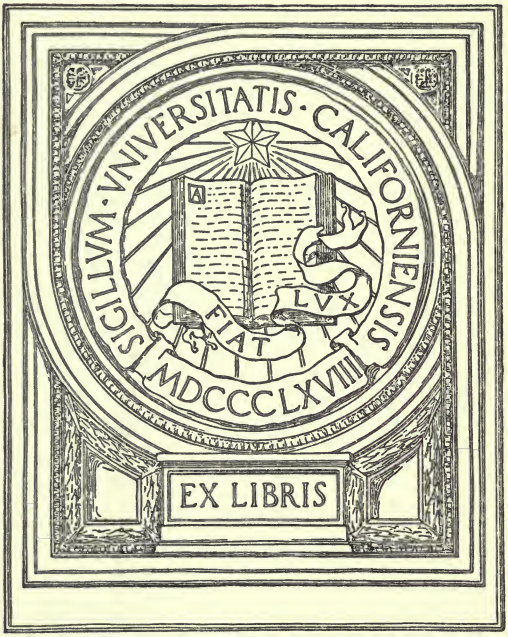
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NINETY DAYS' WORTH

OF

EUROPE.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

"Ha! they are gone!"

"Yet feel you no delight
From the past sweetness?"

BOSTON:
WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY,
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NINETY DAYS' WORTH OF EUROPE.

I AM to say, in a prefatory note to this work, that I have as great a contempt for books of travel as I ever had, and quite as much for this book as I have for any of the class.

I have also to say to the public, that I have no wish that they should buy it, take it out of Loring's Library at two cents a day, or out of the City Library for nothing. Still less do I advise them to read a word in it, by any accident whatever.

But I find, that in six months, since I returned from a very happy little dash across Europe, I have had constant occasion to lend to friends the letters which I sent home, or the note-books and scrap-books which I brought home. I am also constantly referring to them myself for the chastening of the imaginative side of my memory, and the stimulating of its drowsy side. It will be much more convenient to recur to these memorials in print than in their original manuscript; and for this private and personal purpose, here on a New-Hampshire hillside, at too high a level to be hot, and too far from men to be interrupted, on this lovely July day, I begin the arrangement for the press of these pages.

They are dedicated to that circle of friends who would have been glad to look over them in manuscript.

I spare myself, therefore, the pains of adding notes to explain personal or domestic allusions which most of these friends will understand. As the Dervise Nasr-Eddin said, those who do not understand can ask those who do. I omit all apology again for the extreme crudeness of the whole, and the errors which I do not doubt are on every page. I have no books of reference here on the Slope of Passaconaway; and as we say in sermons and in the "Examiner," when we come to a hard place, "it would not be in my present plan" to use them if I had.* There is no pretence, in the materials that I bring together, that I understand the phenomena that I describe, or that I have studied them with care. The home-friends for whom I wrote knew perfectly well that I had had no opportunity to do either.

This little book, therefore, is not a study of European civilization or barbarism; nor is it a study of any of the elements of either, — of European education, government, art, or society. It is rather an extract-book, made up from parts of a mass of the most hasty notes, which show how much enjoyment I found in my NINETY DAYS' WORTH OF EUROPE.

Some suggestions on the religion of Europe, as it shows itself in its public religious services, which seemed to me worth writing home, have been published in the "Christian Register" much more widely than they would be published here. With one or two exceptions, therefore, I do not repeat them now.

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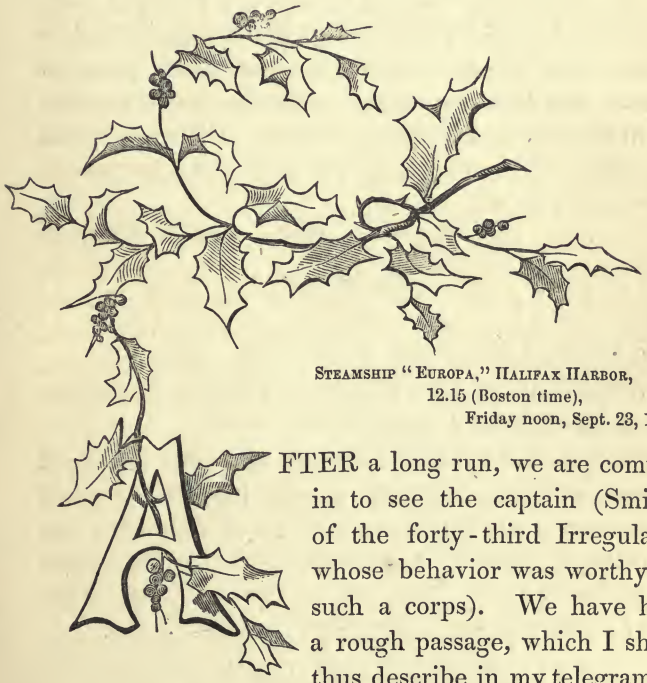
* I have since found the same remark in Tacitus.

TO AND FROM ENGLAND.



STEAMSHIP "EUROPA," HALIFAX HARBOR,
12.15 (Boston time),
Friday noon, Sept. 23, 1859.

AFTER a long run, we are coming in to see the captain (Smith, of the forty-third Irregulars, whose behavior was worthy of such a corps). We have had a rough passage, which I shall thus describe in my telegram:

"All well; sea rough; ship steady; passengers pleasant; and I, always yours."

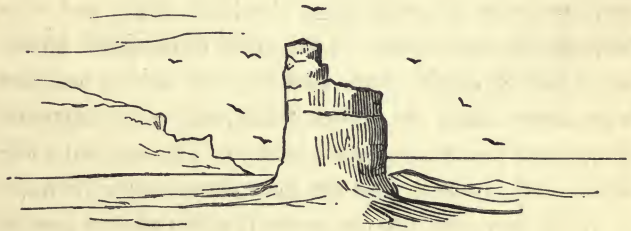
There has been no period till now when we have had a smooth enough sea for me to write even thus ill. But really our detail has been little. It is just possible that a schooner may have announced that she spoke us Wednesday night. If she arrives at Boston, it will not be that she has not been sent to a hotter place by everybody who has alluded to her in our party (excepting me, who sympathize with her skipper, and am afraid I should have done just what he did). The skipper thought he was going to be run down, and fired two guns. This he should never have done, unless he were in distress; but, as he did it, gallant Capt. Leitch in all that stiff gale lay by, and sent a boat on board him, only to learn that his *distress* rose from his fears that he did not see him. So, as far as I can learn, he got quite distinctly condemned for his pains; and we proceeded again to our business of getting to Europe. By rigid continuance in it, we were able to take a pilot this morning: a very pretty and exciting sight, — two pilot schooners vying for our custom, and the successful Bluenose having to pull a mile in his fine little dory over such waves as you never saw. By the time he reached us, his nose was as red as a peach-blow.

Meanwhile, whenever and wherever we saw breakers, knowing passengers nodded, and said "Sambro Head;" though, when the pilot arrived, it appeared, as I had guessed, that none of the officers knew

within ten miles where we were in this fog, if indeed the pilot himself did. As no intercourse is allowed between the passengers and the officers on duty, we were not able to communicate to them our intuitive information. Where I am writing, I can see no more of Halifax than you can; but I believe we are just at the pier.

STEAMER "EUROPA," Sunday, Oct. 2, 1859.

We rose early, to be sure to see the Giant's Causeway. We are to arrive in Liverpool to-night if all works well. We were not disappointed about the Causeway, though hardly near enough to it. It was curiously like, in some of its effects, my sailing by the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior three months since; and I recognized the little island pillar, which



you will remember we saw in Mr. Waterston's capital drawings. For any detail, however, we were quite too far off; and the Giant's Causeway will remain in my memory rather as a series of receding cliffs, each like that in the geography-pictures, than with any

such specific aspect as we saw in that portfolio. Soon after, we doubled the north-east cape of Ireland, — Fair Head; which we came close to, and which had, therefore, for us a much finer appearance, — an immense basaltic cliff like the Palisades, and the country each side much like the Highlands of the Hudson. You may imagine how pretty cottages, churches, and fields looked after our imprisonment. I had on my knees a pretty little pet about four years old, daughter of a naval officer on board. She asked me to show her Scotland. I lifted her up, and pointed out the *Mull of Cantire*, which was hazy in the east. It was, as it proved, the first sight the little thing had ever had of *her own land*. The little blue-eyed, flaxen ringleted, Scottish lassie was born in Malta, and has been ever since at different English naval stations, away from what she will always call home, with her father and mother, who are now returning with us.

We kept very close to the Irish shore till we passed the lough which makes the Harbor of Belfast; having by the way, before this, passed the Lough Foyle, where the horrible Londonderry battles (in Macaulay) were fought. We then began to cross toward the other side. The rain and fog began to gather. It

came time for service, which I read again. After service, it was still rainy; and so our acquaintance with the new continent (if these islands be a part of the continent) ended almost as soon as it began.

Last night, we had a perfectly magnificent aurora, beginning as soon as it was dark, and lasting so near midnight, that I could not but hope you saw it also: for you know ours of Aug. 28 was seen at Rome; the first, save Guido's, ever seen there. *Faustum sit omen.* Although this did not form a complete canopy, it did curtain the whole northern hemisphere, and passed far over; seeming, indeed, most *knot-like* at the zenith. As I lay on my back on the deck, looking right up, it seemed at one time most like one of those large fan-tailed comets figured in the astronomy-books; only the nucleus was in the zenith, and the fan swept half the horizon. The colors were very rich and deep. Afterwards there were the most weird dances of the spirits, —

"Quiescent, quivering, quickly, quaintly, queer," —

as they are described in an alliterative alphabetic poem, on the model of "An Austrian Army," which five of us invented while we waited for more. All the rest of it which I remember are the first lines, —

"Awake, Aurora! and above all airs
By brilliant blazon bully boreal bears." *

* But the whole of the stuff got printed in "Notes and Queries."

ENGLAND.

I think it is Dr. Bellows who says in an article on travel, in the "North American," that the first twenty-four hours has a smack or tang in it, which nothing afterwards compares with. This is perfectly true; and this is to be added, — which indeed, perhaps, he adds (for I quote at second-hand), — that this first impression is a blush on the grape, a bloom on the peach, which it is very difficult to recover even in memory. My first sight of an English hamlet in Staffordshire, its droll squeezing together of half a dozen brick houses as close as if they were in North Street in Boston, while all around there was plenty of room; my first sight of ivy growing perfectly free and wild; my first sight of holly-trees as large as apple-trees; my first sight of a lark in the sky; my first sight of heather in bloom; my first "hedger and ditcher;" my first sight of the brick walls of a garden in the country; my first sight of the interior of an English church; my first crusader-lying-in-stone-on-his-back-on-his-tombstone; my first every thing, in short, — excited me, electrified me, brought the tears to my eyes very likely, in a way which, two or three months after, I found it impossible to make real. I think it all comes back to me more, as I write these words in the wholly differ-

ent world of the New-Hampshire mountains, than it did after a few weeks of familiarity with England. After the first plunge, one is accustomed to the new dimensions. St. George's Hall, in Liverpool, seemed large to me; and the parish Church of St. Mary's, in Stafford, the first church I entered in England; St. Paul's, in London, my first cathedral; and the Antwerp Cathedral, a few days after. But, in an instant almost, one adapts himself to the scale. He feels at home in the grandest of these buildings; and even in the cathedrals, for instance, feels that they are none too grand. He begins at once to compare them, not with his own church at home, but with each other. And so, as Dr. Bellows says, it is only the first of a class of impressions which does for us what we fancy travelling will do all the time. As soon as we get our first charge of European electricity, the conductor gives us no bigger sparks than it gives to other people.

Liverpool profits in my memories by this principle. I wonder that people hurry through it; I wonder that it ever gets disrespectfully spoken of, as if there were nothing to see. I suppose there are not many lions; but there are — what are as good as lions — shrimps, Spanish grapes, beggars playing at coach-wheel, red-coated post-boys, police-men with shiny hats, and, in short, all that world of details, which

are all new as one lands, as if they were lions, — newer, indeed, because they are never shown in menageries; and which, after a week in England, one sees no more than the native does, because he has seen them all the week, and forgets to notice them.

"Punch" represents the every-day side of life so faithfully, that one constantly cries at first, "How like 'Punch'!" as he sees a cab of a pattern he never saw before, a beggar in a rig unknown to him outside of "Punch," or a crossing-sweeper holding his hand for a penny. I remember also, that, as soon as we went into the country, we were constantly saying, "How like the theatre!" For at home we had never seen high brick walls and garden-gates in the midst of the country, except as they were necessary for the machinery of an English play; nor little way-side inns, — not big enough for anybody to sleep in, you would say, — with a sign stuck out from the house, indicating that the *Royal Oak* was remembered there. So much, indeed, of the drama takes English dress, that I do not think I was rid of this association with the play till I was again enjoying family life. The interiors in England, as I saw them, home-life in what they call the middle class, or in the

educated classes, seemed to me precisely like our life at home, except in a few of the most trivial details.

Of that interior life, these pages will, of course, say nothing more; and therefore, of a fortnight spent in England after the arrival described above, my book will, I must own, tell very little. For, to be philosophical and sentimental at once, very little ever gets written down about home. On the other hand, a crowded London hotel, or a midnight ride in an express-train, which one might describe if he chose, do not fill any great comparative place in his English recollections; and that happens, therefore, even in constructing the frailest book of "travels," which happens so often in the gravest history, — that the author does not choose to write down what he could tell, and does not want to write down what he may tell.

A delightful visit of three days in Staffordshire; an excited, busy stay of a day or two in London; three or four days at Cambridge; a foray with a friend, in the heart of England, for that little trio of sights which everybody sees, and everybody ought to, — Stratford on Avon, Warwick Castle, and Kenilworth, — a trio which now becomes a quartette, since Rugby is so sacred a place to so many of us; a few more days in London, and a few more in Cambridge, — brought us below the Tower to the "Baron Osy" steamer, on which we sailed to Antwerp. The cu-

Staffordshire	3
London	1 or 2
Cambridge	3 or 4
Rugby, &c.	foray
London	few
Cambridge	few
Total	14

rious, by performing the addition intimated in the margin, and introducing a little "indeterminate analysis" in the construction of the words "foray" and "few," can make out just how much time is necessary for each of these expeditions.

I was principled against Chester. It was very foolish, perhaps; but the last words almost I heard at home, from one whose advice I have always followed to my advantage and disobeyed to my peril, were these: "Don't write me that you went first to Chester;" and this, not but what it is an admirable memorial of the past of more than one age, but because it seems added upon the sea-voyage of all Americans, as if Chester were a sort of forecastle of the steamer, and you were compelled to pass through it before you could enter England. When I meet with a very pertinacious person now, who says, "You should have seen Chester; I hope you saw Chester," — making it, indeed, his "Killiecrank-e-lem," — I bow gravely, and say, "Oh, yes! I was very much interested in my stay in Chester:" but I do not generally add, that my stay was of three minutes and twenty-seven seconds in the railway station at midnight, as I was on my way, on a rainy night in December, from Liverpool to Dublin.

This is a long parenthesis, and I must not expend more such on the places I did not go to.

For what I did see here were the golden days of

young October. Whether it is always so or not, it ill becomes me to say; but, in 1859, the first fortnight in October was precisely such weather as it would have been in New England. We have a passion here for walking about in these delicious golden days, when we annually ask, whether they be the real Indian summer or not, and expressing a gratified regret that the season is all our own; that in Europe, particularly, they know no such golden glow, or echo of the summer more charming than the original. Which satisfaction, for the future, I have lost. Never was autumn haze more seductive, never was October sun more glowing, never was light more golden, never did yellow leaf shine more like jewel on green grass, than I saw them at Richmond, at Cambridge, at Warwick, at Kenilworth, at Charlecote Hall, all around Stafford; and, to save a long parenthesis in the next chapter, I may say, never did traveller on the North River have a more delicious day of Indian summer than we had on the Rhine. My only thermometrical observation is one made, like all my observations, with the instruments of the natives; for the rule which "Punch" lays down about drawings may be carried out in all a traveller's duties: "You can always," he says, "buy better drawings than you can make." So I found under Strasburg Cathedral a man waiting for me to come, with a much better spy-glass to see its traceries with than I could have carried. And, to return to the weather, though

I took no note of the thermometer in Liverpool, I do know that the barber whom I had occasion to consult there had lost a wax image in his window, because the heat of Oct. 3d had reduced the smiling maiden, as she exhibited her bridal coiffure, into a semi-fluid, pasty mass, on which floated pearl-dust, eyebrows, and carmine, in a confusion not easily reconciled. I offer this meteorological observation to the Smithsonian Institute, as my contribution to science, on the temperature of Liverpool on the 3d of October.

"But you do not mean to tell us," replies Worcester, in its gorgeous autumn tiara of crimson and gold, "that you saw any such brilliant colors on the English foliage as you used to see here from your own window, when you looked down on your own tulip-bed?" for you must know, dear reader, that the swamp of a million colors which blazed each year beneath the hill on which stood my house was known as "Hale's Tulip-bed" by the learned. To which I reply by begging no one to be excited, nor to fear that the supremacy in color is to be stolen from the red-maples, the red-oaks, the sassafras, the tupelo (if Worcester had any), the ash, or the Virginia creepers, or the sumach. But I throw in this contribution to the small-talk of coming Octobers, — that the gorgeousness of our foliage depends, not on our climate, but on our botany. There are in Massachusetts a hundred and thirty varieties of native trees: in

England there are only thirty-nine. There are, therefore, in Massachusetts, a hundred and thirty chances for variety of autumn color against only thirty-nine in England. Out of the hundred and thirty, it happens that those which do our bloodiest work in the autumn picture — those which "grind the red," as David would have said (he of the French Directory, not he of Bethlehem and Jerusalem) — are the Virginian creeper, the sumach, the oaks, the tupelo and ash, and, best of all, the maple; which are all our own. They do not have them in the English forest; and they, therefore, lack such color there. But the gold of their birches is as rich as ours; the blaze of their chestnuts seemed to me as fine as ours: and, on the other hand, a Virginia creeper, transplanted into an English garden, takes as gorgeous color as it would at home. There are some magnificent Virginia creepers in Florence, on the back of the Pitti Palace, which were of more brilliant crimson, as I saw them in November, than any of the gay upholstery within that pile.

I used to walk with pleasure into the "American garden" of one of my friends; but not so much, after all, because I was at home there. My great favorites were the splendid tufts of pampa grass, some twenty feet high! Of course, they had a right in the American garden, but not in mine. They reminded me of Mrs. L.'s story of her Swiss journey, when some one said to her, "All this must be very

little to you, dear Miss A., after Chimborazo." So it happened to me in Italy: when I had explained myself in good Latin to be an American, the old priest, with whom I talked, at once proposed Spanish as my native language. I think I see myself, in sight of Chimborazo, reading a Spanish newspaper under the shade of a clump of pampa grass, "watching the herds," and solacing myself with the thought, that there is no place like home.

Nothing had quite prepared me for what I may call the independence of a large English estate. There is, I think, a certain pride, even though one swear by Adam Smith, in making the place a little Robinson Crusoedom, — sufficient for its own wants, and not obliged to emigrate. On an estate where I happened to see the working of the system, a new farm had been laid out. A house was to be built for the tenant, — very much such a house as I lived in in Worcester, but that it was brick instead of wood. Then, of course, barns and other farm-buildings were to be added. For these buildings, the plans were drawn by the agent of the estate. He himself superintended the building. The stone was quarried on the estate; the brick, burned on the estate; the wood, cut and sawed on the estate, the saws being driven by their own waterfall. Every mason and bricklayer and carpenter hired was one of the laborers who grew up on the estate. The lime and paper-hangings and nails were the only articles in the trans-

action for which they were indebted to "foreigners." Here, at the top of civilization, was the same luxury in which, a year before, I found Hayes Copp living under the shade of Mount Madison. He had made his own farm with his own hands, and was dependent annually on civilization only for nails (always nails, you observe), needles, salt, and fish-hooks. For pins, it was observed that his wife had always had two, and always knew where they were. On this English estate, the owner himself employed fifty men and twenty women, besides the house-servants. There were eight farms let to tenants; each of whom, of course, employed his own laborers. Such farming as that of the home-farm I had never seen, because I had never seen so many varieties of farm-work brought together on a large scale. Farming, if I may call it so, included not only the raising of cattle, of sheep, of wheat, and all the other grains, extensive ornamental gardening, and game enough for the shooting of five or six thousand head a year, but the cutting and sawing all timber that was needed on the place, and the raising in nurseries, and transplanting, trees for new plantations on an extensive *chase.*

This chase extended some nine miles across country with almost no profitable vegetation on it. It was not green even: it was purple with heather, and yellow with broom. It was lovely to drive through, and had cover enough for pheasants in some places;

but, to a farmer's eye, was desolation itself. Its destiny, however, is to be reclaimed by these well-planned and boldly-executed plantations.

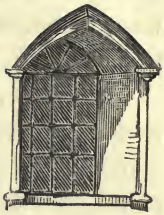
Cambridge, and, in particular, Trinity College, became my especial English home; and to its kind and bewitching hospitality I look back now with the pleasure which only a home commands. But, if I dare to attempt to describe an English university, it must be in one of the closing chapters of these fragments.

Here are some scraps from journals and letters, which will show a little of passing impressions of these different points, as they got noted at the time. But how much, alas, is never noted! The omission of all personal detail relating to anybody but myself, will, in a measure, account for their fragmentary aspect.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 11.

Our party at breakfast were three graduates, four undergraduates, and I. Half of them wore their gowns, but took them off on coming in. The room was much such a room as one of the attic rooms in "Massachusetts" would have been, if the proportions were a little larger each way. Three or four such open into each other in a Fellow's suite, such as this was. W.'s rooms (in New Court, Trinity) are exactly like a set in Divinity in size and general arrangement. But stone walls, of course, give a very deep

window-seat; and the architecture there requires a window high from the ground, of this shape. This breakfast was precisely what would have been served at any breakfast party with us. The talk, too, was perfectly like we should have had at home. . . .



As I think I have said, his room is princely and his books. He showed me a marble bust of Byron, from the life, by a pupil of Thorwaldsen; a wicked head, handsome as the Devil, and full as Epicurean and sensual. He had a fine bust of Goethe; and, on showing me a good bas-relief of Tennyson, called my attention to the likeness of his profile — head indeed — to Goethe's. He was in college with Tennyson. The little first volume of the poems which Emerson brought over from England in our day, and the girls, not to say the boys, copied so, was printed in 1831, while Tennyson was still an undergraduate. Lately, a knot of his friends have had his bust taken, to put in the library of Trinity. You remember, that, when the Westminster-Abbey people refused Thorwaldsen's Byron, these Trinity people gratefully took it. It is the finest ornament of their library, and the finest modern portrait-statue I have ever seen; not excepting the Gen. Warren on Bunker Hill, nor Houdon's Washington!

Well, our friend then took us (these people were all so kind) in person to the great University Library,

which was, in my boyhood, the second in the world; perhaps is now, — Greek antiques in the hall, or vestibule; five halls, of various size and architecture, for the books, the largest truly grand. The Codex Bezæ, one of the four oldest manuscripts (see, if you are curious, the preface to Griesbach), often called the Cambridge Manuscript, lies open in a glass case, that he who runs may read. The page is a small quarto. The ink is as distinct as this. The text is Greek on the left, Latin on the right; both perfectly legible as soon as you are used to the letter. It was open at the passage in Luke, just after the rubbing the ears of corn by the disciples, where this manuscript supplies a reading known nowhere else, my friends thought. You may look up the Greek in Alford: but the ladies will be satisfied with the Latin; which, indeed, I copied on the envelope of mamma's letter: *Eodem die videns quemdam operantem sabbato, dixit illi, Homo siquidem scis quod facis beatus es, si autem nescis maledictus es, et trabaricator legis.* I doubt if you find *trabaricator;* but the Greek is *καὶ παραβάτης νόμου.* Is not that funny, and good sabbath doctrine?* Here my candle burns out. I must undress in the dark. . . .

* The Greek is, *τῇ αὐτῇ ἡμέρᾳ θεασάμενός τινα ἐργαζόμενον τῷ σαββάτῳ, εἶπεν αὐτῷ· Ἄνθρωπε, εἰ μὲν οἶδας τί ποιεῖς, μακάριος εἶ· εἰ δὲ μὴ οἶδας ἐπικατάρατος καὶ παραβάτης εἶ τοῦ νόμου.* Of which Alford says, "Its form and contents speak for its originality, and, I believe, its authenticity."

The meaning is, "On the same day, seeing one working on the sabbath, he said to him, Man, if thou knowest what thou dost, happy art thou; but, if thou knowest not what thou dost, cursed art thou, and a breaker of the law."

I had meant to tell more of the marvels of the two libraries; the University Library far the largest, that of Trinity the most attractive. It is in a room not very unlike the old Congress Library Hall, carefully cared for, and with splendid show-things: first, the manuscript-book in which Milton wrote "Lycidas," "Comus," the original *dramatic* draught of "Paradise Lost," and most of his sonnets. Near the end of the book, between two sonnets, is the place where the poor fellow's eyes gave out, and the amanuensis began. I found myself kneeling before the desk where it was kept, not in homage, but because that was the convenient attitude for reading. I could therefore appreciate the story, that Coleridge knelt, and kissed the book, when they showed it to him. That manuscript collection is very curious throughout. I asked my friend if our old story were true, that the fashionable Greek type of our day (what we used to call the Oxford type) was cut after Porson's manuscript Greek. He replied by handing me two plays in Porson's own handschrift, of the most exquisite neatness of character; any number of autograph letters of Isaac Newton's and their other notables, most carefully kept; the original of one or two of Bacon's works, and so on; all Bentley's manuscripts, in another alcove; curious old monastic manuscripts, running all the way back, with very droll pictures illustrative of monastic life, and showing — what seems very odd — how the Roman house of the Pompeiian pattern sur-

vived even to the eleventh and twelfth centuries. It is bad, of course, to skim over these marvels: but you get a good deal of light in simply knowing how they look; and vastly more faith in criticism, and more respect for it, when you see in what perfect condition the materials are.

Our walk included a very funny visit to the kitchens and plate-rooms of Trinity and Caius.

[On a sheet of paper with an old print of Shakspere's birthplace.]

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, sunset.

In this house, at the window above the little sign, I write these lines. We have just come over from Warwick, after a charming day. We are now going to the church; from which, at this moment (6.15), I have just returned to the Shakspere Inn, where we are to spend the night. You cannot think how nice and satisfactory it all is. Warwick, where we loafed and laughed till we died, was in the agonies of a great sort of country fair, called a statute, or mops; being the annual day when laborers come together to be hired by farmers. This place is enjoying another; and it was from streets crowded with English men and boys in their funny smock-frocks, and girls and women as well, that we drove out into the quiet street, where the perfectly familiar Shakspere House stands. In the recent restoration, every thing to the left of the line I have drawn through the dog's legs

has been taken away, as not ancient. Under the same rule, almost every thing has been taken from the rooms, except a few good pictures, one of which was a copy of the Chandos portrait (which I saw at the New-York Exhibition, in the original), and such matters as the exhibitors of the house need for their convenience. These people (two nice, lady-like women) live in the house itself; and three rooms only are shown: there are, I suppose, three more. So it stands, in excellent condition, to show how they lived in those days of cold floors. How they did live without carpets (which I used to think, from the way the almanac speaks of them, were simultaneously introduced into all England on the same day of the month), I should find it hard to tell. But that they did live, is evident from two facts: first, that we, their descendants, are alive; second, that the laboring people, as one learns to say here, live in exactly the same way now. When we went, in the evening, to Ann Hathaway's cottage (of which hereafter), there we found just such a house as Shakspere's, in all these matters of stone floors and walls, in present occupancy: in the part we saw, a man and his wife, who are, I suppose, regular "laborers," he certainly, on some neighboring farm.

There is no great occasion to stay in the "birth-place;" and, after I found we could not sleep there, I was ready to take up the line of march to the church, where he was buried. Asking our way, therefore,

of people uniformly civil, but sometimes as ignorant as Robinson found the "common people" when he asked what o'clock it was, we came to this lovely church. I shall not say it is the finest parish church in England; for I have already said that, and believed it, on competent local authority, of every church I have been into. But you can understand that a fine cruciform stone church, two hundred and ten feet long, with galore of light, good (modern) stained windows, and endless monuments, running back who shall say how far, — you will be willing to own, that, even without Shakspere's tomb, this would have been a good place to go to. It is in a large churchyard, with a curious avenue of trees close trimmed. The Avon makes a slight bend here, and washes one side or more of the churchyard: it is a stream large enough for canal-boats here; a little larger and a good deal deeper than the Chicopee at Brookfield. The church, I need not say, was locked; but I need not say also, that, as I went in search of the key, I met the sexton coming with it, having seen us pass, and guessing where we were going, though the churchyard is a thoroughfare (let these English people alone for knowing a "foreigner," and guessing what he is doing). I need not say, either, that he was carrying a clean surplice on his arm for the vestry. We had just light enough to spell out "Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear," and the rest of the inscriptions, and to survey the monuments; to *wander*, as

people say so naturally, among tombs and statues; and to come out in the gloaming of a lovely day, with the full moon rising on the Avon.

LEAMINGTON STATION, Oct. 13, P.M.

While I am waiting for the train to Kenilworth, (think of a train uniting Queen Anne and Queen Elizabeth, — Leamington and Kenilworth!) I resume this wondrous tale. Our inn at Stratford was so funny! Our sitting-room was named "As you Like It;" each other was named after one play of Shakspere or another; and all just like the theatre, as always.

We took a fly * at half-past eight down again to the Shakspere House, and bought a few more pictures; and thence back to Warwick as fast as we could come: for, as we had found yesterday, Warwick Castle — one of the great show-places of the kingdom — is only to be seen by strangers who come before ten, A.M. We got there on the stroke of ten, and made the tour of the show-apartments.

Well, it *is* very, very funny, — the cicerone speech of the housekeeper; and the being put through room after room, from a bison's head to a picture by Titian, and from that to a child's arquebuse; and I could make a great deal of fun of it, if that were the best

* If I understand rightly, any kind of vehicle which is a cab in town is a fly in the country. This was a one-horse carryall.

use of this paper. But I really felt a good deal of gratitude to different earls of Warwick of three entirely different families, if not four, — from "Guy, the Saxon giant, nine feet high (armor still shown)," down to "the present earl," — for saving, for my particular purposes, the marvellous museum of pictures, statues, and curiosities, which had been brought together here. If, also, I was to see them in an hour's time, I was glad that somebody stood by, who, for a shilling, would tell me what they were, — a prompt, living catalogue. I do not think it is on the same principle as the parish churches' pre-eminence that this is called "the finest baronial seat now in England." That phrase is not a very sweeping one, and that is just what it is; and looking back on it, now seven hours since I was there (in which I have lived back and forth in eight or ten different centuries), I think the great hall of entrance, "sixty-five feet in length and forty-two feet in breadth, and *said* to be the most remarkable baronial hall in Europe," lives in my memory most distinctly as the most characteristic thing of all these marvels, and is like to remain so. And yet I saw, for my first time, really palatial adornments, — as, Buhl tables of magnificent size and proportions, mosaic Louis Quatorze work, and all that; and, almost for the first time of course, Titians, Rubenses, many Vandykes, one Guido, one Rembrandt, and later portraits by Kneller, Reynolds, and the moderns between; running back indeed, as the por-

trait gallery does, to original portraits of the Earl of Leicester and his brother.

I cannot tell you how I enjoyed these, and how they re-assured me about the enjoyment of picture galleries; for I have doubted very seriously, whether, because I know so little of it all, fine galleries might not overpower me, alarm me, and fail to please me.

