from the romantic legends of Highland chivalry. We veered from one side of the lake to the other, through the midst of these, and stopped at the little town of Luss. Leaving the prospect of its little cottages, inn, and church behind, we escaped from the lovely maze of islands, and the lake began to grow narrow and stern. The shores were less wooded, and more wildly rugged.

On the right, rising, as it were, from the very waters, Ben Lomond, like an advanced sentinel of the Highland peaks, towers to the height of more than three thousand feet. Across the lake, beyond Tarbet, is seen the notched summit of Ben Arthur.

All this region has been made classic by the genius of Scott. Every spot has its legends. There is a shelving rock, overhanging the lake, where the chivalric freebooter, Rob Roy, is said to have been in the habit of administering cold baths to his more refractory prisoners, by means of a rope tied round the body ; and, if these were not effectual, they were followed by a hint that the rope would be loosened, and placed round the neck.

Beyond Tarbet, we came to the mill and tumbling cascade at Inversnaid. This was the patrimony of Rob Roy, from which he, by some legal process, was rudely dispossessed ; and thus driven to lead the life of a desperate but high-minded outlaw. Close to this is Rob Roy's Cave, long his hiding-place.

Loch Lomond is nearly thirty miles in length. We con-

tinued our voyage to the upper extremity, a little above this, and then returned to Inversnaid for a pony ride over the hills to Loch Katrine. My friend took charge of the baggage and rear-guard; and my lot was to scramble up hill, ahead of the dangerous crowd of competitors, and charter the animals. It was a laughable race. I was hotly pursued by a military character—an incipient, good-natured Falstaff, whose fat did not prevent him from being fleet. Either my thinness, or the consciousness of serving a lady, gave me the victory, and the prize was a solitary pony, the only one left by previous travelers. He was a hardy Highlander, and the master offered to convey three of our party in a tolerable vehicle. Our anticipated ride on horseback was abandoned, and we toiled on wheels over the hills, passing, occasionally, little Highland cabins, of stones, half buried in earth. At last Loch Katrine and a little steamer lay beneath us, and we jolted furiously down the hill, and embarked. Loch Katrine is more beautiful in the poetry of Scott than in prosy daylight.

There are fond illusions we are loth to lose. Instead of giving my own impression, that the shores were somewhat coldly barren, except the beautiful isle and the lovely scenery at the eastern end, I had rather shut my eyes, and mutter warmly—

“ Gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd :
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid a livelier light ;
And mountains that, like giants, stand,
To sentinel enchanted land ;
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world.”

In fact, Loch Katrine owes most of its charms to the witching poetry of the "Lady of the Lake." It is scarcely one-fourth the size of Loch Lomond.

Soon after, we breasted the fairy island where the knight Fitz-James, in the poem, started the skiff of the beautiful maiden. Landing at the narrow eastern extremity, we obtained a conveyance through the Trosachs (bristled territory), amid wildly diversified Highland scenery. The smaller lakes, Achray and Venachar, disappeared; and we passed the spot where, at the signal of their chief, the five hundred men rose and disappeared from his astonished guest; and the place where Fitz-James, in single combat, overcame Roderic Dhu.

At last we entered the borders of the Lowlands, and obtained quarters at the inn of the little town of Calander. Having religiously conformed to the manners of the people, and eaten maccaroni at Naples, and sour-cROUT at Vienna, I luckily remembered to call for Highland fare. Dried oatmeal cakes and milk were brought, among other things; but it was a failure. We might as well have tried to rival the Spartans in eating black broth,

The English and Scottish coaches have but four seats inside, and about twice as many outside. The latter, in fine weather, are preferable. We had no choice, as the inside places were taken. Next morning brought a pelting storm. We had engaged our seats over night, and, from pressing engagements, we could not delay. We rode all the way to Stirling, enveloped in shawls, great-coats, and umbrellas.

The rain at last ceased. We deposited our effects at the hotel, and walked up to the Castle, once a favorite retreat of the Scottish kings, and famous for its historical associations. Here the "Lady of the Lake," with the magic ring, sought the monarch, to intercede for her father; here James II. murdered the Earl of Douglas; here the beautiful and unfortunate Mary was made queen; and here John Knox preached the

coronation sermon of James VI. It is a perfect museum of antiquities. The prospect from this castle is one of the finest in the world. It is situated on the top of a very lofty, isolated rock, rising from the rich valley of the Forth; the Highlands skirting the horizon; the fields checkered with green meadow or yellow grain.

The windings of the noble river, till lost in the distance, present pleasing contrasts, scarcely surpassed. No less than twelve battle-fields are in sight.

Leaving Stirling, I reluctantly parted with my excellent company. My route lay over the field of Bannockburn, where Bruce, with vastly inferior forces, defeated the English, under Edward II. The spot where the cavalry were beguiled into the pits, and the place where the women and old men, dressed up as a reinforcement, to frighten the invading army, are still shown.

After a coach ride southward, through a pleasant country, I took the cars, and reached Glasgow in the evening.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Prison at Sea—Belfast—Politics in a Coach—Drogheda—Dublin—Phoenix Park—Trinity College.

THE sun was calmly setting, as, with a crowd of passengers, I stood on the deck of a steamer, bidding adieu to the cotton mills and tall chimneys of Glasgow. We sped rapidly down the Clyde. Night and a storm of rain came on; and, in a few hours, we were tossing about desperately in the Irish Sea. The salt spray was dashing over the decks, and the people below were paying their sick tribute to Neptune. I had picked up, to read on the passage, "My Prisons," by Silvio Pellico; and I really fancied that the poor man had escaped one misfortune, at least, in never having been imprisoned, during a storm, in the close cabin of a ship. Stretching myself in my berth, I was rather rudely rocked asleep.

Next morning, from a rough sea, we caught a sight of the hills of Antrim.

We entered a gradually contracting arm of the sea, at the head of which were seen the shipping and lofty houses of Belfast. Getting comfortable quarters at the hotel, I spent most of the day in strolling about the town. It is a place of much commercial activity, sustaining a relation to Ireland like Liverpool and Glasgow to England and Scotland.

The harbor is formed by the estuary of the river Lagan, connected by a canal with Lough Neagh, a few miles in the interior.

Taking an inside seat in the coach for Dublin, toward evening, in company with three gentlemanly and sociable fellow-passengers, I soon had a glimpse of the neat villas and well

cultivated country toward Lisburn. The enterprise and capital of Belfast have made its neighborhood one of the most busy and prosperous agricultural portions of Ireland. Extensive bleach-greens reminded us that we were in a locality that was doing a great deal in the cause of linen and civilization. The piece of white substance upon my own person—that delicate substitute for the outer rind of humanity—that made me look so much less like a savage, was, probably, just making a pilgrimage to its birth-place.

Continuing our journey, just at sunset we came to Hillsborough. The town, and a great portion of the country round, are owned by the Marquis of Downshire. After a passing glance at his extensive mansion and pleasure-grounds, hard by, we hastened rapidly onward.

Two of my fellow-passengers inside were going up to Dublin, to vote for opposite candidates, at the Trinity College election for a member of Parliament; and there was a pleasant and animated political discussion till late in the evening.

During the night, we passed through the thriving commercial town of Newry; and daybreak found us entering the ancient town of Drogheda, some thirty miles from Dublin. It is situated on the river Boyne; and about two miles and a half above the place, an obelisk still marks the famous battle-ground on which was decided the fate of James II. and the Stuarts.

Taking the cars, in little more than an hour we were gradually slackening our pace in the long, straggling suburbs of Dublin. Faint and weary with the night's traveling, I was soon after calmly refreshing at the Imperial, in Sackville-street.

Dublin is certainly one of the most quietly pleasant cities of Europe. You are not overwhelmed and crowded, as in London; and yet there is a great deal that is stately and beautiful. Except from near the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, there is scarcely a spot in any city, perhaps, where so many fine views and noble structures may be seen as from

Carlisle Bridge, opposite Sackville-street. The fine expanse of the Liffey, crowded below with shipping, the General Post Office, Nelson's Monument, the Four Courts, Custom House, with glimpses of Trinity College and the Bank (once the Parliament House of Ireland), are among the sights from this one locality. All the public buildings of Dublin are of singular grandeur and beauty. They seem as if built in the Augustan age of Ireland, and are generally ornamented with statues and elegant designs.

The squares of the city are also magnificent. Stephen's Green, on the south side of the city, contains about twenty acres; and Merrion Square, though not so large, is still more tastefully laid out, and surrounded with more splendid mansions.

But the grand pleasure-ground of Dublin, and one of the glories of the place, is Phoenix Park. It contains upward of seventeen hundred acres, finely laid out in drives and open spaces; and, with the exception of a few trifling inclosures about the summer residence of the Lord Lieutenant, and some government edifices, it is open to all classes.

There was a warmly-contested election for a member of parliament going on in Trinity College, and an excellent friend, a former student, kindly introduced me to some of its mysteries. We mingled in the most animated groups, and, like some other busy people, might, perhaps, have been counted among the friends of both sides; strolled through its pleasant grounds; inspected the chapel and richly-stored museum; and gazed on the portrait of Grattan, and some of its former worthies.

Less pleasing was our visit to the Bank of Ireland, opposite. It seemed like a desecration, that the splendid legislative pile that had once echoed with so much eloquence, should be peopled with clerks, and devoted to the counting of gold.

Right in front of this building, in College Green, is the

famous bronze statue of William III., so long a bone of contention between the Orangemen and the Catholics.

On a rise of ground, near the centre of the city, stands the Castle, or town residence of the Lord Lieutenant. The most interesting portion of this is its beautiful chapel. It is filled with carving, of exquisite delicacy and richness.

But the great charm of Dublin is its intelligent, hospitable society. It is refined, without being rigidly exclusive. Most of the Irish nobility have transferred their town residences to London; and the master-spirits in theology, law, and medicine, and the professors in the University, command a preponderating influence, and give a liberal tone to the highest circles. In few cities is the stranger so kindly welcomed, or so soon at home, as in the Irish capital.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Wicklow Scenery—Vale of Ovoca—Jaunting Car—"Meeting of the Waters"
—The Seven Churches—King O'Toole—Curious Legends—Return to
Liverpool—Sabbath at Sea.

A DELIGHTFULLY hospitable family, who had fairly forced me to be their guest, had arranged that one of the young gentlemen—the same who had been my guide through old Trinity—should show me the wonders of the County of Wicklow. So, on a pleasant afternoon, we were mounted upon a sort of huge affair, between an omnibus, an Irish car, and a coach. It had wings and processes, such as I had never seen on wheels before; and in the dimness of night it might have been taken for an unwieldy beast, with shoulders sticking out, like the Genius of Famine. If my memory serves me, it was termed a *caravan*.

Our route lay a little distance from the sea, with a green undulating foreground between, beyond which were fairy headlands and a sunny shore. We passed through the pleasant village of Bray, and in sight of many beautiful seats, ornamented with fine trees, till at length a bare mountain rose on the sight, in marked contrast with the Eden below. It was the Sugar-loaf.

Half an hour after, we entered the pleasant, romantic glen of the Downs. It was a deep, narrow ravine, a mile and a half long, with the sides steeply rising in places to six hundred feet, and finely clothed with copse-wood. A clear stream murmured at the bottom. In one place, a kind of rural observatory was perched upon an overhanging pinnacle. Beyond this we passed through an avenue of ancient oaks and chestnuts, ornamenting the country-seat, once the home of Mrs. Tighe, authoress of "Psyche."

Though there are so many mansions of the wealthy to be seen scattered over Ireland, their estates are not generally so well cultivated as in England. The hedges are often broken; the fields less carefully tilled; and the grounds and buildings have often an air of half desolate grandeur. Absenteeism and the greater insecurity of life and property are, perhaps, the causes.

Just at sunset we arrived at the town of Arklow, at the mouth of the river Ovoca. From this we set off for the celebrated "Valley of Ovoca." We were soon in the midst of its beauties. I never saw a valley so lovely. It is about eight miles in length, and may average a quarter of a mile in width. In the centre, through lawns and grounds ornamented with clumps of trees, winds a gentle river, and at the sides rise lofty romantic hills, covered with woods; the whole forming a landscape as charming and luxuriant as a painter's dream.

We passed Shelton Abbey, the fine seat of the Earl of Wicklow, and soon after reached the Wooden Bridge Inn, in

one of the sweetest spots of the whole valley. We were soon quietly slumbering.

Next morning we rose early, and climbed the wooded hill in the rear. The prospect was enchanting. Here the rivers Aughrim and Ovoca blend, and form what is termed the "second meeting of the waters." It is not determined whether this or another "meeting" above is the place celebrated by Moore. Here, too, meet in a common centre four lovely glens. The reflection of the silvery waters, the rich meadows and spreading trees, the lofty hills, fringed with woods of freshest foliage to the very top, like walls to the paradise below, formed the most pleasing earthly combination.

We feasted our eyes a while, and then ordered an Irish jaunting-car. This is a national vehicle. It is a raised platform, extending over a couple of wheels, and descending outside, so as partially to conceal them. This is shaped something like three steps of a pair of stairs, running lengthwise on each side, upon the middle one of which the passenger sits sideways, while the bottom step receives the feet. Above the highest step, in the middle of the vehicle, there is, running lengthwise, a little platform, eighteen inches wide, upon which the arms and back may partly rest, and it is usually covered with what the drivers term a *coorting cushion*. They are often elegantly made and mounted on springs, and they are really light and very convenient affairs.

My friend and I mounted, back to back, and, by partially turning, were brought nearly side to side; the driver chirruped, and away we glided up the valley. The morning was singularly beautiful. Our Jehu was a real native, and when we could spare time to turn from the bright visions around us, amused us greatly. At length we came to the small spot where the waters of the Avonmore and Avonbeg unite to form the Ovoca, distinguished as the "first meeting" of the waters. Pointing to the pretty little promontory between the two streams, the

driver said, "Do you see that *three* there, gintlemin? Sure, an 'twas sitting there that Tommy Moore wrote the 'Mating o' the wathers.'" I inquired if there was any way for me to get under its shade. "Av coorse, if ye've a turn for composin'," he replied.

There was a pretty cottage beyond, in which he said Moore had lived. Beyond this we came to the Lion's Bridge, leading up to Castle Howard, the noble mansion of the family of that name, looking grandly from the top of a hill.

Passing the copper mines, and the hill sides covered with huge wheels and machinery, we made our exit from the Vale of Ovoca, and came to the little town of Rathdrum.

A few miles beyond I stopped to visit a little temporary shed where government rations were being distributed to the starving poor. At another place we went to examine some of their little mud cottages.

Driving up a lonely valley, we saw a little inn, a few old ruins, and mud cabins; and a fierce-looking native came running up to us, half out of breath, exclaiming, "Ye're welkim to the city, gintlemin!"

The remains and crumbling walls we saw were those of the "Seven Churches" so famous for their legends, and close at hand was the Lake of Glandalough, celebrated by Moore.

We engaged the wild man as guide. He began in a sort of singing, nasal tone to repeat—

"By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er:
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep."

He was altogether a rare character. With the face of an undertaker, he gave us a perfect torrent of rich drollery and strange superstition. Legend after legend came with marvelous fluency. He began with that of King O'Toole, St. Kevin and the Gray

Goose, so amusingly given by Lover—telling how this “prince and plenny-penny-tinchery o’ these parts,” when “sthricken” in years, was “divarted” by a favorite goose that “cotched throuth,” and flew every other day about the lake, “divartin” the poor “owld king,” and in “coorse o’ time” was the greatest “pet in the counthry and the biggest rogue;” that when the goose grew old and unable to fly, the king was lost “complate,” and melancholy “intirely;” and that just at this crisis St. Kevin, in the disguise of a “dacent” young man, scraped the acquaintance of the king, and offered to make his “owld goose as good as new,” if he would give the saint all the land the goose flew over, to found a place of “pius larnin;” and that, taking the goose by the wings, St. Kevin made the sign of the cross, and she flew like one of the “aigles thimselves, and cuttin’ as many capers as a swallow before a shower of rain,” and “bein’ let into the saycret,” by St. Kevin, she flew all round a space of several square miles, of which the saint obtained possession, and thus were founded the “Sivin Churches.”

Every spot about the place seemed to have its particular legend. Our guide was rattling away his stories so fast that I could not catch them. He pointed to a seam in the neighboring rocks, and, at my request, more leisurely commenced—

“Gintlemin,” said he, “do see that crase in the hill there.” We nodded in the affirmative. “Well, once there lived in these parts an Irish joyant (giant) by the name of Fin MaCool. An’ he had a shword that was made by Vulcan, the king of the blacksmiths (you know that Vulcan was the ugliest man and Vanus, his wife, the purtiest woman—the purtiest woman in all Ireland), an’ he came here with his shword one day, and met St. Kevin. You know St. Kevin was a schoolfellow o’ the Prophet Jeremiah, and the schoolmaster was Epi—Epi—Epi—Epigonazer.” “You mean Nebuchadnezzar,” said I, almost lying down with laughter. “Ye’re right, Misther,” said he. “An’ siz St. Kevin, ‘Where are you goin’, Fin MaCool?’ ‘To

a great battle in Kildare,' siz the joyant. 'Sure an' it's all over,' siz St. Kevin, an' with that Fin MaCool was angered intirely, and gav three leps across the valley there, and cut that crase ye see in the rocks with his shword."

We were rowed across the little "gloomy lake," climbed by a dangerous path, and stretched ourselves in the small cave where tradition says St. Kevin fled to escape from an enamored maiden with "eyes of most unholy blue."

The guide then pretended to read the inscription on King O'Tool's tombstone, and declared that a little crescent on one of the loose stones was the mark of a horse's shoe in "owld times, afore the horses' hoofs grew together by constant shoe-in'," observing, with a knowing look, that it "used to be very inconvanient to have the sticks and stones gettin' atween their toes."

Shouting at the top of his voice, so as to waken an echo from the hill side, said he, "That's the greatest echo in all Ireland, barin' one in Killarney, that when ye shout, 'Paddy Blake, how do ye do?' answers, 'Purty well, I thank you.'"

We could still trace the ruins of no less than seven churches. These edifices are reputed by antiquaries to have been built about the sixth century. Among them was one of the curious round towers which have so puzzled them. It was like a small, round windmill, perhaps a hundred feet high, and had an opening a few feet from the ground.

Leaving this we visited the wild recesses of the Devil's Glen, and in the evening arrived by the railroad in Dublin.

Taking the steamer, I crossed to Liverpool, and after ranging a day or two about its splendid docks, I embarked on board the steamer Guadalquivir for New York. We took the northern course, and passed close to the Giants' Causeway. It seemed at that distance like a good engraving a mile or two magnified.

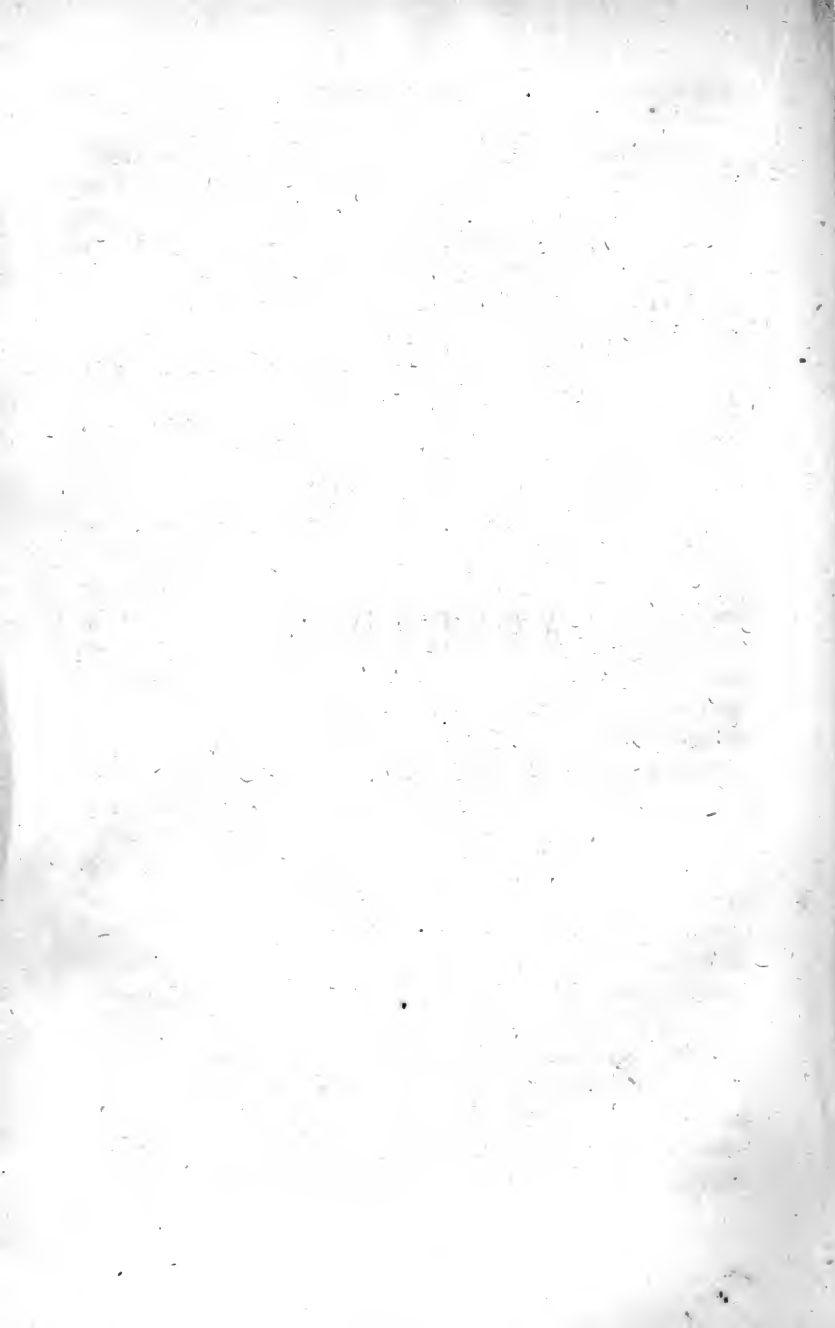
We were on board a new iron steamer, making her first ocean voyage. The fortune of our gentlemanly Captain H——, after

a singularly successful career, had been clouded by the fate of the Great Britain. Some of our friends in Liverpool had grasped our hands and muttered despondingly, as if we were never to meet again. There was something of nervous anxiety in the face of most of the passengers. A mother, in delicate health, who had embarked with her family, looked at the receding land till tears came, and with a heavy sigh she wished she could only escape to the shore.