The grounds are as fine as the house; and, without referring you to a guide-book which you have not got, I wish you would look at Mrs. Stowe's account of the house. From Guy's Tower is one of those peerless views such as I have had two or three of in England. It is very curious to see the little town nestled up around the great defiant castle, and entirely commanded by its artillery, whether of later or olden times. The Avon winds right through the grounds, giving old bridges and new in the prospect; and the meadows spotted with cattle, and the grounds fairly forest-shaded, are lovely beyond eulogy.

The Warwick Vase is kept in a green-house. It is a great deal bigger than I had thought, — twenty-one feet in girth at the top. As you stand in front of this house, and look out on a long, beautiful vista, it is not too artificial, and is beautiful enough for one to imagine himself at home.

As we came out, the old portress insisted on showing us the great Guy's porridge-pot; and then, on this lovely day, along this lovely road, we walked back, two miles I suppose, to Leamington. It is at Kenilworth

Station that I am finishing this, after an afternoon which fairly matches the morning. But this has been the ruined brother, if I may call Leicester's Kenilworth so; while Warwick is the successful Joseph-Surface brother, kept elegant in its restoration and pride. The walk from the station, to those who do not take the 'bus, is charming, — perhaps a mile to where the ruins burst upon you. I wish I could give you a better idea of distances; but your eye gets puzzled, and the guide-books give moral dissertations instead of measurements. But I should say, that if you took the houses round Blackstone Square, with a lower range along the east side of Washington Street for the outer walls of the castle (which had, of course, a court within), you might then build out the out-buildings from them in different directions, and that that would be about the dimensions. But of the massiveness of the building, all modern comparisons fail to tell. What they call Cæsar's Tower, because it is so old they do not know who built it, has walls sixteen feet thick. The rest, alas! was not so substantial; and the Commonwealth's soldiers, and the ivy still worse, have made sad havoc of it. Yet it is now just such a place as Cherubina would have liked to take tent in; and one rather wonders, that, in the passion for restorations, nobody has taken hold of one or two of these buildings.

It was my first ruin; and I could well use this new sheet in giving you the impress which ruin, and

meditation on ruin, wrought on me. I was constantly set thinking of our unique ruin, — Ticonderoga, — utterly unlike though every association but ruin is, every historical memory, and every present aspect. There is the same sense of the change of the world's centres and its interests; there are the same moralizations on the vanity of human expectations and plans; even the same mental effort in making out, in the luxurious sheep-walks of each, whether this be a bit of old cellar or of new drain. But in the masses themselves, yet four and five stories high, of the old palace, there is, of course, no compare with any thing that you or I have ever seen until this living day.

ANTWERP, Oct. 18.

Hampton Court is much larger and much finer than I had fancied; for I had always ridiculed it, in my own mind, as a Cockney palace and marvel. The grounds are lovely; the buildings, brick and stone; but curious very, and in some features very grand. You know from this last book of Dickens's (what is its name?) that the living rooms in it are occupied by pensioned people of one sort and another; but much the greater part of the first floor is made up of rooms of State, which are thrown open, without fee or ticket, to the universal public. Five hundred a day go in the average. Nothing at Washington is more freely displayed; and in all America there are hardly more

pictures of worth than in this comparatively indifferent gallery. Those three last words have been forced from me by a day at Antwerp. Yesterday morning, I should not have written them; and now I beg that the "*comparatively*" may have full force, and I not be thought snobbish. For, as I went to Hampton Court, even with my eyes a little opened by the collection at Warwick, that gallery, though curious mainly on its historical side, was comparatively magnificent. To a considerable extent, it is a portrait gallery running back to Henry VII. and before. When you think of it, every king, queen, prince, and the rest, in every age, must have been painted as often as our Eugenies and Victorias: and in any nation such pictures would never be destroyed; least of all in this England, which preserves every thing. Gradually, however, families die out, palaces are clawed down, and so on; and all the portraits of all these kings and queens and principalities and powers come floating in, as to a grand receptacle, to Hampton. They are admirably cared for and illustrated; and one who has my enthusiasm for history and English history would be glad to go there very often.

Not to try to generalize as to a collection which has, on the one hand, Raphael's cartoons in it, and some pictures, on the other hand, which you might have thought painted by me, I will confess that I staid the longest, and have remembered the most

often, where, in William III.'s bedroom, are Sir Peter Lely's portraits of those wicked beauties of Charles II.'s time. It is pretty clear that Lely flattered them all; for they have all the same drowsy eye, and perhaps the same general expression. But they do not look wicked; they are very beautiful: and you do not wonder that the men were so in love with them as they pretended to be. I cannot make out how such art as Lely's should be lost utterly after a generation. Kneller's portraits are very fine; but, after him, the most perfect signboardism comes in. I wish Peter Lely would come back, and paint ——. There is not, in the whole range of them, portrait-painting to be compared to his of women; and, with the advantage of two centuries of subjugation of color, the tints are still as fresh and sunny as you want, in the least, to see. I have said to somebody else, and I repeat now, that there is no difficulty nor suspicion about the rank of the acknowledged great artists. I had as lief go through one of these collections without a catalogue as with, and should have no fear of missing one picture by one of the masters of the art. My only wonder is, that, for the sake of the history of art, they stuff in so many poor ones. I should as soon compel you to have Matthew Prior and Henry James Pye in your book-rack because you have Milton and Tennyson there, and I thought you ought to illustrate the history of poetry.

London, St. Katherine's Dock,
Steamer "Baron Osy," Oct. 16, 1859.

Dear Charles, — We are bidding good-bye to London on our way to Antwerp and the Rhine. As usual with travellers far from home, we are on board the packet an hour too early. We have surveyed the misty river; the fog too deep for us to see the Tower, which is close by; and I have come into the saloon to write this letter on London to you. Thus far, in all my letters home, I have hardly spoken of London: yet I have been here now three times (the second only for a night); and, from the first morning that I looked out on tile roofs and old London signs, I have felt completely at home. It seems as if it would be a very agreeable place to live in; and I leave it with regret, though to return so soon. And I think you would enjoy London as no other place that I know of, because its contrivances of high civilization for speed and time-saving are very much of your sort. It is not only a very comfortable place: it is a very rapid place, and entirely passes any thing we have ever seen in the niceties of its public as of its private arrangements. The postal arrangements beat every thing. It is not merely in the hourly delivery; but in the facilities for mailing at stations — for book and parcel mailing, and all such — it is admirable. We are apt to pride ourselves on the telegraph; but, when I had to use it at Cambridge, I found they gave me twenty words, fifty-eight miles, for thirty-six

cents (the minimum). From Worcester to Boston this would have cost me forty-five cents. I had left a trunk (intentionally), which I wanted afterwards. My London hotel was full four miles from the London Station of the Cambridge Railway (Eastern-Counties): yet I sent my despatch after five, P.M.; and at ten at night I had the trunk in my room at Cambridge. The omnibus and cab service are inimitable; and, to sum up, my impression of London is of a place where it is easier to compass the extremes of the town than it is in Boston. "How far to the Eastern-Counties Station?" said I, as I paid my hotel bill, Friday.* "Three miles two furlongs and seven rods," said the accurate porter at once. I was aghast. "I have only twenty minutes," said I. "I think we can do it," said the cabman. "Don't try unless you are sure," said I. "I am sure," said he, "if you will give me a little extra." And do it we did; though we met droves of sheep, of cattle, coal-carts, and it is hard to say what not. I should not have risked this between my house and Winnissimet Ferry, which is not so far.

It is ridiculously home-like. In the streets the names and signs are familiar, if only from the advertisements in Dickens and Thackeray. The shops are small; the same front as ours, but very shallow: but the shopping runs into such infinite detail, —

* At another hotel from that mentioned above.

every conceivable provision for human comfort especially, — that it must be the hardest of places to keep money in. I believe, if you had a peculiar hole between the third and fourth upper molar of the left jaw, and had reason to think that a tooth-pick of nickel, cut with cycloidal lines, and curved on the pattern of the lines of the pillars of the Parthenon, was necessary for it, and went into a tooth-pick shop and asked for that, you would find that that particular thing had been provided for another emergency like yours, and a stock was kept with a view to future necessities. The stationery-shops are ravishing: so are the book-shops, old and new. Every thing is made at the convenience of the purchaser, and not of the maker.

All the way through, however, you see that awful division of castes which is the curse of life here. I do not know any thing so amazing nor so sorrowful as the evening aspect of the streets, especially the by-streets, in contrast with the day aspect of the fine streets. This, you see, is not "the season:" and the streets of the West End, — say, Belgravia, — through which I walked last night, are as quiet as the grave; scarce a light visible in any house, but few people on foot, and no carriages. An hour after, I was in a little rag-lane full of junk-shops, as I should call them. It was one blaze of light from the displays of the people peddling or selling every thing, from India-rubber balls round to mutton-chops; and such

rags you never saw out of North Street, and scarcely there.

As to the home-feeling of London, I may add a word, perhaps, to what I thus wrote at the time. I think all New Englanders, certainly all Bostoneers, agree with me in the feeling. I remember that S. L. wrote me from Paris, that he had felt more at home in London after an hour than he did in Paris after sixteen months of her splendid literary, scientific, and æsthetic hospitalities. And I do not wonder. Partly, I think, the charm is in the language. The London shopman meets so many provincials in his day's duty, that his language assimilates dialects from all, and has much less of what we fondly call "English accent" than any other. The rule works both ways; and he is quite indifferent whether you have come to him from Australia or Calcutta or Hong Kong or Boothia Felix or Boston. His manner, therefore, makes you feel at home; while, in Liverpool, everybody knew you were from "the other side," and addressed you accordingly. Then, in architectural arrangements, Boston is, not a little London, but a little bit of London. I always walked when I had time, and with little other guide than a little compass on my watch-guard. So I have stumbled into streets in London, which I could not have distinguished from back streets at the North End in Boston. I went into St. Anne's Church, in

Soho, to hear Trench, one night, and found a church evidently built by the half-cousin-in-law, on the mother's side, to the architect who designed Brattle Street, or St. John's Church in Broadway, if not, indeed, by the same man. You go into St. Paul's to see inscriptions all around you, which remind you directly of home; and in most of them, I think, the American takes more interest than the Londoner. The first monument on the right, as you go into St. Paul's on the south side, is a group of two officers, with their arms round each other's waists. They are "Gibbs and Pakenham," "who gloriously fell in an attempt to storm the *enemy's works* at New Orleans." To an Englishman, this is nothing: he does not read the inscription. New Orleans is no more to him than the Isle of Rhé or the Bay of Islands. On the other hand, the monuments there that do interest him, interest us quite as much. To see Dr. Johnson naked, with a cloth round his loins, commemorated to a Christian nation as one who had done great things *ponderibus verborum* ("in the weight of his words:" a good account, that, to give at any day of judgment), is a spectacle as grand to the Yankee as to the Cockney. I had the curiosity to count near Fleet Street, one day, the number of signs which had any direct reference to America; — which would evidently have been impossible but for Christopher Columbus. They were about one in twelve in that particular region. Nor were they specially gratifying to our æsthetic or

literary pride. I think one was a poster, announcing that some Saturday paper had stolen one of the "New-York Ledger's" stories, of course without acknowledgment. The rest were "Virginia tobacco," "American over-shoes," "American ice," and such like. One was "La belle Sauvage," whose name has staid there, either thus or as the Bell and Savage, since she went there as Pocahontas.

It is funny to us to see the enthusiasm for "American ice." I was in company one evening, when a lady rang for a glass of water. When it came, it proved to have ice in it. "Ah! you have American ice. John, you may bring me a glass." The tinkle then struck somebody's else ear. "Oh! have you American ice? John, I will have a glass." And so it went on till the lady of the house ordered a pitcher brought (I suppose it was a jug there), with glasses enough to "treat all round."

I will not ask the reader to follow me to the Continent, without some hints on equipage for a flying expedition like mine, for which he will thank me some day.

First, for a journal. Buy a compact scrap-book (in London they make excellent ones; in Boston, wretched ones); and giving up, at the beginning, the idea of writing much in it, stick into it from time to time, with gummed wafers or some such apparatus, whatever falls in your way that will illustrate what you

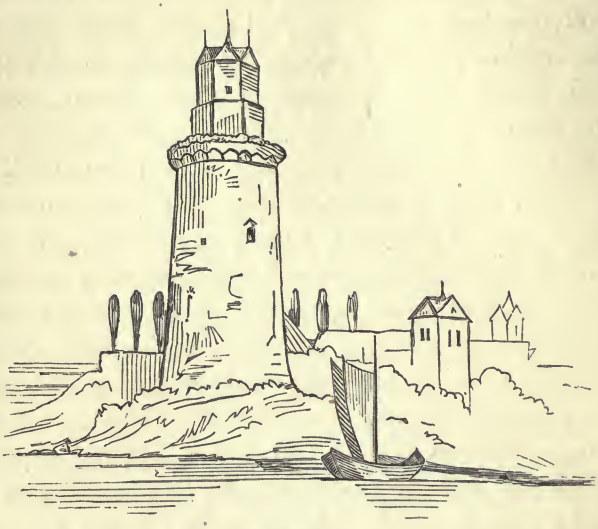
see. You can buy little photographs or prints of buildings, of paintings, or of scenery, which will not only be better than any thing you can draw, but will be better than any thing you can recollect without them. Place in the same *omnium gatherum* the visiting-cards, the tickets to museums, the policemen's permits, the pressed flowers, the specimens of manufacture, and all the other nothings which you are else sure to forget about or to lose; make, on rainy days or quiet evenings, a memorandum of the date and place they commemorate, — and you have a journal which almost keeps itself. Do not attempt to write much in it: this always ends, as far as I have observed, in saying, "I wish I could describe this, that, and the other; but I cannot."

On the other hand, in a letter, your eager wish to convey to the special correspondent some notion of what is around you, helps you all along "to describe the indescribable." For letter-writing, I recommend a system, which, with me, worked very well. I had in my breast-pocket a little blotting-book, which would hold a quire of note-paper. I had a fountain pen, which carried its own ink: first, one of Prince's proteans, which are the best; and, after a London penmaker stole that, two of his which he gave me to make good the loss. There are a thousand times, when you are waiting for a train, or for a supper or dinner at an eating-house, when you do not want to go to bed, or when a cab will not come, when you

can write your letters, fresh from the scene which has excited you. I know how little chance there is of transferring any of the bloom of these peaches; but I think every thing helps you, if you try the experiment at the moment the peach is before you.

After you are among the Continental galleries, you become an amateur artist in spite of yourself. In that stage of disease, I think a small note-book, two inches by four, such as a boy will sell you under the piazza at the Uffizi, will afford some comfort to the patient; though, of course, it is of no permanent advantage to anybody. My dear doctor, how many prescriptions are?

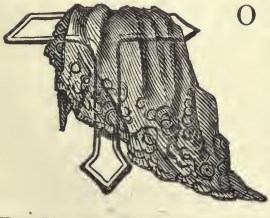
So, if you please, we will go on board the "Baron Osy" (the "Ankwerk's package"), and, with a map of the Thames, make out St. George's in the East, — where, at this moment, the parishioners are fighting with Mr. Bryan King, — various sailors' snug-houses, the Observatory, and the rest, till we are at sea; the same sea which Robinson Crusoe sailed upon when he was so sick and so penitent. "A cap-full do you call it?" said I. "'Twas a terrible storm."



ANDERNACH.

ANTWERP, THE RHINE, AND SWITZERLAND.

ANTWERP, Oct. 19.



O tell you of Antwerp and Rubens, I don't know how to begin. Our guide was a very sensible person, who made these marvels culminate. Marvels they are ; for not St. Paul's or Peterboro' Cathedral, nor Hampton Court, nor Warwick, nor any of my magnitudes in Eng-

land, had prepared me for the size of these churches. Still less had any thing in England given hint of the lavish adornment which characterizes all of them, and which must, in some of them indeed, reach the acme of that matter; for here the business of adornment is going on at this hour more steadily, I think, than in any age since that when (according to me) all men and women of culture built and carved as now they write and read, and work worsted. Fine art is at home here, even in commercial Antwerp, as evidently as it was exotic in England. Some merchant dies, and his wife wants to memorialize him. In England, she puts up a tablet about him; or, if she can, a statue of him, in a frock-coat, in some church. Here she puts up a statue of St. Paul, or St. Somebody else, in some place where a vigilant eye discovers that a statue can be added. In England or with us, the new statue, with its high-heeled boots or swallow-tail, is an abomination. Here, in a town of fine art, it is perhaps extremely good; at the least, it harmonizes with the other statues around it: and, as you see twelve apostles or as many prophets, it does not occur to you that the first was set up in the sixteenth century; and the last, last year.

Their great glories, of course, are Rubens and Vandyke. Of Vandyke's portraits we had seen magnificent specimens in England. Here are altar-pieces and other compositions of his, showing what was wholly new to me, — his power in that line, specially

in drawing. Probably I had never seen, until I came to England, more than one or two real pictures by Rubens. But I found I had not misconceived what he was; that I had an idea of the nature of his power; only I was not prepared for such exquisite freedom of drawing and luxury of composition (if these words mean any thing), nor for the delicacy of many of his conceptions. I am sorry that we see copies of the "Descent from the Cross" so often, and of other of his pictures so little; though this is, perhaps, truly called his finest picture. There are a great many others far more lovely, and which you hate much more to leave. I should like to-day to go to see them all again; and I am not sure but I shall. They are scattered through half a dozen churches; in the great Public Gallery of the place, where are many fine pictures, and many very poor; and in some private collections. I hope what is before me is not going to blot this out; and I cannot believe that it will.

Another fine art which is in perfection here, and which, as you know, is quite in my line, is the wood-carving. Gibbons's wood-carving in England had bewitched me; and I quite won the heart of my kind guide through the libraries at Cambridge by my raptures, which proved accurate, about the lovely wooden flowers there. There is nothing here more delicate than that; but they do not think of stopping at flowers. Every pulpit; every range of seats for choirs, deans, canons, or such trash; every doorway which is not

marble; and every altar-rail, — is of this exquisite sculpture, in dark oak, or some similar material. This art also survives, and is going on now, as before the Antwerp fury; and you see new carving, which, without more practice than mine, you cannot distinguish from old. The effect of all this, in the immense vistas of these churches, is almost bewildering. No drawing gives you any idea of it, because the detail is the essence of the effect; and I found no photographs which answered, because the light and shade are so ill adapted for photographs in the interior of these large buildings.

Oct. 19. — From Antwerp to Cologne (one hundred and sixty miles) it is almost perfectly flat, with singularly few divisions between the fields. It is a dairy country: but I think the cattle must be mostly stall-fed; for we saw but few, and the system of fencing does not provide for them. A man who rode with us told me that the properties were small, and divided by ditches, with stakes in the bottom; but we did not see such.

After you pass Liege, the region of the hot-water baths begins. Aix-la-Chapelle was Aquis Calidis of the Romans, who had establishments there. We just ran into the town, but only saw the new railroad part of it. All the country is lovely: the guide-books say, like the entrance to the Highlands of Scotland; and I, like the Cheshire Railroad from

Keene to Winchendon ; only you are constantly crossing valleys, which are separated by spurs of hills (forest of Ardennes on the right). Each of these hills is passed under by a tunnel : there are nineteen between Liege and this place. I told an English girl in our car that this was Shakspere's forest of Ardennes. She told her father afterwards that I pronounced English very queerly.

COLOGNE, Oct. 19.

I believe I feel more thoroughly that I am in Europe to-night than I have all along before. England was too completely home-like : even Antwerp, yesterday and Monday, with its wealth of pictures, — "more valuable works of fine art," says Murray bravely, "than in any other city in the world," — neither gave so much sense of Europe as the first glimpse of the Rhine, the driving by the old mediæval fortifications in a cab, (think of that, spirits of Brunehild and Charlemagne !) and at last looking upon the Rhine from these front-windows of my room, in one of those very hotels which I have seen more than once in panoramas, and which you will remember both in the "Initials" and in the Tautphœus's last novel, whose name I have forgotten. Mark me, I have not seen Cologne yet; I believe I always write from places before seeing them : but I have had these glimpses of it. Then I have been down to supper in a hotel eating-room so exactly like the theatre and the "Initials"

both, with the different tables; the John-Bull ideal and his typical wife, who had left "a small box," which proved to be a large band-box, in the steam-boat; the foreign lady with a small Esquimaux dog, which had to be tied to a chair as she ate, — so exactly like a book, or like the theatre, I say, that, as so often on this expedition, I longed to scream. To-morrow, I will tell you what Köln looks like. Each of us has in our dressing-cases an unopened bottle of eau de Cologne, which we have lugged all the way from our dear Boston Bay.

Last night I went to the real theatre, — Theatre Royal, Anvers, — hoping to pick up some French; in which, more or less, I succeeded. Was it at Anvers or Bruxelles that Charlotte Bronté saw Rachel? Let me tell you, in passing, that "Antwerp" is only short for "On the wharf;" the leading peculiarity of Dutch and Flemish being the sinking *th*, Welsh fashion, into *t*. I have not yet learned to talk it, but read the signs quite well. *Hunden ut den Got's Tempeln* is the best I saw, — "Hounds out of God's temple;" i.e., "No dogs permitted to enter." To return to my love of a theatre in the commercial capital of the kingdom of Bas Cour. I had vainly tried to get the play to read. It was a comic opera called "Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été; which, you will observe, means "Midsummer Night's Dream." Was not it funny, that to me, so fresh from Richmond Hill, Hampton Court, and all its pictures of Elizabeth,

and from Stratford itself, there should be produced this modern French play, which has nothing about "Midsummer Night's Dream" in it, but introduces Shakspere (constantly called Williàm Shukspeèr by the performers), Queen Elizabeth, Sir John Falstaff, and Lord Latimer (a young gallant fighting duels about the court), as four people intimate with each other, and entangled in the most absurd plot? The second act was actually at Richmond Terrace, where I had been last Saturday; and Shakspere and Falstaff came up the Thames in a boat to the scene of action. The Queen Elizabeth was admirably got up, the Shakspere not so well. I followed the plot along well enough as in an Italian opera, but could only make out the animated *staccato* dialogues. After the second act, there was another performance, even more curious. All the regular men-subscribers to the theatre withdrew into the saloon, and all the other men, I included, with them; and there the subscribers *faisaient ballotage sur les débutants* — which means "voted by ballot" — which of six *débutants* in comic opera should be engaged. The roll was called of some four hundred subscribers' names. Three gentlemanly-looking pundits presided at an urn; and, as the people were called, they voted. The *débutants* are not necessarily what we call by that name; but they are candidates for engagements here. A fortnight ago, a majority of the subscribers voted against the whole set of candidates for the *Grand Opera*,

who had been performing on trial; and the manager had to dismiss them, and get another set. It was really quite an animating scene; these poor Bas-Cour people on t' wharf not having much other voting to do, nor much to think of any sort. I think it must vastly improve the acting also. Even in its minutiæ, the play of last night was performed with great spirit; and I was very glad I went.

COBLENTZ, Oct. 21, 1859.

Are not these names amazing? I begin to be converted, and to have a realizing sense that this is Europe indeed. We went the round of the great marvels of Cologne; and in the evening, by way of contrast with the Cathedral, we went to a very funny puppet-theatre, — clear German fun. The Cathedral is magnificent indeed. But I will own, plumply, that I am not pleased to the full with any of the restorations which we see, and of which this is chief. It savors of white-washing sepulchres. In Strauss's celebrated satire, called the "Life of Julian," under the veil of a life of the Apostate, he wrote a very witty attack on the King of Prussia. The effort of Julian to rebuild the Jewish temples was Frederick William's effort to rebuild this cathedral for a worship for which he cared no more than Julian did for the Jews. Now, the wit of it is, simply, that it is true: and, as you give a coppery pistareen to the respectable gentleman with a silver plate who is

authorized by the Dom-gebau gesellschaft to ask your assistance in their enterprise, you have a painful feeling, that, up to a certain point, the edifice got itself built by the natural conditions of society, and, to a certain extent, by men's wishing to glorify God; while this pistareen and the King of Bavaria's windows, and so on, are prompted by a wish to clear things up, as when one puts one's study in order, and by another wish to produce a good archæological specimen.

Now, at Antwerp, it is not so. The worship is going on there in very real fashion. The city is rich, and the money comes in for the statues and windows and the rest more readily than with us for one-legged General Warrens, or fairs for Washington on horseback. Pardon this digression. Of the Cathedral, the glory now is in the part farthest from you as you sit at breakfast.* It will be the chancel of the finished building, and is complete. It is, I think, a peculiarity of these Gothic churches of the Rhine, that the chancel is finished in this semicircular form. To this here is added the peculiarity, that the windows, enormously high, are each triple and bowed. Fill all the *façets* (there is no other word) with the richest of stained glass; let the columns which part them, and which blend in with the columns of the nave, rise so high, that, wherever you stand, you throw back your neck as in looking for the corona of the

* Farthest from the spectator in Schulze's print of the Cathedral.

late auroras, — and you get the idea of the present magnificence of the Köln Dom. It is not in its extent (when it is done, it will be *only* five hundred and fifty feet long, and there is no view of it of half that length; while the Wharfmen's is five hundred, and is finished); but it is in the exquisite interweaving of groining and of columns which results in this semi-circular, diamond-façeted, in the end.

We saw the skulls of the wise men, and the gold and jewelled sarcophagus in which they lie, and the other jewelry of the establishment. The gold is gold, but the establishment is a sham: it was not so at Antwerp.

We had more of Rubens at Cologne, — a good public gallery, and a charming private collection of pictures of a M. Meyer thrown open very courteously to strangers. But I do not think I shall try to write to you about pictures. You cannot describe them; and what is the use of saying you cannot? When I come home, we will go to Cambridge, and ask Mr. Thies to show us the Gray engravings of the paintings I have seen. I want especially to show you the Vandykes; not the portraits so much as the composition: for Vandyke felt his pictures as Rubens did not his, I think; and, though the color is not so marvellous, there is a sympathetic touch about them which the other never has. In these galleries, again, there are, of course, galore of Teniers, Gerard Dow, Ostade, and such like, increasing vastly your respect for that kind.

Con-descend — which is to say, descend — with me, though the steps be like the descent of Ehrenbreitstein which I made an hour since, from Rubens and Vandyke to the puppet-show, — clear German. A large room, with benches for a hundred children or less, who laughed as if they would die; reserved seats for gentry like us, who paid ten cents each for admission; scenery nicely painted close in front, and a screen seven feet high from the ground, concealing the foot-lights. Behind this screen were improvisatori, who held up on wires the puppet performers, — one wire for the body; one to work the right arm for very funny gestures. No floor to the stage, you see; but the screen so high, that you did not miss it. A dozen houses in the scenes, with practicable doors from which these caricatured puppets emerged, and held conversation in German, at which people laughed like mad, to me almost wholly unintelligible; but we laughed from sympathy. Occasionally, of course, they fought with great applause. The audience was as funny to see as the stage-play; but the whole was very characteristic.

It was very droll, the changing language again entirely and coinage, after two days' experience of French and francs. We did not get along without our dragoman's assistance yesterday; but to-day I have been amazed to see how easy the language grows. I think in a fortnight I should talk German better than I talk French. On the steamboat this

afternoon, after a day's soaking in the *sprech,* I found I carried on a very edifying conversation with the captain, who had no English or French.

The little pictures we are apt to see are but poor suggestions of the Cologne Cathedral: its peculiar distinction being, that it is large; and theirs, that they are small. We made a charming visit at the old Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, — old as the hills, but more like our idea of a church, and what is wanted in a church, than any thing we have seen. Here is Rubens's "Crucifixion of St. Peter;" the subject painful, of course, but the picture marvellous. There is also a copy of it which they used to hang in front of it for concealment. As it is, the Rubens is only turned outward for a fee; another picture having taken the place of the copy. The beauty of the carvings of the "Stations of Christ," in the gallery which leads to this church, surprised me. They were in plaster, or some such, not the size of life; but the groups were admirably conceived. So were some ivory carvings which we afterwards saw at Mr. Weyer's admirable gallery.

This gallery is very prettily built. A double row of Saracenic columns supports a roof in the middle of a long hall: but the real roof of glass is above this, and extends beyond it, on each side, to the walls on which the pictures hang; so that you have the vertical light, without even seeing the glass through which it comes.

COBLENTZ, Oct. 20.

Here is a specimen of an extra from a German newspaper. Let it serve as the connection between this history and the great history of the times.

This is the whole of it: —

Extra-Beiblatt
zur
Coblenzer Zeitung.

Dienstag 18. Oktbr. 1859, 6 Uhr Morgens.

Telegr. Depesche der Coblenzer Zeitung.

Paris, Montag, 17. Okt., 9 Uhr Abends. Heute wurde in Zurich der Friedens-Vertrag zwischen Frankreich und Oesterreich unterzeichnet.

Verantwortlicher Redacteur: C. Boetsch.
Krabben'sche Buchdruckerei, Rheinstrasse 11, Coblenz.

But how shall I tell you about the Rhine and Ehrenbreitstein? To see the river, we selected the damp-skiff, which is slow, instead of the railroad, which is fast. River-steamboat travelling is the perfection of voyage everywhere: what shall one say when it is on the Rhine?

From 8.15 to 4.15 we came only forty-five miles to this place. Current very fast; river low beyond

precedent; sky overcast, without rain. Oh, how lovely it is! After Bonn, the Highlands of the Seven Mountains — Drachenfels, Rolandseck, and that set — begin, just as two or three of our West-Point Mountains will look when the wood is all gone, and the Longworths of that day have covered their sides with Catawba. I ought not to say this, however, without going back to the hour of sunset, which I spent last night in the belvedere on top of our hotel, looking on the Rhine, its boats, its bridges, and on the dying light and gathering lanthorns, as, a thousand years hence, the New Zealander, tired of sketching ruins, will sit in a belvedere on Water Street in Hartford, and look up on the flow of the river there. The feeling of the two places is the same; the flow is the same; the boating not quite the same, but like.

The color of the forests, which begin to appear on the *west* side of the river after you pass the Seven Mountains, is just that of our woods where there is no maple. The yellows are as brilliant, the green (without evergreen) even more so; and you constantly feel that you have seen the same at home. But the east side, more sunny for some reason which I do not quite *verstehen*, is all vine, — *all* but what is bare rocks or house or road or ruin. You know how they grow, tied to little sticks, — terraces where they can terrace up the volcanic rock, steeper than West Rock in places, or Cat Hole; and, where they can-

not terrace, the vines growing in baskets, with stone steps cut up the cliff, — stairways where they ascend to pick. Give me the most of a day of this, with Nonnenwerth, Rolandseck, Rheinseck, and so forth, thrown in; enough ballad-books and legend-books to refresh lagging memories; a nice picture-book-looking old man of fifty, who *nicht verstand Franzose*, but *potuit dicere Latine ut plures gentes literati*, and with whom we *dicebamus Latine* all the way by Rolandseck; he *traducens* the German ballad into *Latinam linguam*, which we read in the German, over his shoulder, from his guide-book, as he did so, — give me, I say, a day of this, instead of three miserable pages weighing four and a half grammes of wetted ink on thin paper, and you will see and know what I saw and knew till I saw Ehrenbreitstein.

Ehrenbreitstein is opposite this place. We stopped at the *Hotel am Reisen* (the Giants' Hotel), left our trunks, walked across the bridge and up the laborious way to the fortifications, or rather through them; satisfying the guards on duty with two and a half groschen for each of us, so variable are these maiden fortresses, — uncertain, coy, and hard to please, in time of war; but, in peace, so easily sapped and won. Through arch, over moat, along inclined planes, and the rest, you ascend four hundred feet, and come out on a gallery, terrace, parapet I suppose it is, right above the Rhine. The Moselle

flows in opposite. Coblentz (is not its name *Confluentia* Fluviorum?) is between; — Entre Rios, as they say in South America; eastward, Nassau; northward, Rhenish Prussia and Belgium; westward, Belgium, and even France; and, south of it, this German Coblentz. But it was not political geography, but paradisiacal garden beauty, that in the sunset glow one looked upon, and remembers. . . .

Marvellous as all the Rhine is, I think this view stands out as the most marvellous. You ascend by inclined planes cut in the rock to this very highest terrace of the fortress, — the broad stone of Honor itself. A miserable recruit takes you in charge, and leads you from terrace to terrace; where, but for stout iron railings, you might fall never so far below. He points out all the posts of these different States, and even tells you that Luxembourg is French territory; but the real glory of it is, that the sun is setting behind the western mountains. As you look, the Rhine and Moselle begin to fade away in the misty light he leaves behind him, — mist and light all the more glorious that you are surrounded by all the colors of an Indian summer; for on the face of Ehrenbreitstein they have something, I know not what, which even vies with the brilliancy of our sumach. Indeed, I will say here of all the coloring of the Rhine as we saw it, that, if you remember sundry Rhine views which different travellers have

brought home to us, you have thought very likely, like me, that their colors both of yellow and green were intensely exaggerated for the sake of a painter's effect of contrast. But it is not so. At this season, the vine changes to a yellow as brilliant as our most brilliant grape-leaves or birches; the blue of the sky is equally marked; and we constantly caught ourselves saying, "How like a Swiss water-color!" I think some of these little pictures are as good representations of actual scenery as I have ever seen.

But, as I say, the sunset would fade away. I walked pensive down, and we crossed the funny bridge of boats, and paid funny kreutzers at the funny little toll-house, quite resolved to write another "Childe-Harold" verse to those from Byron: but when we arrived at the *Hotel des Géants, Hotel am Reisen,* (and to what other could we have gone?) the cotelettes were ready, and the *appetit aussi;* and we descended to other cares, and the verses never came.

Oct. 22. — Coblentz to Bingen.

It has been a charming sail, though the weather has been cold. I understand now why people always compare the Rhine and the Hudson; but there is ten times as much of this beautiful mountain-pass scenery here as there. This I feel now, being only three months or thereabouts from the same sail there.

[As I look over these notes, I am struck with the truth of James Lowell's words: —

"Nature is *not* the same in America, and perhaps never will be, as in lands where man has mingled his being with hers for countless centuries; where every field is steeped in history, every crag is ivied with legend, and the whole atmosphere of thought is hazy with the Indian summer of tradition."]

At every turn of the river, on the Rhine, there is a ruin, a profile, a legend, a ballad, or a joke. But I spare my faithful readers my sketches or my raptures; though there is a temptation to put in parallel columns Schiller's ballad of the Toggenburg, and our schoolmaster-friend's Latin version of it which he made for our edification (and indeed he succeeded), quite unconscious that we knew it by heart, and were reading over his shoulder. Of the castles of the two brothers who fell in love with the same lady, fought and died, he said, "Unus in pugnâ mortuus est, unus a dolore." We have been talking four languages in about equal proportion to-day.

Bingen is a sweet little village, where the Rhine begins to open its way through the mass of basaltic rock, of which the Lurlei is the boldest precipice. Looking back as the boat rounds the precipice, they affect to show a profile of Napoleon I.; which everybody looked for, and I, to my satisfaction, found. But it wears a *bushy* moustache. Did he ever wear any?

Bingen is at the head of the picturesque scenery of

the Rhine. We should have gladly kept on by the boat to Mayence, as we intended to: but the water was so low, that we had already changed for a smaller boat at Pfalz the pretty and curious old palatine's tower in the Rhine; and at seven o'clock, therefore (long after dark), we stopped for the night at the Victoria Hotel at Bingen.

Oct. 23. — Bingen to Mayence.

We were up early to take the morning train for Mayence; which is a short "sabbath-day's journey," if you count by time. I ran down to the shore to see Bishop Hatto's Tower, — the Mouse Tower.

> "I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he;
> "'Tis the strongest place in all Germany:
> The walls are high and the shores are steep,
> And the river is near and the water deep."

I suppose I knew that ballad by heart as soon as I knew any verse outside of Mother Goose. It looks just like the pictures: how often we say that in a world turned up-side down! They have somewhat refitted it, and a flag now waves upon it as a signal for the very difficult pilotage of the rapid river; and so it stands as it did when —

> "He listened and looked, — it was only the cat:
> But the bishop he grew the more fearful for that;
> For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
> At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep;
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score;
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more:
Such numbers had never been heard of before;
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The sound of their teeth from without he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour;
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below;
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones;
And now they pick the bishop's bones:
They gnawed his flesh from every limb;
For they were sent to do judgment on him!"

A quick ride carried us into Mayence in less than an hour. It is fortified, and we could see on the buildings the marks of shot left from old times.

We went to service in the Cathedral, which had been left well-nigh a ruin by the French troops, who used it as some sort of a storehouse; and it has not been fully restored. The proportions are immense; but it is unsatisfactory after what we have seen. The outer dome is modern, I believe; certainly very fine.

Oct. 23, 24. — MAYENCE.

The town, like all these towns, is charmingly quaint; the Hotel du Rhin, like all these inns, charmingly comfortable: but we had to rise early, and dress by candle-light, that we might start early enough for the long day's ride to Lucerne.

The palatinate, now Darmstadt and Rhenish Bavaria, is as flat as Holland or Cambridgeport. It is cultivated like a garden; and here, for the first time, we saw the people gathering grapes. As soon as we came to Ludwigs-hafen, the railroad station where the Bavarian lines begin, we saw, even in a station, poor old Ludwig's good taste. It was a large building, of fine proportions, built with light carvings for its verandah support, as if for a festival, and the columns overgrown with vines. In Mayence and its Prussian neighborhood, the toll-gates, sentry-boxes, *et id genus omne*, are striped black and white; in Darmstadt, red and white; in the Bavarian Palatinate, blue and white; in France, not at all: so that you have a constant sign of the allegiance which you owe.

STRASBURG, Oct. 24.

But, even already, the Rhine is a matter of this morning, and Ehrenbreitstein a wonder of day before yesterday. I am finishing this in Strasburg; where, it is true, I could see the Rhine, if I sought it; but where I have seen the Cathedral. We had

not meant to stop here, but were to have gone from Mayence to Lucerne in a day. Think of that, shade of Julius Cæsar, who took one liber to describe how *minus Helvetii, id quod constituerint, potuerunt redire domum!* But the nineteenth century failed in the same way as the Helvetii did, and at this city we failed to connect by *dix minutes*.

Half these dix minutes we lost outside of this town, in sight of the highest spire in the world. I occupied myself with a sketch of that spire, which you will find preserved in ink on the back of this sheet. Having four hours to wait for our train, we have now seen the reality without, and yet more marvellous within; and I have seen nothing architectural in Europe, for which I would not rather lose the memory. It is the grandest of the Gothic cathedrals, if Peterborough, Antwerp, Cologne, and this, give me right to speak of them. The spire in my picture rises beyond a tower whose spire was never any more finished than that of Brattle Street. The whole is open to the sky; and when a person, ascending, falls from the ladder, he tumbles out of the steeple

into the street. I need not say that we did not ascend. The little pillars, flying buttresses of the smallest type, which surround the stone-work, are not larger than a child's arm; and the similitude which some one has made, that a veil of stone has been thrown over the building, really does not seem exaggerated. All this is exquisite and beautiful; but it is not till you go in that it is all intensely solemn. The columns are enormous; but the building so much more enormous, and the nave so high, that they are nothing. The whole light is through stained windows, some eight centuries old. Service was going on at the high altar; an immense organ, half down the nave, solemnly assisting. No tricky ornament, but everywhere calm sculpture. Almost no paintings, — scarce light enough for them, indeed; but those on the glass supplying any want of color, and the statues any want of pathos. A suite of steps leads up, as in a heathen temple, to the high altar. The architecture around this is of the greatest dignity or grandeur; and the fact that a service with music was passing gave us the echoes, the sentiment, the impression universal, without which the church would have seemed dark and cold.

In one of the side-chapels, in a gallery, you see a man, in the costume of the middle ages, looking at a statue on a column. I thought, in the dimness, that he was a real man; but he was the statue of Erwin von Steinbach the architect, looking at the statue

of his daughter. While he lived, she carved the statues for the Cathedral: when he died, they made her the architect in his place, and she finished it. Is not that as it should be? Like other things, I suppose the building has suffered from time: but the stone is very hard, so that it has not suffered much; and it has been completely restored, long enough ago not to look restored.

Again the human side appears in the clock, which was renewed in 1842 by an artist here. It is an immense work, thirty or more feet high. Above, a cock flaps his wings, and crows at fixed times; a child walks out and strikes the quarter, a youth the half, an old man the three-quarters, and death the hour. We saw the youth, walking very naturally. An angel below strikes at the same time. By immense wheel-work, every chronological epoch is shown, — epacts, golden letters, and every thing ecclesiastical. The moon appears of her own age; a globe with the world revolves, so as to show how the time is everywhere. On Monday, *La Lune* is in her chariot, because it is *Lundi; Mardi*, Mars appears in his; and so of the rest. The works are wound up once a year.

[From a Letter.]

Is not it nice that they made Erwin von Steinbach's daughter architect after he died, and that she made the statues while he built the church? And

these statues are not horrid old middle-agey looking things, but very pretty, as I do not doubt she was. Do you remember about the clock, — the cock that flaps, the figures that strike, the chariots that ride, and so on, when one change and another comes on? All this is now in great feather; an artist having constructed a new one, which was put up a few years ago. After we had seen this, I, in the spirit of an old member of Brattle-street Church, of whom Dr. Lothrop will tell you,* asked where the old clock was. I found, to my joy, that it was preserved in a sort of museum opposite, where they keep all sorts of antiques connected with the church and the town in the old Nôtre Dame, which they left when the new church was built in the fourteenth century. Their sculptures here actually run back to the heathen idols of their ancestors. Here, too, were casts of almost all the statues in the church; and the likenesses of the Sabrina who carved them are pointed out tenderly.

You know, that, in the "Golden Legend," some of them came here.

Elsie asks, —

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* At the meeting of the proprietors which presented the thanks of this church to Gov. Bowdoin for the clock, which now does the duty of the puritanical hour-glass, Hon. —— —— rose, and asked "what had been done with the old clock." I was myself baptized in Brattle Street, and for years heard the new clock tick out the time.

"Who built it?
Prince Henry. A great master of his craft,—
Erwin von Steinbach. But not he alone;
For many generations labored with him.
Children that came to see these saints in stone,
As day by day out of the blocks they rose,
Grew old and died; and still the work went on,
And on and on, and is not yet completed.
The generation that succeeds our own
Perhaps may finish it. The architect
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones;
And with him toiled his children, and their lives
Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
As offerings unto God. You see that statue,
Fixing its joyous but deep-wrinkled eyes
Upon the Pillar of the Angels yonder:
That is the image of the master, carved
By the fair hand of his own child, Sabina.
Elsie. How beautiful is the column that he looks at!
Prince Henry. That, too, she sculptured. At the base of it
Stand the evangelists; above their heads,
Four angels, blowing upon marble trumpets;
And over them the blessed Christ, surrounded
By his attendant ministers, upholding
The instruments of his passion.

Strasburg is nominally a French city now; and we saw French troops, French fashions, French journals, and French books, and so on, more lavishly than in Belgium even. I always like to know how grand-scale history strikes the contemporary eye of those who stand close by. I was delighted to find, therefore, not yet torn down, the flaming *poster*, by which the prefect of police had announced to the people the victory of Magenta. It was Napoleon's telegram from the battle-field to Eugenie, displayed, as we printers say, in the largest practicable letters.

That same news I heard, at how many removes from the telegram, from a traveller at Manitowoc, — a slab-built fishing-town in the forest, on the edge of Lake Michigan. The man had seen the postscript of a Milwaukie paper, and could tell only as much as Kaspar told Wilhelmine, — that "it was a famous victory." The people of Strasburg, as they crowded round this broad-side, learned little more.

My enthusiasm for Greenough's "Franklin" makes me look with more interest at the other statues of printers. At Mayence there is a statue of Gutenberg, with this inscription: —

JOANNEM GENSFLEISCH DE GUTENBERG
patricium Moguntinum.
Artem quæ Græcos latuit, latuitque Latinos,
Germani sollers extudit ingenium:
Nunc quicquid veteres sapiunt, sapiuntque recentes,
Non sibi sed populis omnibus id sapiunt.

A very good brag; but, as Dr. Lathrop said of the French officer's remark about the cheese, very poor Latin.* Cheever's sixth form at the Latin School, among whom poor Ben Franklin lurked when he was a little boy of the first form, just where his statue is this day, would have done as well, or better.

* Count D'Estaing's staff were dining at Gov. Hancock's. French was not much spoken in those days, and the governor's company conversed mostly in Latin. Taking his topic from the cheese they were eating, a Capitaine de Vaisseau said to Dr. Lathrop, in full Continental pronunciation, "Bonoom cahseoom." The doctor did not understand, and the governor had to interpret. The doctor had no faith in their Frenchified Latin, and preferred an American pronunciation of the vowels. "Very good cheese," said he, "but very poor Latin."

At Strasburg, for reasons known to all printers, there is another statue of Gutenberg. He began the experiments here which he finished there. As we looked at it, I recognized the figure of Franklin among the bas-reliefs upon the base. This led to further study of them; from which we found that they symbolized the advantages which printing had conferred on the four quarters of the world. Each quarter had a bas-relief. Franklin figured, of course, on the American side; and Lafayette, I remember, was there also. Lest we should not recognize them all, their names were below.

My partiality for my friend Greenough might be thought to mislead me, when I say that his bronze statue of Franklin is far finer than either of these. Let me then say, as a printer's apprentice, that his bas-relief representation of the printing art is not only more artistic, but in every regard more effective and true in its symbolism, than those here.

I wish I had more memoranda of our fortunate afternoon at Strasburg. To those whose associations with it are of *pâté de fois gras*, I may say, that "they say," that, in almost every house in the city, of some fifty thousand people, are geese whose livers are being fattened for this luxury.

As to the Cathedral, I am fortunate enough to be able to add to my own halting notes a contemporary memorandum by a friend:—

"This Cathedral far surpasses any thing we have

seen. Other churches seem to be built to honor man; this, for the glory of God. In other churches, you go to see pictures or carvings or statuary; but here, although there are some good pictures, and a great deal of beautiful carved stone-work and statues clustering about each pillar, all charmingly wrought, all is subordinated to the general effect of the whole. When you first enter the church, it seems almost too dark; but, after a little while, the eye becomes accustomed to it, and the solemnizing effect of the dim religious light is felt fully. The whole church is open, so that you take in all the effect at once. It is not, like English churches, divided into several, so that the effect of the vastness is lost and frittered away. The windows are filled with stained glass, mostly old. Service was going on, — consisting of playing on the organ, and singing by an unseen choir. It was very solemn, and the effect of the music resounding through the aisles of this immense church is not to be told."

From Strasburg to Bâle we went by rail; alas! after dark; not often a fault in our travelling. Whoever wants notes of this route, therefore, must look in the Mount-Vernon Papers, or other contemporary narratives; not here. The rapid — too rapid — dash across Switzerland, which followed in two delightful days, was too rapid to leave much memorandum behind. The following scraps are all I find. I am again indebted to a friend.

"ARMSTEG, Oct. 28.

"We left Basle at ten, A.M., and came by rail to Lucerne: but, before we arrived there, the first of the Alps had made their appearance; and, though probably far inferior to what we shall see, they looked very grand, the effect being heightened by a recent snow-storm. I could not help thinking of Tom Moore's —

'And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose top in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet;
While Summer, with her vale of flowers,
Lies sleeping rosy at its feet.'

The bright leaves of the trees, and cultivated fields and gardens below, making up the last of the picture. From Lucerne to Fluellen we came by steamboat; the first part of the way being beautiful bright sunshine, and very quiet. At the last there was one of those violent storms of wind for which the lake is famous; like that which made Gessler release William Tell to manage his boat for him."

[From another Letter.]

You will hardly find Armsteg on any map; unless, indeed, in the Murray's "Northern Italy." It is not even a post-horse place, but is a village between Altorf, — where William Tell hit the apple, — which is near the southern end of the Lake of Lucerne ("the most beautiful sheet of water in the world,"

says Sir James Mackintosh); between Altorf, I say, and Hospenthal, at the beginning of the St. Gothard pass. We have driven here in a post-carriage through the gloaming, that we may have a full day for the passage of the St. Gothard; which, if the weather is fine, we make in the same carriage to-morrow.

We came in cold and hungry, to be received by the nicest of Swiss girls, in the nicest of Swiss inns. To me, ordering the supper, mademoiselle said they had (*inter alia*) *truites*. As the *truites* this morning had been *boiled*, to our dismay, I said, "Pas bouillies;" to which she, with disgust, "Ah? pas bouillies;" and I added, in explanation, "Mais friz-z-z-z-z-z-zzz," which she *a parfaitement entendu*.

At Bâle, by a mistake, we were quartered at a hotel which was a good way from both stations. We had only time, therefore, for a little shopping on our way to the Lucerne train, and nearly lost it; for in these countries, if you have baggage, you must be at the station from five to thirty minutes before the train goes. With indignation the baggage-man said to me, "Vous êtes bien tard, monsieur;" and I, "Je le sais bien, monsieur." — "Et pourquoi?" — "Parceque les chevaux de Bâle ne marchent pas vite," said I; a pleasantry which tamed him, and he permitted us to depart. For the first time, we entered an American long-car. The road is new, opened this summer, and the country so lovely!

It was a valley ride, like the passes of the Potomac in many places; the woods on the hills in all the glory of our Indian summer, save the red maple; the other colors quite as brilliant. Mountains higher, and still higher, shut in this valley, and at last began to be white with snow; not because they were Alps (for they were not), but because it snowed last week on this Righi range for our express benefit. The valleys are as green as summer. The dahlias, even, were untouched; which, as we passed through Rhenish Bavaria yesterday, had been cut down by frost. The men and women were at work in the fields. The country was a garden still (as for that matter, every inch of Europe has been); but the hills which shut them in, just as the hills shut in the valley at Hinsdale and Becket, were of this gorgeous autumn coloring, and the sky as blue as with us, or "as in Switzerland." They have built the prettiest stations, perfectly in keeping; and there is not a house in sight of the road anywhere (a hundred miles or less) that is not prettier than any architect in Boston, but one, knows how to build.

So at last we swept through a tunnel into Lucerne, which looks as if it had been saved under glass for five hundred years for you and me to look at. End of the railroad. Of course, the baggage, instead of going by any vulgar porter or coach, was put into a little boat, to be carried across the river to the *dampskiff*. Of course, it was a market-day; and the deck

of the "D." (think of the *bagages* being chalked with "D." because they were going on a steamboat!) was crowded with the most picturesque peasants you ever dreamed of; pretty girls; farmers going home with their purchases; a Dominican friar, of whom I surreptitiously made a good sketch; and two hundred more of the funniest people you can conceive. Of course, the water was as blue as the sky, and the day as lovely as heaven.

I do not think the hills around the lake are higher than the White-face Mountains; or Red Hill, say, north of Winnipiseogee: I mean, higher from the lake. (I stop to look at Murray, to find that they are rather higher, or rather that Righi is 4,270 feet above the lake; Red Hill is not.) But these rise sheer from the water, by steeper lines than the White Hills show, but in exceptions; and literally this lake has nothing but mountains round it. It is a gulf in the range filled with water. Snow-capped, all of them, to-day; and the foliage below of the richest colors, with these wonderful farms carried up never so high on the sides, and these sweet little villages on the shores. Then, of course, just as we landed most of our peasants at Brunnen, up comes one of the gusts from the south, just as at that very place where Gessler in his boat was bringing Tell this way, so that he was compelled to give Tell the helm; and he jumped ashore where the chapel is. We were wrapped and double-wrapped, but could

hardly keep our caps on. It blew as I hardly ever knew it, and made so real the Tell story!

(How little I thought, as I wrote these words, that this gale had left Europe strewn with more wrecks than any gale for years! It was the storm in which the "Royal Charter" was lost, with so many lives.)

It is now Wednesday evening, — *Mercoledi, Ottobre* 26, as the Italian calendar before me says; and I am *trans montes* in Airuolo (an Italian town, so far as language and population go), but in the Swiss canton of Ticino (at the head of that very river Ticino which the Austrians made war by crossing last spring), six hours north of Lake Como: for we have crossed the Alps; and, after a very wonderful day of experiences, we are to-night at this comfortable little Italo-Suisse inn. Since I began, we have had a miraculous *tea*, which I believe has astonished the natives. We have had a fire built; we have seen twenty-eight diligence passengers come and go; and we are here, without very distinct understanding how we are to go from here, only conscious that we have a good fire, and are recruiting well from the fatigues and excitements of the day.

Our Swiss inn of the Blanche Croix turned out to be all that our first fancies painted it. Under an immense down-bed, as always, I slept till morning: and then, finding myself a little early for an early breakfast, I had a chance to run out by the beautiful

Reuss, which was foaming and roaring by the house; and, hearing the church-bell ringing, I ran in there. It was the nicest little church, with sweet old pictures; and a little boy in the chancel, alone, ringing the bell in the steeple above.

And so, by eight o'clock this morning, we started up this wonderful pass, St. Gothard. From Armsteg to the Devil's Bridge, I walked a great deal of the way. The road, however, is admirable; and, unless you have a chance to get a good start of the carriage, you cannot walk without being left. I have a daisy which I picked, with its stem covered with the fresh-falling snow. The pass was lovely, growing more grand and more. At first, I was comparing it with the Cumberland passes of the Alleghanies, with the pass of the Notch, and with some of the Green-Mountain passes, to which the lower part bears strong resemblance. But all that is over before long. Before you come to the Devil's Bridge,* all vegetation ceases. How can trees grow on rocks of upright mica slate? When they rebuilt the road at the Devil's Bridge, thirty years ago, in order to quarry the stone, they had to lower the workmen down by ropes on the face of the rock, that they should drill the holes in which the powder was to be placed. With admirable taste, they have left the old Devil's

* Compare Suwarrow's campaign of 1799 and Mr. Longfellow's Golden Legend of six centuries earlier.

Bridge which Elsie and her friends crossed; so that you have the picturesqueness of one, and the safety of the other.* Nothing can give you any idea of the savage severity of this bare rock but Mr. Black's photographs of White-Mountain rock. Imagine ten miles of them on each side of the road; imagine the road crossing from one side of the ravine in which the Reuss flows to the other constantly, — it being, I think, rather the easiest part of the way for the engineers to throw arches; and then, if you scatter in a tunnel or two, you have it. The Devil's Bridge is about twenty-five hundred feet above Lake Lucerne. Almost immediately after, you come out on two pretty little villages (Andermatt and Hospenthal) at the two ends of an old lake-bed, where is now a pretty little valley, affecting you like the valley above the Notch as you ascend the White Mountains, — "valley once a lake," says Murray; in which view, I suppose, he is correct.

At Hospenthal we stopped an hour to change horses, — have I said that we were travelling post? — and we lunched here. When the new horses were in, it proved that they were *en traineau*, the snow being more deep above. We had had enough to give severity and character to the rocks, but not to prevent

* Perhaps the reader will understand this from a little sketch which makes the vignette at the end of this chapter. The bridge is girt in there with a spray of *trichomanes* from a waterfall on the other side of St. Gothard.

my walking. The *traineau* was exactly, in size and every thing else, like the sled in which we used to be drawn to school: possibly a little longer, with a seat for the driver; who was, however, on foot half the time. Lots of coats on; lots of shawls on our knees. We had bought at Bâle felt overshoes; and, though it snowed all the way, I never was more comfortable. The amount of "travel" was immense. We were constantly meeting or passing people. In two hours and a half more we were at the *Hospice*, at the summit, — grand old stone house, without monks now (not St. Bernard); and, in an hour and a half more, — oh, how fast we came down! — to this nice little Airuolo, where is no snow on the ground, and the landscape is as *riant* as with you, or more so. Has not that been a nice day to remember?

"AIRUOLO, Oct. 26, 1859.

"Here we are, safe across the mountain (or rather lots of them); and right glad am I to be here. We took leave of our pretty little friend (who seemed to think it part of her duty to give us her undivided attention, except while we were asleep) at eight this A.M., and started in our carriage *comme Milors Rosbif Anglais;* and, with a bright sun over us, passed through the grandest and most beautiful scenery that I ever saw in my life. It is useless to compare the Alps with the White Mountains: the former are on so much grander scale, that no comparison is possi-

ble, — the immense height of the mountains, covered with the recent snow; the deep, deep valleys, with torrents dashing through them; the sheer precipices, along which the road wound; the wonderful bridges: in fact, the whole thing is on a far grander scale than any thing in the White Mountains. The cold increased, with wind and a little snow, until we got to Hospenthal, where we dined. When we left there, at twenty minutes past one, we were rather surprised to be informed that we must leave our comfortable carriage, and proceed per *traineau*. However, we thought that a nice covered sleigh was not a bad thing to travel in: but you may guess our surprise, when we came out, to find that the *traineau* prepared for us was, as I told Edward, just such a sledge as Fergus McIvor was dragged to execution in; viz., a long, narrow sledge, with two seats facing one another, each just wide enough for one person, and a narrow place in front for the driver. There was another sort of open sledge for our luggage. This did not look very promising; but we bundled in, each wrapped in two great-coats, and with thick leggins and moccasins, besides E.'s cloak and my Scotch shawl. I sat as executioner; E., as Fergus. Off we started. The snow came thicker and faster, and the weather grew colder and colder, besides being very windy; until at last we could only see just around us, the distant mountains being entirely cut off. The snow was quite deep as we ascended, and the road very narrow;

and we frequently met the sledges going down: so it was fortunate for us that our driver was both strong and skilful; for, as the road on the precipice side has literally no wall, or even fence (nothing but stone posts, placed about twelve or fourteen feet apart, with not even a rail on the top), it depended upon his putting his foot out exactly at the right moment to prevent our going over the precipice, and being 'dashed into ten million hatoms.' Seriously, however, it did sometimes look a little queer, to say the least of it, to see our little sleigh slide down to within a few inches of a precipice, which it made me dizzy to look down upon, and that without even a bank of snow to prevent our going over it. As any proposition of ours to alight or walk was met with a most decided 'Non, monsieur,' we trusted to him; and he brought us safely through. In two hours and a half, we reached the Hospice on the top of Mt. St. Gothard; having stopped at a place which was cow-house below and dwelling-house above to warm ourselves for a few minutes. At the Hospice there are no monks now,* and no one lives there; but we drove into the arched place underneath, and got out and stretched our legs, and let our horses rest. I gave our drivers there a good drink out of my brandy-

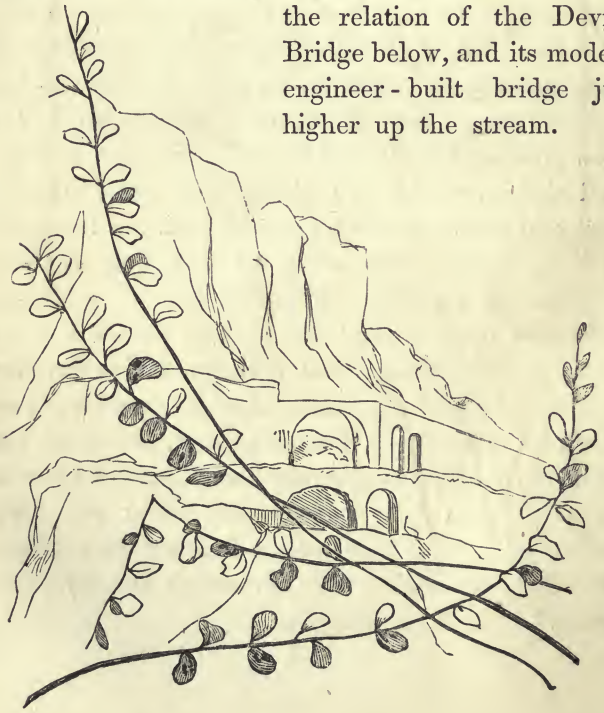
* This, I find, is a mistake; but I saw no monks nor anybody belonging to the place. E. told me there were none; but Murray says there are. (And who knows best, — E. on the spot, or Murray in Albemarle Street? Note by indignant commentator.)

flask; for they had worked hard and well, and taken as much care of us as if we were babies. 'A spur in the head' is said to be 'worth two in the heel:' and it proved so in this instance; for we flew down the mountain like lightning, taking the tune in uncommon short metre, and *slewing* prodigiously, so that we felt that we did not really know what 'slewing' was before. However, our driver maintained his reputation; and though the sleigh before us pitched one of its occupants off, and one of those behind upset entirely, and we heard a cask of cheese descending by us down the abysm, we came safely through, — he catching the sleigh, and preventing our going entirely over, just in the nick of time. After about three-quarters of an hour of this work, the snow growing less, the air becoming warmer, and the road *sloshier*, we arrived at a post-house, where we were told we must take a carriage again, as there was no snow below. We were by this time so well pleased with our little 'traineau,' that we were unwilling to leave it; but did so, and soon set off in a very comfortable covered carriage, which brought us here in about an hour. And so ended our passage of the Great St. Gothard; and, if any of our friends ever had a tougher time in passing, I am mistaken. However, it is well over now; and I am writing at a most comfortable inn, before a bright wood fire, and feeling none the worse for my experience."

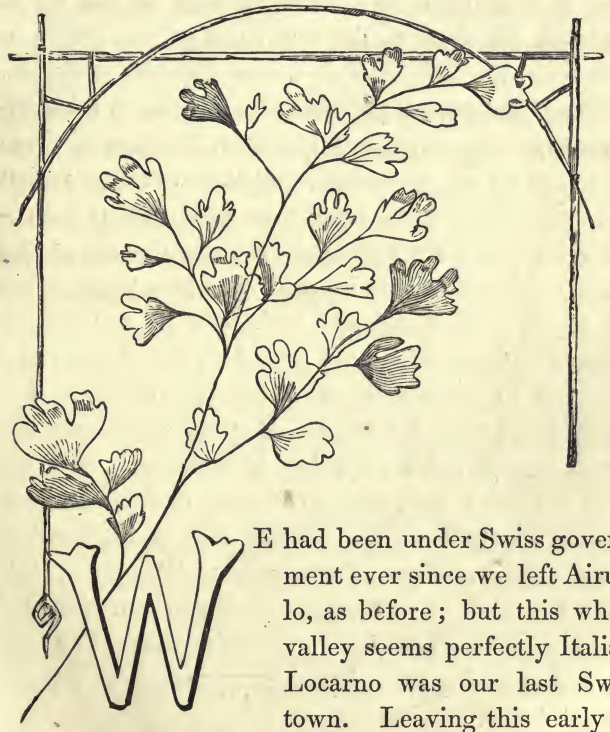
AIROLO to LUCARNO, Oct. 27.

The country is beautiful, the hills getting less and less steep, and the weather warmer. I stopped at one of the most beautiful waterfalls I ever saw. I went close up to it to gather some wild-flowers. It came down twenty or thirty feet down a steep cliff, and then shot straight out; so that its shadow made by the sun upon the rock looked like smoke.

The little wreath of *trichomanes* below is from this waterfall. The sketch beyond is an effort to recall the relation of the Devil's Bridge below, and its modern engineer-built bridge just higher up the stream.