It was the first and last Sabbath of the voyage. The day was beautiful, and yet lonely. At length the coast of Ireland lay like a blue cloud in the distance. Save a faint ripple, now and then, the sea was calm as a woodland lake. An awning was stretched over the deck, under which mattresses were spread for the sick. All uncovered, and the captain effectively and earnestly read the Episcopal service.

I had listened to that sweetly solemn ritual in many a Gothic pile, raised by human hands, and varied by many a chanted strain, but it had never appealed so to the better feelings, as when its responses were breathed beneath the vaulted sky, and mingled with the murmur of the yielding waters; and with the emotions they inspired we caught a parting glimpse of land, and steered on the pathless sea toward the setting sun.

APPENDIX.



A P P E N D I X .

LECTURE I.

EUROPEAN CHARITIES AND POOR.

Delivered before the Hamilton Literary Association.

It may be proper, in explanation, briefly to say, that the facts about to be embodied, were gathered in the execution of a commission entrusted to me on sailing for Europe some two years since, by the efficient "Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor;" whose officers and members you have so kindly invited to be present this evening. If any thing good should be suggested by this effort it will be from seed they have sown.

I owe them a thousand thanks for having drawn my attention to a subject, that unexpectedly afforded more interest and pleasure in traveling than any single thing besides.

Justice also compels me gratefully to acknowledge the assistance received from their Excellencies, Mr. King, late Minister at Paris; Mr. Bancroft, at London; Mr. Donelson, at Berlin; and the very kind attentions of Mr. Schwartz and the Hon. Mr. Stiles, our excellent representative at Vienna.

I frankly confess, I have not responded to your courteous call without some misgivings.

In this same building you have been accustomed to listen to eloquent natural philosophers, till in fancy you have almost

fathomed the mysteries of chalk and oolite, granite and trap, and settled the claims of fire and water; or, more daringly still, you have essayed to put the compass to the ring of Saturn, dissect the tail of a comet, or lose yourselves among the nebulae.

Sometimes you have been charmed with recitations taken from Shakspeare and our best poets. With celebrated travelers you have, in thought, unrolled a mummy, climbed a pyramid, or bowed to mandarins, and played at chop-sticks. And after all this, will you patiently listen to one of your own quiet citizens, unknown to you as a lecturer, whose subject is the poor, and who has nothing to attract you but plain statistics and simple narrative.

I feel that I have a very difficult task. Yet there are two or three encouraging circumstances. One of these is the cheering presence of those gentler ones, who are ever interested in any thing that relates to the relief of human suffering.

I often think of the boy who, on hearing the quotation,

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God;”

exclaimed: “That’s a lie—my mother is!”

Another consoling fact is the prevalence of a voracious appetite for every kind of information. You are fortunately too hungry to be fastidious. Had you not felt thus you would not, for nearly twenty years, have so well sustained this excellent institution, appropriately named after the illustrious statesman whose portrait overshadows me, and who rose to one of the highest niches in the temple of his country’s glory by a similar ardor.

Popular lectures on every earthly subject, and some things unearthly, are happily becoming almost as common as music by machinery in the streets. Not an inoffensive citizen can dress in black, addict himself to books, and cross the ocean, but on his return, through kind, persuasive friends, he is

in danger of writing a book of travels, or delivering a public lecture.

Yet every day makes the task of gratifying this thirst for something new more difficult. It is hard to shine when the firmament is already full of stars. It is not easy to catch the public ear when it is sated with eloquent sounds. Besides, as we intimated before, our subject, at the first blush, seems unattractive. But we rest upon its importance. It concerns beings of our own flesh and blood, crushed to the earth by poverty, it is true, but bearing the image of their Creator, and capable of being raised again, by kindly means, to fill the highest destiny of man. It leads us to dwell upon such blessed influences in some of the most densely peopled spots of the old world, where misery is rankest. It has to do with a class of sufferers who are gathering around us more thickly every day, and whom so many of the best spirits of our city have lately banded together to redeem.

It is proposed, with little order, but slight analogy, and the arrangement which will convey the most in the least space, to devote this evening to European charities for children.

To begin at the earliest stage, we will commence with what may be termed a *nursing society*.

As you go from Pont Neuf to the Sorbonne, in one of the closest quarters of Paris, near the Rue de la Harpe, you may ascend a flight of stairs and enter a suite of rooms filled with cradles, swings, and toys.

It is one of the establishments for the children of poor, laboring women, termed *crèches*, or cradles. Any mother having four children, and in indigent circumstances, is allowed, without charge, to deposit her infant offspring during the working hours of the day, while she goes out to earn something for their subsistence.

Nurses are hired to attend them, who feed them with milk and suitable diet; the mothers briefly visit them occasionally.

during the day, and at night return to take them to their homes. Sundays and holidays, of course, these curious infant asylums are empty.

Imagine, for a moment, the busy scene. The head-nurse is bustling about in the midst of her extensive family, as anxiously as a hen with too many chickens.

Some are strengthening their limbs by crawling, and others their lungs by crying. A group are gathered, like lambs in a fold, in a sort of circular crib, forming a Juvenile Mutual Amusement Society.

One of the nurses, perhaps, is teaching very young ideas "how to shoot" in natural history, by showing a wooden horse, and another is giving lessons in music on a drum. A few of the older children, who can just walk, are prattling away, and remind you of the simple countryman who wrote to his friends in England, that in France even the little children spoke French.

The cheerful washerwoman that you see pounding away all the day long in one of the arks along the Seine, the rosy-cheeked matron, buried in hyacinths and mignonettes, in the flower market of the *Cité*, or even the poor rag-gatherer that goes drooping along, picking rubbish and bits of paper from the streets, is perhaps fondly dreaming of her charge in a neighboring *crèche*.

In each of the twelve *arrondissements* of Paris is distributed one of these establishments.

Perhaps the most active benevolent agency which befriends these and kindred institutions is the *Société de Charité Maternelle*, latterly under the presidency of the queen; and thus, in the advancing humanity of the age, has been verified the prediction that "queens shall become nursing mothers."

More familiar to you, from the frequent accounts of travelers, and therefore requiring less minute description, is the celebrated Parisian Foundling Hospital, or *Hospice des Enfants Trouvés*,

near the garden of Luxembourg, founded some two centuries since by St. Vincent de Paule. As you approach the entrance, you perceive a little box, like a cradle, set in the wall, and turning on a pivot, by which, in perfect secrecy, a child may be deposited, and the bell just at hand rung to summon the attendant for its release. It was found latterly, however, that this easy method of abandoning those whose helplessness constitutes their strongest claim, gave rise to many abuses. The tone of public morals was lowered; children from the country were brought unfairly to burthen the city; mothers often abandoned their legitimate offspring, and then applied, as nurses, to rear them at the expense of the state; and, finally, the mortality among infants, thus forsaken by their best friends, became fearfully great. The *tours* for secret admission have therefore been partially closed; money and persuasion used to induce parties to retain their children; a certificate from the police required, and other reforms have been latterly introduced. The foundlings who are healthy are immediately given to suitably recommended nurses, who are constantly applying for them, to be reared in the pure air of the country, at the rate of from four to eight francs, or not exceeding about a dollar and a half per month.

At my visit, I was struck with the perfect order that prevailed. Long rows of little ones, neatly wrapped in the French style, lay passive as mummies; and healthy-looking nurses were constantly moving about among the objects of their care.

Every morning a physician comes to distribute those in waiting. The chilled or weakly are gently laid upon an inclined bed, in front of the fire. Great care is taken to preserve mementoes and evidences of their origin, so that they may be claimed at any future time.

Upward of four thousand children per year have been deposited, on an average, during the last fifteen years. Of these, one-fourth die annually. Latterly the yearly expense has con-

siderably exceeded a million of francs. Whenever admission has become more difficult, infanticide has increased in the city.

Designed for older children than the *crèches*, or the Foundling Hospital, are the German *Kinder-bewahr Anstalten*, or Children-Preservation Institutions, common in Austria, Saxony, and Prussia.

You are probably aware that, in many parts of the Continent, females labor much in the open air, and patiently engage in severe toils which nature seems to have designed for the "Lords of Creation."

I remember that this feature particularly struck me in Vienna. Women act as porters, and carry heavy burdens upon a sort of wooden affair upon the back, about the city, at all hours.

When a new brick building is going up, you may sometimes see women attending the masons, as patiently as the lady Israelites assisted their spouses in making bricks for the Egyptians. Of course, the children of these poor laboring women, who happen to be between the nursing and the school age, are motherless during the day, and liable to run wild in the streets. To preserve these little ones, asylums, with play-grounds, have been established in most of the German cities. The inmates are generally from two to five years of age. Some amiable married couple, of moderate literary pretensions, are generally employed to take charge, at a very small salary. The superintendent of one of those in Vienna told me that he and his lady assistant received jointly two hundred florins, or about one hundred dollars.

These establishments somewhat resemble infant schools, only that a great deal more attention is paid to physical exercise. Harmless play is encouraged, and, altogether, their little inmates seem very happy. There is a full assortment of toys and sources of amusement.

A little counting and singing, and a few simple religious

forms, seemed to constitute the main part of their infant exercises, if we except the very important one of developing their limbs. There is no doubt but the Germans are right in attending, at this tender age, more to physical than to intellectual growth, and that these are highly benevolent institutions. It is said that the empress-mother takes great interest in those of Vienna, and frequently sends them presents.

We have not time, in this brief sketch, to enter into details of the *Hôpital des Enfants Malades* of Paris, or the admirable institutions for sick children in London and other cities; but there has been a humane project recently tried in Switzerland, whose novelty merits distinction.

High up the most elevated valleys of the Alps, amid scenes where all else is grand and beautiful, man often degenerates to a pitiful, deformed creature, or a chattering idiot. In the words of Shakspeare, a "hideous wallet of flesh" grows upon the front of the neck, enlarging what is technically termed the thyroid gland, and forming what in Switzerland is called *goitre*; or the head becomes misshapen, the countenance vacant, the limbs stunted, the speech indistinct, and the intellect shattered; and the victim is then termed a *cretin*. In some of the worst localities, such as the Vale of Aosta on the Italian side of Mont Blanc, Sion and Orsières in the Canton of Vallais, almost every family is more or less affected.

I have a vivid recollection of a morning walk in one of the most infected villages of the Canton of Vallais. I inquired the way from the first tottering deformed creature I met in the street, and he replied with a vacant stare and uncouth sounds. Idiot children, in rags, were lying on the ground, basking in the sun, with just instinct enough to stretch out their hands to beg; and the filth of the stricken place was most offensive. These affections have been variously attributed: to the drinking of snow water, the carrying weights on the head, filthy habits, the impregnation of the water, and the like; but the observations

of Sir Astley Cooper and others lead to the belief that they are caused by the impure air generated in very confined valleys. It has been lately discovered that, by sending infected children, very young, to a healthy locality, and subjecting them to suitable treatment, they can often be cured. With this benevolent design, Dr. Guggenbuhl, a Swiss philanthropist, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, has recently founded a hospital for the cure of these affections, in the Canton of Berne. This institution is near the pretty village of Interlachen, and the beautiful lakes Thun and Brientz, in view of the Jungfrau and the most magnificent peaks of Oberland. It is an interesting fact, that the treatment of these affections by Dr. Coindet, of Geneva, a few years since, led to the discovery of the medicinal use of iodine, one of the greatest boons to the afflicted of the present century.

To cross the Alps: there is no city in Europe where there are more beggars, in proportion to its population, and none where there is, probably, a greater amount of charitable relief for them, than Rome. Its hospitals are ill-kept palaces, and its benevolent foundations, of every kind, are immense. The tax for such purposes, on lotteries alone, yields a yearly revenue of \$40,000; and it is customary for the pope to distribute, from his private almonry, nearly as much more. Besides casual voluntary assistance, it is estimated that, from regular sources, not far from a million of dollars is annually expended by the various charities of a city not numbering a hundred and fifty thousand souls. Yet, notwithstanding this liberal provision, there is much apparent want visible. One is often besieged for alms in the streets; and the stranger is forced to believe there is a good deal of mismanagement in the application of these funds.

It is true, there must be swarms of applicants. Italy, with a few bright exceptions, appears to the traveler like a poverty-stricken land—blighted, and yet beautiful even in her ruin.

Among the thousands who annually visit her ancient capital from the provinces, many, doubtless, come for bread. The crowds of rich foreigners who yearly flock there, like birds of passage, attract them by the alms they scatter with a lavish hand. In fact, Rome is a sort of terrestrial paradise for beggars. A mild climate renders much clothing unnecessary. They lodge as cheaply as the bats, amid the ruins of marble baths and desolate palaces, and dine on roasted chestnuts, in the square of the Pantheon. The devout, without charge, may listen to the organ of St. John in Lateran, mount the Holy Stairs, or worship at the Apostle's Tomb, where the lights are ever burning in St. Peter's; and on great occasions, from its imposing front, the pope kindly bestows upon them a general blessing. The mischievous join in the fun in the Corso, during the carnival, as lustily as gentlemen in disguise.

Decidedly the most interesting charity in Rome is the extensive establishment of San Michele, on the right bank of the Tiber. It contains an asylum for old people, and a house of correction for females and juvenile offenders. But by far the most extensive and attractive portion is the house of industry, devoted to the purpose of teaching poor children, male and female, some trade or employment by which they may earn a livelihood.

Except in the absence of bars and cells, and the presence of general cheerfulness, the first aspect of a place where blacksmithing, carpentering, hat, and shoe-making, spinning, weaving, embroidery, and all the more ordinary domestic pursuits were going on, reminded me for a moment of the busy appearance of one of our own state prisons. They were toiling away as merrily as bees.

The principal manufacture is that of cloth for the Papal troops. The girls are also much employed in making military ornaments. Journeymen from the trades' establishments in the city are procured to teach the boys. Those learning trades

receive a trifling allowance for their work, varying with its excellence; and on completing the course, each apprentice receives, on leaving, thirty dollars. The girls are permitted to remain, if they wish, in another department, where they get regular employment; and a few generally enter the nunneries.

There is a school of arts connected with the establishment, where the more promising of the boys have lessons in sculpture and design. Some of their performances are really wonderful. All the children receive instruction in the common branches of education, to which are added French and music. There are no qualifications necessary to obtain the advantages of this excellent institution but poverty, and birth within the Roman States. The proceeds from the sales of the articles manufactured are insufficient entirely to maintain the concern, and it receives a certain amount of support from the State.

In no Italian city, perhaps, is there the appearance of so much industry, comfort, and good order among the lower classes as Florence. In contrast with every other place in the country, you are astonished to find yourself free from the importunities of the needy. Street-begging is prohibited; liberal public provision is made for the poor; and any one found asking alms, is sent, in charge of the police, to earn his living at Monte Domini.

This excellent establishment, like the Hospice of St. Michele at Rome, contains a highly interesting industrial department, where a large number of poor children, of both sexes, are educated, and taught mechanical and other pursuits. It was similar to that at Rome, only that it was better conducted. Less attention was paid to the fine arts, and much more to practical pursuits. Some of the iron fabrics were very beautiful. In proof of their cheerful enjoyment, I remember that on entering the cabinet-shop, some fifty or sixty apprentice boys were spontaneously singing in chorus at their work, and the good-natured attendant, something to my regret, arrested

their boisterous music. Every thing about it bore the aspect of extreme neatness, and altogether it was one of the best kept public institutions I ever visited. The children struck me as remarkably healthy looking. Beautiful marble baths were erected in one part of the premises; and the ceremony of initiation consisted in a good cleansing.

The head matron of the girls' department happened to be a lively, kind-hearted French lady. She was quite enthusiastic, and with pardonable pride boasted of the superior education of her young ladies, declaring they had regularly taken their degrees in housewifery. It appeared that they were systematically trained for domestic life; and that, occupying themselves in each branch long enough to acquire it well before commencing the next higher, they learned in rotation knitting, sewing, spinning, weaving, and quite a circle of household pursuits. Struck with their accomplishments, I ventured very naturally to ask the communicative matron the bachelor question whether they made good wives. I found her a perfect matchmaker. She stated that four or five marriages had recently taken place, and entertained me with quite a romantic account of the last. Amused with her description, and recollecting that marriage in Italy was generally a cool matter of convenience, arranged by the parents, with little previous acquaintance between the principal parties, further than a bare sight of each other, I inquired of her the way in which these poor-house affairs of the heart were commonly managed. She said that her young ladies went frequently under the charge of some one to take the air, and if any gentleman in the street saw one of the flock whose appearance he admired, he was satisfied with this rank-and file courtship, and as she did not commonly object to changing her condition; he popped the question, not to the fair, but the poor-officers, and, if accepted, they were forthwith married.

There was a magazine attached to the establishment, well stored with its manufactures, and the prices ranged a trifle lower

than elsewhere. The proceeds, though greatly assisting, were insufficient to support the concern, and the deficiency was made up by a very light tax on lotteries and salt.

There are strong objections to taking children from the kindly influences of home and its loved ones, and lodging them in large numbers within extensive edifices. Whether in the wigwam of the Indian, the tent of the Arab, or the city mansion, it is evident that nature has intended that the human species should be reared in families. Let us fly, then, from the south to the north, to inspect a labor system of instruction for poor children which is free, at least, from this defect.

In October, 1841, an industrial school for the poor—the first, it is believed, of the kind, in Scotland, if not in Great Britain, was established at Aberdeen. At this time it was ascertained that there were nearly three hundred children in the city subsisting partly by begging and partly by theft. They were the ragged, unwashed, haggard little creatures that you see lurking about the docks, close alleys, and dark passages of most European cities. This is not mentioned as a reflection upon any country, for with the blessings enjoyed in densely populated places, are ever mingled the ills of poverty and vice, and our own cities would soon present the same spectacle were not labor abundant, food cheap, and a boundless, fertile country in the rear. The facts which we mention, too, may make some prejudiced minds more charitable in judging of the social difficulties of other countries. Especially in England and Holland, millions are expended annually upon the poor. But while all the benevolent instrumentalities noticed on the present occasion reflect credit upon the various nations where they exist, the extent of the provision for its cure but helps to convince us of the fearful character of the disease. Some of the scenes of squalid poverty among the densely crowded cities of Europe are really startling. For fear of exaggeration let us borrow, as an example, a Scottish minister's description of the occupants of the Grass Market, Edinburgh :

“On one side of this square, in two-thirds of the shops (for we have counted them) are spirits sold. The sheep are near the slaughter-house—the victims are in the neighborhood of the altars. The mouth of almost every close is filled with loungers, worse than Neapolitan lazzaroni—bloated and brutal figures, ragged and wretched old men, bold and fierce-looking women, and many a half-clad mother shivering in cold winter, her naked feet on the pavement, and a skeleton infant in her arms. On a summer day, when in the blessed sunshine and warm air, misery itself will sing; dashing in and out of these closes, careering over the open ground, engaged in their rude games, arrayed in flying drapery, here a leg out and there an arm, are crowds of children: their thin faces tell how illy they are fed; their fearful oaths tell how illy they are reared; and yet the merry laugh and hearty shout and screams of delight, as some unfortunate urchin at leap-frog measures his length upon the ground, also tell that God made childhood to be happy, and that in the buoyancy of youth even misery will forget itself.