ITALY.



WE had been under Swiss government ever since we left Airuolo, as before; but this whole valley seems perfectly Italian. Locarno was our last Swiss town. Leaving this early on the 28th, we had a sail by steamboat — oh, how lovely! — on Lago Maggiore.

GENOA, Oct. 28.

Each moment there was something pretty or something exciting. It is my first exact parallel with any thing American. After you have dropped the southern spurs of the Alps, the southern half of the lake is very much like Lake George in the lay of the land, the slope of the hills; nor so very unlike in their foliage. But there is much chestnut and vine, and even lemon, plantation here, against the American evergreen. Fortunately for us, the tops of these hills were all snow-touched, and the even line which separated snow from green was very curious. Probably I might have seen that on Lake George at the same season. What is not on Lake George are the pretty Italian villages, each with its tall Tuscan campanile, most likely not joined to the church, and squeezed in anywhere on a hillside or top, — nowhere three houses without one; and, again, are the sweet pretty villas of princes, princesses, and my lords Anglais; and, again, the very odd picturesque villages for trade on the shore; and, again, the fortresses, now useless, of the recent days when this was a frontier. The Austrian garrisons are removed now; for it is all Victor Emanuel's land. The day was a day of days; and you may guess how we enjoyed all this.

GENOA, Saturday, Oct. 29.

Inscription on Columbus's statue:—

"Unus erat mundus; duo sint, ait iste. Fuere!"

We have seen to-day our first Italian churches and galleries. It is known to both of you, and to all of the learned, that I am not particularly strong on this line of sight-seeing. I range at a low standard the ability of the human being to take in pictorial beauty in large doses; and I had a great deal rather see one fine picture than forty. Whatever your theory in this regard, however, you cannot resist the temptation of seeing the forty, — if the chance offers, and you know you shall never see them again, — even if they happen to be four hundred; and I enjoyed intensely what I saw at Antwerp. I had meant to have written to you a special letter on Rubens and Vandyke after the few days we spent there. Still, I was very glad to take a good fresh week of the finest scenery in the world, before another bit of the galleries came in; and so, to my joy, I found myself perfectly fresh, and in condition to enjoy Genoa. You would say, I think, — I know I supposed, — that, on the whole, one of these intensely ornamented churches must be, in general effect, very much like another; but it is not so in the least. Between the Annunziata (where I was to-day) and one of the Antwerp churches, for instance, there is no more resemblance than between a handsome vase of Sèvres and a

handsome vase of carved ivory. The Annunziata is the Sèvres, — positive color and gold, every inch of it which is not white marble, but that the floor is white and black marble; none of the sombre effects of stone, shadow, and neutral tints, thence resulting; every thing of a blaze with color, marble, or gold.

To begin with, you and I had not yesterday the least idea of the brilliancy of fresco. I had seen frescoes in England, in Antwerp, and in Cologne; and they give no more idea of the possible brilliancy of fresco, than does the water-color painting on the ceiling of my church. If the sacristan knew the truth at the Annunziata, the frescoes there are two or three centuries old. They are as fresh, and the colors as strong, as one of these body-color landscapes that we have been buying in Switzerland. In the vaulted roof, there are a series of these large paintings; in this church, they all tell the story of the *Annunciation*. They are separated each from each by arabesque devices; and, at the last, by brilliant gilding along the lines of the groining. The pillars (Gothic) which support the roof are of white marble, inlaid with brilliant crimson marble. The pillars at the right and left of the aisles make, with the arches above them, the portals of as many side-chapels, in each of which is its own altar, with its own paintings: each altar fronting into the church, at right angles with the great altar; not, as usual, to the west, as that does. This church was built and

endowed by one family: its adornment is, therefore, chiefly upon one plan. There are not the surprises and varieties of the German churches, but gems and gold and incense to your heart's content. Now, all this brilliancy of brilliancy; this freshness, which literally makes the shrine dedicated in 1657 to look as fresh as that next it, re-arrayed in 1826, — is, I suppose, Italian: there is nothing like it in the German churches. To us Teutons, for all purposes of solemnity, it is a loss rather than a gain.

Going afterwards into three of the finest palaces here, still inhabited by the families (who permit strangers to see the galleries, however), this same freshness — ignorance complete of time — appeared there, to my great relief and joy. I own to a terror lest the old pictures were to look old; but this is the first fine-art remark I have to make to you, that a picture by Guido Reni looks as living, fresh, distinct, warm, and brilliant, as any thing in the Dusseldorf Gallery, though *never raw*. Six little Raphaels, which I saw last of all, — oh, how beautiful one of them was! — have the same life, and richness of effective color, as any painting on copper (these are on copper) that you can look at in Washington Street. In this *visibility* of the great pictures was a great relief to me, of character the same as that which I felt in finding the Beza Manuscript legible; and in degree much greater, in proportion as one cares for Raphael more than he does for codices.

Having set your mind at rest on this point, I will now describe a palazzo. I think we should like to live in one, though the floors are marble. You drive under an arch into a covered court, which in the largest palazzi becomes an orange-garden; and the best rooms look into this, as in the old National Hotel at Washington. I think your stable is on that floor: probably kitchens and so forth are. I know that we saw the family-coach of the Balbi waiting for them to go out, horses and all under cover. To see pictures, you go up two stories. What they do with the second, I do not know; but, in each of these palazzi, the whole floor all round the square was devoted to the galleries. They appear to be the great state rooms of the house, — the smaller ones more or less in daily use. Many of them are prettily, even comfortably furnished. Once we were shown into a very tempting gentleman's study; and, in the Balbi Palace, we changed the order of rooms, that we might go into the breakfast-room before the marchesa ate her breakfast. The breakfast was on the table. Many of the rooms were carpeted, more of inlaid wooden floors, and some of marble.

Now for the arrangement of pictures. (You see how I hover off the description of them; preferring, not unnaturally, to describe upholstery, which can be described, to attempting pictures, which cannot.) In the best of these galleries, every thing was subordinated to the pictures: in the others, they had

tried to do this, without knowing how so well. That is, the pictures are not all rammed together, so as to hurt each other: but, their places having been determined, the frescoes of the walls are then adapted to them; the ceiling of each room being, indeed, an elaborate fresco painting. (I do not think I have been in a room in Italy, even in the simplest tavern, in these two days, where the ceiling had not some fresco painting; and, in the villages I spoke of, most of the houses have more or less pictures on the *outside*.) If a picture is an especial gem, it is adjusted on hinges, so that it can be turned out to the light. Care is taken, even equal to Lady Pemberly's dreams, to have them match each other; and, throughout, you have a feeling that the room was built for them.

You ring at the door; ask to see the pictures; and the lackey sends you up to another of his species. You ring at his door; and he shows you in, gives each of you a printed catalogue of the pictures in that room, and is at hand to answer any questions. In each palazzo, there are eight or ten rooms and galleries, some of them nearly as large as the largest exhibition-room at the Athenæum, but most of them smaller; scarcely a room, however, as small as a Boston parlor, and all very high. Now, to speak of the pictures themselves, I do not think, in all these galleries, I have seen ten of painful subjects (I have not seen four bad pictures); but, with regard to almost every one, it is a picture that for some

reason or other you would be very glad to have these old doges give you.

Queerly enough, they are richer in Rubens and Vandyke than in any other single masters: there must have been some old commercial tie between Genoa and Antwerp that led to this. Of course, it is only queer to travellers who took our route. So I have to tell you how much sweetness, loveliness of conception and execution, there is in Vandyke's compositions. We only knew him as they do in England, — as a portrait-painter; but his religious pictures, of which we saw many in Antwerp and some here, come to the root of the matter, as Rubens's do not. There is, of course, a wonderful fluency of execution — a perfect grace and ease — in all Rubens's compositions, which, besides the miraculous coloring, separates them, and distinguishes them from the Vandykes: but Vandyke loved to paint his sacred pictures; and Rubens could not have cared much, at the bottom of such heart as he had, for his. Then, as to portraits, they did paint such pictures, as — well, "Portrait of a Gentleman" may be, after all, the title of a picture at the top of "art." We have seen, too, one or two of Titian's portraits to-day, and some wonderful ones by people of whom I never heard before. Marvellous pictures, many of them family portraits in these families, which have hung here since the gentlemen and ladies themselves danced below; and, but that age

has just softened the color a little, as living and fresh as when people first discussed the likeness.

Do not marvel that I assume the connoisseur. It is true, as I always said it was, in reference to an art whose whole business is to imitate and please, — neither alone, but always both together, — he who knows least of the process is best fitted to say whether the imitation is good, and whether it produce pleasure or pain. There is no doubt at all, that, if you brought any bright child of ten years old into these galleries, he would select as the best painters those whom the world has selected, though he had no hint given to him; setting aside, of course, any warping which he might get from favorite subjects. I have not seen a picture to-day which compared with the little Raphael which I spoke of just now; and I should have said so, had I gone through the rooms without a catalogue. For that matter, I could have named any, and any of you could, — all the prominent masters, — from the notion of their style that we pick up from books, from prints, and from the Athenæum.

I have a great deal more charity than I had for the Pre-Raphaelite business. At Antwerp, they are beginning to collect their earliest paintings of the fourteenth, and some of the thirteenth centuries. Here we see a little of the contemporary painters (not much), who did not know there was any such place as Flanders in the world, I suppose. In all

of these there is queer — even preposterous — ornament, decoration, composition, and perspective; but in almost all of them you find exquisite faces, — the most weird, or the most delicate and refined expression: the science or the feeling of human feature and expression could not go farther. I don't know what the theory is, or what the fact is; but you can't help thinking that this grew out of the miniature in the missals and manuscripts, in which you see a good deal of the same thing. However this may be, it is certain that you catch sometimes beauty, and effective vigor or tenderness, in these faces, which cannot be surpassed anywhere.

Well, this is enough fine art; and, for that matter, too much.

LEGHORN.

The Livornese are reputed by the Florentines to be no better than savages. They are wild in their patriotism just now; and every doorpost has a picture or a scutcheon of "our king, Vittorio Emanuele." The poor fellow would be glad to be their king; but, alas! is not.

It is a little touching to see the new names of the streets and squares.

Here are the Piazza Carlo Alberto, the Via Vittorio Emanuele, Via Solferino, Via Palestro; and in the Piazza Carlo Alberto are statues which the grateful Livornese erected to the Duke Leopold

they have just driven away, and to his father. The railroad to Florence, which was the Strada Ferrata Leopolda, is now the Strada Ferrata Centrale Toscana.

FLORENCE, Nov. 3, 1859.

We have had three charming days in Florence, and look for another to-day; leaving here for Rome to-morrow. Certainly nowhere in the world is there better place for rest than here. The climate now is delicious, without being languid. At every step out-doors, it is picturesque beyond expression; and within-doors, no matter where you go, these marvels of painting or statuary. For the two great galleries, the Pitti vies with the Uffizi as to which is the finest gallery of the world. [I learned afterwards that the Vatican picture-gallery, in its forty-nine pictures, had more absolute masterpieces than either.] "Uffizi" means "offices:" it is as one should say, "The City-Hall Gallery;" the government-offices being down-stairs, and these matchless galleries up-stairs. A quarter of a mile off is the Pitti Palace, built by a certain Pitti somewhere in the fifteenth century, and since falling into the Medici Family. There, among other places, the late grand duke has lived; and his family, I don't know when, for convenience of looking at pictures, had a private walk of their own extending from one collection to the other. Over every street it runs by an arch; and, when you come to the river, it makes an additional story to the

buildings on the bridge. We went to the Uffizi first, this morning; and I tried to go by this covert way to the Pitti: but, when we got to the river, we found an envious door, which the preservers of public order had not unlocked.

Now, how much shall I try to tell you about these galleries? From Genoa I wrote some fine-art confessions, which in part explain my creed.

First, and briefly, these noble pictures — the masterpieces — are as fresh in color as if they had been painted twenty years ago. There is nothing raw and signboardy about them (and probably never was); but the color is perfect.

Second, and briefly, — of Florence as truly as of Antwerp, Cologne, and Genoa, — there is no sort of question about who are the masters. You and I, without catalogues, would walk into the Pitti, where they say, and truly, that there is not one poor picture; and then, merely from our own likings, selecting out of the five hundred the forty pictures we liked best, they would prove to be by Raphael, Rubens, Andrea del Sarto, Titian, Vandyke, Murillo, Salvator Rosa, Guido Reni, Tintoretto, Carlo Dolci, Claude, and Perugino (there happens to be no striking Leonardo da Vinci there). There would not be five out of the forty by other hands. And I think that is not a bad order in which, though hastily, I have written them.

[I tried this experiment afterwards; and have my favorite forty marked as I marked them without a catalogue, and knowing the authors only by my own conjecture. I did not come quite up to the "masterly" selection I have claimed one could make, in the letter quoted above. The five pictures in my forty, not in this list of masters, are by Fra' Bartolommeo, Domenichino, Sebastiano del Piombo, Rembrandt, and Cristoforo Allori. Of course, I should not dare say that I should select the same forty on any other day.]

Thirdly, on the whole, the subjects are agreeable. You would be glad to accept most of the pictures as presents, if it pleased Ricasoli — who is the dictator just now — to give them to you. This is not quite so true of these public galleries as of the private ones which we have seen before. But still the Pitti collection is arranged in sixteen rooms of the upper story of a palace, affecting to be the private collection of the ducal family; and, on the whole, that affectation is well preserved. The Uffizi is more a national or public affair.

We went first to the Uffizi collection. To my amazement, there were no fees of any sort beyond the three staircases, which were pretty formidable. We bought catalogues, and it began.

At first, you don't know how to pass any thing by. How should you, or why should you? If you never saw an antique before, stop and study the first

one you do see, whether it be marked with a star in your catalogue or no. So we worked on slowly, — rather worried that we had not gone first to the Tribune to see "the goddess who loves in stone," — when, lo! the word "Tribuna;" and it proved that the Tribune is a part of this collection.

No! do not expect my raptures yet. I liked the "Venus de' Medici" too well before to go into much farther enthusiasm now. Of all the statuary I have seen, — not much, — the casts have given me better previous impressions than the copies of the pictures. I have never seen many statues till now; but what I have seen were good, and I have seen them well. In old days, when the Athenæum was in Pearl Street, people used to go there to take out books, but not generally to read. In those Pre-Adamite times, Dr. Bass (the librarian) and I were the only *habitués* there. I used to wind up my day's work by saying to him that I would thank him for the key to the sculpture-room; and there, by myself, and without any annoyance, — as if I were a grand duke who had walked across from the Pitti on a festa-day to the Tribune, with no public, — I had, in plaster, this "Night and Morning," "Venus," about six other good antiques; and, in marble, Greenough's "Venus Victrix," and one or two others. I learned these thoroughly in those days.

This in parenthesis, that I may say in all loyalty to the past, that, exquisite as the "Venus" is, — and

I have now been to see her four times, and go again to-morrow, — she is no more beautiful than I expected her to be. She expresses no more, and no less. I had rather have the original than any copy I ever saw; but, if you would throw in Powers's "California" with a good copy, I had rather have the two than the original.

Now of the rest of the Tribune, which is a collection of the finest things in this gallery. The picture which won me the most, which I remember the best, and shall, is Andrea del Sarto's "Holy Family." The connoisseurs call it the "Harpeian," because harpies are carved on the throne on which she sits. Andrea del Sarto is almost a new name to me; but everywhere I have found the same dignity, reality, and sweetness combined in his pictures. As I said, you soon get to feel whether these men did or did not go to the root of the matter. Enthusiast as I am about Rubens, I would not have one of his sacred pictures in our church, if either of the Leopolds would give me one. No, not the "Descent from the Cross" itself, I believe; though I possibly should make an exception for that and for one other. But, of this Andrea, the quality is really good; and then the coloring and the rest are all but up to the Raphaels. The other pictures in the Tribune are Titian's "Venuses," two, very beautiful, — one of them really attractive, so far as you can get over the odious associations of the whole of that line of paint-

ing; the "Fornarina," which is much finer than the copies, but which I do not care a straw for; Guido's "Virgin," so often copied, and exquisite beyond all copies; and a good many other pictures which we have seen. You could almost reproduce the Tribune in the large room of the Athenæum, with the copies they have there.

I am not going to describe the five thousand pictures in the rest of the Uffizi; but, when I come home, we will go to Cambridge some day, and ask Mr. Thies to show us, from the Gray collection, the prints of, —

1st, Titian's portrait of Capt. John di Medici of the black band; a figure so much like Napoleon, that the coins might have been stamped from it, — handsome, black and terrible as Satan.

2d (what is in the same room), A portrait of a Spanish gentleman, a soldier, — it might have been Loyola, but is not; so grand, so sad! — with his hand (and such a hand!) just pointing down to a flame on an altar, which bears in Latin the inscription, "And how I wish it were already lighted!"

3d, The "Last Supper," by *B.* Veronese; though I am afraid the print will not show its magical color.

And, 4th, Paul Veronese's "Esther before Ahasuerus;" an exquisite group, with an exquisite woman, who had a chance to do an exquisite thing.

But I am afraid it will never do for me to go on with a catalogue *raisonnée*, or *sentimentalizée* of the

Uffizi and the Pitti. Just a word or two about the statues.

All of a sudden, I came plump on the "Flying Mercury," — light as a feather. Exquisite it is; not as large as life, but twice as natural. In the same room is the "Bacchus" of Michel Angelo, which he made the dogs of his day think an antique; an antique *sacerdossa,* which nobody ever raved to me about, but which is beautiful, — sweet, dignified, and vestal. One splendid hall is given to poor Niobe and her fourteen children, who were dug up at Rome when the Medicis were in funds. But we do as well as that now. That is not true of most of the antiques. We do *not,* unless Thorwaldsen does, whom I have not seen: I have hopes for him. There is, in the antiques, a quality of energy (ἐνέργεια), — of possible action, motion; desire of act and motive, — which the modern statues do not have. Bartolini, here, whose name I have heard before, knew better what this essential necessity was than poor be-Frenched Canova, for whom my boy enthusiasm (see my first portfolio, alas!) has gone. The antiques are stained a little; scarcely too much, however: and there are many more than we have ever seen or heard of, which have given me great pleasure.

I find, after all, I like the Uffizi the best of these galleries; though it has endless strings of historical portraits and all other trash, which they will not let

into the lordly Pitti. But it is not so much gilded and tapestried. It has all the statuary, all the inscriptions, all the vases (an immense Etruscan collection, very curious), and all the original drawings of the masters. But I remember that I am not only writing a dissertation upon fine art, but a journal.

To go back. From the Uffizi we went to the Pitti, but found it closed for the day; and our day closed in the wildest series of shopping, in these very funny shops on the bridges.

I print the exuberant enthusiasm in the letter above, not because it has any value of itself, even for the friends who will read these pages, but because it shows, better than any thing I could say now, the way in which this paradise of fine art takes off his feet, at the first moment, the spectator who comes to it, untaught and unprepared, from America. It will be seen, that, by the time I came to Rome, I understood better how idle were such detailed memoranda of impressions. My enlargement of idea from the old Athenæum collection to the sculpture at the Uffizi was hardly more notable than the second enlargement, when I contrasted that collection, comparatively so small, with the Vatican sculptures.

Florence was in every regard lovely, the week we were there. The festa of All Saints and the mezzo-festa of All Souls kept us out of the galleries for two

days. But there is enough to occupy visitors for months or years, outside of the galleries; and, in a very wide-awake dream of beauty, our happy week there sped by only too fast. As these sheets pass the press, I may say, that the temperature, the atmosphere, and the weather, in general, were precisely like those of the corresponding week in Boston, of this November, 1860; St. Martin's summer there, and our Indian summer here, seem so exactly the same.

Aside from the usual interests of Florence, we had the excitements of politics, so new to her. Every street was like the chorus of an Italian opera; or, at the least, like a quartette: for you scarcely ever passed a group in which at least four persons were not talking at a time. The standard ballet was "Masaniello," at which the ballet-girls — dressed in green, white, and red — were killing the enemies of freedom very resolutely with wooden hatchets. The flower-sellers made up lovely little tricolor bouquets, from a green geranium-leaf, a white orange-blossom, and a scarlet picotee. There were a dozen new liberty-songs every day. Here is one of them, roughly translated, but not more roughly than it was written. Garibaldi's men, in the war just finished, had been called "Hunters of the Alps" ("Cacciatori delle Alpi"). At this time, he and they were at Bologna, eager to dash at Rome, but held in by a cautious diplomacy.

CACCIATORI DELLE ALPI.

My love I left behind me;
I left my cottage-door;
And nights and mornings find me
An Alpine Cacciator.

My poor old mother took me,
And led me from the door;
And, when she bade me leave her,
She kissed her son once more.
My love I left behind me;
I left my cottage-door;
And nights and mornings find me
An Alpine Cacciator.

She said to me, "My darling,
Forget me nevermore;
But while you live and breathe, child,
Return not to my door."
My love I left behind me, &c.

"O mother! for my country
To die, you know I've sworn:
If I return dishonored,
Say I am not your son."
My love I left behind me, &c.

My love walked with me farther;
Then bade me bend my knee,
And said, "I'll be your true love;
But you must swear to me."
I left my love behind me, &c.

"I swear to you, my darling,
For our country I will die:
When I return dishonored,
Then say I basely lie."
I left my love behind me, &c.

And, as I travelled onward,
A gallant youth came near:

I cried, "Are you a Lombard?"
"No! I'm a mountaineer."
I left my love behind me, &c.

"How far, then, have you journeyed
Along your rugged ways?"
"A month have I been marching
'Twixt snowy nights and days."
I left my love behind me, &c.

See one, two, three! — how many!
"Whence come, and whither fare?"
"From Modena we are marching,
To fight; and you know where."
I've left my love behind me, &c.

"Italia viva! — Who are these?"
"Italia! — From Parma, we."
"And who are these?" — "Italia!
We're the boys of Tuscany!"
I've left my love behind me, &c.

"Who is this in haste, here,
All armed, and rushing by?
Halt, friend! and give the watchword."
"Yes! from Romagna, I."
I've left my love behind me, &c.

And here another, — faster
And farther he has sped, —
A messenger from Sicily
To say the king is dead!
I've left my love behind me, &c.

Hunters, lo the morning!
See glories crowding in!
Hunters, sound the horn now;
Let the chase begin!
I've left my home behind me;
I've left my cottage-door;
And nights and mornings find me
An Alpine Cacciator.

In the midst of all this political excitement, there was a dread of re-action, rising simply from the memory of the re-action of 1849, — when the Grand Duke had been as thoroughly driven away as now, but was, of a sudden, recalled, — and from a feeling of distrust of the clergy and all persons attached to the Roman Church. The government (an executive council of three, under the lead of Ricasoli) was watching the crisis with great care; issuing every day or two some popular edict, and, as grumblers said, spending money very fast, to keep the people in order. The wave of travel had been greatly reduced by the war; so that the immense constituency at Florence and the other cities, who get their living from them, were out of employ, and, it was feared, discontented.

The reader will please remember that the crisis was that of transition. The Congress at Zurich had but just adjourned: a European Congress to decide the condition of Italy was threatened. The Grand Duke was driven away, and Tuscany had declared for annexation to Sardinia. Every decree of the Provisional Government was headed, "Under the reign of our king, Victor Emanuel." But in the very week that I was in Florence appeared a very crusty letter from Napoleon III., intimating to Victor Emanuel that he must not take Tuscany or the other duchies without leave. In all this delicate interregnum, Ricasoli the dictator conducted affairs

with skill, dignity, and honor, which deserved, as they have gained, success. He ought to be remembered among the noblest of the patriots of the Italian resurrection.

Here is the device which the Provisional Government substituted on the coinage for the head of Leopold. It is the Tuscan lion, bearing the Italian tricolor. The reverse was the Florentine lily.

With these explanations, I may print the following speculations on politics, which I wrote at the time.

LEGHORN, Nov. 5, 1859.
On board the "Vatican," French Mail Steamer.

We left beautiful Florence this morning, after a stay there which has been marked by very pleasant experience, and has been a sort of Capua to us after our passage of the St. Gothard. It is a marvellously delightful life. Our hotel was perfection; the weather like our finest October weather, though the nights were not so cool; every thing out of doors picturesque; and a world of wonders of art and history inviting us everywhere. People always write about the fine arts of Florence, so that one thinks of the life there as mere dilettanteism; but you need not be more of an artist than you choose, and there are a thousand things beside pictures and statues to make life pass agreeably.

In the long run, I do not suppose that I should rank the politics of the place among these *agrémens:* but as there, here at Genoa, and in our run through Piedmont, we have been in a transition-time, it has been very curious to watch the signs of the times among these descendants of Machiavelli; and, when I have emptied my coat-pockets at night, I have found not only Florentine mosaics, the catalogues of the galleries, and other such things, but the newspapers of the day and a parcel of revolutionary songs. Every day I have been tempted to write you one speculation more on the position of Central Italy. Every day I have rather shrunk from the doing so, for the reason that Cousin gave when he abstained from lecturing on Buddhism: "I say nothing of the Buddhists in these lectures, gentlemen; because I know nothing about them."

Without knowing much of the inside of affairs, however, we have seen and heard and read a great deal that is very curious of the outside. I am apt to think also that nobody knows more than three days' worth more of the inside than we do. When we landed in this place from Genoa a week ago, we found the Livornese very enthusiastic and demonstrative. They have a reputation that way, and are called even savage by the more delicate Medicean Florentines. We spent Sunday here; and the streets were alive with Italian tri-colors, which flaunted from almost every house, many of them bearing the cross

of Savoy to indicate regard for Victor Emanuel. What seemed funnier was, that every shop and house almost had a little rough printed placard pasted on, "Viva Vittorio Emanuele, il nostre Ré!" As poor Victor Emanuel has not been able to consent to be their king to this day, this loyalty to a king who had not taken the crown seemed very touching. Streets and squares had had their names changed to Palestro, Solferino, Carlo Alberto, and Vittorio. Even the square where are statues to Leopold, the Grand Duke, and Ferdinand, from a grateful Leghorn, was altered in its own name into Piazza Carlo Alberto. I may say, *en passant*, that the statue of the late duke looks like an indifferent portrait of Professor Longfellow; and so do the effigies on the coins.

This intense loyalty to their new king, who is not their king, marks every thing we have seen in the week we have been in Florence. There is not so much show of tri-colors as in Leghorn, but quite enough.

Every official document of the city of Florence or of the State of Tuscany is headed with the cross of Savoy, and the words "Regnando S. M. Vittorio Emanuele." The actual government of Tuscany is in the hands of three ministers, of whom B. Ricasoli, a nobleman of great wealth, and, as I am told, of great *cleverness* and ability, is the chief. But all their edicts begin thus with "Regnando S. M. Vittorio Emanuele.

At the bottom of their hearts, they all fear re-action more than any thing else, — more than Mazzinism, more than Austria, and more than the approaching Congress. I cannot learn that there is any real cause for this, which anybody knows: but what has been may be; and the Italians, though, as ought to be everywhere said, now behaving magnificently, have been fickle in their loves long before the days of —

"Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!" —

and long since. Everybody here remembers the fate of the revolution of 1849, when things seemed as prosperous as now: but, one fine day, the Livornese National Guards fired on the Florentine mob in a quarrel; the Florentines attacked the Guards; somebody shouted "Viva Leopoldo!" whom everybody had been execrating the day before; and in two hours it was settled that the Grand Duke should come back again. Now, nobody knows why this should be done again; but they think that Napoleon hopes for it, and that he is trusting time and the chapter of accidents to bring back the Grand Duke in this, which I may call the natural way.

The government, and the liberals generally, appear to be, I say, specially and first on their guard against this re-action; and they certainly act with dignity and decision in keeping themselves before the people, and in keeping themselves popular. From day to day, their journals (which are admirably edited)

show the hopeful side of things. Thus they trace along the journey of the agents whom they have sent to Prussia and Russia; and they clip out of every journal in Europe any thing which tends to show that their position is a strong one, and will be successful. "Time is for us" is a sort of text just now in one of the journals; and there are no better leaders than they have written upon it. Meanwhile, "Il Monitore Toscano," the official newspaper, shows that they are not going to die King Log's death. It is full of edicts bearing directly on the administration, very judiciously planned, I should say, for the amelioration of things which might have pressed on people, and so to popularize things which are; and I have seen singularly little of the fuss and feathers with which revolutionists on this continent are so apt to waste their powder. The trade of Florence is so wholly a matter of fine art and sentimentalism, that it must suffer more or less even in the most pacific of revolutions. The danger that the shopkeepers will some day step out doors, and cry "Viva Leopoldo!" is, therefore, one of the perils of the State. To meet this, Ricasoli is spending public money in a way which prudent people are distressed at, but which he thinks he sees his way through. It is whispered to me by some fellow-travellers, that they wholly failed, a month since, to negotiate a loan in London; but, if the Sardinians succeed with their new loan as well as yesterday's journals announce, I should think *Il*

Nostro Ré might help his Tuscan friends through a little. They must have experienced a considerable temporary relief by what they got from my passports, *octrois*, postages, and gallery catalogues; but, now that this is at an end, the rub may begin. I am told, however, that Signor Ricasoli says, that, if he can get money in no other way, he will sell the Pitti Gallery.

To wind up this part of my dissertation by a discourse on that epigram of his, it would be the very best thing he could do. That is to say, if in any way it can be shown that constitutional government with the Florentines is more than a bit of sentiment, as it would be shown if they sold for it a few hundred of the finest "Holy Families" in the world, their new establishment is a fixed fact. But as long as there is this reigning impression that the revolution is an entertainment for a few months, which will give place to the next bit of excitement like it, poor Ricasoli will not get any money, nor *Il Ré Nostro* come to enjoy his own. As it stands, they want or need the opportunity to make a sacrifice worthy of the occasion. If Garibaldi got to fighting, they would have a chance; or a good many other chances could be suggested, among which would be selling the Pitti. . . .

And pray let me say, while I express all these possibilities of failure at such length, that I feel as if all the probabilities are brighter, and that this is but the desponding side, where the other is, as yet,

the stronger; for, on the whole, it is true, as the "Secolo" says, time is with them. Victor Emanuel cannot yet come down here and be crowned; but with every day there is an approach made to it. Before we were here, some edict had introduced the Sardinian, which is the French, coinage. Everywhere in the streets and shops they are now pressing on you *tarifas*, expounding the relations of sums in the old coinage to those in the new. Last week, an announcement from Turin extended the same postal system over all the revolted duchies and Sardinia, so that the single stamp covers a letter in them all. All this detail helps towards union. The rumor in the journals to-day is, that the Prince of Carignano is to be sent from Turin as a sort of regent over all of the revolted provinces.

You will readily understand, that, on such a state of popular opinion, Napoleon's letter to the King of Sardinia has fallen as a very wet and very cold blanket. Their press, however, both here and in Turin, stands out very gallantly and very civilly towards him. With Machiavellian ingenuity, all the journals take the same tone, in an argument which must have been suggested from some central head-quarters, that it is important to distinguish between the principles to which Napoleon pledges himself and the individual opinions which he sustains. The principles, they say, are, that there shall be no armed intervention, and that universal suffrage is to dictate

dynasties. To the last he is, of necessity, pledged: to the first he pledges himself now. The individual opinions are that the Grand Duke of Tuscany shall come back, &c.; *but,* as this is impossible without an armed intervention, it falls to the ground if the principle is sustained.

Of course, in the midst of all this, we have a great deal of talk about everybody's position on the outside, to whom these poor "hereditary bondsmen" are looking. Of the Pope and his counsellors, every thing bad is said in Tuscany. The press is indulged in full license in discussing his right to his temporal possessions, and they do it extremely well. An intelligent gentleman said to me that this revolution differed from that of 1849 in this, that the people now know who is their true enemy; viz., Pius IX. You would think so if you saw Florence. I was present on Tuesday at the most elaborate service of the church in the Cathedral, on All Saints' Day. The day, in the town, was a complete holiday; every shop and other place of business closed. The archbishop joined in the most brilliant service, with every accessory; but there were not in attendance on the service, when I arrived, as many people as there were priests. Before it ended, more dropped in; but at no time in the immense cathedral, with the whole pomp of the church before them, were there attendants enough to have made a respectable Sunday congregation in one of our meeting-houses. This

observation, which I made myself, confirms the remark which well-informed persons here make to me, that there is no part of the world where the Roman Church has less influence than in Florence.

Yet the insurgent army in the Romagna does not and dares not hazard any attack on the Roman States proper, — Catholica, as they call it here. On the other hand, they steadily deny, and, what is more, disprove, the Roman-Catholic stories as to their outrages on the Roman priesthood. If the Neapolitan forces would take the initiative, it would be a perfect blessing to the whole revolutionary movement; but Garibaldi cannot and will not take it. The *on dit* here is, that, when General Guyon threatened to withdraw the French troops from Rome, Cardinal Antonelli replied, "We ask nothing better; but, in a fortnight after they go, your master will cease to be emperor." Probably untrue in itself, the story is *ben trovato;* and shows well enough what the deadlock in the "situation" is. Nobody can move anywhere; and Paul Morphy himself would be puzzled to escape the stale-mate consequent, which I find people dreading. Napoleon cannot desert the Pope, lest the French Church desert him. He does not want to support the Pope, because, just now, he is himself "the first soldier of Italy." Garibaldi cannot attack the Pope, because thus he attacks Napoleon. He cannot stay without doing any thing, because his *Cacciatori degli Alpi* must have some excitement to

keep them together. Victor Emanuel cannot take the provinces which beg him to do so, because he has promised to await the Congress; but, while he waits, they melt away. They, poor fellows! have given up the local nationality which we have always been told was the curse of Italian freedom; and yet, now they have given it up, nobody will take them as subjects, even for the asking.

Of the marvels, and the exceeding loveliness which give me the feeling, that, if I had no duties and no friends and no country, I would go to Florence to live, I must not attempt to give more even of my first impressions. The suddenness with which these wonders struck me was so much help for the force of the impression. I lingered in the rooms in the Uffizi where the original sketches by the great masters are preserved. I had not even known that they were preserved anywhere in any number; and I enjoyed the study of them, with that feeling of sympathy which an element of imperfection is so sure to command. In the Boboli Gardens, I saw the first real Egyptian column I had ever seen; and I copied from it these royal cartouches, — the two names of Ramses III., the great Sesostris, if Mr. Glidden may be relied upon. The second, however, is not the hieroglyphic combination used for

No. 1. No. 2.

the names of that monarch on the great table of Abydos; which spells out the name "Ammon," here represented by a figure. The first is the title, familiar to dabblers in Egyptian lore, "Sun, guardian of truth, approved of Phre (the sun)." The circle at the top is the sun; the little sitting figure is Thmei (the Truth), — the same who appears in the Hebrew Thummim; the watch-dog's head on a stick is "guardian;" the second circle, again, is the sun; and the remaining hieroglyphics are characters which mean "picked out," or, as the French read, *beloved* or *approved*. There is a curious analogy in the use of these two characters with our own language. The two characters are the rough sketch of an adze above a stream of water. The stream indicates mud. The adze is a pick, which, in its first use, picks over this mud. The participle, which the French have taught us to call "*beloved* or *approved*" in our translations, is precisely, and in derivation, our "*picked over*," as we say a "picked man." This is, "The sun, guardian of truth, picked out by Phre." In cartouche No. 2, the two people looking each other in the face are Ramses III. and Ammon; that means, "Ramses, beloved of Ammon:" the four characters below spell "Ramses." According to the Champollions, this Ramses is Sesostris of Herodotus, — the Pharaoh of the "Exodus" of Moses; but, as to that, doctors fight as about nothing else, known or unknown.

Here is the inscription on Galileo's monument in the Church of Santa Croce (the Pantheon or Westminster Abbey of Florence, as the guide-book calls it): —

GALILAEUS GALILAEUS,
Patria Florentinus,
Geometriae, Astronomiae, Philosophiae
Maximus Restitutor.
Nulli Aetatis Suae Comparandus
Hic bene quiescat.

We are apt to criticize the habit, in English churches, of the builders of monuments commemorating themselves, as well as their departed friends, upon the same stone; compelling it to pay a double debt. The same custom seems almost universal here. This monument was erected by Galileo's heir, who says he did it willingly ("lubens animo absolvit").

There is a monument to Dante, with a graceful inscription acknowledging Florence's old ingratitude to her noblest son.

The Convent of San Marco contains the finest, and what must be among the earliest, works of Fra Angelico. The convent is still a convent, as I understand, though now with very few monks. The chapter-house, which contains the "Crucifixion," was occupied, while we were there, as the guard-room of the National Guard; who respected, however, the surroundings, and seemed to understand the necessity of preserving what was close around them, as well as Florence in general. The arrangement

of the cloisters is like the long passages of the most crowded wing of bedrooms in a summer hotel. Long whitewashed corridors open into little whitewashed cells. You are led along through these, till you come of a sudden to some exquisite fresco; where, on the common wall, Fra Angelico — in his own cell or in some friend's, or on the passage-way — painted some lovely vision. I am converted completely to the enthusiasm for him. The sweetness of his conceptions, the perfect purity of the characters whom he means to be pure, are such as give you implicit confidence in him and in his purity. You contract for him a personal affection. You are sure that he was a deeply religious man, to whom Art was indeed the handmaid to a most devout and loving soul. If any one wants to order a copy of a "Mother and Child," I recommend the two heads in a fresco in the up-stairs corridor. They are engraved in the St. Marc collection as "Tav. xxv., Beata Virgine e Santi."

The Hotel Victoire is not mentioned in the guide-books. I am tempted to say, therefore, that we thought it the best hotel we found in Europe, where they are all so good.

From Florence we returned to Leghorn, and took steamer at night for Civita Vecchia. After about six hours' delay at this point, while we were thoroughly searched, we took the train by the new railroad for Rome.

The genius of French administration, or of English common sense, or of Swiss intelligence, pervaded every travelling arrangement I saw in Europe, except those at Civita Vecchia. Here we arrived before sunrise, perhaps forty passengers, in a French steamer, — "the Vatican." What was to be done was precisely what is done in five minutes when three hundred New-York passengers arrive in the middle of the night at Allyn's Point or at Stonington, on their way to Boston. For us forty, at Civita Vecchia, it took six hours. First, the captain landed with a list of his passengers and our passports; and, after an hour or two, returned, with permission to land us. This was only a permission in bulk, however. Then we landed, and each person, individually, got his own permit, written out at length, a duplicate being kept at the office; then, at another office, another permit of the same sort for his luggage, of which another duplicate was kept. Thus much, I think, was for national purposes. Then, to protect the customs of the city of Rome, as distinct from those of the Roman States, another permit was given for the baggage to enter that city, as it happened that I did not want to reside in the Campagna; and each article was tied up with a cord, and sealed with a leaden seal. Then I went to the police to get a permit enabling me to pass from Civita Vecchia to Rome, and a card permitting me to pass into the train; this last permit, at some length again, filled out in manuscript like the first.

Then my luggage was weighed, and I bought a railroad-ticket for that; then bought a railroad-ticket for myself; and then, giving up the card-permit to enter the cars, and leaving my passport, which had already been endorsed by some Roman functionary at Florence, I was *permitted*, as may be imagined, to go into the railroad-car. Let the reader imagine this, and that all the luggage is carried on men's backs from one of these offices to another; that each of the services I have described is performed at its own separate part of the little town; and he will see that there is no wonder that these people are a thousand years behind the age: for certainly their government loses twenty-five hours out of every twenty-four. Of which I would not have said so much here, but that it was the only piece of absurd red-tape I saw in Europe. I may add, that I did not sleep in a bad inn, I did not hear but one uncivil word, I had not an instant's annoyance from any official, during my rapid tour. Of the countries traversed in the journey just described, I ought to say, in general, that I left them with a much higher feeling of the self-respect of the Germans of the Rhine, of the Swiss, and of the Italians of Northern Italy, than I had before. Indeed, the Northern Italians show the result of their training under institutions formed by and for small municipalities more or less independent. New England has been formed in the same way; and, between the social manners of New England and those of

Northern Italy, a hasty traveller sees many resemblances. Gentlemen who have lived there for years assure me that the resemblance is not superficial.

THE MARBLE FAUN.

ROME.

At this point, the reader may take down the first volume of Mr. Hawthorne's "MARBLE FAUN," and read its descriptions of Rome and its fine-art marvels as a part of this volume. As the lawyers say, I ask permission to insert it here as part of my case. Mr. Hawthorne had left Rome just before I arrived there. All that I saw, he saw, and a great deal more; and all that I could say, in way of description, he has said, and a great deal more.

An accomplished friend of mine, who might boldly have relied on his own judgment in a matter of taste, had directed a painter to paint his house. When they came to arrange as to the time, the painter said he was engaged already to paint Mr. Washington

Allston's new house. "Ah!" said my friend: "come to me after him, and paint my house the color he bids you paint his." In like wise, I am so fortunate, that I have returned from Rome to find Mr. Hawthorne's descriptions of the "Beatrice," the halls of the Capitoline Museum and the Vatican, of the Forum and of the Coliseum, fresh from the press, and in every one's hands. I have only to refer to him, and say, in appropriate Italian, "Ditto."

Here are, however, some contemporary notes, which give first impressions.

ROME.

Yesterday, having mapped out the ground, I knew what I wanted; and to-day, after breakfast, I went off alone to the Vatican. A little fee opened the door: and there I was with, first, the Braccio Nuovo, or new wing; and afterwards the Belvedere cabinets, — all my own, and enjoying them all by myself, enough more than poor Pio Nono can.

The arrangements are truly princely. Not but they made me sad: for the English of it is, that this Roman see, after leading civilization with more or less success for some five hundred years after Hildebrand, came across the fine-art temptation, as every State does in its day; and, about the Perugino and Raphael and Michel Angelo time, it had its chance, whether to be Queen of Art, or Mistress of the World; which is to say, really, leader of the Christianity of

the world. "One or the other," said the genius, "but not both." And these poor magnificent popes looked at both; at this entrancing, exquisite syren they looked, —

"Weighed her against the world,
And found the last the lightest!"

I do not wonder; most people do so. But there came in, in consequence, with St. Peter's, the Vatican and the frescoes and the antiques, and, because of them, the hail-storm of Luthers and Calvins, Henrys and Knoxes and Robinsons and Colignys and Quakers and Theodore Parkers, of Napoleons and Cavours, and devils generally, which have made Rome the rat-hole that it is, and left the popes the greatest of museum-keepers, and nothing more, — the grandest Barnums of the world! And they might have been successors of St. Peter.

[Journal of the Braccio Nuovo, — new wing of the Vatican Gallery.]

There is a great deal in having a magnificent hall for sculpture; and this new wing is magnificent. Mosaic below, light from above, very fine friezes round the wall above the niches, and really not one poor statue or bust, among, I should think, a hundred and fifty, of which my prime favorites are —

Pudicitia, of which the photographs do not give the exquisite dignity of position. [Mr. Story sent a cast of this to the Athenæum, which went to the bottom of the sea in that unfortunate "Josiah Quincy."]

Demosthenes and the Athlete, which we have in the Athenæum.

A Ceres, lately put there; not in the catalogue.

The Nile, which we know from photographs.

The Amazons, which I never heard of.

These from memory, — the sure test of fine art.

It was delicious to be there all alone, looking, dreaming, and forcing one's self to remember. But a custode, who wanted a paul (robbing Pauls to pay Peter), came and bothered me, till he took me up where I meant, of course, to go, — to the Belvedere octagon in front of the "Apollo." I gave him his paul; told him I wanted him no more; and he went, and I had my hour out there all alone.

The "Apollo" is not fully represented by any of the casts; of course, not in a photograph or print. I have seen no cast in which the retiring leg did not look exactly as if it had been turned on a lathe, without spring or movement. The whole figure, in fact, is alive. They say it shows no veins nor sinews, having been so far spiritualized by the sculptor. I am disposed to think that the same is true of the Venus de' Medicis.

The "Laocöon" was always a prime favorite of mine. I can hardly say that I find much in this which is not in the Athenæum cast: but it is so grand to have the light right, and nothing else to worry you; room enough also. Canova, and, I believe, Michel Angelo,

have insisted that the right arm is not rightly restored; that the hair should be pressed down (is, indeed, pressed down) where the fingers come. George says that the swollen muscle behind makes it certain that the arm was bent by the sculptor, and not extended as we see it.

The Antinous is now-a-days called a Mercury. It is not restored; wants a hand, and an arm, I think.

The fourth cabinet is given to three works of Canova; and, really, my old friend comes out better here than anywhere else where I have seen him. The finest statue is the "Perseus," very grand, and really with some power to move; which most of the modern statues lack fearfully. It is a snobbish thing to say, but this Vatican Gallery makes me wonder why the sculptors stay in Rome. What can one of them think he is doing, when any man who works for him can make a better statue by getting leave to go and copy one of these antiques! Thorwaldsen is the only one of my favorites whose reputation stands this test. (But, when I saw Mr. Story's "Cleopatra," I had to qualify this remark, as you shall see.)

Then I had to come down, unwillingly enough; for who knows if I shall ever go there again? But, as I passed by, I looked into the library, and staid there an hour.

Queer enough, to spend an hour in a library, and not to see a book. But that was just what happened. The halls are the finest I have seen, for brilliancy of

effect: I suppose I may now say, therefore, the finest in the world. The great hall, roofed with a double arch, of which the middle is supported by magnificent columns, is 220 feet long; the spaces between the pillars being adorned with such vases as the baptismal vase of Napoleon IV.; a Sèvres from Napoleon I.; another, from Charles X.; a malachite one, from Nicholas or some of the Russians, on a table from Joseph II.; and a granite vase from the Duke of Northumberland. On the sides and elsewhere are the cases for the books and manuscripts, very prettily painted; each set of four panels having generally two heads with arabesque adornment, and two landscapes, the two next being arabesques alone. These are done by artists of first-rate ability; and you would be glad of any one of them for a picture in your parlor. The ceilings are painted in frescoes three hundred years old, as fresh in color as those of last year. The floor is polished black and white marble.

At the farther end of this hall, open to the right and left, are the two wings, each 610 feet long; so that the perspective is 1,220 feet, all painted, as the hall before. Still not a book or manuscript in sight. Their lions for exhibition are the frescoes from the Catacombs, very touching and beautiful; and those from the Roman tombs in the Appian Way. The color is still vivid, though not so much so as the frescoes on the walls; but the drawing is admirable.

There is a very curious series of Ulysses's history. That is not so well drawn; but the others are in as good perspective and drawing as any man in Rome can draw to-day. Other lions are the gems, carvings, crystal jars, lachrymatories, and all that sort of thing.

ROME, Nov. 9.

I will not go to bed without trying to give you some echo of my feeling about St. Peter's; though it certainly will be the hardest thing I have tried to do. It may seem strange to you; but, though I have passed its front two or three times each day since I have been here, I have not been into it till to-day. I wanted first to understand Rome, — to know what was what, and how things stood. Then beside, almost by accident, I got engaged among the sculptures; and I would not go to St. Peter's without time enough. To-day, we went immediately after breakfast.

I had not understood that St. Peter's and the Vatican are the other side of the river from old Rome. Mt. Janiculum was there too; but the other hills are all parted from it by the Tiber. The Tiber is now three hundred and twenty feet wide. We live a mile and a half this side the Bridge of St. Angelo, once the Ælian. We drive to it through dirty little streets, like what our back alley will be after high houses have been built on each side for five hundred years. At the bridge, we turn to the right, and cross

toward the St. Angelo Tower; then to the left, in front of it, toward St. Peter's, which we then see as you see it in the pictures.

Well, we stopped our carriage to-day when we came to that splendid "round square" in front, that we might feel its size as it grew upon us. There are good stanzas in "Childe Harold" about the non-appreciating of the size at first.* You know, the lines of the dome are the same as those of our State House. As we stood looking at the whole, I said, at first, that the building did not look bigger than the State House; yet we knew, that, in fact, the cross is nearly three times as high from the ground as is our Boston pineapple.

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* "Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break
To separate contemplation the great whole:
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye; so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart; —

Not by its fault, but thine. Our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp: and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
Defies at first our nature's littleness;
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate."

Don't you remember that no view you ever saw of the circular colonnade gave any idea of it? What is queer is, that the diameter of the circle is so large, that you get no just idea of it on the spot at first. A gentleman in our party insisted that the near columns were larger than the distant ones; and till we came to the obelisk in the middle, where we could see the whole, could not make out the plan.

So we slowly filtered up to this great marvel, almost as I lead you along to it, gradually. More and more did its size come out as we walked on, the mere physical walk across the "round square" in front making one feel it; and when at last, by the inclined plane which goes up to the portico way, we were in that, we felt satisfied, without entering the church. It will seem queer to you that we did not rush in; but what with distant views, studying the statues, columns, inscriptions, and mosaics, I think we were half an hour in this marvellous portico, without lifting the curtain which (literally) separated us from the interior. You are, in such places, tamed down, so that you cannot rush on: you want to keep alone, and move slowly.

Of the religious service going on there, and the direct impression which the worship of the church made upon me, you shall read in a letter I shall write to the "Christian Register." [This letter was afterwards published there; but I have no space to reprint it here.] There is, however, another series

of religious impressions than those created by the Roman ritual.

And when we did lift the two curtains, and pass in, there was no sort of disappointment. I did not then, in the least, make real the size. Before you do that, you have to walk up and down and across. But you grow to that every minute; and you do not need to grow to it to appreciate the richness as well as beauty of the whole. I think the German cathedrals have been an excellent ascending training for us. With their Teutonic indifference and their Gothic adaptability, they break up the unity of their churches in the adornment and arrangement of their several chapels. But here, with ornament and magnificence enough, Heaven knows, there is a severe Greek unity running all through; and St. Peter's is not a kraal of different shrines, but the one central temple of the world. When I was thinking of writing to the Sunday-school children a letter about it, this illustration occurred to me, — that each of the four piers which support the dome, and are at the four "corners" of the "central circle" therefore, is as large as our whole church is.* Build in our church solid with brick, through and through; carry it up a hundred and forty feet high; build another like it, on the corner of Asylum Street,

* I find, on measurement, that here is a slight over-statement. The reader will see how slight, if he will compare these piers in the plan annexed with the ground-floor of St. Paul's Church.

ninety-two feet from the first; two more on the other side of Washington Street, also ninety-two feet from the first two; throw a dome over these, — and you have the nucleus of St. Peter's.*

So it is, that the men, women, and children who are walking about seem conveniently and appropriately small. You pass workmen laying a marble floor, hammering noisily; but, before long, you are out of sound of them. Nothing but the tinkle of a bell shows that service is going on in another part of the church; and in short, though there are two or three hundred or thousand other people there, you have it virtually all to yourself.

I think I must have used the word "brilliancy" two or three times. In all the grandeur — and it is

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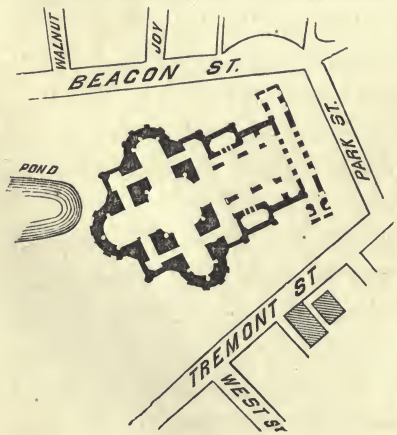
* Perhaps the little map of the east part of Boston Common, which I place in the margin, will give, to those who are at home in Boston, a better idea of the size of St. Peter's than any description in words. The portico is exactly the length of Park-street Mall: if it faced the mall, there would be just room to build St. Peter's, without encroaching on the Frog Pond. I have drawn the ground-plan on the map of the Common, to show, in general, how it would come, if Aladdin removed it here.



solemn grandeur too — of the cathedral, the brilliancy, not glaring, but vivid and enlivening, constantly comes over you; and, in looking back, it is with the feeling that you have been in a blaze of glory. Gilding has a great deal to do with this, as in the Church of the Annunziata, which I saw in Genoa; but the mosaic, perhaps, even more. Do you understand that every painting in St. Peter's, except two, are executed in mosaic? They are copies, of the full size, of esteemed pictures, so perfectly executed, that I had been half round the church examining them, without knowing that they were in stone, or rather in glass; for it is out of bits of glass that the Roman mosaic is made. This material gives a sort of *automatic* light to the picture, which you are not conscious of till you are told of it, but which makes every mosaic picture I have seen particularly attractive. I rather think they can be seen from more points of view than oil-paintings or frescoes. Then consider how they stand time. There is no cracking of varnish, nor mildewing, nor any such injury, where the surface is really polished glass, and the color an essential part of the very substance.

I am still talking of detail, I see; saving myself, as usual, from the effort to convey the whole grandeur of the hours we spent there, by talking of one and another of these incidents to it. All I know of the general effect and the whole grandeur is, that I was wholly at home there from the first. I felt that

I belonged to the church, and that it belonged to me; that I had entire rights of my own there; and that it was a temple by no means the special property of this fag-end of Christendom which is burrowing here at Rome. I do not think I had any sense of wonder about it, nor of disgust with the little Romanisms, — the St. Peter's toes, and so on. "*It is, and it is right,*" was rather my idea all along; glad that Michel Angelo had planned it, and glad that anybody had built it. I was not and am not worried by thought of the taxes which paid for it, nor of what the stones might have been sold for, nor of how that *quiddam ignotum* resulting from that hypothetical purchase might have been given to the poor. Indeed, the interior of St. Peter's has been (except the Vatican sculptures) the most satisfactory thing in Rome.

I am writing on this a day after I began it; and to-day we have seen, among a world of other things, in a remarkable drive, another church, the Basilica of St. Paul's, of which I had heard little enough before, but which is second only to St. Peter's. It is remarkable also as being the work of this very generation of which I am; for, in 1823, a fire broke out in the roof of the old St. Paul's, where worship had been daily celebrated since the year 310 or thereabouts. The roof fell in, and burned and burned till the splendid stone columns and every thing else

calcined and were destroyed. Only the very head of the nave was saved. From that day to this, they have been rebuilding it, more splendid than ever, — a church almost as large as St. Peter's, only lacking a dome, and exhibiting to the best the sculpture, the painting, and the architecture of this very time of ours. You and I, who have both been trained (by me) to consider that this church building *en gigantesque* was a disease of earlier ages, from which ours has recovered, may well be amazed at this phenomenon. In a swamp three miles from Rome, where the malaria is so severe that the priests have to be changed once in six months, with no more people to attend on the services than there are on Nantasket Beach, have the men of our own day built and decorated this magnificent temple, rivalling in many points their own Cathedral, because a mile further on St. Paul was beheaded, and because somewhere in the neighborhood his body and St. Peter's were buried! Let me say, *en passant*, that modern art need not be ashamed of the comparison. A series of frescoes from the life of Paul, running round the top of the walls, are, not as good as Raphael's frescoes, but the best piece of connected Scripture-illustration that we have seen anywhere; and executed often with great power, always in good taste. A Chapel of St. Stephen has two excellent paintings: one of "I see heaven open;" one of "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." I was grateful to them for having a Chapel

of St. Stephen in the Church of St. Paul, on the principle that "Stephen is Paul's John Baptist."

I have already announced that I would not live anywhere in Rome but in the Vatican; and I cannot but wish things may so turn, that, the true faith getting its own, I may be chosen Pope. The picture-gallery of the Vatican would just suit you and me. There are less than fifty pictures, I think; but such pictures! The "Transfiguration" is there; but, in the same room, a finer picture, — Raphael's "Madonna del Foligno" (the one which I used irreverently to call the grinding-organ picture), — is the finest picture in the world! . . .

I remember the last words of my last letter to you, written when I had just come back from the Vatican Gallery, were, "The 'Madonna del Foligno' is the finest picture in the world." The last sight I saw in Rome in the picture line, or indeed in the fine-art line, was that same picture. We took farewell by going to St. Peter's, which is always satisfactory. There we went through the curious mosaic factory (which they call m*u*saic, — something pertaining to a museum, and not to Moses); last of all, bade good-bye to this matchless gallery. Every thing of the sort is better the second time than it is the first. You go first, my dear Miss Camel's Hair, to wash in your general lights and shades: you go afterwards to put on the drier color which makes your picture. Here are five

princely rooms, high, and without cross-lights; and, in the five, perhaps forty-five pictures. In the room of my "Madonna" (rather larger than the largest Athenæum room) are, beside that, only Raphael's "Transfiguration" and Domenichino's "Baptism of St. Girolamo." They are all hung on hinges, so as to be opened or shut more or less to just the fit light. You have light chairs, which you carry anywhere you will. An attentive custode watches you; and, if the particular picture you select is not quite in light, adjusts it for you. There are not too many people, and you have comfort in your fine art.

After the "Madonna" named above, my gems here are —

Correggio's "Christ," with the "Rainbow."

The angel in Barocci's "Annunciation." The mother seems conscious and finical.

Guido's "Mother and Child in Heaven."

Raphael's "Incoronazione."

Giulio Romano's "Madonna di Monte Luce;" the best picture of his we have seen. Of these two, the Mary is the finer head in the first; the head of Christ in the other.

And Domenichino's "St. Girolamo."

The history of this exquisite collection is edifying to all true believers. These are the pictures which Napoleon carried to the Louvre from the Italian churches. After the restoration of the Bourbons, when they were all sent back, they were sent to

Rome as to head-quarters, that they might be restored to their old homes. But then the Pope's advisers said it was really a pity to have them all scattered again: so they fitted up this gallery, and kept them together. A very great convenience to popes and travellers, certainly. But, as poor Napoleon has been a good deal abused for collecting them, one is tempted to ask what shall be said of those who kept them after they had been stolen, when they were received there on their way home? Their act seems to have been meaner than his, without his enterprise.

Still, for all this, I would not live in Rome, except to be Pope and to live in the Vatican. I would accept the appointment, if I were chosen, for the sake of closing up the concern, but with no other view. It has got to be closed up, and that pretty rapidly too. Failing my election (which seems improbable), the only *dénouement* I can think of, worthy the five acts which have passed since that old widower Æneas married that unfortunate young Lavinia, is to have the Alban Hills, where her father reigned, break out in one of the volcanic eruptions, which, clearly, they were once used to, and one slow wave of lava squeeze the whole of this rickety old apple-cart into the sea. I say, a *slow* wave. I wish to provide for the *exequatur* of the people with their household gods. I see Story carrying off his "Cleopatra," which deserves to be saved; Page, his third "Venus;" and Pius struggling beneath "Laocoön," while he has the "Madonna

del Foligno" rolled up under his arm. But I think it will be better thus to cut to the bone of this great sore, than to continue the exfoliation which has been going on since the Leos made the fatal decision of which I discoursed in one of my last letters. The fact is, the place will never be ventilated, and will always smell badly. Also it is, and always will be, a hotbed of malaria.

Nov. 12, 1859.

Of the topography of Rome, one or two things are to be said.

Travellers are recommended, on arrival, to ascend to the top of the Capitol Tower, and map out Rome for themselves as soon as possible. The advice is excellent; and I followed it, though not immediately. From that survey, and others more in detail, I have learned what no map ever told me, and what no traveller ever condescended to mention; what was the system of the change of residence from old Rome to new Rome, which may be called indeed, perfectly literally, the decline of Rome. The old chain of hills, excepting Janiculum, which is *trans Tiberim*, ran across a neck of a meadow left by the Tiber, quite as the uplands on which Northampton stands leave the meadow between them and the Connecticut. Romulus, Ancus Martius, and the rest of those gentry, planted their people on these hills; built the Cloaca Maxima to drain the ponds between them; and, in short, pro-

vided, as no Holy Father has done since, against this *malaria*, which is the real Attila which is to destroy Rome. The meadow, which is just the shape of that left by the bend above the old Northampton Ox Bow, was left for Campus Martius, Field of the Equites, and occasionally such out-door theatricals as need large space; and, when Rome wanted to enlarge, it enlarged on the country side, toward the Alban Hills. Of this I had not meant to say so much; but that the view from the Capitol instantly showed, that, in fifteen hundred years, the same thing has happened as at our Washington in sixty. You know that Gen. Washington and his commissioners meant that our Washington should be on the real front of the Capitol; not at its back, as it is now. That admirable high land which stretches towards the Congressional burying-ground and the Navy Yard was their place for a city; but, that being held high by speculators, the part of Pennsylvania Avenue, which was first built upon, was the swamp between the Capitol and the White House. Just that thing has happened here. First one Cæsar and another, with Palatium on the Palatine, Baths of Diocletian on the Viminal, and such like, monopolized the hills; then any number of middle-aged rascals followed their example. There was nobody in particular to prevent "squatting" on these great Campus Martius commons, which probably came to be regarded as a sort of Back Bay; and, in process of ungoverned centuries, Rome has got squeezed into

the meanest set of narrow streets, wholly without plan, down on this low land, where the lower stories of their houses are semi-occasionally inundated by the Tiber, and where malaria makes itself at home. All this you see from the Capitol, looking west and north on modern Rome, south and east on the old line of hills, of which the Capitoline was a projecting spur. North-west of you, on the other side of the river, are St. Peter's and the Castle Angelo. Turn your back on them, and close in front is the Forum, stretching along to the Coliseum, flanked on one side by the ruins of Cæsar's Palace, and on another by those of Nero's, with the Baths of Titus. The distant panorama is superb; and, since I have seen all this, I feel that I have seen, and in a measure understand, Rome.

By the way, whoever built our Washington Capitol had seen and studied this building, every way inferior, which Michel Angelo built on the substructure of the ancient Capitol. Not that the plan is the same. But the ascent by steps suggested, I am sure, some details for the great garden stairway at Washington. The carvings of the stone rail are the same; the caps of the windows of the building are the same; and so of some other details.

There is a good deal of advice and theory about laying out routes so as to do Rome in eight days or ten; but I do not see but our way is as good as any, — to see what we most want from day to day, and let the rest go.

In the great arena in the interior of the Coliseum are crosses erected by the religious community, which takes especial care of the worship conducted there.

Here is a little painting and inscription which I copied there: —

"Whoever kisses the sacred cross acquires one year and forty days of indulgence."

I did not kiss, there or elsewhere. Indeed, I should say that any one who believed the promise would say the bargain proposed was a bad one, if he remembered what he forfeited in the act. A child always feels that he is on a wrong track when he is making contracts with his father, instead of trusting wholly to his love.

The definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in our own time, is commemorated by a column, with a statue of Mary, in the Piazza di Spagna; and by this inscription on the left side of the Tribune at St. Peter's: —

PIUS IX.,
PONTIFEX MAXIMUS,
In Hac Patriarchali Basilica, Die VIII. Decembris, An. MDCCCLIV.,
Dogmaticam Definitionem
De Conceptione Immaculata
Deiparae Virginis Mariae,
Inter Sacra Solemnia Pronunciavit,
Totiusque Orbis Catholici Desideria Explevit.

PIUS IX.,
CHIEF PRIEST,
In this Patriarchal Basilica,
On the 8th day of December, An. MDCCCLIV.,
Announced, amid Sacred Solemnities,
A dogmatic definition concerning the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God; and fulfilled the desires of the Whole Catholic World.