“We get hold of one of these boys. Poor fellow! it is a bitter day. He has neither shoes nor stockings; his naked feet are red, cracked, ulcerated with cold; a thin, thread-worn jacket, with its gaping rents, is all that protects his breast; beneath his shaggy bush of hair he shows a face sharp with want, yet sharp also with intelligence beyond his years. That poor little fellow has learned already to be self-supporting. He has studied the arts—he is master of imposture, lying, begging, stealing; and small blame to him, but much to those who have neglected him, he had otherwise pined and perished. So soon as you have satisfied him you are not connected with the police, you ask him, ‘Where is your father?’ Now hear his story—and there are hundreds could tell a similar tale. ‘Where is your father?’ ‘He is dead, sir.’ ‘Where is your mother?’ ‘Dead, too.’ ‘Where do you stay?’ ‘Sister and I and my little brother live with granny.’ ‘What is she?’ ‘She is a

widow woman.' 'What does she do?' 'Sells sticks, sir.' 'And can she keep you all?' 'No.' 'Then how do you live?' 'Go about and get bits of meat, sell matches, and sometimes get a trifle from the carriers for running an errand.' 'Do you go to school?' 'No, never was at school; attended sometimes a Sabbath-school, but have not been there for a long time.' 'Do you go to church?' 'Never was in a church.' 'Do you know who made you?' 'Yes, God made me.' 'Do you say your prayers?' 'Yes, mother taught me a prayer before she died, and I say it to granny afore I lie down.' 'Have you a bed?' 'Some straw, sir.'

* * * * *

"Such children can not pay for an education, nor avail themselves of a *gratis* one, though offered. That little fellow must beg and steal, or he starves. With a number like himself, he goes as regularly to that work of a morning as the merchant to his shop, or the tradesman to his place of labor. They are turned out—driven out sometimes—to get their meat, like sheep to the hills, or cattle to the fields; and if they bring not home a certain supply, a drunken father and a brutal beating await them."

Well, it was to rescue such abandoned young creatures that, as we said before, a few benevolent spirits determined to try the experiment of an industrial school in Aberdeen. It held out to them the offer of food, education, and employment. The children breakfasted and supped on porridge and milk, and dined on bread or potatoes and animal broth; received instruction four hours, and labored at suitable work, for the benefit of the concern, five hours. To the ordinary branches of instruction were added religious teaching, the exercises of a Sabbath-school, and singing. Regular food proved a powerful magnet to these hungry children. They received the advantages of steady employment, and education with it; and returned home to sleep every night, carrying with them the good influences

received, as lessons to their depraved friends. The cost averaged about six pounds sterling each annually. By laboring five hours per day at net-making, and other occupations suitable for young children, they were able to earn on the average, the last year reported, £1. 10s. 1d., or about one-fourth of their expenses. The rest was supplied by voluntary contributions. Food was furnished by the House of Refuge at 2½d. (about 4½ cents), per day.

The experiment was delightfully successful. In a short time a girls' industrial school was established, and two others like the first were planted in other parts of the town. Hardly a juvenile beggar at last was to be found. Emaciated and filthy little ones grew plump, cleanly, and orderly, indicating a most pleasing physical and moral reformation. In Dundee, Edinburgh, Birmingham, and London, these efforts excited attention, and kindred institutions, variously modified by circumstances, were established for the benefit of the same class.

And this brings us to notice the ragged schools of London. Fearful as was the picture drawn of juvenile depravity in Edinburgh, it scarcely reaches in fullness the living one of this world-city. Multitudes of the young "Christian heathen" of this vast metropolis never enter a school or church. The report of one of the benevolent societies estimates their number at one hundred thousand. Unloved, uncared-for, and familiar with hunger, nakedness, blows; and pavement-beds, they wander about, the growing Ishmaelites of the city. Their own wants are not always their only masters. Sometimes they are driven forth to maintain in idleness and dissipation their unnatural parents.

Watch closely, and you may see them, with pale, sharpened faces, selling matches, and slyly begging, among the merchant palaces of the west end; or peeping wistfully at the gin-shops in St. Giles's; scampering suspiciously, with something under

the arm, down the half-concealed alleys leading from Holborn and the Strand; or fingering the filth for lost jewelry or money; and bending over the gutters in the by-places of the Borough and Lambeth.

With ragged coats to the heels, trowsers, perhaps, to the knees, and shirts invisible, they sometimes scamper about their favorite haunts, sporting even in their misery, and yelling like young imps. That little wiry fellow, with fingers that can almost pick a lock, and a body that can find its way through a pane of glass, perhaps knows how to manage a dark lantern, and is apprentice to a house-breaker. His brother pursues you with combs (which he never uses) and trifles in the street, and in hard times "finds," or, as you would say, *steals*, pocket-handkerchiefs. His little skeleton sister, with such a sweet, plaintive voice, sometimes sells fruit, and sometimes begs. Hunger is strangely inventive. When the tide is out, you may see troops of these young creatures, made desperate by want, busy as beavers, searching the mud along the margin of the Thames for corks and other plunder.

Some five or six years since a few choice, self-denying spirits connected principally with the London City Mission, determined on making a strong effort to save these outcast children. They sought out their worst haunts, hired cheap school-rooms, selected hours in the evening, and other times likely to suit them, and in tones of kindness entirely new to them, offered to educate them for this and another world; and that the vilest might not be ashamed to come, they called them *Ragged Schools*.

The opening of one of these was often a curious scene, and sometimes not free from danger. These young "Arabs of the city" were at first ungovernable as wild horses. Sometimes for a freak, they brought powder, and fired it off, filling the place with smoke; made a rush, and blew out the lights; pelted one another with missiles and dirt; or drummed at the

windows and doors, till all was confusion. But perseverance and kindness conquered. As in Aberdeen, the result was delightful.

In 1844 the London Ragged School Union was formed to encourage these efforts, and Lord Ashley, the celebrated advocate of the Ten Hours' Bill for the relief of the factory children, became one of its chief patrons.

By the Report for 1847, it appears that besides private donations, in a single year from this source alone, were raised upwards of three thousand dollars; and the Society assisted forty-four ragged schools in different parts of London, numbering nearly five thousand children. These were taught by some four hundred and fifty teachers, of whom three-fourths were voluntary and unpaid. The devotion and sacrifices of these teachers were indeed extraordinary.

Many a refined lady, many a gifted youth, accustomed to the elegancies of life, with no recompense but their feelings, have not been ashamed to toil month after month amid the filth and vermin of these ragged scholars.

I shall never forget a visit, in company with an excellent New York friend, to a ragged school in the wretched neighborhood of Jurston-street, London.

One of the superintendents having strongly excited our curiosity in reference to a letter received from one of the pupils, I called, by invitation, on the teacher to whom it was addressed, for a copy of the touching and beautiful epistle I hold in my hand. The possessor was a retiring female in the common walks of life, and obliged to toil the whole weary week; while her pale, thin face and slight, stooping figure, showed signs of feeble health.

Yet, without the least pecuniary reward, she had regularly taken her accustomed long walk several times a week for half a dozen years to labor in an offensive Ragged School.

She remarked, as she handed me the letter, that the writer

was a reckless Irish girl, and one of the most troublesome scholars she had ever known.

With evident emotion her eye rested upon the piece of paper, as if it had been a treasure; and, as she told her story, there glistened in it a tear of deep, quiet joy. It was her triumph over fruit unexpectedly springing from seed painfully sown.

I have never read such a thrilling tale set forth in such child-like eloquence, as is contained in this letter. I regret that its length and the lateness of the hour, will not allow me to gratify some of our more serious friends with its perusal.*

* * * * *

* Instead of the meagre description of the contents given in a couple of sentences erased from the lecture, I prefer giving the more interesting original in this note. The only alterations are in the punctuation and capitals:—

“MY DEAR TEACHER:—It is five years since you met me in Glo’ster Street, and invited me to go with you to Jurston-street Sunday Evening School. At the first I was not willing to go, but you would not go without me. You said, ‘Come for once!’ and so I went with you. You may remember what a monster I was—caring for nothing. Sure you must have wondered what could induce me to come so regular. I do not know myself, unless it was to disturb the school; for as soon as I came into the class there could be no more order. In vain did you beg of me to attend to the instruction; my heart was as hard as a stone, and as cold as ice. Yet nothing could have kept me from coming. Sometimes I have been afraid to look if you were there; for some of the girls used to say if I did go on, they were sure you would not come again. But, blessed be God! you were always there, so that I never had any other teacher. During the two years that I was in the school, no change whatever took place in my character. My conduct was shameful. I do not know how you could have borne with me with so much patience.

“At the end of two years my parents were obliged to return to Ireland. Oh, my dear friend! never shall I forget the night when I told you I was not coming again. How affectionately you talked to me! If I had been one of the most attentive scholars in your class you could not have been more kind to me. You marked some chapters in my Bible, and begged of me to read them when I could not come to school; and when you bade me

There are many other juvenile institutions in London we might notice, did time permit. Should any of our friends present contemplate a visit to the British capital, who are in-

farewell, it was the first time in my life that I felt any real sorrow for past sin. I thought I would give all the world if I might stop one month longer with you. In the course of the week we left London. I could get no rest day nor night. I could think of no one else but you. One day I thought I would make away with myself. Hell appeared open to receive me! Just as I was going to take some poison that I had prepared, I thought I heard you call me, and say—'Where is your Bible?' I laid down the poison and got my Bible, and the first place that I opened where you marked, was John iii. 16: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"Although I had so often heard that passage before, it now appeared as if it were the first time. I turned to some other place that was marked, and saw before me: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' This appeared to be just my case. I kneeled down and prayed to God for the first time in my life. I was much comforted. I threw the poison away; and from that time I found mercy, and was able to call God Abba, Father. I suffered much persecution from my friends, but, blessed be God! he helped me through it. I knew what a sinner I had been, and therefore could pity and pray for them. I once nearly lost my Bible. The priest, having learned that I had one, came and demanded it. I said I would part with my life first. He said it would be worse for me, if I did not give it to him. One night when all were safe in bed, I got up, went down into the yard, dug a hole: after committing my best companion to the Lord, I laid it in the grave and covered it up that no one could find it. For three weeks I went every night for two hours to read it, being the only time I dared to look at it. At length I heard that a lady wanted a servant. I went to see her. She told me I might come as soon as I liked. I got my Bible and went at once. She was a member of a Christian Church. This was a mercy indeed for me. Three months after I became a member of the church to which she belonged. I am still in the same place, and a good place it is. I must also tell you that my father and mother have joined the same chapel nine months ago. Their home that used to be like a little hell, is now like heaven. It would do you good to see my father surrounded with fifty or sixty poor men and women, holding a prayer meeting on Sunday evening. Some coming five or six

terested in these things, I would strongly advise them to attend service some Sabbath morning in the chapel of the Orphan Asylum, in Guilford-street. The impressive cathedral service of the English Church is chanted, and Dr. Croly, or some leading popular minister, generally preaches. I think I never heard such angelic singing from children.

Orphan asylums are favorite charities all over Europe.

The largest, probably, in the world, and the last institution we shall notice this evening, is the Orphan House at Halle, in Prussia. It was founded, a century and a half since, by the celebrated German philanthropist, AUGUSTUS HERMAN FRANCKE. I never visited a place of the kind that appeared so interesting. I was courteously shown over the whole establishment, and it then contained, orphans and pupils included, some three thousand children. The buildings were on a very large scale, occupying both sides of a street, for some distance. Besides the departments for the orphans, widows, teachers, poor students, and the grades of Prussian schools up to the gymnasium, there belonged to it a Bible house, book store, dispensary, hospital, museum, library, and farm.

Every thing was regulated like clock-work. The children miles, never forgetting to pour out their prayers on Jurston-street School. A few days ago a friend said to my father, 'You will never forget that school.' 'Forget—oh, no, never! till my God forgets to be gracious.'

"Please give this two shillings and sixpence to the Bible Society, as a small but sincere token of my love to my Bible, which is dear to me as my life is. Pray remember me with many thanks to Mr. Clark and Mr. Williams, and all the friends of the Jurston-street School. You will wonder how I should know how to send to you. My brother has been living in London till a few weeks since. I begged of him to go to the school and find you out. He went, watched you home, and then took the direction down, and brought it with him; and I determined to write as soon as I had an opportunity. Mrs. — has gone to London on her way to America; she will tell you any thing about me that you wish to know: she is a friend of my mistress. Now, my beloved friend, I must bid you farewell. God bless you for ever and ever, is the prayer of,
Yours, sincerely."

were cheerfully exercising in the different branches, and the singing of some of the classes exhibited a precision and cultivation that made their music very delightful.

On a rise of ground, at the end of the street, and overlooking the whole, is a fine, expressive statue of Francke, erected by grateful posterity, more than a century after his death.

The history of this institution is so extraordinary, and furnishes such an instructive example of what simple goodness, under the most discouraging difficulties, may sometimes accomplish, that we shall dwell upon it a little, for the sake of its admirable lesson.

Francke was a popular minister of the Pietists, or German evangelical party, of the seventeenth century. After wandering from place to place, the victim of change and persecution, he was at last rewarded with the appointment to a professorship in the University of Halle, and a pastoral charge in the suburb of Glauca. Entering upon his ministerial duties with great earnestness and success, his attention was early directed to the deplorable state of the surrounding poor. His labors were prodigious. It was customary in Halle for the needy to visit the houses of the citizens, for special assistance, every Thursday. At this time it was a habit with Francke to assemble a roomful of beggars, and, after kindly feeding them, to exhort and instruct the adults, and catechise the children. He found them deplorably ignorant, and their condition, in the words of his biographer, "went to his heart." To benefit them, he had successively established, with suitable inscriptions, three poor-boxes in different places. After these had been in operation a few months, a person dropped into one of them four Prussian dollars, a sum amounting to about three dollars of our money. It proved the seed that yielded a mighty harvest. Francke was delighted, and, even with so small a beginning, the idea of something permanent flashed upon his mind. "Without conferring," says he, "with flesh and blood, and acting under the

impulse of faith, I made arrangements for the purchase of books to the amount of two dollars, and engaged a poor student to instruct the poor children for a couple of hours daily, promising to give him six groschen (about fourteen cents) weekly, for so doing, in the hope that God would, meanwhile, grant more." Nor was the good pastor disappointed. He appropriated the antechamber to his own study as the place of his charity-school, and commenced operations about Easter, 1695. Some of the townspeople sent their children, and paid a trifle weekly, to aid the gratuitous instruction of the charity-scholars. Encouraged by the success of his first undertaking, Francke was induced, shortly after, to commence what was afterward the Royal School, for more advanced pupils. His funds seemed to increase like the widow's oil; and the more he poured out the more came. About this time a person of rank offered him a donation of five hundred dollars, to assist poor students.

A few cents weekly were at first distributed to them, but in keeping with the habits of the social Germans, Francke afterward selected some twenty-four of the most needy, and appropriated the money to giving them a plain dinner. To make one thing help another, he chose his charity-teachers from these students, and thus originated his teachers' seminary. Finding it impossible properly to care for his poor children out of school, the thought struck him one day of providing a place for keeping some of them as in a family, and on mentioning it, a friend funded a sum for the purpose, the annual interest of which amounted to twenty-five dollars. Four fatherless and motherless children were brought to him just at the moment, and he ventured to receive them. It was the commencement of the most magnificent orphan asylum in the world. Yet the funds already provided were insufficient to maintain a single child for a year. In the words of its pious founder, "the orphan house was by no means commenced or founded upon any certain sum in hand, or on the assurances of persons of rank to take upon themselves

the cost and charges, but solely and simply in reliance on the living God in heaven." Contributions, however, came gradually in; apartment after apartment was added, till at last the site of a neighboring inn was purchased, and, without money to buy even the first materials, and trusting alone in Providence, the good man laid the corner-stone of a very large edifice. It is deeply interesting to follow the simple narrative of his German biographer. The neighbors sneered, and one man offered to be hanged on the building when it should be finished.

Yet year after year, as if by magic, the vast edifice steadily progressed. At the commencement and end of every week the faithful minister assembled the workmen for prayer. Often he was reduced to the greatest straits for supplies, and once he could with difficulty purchase a couple of candles. His orphans sometimes ate their last loaf, and his workmen murmured for their wages. At these times, we are told, the good man invariably retired to his closet, to use his own words, "with a certainty of being heard by Him who hears the cry of the young ravens." In the moment of darkest despair help always came. The post brought bills of exchange from some distant stranger whom he had never seen, an unknown hand sent a well-filled purse, or a messenger came, perhaps, bearing the bequest of some departed friend.

Twice his enemies, envious of his fame, raised the hue and cry of persecution, and misrepresented him and his project to the government, and commissions of investigation were appointed, which resulted in his triumphant vindication. The storms that shook other men but rooted him more deeply. Opposition but spread the fame of his novel enterprise more and more, and contributions at length poured in from the rich and poor.

The King of Prussia gave two thousand dollars, and a hundred thousand bricks; a German prince dying, bequeathed the orphan house five hundred ducats; and a physician in America sent a handsome donation in a time of the greatest need. An

apothecary at Leipsic gave the medicines; the common hangman became a contributor, and a chimney-sweep bound himself to sweep the orphan house gratuitously as long as he lived.

Thirty-four years from the time the four dollars were dropped in Francke's poor-box, there was a touching scene. The venerable, dying minister was come to bid a last adieu to his orphans. His attendants, at his desire, conveyed him in an easy carriage into the yard of the orphan house. What a change was there since he first saw the spot! Where the inn stood, in the miserable suburb, thirty-five years before, were then noble edifices, consecrated to benevolence, where gathered daily more than two thousand children. How sweet must have seemed the music of those young voices. He had built a monument as a boon to posterity, prouder than the Pyramids. His dimmed eye rekindled with animation at beholding the blessed consummation of the darling purpose of a life. The expiring lamp flickered brightly once more. Again and again the life-blood quickened in the heart of the dying patriarch, till it thrilled like that of a hero falling in the moment of victory. Overcome with his emotions, feeble as he was, we are told he lingered, reclining in his carriage, a whole hour, with a faltering voice pouring out thanks to Heaven, and fervent prayers for his orphan children. Then, as if his work was finished, he returned home to die.

Thousands wept over his remains as over those of a near relative, and a whole city mourned his loss. Many generations have since passed, but his example remains as one of the illustrious good; the orphans of Halle still keep his birthday, and thousands of helpless and lonely little ones have since lived to bless the name of HERMAN FRANCKE.

I should have hesitated longer in making this feeble effort, but for the hope of stimulating new purposes of beneficence, and of accomplishing some practical good. I thank you a thousand times for listening so kindly. To me there is a sacredness about

the whole subject. Forgive the intensity of feeling which, in frankness, seeks to be relieved in a few parting words of appeal. Are there any of us willing to devote ourselves anew to the service of the young? Every where around us are pleasing instrumentalities to woo our affection. Go into the streets on a lovely Sabbath morning, or enter any of our spacious temples, and you will see hundreds of little ones, with glad faces, led gently, as lambs, to these Christians folds, by hundreds and thousands of teachers who have left the happy domestic circle, or come, wearied with the weekly labor of the counting-house or the workshop, to make the Sabbath a day of religious toil instead of rest.

On a little eminence in the outskirts of our city stands an excellent orphan asylum, sustained, as I am told, with difficulty, from year to year, by the voluntary gifts obtained principally by a few active and generous ladies. In this noble pile, too, are maintained a free Youth's Library, and gratuitous lectures and instruction in various useful branches. With our money or our services we may aid one or all of these delightful institutions; or, perhaps, we may assist in transplanting to our own soil some of the European forms of benevolence, purposely presented for your choice this evening.

Shining examples are not wanting to cheer us, of Franckes in an humbler sphere, even amid the mercenary strife of our Atlantic cities.

Some who have been present at the exhibitions of paintings in this building, may recollect a sweet, kind face, the portrait of a patriarch, with a ruddy cheek and placid smile. They of middle age have doubtless often recognized it as the endeared image of one who came in early years to bless them. He was a childless old man, who went about doing good, beloved and revered as the friend of children. When our city was but a village, he led the way for years to the first Sabbath school; he aided in establishing the Savings' Bank, and he lived to be

enrolled as one of the founders of the institution from which finally arose the Brooklyn Institute. Every body loved him, and throngs wept over his bier as over that of a common father. Years after they missed him at the children's gathering, and answered his smile and hung upon his pleasant voice no more, as it passed from one to another, even the stranger who came, learned reverently to pronounce the name of ROBERT SNOW.

I pity the human being who can not love a child. It is an instinct implanted for blessed purposes. In this stormy world we must cling to *something*. We read of prisoners cruelly kept in some Bastille, till, in the loneliness of the dungeon, the heart has so yearned for companionship, that they have caressed, as bosom friends, the loathsome rat and crawling spider.

Sometimes, when oppressed by bereavement or disappointment, as we open the lattice, we may be briefly charmed by the caged songster that flutters a recognition, or the heart-ache may be lulled for a while, as we nurse some drooping bud, till petal after petal is unfolded, and it blushes a queenly flower. These are *not* sad, and they contrast soothingly with the unquiet breast. But they compare not with a cherub child. It has opening thoughts, beautiful as dawn, and it humanly loves. There is music in its infant speech more eloquent than the one, and in its well-turned limbs, wavy curls, glowing cheek, and speaking eye, more of captivating grace than the other.

It is only when through the medium of the heart we have intimately known, that we can appreciate such a creature. Before it is tainted with our full-grown, selfish nature, it returns our affection, as the gushing fountain gives back the cup that is poured in it, a hundred fold. In its guileless love there is none of the hollow mockery of deception. When you would hide from the false world, let it answer your sighs with smiles, and laughingly nestle its head upon your anxious breast; let its velvet hand caress your care-worn brow, and its joyous prattle recall the bright dreams of your own childhood; let it twine

round you in sadness, like a creeping flower; let its face beam confidently upon yours, till it seems as the likeness of Innocence fresh from the sculptor, and as though the curse of Eden lingered ere it fell there; let you gaze upon that sinless child as chosen by inspiration itself as the type of the pure spirits above—and then you may begin fully to realize that the training of such a being for a happier destiny is an effort worthy of your highest energies. It is just in the stage of formation. It may now be easily molded into an image of deformity or beauty. You may be reminded by the politician that upon early influences may possibly very much depend the question whether it shall be a future Catiline or Washington—a Robespierre or Howard. But the eloquent voice of one from the sacred desk may reveal more. He may tell you that child, so impressible and so lovely, is a young immortal—that fair form is but the earthly casket of a gem that you may help to purify for a higher sphere where it may shine forever.

Yet creatures like these are every day sinking in the abodes of misery around us, as pearls in the mire. Poverty is tempting their lips to lie, and their hands to steal. How would we feel were the bright-faced ones to whom we cling so fondly, suddenly doomed to be taught by hunger and cold to sin!

There is a society in Paris, each member of which adopts some young criminal from the House of Correction, leads him back to virtue, and becomes his guardian angel for life. Let us go and do likewise. Let us make some erring child the inheritor of all that we have of goodness. We shall then not die at our deaths, but live in another generation.

We plant young trees by our future homes in a neighboring cemetery; and, as bending already, perchance to shed dew-drops over the remains of loved ones departed, we watch their growth, from year to year, with fond interest.

But in half a century the elements may blast them, the storms lay them low, and our names may be forgotten. What

if we should go into the lanes and alleys, and rear *human* weepers, who, after the snows of many winters shall have swept over our graves, will be the wiser and better for us, and bring there the offering of tears! The very act will make us happier ever after.

A lady, residing not far from this, a few years since, rescued from the street a poor fatherless and motherless girl of thirteen, helplessly ill of disease of the heart, and with no claims but those of a houseless stranger, and nursed her for weeks, as if she had been her own child. I happened to be the medical attendant, and it was thus I correctly learned the story.

One morning, before dawn, as the little sufferer, unable to lie down, sat half reclined in an arm-chair, she attempted, in a brief intermission of pain, to sing a stanza of a beautiful infant hymn. At the end of the first couplet, the fountain of life gave way, and she suddenly drooped her head upon her breast, and died.

Was she not richer for life who taught that lone child the song that soothed a bursting heart, and told her of a land where she should be orphan no more!

If, then, we would create a well-spring of happiness in our own breasts—if we would write our names on the hearts of a future generation—if we would bestow that which may be a blessing forever, let us be devoted friends of the young.

LECTURE II.

EUROPEAN CHARITIES AND POOR.

THIS evening will be devoted mainly to foreign benevolent institutions for adults.

If, in treating of children, in the former lecture, I may, according to the tastes of some, have given the best first, instead of last, it can not be helped. It is the order of nature.

Your speaker labors under the disadvantage, too, of not having the same warm sympathies enlisted in the present subject. Sheep were never so interesting to him as lambs, nor grown people as the little wingless angels that many of you keep as ornaments to your firesides; excepting, of course, those best friends of all mankind—the ladies.

Perhaps some among you may have thought it strange that a grave disciple of Esculapius, for years so quiet, and, apparently, dreaming of nothing but fever, inflammation, and

“Calces o’ fossils, earth, and trees,”

should, all at once, become talkative. The riddle shall be solved in our parting words to-night. He has a darling purpose to reveal, which he has been cherishing for nearly two years. You may, perhaps, excuse the prosy middle, if the end of the story is substantially good.

The materials from which has been condensed the matter for this evening’s lecture might easily be made to fill a volume; and, from absolute want of room, I shall be obliged to leave out much of the little romance of a lecture—the ornamental sentences and imagery, that constitute the flowers with which you

are wont to have such feasts garnished. The entertainment, as a whole, may be something like a German dinner, in which pastry and spiced dishes are followed by plain roast-beef.

Besides, there are some before me, with projecting brows and thoughtful faces, whom I very much respect, and upon whom there will presently be designs. The more imaginative friends will, then, forgive me, if on the present occasion I adopt something of the plain, argumentative style likely to convince such cautious, discriminating neighbors. These are, after all, the people who are apt to accomplish the most practical good in the world. They are the sober men of business who value common sense more than any other sense. They possess a peculiarity, attributed to that interesting variety of the species with a large brain and an iron will, termed a Scotchman: the only way of getting at their hearts is through their heads. Dry as these may be to the less patient and industrious, they say—"Give us your facts and figures." You must always present them with the arithmetic of your benevolence.

A plain, clear statement pleases them more than all the rhetorical flourishes in the world; and they had rather have from a speaker the modest, but useful light of a student's lamp, than the most brilliant display of sky-rockets, fiery serpents, revolvers, stars, and suns possible.

But, as they would say, to proceed to business: Fancy yourselves transported over sea and land to a fairy shore. It is twilight. The sun has just set beyond the hills of Baiæ and the Elysian fields of ancient song, and seemed to melt into the calm, blue Mediterranean. You look upward, and fringed with the warmer tints of the south, there is spread over you the sky of Italy—so pure and ethereal, that as you gaze upon it, you can almost dream it to be like that of the land where night and clouds are not. Gently the south wind fans your brow from off the most lovely expanse of waters in this beautiful world. Eastward is a mountain light-house crowned with

lurid fire and smoke, and encircled at its base with terraced vineyards, covering buried cities of old renown. And westward recede romantic hills; while that glorious bay, so sweetly embosomed between, is encircled with the white walled dwellings of a crescent city.

In the distance, toward the sea, rise fairy islands, like emeralds in molten silver. Presently the sweet chime of the vesper-bell from some half-concealed convent, comes over the calm waters. In a moment the little sails flutter idly, the oars of the fisherman droop, and from hundreds of lips escapes the response of *Ave Maria*. You fairly revel in the glories of the scene, till it seems like a remnant of the Eden-world.

In this ecstasy, perhaps, you suddenly cast your eyes along the shore, in the dusk, and discover groups of dark, gipsy-looking creatures, chattering like magpies, with gestures like monkeys, and you fancy that suspicious characters have broken into your paradise. Contrary, however, to your notions of real imps, there are females among them, and they appear dreadfully lazy. One is sitting, perhaps, in the kangaroo style; his neighbor is wooing the gentle sea-breeze, leaning upon his elbow; and a third is studying astronomy with his back upon the sand. They appear to be Socialists, for the little fire you see cooking their supper upon the shore, seems to belong to quite a community.

Presently they help themselves, in the Turkish style, with Nature's forks. Their frugal fare consists probably of shell-fish and maccaroni—which, as you know, is in strings like whipcord; and they deem it an accomplishment to be able to absorb it in very long pieces.

The droll antics of these children of Nature, in swallowing maccaroni, remind you of the efforts of ducks, with very broad bills, to dispose of long spires of grass. You get right among them, and (look out for your pocket-handkerchief!) you are greatly amused with their expressive pantomime and noisy

glee, and probably think them the happiest beggars you have ever seen.

The double harvests of the neighboring vast plain—the ancient *Campania Felix*—give them food, for a song; though shabby as Falstaff's soldiers, they are free from care; the sea-shore is a roomy bed; from the knee downward they rejoice in a pair of Esau's stockings; and in a warm climate rags favor ventilation.

You have been in the eastern suburb of Naples, among its far-famed lazzaroni. They consist, latterly, of the half-employed porters, scavengers, rag-gatherers, fish-venders, and all the vilest refuse of the population; the indolent, houseless rabble of this southern city, whose habits of basking in the sun, reveling in the open air, and love of buffoonery, have from time immemorial given them a distinctive character and name. Sometimes they have numbered as high as thirty or forty thousand. Ordinarily they are peaceable, but experience has proved that when excited they may become formidable. It is said to be a maxim with the Neapolitan government, that three things are necessary to keep the lazzaroni in order—food, shows, and gibbets. They briefly but very valiantly opposed the revolutionary French, till the invaders adroitly managed to conciliate their patron, St. Januarius; his blood miraculously liquified at the proper time, as usual, and the superstitious mob cried he was turned republican.

When Murat became king of Naples, he wisely attempted to reduce their number by drafting them as soldiers. His successors, to the present time, have also adopted various measures for the same purpose, with such success, that the condition of this singular race is decidedly improved. They are much less numerous than formerly, and there is hope that some one may yet live to see the last of the lazzaroni. One of the chief instrumentalities, for effecting these changes, has been the magnificent, "*Albergo di Poveri*," or Hotel of the Poor. It was

founded nearly a century since by Charles III. There is provision for making the young of both sexes acquainted with mechanical and domestic pursuits, like the institutions at Rome and Florence, described in the former lecture; but it differs from them in teaching some of the higher branches more elaborately, in the retention of the system of mutual instruction, and in the training of the males to the use of arms, as soldiers. The structure itself is very imposing, and accommodates about eight hundred persons.

There are several other Italian charities, that are well worth attention, did our time permit.

As early as time of the Cæsars, it will be remembered that—owing to the expensive habits of the Roman matrons, as well as the drain of young men as soldiers and civilians for the conquered provinces—celibacy alarmingly prevailed, and imperial edicts were issued to prevail upon the obstinate Roman bachelors to commit matrimony. In modern times—on account of the immense number of ecclesiastics to whom marriage is forbidden—a similar state of things exists throughout Italy, and multitudes of young females, who would, perhaps, prefer to grace the domestic circle, after having stood their probation without a suitor, enter their numerous convents. The supply of these fair creatures exceeds the demand. But the Italians have no notion of letting too many of their flowers be

“born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.”

They now, however, accomplish their purpose in a different way. Instead of forcing their tardy bachelors by legal disabilities or fines, they tempt them to enter the state of double-blessedness, by offering, in addition to the fair, a golden bait. In many of the Italian cities, among the most popular institutions, are what may be termed Dowry Societies, for giving the poorer young females portions on their marriage.

In Rome alone, there are thirteen of these societies, expending yearly, in dowries, more than thirty thousand dollars; and more than three-fourths of all the females annually wedded, receive from them marriage portions.

As you walk through the streets of some of the cities of Tuscany, you may perceive a man in a long, black gown, and with a thick hood or veil, with two small orifices for sight, completely concealing the face, rattling a poor-box from door to door; or he is climbing to some attic, perhaps, in search of a sick or distressed being; or a company of three or four, in this singular disguise, are bearing a wounded man to a hospital, or the bier of some lone stranger to his tomb.

These "Companies of Mercy" are associations for the purpose of performing deeds of secret charity, and embody all ranks, from the highest nobility downward. One of the most ancient of these societies is the *Campagna della Misericordia* of Florence, founded in the thirteenth century. It still retains a chapel near the Duomo. The city is districted, and, as promptly as one of our own fire companies, this benevolent band, in greater or lesser numbers, as may be needed, are summoned by the sound of their great bell. The present Grand Duke of Tuscany himself is a working member of this masked brotherhood.

It is much easier to prevent than to cure poverty. Except in cases of sickness or calamity, absolute want may be guarded against in two ways: by furnishing those likely to become dependent, with constant employment; or by affording them facilities in prosperous times, to lay by something for less favorable seasons.

To answer the first indication, as we have already shown, with the juvenile poor, houses of industry, and other institutions have been established in various parts of Europe.

Of this character is the *Etablissement des Filatures* of Paris, a charity which furnishes hemp, and pays annually near four

thousand poor women for spinning, and provides looms and employment to one hundred and sixty weavers. Such also are the "charitable work-rooms" at Antwerp, Ghent, and other cities of Belgium, where the industrious poor are secured employment.

I remember to have been much interested in a *Freiwillig Arbeits Anstalt*, or Voluntary Labor Institution, of Vienna.

The principal employments were spinning, weaving, and the making of clothes and shoes. Beds were provided, and the more elderly and destitute females were permitted, if they chose, to lodge in the establishment during the winter.

In the capital of an inland fertile empire, supplied by the herds of Galicia and the granaries and vineyards of Hungary, living might be expected to be cheap; but it will perhaps excite surprise to find that these poorer Viennese, with their families, keep plump and cheery on eight or ten *kreutzers* (about eight cents) per day.

To answer the second of the above indications, and encourage thrift and economy among the lower classes of European poor, many varieties of savings' institutions exist.

The great Savings' Bank of Paris (*Caisse d'Épargne et de Prévoyance*) has ten branches throughout the city; and, from the support of a foundation, performs its office for the poor almost gratuitously. It receives deposits in sums of from one franc (about $18\frac{3}{4}$ cents) to two thousand francs. In eight years from its establishment, in 1818, it only received 24,930,000 francs. Latterly its business has increased so that on the 1st of January, 1845, there was due to 173,515 persons the sum of 112,061,945 francs, bearing interest at $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. There are in France nearly four hundred savings' banks.

In some of the provinces of Belgium these savings' institutions under the name of *Caisse de Prévoyance*, accommodate themselves to the infinitesimal gains of the poorest, and assume a peculiar social aspect. Borrowing the idea from the miners

of Germany, they have instituted little savings' banks for the benefit of different trades and occupations, so that the linen weavers, sailors, laborers, schoolmasters, and even the fishermen, have their separate organizations.

Those who have never closely observed the experiment will be surprised to find how much the disheartened poor may be sometimes encouraged in this way, and the comfortable sums which steady perseverance, even with very small gains, will often accumulate.

Happening to allude to some topic of this kind one day, in conversation with a Prussian friend, I was referred for information to the minister of a very populous but poor parish, in the suburbs of Berlin. The fame of the good man was spread over the city; and, in addition to attending to the spiritual wants of the needy, he had instituted a delightful contrivance for improving their temporal condition. Having with him a number of students in theology, he prevailed upon them to assist him in managing a kind of penny savings' society (*Spargesellschaft*), for the poor of his parish.

Every one who deposited, even the most trifling amount, became a member. Both depositors and receivers kept books. The smallest sums were received, and the average amount was about five silver groschen, or ten cents of our money. Yet in this small way, in one of the poorest parishes of Berlin, from April to November, were deposited \$4000. Small premiums were given to those poor who managed to save something regularly; and on the day for depositing the good minister frequently assembled them, and addressed them on subjects designed to improve.

Some of these savings' societies in Berlin go further, and not only receive the earnings of the poor, but expend them to the best advantage. At the seasons when flour, meat, potatoes, and fuel are cheapest, they buy in quantities, at wholesale, store up, and then answer the drafts of the industrious laborers,

who have deposited, in provisions, at cost price, and generally much below the current winter rate.

The condition of the poor in Prussia is greatly ameliorated by the free education which the state so carefully provides for the children of the humblest peasant, and the neglect of which is made a crime.

I remember being struck with the peculiar kindness and inoffensiveness of the lowest poor in Prussia, and, indeed, all over Germany. Their way of lodging, as you meet them at the smaller country inns, while traveling into the interior, is rather grotesque.

Arriving, perhaps, at ten o'clock in the evening, you find the travelers' room ornamented with numerous long beer-glasses, and longer pipes attached to broad people, with queer dresses and little caps. Presently the host calls out, "Beds or straw, gentlemen?" Then comes the crisis of distinction in society. You are with the minority, perhaps, for it is aristocratic for the wandering peasant to aspire to a bed. Linger a little, you may see a few bundles brought in, and arranged upon the floor. A few go to bed, and the rest go to straw. Before retiring upstairs, you may mutter—

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

There are some classes of European poor, whose occupation gives them certain marked peculiarities, which merit a particular description. Such are the silk-weavers of Lyons. Situated, as you are aware, in the midst of a fertile country, favorable to its production, and at the junction of two navigable rivers, this second city of France is the great emporium of the trade in silk. Unlike that of cotton or wool, its manufacture is carried on, in a domestic way, by master-workmen, each owning from two to half a dozen looms, worked, perhaps, by the wife, children, and apprentices, assisted by two or three journeymen (*compagnons*),

all crowded, for the sake of economy, into two or three small apartments, the filthy home of the master. The unwrought silk and the patterns are furnished by the silk-merchants (*fabricans*), and the orders are executed by these head-workmen, or *chefs d' ateliers*.

In good times, by working from twelve to eighteen hours a day, the best journeyman can earn from thirty to near forty cents of our money; and food is so abundant, that he is boarded and lodged by the master for half a franc, or not quite ten cents, per day. They are an improvident race, however, and in times of distress, when work is scarce, they often suffer fearfully. Their privations, filthy habits, and constant toil in close apartments, give these silk-weavers a sickly, dwarfish appearance.

I never saw so many victims of scrofula and deformity together, as in a visit to a hospital in Lyons. It is stated that half the young men of the city are exempt from military service, on account of low stature or infirmity.

I have a vivid recollection of my first walk through those parts of the city inhabited by the silk-weavers. It was a gloomy day, presenting a vile compound of rain, smoke, and fog. Presently I became bewildered in a labyrinth of filthy streets, so narrow that, in clear weather, the sky must have been but a blue stripe above; the windows, each of which was probably the breathing aperture of a family, looked dismal as if the blessed sunlight had never strayed there; and the houses, so vast and high, had a dingy, dark hue, as if they were in mourning. Thin forms, with hollow cheeks, glided through the mist. There is enough of sadness in the visages of the poor of the smaller towns and open country, even while their features exhibit lingering traces of the freshness that shows that the air of heaven is not denied them; but the pale, corpse-like faces of the needy of manufacturing cities, the haggard expression that, at a glance, tells of want, vice, and herding in loathsome abodes, will often excite a deeper shudder.

Barely repaid at the best of times, and affected by every adverse commercial change, the thirty thousand silk looms of Lyons often ply amid deep distress. Of the various classes of operatives, none, perhaps, are more miserable than they who are thus toiling to clothe the rich. Little dream the fair patrons of their beautiful fabrics that, like the imaginary palaces of the Italian poet, they have been created amid scenes of loathsome suffering.

The public charities of Lyons are, happily, in keeping with its numerous poor.

One of the most extensive of these is the *Hospice de la Charité*, which, in addition to receiving in separate departments three or four other classes of the needy, accommodates some four hundred of the helpless aged.

The French pay marked respect to gray hairs, even in poverty, and one of the peculiarities of their benevolent economy in Paris, Lyons, and all the larger cities, is the maintenance of separate comfortable retreats for the needy who are rendered infirm by old age. The establishment for this class at Lyons hardly rivals in neatness the kindred institutions at the Salpêtrière and Bicêtre at Paris. Males and females are in separate divisions. The inmates are commonly above seventy years. They are not obliged to labor, but are permitted, if they choose, to while away their time in some light employment, for the purpose of earning themselves, in their old age, additional comforts and luxuries.

It may be interesting briefly to notice here the different poor systems of those countries where the subject has most attracted the attention of the government.

At the commencement of the first revolution in France the Constituent Assembly entertained the visionary idea of extirpating poverty, and passed a law in 1790 for the establishment of charitable workshops (*ateliers de charité*) and places for relieving the poor (*dépôts de mendicité*), but left all other benevolent

institutions untouched. In the year II. of the Republic, the Convention, in their wild desire for change, overthrew the whole poor-system, suppressed all charitable organizations, and seized upon their revenues. It was declared at the same time, however, that the support of all needy citizens was the duty of the State, and they were permitted to apply directly to the civil authorities for relief, at the expense of the public revenue of the place in which they resided. This spoliation of public charities continued till 1795, when partial restitution was made. The successive governments of Napoleon and the Bourbons endeavored to heal the wounds in the body politic, and recognized the principle of the duty of the State to provide for the poor. But at the same time they encouraged voluntary benevolent associations. In 1834, the government of Louis Philippe organized a general board of inspection for all the charities of the kingdom, to which even private societies were obliged to report. Each department or city of France provides for its own poor. In the towns this is usually effected through the *octrois*, or duties on provisions and the like, levied on entering the gates, and by a tax on theatres and public amusements.

The municipal poor-organization of Paris may serve as an example of the rest.

In walking through the streets you may notice over some entrance the words "*Bureau de Bienfaisance.*" There is one of these benevolent offices in each of the twelve *arrondissements* of the city. They are under the supervision of the General Council of Hospitals, and the local management of the city authorities of the district, assisted by the clergy, twelve managers, the commissaries for the poor, and a certain number of "Ladies of Charity." Most of the relief is dispensed at the houses of the poor. It consists mainly of bread, meat, fuel, clothing, medicines, and free professional attendance upon the sick. Besides, there are granted monthly in money, three francs to those who are palsied in two limbs, five francs to those who are blind or

are upwards of seventy-five years old, and eight francs to those who are turned eighty.