"Catholic world," "orbis Catholici," for "the church," or "ecclesia," seemed to me very sad. "Catholic" means "the whole;" and, till lately, these poor fellows have kept up the pretext that they were the whole. But I suppose even they felt that it would be absurd to say that the whole world wanted this definition made. Is it possible that they hesitated about saying even the whole church wanted it? Leo X. would have said "totius ecclesiæ."

On the other side of the Tribune are the names of the higher clergy present at the ceremony.

When the old Basilica of St. Paul's was burned, one wall stood, — that which arches the chancel. It is retained in the new church, and still bears this Latin inscription of Honorius's time, in the old mosaic: —

"Theodosius cepit; perfecit Onorius aulam
Doctoris Mundi Sacratam corpore Pauli."

Read *Theo* as one syllable, and you get the flow of the verses.

"Theodosius began, Honorius finished, the temple,
Sacred by the body of Paul, the teacher of the world."

Here are some inscriptions in a *columbarium*, or burial-place: —

"Titus Claudius, Cesaris Nomunclator
Amaranthus, vix. Ann. XXX."

"Titus Claudius, Cesar's
Amaranthine nomenclator, lived thirty years."

That is all. They had not long epitaphs. A *nomenclator* was a person who accompanied a great man, to tell him who people were, whom he ought to know. But what is *amaranthus,* — a name? or an epithet, as I have rendered it?

"Tyrannus Topiarius Marcellae."
"Epaphra Marcellae Argentarius."
"Philiae Juliae Alexio Cesaris Ser. Frater Fecit."

A *topiarius* is a person who trimmed and cut gardens into shape.

I have no right to speak in these pages of most of those friends whose greeting or whose help added so much to the pleasure of my tour; but the death of Mr. Theodore Parker, since I saw him in Rome, gives me the sad privilege of speaking of him. It was a peculiar satisfaction to meet him again so often and so pleasantly as I did there, so far from home. From the time when I was but a boy in college, I had received from him tokens of his kindness till the very day he left Boston. It was a singular good fortune, that, in an experience so happy to me as my first visit to Rome, I should meet again his welcome, and receive from him suggestions as to methods of study, where he was so much more at home than I. I dared not persuade myself that his

recovery was probable, though he was certainly stronger than when he had left us. He was strong enough to be walking freely every day, and studying with his own alacrity the wonders of art and the beauties of nature around him. Of these few interviews, I remember now a careful review in talk of the topography of Rome; an amusing and very interesting account of his earlier explorations of the Library; a minute detail of the exercises at a sacred *fête* he had seen a few days before; and a careful, thoroughly sustained analysis of Buckle, and the claims of his philosophy of history. So completely did his mind act, — even at the close of this life, — with the versatility and vigor of the days of his high health at home.

In Mr. Story's studio we found — besides how much else that fascinated us! — three statues, all of which should be in America, — "Margaret," "Hero," and "Cleopatra."

Under my general rule (that I will not "describe the indescribable"), I say nothing of the "Margaret" nor the "Hero," — two forms of grief, differing from each other, and with different approaches to despair. Without describing the "Cleopatra," however, I must speak of her. It is true that Mr. Hawthorne has done so, a great deal better than I can do; but I must add a word here, in the expression of my very earnest wish that this statue may be ordered for some

position in Boston. Till I saw it, I was dissatisfied with the work of the modern sculptors, almost without exception. If they could do nothing better than reproduce the antique mythology for me, I had a great deal rather have the classical representations of the antique than their reproductions. Let me have the marvels of the Vatican copied with their old names, instead of having them copied with new names. If the nineteenth century has nothing else to say than Praxiteles said, or Phidias, let us have the remarks of Phidias undigested and unabridged. I always hated abridgments, and distrusted translations. I had rather read Homer's Homer than Pope's; I had rather read Theocritus's "Eclogues" than Gay's; and so I had rather see the "Faun" of Praxiteles than Canova's "Venus." All this I said, steadily, of all the modern sculpture that I saw till I came to Mr. Story's study. I say it still. But there I was willing to own — and most glad, indeed, to own — that the nineteenth century has the ability to create a fine art of its own in sculpture, with methods of its own for purposes of its own. There is no need of comparing these with the antique: we do not compare Tennyson's "King Arthur" with the "Odyssey." But, without comparison, one can say, (and how gladly one does say it!) "Here is a work which belongs to our time, — to our conception of history, to our conception of character, to what we know of the unfolding of history and of character; and it is a

study wholly different, in its detail and in its result, from what the study of the Grecian schools, or of any schools but those of the nineteenth century, would or could have elaborated."

Cleopatra has thrown her last die; and she has lost the game. The game was the world. She knows she has lost it. And she sits there, — majestic as Cleopatra still, and beautiful as Cleopatra still, — looking back into her past, and forward upon the future which is so short for her, as only Cleopatra can.

"Cleopatras" enough had we seen in different picture-galleries, of course. Nay, there is even a recumbent statue in the Vatican, — with a fresco of palm-trees painted behind, — called "Cleopatra" by the moderns, as it was not by him who made it. All of these, so far as I saw, are of that extremely disagreeable type of woman, — large, coarse, and muscular, — which, for want of better compliment, is generally called "handsome." The "Venus" at the Capitol is such another. I suppose there are, or have been, such women in the south of Europe: I have seen many such, of the same Keltic race, who came from Ireland. All of these Cleopatras, again, so far as I saw them, had no duties to perform to man or society, but the placing asps on their white bosoms, and looking simple as they did so. Now, the real Cleopatra had a great deal more to do, and did it; had to be a great deal more, and was.

Among other things, she was the end of antiquity. The empire of Rome dated back some seven paltry centuries when it crushed her; but Rome was a child, compared with Egypt. Cleopatra's empire of Egypt (where she was last queen) ran back — who shall say how many scores of centuries? Israel, at her side, claimed some antiquity, — enough to be just crumbling in its sere old age; but the dynasties behind Cleopatra had run on for centuries upon centuries when they welcomed Abraham and Sarah, and afterwards when they gave all Israel her home. Egypt is the one visible tie to the old world of Cleopatra's time. Her name is carved on monuments like those of Menes, in the same characters as those in which Menes' name was carved near forty centuries before. And now, because she has deserted her lover in a battle, — because the forces of Augustus are closing up around her, — the dynasty of Egypt ceases, and all this is at an end; and she knows that, as she sits there. There is no Egyptian king or queen after her. She is the end of antiquity. She feels it as no one else in the world felt it then. We, who know what came after, can represent her feeling of it as could no one of her own time.

Or if, forgetting Egypt for a minute, she only runs back on her own life, — on that list of woman's victories which has ended in such a woman's failure, — Pompey; Julius Cesar; Herod (our Herod, who killed

the infants in his dotage); Lepidus, perhaps; and at last this finest gentleman in the world, Marc Antony, — have sued for her smile, "have weighed her against the world;" and of each of these world-masters she has been mistress till now. And now will Octavius kneel, perhaps, where they have knelt? He pretends he will; but that is nothing. You see all that is over, as you look upon the statue. All is over with which she ever had any thing to do; and she knows it all over. Yet she must look back upon it all, and forward too.

So she sits there; not a pretty girl, with a girl's form and features, but a woman, — who has done all this and been all this, — with a woman's figure and a woman's beauty. And do you remember, my friend fond of history, — as you look, do you remember, — that she is an African woman? The little jet of Greek blood, which Ptolemy brought into this dynasty three centuries ago, is only the smallest fraction of this Egyptian's life, — not the hundredth part of it, nor the two-hundredth part. A line of Egyptian mothers for ten generations have made her wholly Egyptian, — in this raving hot blood of hers; in this passionate temper; and in the whole quality, even, of her mind. It was no pretty Greek beauty that worked such havoc with such men as those. You are looking, my dear friend, on an *African* queen, — the first since Sesostris to hold sway over the conquered heroes of Europe; and her sway is

broken now, and Europe is thundering at the gates of her citadel. You have the same old story of Africa, — always outwitted by Asia, always outfought by Europe, — as you look on this despair.

Do you know, again, just why the story of that despair is not written in your Bible? Do you know why you did not read it at your mother's knee? Do you know that Cleopatra, who wanted to be Empress of the World, had wanted first to reign at Jerusalem, and be Queen of Judah? When in her heyday, she and Herod met, — Herod the Great; and, so far as a selfish brute like him could love a woman, he fell in love with her. She, who was to be Antony's mistress, fooled Herod for a while; and what did she want of him? What did she ask Antony for, just afterwards? Only for that little province (what did he care for it?) of Judah. If he would only let her "annex" to Egypt the land which the Egyptian had not held since the days of Rehoboam! Egypt and Judah have been strangely tied sometimes, and strangely parted: might they not be tied again? Who shall say why Antony said "No"? He did say "No:" Herod remained King of Judah till the Child was born! Her contribution to that Child's history is not written, therefore, in the history of Jerusalem. She and hers end the Old: they do not begin the New. When she puts the asp upon her breast, the world will be at peace: —

> "No war or battle-sound
> Is heard the world around."

Octavius marches through Jerusalem, as he returns successful from Egypt; and Jerusalem, coming out to welcome him, is the first city that salutes him as master of the world.

Then is it that he shuts the gates of Janus; and then is it, because Antony and Cleopatra are dead, that The Preparation is ended. The New World may begin. "The chariot-wheels of Rome have smoothed the highway for the world's Lord."

This is the Cleopatra whom Mr. Story shows to us, after all is really over, but before the last *moment* comes. He represents, as I have said, not a girl, but a woman, with a woman's beauty and a woman's form. Again: she is not a Greek, but an Egyptian; and, if you will consent that Egypt shall typify Africa for you, you may make this the symbol of Africa's despair. Again: she is not draped by mere lay-figure study, or search for oddity or the picturesque, but after careful analysis of those grotesque designs which the tombs of Beni Hassan and all the Egyptian mummy-cases and sculptures torment us with, and which, till an artist explains them for you, seem inexplicable. Here they are simple, elegant, and beautiful. Of this statue, I have said that it is not an antique, nor in the style of an antique. It rather shows the way in which our time can regard history. The contemporaries of Cleopatra could not have made this statue. To take merely the points I have alluded to. They did not know that the fall of Cleopatra was the criti-

cal historical type of the fall of all old dynasties. They did not know, that, in the peace which then began, the Prince of Peace was to be born. And these are but external facts. The whole temper of antiquity had in it so much of her own despair, that they could not appreciate it as we do. The best of them had so little to look forward to, that they could not mark her failure, her consciousness of failure, and her question of what could follow such wreck, as we can. Nay, as to that, we have so little shaken off what heathenism there is clinging round us, that we do but begin to appreciate now the littleness of kingdoms which rely on battles and fleets and emperors and diplomacies for their victories. Yet this "Cleopatra," as she broods there, thinks of that also. Nor has any age till ours considered this constant tragedy of Africa, — slave either of Asia's wisdom or of Europe's force. I dare not say, indeed, that ours has.

I must qualify my adhesion to Mr. Hawthorne, by a word as to Mr. Gibson's theory of coloring his statues. Not that I mean to argue such a point; but because I had misapprehended the question, and suppose that other Americans may. I am not going to discuss, either, the question of nude statuary wrought by moderns.

Let it be understood, however, that this tinting of marble which Mr. Gibson pleads for and illustrates is

no copying of "local color" wherever it exists, in drapery or in flesh or eye or hair. You get no figure-head, no wax-image, nor any thing like them. It is simply the throwing over the parts of the marble which represent flesh, a glow as from a warm sunset, uniform upon the whole, but making the marble seem warm instead of cold, as, in our familiar language, we properly enough describe such impressions. They show the "Venus" with a good deal of skill. You are led about through different workshops, where your eye is toned down by plaster casts, by chips of white marble, marble dust, and even whitewash on the walls. Thus prepared, you are led into a chamber of finished works, where is still the same white glare. You have seen the "Venus" in plaster: you see her now in marble, uncolored. The figure is exquisite, and you think you are satisfied; when a curtain is drawn, and you see her sister, alive and not dead, triumphant with her gold apple, instead of shivering in affected triumph; because she is ruddy and warm, and not blue or cold. I believe the first sensation and sentiment are always those of relief and pleasure. I know that afterwards one torments himself with questions, — whether this is legitimate; nay, whether it is right.

Let not the Paris judge, however, till he sees, between the blue "Venus" and her ruddy sister; for the white seems blue and cold to you the instant any thing warmer is suggested. And to you, dear Paris,

who have not the chance to see, let me say, that all this color, your plaster-trained taste is so afraid of, is but this tinge on the flesh; though there is, perhaps, a little stripe of blue to indicate the edges of the drapery, and a suspicion of gold upon the apple. I believe the iris of the eye has the faintest shade of blue also. But these are trifles. The real question, then, is this: If next week, in some new quarry at Seravezza or in Rutland, a vein of marble more flesh-like in color should be found than any used to-day, would not every artist gladly use it in his busts of living men and women? If not, why do we not work in black marble or in green? We work in white, because that is the nearest approach we have to the color of the human flesh; and shows with least alloy, therefore, our success in form, which it is sculpture's duty to display. In fact, we do select the marbles which have a faint yellow tinge, in preference to those which are chalky, and of what we well call "dead white," in color. This is the real preference given to the best Italian marbles now, and why we enjoy, in the antiques, the tinge approaching the human tinges, by which twenty centuries have changed them from the white of the quarry. Granted this, that, if we had a natural marble the color of Mr. Gibson's tint, we should use it, I cannot be persuaded that any æsthetic canon forbids us to use the marble tinted by Mr. Gibson. I had as lief have my marble tinted by yellow ochre out of the ground, as if Nature had

tinted it with the yellow ochre in the ground. I had as lief have it tinted in an hour, as by the mellowing influences wrought on antique statues by two thousand years of dirt and moisture. Nay, I go so far as to say that I had as lief have it tinted by tobacco as by oxide of iron. What is time, after all?

I believe every one recognizes an æsthetic distinction between work put on drapery and work put on the flesh, in sculpture. I do not see why the same æsthetic distinction does not justify the difference in tinge. In Mr. Gibson's "Venus," the drapery is left in the cold white — blue-white it seems — of the marble, with just a blue line drawn along the supposed edge of the raiment. I am sure, that at the first instant, whatever comes afterwards, this distinction between the representation of flesh and of mere cloth is a satisfaction.

The "Venus" of the Porta Portesi — the "new Venus" — had been excavated the year before we were in Rome. No American, alas! had the ten thousand dollars which was enough to buy the exquisite creature; and she was snapped up by the Russian bear. Let us hope he will give her a rose at least once a year. But we saw the casts of her; and I will say to anybody who has forty-five dollars, that for that he can buy one of these recent casts of a "Venus" finer than the Medicean, — finer, that is, "as it seems to me," as Dr. Walker always says so grandly.

ROME, Nov. 14.

. . . We went to see the new "Venus."* We had taken a drive of three miles last week, in ineffectual search for a cast; and, lo! here were three almost at our doors.

It is very beautiful. In the marble, I can well believe she was fairer than the Florentine. She is taller, her head more raised, and a little larger. She is American, as the Florentine is, — light-limbed and graceful, without the heavy, fat look of the "Venuses" of these people, — oil-fed, and unused to action. She is graceful, and can move, and means to move; which is where she differs from most statuary of the moderns.

Now, of sculpture, ancient or modern, I will say nothing more. Let me copy a secret from my journal, and I will take my hand from the reader's button.

"William Story read us his paper on his discovery or rediscovery of the 'Canon of Form,' which was used in Egyptian and Greek art. It is partially, and only partially, preserved in classical times; and partially, and only partially, reproduced in the resurrection of art. His paper is wonderfully interesting and convincing: his illustrations in his study are as much so. He promised me solemnly to send it out

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* Found under ten feet of earth, November, 1858, near the Porta Portesi.

to be printed. I told him, if he did not, I would print it from these notes; giving to him the credit, which some one would certainly be stealing from him some day."

He has not published it up till November, 1860; yet he is showing it to every such wanderer as I. I have a great mind to save him from piracy by printing it here.

Nov. 14.

Afterwards we went to see "Beatrice Cenci." I confess I had not been much disappointed at the idea of leaving Rome without seeing her, — the story is so sad, and the copies are so silly; but I am very glad I went. The copies are simply vulgar and inexpressive. The picture itself, perfectly preserved, is a sweet young girl; eyes swollen with crying all night; lips almost smiling, she knows not why; with no maturity of grief, as in a "Mary Mother" or "Magdalen" or a "Cleopatra," but with all a girl's misery.

In the afternoon, I found a photograph taken from the picture itself. I know but one other so taken in Rome, — the "Aurora" of Guido. Color is impossible, so that they seldom succeed: but, in this picture, there is scarce any color; and this almost exactly renders the original, therefore. They paint any number of India-ink copies to be photographed. Most of the photographs which profess to be from paintings

are from these; but any photographer knows how real blue takes, and how red.

In driving to the Barberini Palace, where the "Cenci" is, we stopped at the Fountain of Trevi to drink some of the waters; there being a tradition, that whoever drinks of it will surely come to Rome again. We have it at dinner daily; but it seemed to make matters rather more certain to come directly to the spot. A much prettier fountain, which our coachman declared was an antique, is in the Ghetto, near the Cenci Palace, in a place called the Piazza di Tarturaghi, or Tortoises. Four "Venuses," in graceful, playful forms, are holding up a basin, on the edges of which four tortoises play. Why are tortoises emblems of Venus? (Queer connection with *turtles*.) These statues are bronze.

The Ghetto consists of rather narrower streets than the rest of Rome; rather worse crowded. Some of the streets are so narrow, you cannot drive through them. Everywhere the Jewish face. Story says this colony of Jews can be traced back to the very time of Titus.

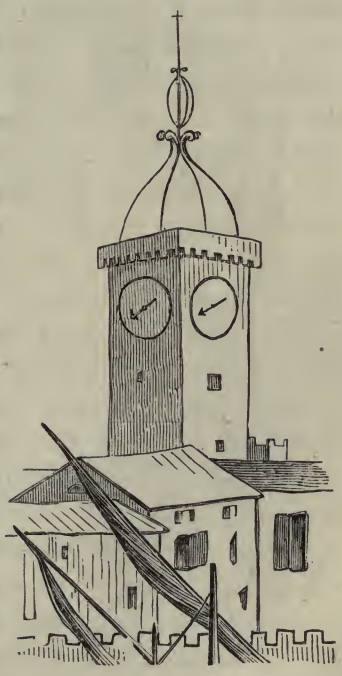
And so good-bye to Rome. No, my friend: not one word of the Campagna, of the Pincian, of the Albani, of the Borghese, of the Catacombs, of the Forum, of the Coliseum. Go see them yourself, and you will know why.

Only this of the Forum: when that maiden's-hair was green which you see in black where this chap-

ter begins, it grew, not in a shady nook under the spray of Kauterskill, but between two stones in the Forum of Rome. Was it where Virginius stabbed Virginia?

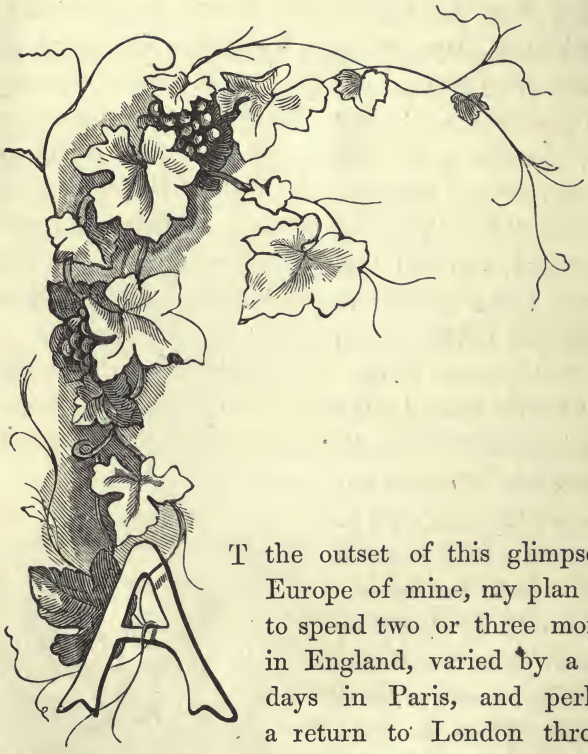
By the Portesi Gate, where they found the "Venus," to the train.

The engine "San Filippo Apostolo" dragged us to the sea, over that desert. This was almost a sacred joke, but not quite. It was San Filippo *Diacono* who found the traveller in the desert, and led him in the way he needed to go in; and left him when they had come to water.



At Civita Vecchia, the "Mongebello," Neapolitan steamer. Much waiting in the rain, in sight of the tower which bears a clock, which has no minute-hand; for they take an hour here, where the rest of the world takes a minute. Those are four iron rods which hold up the cross against the sky.

FROM ROME TO ENGLAND.



AT the outset of this glimpse of Europe of mine, my plan was to spend two or three months in England, varied by a few days in Paris, and perhaps a return to London through Switzerland. But when, in England, I found that one can go from London to Rome in seventy hours (three days and nights), it was impossible to resist the

magnetism of the centre of the world. The reader has seen that I took more than three days to go there. I returned, however, more rapidly; and I shall not detain him long with the notes which he who runs can write on such a journey. I took the Neapolitan steamer from Civita Vecchia directly to Marseilles. Spending a day only in Marseilles, and part of another in Lyons, I spent two in that charming American city of Geneva. Spending then a week in Paris, I crossed by Calais and Dover to England, and arrived in London on the 30th of November. I had left on the 16th of October. At Geneva, I met winter. Up to that time, except on the Alps, we had scarcely thought of a fire. After that time, a fire was a thing of course.

I prefer to devote the rest of this little book chiefly to impressions of England and Ireland; and, therefore, only copy here a few fragments from letters written on the road.

STEAMER "MONGEBELLO," Nov. 16.

We have a deck-load of "third-class passengers," one of whom is this girl with a droll Italian hat. She looks like an Indian in her costume; and may be, perhaps, a Gipsy. There is a group of King Bomba's soldiers (whose term of service is

over, I suppose), on their way home to their native Germany. They all sit grimly under the rain of the afternoon, with the aspect of endurance which seems to be the glory of all "peasantry." Thank God that we have none!

The Italian shore, volcanic, and very bold at that, showed itself along our course. At night, starlight broke out. We passed Monte Christo at half-past seven, and Elba at half-past eight: —

"Insula, inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis;" —

and, since Virgil, "generous" of how much more in her contribution to history!

"So homeward fared beneath a star-lit sky,
Brooding brim-full of light above the sea;
And passed among the lava-rocks which lie,
Where, from the west, they shield fair Italy;
Passed Monte Christo, mystic grot! whence he,
The new Aladdin, mystic treasure drew;
And Elba, more mysterious, whence there flew
His eagle last to awe the world again;
Whose lengthening shadow awes it now, as then.

And how one longs for points, though small as these,
Giddy until he finds them! How one craves,
On History's vast blue, amid her seas,
Some rocks, not heaving in her lying waves;
Even the rock the gay romancer leaves
To tell his fairy tale in every tongue;
The rock from which Antæus rested, sprung,
When last his thunders on his foes he hurled!
Give man his place to stand, and man can move the world."

We were thirty-one hours from Rome to Marseilles. Passed the Chateau d'If as we entered, but

saw no corpses thrown from the tower in bags into the sea.

There is something very droll in the sense of coming back to civilization, which I felt even in Marseilles, and how much more in Paris! To be in a place where people walk on the sidewalks, instead of the middle of the streets; where there are horses and trucks engaged in commercial processes (for at Rome, besides the cabs and occasional market-wagon, there is no sign of wheeled transport); where there is not a perpetual ringing of bells; and where the houses look as if they had had a beginning, — all this is marked enough, after a month of Italy. Yet a good many things give Marseilles a savage look; most of all, perhaps, the Arabs and other tokens of Algiers.

GENEVA (which is to say, be-GIN WAVE; or, in Latin, JANVA AQVA; all languages being the same), Nov. 20.

The ride from Marseilles to Lyons is very interesting. I took a whole day for it; leaving Marseilles at half-past ten, and arriving at Lyons (two hundred and odd miles) at six, P.M. We passed through a desert volcanic country, on a great deal of which nothing will grow but sheep; but I looked vainly for men on stilts, though there were plenty of bandit-looking shepherds wrapped in their cloaks. The Landes (where stilts are aboriginal) belong farther west. It was very cold, and I heard afterwards that in Paris they had snow; but we saw none.

Lyons, like this place, and I think Marseilles, has been increasing and improving marvellously in the last twenty years. From the guide-book, you would suppose that it used to be a queer old Edinburghish sort of place; whereas there is now appended to the narrow-streeted, high-storied town a magnificent new city. I saw what I could of it before half-past ten yesterday morning, and then took train to Geneva. I wish I could describe the beauty and marvels of the road. After working up the Rhone a little way, the course of the river becomes too crooked; and the road boldly dashes east through the spur of the Jura, around which the poor Rhone is painfully winding. It crosses this range by following up the Valley of the Ain; and none of the mountain gorges which we know show such startling effects, because none of those we know are so purely volcanic as these ridges. Suddenly emerging from the clefts it has dashed through, the road descends to the Rhone again, turns to the north, following up the river, where it goes south. For many miles the Rhone is a mere cañon, and seems to give no help to the road. You ride along the edge of cliffs, with the river, seen or unseen, in the depths below. In this way you pass what is called La Perte du Rhone, *the lost Rhone;* where, when the water is as low as it is now, the river wholly disappears under ground. That precise spot is not in sight from the train: but you can see it where it is only sixteen feet wide,

having been squeezed into that compass, though it carries all the waters of Lake Geneva; and when it starts with them, at this city, twenty-five miles above its "loss" is a deep stream a hundred and thirteen feet wide. Just above this place is the defile described by Cæsar: "*Angustum et difficile inter montem Juram et flumen Rhodanum, qua vix singuli curri ducerentur.*" It is defended by a fort of Vauban's planning; and it is *under-run* by a tunnel of thirty-nine hundred metres, through which we passed! Poor Cæsar with his *singuli curri!* To be sure, we did not go two by two!

But, again, I want all my paper and all my time to write about Geneva. Mt. Blanc is not in sight. It is a grim, cloudy day; but I have had a charming day of it. After going to church, I took a long walk up the lake and round the town; returning after two hours by a wholly different side, quite after your heart and mine. It seems so homelike here! — no soldiers, no priests, and regular Yankee "go-ahead" in every thing. The revolution of 1846 or '48 determined the destruction of the old fortifications. Some Back-Bay commission is at work on the ground thus gained; and, as it gives them plenty of land and plenty of stone, they are making splendid additions to the city, which, meanwhile, is growing in population, and apparently in wealth, very rapidly. Some of the manufactures call artists of the highest ability to reside here.

[From a Letter written the next day.]

I am charmed with Geneva; not that I have seen Mt. Blanc. A heavy cloud, threatening snow, has hung over the valley all the time I have been here; and, when I asked Mr. M— when this would clear away, he answered very simply, that it mightre main all winter, though they generally saw Mt. Blanc in January. I could not stay till it was clear. I gave you some account of the exquisite Valley of the Rhone. The city itself, always beautiful, has lately been a good deal enlarged; and they have built the most charming walks and promenades along the side of the lake. It is more like one of our towns than any place I have seen in Europe. In a long walk I took in the environs on Sunday, there were places where it fairly seemed as if I were at home. You see it is the same thing, — a manufacturing and commercial republic, with plenty of old families, with great wealth and a good deal of culture, but with no hereditary aristocracy and no army; Protestant to the back-bone, even to Unitarianism, and very proud of its Protestantism. Think of a town not much larger than Hartford, say with thirty-five thousand people, which has collected the enormous wealth of these republican princes, has the taste and enthusiasm for science, which we associate, I think, always with Geneva (and rightly), and you may imagine what they have made of it in three hundred years since Calvin's time.

MACON, Nov. 20.

My train stopped an hour at Macon, in a station just outside the town. I boldly elected to see the town rather than to lunch; and, on foot marching in, asked the first feminine old gingerbread and tart seller whom I found in the street which was the way to the house where Lamartine was born. It was a long way; but she knew, and directed me: and, to Lamartine's honor be it said, three laboring-men, whom I accosted afterwards for more precise directions, knew where the house was, and gave me my route. One of them was an Italian. Yet Lamartine has not lived there since he was a child. A surly German intimated that he neither knew, nor wanted to know, in the tone of Dennis Maher's celebrated reply, when he said, "The less a man knows, the better." As for the house itself, it was like the source of the Nile: the quest was worth more than the object, — one of a block of four houses looking out on the old-fashioned little square which he describes in the preface to the "Confidences." Let me be candid, and confess that I should have remembered nothing of the description but for the quotation in this charming French guide-book; so completely *couleur de rose*, even to the *sanguinaria* tint of its color, — so much more attractive, within and without, — than the precise, phlegmatic, and brick-dusty Murray.

Of course, I steered back to the station by a different route from what I sailed out by; and, as the

streets would not always tack when I wanted to, I had to return in double-quick time, or miss my train. As I ascended to the station-house, I overtook this little lady in the odd black-lace head-dress of this people, who panted out an inquiry, which I could not answer, if we were in time.

If I could have written a treatise on England after a day of Liverpool, I could, of course, another on France after a week at Paris; but, till I write that treatise, I shall omit such disquisition. The jest at Paris says, that when Americans die, if they have been good, they go to Paris. It is so certain that the readers of these pages are gentle enough to be able to go before they die; it is so certain, again, that my experience was only the outside experience of every traveller who has tried to describe that wonderful kaleidoscope, — that I neither attempt a *résumé* of the policy of "this man," as I found they called Napoleon III., nor a catalogue *raisonnée* of the Louvre.

I described my entrance thus at the time.

PARIS, Nov. 21.

I was fairly afraid, at first, that I could tell you no more of Paris than I have of some places from which I have written as soon as I came to my lodging. My train arrived, sure enough, at 4.55 *matin*; *pas à* 4.55 *soir*, as my lying guide-book had said it would. However, I had slept very well all night. You come in at a South-Boston sort of place; and my plan was to find some inn there where I could sleep till day. But, though there must be some such places there, the officials, and such passengers as I consulted, agreed, with Chinese pertinacity, that this was out of the question; that I must go to Paris proper; and that it was vain for me, in the face of all the arrangements they had made, to do any thing else. So I was put into the "Cock-heron-street" omnibus (imagine yourself pronouncing this word always as if spelt *boo*), and only plead, with my last accents, for *l'hôtel le plus prochain*. We drove a strong half-hour, therefore, along some new street brilliantly gas-lighted. It was France-like that half the people in the coach had never been in Paris before. I made out the Place de la Bastille, which they did not; and at last the omnibus stopped at the "Hotel de France." I leaped out; but the driver said, "No:" I was to go to the "Hotel J. J. Rousseau;" which had, indeed, been spoken of at the *gare* (which is the French for *dépôt*). Again I represented that I only cared to get to bed: my Chinese friend declared that J. J. R. was not far

off. "Hotel de France" looked odiously unpromising; and I meekly returned to my omnibus as I was bidden, supposing that all passengers from Geneva were compelled to go to J. Jacques by virtue of the name. Well, a nice little place it proved, perfectly French, and perfectly comfortable. There I went to bed, and slept till eight; and had the best breakfast I have had for a month, — coffee *comme à Paris*, as the English say; and thence started at nine to find Paris in a fog.