The poor of Paris number nearly a hundred thousand, and the expenditure in relief at their homes, on the above system, amounted in 1844, to within a trifle of a million and a half francs.

Some of the peculiarities of the Parisian poor are striking. On *fête* days you may see them, merry as lazzaroni, gathering in a ring round the marvelous exhibitions of Punch and Judy in the *Champs Elysées*, or laughing wildly at the tumblers in a penny show.

But the place to see them in their glory is outside the city walls on a fine holiday. In consequence of the *octroi*, or duty on every thing entering the city, eatables and wine are here much cheaper. Booths, stands, amusements, and low eating and drinking places are on a corresponding cheap scale; and for eight or ten cents the artisan may have a dinner with wine, and quite a revel. Aristocratic people, who wish to hurt the reputation of the place, say that useful animal, the horse, aids greatly in these feasts; but if this is true, it is no more than military people have often tasted for glory. The science of French cookery for the poor is really wonderful.

They tell you in Paris a rather tough story, of a huge pot boiling somewhere over in the Faubourg St. Martin, filled with choice bits of flesh, of different sizes, gathered from various sources, where by staking two *sous* (not quite two cents), you may get your dinner in a sort of soup lottery. A large iron fork lies across the mouth of the huge cauldron, and each payment gives you one strike. You may fish up meat for a dinner, or, like all risky adventurers in this world, you may come off with nothing. It is said, once upon a time, some hungry mortal, with a vigorous thrust, brought up on the end of the fork the front of a soldier's cap; the police came and searched, but the owner was not to be found.

The females of the lower classes go without hats, and wear little gauze head-dresses; and the men rejoice in a loose outside garment, termed the *blouse*.

Gentlemen are kept by the guard from entering the garden of the Tuileries in *blouses*; they are generally blue in color; and the blue-shirt race are as distinct in their character in Paris, as are the blue-stocking community in this country.

The *blouse* is a loose, cool garment, corresponding in pattern exactly with what in the West is termed a *hunting shirt*; and, for aught I know, may have been originally invented on a warm afternoon by the mother of Nimrod.

As bordering upon France, and resembling it in its charitable economy, we naturally turn to Belgium. So numerous and miserable are its poor, that it has been termed the Ireland of the continent. I remember being struck with the number of ragged children and beggars in the neighborhood of Brussels; and on inquiring, of a Belgian traveling companion, the wages of the adult laborer in the fields, he mentioned a sum amounting to about eight cents of our money per day. Including a fraction not fair claimants, who are so on account of certain immunities, one-fourth of the inhabitants of the city of Brussels are said to be inscribed on the poor-list.

Fortunately, when Belgium was added to France in the time of Napoleon, the revenues of the benevolent institutions escaped confiscation; while the French system, with some improvements, was introduced. The provident Dutch government, on gaining possession, established agricultural colonies in the neighborhood of Antwerp and other places. Nor have the poor been neglected by the administration of Leopold.

Voluntary charitable societies are encouraged, as in France, and simply required to forward their accounts for inspection; a *Bureau de Mendicité* has been established in every commune; and besides special grants to particular districts in seasons of

distress, the annual appropriation for the poor by the Belgian legislature, is usually from ten to twelve millions francs.

In 1843, the Chambers granted two hundred thousand francs to found nursery establishments for the infant children of manufacturing towns, similar to the *crèches* of Paris; manual labor schools for the youth of both sexes; children's hospitals, and kindred institutions.

Except England, perhaps in no country has so much, in proportion been expended upon the poor as Holland.

At the close of the war in which the United Provinces achieved their independence of Spain, a great many rich possessions, previously the property of the church, were confiscated, and applied to purposes of public charity.

Benevolent institutions, richly endowed, at length existed for every class of the needy, and for the relief of almost every conceivable form of suffering. So well managed were they, as to be held up, by Cuvier, as examples to the world. These, fortunately, were respected during the occupation by the French, and escaped by being curtailed of one-third of their revenues.

No government was ever more benign to the poor than the succeeding one of William I. of the Netherlands, from 1814 to 1820. It improved and stimulated existing charities, cooperated with private benevolence, and supplied any deficiency by local taxation.

The consequence of this peculiar train of circumstances has been to make the poor of Holland more comfortable than in other parts of Europe, and to make the provision for them very complete. Yet with the good effected and the comfort afforded has been mingled something of the evil of lessening the necessity of industry among the poor, and of encouraging pauperism. By recent statistics, collated, apparently, with care, it appears that every ninth person in Holland is a regular pauper; and the whole number occasionally assisted by charity amounts to the startling per centage of more than one-fifth of the whole

population. The annual expense of the poor exceeds twenty millions of florins.*

But this heavy burthen has had, at least, one good effect : it has turned the attention of the patient and persevering Dutch to one of the most successful experiments for entirely reforming the poor, and diminishing their number, ever tried.

The Dutch General Van den Bosch, while serving in the East, purchased an estate in the Island of Java, and there learned from a thriving mandarin, his neighbor, how to make the poorest soil richly productive by careful manuring, so that, on leaving the island, his estate sold for six times its former cost.

Returning to his native country, his eye rested on some of the level wastes, covered with moss and sand, in some parts, along the sea-shore, of Holland ; and, with the heart of a patriot, upon these utterly barren spots he proposed to make the idle and degraded poor happy and thriving citizens. The weight of his character and his arguments prevailed. In the year 1818, a "Charitable Society," with twenty thousand subscribers, was formed to carry out his plans, of which members of the royal family became patrons.

A large tract of barren heath, in the Province of Drenthe, in North Holland, was purchased, and divided into lots of three acres for each poor family. Clothes and provisions, for a time, were furnished ; snug dwellings erected ; a cow and pig and a plentiful supply of manure were advanced, on unlimited credit. In honor of one of its princely patrons, the settlement was named Frederiksoord. The society received paupers, at a certain low rate, from every town and parish, and installed them as tenants, with the privilege of easy purchase.

It may naturally be conceived that the early training of such a vagabond set, often the very sweepings of the streets of large

* *Algemeine Zeitung*, 1846.

cities, to be industrious farmers, was a difficult task. Many had never touched a spade before in their lives, and were about as ignorant of agriculture as the cow and pig that were given them. But the society persevered. The uninformed were instructed in their new pursuits; a system of manuring and rotation of crops was introduced; strict discipline was maintained; and, finally, rewards and medals for the well-behaved were instituted, and the refractory were punished by being sent to earn their living by forced labor in the fields and workshops of the neighboring penal settlements of *Veenhuizen* and *Ommer-schans*. When there was no field labor, other occupations were furnished, so that all were fully employed; and at the end of the day, each colonist repaired to the public store, and received his wages, not in money, but such necessaries as he required. The enterprise, being a charitable one, never yielded any pecuniary profit to the managers; but it succeeded beyond all expectation in completely regenerating many thousand poor. Their crops were luxuriant; they soon became happy and contented; and some rose to the possession of wealth. It was my privilege to be intimate with a young physician, who was the brother of one of the devoted clergymen sent to labor among these colonists, and I learned that they were well supplied with churches and schools. After thirty years' trial, the plan is in more vigorous operation than ever, and is now taken under the special protection of the government.

The knowledge gathered by a philanthropist on the sands of Java, has produced a harvest in his own country that will ever be a blessing. It has converted a dreary solitary waste to an immense garden dotted over with cottages surrounded with fruit trees and flowers; multitudes who were once houseless beggars are now gathering in pleasant homes, and hopefully striving for a happier destiny.

England was the first country which, by a system of taxation, obliged the other classes to maintain the poor. As

early as 1602 was passed the celebrated statute of Elizabeth, which by the imposition of poor-rates compelled each parish to support its own paupers, and thus laid the foundation of the English poor-law system. In succeeding reigns the needy gradually became very numerous; multitudes of able-bodied paupers were maintained out of doors; abuses of various kinds crept in; the guardians sometimes wasted the funds in good dinners; and in various ways the burden was increased, till, in 1831, the poor-tax in England alone, amounted to the enormous sum of forty-five millions of dollars. It appeared by the report of a committee, that so grievous was the pressure of the poor-rate, that in some parishes the finest lands, in consequence, became untenantable.

In 1834, the Poor-law Amendment Act was passed, radically reforming the whole poor-economy, intrusting its regulation to a central board of three Poor-law Commissioners, and introducing a more strict workhouse system. A saving of ten millions of dollars annually and many improvements were the result.

But the new plan of economizing by dividing families and separating husbands and wives, created loud complaints from the English press. Much discretion in these matters is left, however, to the local guardians.

I must do the justice to say that, in spite of previous prejudices, I was rather agreeably disappointed in finding the English workhouses better than I expected. They are generally cleanly kept, and their inmates receive a fair supply of wholesome food. In many respects they resemble our own almshouses. Latterly some ameliorations have been made in the system.

The local management in each parish is intrusted to a Board of Guardians, varying in number with the population, and chosen yearly by the rate payers. These fix the amount of annual assessment for the support of the poor, and regulate all

the internal affairs of each workhouse. In the parish in which I resided for some time in London, the poor-rate the last year amounted to two shillings and six-pence sterling in the pound of assessed valuation. A medical officer is appointed to each workhouse, as are also teachers to instruct the children. Various contrivances exist for furnishing the paupers, as far as possible, with employment.

It is a sign of the times, creditable to the humanity of the age, to observe that within the last few years scarcely a session of Parliament has passed without some important movement whose professed object has been to benefit the poor.

More or less, the corn-law and free-trade agitation, the penny postage measure, the Ten Hours' Bill, the health of towns discussion, and the education question, have partaken of this character.

One of the first peculiarities that attract your attention on becoming a resident of London or any large English city, is the necessity of constant cleansing. The burning of such an enormous quantity of coal in a damp atmosphere fills the air with motes or globules of a substance like lamp-black. It tinges the houses and every thing of a sombre hue. You may stand before the glass a perfect Adonis in the morning, and regard your own beautiful self as prim as soap and water and starch can make you, and returning after a few hours, you find your "human face divine" sadly soiled. There! right between those two pretty wicked eyes of yours, and just on the end of your blushing proboscis, are a couple of black spots, as if with the sweep of a camel's hair pencil, you had commenced begriming yourself for an Indian war dance. They are merely the remains of a couple of globules of the chemical product of coal and fog, magnified by your finger—a little distilled Ethiopian, the real essence of darkness.

Of course the laboring poor of these cities, have little taste

or time for purifying, and look rather sooty. They are not smoked and dried, but smoked and moistened. So filthy are the habits of the lowest class, that one of the classical English terms for the beggarly multitude is the *great unwashed*.

To benefit their health and add to their comforts, a benevolent Act was passed to establish baths for the poor. In addition to the privilege of bathing, at certain hours, in the Serpentine, free, the laborer can now, in establishments for the purpose, in different parts of London, obtain a warm bath for two pence, and a cold bath for a penny.

Not only are the poor washed but they are cheaply aired. To favor this class, all the railroads in the kingdom have been obliged by law to run what is termed a government train twice a day, carrying passengers in plain, covered cars, at the legal rate of one penny per mile; and little iron steamers on the Thames, carry crowds of passengers for some distance backward and forward, every day, at a penny each, and upon holidays at half-price.

In 1838, the British Parliament, passed an Act for the introduction, on the English plan, of a poor-law for Ireland. This has been modified two or three times since. But in the disturbed state of the country, and with such a frightful amount of pauperism, it has been impossible to try fairly any regular system. The famine came like a whirlwind at last, and overwhelmed every thing. Ireland, which before had been notorious for her civil commotions, then attracted the eyes of the world by the greatest spectacle of suffering in modern times. Parliament, as you are aware, promptly granted her starving poor fifty millions of dollars, and help and sympathy came from every island and continent of the civilized earth.

Then occurred an event which history will doubtless treasure as an honor to the species, and as one of the earlier harbingers of the period when war shall desolate no more. A ship of war was seen entering the beautiful Cove of Cork, pierced for the

murderous artillery, and bearing aloft the stars and stripes of a distant nation, that, but a few months before, had threatened battle. But she came to bless instead of to curse; in place of the munitions of death, she was freighted with bread to give life to famishing thousands; and as she struck the shore, it thrilled the hearts of a nation.

During the height of the famine, violent religious and political differences were measurably forgotten. In the local committees, appointed all over the country, to rescue the starving and dying, the Protestant minister and the Catholic priest, the landlord and tenant, the Orangeman and Repealer, and even the hated middle-man, worked harmoniously to save.

As one of the wonders of civilization in the nineteenth century, the Indian corn of the valley of the Mississippi supplied the place of the potato on the other side of the Atlantic.

My own visit to Ireland happened to be toward the end of the last summer, when the worst of the distress was past.

To judge of the better traits of any nation, we must take them at home upon their own soil. And those who have shared the generous hospitality of the Irish gentry in Dublin, or at their seats in the country, and who have examined Irish character as developed by the advantages of wealth and education, will join with me in saying that, mentally or physically, there are no finer specimens of the human race than an Irish lady or gentleman. I speak disinterestedly, for I have not the honor of a drop of Hibernian blood in my veins. The Irish have a tradition that they are descended from the Phœnicians or Carthaginians, and really as you stroll through Phoenix Park in Dublin, toward sunset, and witness the fair creatures whirling past you on horseback, you might almost fancy them female descendants of Queen Dido.

But the contrast of the illy fed, ragged beings, prostrated by generations of poverty, who flock in myriads from the little clay cabins of the open country is really startling. Perhaps I saw them at a disadvantage, but they seemed to have sunk into list-

less, dogged despair, with no forecast or energy left. It was harvest time, and yet hundreds of able-bodied men seemed loitering idly about their cabins.

Swarms of poor women and children came begging and dispensing blessings, at a penny each, in that copious dialect of our mother tongue, as distinctive to us, as was the Ionic or Doric to the ancient Greeks—the rich Hibernian. In one desolate country-place, a number of poor creatures were sitting by the side of a road, eating, from wooden dishes, government stir-about, made of Indian meal, salt, and water. I had the curiosity to get out of the conveyance, and go into a little temporary shelter, where a couple of functionaries were boiling it in a huge iron kettle, and doling it out in rations. In Dublin, also, a friend and I made a pilgrimage to one of M. Soyer's famous soup kitchens. There is a capital story told of an ingenious soldier foraging, who brought a stone, cleanly washed, to a simple countrywoman, and excited her wonder to the highest pitch, by showing her how to make what he termed stone soup. First, he loaned a pot and water to boil the stone in; then he asked for salt, butter, and vegetables; a little meat, as he said, just to "color" it, and, finally, bread, and a spoon to eat his savory dish. French science, in the hands of M. Soyer, equally astonished the committees of Dublin; and, by means of very simple apparatus, he managed to afford nutriment to thousands, which, from its abundance and extraordinary cheapness, deserved to be called famine soup.

You are, probably, aware that, so heavy have been the ills of poverty upon the Irish peasant, that even in his prosperous days he is often compelled to make the pig, that useful animal that pays his rent, to occupy the same position in his household as the horse in the tent of the Arab—to be the pet of the family, share in fireside joys; and, with such increased social advantages, to become the most amiable and interesting grunter in the world.

Yet this degradation is purely artificial. The genius of her people, capable alike of the most brilliant wit or eloquence—the fertility of her soil, teeming with rich vegetation, till its deep green has given her the name of the Emerald Isle—are such, that the stranger who has mingled, at the social board, with her warm-hearted children, or wandered amid the romantic glens of Wicklow, or the fairy scenes of Killarney, must have the most exalted idea of her natural capabilities.

Passing from Ireland to Scotland, let us delay a moment to examine a truly benevolent institution established in Glasgow, mainly to extend shelter to the crowds of poor from the former country, who sometimes inundate the streets, in search of employment. I refer to the Glasgow Night Asylum for the Houseless. It is an extensive new edifice, supported by voluntary contributions, admirably provided with baths, and a fine walk on its flat roof, on which the females in the industrial department take the air. As in the similar establishments in London and elsewhere, the applicant is not sent supperless to bed, but a supply of plain food is granted. Within the last year it has furnished twenty-eight thousand free nights' lodgings, one-fourth of which have been to children.

The poor-economy of Scotland is purely voluntary. Many years since Dr. Chalmers, in his usual vigorous style, instituted a comparison between the English poor-rate plan, then greatly abused, and the Scottish parochial system of voluntary relief, much to the advantage of the latter. The heart of that truly great man, it is well known, was warmly interested in the welfare of the poor, and there is much weight in his reasoning.

Establishing a public institution like a poor-house, he declares to be “erecting a signal of invitation, and the voluntary and self-created poor will rush in to the exclusion of the modest and unobtrusive poor, who are the genuine objects of charity.” Voluntary benevolence, he asserts, draws no dependence with it, is not counted upon like a legal charity;

brings the eye of a neighbor to discriminate between the worthy and unworthy, makes the different orders of society delightfully acquainted, diminishes the numbers of the needy by inspiring self-reliance, and benefits the hearts and heads of the rich by kindly intercourse with the poor.

All this is doubtless true of religious and educated Scotland, but the social ills of England and Ireland are of a deeper character. So numerous are their poor, that it may be doubted whether the divine principle of love to our neighbor, unaided by the strong arm of the law, would be sufficient to prevent starvation. Men were no more created to pine and perish with cold and hunger, while the blessings of a common Heavenly Father are shared in abundance by the rich around them, than they were born to commit suicide. If free-will charity will not save them, the law must.

In concluding this hasty review of different national systems of relief for the poor, I may, perhaps, be indulged in the practical remark, that in this country we appear to need as yet both voluntary and legal provision. Even in our populous cities we have exceedingly few American poor. None who know the country, and are able to work, need be so long. A few widows, orphans, and sick, constitute nearly all who are native born. The great mass, then, are foreigners in distress, often differing from the bulk of our population in language, religion, and habits, and therefore naturally unfitted to take the deepest hold upon the sympathies of our people. But they have only followed the footsteps of our forefathers. With an instinct that clings to life, they have fled, perhaps, from starvation and pestilence. They are our brethren—children of the same Father of Mercies—and can we, as Christians, let them die, untended, in our streets?

For these, then, private charity is insufficient, and we need alms-houses and legal provision. But the more the redeeming influence of the warm, discriminating charity of voluntary

societies, or of individuals, can encroach upon the cold, mechanical provision of the law, the better.

The last benevolent agency I shall describe this evening, and one whose advantages impressed me very strongly, is that of charitable pawning establishments. I regret I have so little time left; and for reasons I shall presently mention, I beg your very earnest attention to this subject.

If my memory serves me, the origin of these institutions may be traced to Florence, in the fourteenth century. The finest in the world now existing are, perhaps, those of Paris and Vienna. They are pure charities. In neither of these capitals are private pawnbrokers allowed. Through the courtesy of Count Rambuteau, Prefect of the Seine, in furnishing a written special permission to visit the public charities of Paris, and the kind attentions of M. Sauvée, the Director, I was enabled to make a somewhat minute investigation into the economy of the *Mont de Piété*, or great Pawning Institution of that city. To the urbanity of the latter gentleman, I was also indebted for very full explanations, and a large roll of documents on the subject. Those who may naturally be dissatisfied with so meagre a sketch of this and other matters, will, I have reason to hope, in the future, have an opportunity of consulting the original papers, reports, and regulations of various European charities referred to in these lectures, through the liberality and politeness of our friends of the City Library.

The *Mont de Piété* was established in 1777, with the exclusive privilege of loaning four-fifths of the value of gold and silver articles, and two-thirds of the value of other effects. From the moderate profits which, for safety, it is obliged to realize to meet contingencies, all that can be spared yearly is returned to the poor again, through the medium of the hospitals, which, by an admirable arrangement, it thus helps to support. It borrows whatever money it needs at three per cent., and being entirely a benevolent institution, and having the advantage of immense

capital and the best business facilities, it is enabled, after paying the cost of storage, insurance, and the salaries of the clerks and officers, to loan money on articles pledged by the poor at the low rate of nine per cent. per annum. Debts can be extinguished gradually, if preferred, in payments as small as one franc at a time. If the articles pledged are unredeemed at the end of a year, they are liable to be sold at auction, and the surplus is carefully returned to the borrower, on application within three years, or after that time it goes to aid the hospitals. The central establishment is in an immense building fronting on two streets. It has three dependencies, and twenty-three commissioners in different parts of the town, with branch offices, in which a slight additional per centage is required. It employs about three hundred persons, and its business is constantly increasing. Its loans in a single year have amounted to nearly five millions of dollars, on about a million and a half of articles.

The *Versatz Amt*, of Vienna, is a similar magnificent institution, established to benefit the poor, in 1707, by the Emperor Joseph I. It has a capital of more than a million of dollars, and resembles the *Mont de Piété* in most of its provisions, except that, from certain advantages in capital and privileges, it is enabled to loan to the poor, on effects pledged, at as low as five and six per cent. per annum. It also sells at its auctions, when desired, any unpledged articles, brought for the purpose, at a charge of five per cent. Half the annual profits of the concern goes to increase its capital, and the remainder to purposes of charity. In addition to its capital, it receives loans when offered.