I could not see the place any more than you can: I could not see across a street. I was just in the heart of things. I fumbled my way to the Louvre, through its courts to the Seine, and could not see the water from the parapet. I fumbled back to the Garden of the Tuileries; through it to the great avenue which comes up here; took an omnibus up. Could not see a house or a railing, more than if I had been in the sea. But, as we rode, the fog lifted; and, as I began to wonder when I should alight, behold a foot-passenger by the side of the street, looking seven feet high in the mist, but so much in other regard like my travelling companion of the last two months, that I ventured to descend, and hail him; and he, in short, it proved to be.

We walked up to the Arch of Triumph, and climbed to the top thereof to see what we could above the mist. Back here to lunch; and then, the fog having cleared away, we rode down town, seeing

the wonders and beauties of all this new architecture, and so to the Louvre. I had said I did not want to see another picture in Europe, and had not meant to go into another gallery; but I am very glad I went here. Still you do not find that you have the same feeling in this gallery that you do in Italy. In Italy, the pictures are at home, and you know they are: here they are transplanted, and you know that too. As there are almost miles of these galleries, there are, of course, some poor pictures; but there are also some of the best of the world. Their crack room, which contains their finest pictures, is certainly richer even than the Tribune at Florence. But I will not undertake to describe the Louvre at the end of a letter.

THANKSGIVING DAY, Thursday, Nov. 24.

We celebrated Thanksgiving with all the honors. Heard Mr. Hoppin preach a good Thanksgiving sermon at the American Chapel; and, a party of Americans, ate our Orthodox turkey and squash-pies in the afternoon. There is an eating-house where the Americans have trained Madame in the manufacture of squash-pies. Americans not so fortunate as we, who enjoyed the home-hospitalities of Paris, thronged this place from an early hour, demanding steadily the national Thanksgiving fare. Of course, the supply was not inexhaustible; and Madame herself soon appeared among her customers, reduced *au desespoir*.

"Why did no one tell me dat it was Tanksgiving Day? I should have had *dindon roti* for all!" As it was, the last-comers had to take the will for the deed; and, we must suppose, ate frogs and snails.

I had no object more at heart, in this European tour, than the study of the system of religious or ecclesiastical adminstration in large cities. In the cities of America, the business of a clergyman is more unsystematic than will be readily believed. At any hour of the day or night, anybody may call upon him to do any thing; and, in many cases, this call is of such a nature that he cannot refuse, unless it is physically impossible for him to assent. If any system is ever wrought into the discharge of such duties, it is the work of an individual minister only: it is not known to the public, and does not affect the customs of the community.

We are exposed to this want of system, because our large cities are of recent growth, and still use the customs, or the want of customs, of small towns. In a small town, where there are, perhaps, not five funeral services in the year, it may be safe to arrange for these according to the convenience of the families concerned, without consulting the officiating minister before he is told when he *must* be present. That is, therefore, the custom of New England. It is a custom which has been transferred to the large cities. It involves, however, great inconveniences in a city

where there are, perhaps, twenty funeral services in a day. I name this only as an illustration of our inattention to such details. I knew that I should find something more systematic in the large cities of Europe, where the external forms of Christianity have been administered so much longer.

M. Coquerel was kind enough to give me some interesting information as to the system of work of the Protestant ministers of Paris, as well as some of the documents which illustrated it. A good deal of this would be very repulsive to our sturdy congregational feeling; but there is certainly a good deal which we shall have to come to. We shall never unite our Congregational churches into one consistory, as the Reformed churches of Paris are united. Each congregation will be sure to regulate its own service in its own way. But for those services to the public which each minister is expected to attend outside of his own congregation, some such adjustment as is made in the French Consistory must be made, sooner or later, among the ministers of a town like Boston.

There are, in Paris, eighteen clergymen connected with the Consistory of the Reformed Church. In the immediate neighborhood, connected with the same Consistory, are six others. The duties of these clergymen are, on the whole, not very unlike what are discharged by ministers among us, if we include the services of our ministers at large, and services

rendered in the religious instruction of the young. The Consistory to which they belong prints each year a little directory, which is distributed among all the Protestant families; which gives information, in detail, as to the ways in which these twenty-four ministers expect to attend to the services required of them.

The first peculiarity which strikes us in this programme or directory is, that only ten religious services, corresponding to our Sunday services, are maintained by the twenty-two ministers who officiate in and close to Paris. Two other gentlemen, who belong to the Consistory, maintain each his own services at Agneux and Versailles. Not only is this so, but, instead of two or three such services at a church on one Sunday, there is but one in any of the Protestant churches.

The second peculiarity is, that no preacher preaches more at one church than at another; except, indeed, in some of the suburban churches. There is a regular rotation of pulpit service. This is, of course, wholly uncongregational.

The next is, that this rotation is carefully arranged at the beginning of the year, and full information regarding it given to the congregations, — to "the faithful" ("les fidèles"), as they are called. In the programme I speak of is a table printed, containing each service of the year. It is in this form for the three churches of Paris: —

"TABLE OF THE RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

"The faithful are urgently invited to observe the following rules: —

1. To be present at the reading of the word of God, which opens the service.

2. If they arrive during the prayer, to wait till it is done before they seek their places.

3. Not to retire till the end of the service and after the benediction.

4. To remain, after the benediction, a moment in silence and reflection.

"The service begins in the three churches at precisely half-past eleven."

1859.	Church of the Oratoire, 157, St. Honoré, and 1 to 3, Rue de l'Oratoire.	Church of Ste. Marie, 216, St. Antoine.	Church of Pentemont, 106, Grenelle, Saint Germain.
JANUARY. DAY OF THE YEAR.	MM. the Pastors. G. Monod.*	MM. the Pastors.	MM. the Pastors.
Sunday, 2	A. Coquerel, jr.	Ronville.	Grand Pierre.
" 9	L. Rognon.	A. Coquerel, jr.	G. Monod.
" 16	Grand Pierre.	L. Rognon.	Ath. Coquerel.
" 23	G. Monod.	Grand Pierre.	A. Coquerel, jr.
" 30	Ath. Coquerel.	G. Monod.	L. Rognon.
FEBRUARY.			
Sunday, 6	A. Coquerel, jr.	Ath. Coquerel.	Grand Pierre.
	Service and collec-	*tion in favor of the*	*Bible Society.*
" 13	L. Rognon.	A. Coquerel, jr.	G. Monod.
" 20	Grand Pierre.	L. Vernet.	Ath. Coquerel.
" 27	G. Monod.	Grand Pierre.	A. Coquerel, jr.

* Suffragant of M. the Pastor Juillerat. [M. Monod's name is inserted in this line, because he acts as President of the Consistory, in the place of M. Juillerat. In the lines below, the names indicate the preachers on the several days named. — E. E. H.]

So the table goes on for the year. In Holy Week, there is a service every evening; and, on Good Friday, two. There is also a service on Ascension Day, and one on Christmas.

For better or worse, — for better, "as it seems to me," — this table prevents all the disappointment which our spontaneous system induces, where people do not find the minister they expected in the pulpit.

It will be observed also, — with some curiosity, I think, — that the number of services which devolves upon each minister is, compared with what we are used to, very small. The gentlemen who take the most, conduct twenty-eight of these services in a year. With us, even a clergyman who takes six weeks' vacation conducts ninety-five in the same time, counting Fast, Thanksgiving, and Christmas.

The next peculiarity of interest in this programme of the Consistory is its arrangement for what the French call "semaines de service" ("weeks of service"); by which they mean weeks of pastoral duty in baptism, marriage, visits to the sick, or funeral services, where no particular reason makes it preferable to call on one minister rather than another. The different pastors divide the year in weeks for these services, each being responsible for his week. These arrangements are made in advance, and are printed thus: —

"WEEKS OF SERVICE OF THE DIFFERENT PASTORS.

"It is indispensable, when preparation is made for a baptism, a marriage, a visit to the sick, or a funeral, that the pastor of the week, or any other pastor called upon, shall be notified at least as early as five o'clock on the preceding afternoon.

"WEEKS.

"From Saturday, Jan. 1	Messrs. Ath. Coquerel.
„ Monday, Jan. 3	„ G. Monod.
„ „ Jan. 10	„ L. Rognon."

And so it continues; each gentleman taking ten or eleven "weeks of service" in the course of the year.

There is, of course, no compulsion on the people to select the pastor, whose "week of service" is thus announced, for any ministerial service required on that week. Each person will call on the minister he prefers; but each person is certain that the pastor here indicated will be at home, and will be ready for the service. This is no unimportant matter in a large city. I find by my own records, that, of twenty-three funeral services in which I have officiated this year, ten were at the interment of persons who had no connection with my parish; with whom I had no acquaintance, professional or otherwise. I was called upon, not as their minister, but as *a* minister. This would be the proportion of most of the services of Congregational ministers in Boston, where the Congregational churches are the oldest established

churches, and their ministers are recognized, as, in some sort, the ministers of the whole town. On the other hand, I know of two instances last summer, where, for the performance of funeral services in Boston, the bereaved families sent to more than twelve ministers before they could find one in town. An inconvenience so painful would have been spared by a little piece of system for "weeks of service" among persons outside our own parishes, like this of the Parisian Consistory.

There is much other curious detail in the arrangement of the schools and charities of the Consistory, which I should be glad to speak of; but my space forbids me.

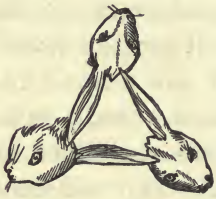
The most interesting spectacle of Paris, at first at least, is certainly the streets of Paris. I enjoyed, of course, the galleries, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Beaux Arts; I was greatly interested in the Imperial Library and in the museums; I was fascinated by the book-shops, old and new; and by what I saw of the celebrated churches. But in the midst of all these marvels, which belong to a class like the marvels of other cities, there stands out in my memory the greater marvel of the vivid, almost weird, life of the Parisian streets, the brilliancy of their shops, the ingenuity and order of their civil administration, as something which one cannot see but in Paris. We think Boston a well-swept, well-kept, well-lighted,

and well-governed city. It compares very unfavorably in such regards with Paris. The absurd imbecility of the inconveniences of our horse-railroads, for instance, would vanish in a day before the administrative ingenuity which you see at every point there. No man, according to me, should ever be Mayor of Boston till he has studied for a year the municipal administration of Paris.

There is a museum of domestic antiquities, if I may so call it, at the Hotel Cluny; which the slight notes in the guide-books would never have sent me to, but which has a great deal of interest to any person fond of historical study. I make an exception to my rule, in speaking of it here. It suggests Walter Scott all along, in its illustration of the personal life of the Europeans of the last thousand years. At its side are the ruins of the great baths established by the Romans in their sway here. The collection began as a private collection; but the government purchased it in 1843, and has constantly enlarged it since. It is exquisitely ordered and illustrated.

In 1843, says its own catalogue, — "at the time when the State made the acquisition of the Hotel Cluny and of the Collection du Somerard for the formation of the Museum of National Antiquities, — the city of Paris promptly offered the Palais des Thermes as a free gift to government. From that time, the remains of the Palace of the Cæsars and of the first residence of our kings, rescued from

imminent destruction, became, as well as the Hotel Cluny, the property of the State. Both of these monuments were united together for one object; a communication was again established between them; and while the furniture of the middle ages, and their objects of art, are collected under the roof of the Hotel Cluny, the arches of the old Roman palace open a spacious asylum to all the fragments of ancient art daily found in Paris in the process of excavation; which, as they are collected, will form a museum as interesting for art as for the study of the first epochs of our history."



The intelligent guide who did the honors showed us with great delight these three rabbits, sharing three ears, which some humorous old monk had carved into the wood-work of a screen.

Here is a funny little fiddle, such as Pepin played upon.

I saw, with the greatest pleasure, Mr. Greenough's very spirited model for an equestrian statue of Washington. The action and spirit of the horse have received the highest praise from connoisseurs of the first authority. What is more to the purpose is the manliness or character of the "Washington," which is entirely satisfactory.

DOVER, CASTLE HOTEL, Nov. 29, 1859.

I reproach myself regularly, after I have finished my letters home, that, as a boy in his first sermons, I have tried to cover too much ground, and have lost that detail which I always clamor for, and which is the true charm of letter-writing. Suppose, then, I go into the mere *minutiæ* of my *trajet* hither by the reversal of the route of Charles Barbauld.

We had been coming up, thirty miles an hour, from Amiens. The country is just like Western prairie, — rolling a very, *very* little, — with no fences; with lots of windmills at every town, so as to be strangely characteristic. We are close to the line of Belgium, all the latter part of the way. It was, by the way, one of these windmills that Charles Barbauld saw in his travels. At a little station called Hazebrouck, I think, the guard opened the door, and cried, "Voyageurs pour Calais changent," — quite to my surprise. However, I took my hat, cloak, coat, and umbrella from the comfortable car, and got out as quick as I could; when, to my amaze, I saw that the three Americans whom I had met there did not move. "Don't you go to Calais?" cried I, as the guard hurried me on. "No!" said poor ——, senior: "we go to Boulogne." Now, we had passed the *bifurcation* for Boulogne a hundred and fifty miles before. I was "rushed" on by the guard, as they do in this country; but I rapidly explained to him, in French, that the party I had left thought they were

going to Boulogne. And when, an hour after, I was at the passport-office, —— came and thanked me; having been, by this intervention, rescued from going to Dunkirk with his wife and nephew. Indeed, I do not see why they should have brought up short of Moscow.

I thought we had done with passports; but at Calais, it proved, we had to take permits to get out of the empire. So we gave up our passports, simply to have the names, nationalities, positions, and ages copied, and permits to leave given us. It was rather funny to hear "cinquante-neuf," and other such ages, read out for the nice-looking English ladies, who had to attend in person. I got my permit rather late, as it happened; and having lost a baggage-billet, the other day, from my change-pocket, put this carefully in my purse. Passing through the *buffet*, the waiter asked me if I did not want to change my French money for English; and, finding from him there was time, I gave him seventy francs to change. Just then the steamboat agent appeared, to drag me on board. I made him wait till I got my money. We rushed across the wharf, steam was put on, and I was springing on board; when a policeman asked for this *permit*, mentioned seven pages back. I had to stop, unbutton two coats and a pocket, and open my purse-clasp to get it; seeing the boat glide away all the time. Then, however, these quick Frenchmen ran out the *échelle* (gangway-plank), which had been

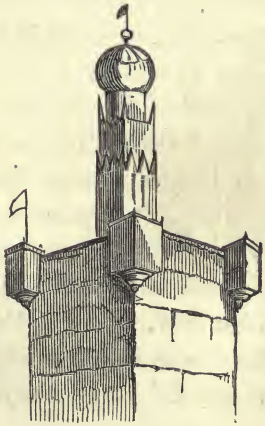
withdrawn. I flung my cloak and umbrella across on the moving boat, went back to the land-end of the *échelle*, took a quick run, and sprang from the sea-end into the helmsman's arms, — they holding the plank over the water for me to do so. This would have been possible in no other country in the world. In Italy there would have been no plank, but a small skiff. In America there would have been no one on shore to attend to the plank: it would been cared for from the boat. In England it would have taken ten days to explain to the attendants (of whom there would have been three times too many) how to do what was so new to them. But in France they did, of administrative impulse, what they never did before, and never will again.

As soon as I had seen the "lighthouse on the Spit," I went down stairs, and lay down; and it seemed but a few minutes, when the man came and asked me for my pay for the passage, announcing that we were within two minutes of Dover.

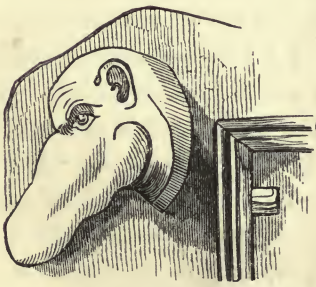
You cannot conceive the pleasure of hearing English again. Said I at Calais to the baggage-agent, "Mon billet pour le bagage n'est que pour Calais; mais je vais à Douvres, et je veux que mon bagage aille directement au paquebot." — "Ici, Jean!" said he; and Jean *ici*ed. I began again, "Je veux," &c., &c.; to hear Jean say, in very Cockney accents, "You needn't give yourself any anxiety: you'll find it at Dover." Vainly did Italians say the same thing

to me in their lingo; but here I took the man at his good English word, and did not go near the baggage, — not even at the custom-house, where I sent my keys, — but left it to come to me. The feeling of that Cockney English was a gale of home. Not but that I have had plenty of English talked to me by waiters; but it has been of a different quality. Did I tell you, that, in Dauphiny, a man asked me what province I came from, and said he did not recognize my *patois?*

This chapter may end at Dover, with this little sketch of the Beffroi and Hôtel de Ville at Douai, as I saw them from the station. Such, at least, they are, according to my best knowledge and belief; though I did not know their names for nearly a year.



PILATON, IN STAFFORDSHIRE.



ENGLAND.

FOUR weeks in England, with London for head-quarters, and excursions north, south, east, and west, as episodes, filled my note-books and letters very full. So full are they, indeed, that I shall best condense them by omitting the whole story. That charming country life

does not differ from our most charming country life; unless, perhaps, you feel that an English family in the country, in winter, relies a little more on itself and the sojourning visitors, and less on the arrangements of the neighborhood, than the same family would do here. Saying this, I think, on the whole, I will try to say nothing more.

In London, my first care was to establish myself near the British Museum, where I had occasion to study. And let me say, once for all, that, as before, I found myself at home in London at once. At the Museum, Mr. Panizzi, that prince of librarians, was most kind and cordial. He introduced me to everybody who could help me; and I was almost instantly happily at work among their invaluable manuscripts. Here, and at the State-paper Office, I was engaged on a little essay in the history of America. Think, dear reader, of running your eye over Walter Raleigh's private letters about Virginia, in his own manuscript! The history of America cannot now be written without the use of the resources which London gives. As the new reading-room of the Museum has not been long established, and as it has no rival even in "Arabian Nights," I must try to give some idea of its princely hospitality.

Here is a circular hall, then, built in what was the quadrangle, surrounded by the old Museum. It is one hundred and forty feet in diameter; high enough to admit three galleries, giving access to books. It is

covered by a dome, of which the greater part is glass. This magnificent circle is broken by no columns; the dome being wholly supported by the side-walls. This whole concave wall within is then shelved, and filled with books, excepting the space occupied by the door of entrance for visitors, and the opposite door by which the attendants come and go.

This hall contains more than sixty thousand volumes, which are called, in the magnificent phrase of the Museum, the "books of reference." Remember that we have hardly a public library in America larger than this, and that these books are selected from the whole collection of this Museum, and you will understand that here is almost every thing which even an ordinary student, not working up a speciality, would require. To these sixty thousand books everybody has access; being permitted to take them down as he pleases, to read in the hall: for it must be understood, that no book is ever taken from the library. This is, indeed, an essential rule in all public libraries which mean to accommodate students. How gross it would be, when a new subject of general interest came up, to let the first men who came along carry to their homes the special critical books needed to illustrate that subject!

A circle in the middle of the reading-room is surrounded by the tables and desks of the corps of attendants, who stand within, ready to answer any demands for books not among the "books of refer-

ence." On the outside of this table is another circular table, under which stand the folio catalogues. There are probably three or four hundred volumes of these catalogues, most of them being in manuscript. They must be in manuscript in a library which enlarges by fifty thousand volumes a year; or rather this will be necessary until Professor Jewett's plan for stereotyping titles is established. Meanwhile, where you can take for granted, as you can at the British Museum, that they have every thing, there is very clearly no need of a printed catalogue, except as a well-edited list of all the books now available in the world would be a very great convenience to all scholars.

From these tables on the lines of radii of the hall, there run twenty-five series of tables, with desks for the accommodation of students. I do not know the private gentleman who has in his own study such convenient apparatus for the consultation of books and for writing as is provided here at about three hundred and twenty escritoirs for as many students. Each book has its different racks and shelves to support the various books consulted, in a set of ingenious mechanical appliances such as I have never elsewhere seen.

Any person who wishes to make use of this reading-room may obtain a ticket for the day by asking for it. If he wishes to work there a longer time, he may obtain a ticket for a year by bringing an intro-

duction from some person so far known to the officers of the Museum, that they are willing to take him as a voucher. Practically, anybody who wants this introduction can obtain it. Armed with this introduction, you go into the reading-room, place your portfolio on any desk you choose (say, D. 3), which then becomes your place for the day; and you are master, for the day, of this princely collection of five hundred thousand volumes, of which a tenth part are manuscripts which have never been printed. As I have said, you may take down any of the "books of reference," without asking leave of any one. For any book not in this hall, however, you must send; and here the process of account-keeping is simple and rapid. It is the same as that in the Astor Library, but may not be familiar to my readers. You are provided with any number of blanks, of the form here annexed. This is, in fact, a blank filled out as I used it in the Museum; the manuscript part being printed here in quotation-marks: —

Press Mark.	Title of the Work wanted.	Size.	Place.	Date.
"452. f. 14."	"Catesby, Mark. Hortus Europæ Americanus."	"4to."	"London."	"1767."

(Date) "Dec. 14." "E. E. Hale" (Signature).
"D. 3" (Number of the Reader's Seat).

Please to restore each volume of the Catalogue to its place, as soon as done with.

[*On the reverse.*]

READERS ARE *PARTICULARLY* REQUESTED,

1. Not to ask for more than one Work on the same ticket.

2. To transcribe *literally* from the Catalogues the title of the Work wanted.

3. To write in a plain, clear hand, in order to avoid delay and mistakes.

4. Before leaving the Room, to return each book, or set of books, to an attendant, and to obtain the corresponding ticket; the READER BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BOOKS SO LONG AS THE TICKET REMAINS UNCANCELLED.

N.B. — Readers are not, under any circumstances, to take a Book or MS. out of the Reading Room.

For manuscripts you have similar blanks, printed, for convenience, on green paper.

This is your order for the book. You may order as many as you choose, — the whole four hundred and forty thousand, — if you can write their names, in a fair, legible hand, on as many blanks; but you must give a separate order for each volume. This order then becomes your receipt for the volume while you are using it. When you carry back the volume, you do not surrender it till your receipt is given back to you. Your liability to the Museum for that book then ceases; for this is, in fact, their whole account of the transaction.

It is not on the system, however, alone, that the comfort of a reader depends, but on the administration of the system. It is just here that most public libraries break down. Without specifying cases on

our side of the Atlantic, I may tell how I tested the Imperial Library in Paris, and how it failed. I went to one of the cases to which readers had not access, and copied the name of one of Lepsius's books, which I could see through the wire door: I did this simply to test the administration. Then I sent this in, in form, as my order. After two or three messages to me about what they had and what they had not, which ended in my directing them to bring me all Lepsius's works they had, they brought me two old pamphlets of his, but said they were in despair to find that they had not in the collection the book whose title I had just before read there, within thirty feet of the librarian-in-chief. At the British Museum, on the other hand, I do not remember a mistake in the delivery — which was also the very rapid delivery — of all the hundreds of books which I had occasion to consult there during my stay in London. Both here and at the State-paper Office, where I was at work very often, they seemed to me to have quite "the right men in the right places." At the State-paper Office they have just now completed the Index to the American Papers, with admirable precision. It is invaluable to students on this side.

I was frequently at Cambridge, which is but a long two hours' ride from London; and the warmth of welcome which Trinity College gives everybody, I believe, has made me feel very much at home there.

I made a charming visit of three days at Oxford;* just before the Christmas holidays, however, when the greater part of the undergraduates were away. I have put the Brazen Nose as a sort of knocker at the door of this chapter. It belongs, really, above the door of Brazen-nose College; the real name of which (I am sorry to say), the antiquaries say, comes from "Brasenhus," because the buildings were on the site of a brew-house belonging to King Alfred's palace.

No: the reader need not fear that I am going to attempt a description of the English university system. I certainly studied it with a good deal of care. I bored people to death with my questions, and elicited a great deal of curious information. But it seemed to me that even the oldest university-men were sometimes puzzled as to facts, which with us would have been matter of annual record. How much more in doubt were they as to the origin of systems in which they were daily ministering!

* This lion is one of forty or more different beasts, birds, and other gentry, who sit on as many buttresses in the quadrangle of St. Mary Magdalen at Oxford. There is no reason for his illustrating Oxford, but that he happened to be in sight when I was waiting in a cloister for a friend.

At each university I was told that the recent sweeping work of "the University Commissions" was very badly done for that institution, but was better done for the other. I confess I was disposed, from what I heard, to think it was badly done for both. The difficulty in all such cases is, that the fittest men for the task will not take the commission.

Without entering, then, upon the system of discipline and instruction, I may speak of some more superficial details.

What struck me first, even in the first hour I was in Cambridge, were the resemblances between the methods of student-life there and student-life at our Cambridge. As soon as I was established at the Bull Inn (next door to the house where Miles Coverdale translated the Testament), I went up the street into MacMillan's bookstore. This is the MacMillan who publishes "MacMillan's Magazine." It is simply astonishing that the similarity of circumstances should make the place so exactly like a bookstore in our Cambridge. The external arrangements were the same. You walked about on all sides of the counters, and went just where you chose; just as we used to do at Mr. Owen's, and as we do now at Mr. Bartlett's. Then it was evident that men used the shop for just the same purposes. They seemed to drop in because they had made an appointment there, or had five minutes' leisure, or for any reason but to buy books. Nobody expected you to buy, any more than they

expected us to, when we went into Owen's to spend the time between one recitation and another. The books, also, were just such books as would have been on the American counters. In a university-bookstore here, are, of course, a great many English editions: I was surprised and pleased to see how many American editions there were there. Passing from the bookstore to an undergraduate's room, the similarity to American student-life seemed to me even more striking. The first room I went into was that of a gentleman who lived out of college. It was (to quote Plutarch) not *like* one of our rooms: "it was the same thing." There was nothing to tell me that I was not in a room in the Appian Way in our Cambridge, except that there was a hob on the grate for the teakettle. The grate was of the same pattern; the carpet and furniture were in the same style; the very bookshelves were cut in the same way; the very books upon the bookshelves showed the same sort of tastes that I might have found with a friend at home. In my day, in college, we had a passion for bituminous coal; which may or may not exist now, but which contributed to this similarity for me.

As for dissimilarities, there are, of course, plenty; but they are not quite so superficial, and do not so immediately appear. In certain hours, corresponding to the old myth of "study-hours" at our Cambridge, — a myth which I suppose exists there no longer, even in name, — the English students have to wear

their gowns and caps in the street. Of course, at other hours, they are almost certain to appear without them, and in little jaunty rowing-hats, or something else as unscholastic as possible. In a country where it rains more or less almost every day, the gown is rather a convenient light cloak; the Trinity gown, for instance, being made of a sort of heavy camlet of blue-black. This matter of costume, of course, makes the streets, the quadrangles, and the chapel appear differently from what they would with us. The amiable rivalry, if I may call it so, between the colleges in the same university, introduces peculiarities which I think the English gentlemen themselves are unconscious of, but which strike a stranger. I ascribe it to this, in a measure, that the persecution of freshmen appears to be wholly unknown. There is plenty of it in the schools and in military colleges; but, I think, not in the universities. I am sure, on the other hand, that there is rather a habit, on the part of undergraduates who have been established for some time in a college, if they be particularly attached to their own college, to go up early, at the beginning of a term, for the special purpose of welcoming new-comers. There is a little of the feeling with which the New-Haven men canvass very early the promising freshmen, to induce them to enter the rival college societies. Such, at least, is my theory; though I think nobody stated it to me so on the ground. The fact is, that a freshman, on his arrival, meets a

courteous welcome from everybody who belongs to his college. There is an unconscious *esprit de corps,* on the part of each college, to make a young man feel that he has done right in coming to them, instead of coming to any of the other colleges in the same university. Nay, it is possible that an undecided student may change his plans, and select another college from that which he had proposed.

I may add, that almost every one who comes either to Oxford or Cambridge has been already trained to the responsibilities and self-control of a gentleman. In almost every case, he has been used to social life, and is accustomed to bear himself with propriety in the presence both of elders and juniors. In other words, that has been done for him at the public schools, which, in many cases, has to be done at our colleges. But the average age of a Cambridge or Oxford freshman is scarcely, if at all, greater than that of a freshman at our Cambridge; and, I think, not at all greater than that of freshmen at New Haven.

I never, till now, understood why the English students cared so much more for college honors than we. When I was in college, I do not think there were five men in the class who would have crossed the street to raise their college rank; and I think our impression was correct of its worthlessness in its minor details. One would be glad to be in the best quarter-part of the class; and that is about all. But

on the ground, in England, I saw at once that their college honors were honors with a great deal directly springing from them. The University of Cambridge, for instance, has the direct control of the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds yearly. So much money is paid to clergymen or tutors or professors, or other people whom she has appointed. Behind this, there are large series of honorable and influential positions, to which the lines of promotion are through these offices which she herself directly fills. Masterships in the public schools; various offices in the church, up to the highest, — are, in the long-run, given to men whom the two universities have distinguished as worthy of preferment. The young man, therefore, who works for college honors, is working to take the first direct steps in an honorable literary or ecclesiastical career. For that career, success, even as an undergraduate in college, is a very important beginning. It is as a midshipman might seek to distinguish himself in the first steps of his profession; or as a young man entering the diplomatic corps in Europe might know, that, with him, early notoriety would tell all the way through. With us, on the other hand, I know no single advantage in a man's subsequent career derived from high rank in college. There are, undoubtedly, many very great advantages which spring from the habits and acquisitions which give him that position; but, beyond the college walls, nobody knows or cares more than to

know, that, on the whole, he availed himself honorably of the advantages of the university.

But the printer warns me that this little book is too long. I must omit, therefore, all notice of a delightful visit at Canterbury, where I was made so happy under the very shadow of the Cathedral. From the neighborhood of Canterbury, Robert Hale came to our Charlestown in 1630. At Bekesborne, I saw the church in which he worshipped: at Thanington, I worshipped in the church where his father and mother are buried. I must say nothing of the Working-men's College at London, Mr. Maurice's child, in which I have always been interested; now that I am a "member" of it, so much more than ever. I must say nothing of such inquiries as I could make into the work of my profession in London, nor of my fascinating walks in London by day or night, as it revealed to me more and more of its secret ways. I should have been glad to speak of St. Augustine's College and the Cuddesden College for training clergymen, — the first a missionary college. I should be glad to speak of Manchester, where I was so much at home; and of Liverpool, where I was at home again. Where, indeed, is one not at home in England?

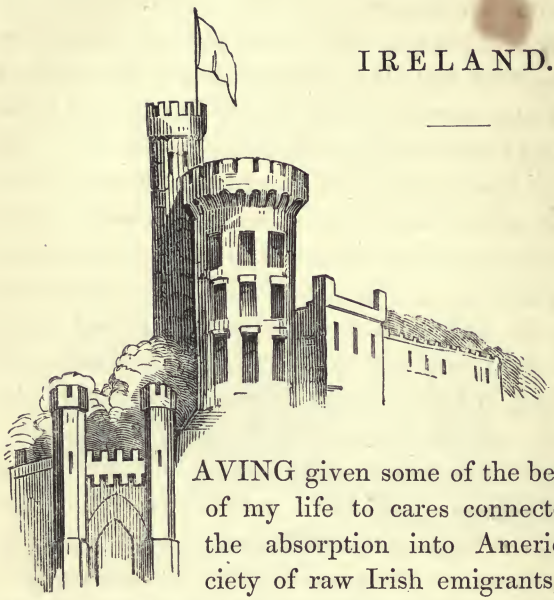
I spent Christmas at Manchester, — my first Christmas under the mistletoe. Late at night, on the 28th of December, I left Liverpool for Ireland.