The confidence of the public in these institutions is unbounded. No one hesitates to buy of them, and you often see respectable shops with articles marked as coming from these places. Multitudes who would, from strong prejudice, never enter a private pawnbroker's shop, hesitate not to take advan-

tage of their facilities. No one ever suspects them of unfairness. All connected with them, with whom I conversed, seemed strongly convinced of their beneficial character. I was assured that they had a direct tendency to lessen the temptation to forgery and theft. In Vienna and Leipsic, indeed, when any articles are stolen, a description is immediately forwarded, a look-out is kept for a month, and if received after this warning, in the latter city, the establishment is the loser. Private concerns, though in reality a benefit and a safety valve to the tempted poor, can never accommodate them so moderately.

Finally, in addition to other recommendations we have not time to state, there may be briefly enumerated three great advantages connected with them; their opportunity for investment, yielding a moderate but sure interest, and answering the purpose of a savings' bank; the consideration that sooner or later they expend in public charity all their profits; and lastly, their influence in opportunely and secretly aiding the needy in temporary want, preserving their independence and self-respect, and preventing thousands from losing caste, and becoming regular paupers.

One naturally looks for something profitable, something practical in the last words of a last lecture. Perhaps after so weary a flight you will allow me to come home. It may be my only chance. I confess that while suffering from the indisposition which, to my regret, caused the postponement of this lecture at the appointed time, there were two or three thoughts that increased the throbbing of the brain—things that I wished to live to say.

Have we, as societies and individuals, done all we can to bless the suffering poor?

I know that some will again speak of the pressure of business, and the want of time. We will save them the least trouble. There is a contrivance just to meet their case. We

have a society in our city with a hundred benevolent heads, and more hands, that visits every house in it, and asks the rich to give and the poor to receive. It discreetly bestows bread to the hungry, clothes to the naked, kind words to the disheartened, and advice and attendance to the sick. It can detect imposition or true suffering better than any unpractised individual, and it will take time to distribute all your alms. Within about three years it has relieved some ten thousand poor. It has careful and humane visitors for every square and street, advisory committees to consult with them in every ward, a central office and agent for constant reference, and an executive committee to aid in directing the whole. Truly the originator of this noble plan deserves a monument. Nowhere in the old world have I seen any institution better adapted to its purpose, more carefully managed, or more truly benevolent than the Brooklyn Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

To revert to another of these anxious thoughts: in the most populous cities of Europe, there are always extensive pleasure grounds and parks, open to the poorest. They may live in the filthiest garrets and in the dampest cellars, but the sight of flowers, and green trees, and the broad expanse of heaven is not denied them. You may see poor women knitting and sewing, and children playing, in the parks of Paris or London, all day long.

I feel more free to allude to this subject, because a certain local matter, that agitated us a few weeks since, is settled. I am no partisan. Leaving the question as to where or how parks shall be opened, to the "city fathers," I wish to be indulged in a passing remark upon the general question, on the simple ground of humanity.

The rich have roomy inclosures ornamented with flowers and greenhouses, and they can take the air in carriages or on horseback; in our long, oppressive summers, even our middling classes go awhile to the country; but the helpless poor must

welter and pine in crowded apartments, looking upon lanes and offensive alleys the year round. I speak disinterestedly, for the more parks you have, the less occasion will you have for our services as physicians. And I can not help here solemnly recording a professional opinion, based upon observation for some years, that a leading cause of the great mortality in children in our American cities, is the want of large open spaces, and of fresh air. You have all noticed those thin young creatures, the sewing girls, that with little parcels steal like spectres past you in the edge of the evening. And in a moment, perhaps, you think of poor Hood's legacy to humanity, the "Song of the Shirt," and the thrilling murmur that

"Bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

Well, one of these young sufferers comes to us for advice. One glance at her pale, sickly face, careworn even in youth, tells she is ill. We ask how late she works? and she replies, "sometimes till midnight, and sometimes later." "But why do you work so hard?" and perhaps she murmurs, "I have a mother, who is a widow, and young sisters." We feel her pulse, look gravely professional, and tell her she is killing herself—prescribe a walk every day, and direct her to remain out a few hours to get the fresh air. And then her wan face rests upon us, and in a faint, desponding tone she asks—"Where?" She has not time to go far. I wish I could thunder in the ears of every citizen, "*Where?*" If she were in some cities, we could send her to a splendid park, where she might sit upon the benches under the trees, and amid the song of birds and the prattle of children, sew all the day. You may stint the poor in every thing else, if it is your cruel will, but give them, we beseech you, the *air of heaven*.

There is a fond dream—I hesitate—yes—I love my adopted home—I will tell it you. Not far from this is a romantic spot,

overlooking the beautiful panorama of New-York bay, the finest location for a pleasure ground in the world. I have dared to dream of a Park on Brooklyn Heights.

Have any of you lain for weeks and months in agonizing pain or burning fever? If so, you have probably been tenderly nursed, and your anguish has been soothed by every attention that generous hearts and skillful heads could devise. What if these and poverty had come together? I often fear that we never sufficiently pity the sick poor. In the whirl of business we hear not their moans, and know not their sorrows.

I know some will plead that they can not leave the counting-house or workshop to turn good Samaritan, or bring the victim of small-pox or fever into the bosom of their families. There is a way to accomplish the good, and avoid all this.

A company has been originated in our city, in the cheapest and best way, to attend the sick. The stock is only twenty-five dollars per share. Excellent business men direct its affairs without any salary. Skillful physicians and surgeons attend gratuitously. To such advantage is every thing contrived, that a poor sick man can have shelter, fuel, nursing, medicine, food, and professional attendance, for a month, all for twelve dollars. And every thing is just what is best for the patient.

By investing two hundred dollars in the stock of this company, the interest will every year enable you to act the good Samaritan, by providing for every want of four sick persons for a week, or one patient for a whole month. All night long, while you are sweetly sleeping at home, he will be watched by experienced nurses, and a physician will be within call.

Every year in your life will repeat the scene. When death shall come—that crisis when the miser unlooses his gripe, and wealth can purchase but a shroud and coffin—you will feel the consciousness of having helped to assuage the pangs of others. When you shall have long lain in your grave, your bounty will

still be blessing. The scene will be enacted over again every year to the end of time.

How much will you give to the Brooklyn City Hospital ?

But besides all this, are needed your personal services, your individual charity.

Alone, and seen only by the eye of Heaven, it is delightful, sometimes, to steal noiselessly to the lowliest haunts of sorrow. Let us not wait to be ostentatiously marshaled. Genuine love for the helpless, like the purest earthly affection, prefers to manifest itself delicately, and in secret. Like the ivy, it tenderly creeps to bind the shattered fabric, and gladden the abodes of desolation. Such benevolence is a spontaneous principle that

“is not strained—

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blessed—
It bleaseth him who gives, and him who takes.”

The discontented are often made suddenly rich and thankful, by the sojourn of a single hour in the abodes of wretchedness.

What happiness would it create if every comfortable citizen were to become the constant benefactor of but one poor neighbor ?

In addition to the mere necessaries of life, the poor need your sympathy—your friendship. Such gentle and yet strong influences will do more than any thing else to redeem them.

That young man, once the pride of a humble hearth, who, hopelessly crushed, is now wearing the manacles of a convict, and sleeping, to-night, like a dangerous beast, within the iron bars of a state prison, might have triumphed, perhaps, over temptation, had he known one virtuous friend, too dear to disgrace.

Close inspection is necessary to make us properly feel for the needy.

After all our professed humanity, probably we really know but little of the miseries of the poor. Do we, for example, fairly understand the sensation of starving hunger ? How many pres-

ent have ever wanted bread for a whole day? Let any of us, in ravenous health, go three days without tasting food, and we will not refuse to feed the hungry again while we live. It will cure us of hardness of heart as effectually as, before the era of temperance pledges, the celebrated Dr. Chambers' medicine cured drunkenness.

But what if you could take the place of the poor man, and with you starved a mother, or wife and children, and what if to this were added shivering cold, with an empty grate and ragged family, and pining sickness, and the scorn of the cruel world! It is more than flesh and blood can bear. If pity and love will not move you, we will appeal to your fears. I am no apologist for crime, but I tell you the stern truth, that *if you neglect to care for the poor, they may be driven to provide for themselves.* Starvation and cold, and the contempt of the heartless, may madden men to almost any thing.

Hush! methinks I hear a noise in the street. It is a cry for the watchmen. In fancy we hurry to the crowd. They have found a man lying on the pavement, apparently dead, and as you grope about him in the dark, you dip your fingers in a pool of warm blood. A light is brought. His watch and money are gone. There are fearful gashes in the skull, and you turn dizzy as they pull from his wounds the gray locks, all stained with oozing brain and gore. They turn him with his face upward. It is an old man, and your heart beats violently, he looks so like your own father!

Would that this were all fiction, but you remember too well a scene in a neighboring street, but a few months since, to know that it is not.

The hardened villain that, in violation of the laws of God and man, struck him to the ground, with the deliberate intent to murder for gold, was once, perhaps, a famished child, whom want drove first to steal, or, three or four years since, one stormy winter's night, he watched over his faint and shivering

wife and children, till, frantic, he sought the highway for plunder, and became a changed man.

If you wish to walk safely through the streets—if you desire to have fewer bars and bolts, and to rest tranquilly with your wives and little ones, without deadly weapons by your pillows to meet the daring housebreaker, you must feed and clothe the poor.

But these are disagreeable truths, and we turn to a more pleasing argument.

The last consideration in this part of our plea shall be something sacred. We appeal to you to bless the needy in the name of the genius of your faith. Christianity is emphatically the great religion of benevolence. No other belief ever founded a hospital or maintained an alms-house. We have built magnificent temples, till ours is termed the "city of churches;" but have we duly provided homes for the sick and distressed? Perhaps we have never rightly understood the creed we profess. Its volume of revelation is a text book of charity. It illustrates its cardinal doctrine of "love to our neighbor," by telling us of the prophet who wrought a miracle to save a famished widow, and of a good Samaritan, who rested on his journey to rescue a wounded traveler. To encourage woman in one of her holiest missions, it depicts the beautiful death-scene of one who made garments for the poor, and, dying, drew them around her, as if to embalm the cold corpse with their tears, till their lamentations brought a messenger of Heaven with the life-giving word, Arise.

The Hero of its history lived but to bless. If the hungry murmured by thousands, he fed them; when the filthy leper and the halting paralytic came crowding to him, he sent them on their way rejoicing. A blind beggar could not raise a plaintive cry in the throng, but the Redeemer stopped to listen, and the light of Heaven flashed through his sightless balls. With disconsolate sisters he went to weep over the grave of their

brother, and then joined together those whom death had parted. He could not pass the bier of a widow's son, without giving joy to the broken-hearted mother. Then, as a crowning act of his benevolent life, he died for others.

But in his last will and testament, he left a startling revelation, an impressive charge. As if conscious that inhumanity would be the great besetting sin of his followers, to warn them, he declared his beloved poor should personify *Him*, to the end of time. Surely, in his prophetic account of the future judgment, he would not have passed by theft, murder, and black deeds, of whose enormity men seem more conscious, to reprove this more common treason, without some purpose.

Imagine that scene, when he "who spake as never man spake," said: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these little ones, ye did it not to me." Can we realize all this? Do we, who in various churches of our city every Sabbath profess to offer our devotions with so much sincerity, ever remember that the despised ones in the alleys and lanes around us, are the representatives of the Saviour? Yet in the face of these solemn lessons, this glaring fact, how seldom do we visit them—how little do we deny ourselves to serve them!

Oh, I fear we have shut our eyes and ears to the kindlier teachings of our faith.

Let us who are nominal Christians, by the exercise of Heaven-born charity among the needy, daily and weekly prove our "faith by our works," and humbly hope, in the world beyond the grave, to receive the blessed salutation—"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me."

* * * * *

In the beginning, I promised you an explanation at the conclusion. Allow me briefly to say that it is proposed to organize

in our own city, an institution similar to the charitable pawning establishments of Paris and Vienna, just described. I have not time now to do justice to its advantages. We have not as yet, I believe, any private interests that, for this benevolent purpose, need be affected.

It will, if established, be an auxiliary to the Saving's Bank, and Poor Association.

It is just the thing for our Atlantic cities, where the emigrant poor accumulate so rapidly, from being out of funds to travel farther. They can pledge something to carry them into the fertile interior, to be afterward redeemed by their industry.

It can aid, as in Germany, the poorer mechanic in misfortune, or when trade is dull, to dispose of his old stock to the best advantage.

Many, stricken down suddenly by sickness or calamity, may by it be enabled to recover, without the cold world being the wiser. They will thus avoid becoming advertised and despairing paupers.

It can refuse the proffered deposit of the drunkard, and help ferret out the housebreaker.

Desperate youth, hesitating over forgery, suicide, or a fouler crime; lonely woman, goaded on by hunger and want to weep at the thoughts of a sacrifice that will seal her destiny, by its aid at the critical moment, may be saved from ruin.

A few months since a stranger stood amid a crowd in the theatre of the immense hospital at Vienna, looking at their first surgical operation with Ether. They had just received intelligence of the discovery by the last steamer.

Fancy the victim calm as a slumbering infant. The knife glitters—the blood streams! There! the gory tumor is held up in triumph! But the patient sleeps on without a twinge of pain, till at last he awakens with a smile, and a cry of joy that it is over. The trial has succeeded; a forest of heads bend forward, there comes a deafening cheer, and a group gather round

the stranger, press his hand with enthusiasm, and congratulate him, as an American, on the discovery of his countryman.

And why was all this commotion among a crowd of passive Austrians? *It was a boon to the afflicted forever.*

Every beneficent institution, whether it lulls the pangs of hunger, warms the aching limbs, or binds up the broken heart, is a similar agency.

That stranger went and obtained in exchange, in that same city of Vienna, the plan of an excellent contrivance for the relief of suffering. It has been tried there with great success nearly a century and a half. Will you, as fairly as the Viennese did the Ether, help to try this invention here? It needs little but credit and character. Once established, it will support itself. More than this, it can aid your poor-fund or Hospital. It only needs a charter from the Legislature, and a dozen retired merchants or practical business men, in whom the public have perfect confidence, as Directors, to commence operations.

The SECRET then promised to you in parting—the long-cherished idea, but for which these lectures would probably never have been delivered—is that of a BENEVOLENT LOAN INSTITUTION FOR THE CITY OF BROOKLYN.

FOREIGN HOSPITALS
AND
SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE.

MY DEAR —,

Excuse the delay which has occurred in replying to your letter, containing inquiries respecting European Hospitals and Schools of Medicine. You remember that your questions were very comprehensive, requiring time for consideration. Besides which, I may as well tell you a little secret, in connection with which I have to ask a favor: I am just furnishing the publishers the last sheets of a small volume of travels. I think I see your mischievous smile; but with me it is a fearful fact. Yes, I am just shivering before jumping into the stream; or, if you please, just trying to master my blushes before being weighed, measured, criticised, and stared at, by the great public.

Only very special reasons, and the leisure afforded from practice in traveling, would have tempted me into this little episode from my profession. The duties of our mutual calling are too fearfully responsible to allow me to leave it long. It was my spontaneous choice, my earliest love. I have pledged it devotion for life. The toils, sufferings, adventures, hopes, and fears it has excited, have but endeared it the more. You will not think it strange, then, if I can scarcely attempt any thing without mixing with it a little physic. I have wished, in some way, to atone for this excursion, by returning to my legitimate occupation at the close.

Large numbers of our physicians and students of medicine, like yourself, anxiously wish to add to our own very respectable advantages those of Europe. To those who have the strongest claim upon our sympathies—the toiling, despairing, hoping ones in the midst of the “chapter of early struggles,” and nobly rising by their own efforts, the leading object of such a tour must be, to spend their precious means and time to the best advantage. With the hope of serving such, I am willing to risk some suggestions.

The thought has occurred to me to add a chapter, as an appendix to the volume, containing the principal items of the medical bill of fare abroad; but I have been puzzled to do so gracefully.

Your letter suggests a solution of the difficulty. Suppose you allow me to extend this reply, so as briefly and familiarly to go over the ground, publish it, instead of the proposed formal chapter, and bequeath you the manuscript? If you approve of the plan, and think it likely to benefit any of our fellow-sufferers in physic, please return these sheets, at your earliest convenience, to be lent, for a few days, to the printer.

As more Americans go there to study than to any other place abroad, we will commence with the French capital, and notice it most in detail.

The civil hospitals of Paris are under the management of a General Council of Hospitals, composed of seventeen members, appointed by the government, having a central office near the Hôtel Dieu, where the secretary, treasurer, and subordinates are in daily attendance. To this *Bureau Central*, as a general rule, patients must apply for reception, when, after strict examination by one of the physicians or surgeons attached to this department, they are sent to the hospitals in which there are vacancies.

A central apothecary establishment, bakery, and wine-cellar, under the control of the general council, supply all the hospi-

tals of Paris. Their revenues are derived from bequests, in real estate and money, a large annual allowance from the city, a tax of ten per cent. on the receipts of the theatres, and the profits on the sales in the public cemeteries, and of the *Mont de Piété*, or Benevolent Pawning Institution. They have latterly reached the enormous sum of nearly three and a half millions of dollars in a single year.

There are thirty-one places of refuge for the sick in Paris. Of these, nine are general hospitals, for the reception of patients with every kind of malady, with three or four exceptions; ten are special hospitals, for the treatment of particular affections or classes of patients; and the remaining twelve are hospices or alms-houses of different kinds, with departments for the treatment of disease.

The hospitals are usually furnished with a surgeon or physician for every sixty patients, elected by *concours*, as will be explained presently, and paid yearly, according to time of service, from about one hundred and twenty to three hundred and fifty dollars. These are assisted by one or more *internes*, or resident physicians, who are appointed in the same way from a list of competitors, by an examining jury. These last receive between seventy and eighty dollars salary, and board in the hospital. They are generally permitted to increase their slender resources by giving practical instruction in the wards. The dressers, or *externes*, get no salary, and are allowed to live out of the hospital, visiting the wards twice a-day to attend to dressing, bleeding, cupping, and the like. Foreigners, as well as natives, are allowed to compete for both of these places, and generally the candidate who sustains the best examination is impartially chosen. There is also an apothecaries' assistant for each service, appointed in the same manner.

But the most interesting person in the group of attendants who follow the physician or surgeon, is the *sister of charity*, with her large bunch of keys and white apron. She has charge

in his absence, and administers every thing. Though not bound by vows to celibacy, these gentle and self-denying creatures, commonly devote their lives to the care of the sick. They are generally beloved, and it is always customary for the physician to address the one in attendance, respectfully, as "mother" or "sister."

Besides these there are a general superintendent of the hospital, or *directeur*, and a steward, or *econome*.

The wards are usually large, lofty, and well-ventilated, with floors of little red tiles, or inlaid oak, polished with wax, and the bedsteads are nearly all of iron.

Each patient costs, one with another, about thirty-five cents per day. The mortality averages not far from one in eleven. Bodies not reclaimed, by the payment of about twelve dollars, for their burial, are taken for dissection. Foreigners, as well as natives, are admitted to all the hospitals, open to the medical public, without any charge or formality, other than asking at the proper place for tickets for the *Hôtel Dieu* and the *Hôpital des Cliniques*. To avail yourself of their advantages, however, you are compelled to rise early, swallow a cup of coffee in French style, and be at any of the hospitals at about seven in the morning, as all the visits of the physicians and surgeons commence about that hour. The regular clinical lectures and operations usually come off, after the visit, from nine to ten o'clock.

Perhaps it may be interesting to notice, more particularly, a few of the principal hospitals.

The oldest in Paris, if not in Europe, is that of the *Hôtel Dieu*, situated in a rather unhealthy location, partly over a branch of the Seine, and close to the cathedral of *Nôtre Dame*. It contains about a thousand beds, and presents, on the whole, more cases of interest than any other. Its clinics and wards are always thronged with students. The mortality of its patients exceeds that of most of the others.

You will recollect that the late Baron Dupuytren was connected with Hôtel Dieu. His rival, the celebrated Roux, is now senior surgeon, and, therefore, at the head of this department of the profession. Though nearly seventy, he still operates with surprising facility and determination. I have seen him extract cataract, and perform some of the more delicate operations, with the readiness of a surgeon in his prime. He enunciates so badly, however, from taking snuff, or an impediment, that the French students themselves can scarcely understand him. One of his surgical colleagues is Blandin, author of a valuable anatomical work, with which you are doubtless familiar. He is one of the neatest operators in Paris, and a very pleasing lecturer. Professors Rostan and Chomel are among the physicians to the Hôtel Dieu, and attract crowds of students to their clinical lectures. But the physician of this vast establishment best known abroad is probably Baron Louis. He has a tall, commanding figure, and fine, intelligent features. His powers of observation and perception of nice differences are extraordinary. You can not have read his works on phthisis and typhoid fever, without being convinced of this. I have never listened to any one, who, like a judge, could give such a masterly *summing up* of a medical case, as Louis. He will always take time thoroughly to sift an obscure affection. Two or three intimate friends and myself, happened to take a particular fancy to him, following him, for some months, more than any other physician; and we were richly repaid. Yet apart from his wonderful elucidation of symptoms and diagnosis, his treatment, like that of most of the Parisian physicians, will probably seem too expectant and inert. Seltzer water in typhoid fever, and gum Arabic in phthisis, are standard prescriptions.

Next, perhaps, to the Hôtel Dieu, we may enumerate the hospital of La Charité, situate in Rue Jacob, and containing about

five hundred beds. With those fond of surgery, Velpeau is the lion of this place. He is a delicate, precise-looking person, below medium height, and a little turned, fifty. As you are aware he is a walking library in his profession. He lectures with much fluency and point, and with a clear enunciation of French that makes him a favorite with foreigners. You will find, perhaps, a greater crowd of students in his wards than those of any other. Occasionally he magnifies, and gets prolix upon trifling matters. Some even whisper that he sometimes shoots with the long bow. Generally, however, his clinical instructions are exceedingly interesting.

His notions of the *appareil immovable* in fractures, and his treatment of varicose veins and inflammation of the joints, are probably familiar to you.

Andral, the celebrated pathologist; Rayer, the writer on diseases of the skin and kidneys; Fouquier, the introducer of *nox vomica* in paralytic affections; and Bouillaud, the Sangrado of the French school, are physicians to *La Charité*. The latter is a lively caustic lecturer, but you will probably join me in believing him too much the slave of two or three dogmas. His repeated bleedings (*coup sur coup*), and excessive local depletion of the thin, nervous Parisians, even in typhoid fever, will strike you as rather eccentric. You will probably fear that his "blow upon blow" system often knocks down and "strangles" the patient rather than the disease. Yet no one can deny the service he has rendered to medical science in his investigations of disease of the heart and rheumatism.

The Hospital of St. Louis is situated some distance from the rest in the Faubourg du Temple. It is next in antiquity and size to Hôtel Dieu, containing some eight hundred beds.

St. Louis is devoted to the treatment of cutaneous affections. There are clinical lectures on diseases of the skin here, during the summer, and I would advise you, at almost any sacrifice, to attend them. Probably there is no place in the world so rich

in the materials for the study of this department of the profession. Alibert and Biett were formerly physicians here, and their places are worthily filled by Cazenave and Gibert. Tepid baths are used as accessory means in dry, scaly eruptions, the alkaline in tubercular, papular, and some scaly forms, and the sulphur baths in the decline of vesicular affections. Some obstinate cutaneous eruptions have latterly been found to be benefited by cold water. In impetigo, liquor arsenicalis is given; and, in some forms of eczema, sulphur and quinine are sometimes administered.

M. Lugol is physician to the wards for the treatment of scrofula. You are, doubtless, familiar with his investigations on the subject of iodine.

As you pass along the Rue de l'École de Médecine, you will notice in one place an imposing edifice on each side. That on the right, with Ionic columns, is the School of Medicine, and that on the left is the *Hôpital des Cliniques*. The magnates of this hospital are Jules Cloquet in surgery, and the celebrated Dubois in obstetrics. The clinical lectures of the latter are among the most instructive and practical lessons you will hear. There are special privileges to be obtained here, about which it will be well for you to inquire.

The Hospital of *La Pitié* is situated near the Garden of Plants, and contains about six hundred beds.

Its two distinguished surgeons, Lisfranc and Auguste Bérard, have died since I left, and I have not heard the names of their successors. *La Pitié* is one of the best places in Paris to study diseases of the chest. It is a little out of the way, so that you are not crowded, and these affections are there rather a favorite speciality. You will find M. Piorry, who is one of its physicians, a perfect enthusiast on this subject. He is, you remember, the inventor of the *Plessimeter* for mediate percussion. Like the celebrated Laennec, with pardonable fondness, perhaps, he places too much emphasis on a mere instrument, where you find your own fingers so satisfactory. Yet he

certainly has wonderful tact and discrimination. You will see him tapping his little piece of ivory over a patient's chest for half an hour, noticing the most delicate variations of sound, and marking upon the skin or under dress, with a large lead pencil, the exact boundaries of pleuritic effusion, hepatized lung or cavity, or enlarged liver or spleen.

You will hear some laughing at what they term his extravagant refinement; but, after all, the men who are so wrapped up with a single subject, are apt to impress you with it more than any others, and it is easy for you to make a little allowance for their zeal. M. Piorry's instrument is more particularly useful in exploring the abdomen.

From the broad *Rue de Sévres* you enter the *Hôpital Necker*, containing a hundred and twenty beds, and founded by the widow of the distinguished statesman of that name. It was here that Laennec made the invaluable discovery of auscultation in diseases of the chest. You may usually see here a good many cases of acute diseases.

M. Trousseau, to whom we are principally indebted for the introduction of the use of nitrate of silver in affections of the throat, officiates here.

He lectures pleasantly, and prescribes admirably. His use of the resources of the *Materia Medica* is far more liberal than most of the Parisian physicians. I scarcely remember one whose *treatment* pleased me so well.

But the great attraction of the Necker Hospital is Civiale. He is undoubtedly the first in his speciality in the world. No medical visitor should leave Paris without witnessing his surprising manipulations in *lithotrity*. It is really a treat to see him merely use a *catheter* or *bougie*, so delicately, tenderly, and quickly is it done. His lectures are always crowded, and his text is *gentleness*.

Close to this, in the same street, is the Children's Hospital, or *Hôpital des Enfants Malades*, partially inclosing spacious

grounds. It numbers upwards of five hundred beds, and accommodates patients from the age of three to fifteen. You will be particularly interested in the mode of treating scrofula, croup, chorea, and some other affections among the little patients of this large establishment. Great use is made of medicated baths.

M. Guerin, the editor of the *Gazette Medicale*, is orthopedic surgeon to this hospital. The fame of his sub-cutaneous operations for deformity, is doubtless familiar to you. He displays wonderful dexterity, mechanical ingenuity, and knowledge of anatomy. In one instance, at a single sitting, he is said to have divided the muscles of the arm and hand *forty-four times*. His weekly *cliniques* at the hospital, in summer, will be well worth your attention.

You should not forget to visit some of his little patients under treatment for curvature of the spine, club-foot, and other deformities. So many ingenious machines—such combinations of springs, cushions, clasps, pulleys, wheels, splints, leather, steel, and India-rubber; for straightening people, you will never have seen before.

I should have liked to have included in this brief review the practice of the celebrated Ricord at the Hôpital du Midi, the pleasant Hôpital of Beaujou, and the minor ones of St. Antoine, Hôtel Dieu Annexe, Cochin, and others, but really I find myself likely to make this letter so long, that I must be excused.

As I mentioned before, just opposite the Hôpital des Cliniques is the School of Medicine.

Entering, perhaps, with a crowd at a given signal, you find yourself in one its lecture rooms, capable of accommodating some fourteen hundred students. The Parisian Faculty of Medicine is composed of twenty-six professors, most of whom, either in winter or summer, lecture here. They are salaried by government, at from about four hundred to nearly two thousand dollars each, and are thus independent of their pupils. Each

of these has an assistant professor, or *agrégé*, who, in case of need, lectures in place of the professor, but receives no remuneration, except certain privileges, and the chance of being elevated to the first vacant chair.

With the exception of the blanks for vacancies or recent deaths, the following is a list of the professorships and incumbents :

Anatomy, —; *External Pathology*, Marjolin and Gerdy; *Internal Pathology*, Dumeril and Piorry; *General Pathology and Therapeutics*, Andral; *Medical Chemistry*, Orfila; *Legal Medicine*, Adelon; *Clinical Surgery at the Hospitals*, Roux at Hôtel Dieu, Cloquet at the Hôpital des Cliniques, Velpeau at the Charité, — at La Pitié; *Clinical Medicine*, Fouquier and Bouillaud at La Charité, and Chomel and Rostan at the Hôtel Dieu; CLINICAL OBSTETRICS, Dubois at the Hôpital des Cliniques; MEDICAL PHYSICS, Gavarrat; HYGIÈNE, Royer Collard; MEDICAL NATURAL HISTORY, Richard; OBSTETRICS, Moreau; PHYSIOLOGY, Pierre Berard; PHARMACY AND ORGANIC CHEMISTRY, Dumas; OPERATIVE SURGERY, Blandin; THERAPEUTICS AND MATERIA MEDICA, Trousseau.

The branches marked in Italics constitute the winter course, commencing with November, and terminating in March. From the beginning of April to the end of July is included in the summer course, during which the lectures on Pathology and clinical instruction are continued, and the latter branches of the above list given, from Medical Physics to Materia Medica, inclusive. August, September, and October are included in a vacation.

All the above lectures are free, both to natives and foreigners; the only fees are those paid by such as wish for the Parisian degree of Doctor of Medicine. These are required at intervals, during the four years of study specified, and amount, in all, to about two hundred and twenty dollars.

These professors, together with all medical officers in France;

civil or military, down to the lowest assistants at the hospitals, are appointed by the *concours*. A day is fixed and publicly advertised, when, before a kind of professional jury of examiners, all who are eligible are invited to appear and compete as for an honorable prize. The ordeal is often fearfully searching. Merit alone is usually the test. He who sustains the best examination, though he be poor and friendless, is preferred. In this way Baron Dupuytren, Velpeau, and some of the most distinguished men in the profession, have been enabled to rise to the highest honors from very obscure circumstances. The former, indeed, trimmed his lamp from the dissecting-room; and the latter was bred a country blacksmith. A project has been agitated, recently, to modify this system, as is supposed, to increase the patronage of the government, but it is believed not to have succeeded.

A Parisian student of medicine obtains his degree by five different examinations, distributed at nearly equally distant periods during the four years of his course. The last of these is practical, and consists in prescribing for two patients, selected from the wards of the Clinical Hospital, in presence of the professors. Rather a liberal education in the classics, mathematics, and general science, as guaranteed by the diploma of Bachelor of Science, is required. A little further on in the same street as the School of Medicine are Dupuytren's museum, and the dissecting halls of the Ecole Practique. Here you may have a course of dissections for several weeks, with the material found you, and a capital demonstrator to assist, all for not quite five dollars, or for the same sum, a little later, you may hear an excellent course of lectures on operative surgery, from some ambitious young surgeon, and then perform all the operations twice on the dead subject. The Ecole Practique is sometimes rather filthy and offensive, and you will find every thing more pleasant, and a more liberal supply of material, by paying some ten or twelve dollars for three or four months' dissections at the extensive Ana-

tomical School at Clamart. This is the finest establishment of the kind in the world. It is kept very clean, and is furnished with pleasant walks and grounds. The above are the only two places where dissections are allowed; and from some experience of both, even with a much longer walk, I would strongly advise you to choose the latter.

Among the greatest privileges of those who go to Paris, merely for a finish to their medical studies, are the special private courses given by the *internes* in the hospitals, and others. Many young men lecture and give lessons in this way more for reputation than any thing else. These courses generally last a month, and cost, on an average, some four or five dollars each. The classes usually contain from four or five to a dozen or more. Some of the most distinguished professors have junior representatives, who familiarly and practically teach the doctrines of their masters in this way. Thus, perhaps, you may get a brushing on physiology, with experiments on animals, from Magendie's assistant; or an excellent drilling in auscultation and percussion, at the bedside, from Piorry's *interne*, at *La Pitié*; or you may imbibe the doctrines of Dubois, second-hand; or grow wise with the microscope, or put an emphasis on almost any branch of medical knowledge you please.

There is a quiet original, Monsieur Ribail, living not far from the School of Medicine, who, for six weeks, and months after, will give you what he calls a "perpetual" course, and enlighten you to your heart's content, on the subject of bandaging and minor surgery, for the modest sum of not quite three dollars.

There are many distinguished men, and many professional advantages I have not space to notice. The valuable lectures and facilities for the study of comparative anatomy, and various accessory branches of natural history, at the Garden of Plants, and many other matters have been omitted.

For further details, I may refer you to the excellent descriptions of Stewart, Lee, and others.

In conclusion, I may remark, that the bright traits of the French school will probably seem mingled with some little faults. With a few exceptions, the treatment appears rather too temporizing and inactive. The broken down Parisians, it is true, are not the subjects for heroic depletion. But, then, you will occasionally see feeble, vitiated constitutions, sinking with typhoid symptoms, left to nature and starvation, or amused with poultices to the abdomen, gum water, lavements, and the like, when you would be generously pouring in beef-tea, wine, and carbonate of ammonia, to sustain them. Yet the typhoid fever of Paris, with its lesions of the intestinal canal, will not bear stimulation like Irish typhus. Parisian practice does not seem eclectic enough. There appears to be a little too much theory and visionary speculation. Each physician is too often the slave of some favorite doctrine. The operations in surgery are skillful and excellent, but the after-treatment and the *medical* surgery are not so good. Union by the first intention is not sufficiently encouraged, and the patient's strength is often unsupported. There is an excessive fondness for greasy applications and thick, oppressive bandaging and compresses, even in warm weather.

Yet there are more redeeming traits. In skillful diagnosis, brilliantly eloquent lecturers, profound knowledge of important specialities, and rich variety of medical advantages, easy of access, I know of no city equal to Paris.

Perhaps we cannot select fairer illustrative examples of the medical institutions of Germany, than those of Vienna and Berlin.

We will commence with the former.

Joseph II., son of Maria Theresa, and one of the most liberal and beneficent rulers of Austria, suppressed several other institutions, and, assisted partly by their revenues, founded an immense hospital, which, regarded in every point of view, is probably the first in Europe. The *Allgemeine Krankenhaus*,

as it is termed, is situated in the outer or suburb city, covers probably more than a dozen acres of ground, employs nearly three hundred and fifty officers and attendants, from the head physicians downward, with salaries amounting to some \$40,000, and accommodates about three thousand five hundred patients, when filled.

You will perceive that is as large as four or five of the larger Parisian hospitals put together. In fact, it is a sort of little medical city of itself, the families of the physicians, professors, and attendants, being all furnished with residences in the hospital buildings.

There are three classes of patients, of whom those of the first pay forty florins (about \$20) a month, and have each a separate room and nurse, and receive better fare; those of the second class pay twenty-seven florins a month; and those of the third class, if able, pay nine florins monthly, with inferior accommodations, in larger wards. Different trades, distant localities, employers, and even foreign ambassadors, are sometimes called upon to pay for those who have the least claim to their protection.

Each important class of diseases has a division of the hospital particularly appropriated to it, under the charge of some one paying more exclusive attention to such speciality.

There are three leading characteristics in which the modern Viennese school, as represented in this hospital, exceeds, perhaps, any other: the study of morbid anatomy, auscultation and percussion of the chest, and diseases of the eye.

In a retired spot in the rear of the hospital, side by side, with a door communicating, are a couple of roomy apartments, in a small building of one story. In one of these all the bodies of those who have died in this immense hospital are examined; and in the other, all the subjects of suspicious death in the city of Vienna, or such as would demand the coroner in this country. You enter at eight o'clock in the morning. A stout,

middle-aged gentleman, with Polish features, and rather stooped, is passing backward and forward, superintending the dissections in both departments. It is the celebrated Professor Rokitansky. In each there is an assistant, who uses the scalpel with great facility, and dictates aloud, in German, the morbid appearances to a clerk, who takes notes of each case.

In what we would term the coroner's department there are frequent cases of poisoning and infanticide. Some are the subjects of severe wounds or injuries, which leave most of the organs perfectly healthy; and, by merely passing from one room to the other, you can compare these with the diseased structures of the fever patients, and others who have died in the hospital.

These constant comparisons of healthy with unhealthy organs are particularly useful in studying those liable to alterations in size, such as the liver, kidneys, spleen, and heart.

There are rarely less than fifteen or twenty bodies examined every morning; and, after this practical lesson, you may listen to a lecture on the most interesting cases, by the first living pathologist. These advantages, so far, are free of expense; but, by paying some fifteen dollars, you may have a special private course with Rokitansky, in which he will go over the specimens in the rich museum, and allow you to assist in *post mortem* examinations.

Altogether, there are no such advantages for studying this department of professional knowledge in any other city in the world.

Unfortunately, he lectures very indistinctly, and in something of a drawling tone, so that, unless you are quite at home in German, you can scarcely understand him.

Professor Skoda, as you may be aware, is the author of one of the best works in any language on the physical signs of diseases of the chest. He combines the profoundly philosophic

observation of Louis with the tact and precision of Piorry. As a *teacher* of auscultation and percussion, I honestly believe him to be the first of the age. His theories and classification of sounds are somewhat original, and differ in some points from those of Laennec and Hope. A few of those upon which the former placed emphasis are set down by Skoda as "*indeterminate*," and unimportant.

As a cause of the bronchial sounds in inflammatory diseases, and the harshness and resonance of the breathing at the upper lobes of the lungs, among the early signs of phthisis, he places great stress upon what he terms "consonance."

The walls of a cavity, by approximating in structure, may echo the sound, or vibrate in unison with a note from another source: thus a guitar-case consonates with the strings. He considers that tubercles or inflammation solidify the walls of the air passages, and thus fit them to consonate with the larynx and trachea. He is very careful to emphasize "insufficiency" of the valves of the heart.

His treatment is very mild and expectant—too much so, as you would say. Ipecacuanha is a staple with him, and he rarely bleeds in pneumonia. Like many celebrated physicians you will see upon the Continent, his attention seems so riveted upon the diagnosis and symptoms of the disease, that the cure of the patient appears rather too much like a secondary matter. Yet, with his excellencies, you are not forced to copy any little defects.

In addition to the advantage of such a teacher, there are two large wards selected and supplied with the most interesting cases in the hospital, for the particular purpose of studying diseases of the chest, and teaching this speciality.

The most rare varieties of morbid sound, are here well illustrated. For the trifling sum of about five dollars, you may receive an excellent private course of instruction, from Skoda's assistant, with the privilege of leisurely examining patients in

these wards. I never attended any thing of the kind so satisfactory.

The Ophthalmic School, of Vienna, owes its chief glory to the celebrated Beer. Under his pupil, Rosas, it is still probably the first in Europe. Professor Rosas delivers most instructive clinical lectures, several times a week, in the theatre arranged by Beer. He pays great attention to the constitutional treatment in affections of the eye. You will be delighted with some of the arrangements of this part of the hospital to promote cleanliness.

The assistant of Rosas, for a trifle, gives a capital private operatic course, with suitable material, and another on the diagnosis of diseases of the eye.

Medical education is cheap in Austria, costing those who graduate, about one-half the fees in Paris. Foreigners, not wishing a degree, have access free. The examinations, as in France, are distributed through the course of study, which lasts five years, of which the two last are devoted specially to practical studies. The clinical instruction in the wards is in Latin, and the students are obliged every day to converse with the professor, by the bedside, in that language. When you remember the immense number of Latin terms in medicine, familiar to every student, you will see that it is not so difficult for those unaccustomed to this colloquial use of Latin to comprehend it pretty readily. Any one who can read the easier authors, can understand it without much difficulty. Skoda speaks it with much distinctness and a pleasant accent.

You will perhaps see no wards so well arranged, for clinical instruction, in any hospital, as some of those in that of Vienna. Each patient has a student, in the fourth or fifth year of his course, who writes out a very minute history of the case, and the treatment, in Latin, and places it upon a large sheet of paper, which is affixed to a board, at the head of the patient's bed, and submits both to the examination, and correction, of

the professor, in the presence of a crowd of students, every morning. The name of the disease, and several leading particulars, are also chalked in large letters, in Latin, on a black board, suspended at the head of each patient's bed.

In general surgery, Vienna is decidedly behind Paris, Berlin, or London, and you will think the practice of physic somewhat too inert and speculative. Yet some of the arrangements for giving practical instruction are so excellent, and some branches are cultivated with such enthusiasm, as to more than atone for this.

The principal hospitals of Berlin are those of the old and the new *Charité*, situated close to each other, in the outskirts of the city, and containing, between them, some twelve hundred beds.

In the larger *Charité* there is a very fine operating theatre, and the whole arrangement of the wards is admirable. Besides the clinical professors, there are, attached to the service, six intelligent house-physicians and surgeons. I happened to have made the acquaintance of one of these, under very favorable circumstances, some months previous to my visit, and through his kindness, I was better enabled to appreciate the internal economy of these hospitals. In some of their details they are superior to any others I saw upon the continent.

Berlin hospital practice is exceedingly like the English. It is much more active and varied than that of Austria or France. Both depletion and support are more vigorously affected. You will see here, that peculiarity in German practice, almost unknown to us; the frequent exhibition of the hydrochlorate, or as we used to say, the muriate of ammonia. It is much used in chronic bronchitis, and the derangements of the liver and spleen, which often follow the intermittents that prevail at Berlin.

Professor Schönlein, of the *Charité*, is undoubtedly one of the first practical physicians of Germany. A translation of

his principal work would be a valuable addition to our own medical literature. You may possibly have noticed some of his excellent clinical lectures, reported in some of the English medical periodicals.