Of Robert Hale of Bekesborne, mentioned above,

it may be remarked, that, as the genealogists say, this Robert was the father of John, who was the f. of, etc., who was the gr. f. of, etc., who was the gr. f. of this author, who thus engaged in a filial pilgrimage, which a more accurate scholar would call pronepotial, to the birthplace of his ancestry.

BEKESBORNE CHURCH.

IRELAND.



HAVING given some of the best hours of my life to cares connected with the absorption into American society of raw Irish emigrants, I was determined to see for myself something of the peasant-life of Ireland at home. With this view, I crossed from Liverpool to Dublin on the night of the 28th of December; having three days before me before I should take the "Europa" for America, at Cork. With more time, I should have been glad, of course, to have seen the finer scenery of Ireland, or its large cities. For want of time to do this, however, I determined simply to visit the old homes of two of my American-Irish friends; taking my chance of what else I might see in Ireland by

the way. My Ireland begins, therefore, as the mail-boat arrived at Kingston, the port of Dublin.

From this moment till I stepped on board the "Europa" in the Bay of Queenstown, the port of Cork, I may say fairly, that every hour, and almost every incident, had its ludicrous illustration of the reckless, unreasoning, and imprudent characteristics of mind which have made Ireland Ireland, joined with the heartiness, demonstrativeness, and enthusiasm which appear, of course, where the instincts are under very little intellectual control. Ireland seems to me, therefore, the most entertaining country to travel in that I ever saw. To any one to whom fun, surprise, and adventure, uncalculated successes and unexpected disappointments, furnish more excitement than do regular connections, machine-ruled inns, and the other arrangements which can be written down in a guide-book or in an advertisement, Ireland certainly is the most exciting country now left in Europe. It is to illustrate these peculiarities, that I give my diary here in a little more detail than usual.

DEC. 29, 1859.

Ireland begins, somewhere in my note-book, with some account of my catching the train at Broadstone Station at Dublin. Starting at Kingston with the watch at ten minutes before seven, which I knew was right at Liverpool; riding by rail to Dublin, one-and-sixpence worth; then lugging luggage to a cab,

and riding, in the grim gray, by "some tall column," through Dublin to the Broadstone Station, knowing that my train should leave that at seven o'clock; doing, knowing, being, and suffering all this, I say, my surprise may be imagined, when, as we arrived there, the clock pointed grimly at seven, and the train was just ready to start. I once in, it started. By my watch, it was twenty-three minutes past seven. I had saved the train by —

The difference of longitude!

But the world's revolution was not so obliging about breakfast. I burned my tongue, and it is still rough, with the coffee I drank as we left the station; an obsequious porter running by the side to take cup and saucer. Irish again. At Maynooth, there was "not time for refreshment," at Kilcock no more, nor at Enfield; and it was not till we came to Mullingar (how deliciously Irish these names, of which the last now sounds very familiarly to me!) that I found a refreshment-room.

The country through this part of Leinster is very flat, very green, but much more like us than I supposed; the smallness of the enclosures and the stone walls doing most to give it this aspect. Although there is very little wood, yet there is enough, screening walls and fields, to make a show along the horizon; and it does not look specially bare. When, later in the day, I had a chance to notice the pro-

cess (and chance enough I had, as you shall see), I found that they build "stone wall" to divide fields much as we do, but often with cement. With or without, however, the walls are broader at bottom than at top, and then the top very carefully rounded with cement, or at worst with clay. Over all this, sod is placed, with enough earth to make it grow, when the wall protects a roadway, or any other place where it is likely to be seen; so that it becomes a pretty green wall. But, unless it is so kept up, the wall gradually resumes the aspect of one of ours.

And so, in my comfortable *first-class*, I rode from seven till eleven, and found myself at Crossdony, — how well I learned that name before I was done with it! — where Bradshaw said, and my guide as well, that I must take conveyance for Killashandra. Killashandra appeared on the map to be seven miles off. I was well pleased when the carman told me it was five; this being my practical instruction in the fact, which I learned next day from the map, that there are but fifty-four Irish miles to the degree, equal to sixty-nine English; and that, dropping the fractions therefore, five miles meant seven, — the best part of seven indeed, without dropping them. To my joy, the car was a regular jaunting-car. In Liverpool and Dublin, a *cab* is called a car. A jaunting-car is a good vehicle for its purpose, looking somewhat thus: —

The covers to the wheels fold up when no one is sitting on the seats, being made of light canvas on a frame. Between the backs lie my portmanteau, my knapsack, umbrella, &c.

As it proved, I was the only passenger to Killashandra, which did not so much surprise me then; but it proved to be a town to which other people did come and go, as perhaps an attentive reader will see. The whole ride was wonderfully fresh and amusing. To have everybody one saw Irish had been all day singularly home-like. What can the peculiarity of costume be which they succeed in adopting so universally? Well under way on this ride, I began plying the driver with questions, and got some very national answers.

Third likeness to America, let it be confessed, is in the cabins, which are as like log-cabins as that built of stone can be like that built of wood. They are almost universally whitewashed; so that the resem-

blance to a log-cabin, with the walls filled in with clay, and whitewashed, is all the stronger. Within, the likeness is stronger yet; only, in fact, wanting the floor to be perfect. Then it is to be observed, that, excepting distinct houses of the gentry and the houses in the towns, there are none but these cabins. Most of them are built of stone, all one story high, with the door directly entering the common room. At the left is the enclosure for the pig; at the extreme right, the fireplace; and, if there is another room, it is built on beyond.

A black and white bird flew across the road; and I asked what it was, to be told it was a "mag-pye." I thought this would delight Bridget. Soon after, in some trees, lo! great wads obscuring the light, though all leaves fallen; and I asked what it was, to be told a "mag's nest." — "And sure it has a very large nest for so small a bird," said some one I consulted on the subject. The men are at work in their fields, wholly, so far as I saw, with spades. The custom is to dig over the fields in perfectly regular ridges from four to eight feet wide, rounding up into the middle. I had seen this in flat land in Belgium; but here it is everywhere, and they say it is to keep the water from standing, — a sort of

superficial drainage. But I do not see why they should do it, as they do, on the slopes of hills.

I say, above, "gentlemen's houses." We passed the gateway of two. Perhaps a third, in the edge of Killishandra, came up to this mark. As we entered the town, a rather modern Episcopal church showed itself; the solid, substantial, ugly, and not uncomfortable residence of Mr. Archdeacon Marsh, I will call him (of whom hereafter); and then, running right over a hill, a compact street, wide enough, of one or two story houses, all touching their neighbors. Of which we stopped at the Imperial Hotel,—a small two-storied house, with, however, a considerable building for stables, &c., back. There I made my first Irish acquaintance with peat-fire; and very warm and cheerful it is: nor do I dislike the smoke, though it must be confessed that you perceive it in every house.

My business in Killishandra was to see a certain John Foster and his family. I knew one of his sisters in America. I summoned the landlord of the Imperial Hotel, and consulted him. Then I went to the post-office, and soon found there were so many John Fosters as to make an *embarras des richesses.* But my John Foster was, pretty clearly, a man of "Arrish Island," who worked for Mr. Behan, and had a brother Robert in Australia. There was a thick rain by this time; but I took out my mackintosh (not used since the Rhine), had another jaunting-car brought round, and we went down to find him.

It was not a long drive; and the driver, after a mile and a half perhaps, pointed out five or six men at work on a new road, one of whom was John Foster.

But not my John Foster. He had no sisters in America; but had a daughter Margaret there, who had only been there two years. He expressed regret that she was not living with me. All hands counselled, heard, inquired, and interrupted; but, finally, with astonishing unanimity, agreed that it was Hughey Foster's family I wanted, from which four daughters had gone to America about ten years ago. They pointed out Hughey's old house (he himself and wife dead), which agreed; and up we went. The house proved to be larger than most of the cottages, with a little fenced yard between it and the street. A little child called the mother; and it proved that these residents were — I forget what; Tralees, perhaps, who had taken the house after Hughey's misfortunes. I saw the man and his wife, and gave the child sixpence; wrote down the names of Ann and Rose and Biddy, Margaret's sisters; and finding that Mary, another, had married James Markison, I thought this was probably the John I was in quest of; and started for him, after gathering ivy and holly for tokens.

James Markison's was two miles the other side the town, up a villainous road. Into the cabin — first of his brothers, then of him — I pitched; and great was

his delight and his wife's. Frequent outcries of "O heavenly Father!" at wonder that I had come, and great enthusiasm at my accounts of "Margaret:" when the whole romance was dashed by their asking for Margaret's children; and it appeared she had been married these four years, and had two or three. Of this there was no doubt, as a sister had been home this year. I had a little warning of this at the Tralee house, when the good woman had insisted that Margaret's hair was black. This was a comforting result of the morning's work. It was now two, and I to leave for my train at four. I was no nearer my John Foster than when I began; so I resolved to sacrifice this train, and to continue the investigations in what was left of the day and evening. This I did, first, on the great principle of life which Napoleon expressed, when he said, "If you set out to take Vienna, take Vienna;" second, on that principle of travelling which I commend to all my young friends, that it is better to see one place thoroughly, than to half see two, or to pass through three without seeing them at all. Nay, it is even better to half see Rome than to eighth see Rome and Naples and Venice and Milan.

By this time it appeared that Killishandra, instead of being a village, was something much more like a Virginian county. It is called a parish, and this had misled me: but "parish" in Ireland does not now mean the district for which one church suffices;

if, indeed, it ever did. It is more like a large American "township." After a solemn series of councils with the innkeeper, the postmaster, the doctor, and the English archdeacon, I got a new basis of operations. These various visits and conferences showed me some Irish interiors, and at the surgeon's and the clergyman's I met the cordial reception which gentlemen give a stranger. Since that day's journeying up and down this quaint, crowded street, — crowded so unnecessarily in the midst of a great half-settled farming country, — the details of Trollope's novels have come out for me with singular sharpness. The result of the conferences as to my "Holy Quest" was this, — that in the neighborhood of Arvagh, the other principal town of the parish of Killishandra, were two more John Fosters, one of whom was probably my man. I could take one on my way to Arvagh, which was *only* eight miles across the country. I had seen, meanwhile, two other Margaret Fosters, who knew nothing of my Margaret or my John. So we started, with a fresh horse in our jaunting-car, and "jaunted" over the eight miles. It rained all the time: but I enjoyed all the ride till the twilight failed me, about the time I came to my first John; I think his name proved to be Hugh. I'm sure that he knew as little of what I wanted as the most un-Irish Know-nothing. Six o'clock in the evening, however, found me at the Hotel Imperial, Arvagh. This Hotel Imperial was a newly opened

inn; very like, I should think, the "Dunmore Inn," as kept by the Widow Kelly. Down-stairs was a great rambling country store, as we should call it; up-stairs, two or three rooms, as well provided and as ill provided as a new country tavern would be in a back county in Pennsylvania. Everybody was eager to be of service. The peat-fire burned comfortably. I was very soon set to rights; and some one, whom I will call Jerry Flaherty, was brought me from a neighboring tavern, as one who had made a specialty through his life of the study of John Foster and his family. On cross-examination, he proved to be well up on this subject; and so eager was he that I should not lose the way, that, when the car appeared which was to take me over the "bit of four miles" which lay between the inn and my destination, he insisted on accompanying me to show the road. All my protests and threats to prevent him were in vain: and I finally found, that, unless I let him get into the car with the driver and myself, we should, in fact, never get there; for the driver knew no more of the road than I did; while my volunteer guide, unfortunately, was not in a condition to drive.

The road was very blind: but, if it had had eyes, it could not have seen any thing; for the night was as dark as the heart of the Mammoth Cave. How we ever came to John Foster's cabin that night, I cannot tell. When we came there, it proved to be the right place; and the cordiality of its humble reception is

beyond description. I have no more right to put in print the details of this stone-mason's family life, than I should those of palaces, if I had seen them. I will say that I believe the regret was perfectly heartfelt which was expressed there and in other similar visits which I made in Ireland, when they found that I could not spend a week with them to test the sincerity of their welcome. The mother of this family of six or seven fine children offered to send her pretty daughter of fifteen to her friends in America by my care, if I would bring her with me. Observe that this was at nine in the evening, and the girl would have to be "ready" at four the next morning for the expedition.

Occasionally, but very seldom, I should think, an Irish emigrant had returned from America to this neighborhood. In the instances of which I heard, such men had made a great display of their money, and had borne themselves quite as travelling princes among their stay-at-home friends. I think I observed everywhere in Ireland a corresponding feeling of humility on the part of those who had not emigrated. To me, at least, perhaps because I was an American, they apologized for their staying there; explained how they meant to come; how some day they should come. There was nothing of the braggadocio by which the Irishman in America boasts to you that his own country is the finest in the world.

I spent two or three hours with these new-found

friends, and left them with real regret. It proved that I could go most easily to Crossdony to the train, without returning to the village of Killishandra. I gave directions, therefore, that a man should be sent there at three in the morning for my St. Gothard walking-stick, which I had left by accident; that I should myself be called at five; and so retired for the night, after my first day of Ireland.

DEC. 30, 1859.

Anthony Trollope says that an Irishman dislikes to do any thing at the regular time, but is always extravagantly on hand at an extravagant or unusual time. Certain it is, that my horseman left at three, according to promise; that I breakfasted at five; found my baggage well packed on my jaunting-car under the stars at half-past five; and we started to do our seven Irish miles in an hour and a half.

I told that detail above about the St. Gothard stick, because it illustrates so well a good many Irish characteristics. As we rattled on over the frozen road, before there was a glimmer of daylight, we heard horses' feet approaching us; and it proved that my horseman, having ridden to Killishandra and obtained my traps; having ridden thence to the Crossdony Station,—say, fifteen miles in all,—had thought best, Irish fashion, not to wait there for me, but to take his chance of meeting me on my road across to the station. This he did, after he had ridden in all

some twenty miles. And, so far, the spontaneous Irish system certainly worked well. We drew up and he, and I asked him if he had my cane. "Yes, sir," he cried exultingly, dismounting: but in that instant I saw something fly across the sky; and, without the slightest pause, he closed the sentence which had begun so exultingly, with "And, begarr, I've brroken it!" which was the precise fact. In his reckless dismounting he had snapped the stick in two, in such manner that the better half of it flew into parts unknown (where it remains, I suppose, unto this day). I explained to him, in a rapid discourse, that this incident, in which, after twenty miles' hard work, he had destroyed the object of the whole, illustrated very precisely the Irish character and Irish history, from the days of Henry the First down. Giving him a shilling, lest he should forget the lesson, I proceeded, with the chamois-horn handle of my unfortunate cane, to the station. The fragment serves me as a memorial both of the St. Gothard and of Killishandra; two points which, perhaps, appear together on no other mental map than mine.

Crossdony and Killishandra, as perhaps I should have said, are in County Cavan, one of the southern counties of Ulster, the Protestant province of Ireland. I was therefore, in this region, just in the outer edge of the interesting religious revival in Protestant Ireland; of which, however, I must not trust myself to speak here.

From Crossdony I returned on my route of yesterday as far as Mullingar. It was one of the pretty contrasts of travel, nowhere so strong as in Ireland, that I should meet at the station, and in my compartment of the railway train, a family of high-bred gentlemen and ladies passing from one Christmas party to another; for even the English contrast between the "farm-laborer" and the "gentry" is not so strong as the Irish contrast between such Keltic cotters as I had been visiting, and the "Saxon," who has his country seat close by.

Mullingar is a great central station, where I left the Dublin train on my way towards County Clare. County Clare is one of the counties which suffered most in the famine. It is north of the estuary of the Shannon, but is not included in Connaught; being the north-western county of Munster. My route was by rail to Athlone, thence by steamboat down the Shannon to Killaloe. Killaloe gives the title to one of the Catholic dioceses of Ireland, consisting of fifty-two parishes.

At Mullingar I had one of the droll reminders that I was not in America. I had lost my way at the junction (as at junctions one does), so that I began to wonder when and where my own train would appear; when a porter met me, and told me he had been in search of me. He told me that the train was waiting until I should be found. In fact, through France, England, and Ireland, as far as I saw, the

first-class passenger is so much of a nobleman, that he receives a good many of the privileges of a person in charge of affairs. I remember stopping the whole of an express-train in France until I could fill my water-cup, for a child in the car with me, with the water he wanted to drink. This attention in Ireland affected me the more from my sense of its contrast with the institutions of my own beloved country. Compare this, for instance, with Springfield, Massachusetts, where there is no indication of any sort to tell the passenger whither the trains are going, and no person, civil or uncivil, to inform him. That comparison, however, is scarcely fair; as I believe all travellers recognize the Springfield Station as the worst administered in the world.

A short ride from Mullingar brought us to Athlone; a fine city, at the outlet of Lough Ree. Here the Shannon is large enough for the navigation of small steamboats; and here we took a pretty boat, the "Duchess of Argyle." The railroad crosses the Shannon by a very handsome bridge.

Here was an illustration of that horrid division of class, which is the weakness, if not the ruin, of England and of Ireland as well. The passengers for the boat went down to her by a dirty little omnibus. We were most of us men, dressed in coarse, heavy, winter costume. The party had gathered in the carriage, ready to start; when the cad appeared, incensed, at the door, and, addressing two of our

number, said, "Get out of this 'bus! This 'bus wasn't built for third-class passengers to ride in." I did not see but the men looked as decently as the rest of us did; and, in fact, they were not excluded because they were dirty (for they were not), but because, in the prior experience of their lives in the railway above, they had ridden in a third-class carriage. They had done with that, however, and had entered another vehicle on another route of travel. We had all of us given up all our railroad-tickets; and we paid a separate fare for this omnibus expedition. However, the two men descended; said, meekly, they meant no offence, but thought all the passengers were to go together; and, while we rode in the grandeur of first and second class, they walked with their packs down the river-bank to the steamer. The consequence was, that we all had to wait for them to arrive; solacing ourselves as we could, during that half-mile of theirs, by thoughts of the acceptable sacrifice that had been made to our gentility.

The Shannon flows through a very level country; and indeed, at this time, was in many places overflowing its banks. The whole country was as green as New England would be in May. In that region, there was no great token of agricultural wealth; but everywhere it was a beautiful country to look upon. And so, after a charming voyage, we disembarked at night at Killaloe. Here I left the boat for my excursion into County Clare.

DEC. 31.

To-day begins, after breakfast, with one of those pleasant jaunting-car rides of about twenty miles, to Tullogh; the country still as green as the Emerald Isle ought to be, but only occasionally the pretty gentleman's seat, such as one saw more numerous in the East and North. The ruined cabins all along the road showed how immense the drain of emigration and the loss of life by famine had been. I said of Leinster and Ulster, that there was wood enough to fringe or break the horizon; but it is not so here. And the care taken about wood reminds me of its value among the Esquimaux, or with the Arctic explorers. So soon, therefore, as a cabin is deserted, the doors, the windows, the roof, and any internal partitions it may have had, are carefully taken away. All that is left is a square ruin, with two gable points, which may crumble into decay as soon as the elements choose. I should say there were as many of these ruins, at least, as there were occupied houses on our road. But they tell me every thing is thriving here now; and I can well believe it. The solidity of the roads on which I have been travelling, all over Ireland, is one memorial of the good which was educed out of the evil of the famine. The British Government met its responsibilities nobly in that terrible year. They always say, in conversation here, that it expended ten million pounds on the relief of the poor. This must be an exaggeration: but the

sum was magnificent; and, on the whole, the expenditure was certainly judicious. They tried not to give it in alms, but in wages. They therefore rebuilt all the principal roads in Ireland; and the first monument of the famine, therefore, this day, is a network of magnificent highways, rivalling those of England, running into every part of the island. I think the roads were very bad before. Another result of the famine has been such depopulation as this I have seen in Clare; leaving, however, quite people enough for all the practical purposes of an agricultural county; and leaving for them, of course, higher wages and better fare. I have learned a good deal since I was here of the splendid agricultural arrangements now going on in Connaught. I am very sorry that I cannot go and see them. The largest is under the conduct of a gentleman from the north of England, — the head of one of those great ship-building firms, which maintain a reputation now more than half a century old. He has the passion for putting his immense wealth into the form of landed property. I believe this passion is native in the heart of every descendant of the Adam who was placed in a garden where he was made and bidden to subdue the earth. The gentleman of whom I speak, instead of buying an estate in England or Scotland, has bought one, vastly larger than any he could have found there, in the wilderness of Connaught, which has been more desolated by the

famine than any other part of Ireland. There, in a climate milder than any part of Great Britain, with great advantages resulting from the neighborhood of the sea and the native fertility of the soil, he is introducing into agriculture the systematic habits of commercial and manufacturing life. Without seeing for myself, I dare not put on paper the statements I have heard respecting the magnitude of his operations; but they may almost be called those of a principality. Such is one only of the advantages which Ireland has obtained from the famine.

I ought not say this, without alluding to the high statesmanship by which Sir Robert Peel and his friends rendered it possible for Irish property to pass into the hands of those capable of improving it. This was only made possible, on any considerable scale, by the proceedings under the Encumbered-Estates Act.

Tullough, like Killishandra and Arvagh, and every other town proper that I saw in Ireland, proved to be a street of houses and shops crowded all together; though wide fields surrounded them on every side, and everywhere there seemed room enough and to spare. It was in the delightful excitement of "quarter-day;" the court being in attendance, and the trials going on. The judge had on a wig, and I believe he was called "My Lord;" but, excepting this, there was nothing to distinguish the court-room much from what a county court would have been with us,

if some Irish row had filled it full with gentry of that lineage.

If, indeed, the reader will recollect that nearly every other person in Boston is of Irish birth, and that a tenth part of the people of Massachusetts are, he will understand why I say, that, all through this three-days' reconnoissance of Ireland, I felt very curiously at home.

I made another circle of friends at Tullough by telling who I was, and whom I left in America. They offered me every hospitality, and regretted most heartily that I could not stay and see their way of life, as I would most gladly have done. But it was Saturday afternoon, and the steamship was to leave Cork on Sunday evening. From Tullough to Cork, as the bird flies, is seventy miles; and I saw no necessity for travelling on Sunday.

Here was a pretty piece of Irish character. The town was crowded by the attendance on the court. Every horse and car was engaged at every stable; and all private ones, so far as I could learn, by those who were to leave for home that afternoon. I told my friends, however, that I must be at Limerick at seven, and that they must find for me conveyance. So they did; though it was conveyance which I must hire; and a good horse and carriage it proved to be. But no advantage was taken, by him of whom I hired it, of my absolute necessity, and of what we both knew was his absolute monopoly of the only vehicle I could have hired.

And so, at twenty minutes after three o'clock, I took a hurried good-bye. There were three hours and forty minutes to do twenty English miles: time enough, of course, if all worked well; but none too much, as I knew. The sun sets in that latitude about ten minutes before four, on the last day of December; and dark driving is slow driving, in my experience. So I hurried up my ready driver to make his first miles his best; and, while daylight served us, we compassed half the way handsomely. But, just as the twilight was fading, I saw on my side the road a boulder as big as a pumpkin, just in line of my wheel. I called to the driver only too late. We vainly tried to mount it: over went the jaunting-car, down went the horse with it, off went the boy-driver, and up went I.

If the reader will examine the little sketch of the jaunting-car above, he will perhaps understand, what I cannot else describe, how I could lie up there, in my seat still, my legs pointing near the zenith, with no personal power of descending. I could and did give orders, however. I bade the boy hold his horse's head down. I hailed some wagoners we had just passed; and, on their arrival, they lifted me from my reversed position. My poor driver was blubbering* like a whipped schoolboy. The hardest matter to

* Sidney, who studied language in Ireland perhaps, uses "blubber," as "to weep with swelled cheeks."

accomplish in that absurd wreck was the first; viz., to persuade this youngster that he was neither dead nor wounded, and that no material harm had been done. Then, with what haste we might, we repaired damages, which were considerable. I delivered a lecture, to the neighbors who assembled, on the impropriety of rolling stones from the wall into the highway. I carried the errant boulder back with my own hands; and, in utter darkness, we started again.

But we had lost our extra half-hour; and we could not make the time in the darkness. At last, we came to Limerick, however, with scarce ten minutes left before the train should leave. In such a contingency, all the disadvantages of the Irish character appear. My driver had never been in the town before; much less had I. Five times we stopped to inquire where the railway station was. It would be impossible anywhere but in Ireland, that as often the persons asked did not know where was the one station in this town of fifty thousand persons. How the memory of Dennis Maher's gospel, alluded to above, smote me! "The less a man knows, the better," said he. Absolutely, we had to drive up into the main street for information. We found it, and whipped round, by a shocking *détour*, to the train. Ireland for ever! It has not started on time! I rush forward, and an obsequious porter takes my hat and shawl. "Which class, sir?"—"First-class," said I, and sent back two others for my other traps. But,

at this instant, the train starts. I dare not slay the guard on the spot as I remonstrate. Off it goes to Tipperary with the porter, with my abstracted hat and shawl, but without me, and without my other luggage.

How Irish the whole thing has been from beginning to end, I included!

I availed myself of my forced stay at Limerick, of course, to ask for Limerick gloves (*vide* Miss Edgeworth). But I was told, alas! that any kind of gloves which are folded up into a walnut for a curiosity, become, by such folding, Limerick gloves. This is as bad as my experience in Cooperstown, where Fennimore Cooper lived and died. I asked there for "the Pioneers," of which the scene is laid there; and the bookseller had never heard of the book! The fact is, that Limerick used to be famous for a sort of ladies' gloves, which were called, I know not why, chicken-gloves; but, at the largest clothing-shop I saw, they were, as I say, unknown. What's fame?

Missing the train, I had to content myself with riding between ten and one, across country to the "Cork Junction," in what we should call a cab. It carried the mail and me. We hit the down-express; and at two o'clock, on the 1st of January, I was in the Victoria Hotel, Cork!

Ireland for ever! The porter, eager to show how full the inn was, was for marching up all five flights

of stairs. At the head of the second I rebelled, and said quietly, "I will stop here." Meekly my Keltic friend assented to the Saxon's declaration, opened the door of a nice room, and I was established.

So begins 1860.

JAN. 1.

Ireland for ever! I was breakfasting late, after the experiences of the night, when I recollected that the hours of the post-office might be wayward on Sunday; and rang at once, to learn that it closed at ten. Ten o'clock struck at that instant. Was I to lose, by that chance, all my last letters from the dearest of my English friends? Out I rushed, of course, into the rain, asked where the post-office was, and sought it. Three people severally, at different corners, bade me turn to the left. In each instance I pointed right, by way of inquiry; and that proved to be what they meant. But this is no Irish peculiarity. The English common people have also inherited it from the Ninevites.* A party of twelve of us were in London Tower together. "Turn to the right," cried the guide from behind us. Six turned to the right, and six to the left. Of the first six, *four were Americans.* When I told this story in Kent, they declared the English were from Essex; and it seems there is a story, that, when the Essex militia drill, their Ninevite inability

* Jonah iv. 11.

is so strongly marked, that their officers bind oat-straw on one arm of the soldiers, and wheat on the other. Instead of "right-face," the order is then given for "oat-face;" and "wheat-wheel" takes the place of "left-wheel." By this time, at Cork, I understood the language. I lost not a moment; but the office was shut.

I was in Ireland: so I rang the private door-bell; and, when the door opened, I advanced into the post-office. Woe to me if I had done that in Paris! Then began my treaty. "It was impossible," they said, "that I should have my letters." It was impossible, however, for me to leave that spot without them. "But the postmaster was at his country-seat." But I was in the post-office. I produced a shilling; but the Irishman is not an Englishman. It ended by the clerk's yielding to my impetuous appeal. I think they liked to do the thing because there was no precedent. They refused the shilling, — Irish that, — and gave me the letter, — Irish too; for which I thanked and thank them.

So was it that the poor traveller, who had had nobody wish him a happy New Year, received by a precious line that cordial salutation.

Ireland for ever! I asked for and found the Unitarian Church, — the Presbyterian Church of the Munster Synod, I think it is. Surely I must be wrong about the hour. One old woman and I are the only people inside! No: just then enters a

beadle, and shows the minister up stairs. Oh the refreshment of that service, as of Christmas Day's in Manchester! Sixty seconds made it certain that I had not mistaken the place; and then the luxury of worshipping God in my own language and my own way, instead of adapting myself to Edward VIth's, to John Calvin's, or to St. Ambrose's or Hildebrand's! It proved, as soon as the congregation rose, that the greater part were in the galleries, where, as I sat at first, I could not see them. With national unpunctuality also, many arrived after the service began.

I introduced myself to Mr. Whitelegge, the minister; of whom I may say, without impropriety perhaps, that he had preached one of the best sermons I ever heard. The weather had cleared; and he kindly showed me some of the most beautiful points of this beautiful city.

And so ends Ireland. An extra mail-train comes sweeping in at the station. As I bid the porter good-bye who brings my luggage from the hotel, I tell him to ask for me if he ever comes to Boston. "And I will go with you now, if you will, sir." And so he would, as he stood; though the boat for Queenstown was to leave that moment. What are baggage, back wages, or good-byes, to a chance for America?

Down to Queenstown, through the pretty passes of Cork Harbor. Have you ever seen so pretty a lighthouse as that of Black Rock? There is a picture of it where this chapter begins. Down to Queenstown,

where we come by twilight. But the day has been rough; and Queenstown knows nothing of the "Europa."

So her Majesty's mails are transported to a wretched little tug, and the three passengers for the "Europa" are transported there also. As long as they can walk the pier, they do. As long as they can sit in the cabin, which is the shape of an irregular trapezium, whose longest side measures ten feet and its shortest three, while its convex side is made by the tug's boiler (atmosphere accordingly), they sit there, — the colonel, the doctor, and I. How well we knew each other after a fortnight! At length, at nine o'clock, the "Europa's" rockets are seen in the bay, and (Ireland for ever!) our crew has all gone ashore.

The three passengers appear on deck. To them enter the mail agent, somewhat profane. To him enter a stoker. "Where's your master?" — "Plaze, he's just stepped ashore to get a cup of tay."

Let us hope it was *tay*. Her Majesty's mails had to wait, and the "Lady Europa's" passengers, till the tay was drunk and the skipper appeared. One and another of the crew straggled in, and, under instructions from this author, fired the return rockets; and so we forged down the bay at last till we could look up on the huge "Europa's" deck from our cockle-shell. Ireland for ever! The captain of the tug sends all his crew into his small boat to take a line to the

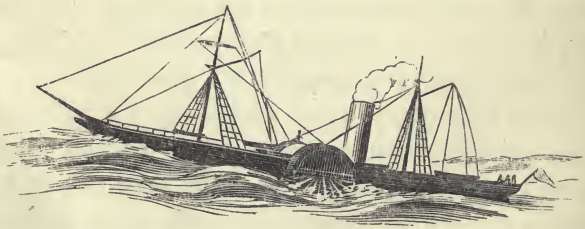
"Europa." They should have all staid on board; for, as we run under the great ship's side, we need them. However, this author takes the helm; and as Capt. Leitch, from his high "Europa" paddle-box, gives orders, answers, "Port it is, sir!" or "Starboard it is!" as directed. The skipper of the tug, relieved from that duty, catches the "Europa's" hawser at our bow; some one, I know not who, does like duty at our stern; and then, like cats, we climb up the high walls of oak above us.

"My dear captain, how are you?"

"My dear doctor, how are you?"

"Mr. Hale, here are letters for you."

And so, before her Majesty's mails had climbed the bulwarks, I was in my state-room, and half asleep; and my NINETY DAYS' WORTH OF EUROPE were over.



"EUROPA," HOMEWARD BOUND.

As these sheets pass through the press, I find that the sleepy name of the "Baron d'Osy" is not rightly spelt; nor has the "Madonna da Foligno" fared better.