The lamented Dieffenbach, so long at the head of Prussian surgery, was busily lecturing and operating at the time of my visit. He was moderately full in person, and short in stature, and the cast of his face, and something in his style of operating, reminded me of our own Mott.

It is a tribute which I should feel delicate in paying to the living, to say that, as a stranger, I never had a letter of introduction to a distinguished member of the profession, so completely occupied, that was more kindly honored, than that to Baron Dieffenbach.

Professor Jüngken, the celebrated oculist, and a bold and dexterous operator in general surgery, has succeeded him at the *Charité*.

In compound fractures the limb is sometimes fitted in a box of sand, over which a piece of oil-cloth is laid; the unequal pressure of splints is thus avoided, and the inflamed part kept cool, and in position. When the wound is healed, and the swelling subsided, the limb is done up in starched bandages and pasteboard splints.

Where there is too profuse suppuration, with excellent effect, the limb is enveloped in a cloth wet with a solution of the nitrate of silver, in the proportion of five grains to the ounce.

The medical department of the University of Berlin has already attained a very high celebrity. Müller, the first physiologist of the day, is one of the professors.

The regulations with regard to strangers, however, are not so liberal as at Paris or Vienna. Unless temporarily by courtesy, through letters of introduction, you will not be expected to attend either the lectures of the University, or visit regularly the hospital, without paying the entrance fees

of an ordinary student. Yet the matured science of the former, and the superior medical and surgical practice of the latter, are worth the extra trouble, if your attainments in German and your time will allow.

I have written much more than I intended, and I will detain you but little longer.

Owing to the fact that every medical work of any note, published in Great Britain or Ireland, is in our own language, and is immediately reprinted here, and owing to the republication of their leading medical journals, the great mass of the profession in the United States, are almost as familiar with the character of their hospitals and schools, and the opinions of their lecturers and writers, as those of our own country.

Whether from these causes, the similarity in the physical character of our population, or in the practical observing genius of the people, our treatment generally resembles theirs, much more than that of the continent. But, on this very account, we should pay their medical institutions more marked attention in our visits abroad.

It will hardly be news to you, to say that Bartholomew's and Guy's are the first hospitals in London—that the latter is one of the most richly endowed in the world, having had bequeathed to it upward of a million dollars by its founder, Thomas Guy, a bookseller, in the reign of Queen Anne, and nearly as much more by Thomas Hunt, in 1829. St. Thomas's Hospital is close to Guy's, in the Borough. The other general hospitals, commencing with the larger, are those of St. George, Middlesex, London, Westminster, King's College, University College, and Charing Cross.

Most of these have connected with them Schools of Medicine, and a number of professors. Not being state institutions, but independent charities, as one means of increasing their revenue, they receive pretty liberal fees from the students who

attend them. However we might wish they could afford to have it otherwise, it would not be honorable for any one who has not received his degree, to make more than temporary visits to the hospitals, without complying with this regulation. To foreign physicians or surgeons, regularly introduced as such to any of their medical officers, the courtesy of free admission to the hospitals and schools is commonly readily extended.

In behalf of intimate friends and myself, I can not help particularly remembering the kind attentions received, as strangers, during several months, at St. Bartholomew's.

Good letters of introduction, indeed, are more necessary and beneficial in England than almost any where else; and I would advise you to be well provided. The English, from custom or constitution, are a little more reserved and ceremonious than some other nations, upon short or limited acquaintance; but once well introduced either in the social or professional circle, you will find them most generously hospitable.

London has rapidly increased in medical importance of late years. You will find there quite a constellation of stars in the profession. If you look over any good surgical library, or even its list of contributors to the *Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine* alone, you will be surprised at the number.

Sir Benjamin Brodie lectures occasionally at St. George's; Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Stanley, Dr. Burrowes, and Dr. Rigby, are at St. Bartholomew's; Mr. Bransby Cooper, Mr. Key, Dr. Bright, Dr. Addison, and Dr. Golding Bird, at Guy's; Mr. Green, Mr. South, and Dr. Marshall Hall, at St. Thomas's; Dr. Watson, Dr. Budd, Mr. Arnott, and Mr. Ferguson, at King's College; Mr. Samuel Cooper, Dr. Williams, and Dr. Walshe, at University College; Mr. Shaw and Dr. Latham, at Middlesex, and Dr. Pereira and Mr. Curling, at the London Hospital.

You will see a greater *amount* of good practical surgery in London than any other city in the world. A population of two millions afford a constant supply of material, and the influence

of a few master-spirits has latterly made this a favorite study. Cooper, Liston, Brodie, and Lawrence are names that pass current every where, and possess a charm even with us across the Atlantic. The operating days are different in the different hospitals, so that, if you wish to devote yourself particularly to surgery, by going from one to another, you can see a large number of operations, accompanied with clinical observations, almost every day. You must not forget the excellent Ophthalmic Institution, in Moorfields.

I would also particularly recommend you to get, through some of the members, admission to the exceedingly interesting discussions at the Medico-Chirurgical and other societies.

You will not find the same advantages for studying specialities in London as in Paris, and you will miss the private courses. But owing, perhaps, to the influence of a free press, or the practical genius of the profession, the hospital practice of the former will probably strike you as much the best. It is more careful and varied.

The English physicians give a great deal of medicine—too much, you will say; but they display great judgment, and excellent knowledge of *materia medica* in prescribing. You can depend, too, upon their honesty and veracity. If continental practice is too speculative and inactive, that of Great Britain, on the other hand, is, perhaps, too heroic, and mercurials are more boldly given than with us. Taken as a whole, however, it exhibits traits of great excellence. The patients of the British hospitals will bear to advantage more treatment than their southern neighbors. Diseases are very apt early to assume a typhoid character, and you will particularly admire their generous and judicious management of low forms of fever and erysipelas.

Much to my regret, my stay at Edinburgh was so brief as not to allow me to visit satisfactorily her famed medical institutions.

If other cities, however, have risen in this respect, she has never fallen. If you look over the list of great names in London, you will be surprised to find how many of them have hailed from the "Modern Athens."

One of the very best practical schools of medicine in the world is, doubtless, that of Dublin. To be convinced of this, you have only to reflect upon the really valuable additions it has made to the literature of the profession within the last twenty years.

It is hardly necessary for me to mention the names of Colles, Graves, Stokes, Churchill, Marsh, Kennedy, Harrison, Jacob, and others. They have become household words in medicine.

In the rigid adherence to the ordeal of experience, patient observation of medical facts, and the abandonment of empty theorizing, you will find the Dublin school equal to that of London, and in some things more eclectic and liberal. They have introduced here something of the German system of clinical instruction. The facilities for the study of anatomy are rather better than those of London; and in obstetrics I may record my honest conviction, that Dublin excels any other place in Europe.

Taken as a whole, you will probably meet with no practice abroad that will please you better than that of Stevens', the Meath, and the Lying-in Hospital. The terms of admission are somewhat similar to those of London; but there being fewer strangers at the Irish capital, they naturally receive more courtesy and attention. Letters of introduction are far less necessary. This may arise from so many of their countrymen having found a home with us, or their natural warmth of character; but it is generally a passport to the heart of an Irishman, in his own country, to say you are an American. There is more quiet, and less to distract and weary you, than in London or Paris.

In reply to your inquiries regarding expense, I have striven

to give you a general idea as to medical matters. I found living in Vienna, the cheapest of any of the capitals I have mentioned. Next to this, you will probably find your outlay increase, in different cities, in the following order, Paris, Berlin, Dublin, London, the last being the dearest.

The more careful class of American students spend from five or six hundred to a thousand dollars a year in Paris. Some of the French and Italians, however, manage to *exist* on two or three hundred.

I may recapitulate, by saying, that in the study of anatomy, human and comparative, botany, chemistry, and diagnosis, deformities, diseases of the skin, and some other specialities, of the places named, I should prefer Paris; in pathology, diseases of the chest and eye, Vienna; sensible German practice, Berlin; surgery, London; obstetrics, and the practice of medicine, Dublin. Only a few, in our large cities, confine themselves mainly to surgery. To the great mass of the profession, the two last branches mentioned are the most important.

Any medical friend going abroad to obtain knowledge, rather for use than show, or not quite familiar with French and German, I should advise to spend a very considerable portion of his time in the Irish capital. The great bulk of American students have, I am confident, lost by confining themselves too closely to Paris, and neglecting too much London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. I have thus frankly committed myself, with some hesitation, but without fear or favor. You know how easy it is for a stranger to get slightly exaggerated impressions, and you can take the opinions just expressed, for what they are worth. They are the result of honest conviction, and only stated for the consideration of fellow-laborers in the same arduous calling, in the hope of doing good.

Ours is a profession of fearful responsibility. The fate of dearest relatives, the greatest of earthly blessings, that without which all others are vain, nay life itself, are intrusted to our

care. If conscientious—whatever may be the opinion of the world, as to their relative worth—we can not, we dare not neglect the best means in our power, to qualify us for the stern realities of the bedside. The best school of medicine is that which is most practical, and the most important branches are those which most directly aid us in the great object of our profession—*the saving of human life.*

Faithfully yours.

THE END.

Harper's New Catalogue.

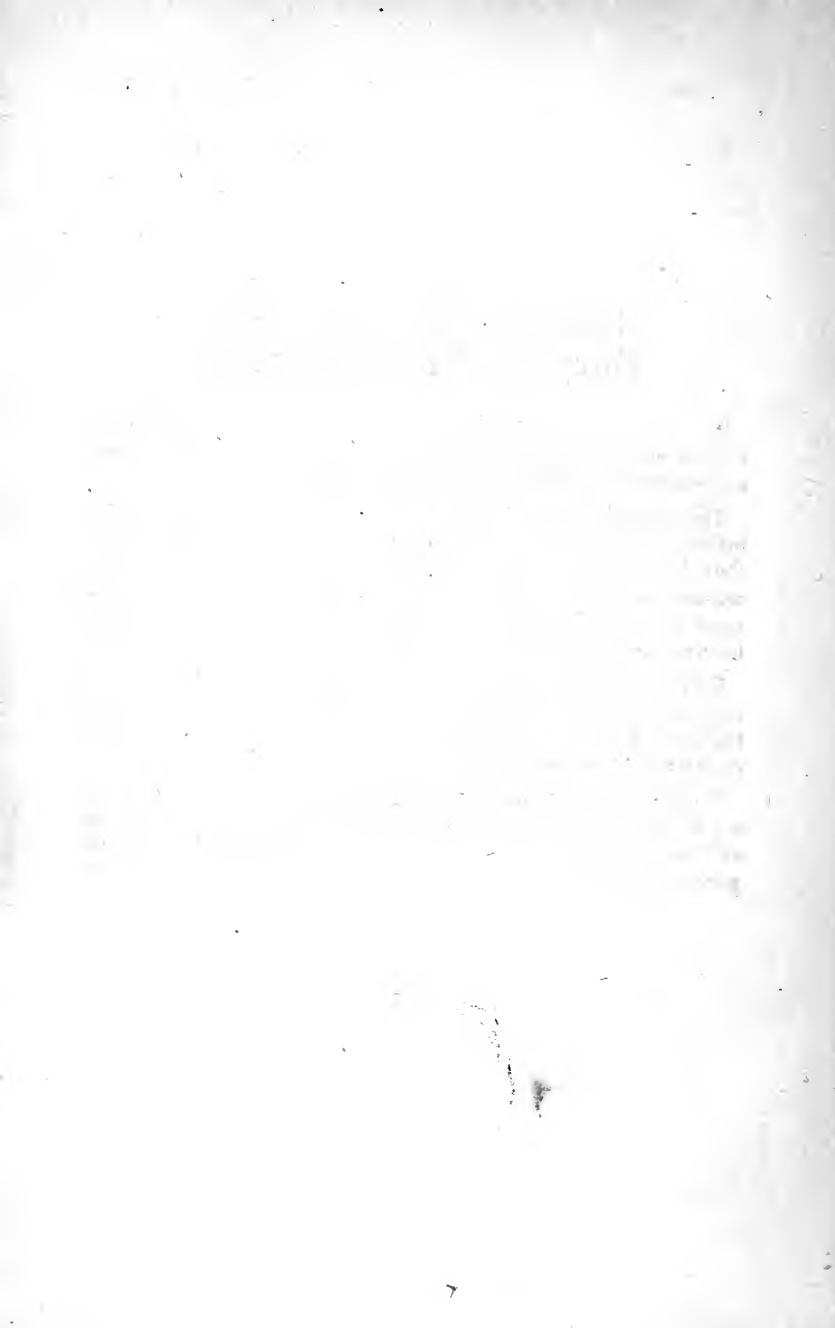
A NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF HARPER & BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS is now ready for distribution, and may be obtained gratuitously on application to the Publishers personally, or by letter, post-paid.

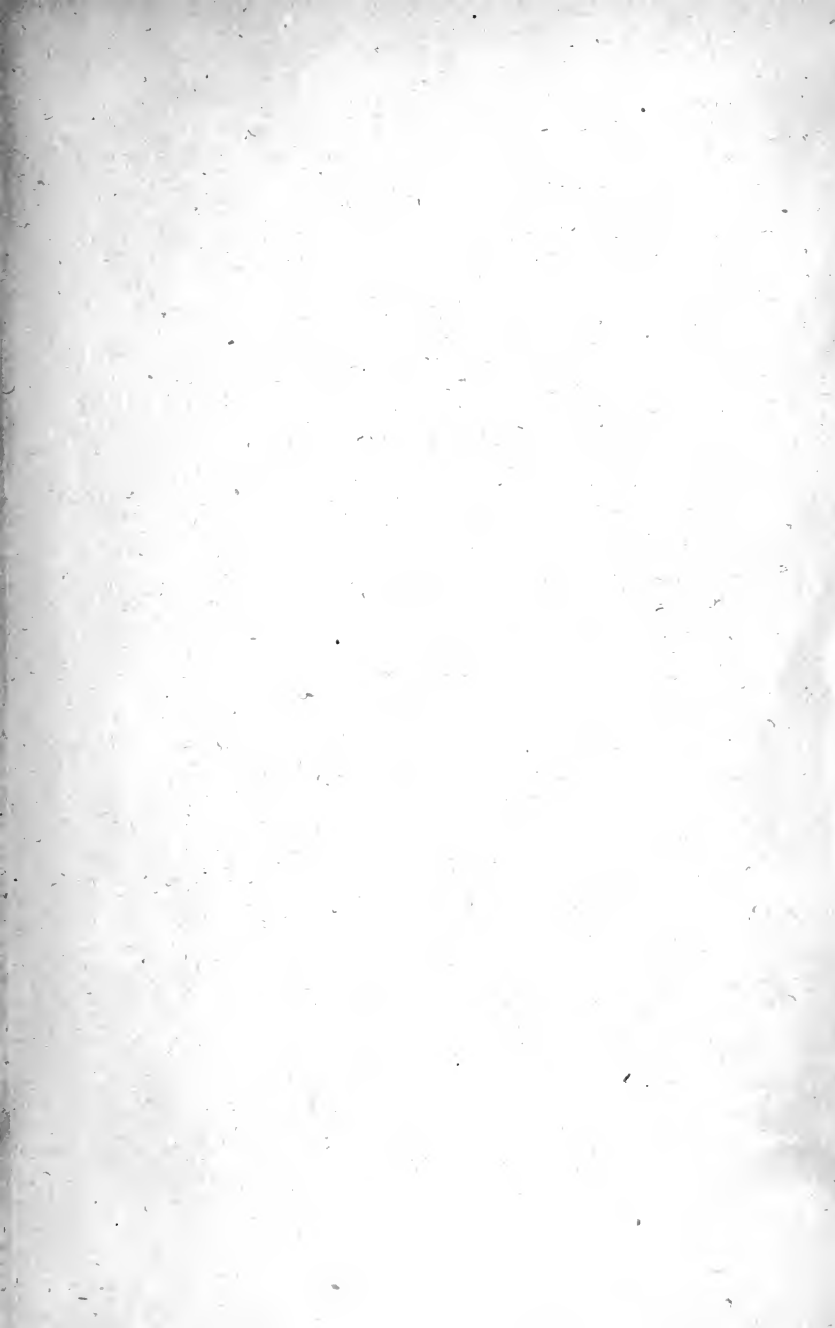
The attention of gentlemen, in town or country, designing to form Libraries or enrich their literary collections, is respectfully invited to this Catalogue, which will be found to comprise a large proportion of the standard and most esteemed works in English Literature—COMPREHENDING ABOUT TWO THOUSAND VOLUMES—which are offered in most instances at less than one half the cost of similar productions in England.

To Librarians and others connected with Colleges, Schools, etc., who may not have access to a reliable guide in forming the true estimate of literary productions, it is believed the present Catalogue will prove especially valuable as a manual of reference.

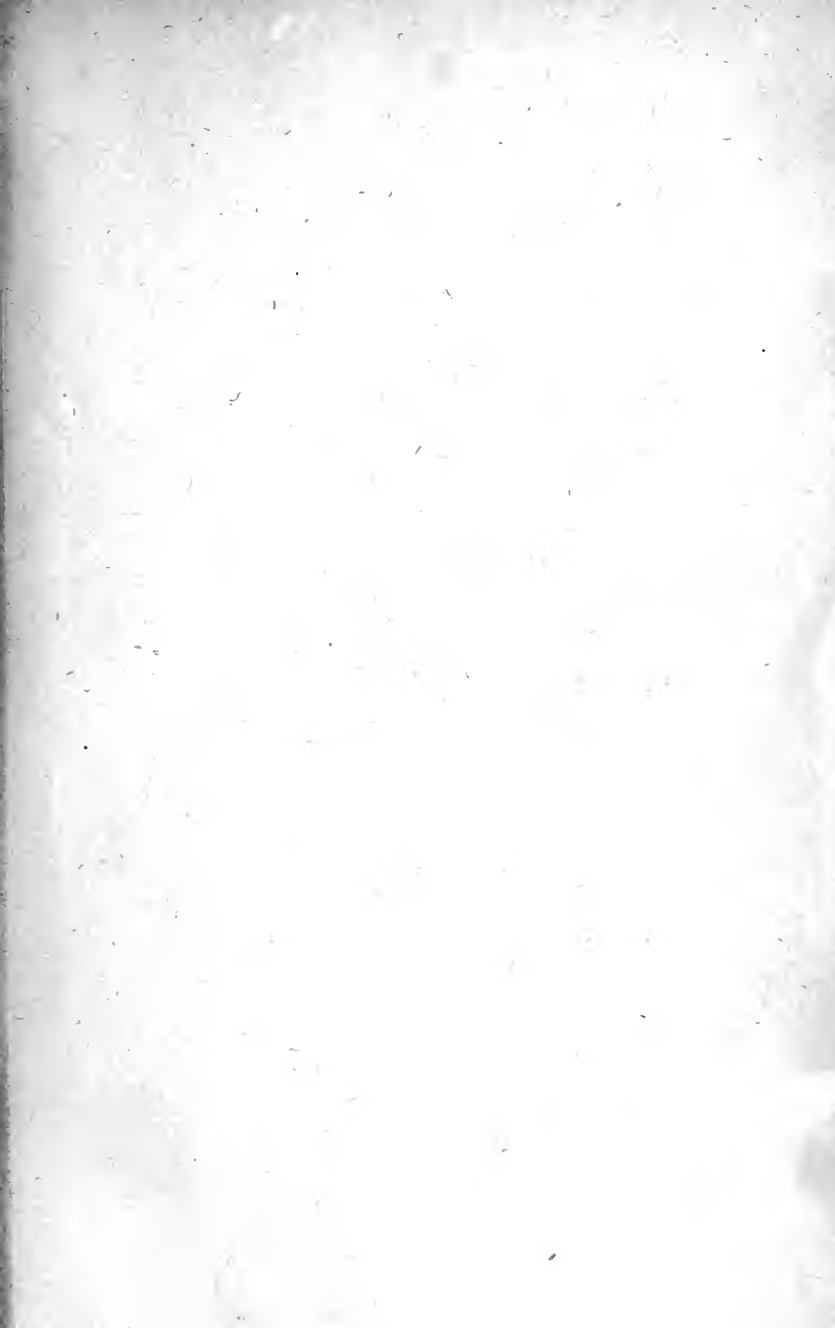
To prevent disappointment, it is suggested that, whenever books can not be obtained through any bookseller or local agent, applications with remittance should be addressed direct to the Publishers, which will be promptly attended to.

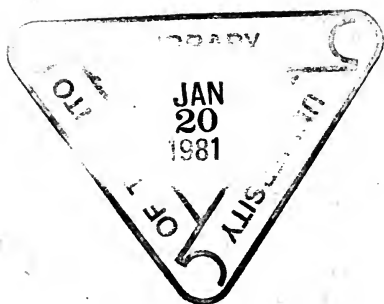
82 *Cliff Street, New York,*











PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

D
919
C677
1848

Corson, John W.
Loiterings in Europe

